THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

1911

MARCH

Vol. XXXVI No. 5

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVI. No. 5

CONTENTS, MARCH, 1911

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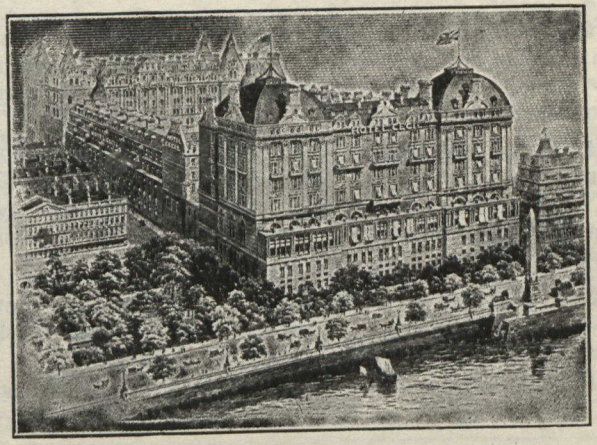

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The Easter Canadian ... Magazine ...

Easter at Jerusalem—Mr. A. R. Carman spent Easter at Jerusalem just one year ago, and for The Canadian Magazine he has written a brilliant account of the greatest of all festivals in that city of great festivals. And as Christmas is associated with Bethlehem, so is Easter associated with Jerusalem. The illustrations were specially selected by Mr. Carman himself. . . . . .

The Philosophy of Tipping—Here is an article written from the "inside" by one who has been there. It is the recipient's viewpoint. Formerly a waiter, this writer tells why it pays to Tip. Exceedingly clever, humorous illustrations by C. W. Jefferys. . . . . .

The Art of John Russell—This is a sketch by Newton MacTavish of the remarkable attainments of a young Canadian painter who resides at Paris and who came to America this winter with a large and varied collection of distinguished paintings from his own brush. There will be fine half-tone reproductions of some of Mr. Russell's most striking pictures. . . . . .

Pope's Folly—A small Island in Passamaquoddy Bay has been for more than a hundred years a rock of contention between Canada and the United States. A. Wylie Mahon gives a most entertaining account of the rock and its historical associations. Excellent illustrations from photographs. . . . . .

Montgomery at Quebec—W. S. Wallace, whose position as lecturer on Canadian History at the University of Toronto gives him an opportunity to study such a subject as this in an impartial way, will give an account of Montgomery's futile attempt to take Quebec. To accompany this article there will be a coloured frontispiece illustration by C. W. Jefferys. . . . . .

Sentimental Surgery—Alan Sullivan, whose excellent poetry is known to readers of The Canadian Magazine, has met with unusual success as a short story writer. An example of this side of his art will appear in the April number. . . .

An April Night—This is a charming poem by Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables." . . . . . .

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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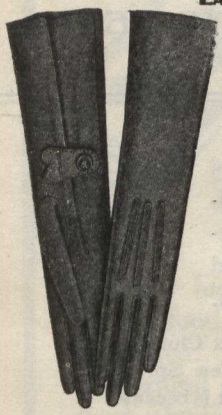

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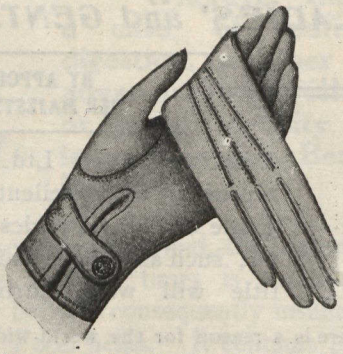

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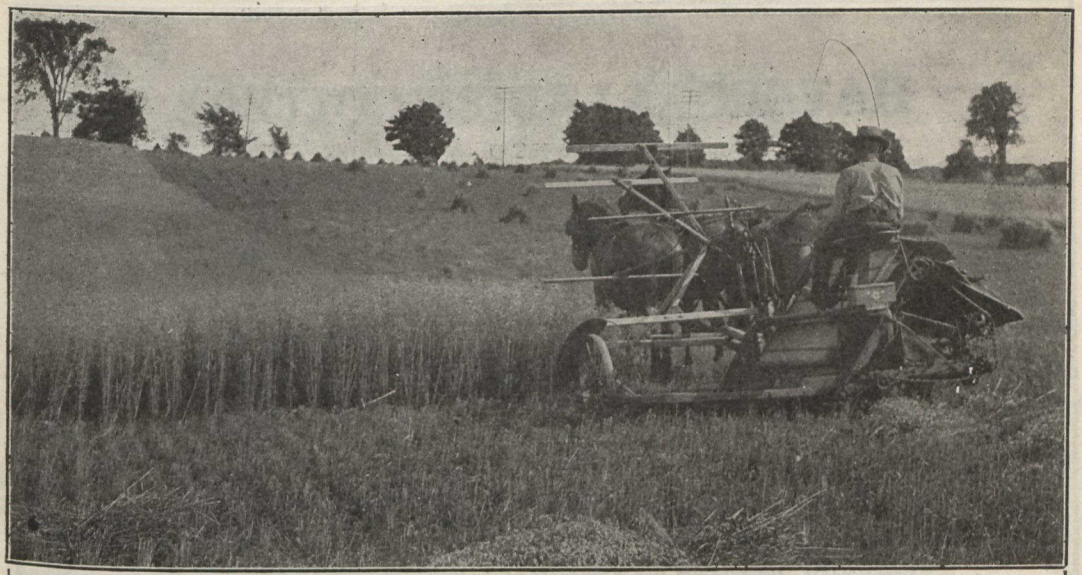

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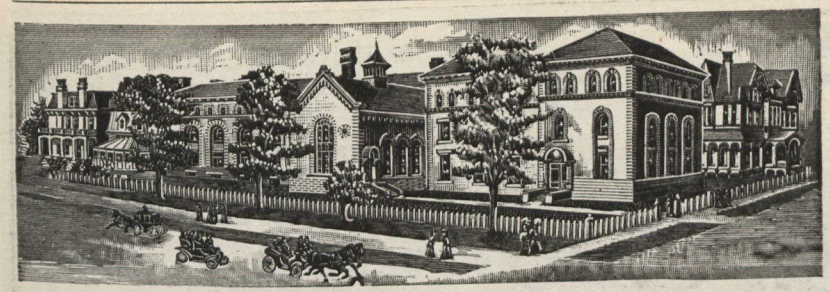

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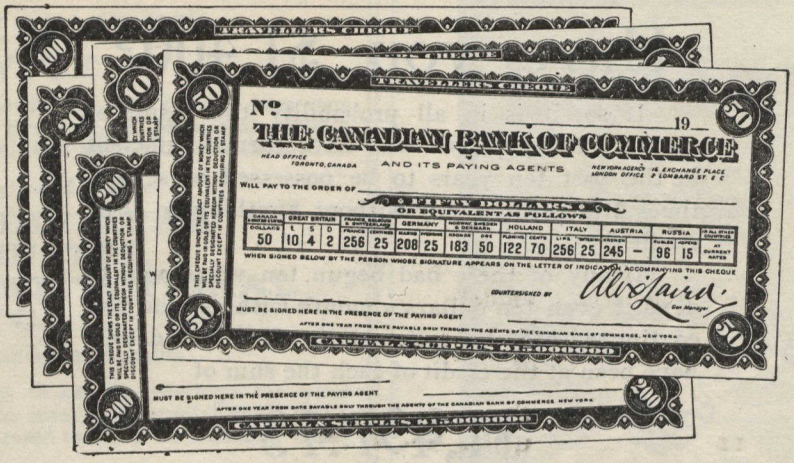

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North American Life

FINE RECORD FOR 1910

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 26, 1911, when the report of the business for the year ended December 31, 1910, was presented.

CASH INCOME.

The Cash Income for the year in premiums, interest, etc., was $2,177,012.61, showing the satisfactory increase of $147,134.91.

CONSERVATIVE MANAGEMENT.

The business continues to be conducted on a conservative and economical basis, the North American Life being among the foremost in this regard.

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS.

The amount paid on Policyholders' account was $877,792.31, of which sum $142,764.06 was for surplus or dividends. Considering that the sum of $6,000 only was paid to Guarantors, the preponderance of the Policyholders' interest is apparent.

The large amount of $480,707.85, including surplus and guaranteed reserve, was paid to holders of Deferred Dividend policies.

ASSETS.

The assets increased by $898,308.42 and now amount to $11,388,773.32.

They continue to be, as heretofore invested in the best class of securities available, principally in Mortgage Loans and Bonds.

SURPLUS.

After making ample provision for all liabilities and further strengthening the reserves, the net surplus on policyholders' account was increased to $1,174,768.68.

INSURANCES INCREASED.

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of $5,106,047, being an increase over the previous year. The total business in force amounts to $43,391,236.

AUDIT.

A careful and systematic audit was made every month by the Auditors, who also made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities of the Company. In addition a Committee consisting of two Directors made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

L. GOLDMAN,
Managing Director.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
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to show how the

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Profitably and securely invested.
Not a dollar of speculative investments.
Every dollar for policyholders.

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SURPLUS EARNED IN 1910, $626 110.63.

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GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director
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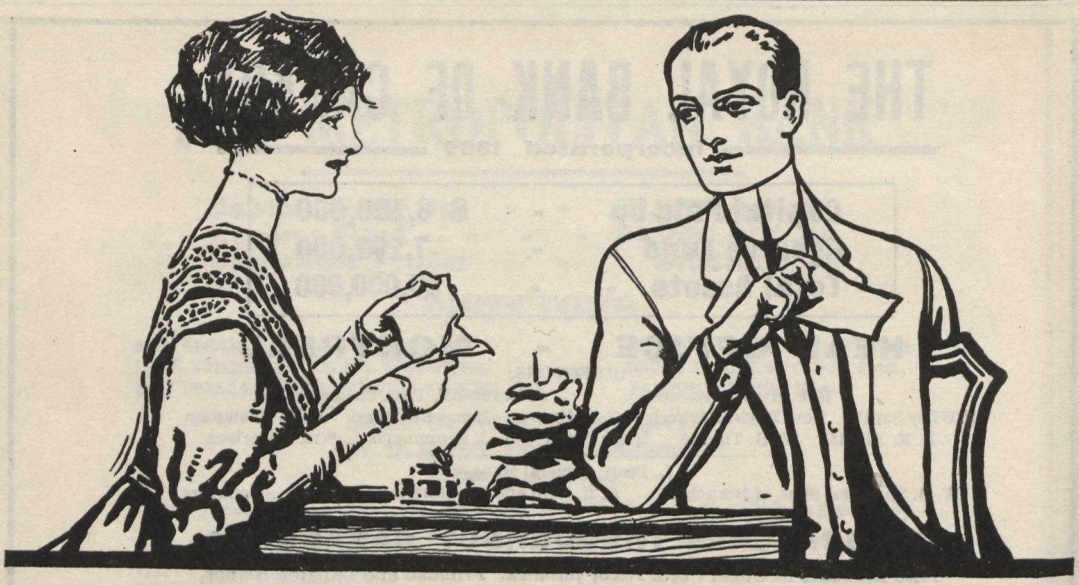

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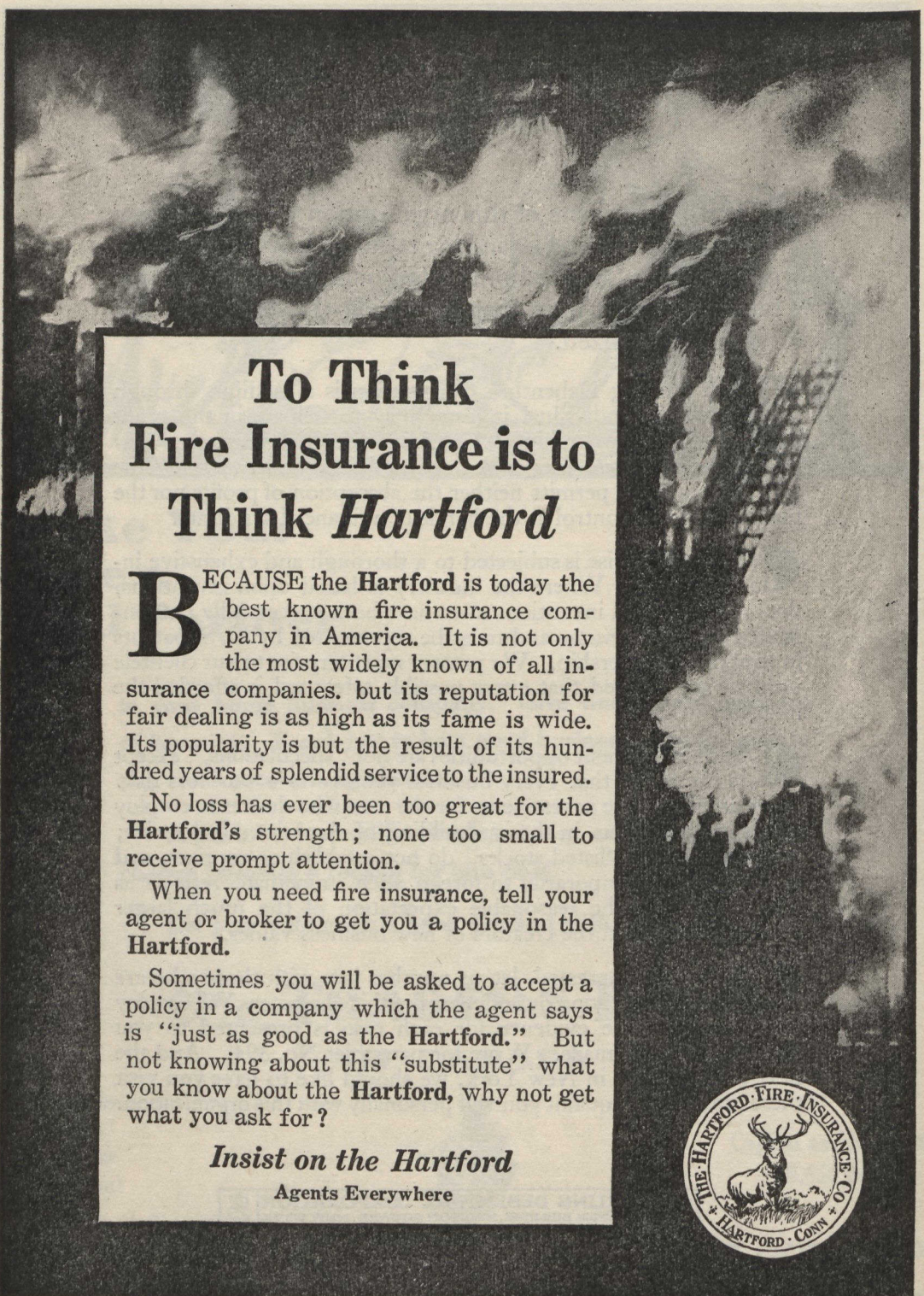

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Painting by C. W. Jefferys *Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI TORONTO, MARCH, 1911 No. 5

THE SURRENDER OF POUNDMAKER

BY MAJOR C. F. WINTER

IT was a bright spring morning in the latter days of May, twenty-five years ago, and the camp of the Canadian troops on the slopes of the high ground between the North Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, within a rifle shot of their junction, waited with impatience for the promised entry of the leaders of the rebellious Half-breeds and Indians, who, at the notification the day before of their willingness to surrender, had asked General Middleton to arrange a conference to discuss their future.

The camp of the volunteer militia faced the south, and from early sunrise anxious eyes had scanned the Swift Current trail, which, crossing the little log bridge over the Battle River, passed the old "Government House," dignified as an important temporary fortification under the name of "Fort Otter," in compliment to the commander of the Battleford Column (now Major-General W. D. Otter, C.V.O., C.B.,), and thence wound around amongst the low inequalities of the ground, until finally lost to view in the cottonwoods and other timber at that period extending for some miles to the south of Battleford.

Would Poundmaker and his chiefs come in? Would there be more fighting? These were the all-absorbing questions discussed in and around the tents upon the hillside. In rear, the old stockaded "fort," to the relief of which we had the month before marched up in hot haste from the Canadian Pacific Railway, two hundred miles away, crowned the eminence between the valleys of the two rivers, while in the immediate foreground the headquarters' camp of Major-General Middleton, with his victorious column fresh from Fish Creek and Batoche, nestled in the flat between the high ground and the Battle River. A small guard had mounted and had defined an open space for the expected meeting close to the General's headquarters; beyond this no special arrangements had been made for the arrival of the hostiles, nor were the troops even called to arms, the General's intention seeming to be to impress his opponents with the little military value he attached to them, as evinced by the laxity of arrangements for their reception.

The sun had climbed nearly halfway towards the zenith, when the watchers at "Fort Otter" signalled the approach of the deputation and soon a band of some twenty or thirty

horsemen, preceded by one bearing a white flag, and, in addition, with strips of white cotton flying from their horses' manes, as well as their own head-dresses, came plainly into sight upon the trail leading from the southward. For a defeated party coming in to surrender, they bore themselves very gallantly and all the time while in sight they advanced at a smart trot, with some semblance of military order, and made a brave show as they wound down to the bridge crossing the Battle River. Upon their nearer approach, we found that all were armed, and the majority in war paint, although evidences of its hasty rubbing off were plainly visible in many cases.

Upon the first intimation of the visitors' approach, a party of mounted officers had been sent forward to escort them to the presence of the General, and these now hastened to report, the Indians meantime dismounting and, with their ponies, standing in a sort of irregular line to the westward of the General's tent. By this time every man in camp, except the sick and wounded in the hospital, and those on duty elsewhere, were grouped in a curious crowd about the small enclosure where the Indians stood in dignified silence and apparent indifference, wrapped in their blankets and ornamented with head-dresses of the greatest variety of form and colour. Although scarcely realised by us at the time, this was in reality an historic event, for it will in all likelihood prove to be the last great occasion in the Canadian West for a chieftain of the native tribes of the plains to ride in as a soldier, armed and equipped for war, at the head of his councillors and chief men, to confer with the representative of the whites as to future conduct and government.

But though they made a brave show in coming in, they were much disconcerted at the reception accorded them, for General Middleton at once demanded their rifles, in proof of submission and surrender, before he would accord them a hearing. In a few curt words the General told them he demanded unconditional surrender. He had defeated Riel and taken him prisoner, and he had men and guns enough to crush both Poundmaker and Big Bear, with all their people, if they still wanted fight. If they surrendered he could promise them nothing, but would represent their condition and views to the Government. He was a soldier sent there to put down the rebellion, and he was going to do it, whether they surrendered or not, and if it took all summer. The men who murdered the Government Indian agents and farm instructors at the begining of the outbreak must be given up at once, before any safe conduct would be ensured the remainder. There was a little hesitation among the younger braves for a few moments. Sharp glances were directed right and left, and wistful ones cast backward to the the slopes on the opposite side of the Battle River, as though mentally gauging the ability to get away in the event of a run for it. The comparative large number of volunteers, however, must have quickly shown what small prospect there was for successful opposition, and reluctantly (how reluctantly may be estimated from the fact that some were seen to kiss their rifles as they gave them up, a remarkable show of feeling for an Indian of the Plains), they handed over their arms to the detail ordered to secure them. Mostly all of these rifles were Winchesters of recent model, handier and much superior for the kind of fighting the Crees expected than the single-loading Snider-Enfield with which our Canadian troops were armed. Nearly all were decorated with notches or brass-headed tacks upon stock and butt, indicative of some *coup* or lucky shot by which the owner believed he had plac-

From the Painting by R. W. Rutherford.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN CHIEF POUNDMAKER AND HIS COUNCIL AND MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON, AT BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

ed an enemy *hors de combat*. Others indicated large game that had fallen to the aim of the owner.

To the Indian, his rifle at such a time meant everything. Difficult to obtain in the first place, by reason of the exorbitant rate charged by the white dealers in the prohibited traffic—a rate which often exacted a twelvemonths' labour in order to provide the wherewithal for the purchase of the coveted "repeater," and now to part with it brought home to the Indian mind more than anything else could the defeated and abject state in which these warriors now found themselves. No unnecessary time was lost in preliminaries, and soon the "big talk" or *pow-wow*—dear to the Indian heart even in defeat—was under way.

Seated on a camp-chair facing north, his staff and the chief officers of both his own and the Battleford column standing in a semi-circle behind him, General Middleton intimated, through the interpreter (Mr. Hourie), that he was ready to hear whatever the Chiefs had to put forward. Facing him, seated cross-legged upon the ground, was the Cree delegation that had ridden in so gaily a few minutes before, and behind and around them thronged the mass of the Canadian volunteers, interested spectators and listeners in an occurrence which to the writer, at any rate, will always be recalled as an interesting experience.

The Indians formed an irregular little line fronting the General, with Chief Poundmaker seated a short distance apart in front, and his chief squaw a little to his left-rear, in front of his councillors. Naturally upon Poundmaker centred almost all attention. He looked and acted the Chief, and was, by long odds, the finest looking and most dignified Indian of the party, notwithstanding that his mongrel dress was not such as is calculated to show off a leader to advantage. Tall and commanding, his smooth oval face, marked by the Indian characteristics of high cheekbones and nose inclined to the aquiline, he was attired in white cotton shirt (much soiled), black cloth vest ornamented profusely with brass-headed tacks around the pockets and down the front, while his lower limbs were enclosed in moccasins and the inevitable white blanket (very dirty). His jet-black hair was trained in Indian fashion—two heavy locks hung down upon his shoulders, bound by brass wire below the temples, while a small fur cap covered his head. Though at this time fully sixty years of age, his face was as smooth and unwrinkled as a boy's, while his jet-black hair showed no evidence of age.

Prior to the outbreak, Poundmaker enjoyed the reputation of being a more than ordinarily good Indian. In his youth he had taken part in many tribal wars, and in particular he had acquired fame as a warrior among his own people for personal exploits against the Blackfoot, who were in the old days the inveterate enemy of the Crees. When the buffaloes were plentiful, he was a mighty hunter, in fact he obtained his name of Poundmaker for the skill and success with which he formed "pounds" (enclosures), in the most suitable localities in the great plains, to trap and secure the bison, with a minimum expenditure of labour and ammunition, at the times of the great annual hunts, or "drives," for the provision of the tribal supplies of meat and hides for an approaching winter. In 1883, when a big hunt was arranged for the Marquis of Lorne (then Governor-General of Canada), Poundmaker had acted as guide to the vice-regal party and Nothwest Mounted Police escort across country from Battleford to Calgary, and had served with some distinction upon several other important missions. Among the whites of the Territories his reputation was that of a cautious, pacific, and even hu-

mane Chief, whose heart was not altogether in the revolt, but who had found himself quite unable to lead his people to his own way of thinking. In the light of earlier occurrences in the revolt, and from testimony adduced at this conference, this estimate of Poundmaker was shown to have been very accurately gauged. As a matter of fact, although the Chief and leader of his people, he did not in the Rebellion of 1885 exercised the functions of the War Chief to the extent that has been popularly supposed. During the investment of Battleford he did command his people and directed the movements of his braves, but, when it was decided to take the aggressive against Colonel Otter's troops at Cut Knife Hill, "Poundmaker" requested to be relieved of the responsibility of commanding in the fight, and expressed his wish to participate in the firing line as a simple warrior of the Crees and not as Chief. This was acceded to, and the actual commander of the Indian fighting men at Cut Knife was a sub-chief named Little Poplar, while Poundmaker served with his rifle as a humble *nitché*.

But while diffident as to his powers as a general in the field, there was no question as to who was best able to conduct diplomatic negotiations with the white man, and hence Pound-

Photograph by Topley

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON,
COMMANDING NORTHWEST FIELD FORCE, 1885

maker took his rightful place as Chief upon arriving to make peace and to discover what the future might have in store for his people.

Our native American peoples have always been partial to long harangues, with flowery and impassioned oratory, and among his own people the Chief was noted as a speaker; he had a "silver tongue," as they termed it. To the volunteers from Eastern Canada, by long odds the great majority among those who surrounded him this day, the address of Poundmaker was a revelation. Calm, earnest, respectful without being obsequious, and at all times dignified, the presentation of his case contained many statements that to every thoughtful Canadian soldier must have bred doubts as to the Indian being altogether in the wrong, notwithstanding that at such a time fresh from the bivouac and the firing line and the contemplation of burned and ruined farms, some of which were in view from the very site of the conference, it was hardly to be expected that prejudices inherent in the white and increased naturally by the war could have been changed or turned aside so quickly. Still, in the debates afterwards in the tents upon the hillside the Indian had many advocates.

Poundmaker began his address with a flowery reference to the Great Spirit in the Beginning creating both white men and the Indian, giving them separate countries and providing them with all things peculiarly necessary to their well-being—the buffalo for the red man, the ox, cow and sheep for the white. The Indians lived contentedly and happily. The whole country was theirs from the rising to the setting sun, and the buffaloes roamed in millions. Neither he nor his fathers had ever wished to go and take the white man's land, but the white man seemed unhappy, and he came over the great water to the Indian country.

When the white men first came the Indians treated them kindly, but what return did the white men make? They stole their land, or gave a trifle to say that they had bought it, and they killed off the buffaloes—wantonly, and for no useful purpose. The Indian never destroyed the buffaloes, for he well knew they were everything to him. When a young man, he (Poundmaker) had often, when on a scout with a war party, ridden all day through vast herds of buffaloes that covered the plains black as far as one could see, yet they never killed any unless they could make use of them.

After the white men came the bison became fewer and fewer, and the Indians began to hate the white men who were despoiling them of their birth-right. Years passed and things got worse, and finally the buffaloes stopped coming from the south, and he was told he had no land and must go and live on a reservation—a small patch of ground out of the great plains his fore-fathers travelled and called their own. Why should he have to live in little patches like the white man? He only wanted to be left alone. Then lately there had been talk; messengers had come from other tribes. Mr. Riel had told them of the grievances of the Half-breeds, his young men were restless and discontented; they were told that the country was to be taken back, the white men driven out, and then the buffaloes could return, and the Crees would be a great people once again. He doubted. He had seen many winters and knew the white man's strength and his great numbers, but he could not control his young men. For the young men and himself it mattered little: they could take their chances: but the future of the squaws and little ones made him anxious, and he did his best to hold in his young men, but they were hot-headed and wanted war.

When the spring came and the new

A PARADE OF BLACKFOOT INDIANS

grass was up for the ponies, there was no holding them. But the White Chief must see that his people made war gently. They had ill-treated nobody. The prisoners taken had all been well treated, and after the fight at Cutknife Hill he had held back his young men who might have caused much loss to the soldiers in their return march to Battleford. Poundmaker made a strong point of this and dilated upon his forbearance. In view of this "gentle" behaviour and his considerate treament of some twenty odd prisoners, the Chief urged that all should be forgiven, the tribe re-instated upon its reservation, and rations and allowances issued as formerly.

At the close of this address an interesting little incident took place. Poundmaker asked that his chief wife, who was present, be heard on behalf of the women and children. The General declined, saying that he (Poundmaker) must speak for his people. He was a chief and a warrior, and must speak for all, and that it was not proper for the women to speak in the war councils. Quick as a flash came the reply, "But you always tell us the Great Mother, the Queen, presides at the supreme councils of your people; why should not my wife speak for the women and children?"

For a moment General Middleton seemed to be disconcerted, while a broad smile spread around the listening circle of officers and men, and the Indian councillors and head men expressed their interest in the point by appreciative grunts and ejaculations of "how," "how"! The General laughed good-naturedly as he answered: "She does not enter personally into the discussions and does not make speeches in her parliament. Her chief men do all that for her. In this case you must speak for your people. It is a war conference, and we will listen only to warriors."

Poundmaker's squaw showed much disappointment at this decision, and much muttering and grumbling, evidence of dissatisfaction, took place among the Indians.

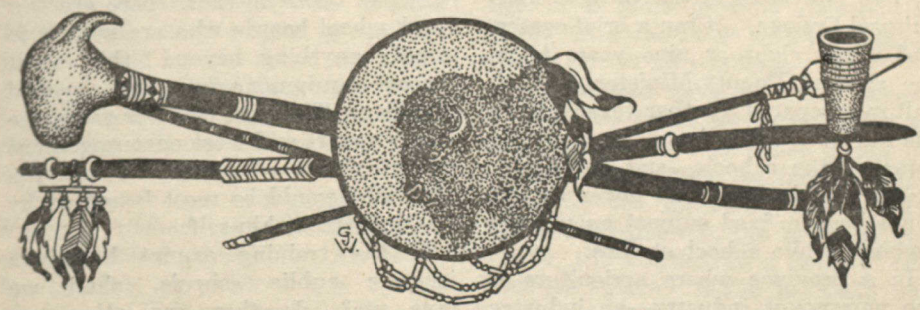
General Middleton then replied in a few short crispy sentences. The Indians had wilfully taken up arms and defied the Government; members of their tribe had murdered Indian agents and farm instructors. These men must be given up, and would be tried and punished. Poundmaker, as Chief, must also remain a prisoner and a hostage for the good behaviour of his people. He would recommend to the Government the re-instatement of the tribes on their reservations and the re-issue of rations, blankets, stock, and seed grain, with farming implements, until the Indians were able to support themselves. He cautioned them, however, against the delusion that the buffaloes would return, or that they could ever again support their people by hunting alone. Those days were gone forever, and the more quickly the Indians realised the changed conditions the better it would be for all concerned. As for the women and children, he had no doubt the Government would do everything to improve their condition, if the men settled down and became good Indians. They had gone to much expense and trouble in bringing their young men from the East to restore law and order, and uphold the authority of the Queen, but her arm was long and she could chastise them just as easily whether they made peace or not. The General said in conclusion that he gave them twenty-four hours for their people to turn in their arms and ammunition—otherwise he would move his troops against their camp when that time expired.

Stoically, and with every appearance of indifference, the Indians listened to this reply, which must have been bitter indeed to the warriors who such a short time before had boasted

of their ability to drive the white men from the country. "Poundmaker" and three others of the leaders were now secured and marched off, under escort, to Fort Otter, whence they were transferred later to the Mounted Police guard-room at Battleford. Undeterred by the seriousness of the situation in which they now found themselves, the remaining "braves," before riding off to their people, did a rushing trade in curios and souvenirs of the occasion. Everyone from the East wanted a memento to take home, and soon beaded moccasins, embroidered fire-bags and tobacco pouches, lariats, and saddlery ornaments had exchanged hands at fancy prices, only curtailed at last by the almost total deprivation of everything saleable worn or carried by the treaty delegation. Then slowly and withal sadly, though some of the younger "bucks" attempted an air of bravado, the party moved off to re-join their people in the Eagle Hills, sending as they breasted the hill to the south of the Battle River a last message to their captive Chief by means of sunlight flashes from a small hand-mirror which had remained concealed in the blanket of one of their number.

It was a picturesque incident this surrender of the Crees. To the Western plainsmen it mainly appealed as a practical advantage, a restoration of law and order, the security of belongings and the re-assertion of supremacy, which had been challenged and placed in jeopardy since the initial conflict at Duck Lake in the previous March; but to many of the Eastern volunteers it, also, had a pathetic side. Here was one of the last remnants of the native peoples of the plains, who for centuries had been masters of those vast areas, playing their part as losers in what will in all probability be their last armed effort on British soil, in a contest that had gone on actively and passively ever since the advent of the white man in America. Fore-doomed to defeat, mislead and misinformed, with their prejudices cunningly played upon by designing half-breeds and scheming whites—for the Indian has always been a veritable child in many things—it was pitiful to witness their desire to have one more try by force of arms—one more "war-path" along which all their traditions told them that their fathers had trod with so much glory and success. While we sympathised with them as soldiers, as citizens our feelings were all the reverse.

One of the final acts in the great drama had been played—the civilisation of the white Caucasian invader had crushed out that of the native American, and the last embers of the smouldering fires of Indian tribal independence had died out on the plains of the Saskatchewan.



TEACHING THE FARMER HOW TO FARM

THE STORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION FOR A PROVINCE: THE WORK OF THE DISTRICT OFFICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

IS it possible to double the output of the farms of Ontario? If so, how?

Ever since the inauguration of our public school system we have been asking if the establishment of agriculture as a subject of our public school curriculum of studies would not solve the question of agricultural education.

Let us rehearse a little of the history of this subject. We find that Egerton Ryerson, the founder of our Provincial educational system, was seized with the idea that something should be done for agricultural education. In 1860 he prepared a text-book on the subject. The after history is silent for about thirty years and agricultural training in the public school silent also. The next revival was in 1890, when a text-book was prepared by two professors of the Ontario Agricultural College. It ran a brief career, and about eight or nine years later, the present Deputy-Minister of Agriculture prepared another text-book on the subject. This found its way into some of the schools—and out again. So that agriculture has never in any sense been a fixed subject among the regular public school studies.

In a province where agriculture is the paramount industry—an industry which produces annually an output of $250,000,000, one naturally inquiries for a reason for the apparent indifference regarding the intelligent study of the scientific principles of this important industry. Why should not agriculture be successfully taught in the public schools?

There are several reasons. One is, that there are very few teachers who have had either the necessary training or the practical experience in the work (what knowledge of agriculture would you expect from the 5,000 young women, and girls in their teens who are teaching in our rural schools to-day?). Another is that the average rural school teacher has now an overburdened list of subjects, and far more classes to teach than he should be asked to teach, even to give instruction in the fundamental elementary subjects. Still further, there are few rural school boards who are willing to supply anything beyond the most meagre equipment for any special teaching. The man who has given the least support and least encouragement to agricultural education has been the man who would be most benefited by it—the farmer himself.

If the training cannot be given in our public schools, shall we give up? Is there no other av-

enue by which we may impart the instruction? If we can produce two hundred and fifty million dollars in agricultural products yearly as a result of our present methods, can we not largely increase that output by more scientific methods? These were the questions that were fermenting in the minds of the men responsible for the education and development of the Province.

The lack of suitably trained teachers for this work in the public schools had emphasised itself, the lack of proper facilities in the public schools was recognised, and the fact that the only scientifically-trained agricultural teachers we had were the graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College, led to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and the Superintendent of Education, each propounding the question, "Why not employ trained teachers such as graduates of the Agricultural College, and establish agricultural courses in connection with the high schools?"

This looked very much like the solution of a long-vexing question. These officials had, unknown to each other, placed with the ministers of their respective departments very similar memoranda. The matter was taken up by the Government and as a result, in June, 1907, graduates of the Agricultural College were placed in charge of the agricultural departments in the high schools at Perth, Galt, Essex, Collingwood, Morrisburg, and Lindsay.

It was proposed to give a two-year course in agriculture at these schools. This would afford a good grounding, and it would enable those who wished to do so, to complete their training with a shorter term of attendance at the Agricultural College than heretofore.

Let us see how the people of the Province rushed to avail themselves of agricultural education. At Perth, for the first term there was a class of eight; at Galt, a class of eight, but not all taking the full course; at Essex, two students; Collingwood, two; Morrisburg, none; Lindsay, one. Twenty-one students from six representative counties of this great agricultural province! Whatever the future of the high school idea, it was evident that it did not furnish the immediate solution.

Fortunately for the final success of this new movement, another outlet for the energy of the agricultural representative was suggested. This was the establishment of district offices of the Department after the plan thus outlined to the Provincial Government:

"The ideal organisation of the Department will be to have a specialist, an agent, a trained agriculturist, located in every country or district of the Province, paid by the Department and whose entire services will be at the disposal of the Department for the benefit of that county or district. This local representative would be the moving or directing spirit of every agricultural organisation, assisting the farmers, directing special movements for improvement, inspecting, instructing, advising, reporting the appearance of any new pest or disease, procuring information in regard to all questions that farmers would ask, keeping the Department informed as to all agricultural conditions, and be the direct link between the farmers, the Agricultural College and the Department. In a dairy section this man should be a specialist in dairying, in a fruit growing district he should be a specialist in horticulture, and so on for all sections.

"He should have an office where he could be found for consultation at stated times, and at other times he should be out among the farmers. He would be the directing man in the Agricultural Society, the Farmers' Institute, the Horticultural Society, the Farmers' Club. While he could not be expected to know all things, yet

he would be able to procure information for them as might be desired. He would be the man 'on the spot' to report new disease, new pests as soon as they arrive and to report to headquarters with a view to procuring help. Through him the special needs of the district could be investigated and all Departmental movements could be directed. He would be able to systematise a great deal of work that is now done spasmodically. He should be expected to go to the Agricultural College, say ten days or two weeks every year, to inform himself as to the new work there being done with the object of taking the results back to those farmers who are unable to visit the College. The result of personal contact would be found much more effective than through the sending of printed reports and bulletins. To put it in another form, he would increase many fold the value of printed publications. Set down in a county a live, energetic, enthusiastic young man trained in the best practice of farming and having an Agricultural College education, and tell him to study the farmers' conditions, assist them in their work, to find out their needs and direct them along the best lines, and in a few years the effect should be most satisfactory."

Three years' work of representatives of the Department in different sections of the Province has fully demonstrated the fact that herein lies the solution of the problem of agricultural education for the Province. Attempts to teach agriculture in the public schools had failed; attempts to teach it in the high schools had met with little success—except as supplementary to the more practical work of the district office. By a natural process of evolution we have arrived at the conclusion (strange that it should not have been thought of before), that the place to begin agricultural education, and the place to teach it practically and efficiently, is on the farm.

At present there are fourteen of these district offices in Ontario; at Morrisburg, Picton, Stirling, Port Hope, Whitby, Lindsay, Galt, Simcoe, Petrolia, Collingwood, Essex, Carp, Perth, and Norwood. The representatives in charge have the same general object in view—the development of the agricultural interests of their respective districts. To a great extent they have the same general instructions to guide them and the same general problems to face, but each man is left to work out his own salvation in so far as he must act on his own initiative as to what he will make the main features of his work and how he will carry this out. And let me interject a personal remark. Last summer I had the pleasure of meeting a number of these men, and seeing something of what they were doing, and I could not but feel that the Province had in its district representatives of the Department of Agriculture a body of enthusiastic, energetic, and intelligent workers, whose efforts will do much to revolutionise the agricultural industry of the Province. The Province should have to-day not fourteen of such men, not forty, but at least one hundred of these practically and scientifically trained agriculturists assisting in its development.

Before I ask you to agree to this, let us see what these men have been doing. First of all, there is the actual office and its work. Taking the Collingwood office as a type, we find that it is situated in town just next to the leading hotel for farmers—part of the office is used as a reading-room. The local and district papers are kept there, the agricultural journals, the bulletins and publications of the Department of Agriculture, works of reference on agricultural topics. It is, in fact, the farmer's bureau of information. He takes his problems to the representative, or it may be he

writes for information on some point. The office is always open and the representative is there, if possible, on market days, and at other times when his duties do not take him out through his district. The window of the office is made attractive by various displays, such as sprayed and unsprayed fruit, large eggs, collections of fruit, and other products of interest.

Then there is the outside work, and this is by far the most important work of the representative—what he does right on the farm. In different sections are different agricultural interests, but the problem of drainage is one of general importance. We are accustomed to thinking that the older portions of the Province of Ontario are pretty thoroughly developed, but these men have been demonstrating that thorough drainage means the reclamation of otherwise useless land, and that it is also a means of increasing very largely the production of already cultivated ground. Mr. R. S. Hamer, of Perth, (Lanark County), who has given special attention to this problem, says:

"During the past season (1910), we have concentrated on drainage work. In the county as a whole, and particularly in South Lanark, very little underdrainage had been done previous to 1907, and when we first took up this work we found four obstacles barring progress in this particular line: 1—A lack of appreciation of the benefits to be derived. 2—Lack of technical knowledge in laying out systems. 3—The absence of tile factories in any part of the county. 4—Lack of experience in digging drains to grade, laying tile, and inability to secure competent labour to do the work.

"During the seasons of 1908 and 1909 we overcame the first difficulty to a certain extent in our propaganda work in the form of addresses, newspaper articles, demonstrations. The second difficulty was met by offering our services free of expense in making surveys, laying out systems, preparing plans, etc. During the fall of 1909 some of the systems laid out by us were partly installed by hand labour. One of these fields made an excellent demonstration field as it chanced to lie beside a leading road and had been previously deemed impossible to drain satisfactorily. This spring, when adjoining fields lay sodden with water, the drained field was dry and in first-class condition. It was in shape for seeding fully three weeks before neighbouring fields, but was kept for corn. This corn crop, grown where corn had never been grown previously was conceded to be the best crop within a radius of several miles. Not only was it tall and vigorous, but it was uniform over the entire field and was well matured. Needless to say we had a great many requests for drainage assistance in that section this year, while the owner of the field himself installed nearly a carload of tile this fall.

"The difficulty of obtaining tile in Perth district was overcome through our local Farmers' Club. By buying co-operatively in carload lots we have been able to lay down tile in Perth at a cheaper price than they can be bought right in the yard at many tile factories.

"This year, with another wet backward May to back us up, we launched another drainage campaign with result that since the first of June we have devoted every available day and half-day to drainage work in all parts of the country. An opportunity to secure the services of a steam ditcher from the Province of Quebec assisted us in overcoming the fourth difficulty and incidentally gave underdrainage the greatest impetus it has yet received in this district. The owner of the ditcher placed himself in our hands—took only such work as we laid out for him, followed our grades, and stayed with us for two months, digging at the rate of at least two thousand feet a day and as high as three thousand when conditions were favourable. Breakages in our stony land prevented us accomplishing as much as we might have in the time, but so delighted were the farmers with the work accomplished that it is probable a ditcher will be owned co-operatively here next year."

If you are buying apples now, the prices you pay will tend to make you skeptical regarding my assertion that Ontario is an apple growing province. But such is the case. It is true that last year there was practically a failure of the apple crop in many parts of Ontario. It is just as true that to a great extent this failure might have been prevented. There were a number of orchards in the Province which gave last year greater returns than

ever before. The district offices by their orchard demonstration work have proved in the face of an unfavourable season that it pays to care for orchards.

The work done in Simcoe county is thus described by Mr. I. F. Metcalf, who is in charge of the office at Collingwood:

"The Georgian Bay district is peculiarly well adapted for the production of a good quality of fruit and lots of it, but it is not doing anything like what it might do in that matter. In my district and especially in Nottawasaga township there are a large number of good orchards, but these are very generally neglected. In order to arrive at a satisfactory basis for improvement an orchard survey of Simcoe county was made by Mr. A. D. McIntosh, B.S.A., during the summer of 1909.

"A plan of campaign was then adopted to try to improve these conditions. Various schemes were thought of, such as holding demonstration meetings in the orchards in June, at which a tree or two could be pruned and a number might be sprayed. However, I did not consider that this treatment would be thorough enough since while we might prune a tree or two in an orchard and might perhaps spray all of the trees yet there was no guarantee that the farmers would prune the rest of those trees that season and cultivate the orchard, etc., so that all the conditions might be favourable for the best results. Another obstacle in the way was the fact that there were practically no spray pumps in use in the township.

"Under the circumstances I advised that six demonstration orchards should be taken over in Nottawasaga township; that we should own our own spray outfit and pruning tools, and put our own men in to do the work in these orchards, providing only that the farmer was to assist whenever possible. We paid for the spray materials and paid the men, but the men were boarded by the farmer free of charge and the farmer's team was used for the work. All receipts were to go to the farmer. The expense of this work was contributed by the fruit branch. I have had one man, Mr. W. F. Kydd, in this township on orchard work all summer and other men at work as they were required. In pruning time, six men working constantly and sometimes one or two more in these orchards, having them divided into two gangs, one gang being under Mr. Kydd and the other under Mr. Rogers, of Forest. During June we held pruning and spraying meetings in these orchards, which did a great deal of good. In front of our orchards we have a large sign stating that it is a demonstration orchard. This calls the farmer's attention to the fact every time he comes by, and the consequence is that these orchards have been discussed a great deal this summer and fall.

"We sold the apples for the men for $2.50 a barrel for Duchess No. 1 and No. 2, f.o.b., and $3 a barrel for No. 1 and No. 2, fall and winter varieties, f.o.b. A large per cent. graded No. 1. These prices were an eye-opener to the farmers in this district since nothing like that had ever been received before, and in fact some of them were rather skeptical of the matter and even went so far as to assert that the Government was paying the difference, which was not the case. The sale was a genuine one made in the regular way with Messrs. McDougall and Evans, Owen Sound. Then this fall I had displays at the various fall exhibitions, showing actual results from the pruned and sprayed and unpruned and unsprayed trees of which we left a few in each orchard. All these things have had the effect of wakening the farmers up a bit, and a great many of them are talking seriously of buying spray pumps and looking after their orchards better another year. They are also talking of organising a co-operative association for the sale of their fruit.

"You may perhaps think that we gave these men a pretty good thing when we offered to fix up their orchards and conduct them for them free of charge and give them all the returns, but even with those inducements I had considerable difficulty in persuading some of the farmers to allow us to do that work for them. Of course, now we get any number of orchards on much better terms than that, but we don't want them. Our intention is to continue this work in other places where we will have to go through the whole process over again. We operated these orchards under a great disadvantage this year because of the fact that very little late fruit set, so that we have not as good a showing as we should like to have had financially, but in spite of that fact we have some excellent results.

"The orchard which gave the best results this year was a small one of fifty trees owned by Mr. John Osborne, at Dunedin. The expenses of that orchard were as follows: Scraping of trees,

$2.25; pruning, $24.75; first spraying, $6.14; second spraying, $5.16; working of orchard, $7.75; cover crop, $2.25; total, $48.20.

"The following were the receipts: 22½ barrels Duchess apples at $2.50 a barrel, $56.25; 82 barrels, fall and winter apples, $3 a barrel, $246.00; total, $302.25. Expense of barrels, picking and packing at 75c a barrel, $78.38; net, $223.87; 15¼ barrels, culls, at 60c a barrel (net), $9.10; total returns, $232.97; operating expenses, $48.30; profit, $184.67.

"It might be mentioned here that the most that was ever received for this orchard in any one year previously was $50."

Mr. A. D. Campbell, representative at Morrisburg, took charge of five orchards with excellent results. From one of these orchards 1⅓ acres, forty-three trees, the owner netted $400, the most ever received previously being $175. Another orchard of thirty trees harvested $250 worth of apples. From another of three acres the fruit sold on the trees at $350, while the unsprayed orchards in the district were practically worthless.

Norfolk county is progressive in its apple culture, but even there the Department did good work. Mr. P. E. Angle, of the Simcoe office says:

"In connection with orchard management I may say that since there were in the neighbourhood of 300 farmers in this county spraying their fruit, I considered it unnecessary to have a demonstration orchard last year, but my assistant, and myself, when I could get away, spent between two and three weeks in the spraying season driving from orchard to orchard giving farmers what instruction we could in spraying, such as the value of high pressure; demonstrating on their own pumps, the value of thoroughness and the need for spraying at a certain time, also showing them the way the leaf buds open and also the bud moth, which was present in nearly every orchard, explaining why it was necessary to spray just at a certain time before the blossom buds burst in order to poison this pest; showing them how to get their pumps packed properly; and fixing many pumps which their owners thought were useless. We found men who had sprayed their orchards for three years, who did not know they should spray at a certain time, but simply sprayed because their neighbours sprayed and so forth. The consequence was that we found men along the Lake Shore road, whose orchards were retarded by the water, spraying for the bud moth for instance at the same time their neighbours who lived back from the lake were spraying their orchards, which were really right for spraying. The orchards along the lake were not right for spraying, and those men who were spraying at that time were merely wasting material. Some of these we stopped and received hearty thanks for the information which we gave them. We showed them that it was necessary to have the leaf bud opened before spraying. Man after man said he had heard and read of the bud moth; how it worked and how it was to be poisoned, and yet had never seen one although they were in his orchard at the time until we showed them to him, and many did not know why it was necessary to spray three times, but simply sprayed because his neighbour sprayed or some other man sprayed at that time. Of course, when we were doing this we had the opportunity of showing them various other diseases which were in their orchard, the presence of which in most cases they were not aware. This work impressed upon me strongly the value of a personal touch with the men in comparison with a lecture or an article in the paper, or a bulletin."

The Prince Edward county office, at Picton, through the representative, Mr. A. P. McVannel, stirred up interest by orchard meetings and demonstrations, with the result that the county had a remarkably fine showing of fruit at the fall fair and at the Horticultural Show in Toronto. One orchard near Picton, which had never produced more than $750 worth of apples in any previous season, this year gave, as a result of spraying, 770 barrels, which sold at $3 a barrel.

Spraying demonstrations in orchards is made a feature of the district office work in all counties where apples are grown.

Experimental work is carried out on problems of special interest to the section. At Morrisburg, plots totalling three acres in extent were chosen on school grounds. The following record for 1910 shows the practical nature

and great value of this kind of work: 1—That large crops could be grown after underdraining on what was before wet land. (Whole scheme a demonstration of value of under-drainage). 2—Experiments in dates of seeding on drained land—on drained and undrained land. 3—Experiment on rates of seeding. 4—Different methods of sowing alfalfa. 5—Growing of alfalfa on low drained land (will require two or more years yet to complete demonstration). 6—Test of twelve different varieties of oats to show yield, date of maturity, strength of straw, freedom from rust and to give farmers an opportunity of seeing different varities grown under the same condition. 7—Test of twenty varieties of corn to give farmers an opportunity of seeing nature of variety, amount of fodder, yield of grain, date of maturity. 8—Test of mangels, carrots, turnips—a special effort to grow large crops of roots in order to interest dairy farmers in growing each crop. 9—Value of uncommon crops as rape, kale, field cabbage. 10—Test of twenty varieties of potatoes, yield of from 340 to 591 bushels an acre obtained with late varieties. 11—Sale at market prices of 100 bushels of potatoes for seed purposes. 12—Experiments with insecticides and fungicides.

Experimental work in other sections has to do with the testing of various seeds and grain, the treatment of muck land, the use of commercial fertilisers, the growing of alfalfa, the reclamation of the impoverished soils, and the study of the problems of each particular locality.

A very important part of the duty of the representative is the institution of Farmers' Clubs and other organisations. The discussion of farm topics and topics of general interest constitutes the chief feature of these club meetings, but it may be made useful to the farmer in many other ways. The Lanark County Farmers' Clubs during the past two seasons have used their organisation also in the following ways: 1—To promote rural telephone service throughout the riding. 2—To carry on co-operative buying of clover and grass seeds through the local seedsmen in order to secure purity and No. 1 quality. 3—To import seed corn on the ear. 4—To import tile in carload lots. 5—To establish one variety of potatoes as the representative variety for this section. 6—To run an excursion to Macdonald College. 7—To inaugurate a plowing match.

Mr. F. C. Hart, of Galt, reports that there are twelve clubs in operation in his county, meeting once or twice a month during the winter and some continuing the whole year. One club has established a rural telephone system, another has started a continuation class in the village school, another has revived the annual plowing match and instituted a neighbourhood banquet. These Clubs act as centres for the development of all kinds of plans for improving farm methods and promoting the social welfare of the farmer generally.

The organisation of co-operative produce associations is another feature of district office work. In Essex county the district office started the Ontario Grain Growers' Association, which has now nearly a thousand members, and which held an exhibition last year, giving $800 in prizes. In Ontario county two poultry circles were organised near Beaverton. The Oshawa Fruit Growers' Limited, a co-operative fruit association, was established at Oshawa.

Short courses for two, three, or five days on certain subjects are arranged from time to time at various points of the districts. These are conducted by professors of the Agricultural College and other expert authorities and are well attended. For example, courses of two and three days duration for the practical study of live stock and seeds, held at Ayr, Galt, and Elmira, had an average attendance of between 300 and 400 farmers. In Prince Edward County a "Farmers' Week," being a four-day series of lectures on stock judging, seed judging and farm operations, had a total attendance of over 1,200 persons. A fruit growers' meeting of three days'

duration at two different points in the county averaged 400 in attendance. The wide-spread interest in these meetings in all parts of the Province promises well for the spread of agricutural education.

The representatives use the columns of the local press to awaken interest in agricultural topics, and in their meetings by contributing from time to time articles on live topics. Looking over a series of these articles by Mr. S. E. Todd, of Petrolia, we find that he starts out with an article on "Our Policy," at the time of the establishment of the office, acquainting the people of his district of the purpose of the office and asking for their co-operation. Then follows, "The possibilities of Lambton," and the next week a continuance of this topic. This is followed by several articles on "Farm Under-drainage," showing difference in returns from drained and undrained lands, method of drainage. Next a paper on "Soils" and so on. Every article was pointed with practical information adapted to the exact district served by the local paper.

While the original idea of giving a two-year high school course in agriculture seems to have been crowded into the background, the high schools are yet an important factor in the work of the district office. For example, at Morrisburg collegiate institute, a three months' course for boys is regularly conducted. Essex high school has a two months' short course. Collingwood has a class of sixteen young men at the collegiate for a month last winter taking nothing but agriculture.

Mr. P. E. Angle, of Simcoe, who has taken special interest in the school end of the department work, has this to say:

"Last year, only five boys took the course in agriculture in the Simcoe high school, and one of these boys was a town boy who dropped out later, while there were fifteen farmers' sons in the first form of the school who were not taking it. Of course, last year was the first that such a course had been offered in Simcoe, and I did not expect a large class, but the experience of others who have been at the work for three years is that the number of pupils taking agriculture does not increase materially from year to year.

"Seeing that not many availed themselves of the opportunity offered in the regular course in agriculture, and finding in the country many young men who were beyond high school age, and some boys who were not, busy on their own or their fathers' farms, during the autumn, but who would be free to take up some school work in the winter time, I arranged for a short six weeks' course in agriculture to be held in the high school during January and February. This course was open to any farmer's son in Norfolk county, and was thoroughly practical in every respect, including the following subjects: 1—A study of the seeds of the various farm crops, together with the value of careful selection of seed grain, method of selecting it, and seed judging. 2—Elements of farm chemistry and bacteriology, including a study of soil fertility, its depletion and maintenance, the value and application of fertilisers, the fertilising effects of leguminous crops and the value of nitro-culture inoculation of clover and alfalfa seed. 3—Soil cultivation and drainage, including experiments to determine the water holding capacity of different types of soil and their power to draw water from the subsoil and the value of mulches in conserving moisture in the soil, the taking of levels for under drains, and practical work in working out grades and methods of putting in drains true to grade. 4—Farm botany and entomology, including identification of weed seeds, the Seed Control Act, identification and eradication of fungus diseases and insect pests. 5—Stock judging. 6—Milk testing.

"In the stock judging we visited different farms in the vicinity of Simcoe, where good stock was obtainable.

"In the work on underdrainage we were fortunate in having enough mild weather to do some practical work in taking levels outside.

"Thirty-one young men applied for this course, and twenty-five, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty-nine years, attended The interest taken in this work by the class was such that they asked for the course to be extended for one or two weeks."

The experience of other represent-

atives with short courses in the high schools has been very encouraging. Beginning with courses of one month, they have extended the periods to six weeks, then to two months, and in some cases a three months' course is given. The lengthening of the term of these courses and the increasing attendance is a very hopeful sign. It shows that the result of the practical work of the district office is impressing the farmers and their sons with the necessity of getting trained in scientific methods of agriculture—the farmer of the future will want to know not only what to do, but how and why he should do it.

The rural schools are being made an important auxiliary to the work of district offices. The representative at Galt says: "During the last two years we have had three of the rural schools near Galt unite in a competition in growing farm crops and in making nature collections. This year we have had six of the schools near Ayr doing the same work. The results were exhibited at what we called a "Rural School Fall Fair."

This work was done by a plan of home gardens. Seeds were given to the pupils to take home and sow according to directions, so that while the public school was a centre for the organisation of the work, the agricultural training and practice was on the farm itself. The representatives also visit the rural schools, address the pupils, and assist the teachers in nature study and school garden work.

We may enumerate a few other things that the busy District Representative does:—He acts as judge at school competitions and at county fairs; he addresses teachers' conventions, cheese factory annual meetings, makes dairy tests, assists at Farmers' Institute meetings, makes analyses of soils, and answers by correspondence or personally the thousand and one questions which arise in all phases of farming.

Should not all this be evidence enough to prove my assumption that we have arrived at the practical solution of educating the farmer?

If you stop for a moment to consider the immense value the assistance given by these representatives should be to every farmer, you will be surprised to learn that at the outset this work, in some districts, met not only with indifference, but with downright opposition. In one district, the county council and several municipal councils passed resolutions condemning the expenditure for the district office as a waste of public money. The first representative in that district, discouraged by the reception given him, did not hesitate long when there came the offer of a better position. A new man went in, knowing exactly what he had to face. He "made good," and to-day the people of that district are asking for the establishment of two more offices.

Not the least difficult part of the representative's work is to win the confidence of the people. One and all, these eager workers aim at meeting their constituents on equal terms and making the farmers' interest their own. "There is nothing I hate more," said one of them to me, "than to have some acquaintance introduce me to anyone in my district as 'Professor' ". These men, to win their way to the hearts of those they wish to serve, literally "take off their coats and get to work."

For instance, another representative described how he made the acquaintance of a farmer whom he wished to interest in some progressive methods. The owner was in the barnyard hauling out manure. The reception accorded to the visitor was that which the joke-smith usually describes as given to the book-agent or lightning-rod seller. But it takes a lot to daunt the ardour of our agricultural enthusiasts, so our district office man threw off his coat, picked

up an idle manure fork and helped to "load up." He won. Now, that farmer is one of the most active supporters of progressive methods of agriculture.

But the enthusiasm of this movement should not stop with these aggressive young men, nor should it stop with the farmer. This is a matter of just as much concern to our towns and cities as to the rural districts. Just ask yourself, "What would doubling the agricultural output of Ontario, of Canada, mean to our merchants, manufacturers, to our business and professional men?" And what also, in this era of high prices, would it mean to the consumer to have the producer grow larger crops and produce them at a much lower ratio of cost?

In this practical plan of educating the farming community the Ontario Government have undoubtedly inaugurated a movement that will develop into a comprehensive system of improved rural education and ultimately result in at least doubling the production of the farms of the Province.

QUEBEC

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

MINE is all leadership by ancient right;
First-born of the dim past, when Canada,
The veiled and mystic goddess of a dream,
Guarded from man the secrets of her form.
I sent my sons to battle with the wastes.
Fearless they ventured in the vast Unknown;
Theirs were the clearings where thy cities roar,
Their lonely trails are thronging highways now.
I am the diplomat, alert and suave,
Courtly and rugged, French and British both,
The fine arts are my portion and the lore
Of silver hair and destiny fulfilled.
Richly I live, as well befits my state;
Often in idleness my days are spent,
Loving and laughing 'neath my Citadel.
Yet, *gare à vous*, guard well a careless tongue,
My rapier swings lightly at my side,
And in my veins a Dollard's blood runs fast.
But come to me with friendship in your eyes,
Bearing no other gifts save *gentilesse*
Of spirit, self-respect and wit enow,
To speed the passing hour with pleasantry,
And from my wide-flung casement watch with me
The trysting of the Old World and the New.

CANADIAN COLLECTORS AND MODERN DUTCH ART

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

CANADIANS who were more or less interested in acquiring works of Art to adorn their homes refused, not many years ago, to listen to the claim of Willem Maris or J. H. Weissenbruch to rank as great artists. Anton Mauve was turned aside as not worthy of more than a few moments' consideration; Jacob Maris was comparatively unknown, and Bosboom a negligible quantity. Matthijs Maris pursued his silent course in a homely studio in London, and even the great Josef Israels was then considered about on a level with many other living men whose works are already forgotten.

A quarter of a century has witnessed the departure of all these great men, except Israels and Matthijs Maris. They had, therefore, at the time I speak of, attained their perfect fulness and power. But only a few of those who were buying pictures turned seriously to the works of these artists. The tendency seemed to be towards modern Italian and German. Pictures by Canadian artists were occasionally bought, and those whose good judgment directed them to the works of Jacobi, Fowler, and one or two others of that period acquired fine examples of art, and they find to-day that their investments were soundly made.

After all, there must be some commercialism in the collector. He should buy for two reasons: First, the art should be good; second, if good, he knows that he may in future find an asset in his pictures. No sane man is rich enough to spend his money recklessly, and whilst commercialism should be always subordinated to quality, there is no good reason why the buyer should not add value in pictures to his choice on the primary ground of merit. If those who began some years ago to form art collections had acted on this principle, a moderate collection would now represent a fortune. We can readily recall fine drawings by Mauve being offered for a few hundred dollars each; to-day they are worth thousands of pounds. Weissenbruch and Willem Maris pictures brought from one to three hundred dollars, the latter figure being considered a high price. Pictures by Israels were always high, owing to the fact that he has been for many years considered the master of the modern Dutch school. Bosboom was practically unrepresented in the art dealer's stock-in-trade or on the walls of collectors. And so the golden opportunity slipped by, and we have reached such a stage of art knowledge and culture, and many of our citizens have become so wealthy, that prices are being paid for the work of the Dutch artists which would have sounded of romance a quarter of a century ago.

The fact that many people are becoming very wealthy in this coun-

try, and increasing in their desire to possess fine examples of the "Art of all the Arts," naturally suggests the question, Are we buying wisely? Staats Forbes, Alexander Young, the late Justice Day, and other noted collectors in England, left pictures of immense value, but it required, in the case of Forbes at least, the tremendous advance in the Barbizon and Dutch schools to offset the equally great loss in his German and Italian art investments. Nearly all of these men passed through the penitential stage of the collector. Many so-called bargains were made which later formed the subject of sincere and secret recantation. The early purchases which were for some years so much in evidence on their walls and in their portfolios became fit only for the attic store-room. Concealment, like the proverbial worm in the bud, was allowed to feed on the damask cheek of continental atrocities. Their names were not even catalogued, and it was only by reason of the ruthless hand of the auctioneer and the business spirit of the executor that they saw the light of later days.

On the whole, the English collector bought wisely. He began with the French and continued through the earlier days of Dutch Art, and by this time, had gained knowledge from experience. He bought Corot and Diaz, Millet and Daubigny, because the work was of the highest quality. Although prices increased very largely. he added to his treasures at the advanced cost which many of the pictures commanded. These men had truthfully the courage of their convictions. They bought on the strength of the ripened experience of their lives. They paid for pictures on their merits. Names had little or nothing to do with their acquisitions. They saw the light of genius in the simple records by Millet of the toil and suffering of the peasant. They recognised the voice of the poet in the chaste and idealised landscapes of Corot. Later they came to the Dutchmen, and felt the psychological power of Israels, the dreaming of Matthijs Maris, the brilliance and power of Jacob Maris and the sunshine of his brother Willem, the charm and simplicity of Weissenbruch, and the chaste and beautiful quality of Mauve; and so feeling and seeing the subtle virility of all these artists, they added the work of Holland to that of the brilliant Frenchmen at a time when the Dutch painters were only laying the corner-stone of a great and enduring temple of art.

Are we following the path well-trodden by the chief collectors of a half-century ago? Or are we looking for names only without regard to real merit? Are we being satisfied with an Israels only because the picture bears his seal of authenticity? If we are, then it is absolutely safe to say that there will be found to be many poor pictures when collections come to public light and subject to intelligent discrimination. One must always bear in mind that Israels has painted a number of indifferent pictures. Some of them have but little merit. His best examples, and they are many, stand perhaps at the head of all modern painting, but unfortunately, he has not always kept to the high-water mark of genius. Mauve also did considerable work of inferior quality; that is, work thas is greatly inferior to his finer productions. Both of these artists are uneven. There is no doubt a degree of genius in everything they painted, and one would hesitate to say that either of them ever produced really poor art. But when enormous prices are being paid for pictures by Israels or Mauve, one should be quite certain that the best and finest quality is obtained. Perhaps it would be difficult to find an indifferent picture by any one of the three Maris brothers. One looks in vain for inferiority in the long line

of pictures by Jacob or Willem, for the standard is maintained almost at the highest level in each one. Perhaps I may be a little prejudiced, but I have yet to see a drawing or a painting by Willem Maris which does not exhibit all or nearly all of the best quality and highest work of this artist. The earliest work by him is fine and very earnest. It lacks something of the freedom of later days, but nevertheless it is always true and beautiful. The same remarks apply to the work of Weissenbruch, who always gave to the world the best productions of which his genius was capable. Yet in the eye of a discerning public, none of these men will ever rank as high as Israels, and the reason is simple. Notwithstanding the fact that many works by Israels are not equal from a purely art standpoint to the pictures by the others I have named, yet every now and again Israels has given to us a work which transcends almost any other known production, and which alone would place him in the same rank as the great Rembrandt. At times he rises above and far beyond any of the modern Dutch or French artists, saving perhaps Millet, but his flight is not sustained continuously. Occasionally he drops to the level of the studio, and one feels a little conscious of the existence of the tradesman underlying the power of his genius which cannot be entirely repressed. Mauve, too, sometimes rises to a great height, although not so frequently as Israels does, but it would be a difficult question to determine whether he ever reaches a higher plane than that evenly maintained by two or three of the other great artists who, with him and Israels, form the greatest group in one generation which the world has ever seen.

In buying, therefore, it is not enough that we should be guided by mere names. It is necessary that the question—Are we getting a fine example of the particular artist?—should be answered in the affirmative. As already pointed out, the collector is reasonably safe in buying the work of a few of those uniformly fine painters I have named, the only question being one of subject, colour or size. When it comes to the purchase of a Corot or an Israels, however, a totally different principle applies, and great care must be taken, good judgment exercised, and fine discrimination used, otherwise the collector may have the shadow and not the substance. Dealers will talk very glibly to the unwary or the unqualified buyer about names and honours, and the noted galleries where the artists' pictures are hung, and readily produce most wonderful criticisms of his work from books and periodicals, omitting to tell the intending customer that these favourable comments were made regarding work of a totally different character, and never could apply to the picture which is the subject of immediate sale. We have, therefore, to eliminate the mere name and the dealer's exaggeration, as well as the high general praise of the artist set forth in articles or books of reference, and judge for ourselves whether the picture in question responds to the test of highest quality, and, if not, then to what extent it falls below it. It may be that we have not sufficient knowledge to judge correctly. If this is the case, then we must depend on the name and the kind of subject we prefer, leaving it to chance whether we have acquired a work of art or only a somewhat commonplace picture by a man who has painted or is capable of painting much finer things.

Leaving the highest class of artists, and coming to those whose work is finding its way into even good collections, it is somewhat difficult to speak frankly without offence. Collectors should never forget, however, that the truth about pictures is always val-

uable and necessary, and that without the application of this salutary principle, any collection will continue to be of a poor and unsatisfactory character. Let us look at this phase of the subject closely and from a disinterested standpoint. In the writer's own collection there appear some of the names of those who are not entitled to praise. In the list of every man's pictures there will be found artists whose highest recommendation is that they are respectable tradesmen and skilled mechanics in their calling.

The reason why poor but pretentious pictures are bought is largely owing to the dealers. Looking fairly at the facts, it is not surprising that many pictures by Dutch artists are sold in Canada which would not be looked at in Holland. A short examination of the methods adopted is all that is necessary to understand the situation.

A dealer casting about for some as yet undiscovered genius, finds, or thinks he finds, the "gem of purest ray serene" in some town or countryside in Holland. He makes a contract with this unknown wonder, who is thereby bound to place all his work before the public through the dealer. Usually the price is regulated by size. So many square inches will bring to the budding Hals or juvenile Rembrandt a certain sum of money as a reward for the expression of divine fire on canvas. The price increases with the size. Generally there are three well recognised areas of valuable canvas to be exploited by the medium of paint at the hands of this marvellous youth. The youth is quite glad to find such a ready market for his work, and proceeds to manufacture by the piece for his generous employer as the cabinet maker or the tailor is doing in another sphere in life. Whilst the youth is acquiring dexterity at the one end, his dealer is educating the public at the other. The productions are forthcoming warily, and as a favour placed before the buyer. The marks of genius are pointed out. The colour is praised, the light is perfectly wonderful, and the strength is that of the invincible. Notices innocently appear in periodicals, and these are carefully preserved as a few of the encomiums of an enlightened press: "As fine as Israels," "The feeling of Mauve," "The beauty of of Corot," and the "Vigour of Jacob Maris," are a few stereotyped phrases of the man who controls the destiny of this coming wonder of the art world.

Already the dealer has advanced to the marvellous youth more money than all the pictures he has painted would bring in the market, hence the enthusiasm and confidence of the man with the ledger. An artificial and false market is worked up by the experienced financial backer, and the products find their way into the homes of people who have trusted not wisely but too well. After a time, owing to friction or unprofitable dealings, the artist, yet in the bud, breaks away or is turned adrift, and is exploited by some other dealers. Under these circumstances, if one wishes to ascertain the actual status in the scale of art which the youth truly occupies, it is always useful to take the latest opinion of the first discoverer of this budding flower of genius. In that opinion there may be found some bitterness, but at the same time much truth.

Canadian collectors to-day are buying pictures by artists, particularly those of Holland, who are absolutely dealer-made men, just as persistent advertising will make patent medicines or readymade clothing manufacturers successful. Take a few examples. Steelink is a respectable painter. His work is of a very mediocre character, and has nothing in it seriously entitling him to be called great, and yet his pictures are exploited here and sold as works of

great merit. Bernard de Hoog is launched on the Canadian market as equal to Neuhuys. The merest tyro knows or ought to know that his work is but an echo of Israels and Neuhuys combined. If one examines such work at all, it must be apparent that it is devoid of any of the qualities which make fine Dutch work so unique and subtle. It carries on its face the stamp of a mere copy in method, subjects and colour. If it can be claimed that it is in any sense original or individual, the sooner the form of individuality is changed the better for the artist and and the public. Viewed as an ordinary painter, de Hoog does work which is pleasing, but when the collector is asked to buy because the artist is a genius and shows it in his pictures, the buyer should pause and look at some "other line of goods" before committing himself. Pieters is more individual and less an apparent copyist; but, alas! Pieters has no financial backer here. Scherrowitz is undoubtedly a man of some merit, but people to-day are paying prices, dealers' prices, of course, which are much higher than the artist will receive ten years hence. The modern Dutch painter attains maturity early and reaches his limit very often at forty, a period at which the great men are usually beginning to feel their power. Kever, Offermans, Mastenbroeck and many others are being pressed on the stormy sea of public favour and fame, only to find rest hereafter in the quiet waters of Lethe. Nearly all of these men are reputable artists and frequently produce creditable work, but they are not the men of genius which their financial promotors lead us to believe.

What is objected to is not so much the work of such painters as the methods adopted to dispose of it to people who have not yet learned the principles of art judgment or true appreciation of what pictures mean. If such pictures were sold at reasonable prices, there would not be so much reason to protest. But when the artist receives perhaps five or six hundred dollars for his canvas, and by a process of commercial book-keeping in the ledgers of the dealers the same picture eventually reaches the Canadian purchaser at two thousand or more, without any evidence of sufficient merit to warrant two or three hundred per cent. profit, it is time to give a note of warning.

The methods of those who control artists are open to another very serious objection. The small picture dealers cannot buy so as to make a reasonable profit, and their reputation for prices is injuriously and unjustly affected by the greedy profits of the big dealer. Exposure will provide the remedy, and already there are many significant murmurs regarding the exorbitant prices often paid by Canadian collectors for pictures of very ordinary merit sold in this country.

One rock on which collectors are sometimes wrecked is as to the genuineness of the work. With enormous prices asked for and obtained for pictures bearing the name of some leading artist, there is rapidly coming into the market a host of spurious work. Not content with substantially painting an imitation of some well-known artist's work, there are many expert craftsmen who do not hesitate to manufacture an exact reproduction or to sign the name of the original artist on the canvas. Buyers should be certain that they get what they have bargained for. Now that nearly all of the great Continental artists are dead, a number of spurious examples may be looked for, and this will happen in reference to Dutch leaders, just as it has for many years past occurred over and over again regarding the work of Corot and Constable. There is an old legal principle which might safely be adopted, although with a meaning different from that known to the courts: "Let the buyer beware!"

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

THE QUAINT PEOPLE OF THE LONELY ISLANDS

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE memories that cling to one after a holiday on the Magdalen Islands, those far-east insular possessions of Canada, are not of the scenery, nor of the accommodation, nor even of the purity of the breezes unsullied by any of the products of modern industry and haste. It is the remembrance of the people themselves that recalls the visit with pleasure, carrying with it even yet a tinge of the peace and tranquillity that hangs over everything from Amherst to "Old Harry," and wraps the visitor in an atmosphere of rest and quiet happiness.

Long in my memory will remain the eagerness of the simple, kind-hearted Islanders to give the "writer-man" little bits of history and incident, after one of them happened to catch me making notes. For some time I was glad to return this kindness by turning my camera on scenes interesting only to the one making the request, jotting down the name and address that I might send back the completed photograph after I had developed my plates.

My first experience of their knowledge of the use of the leather case I carried was when a Frenchman sidled up to me on the road with the question in very broken English: " 'Scuse me, you the picture-man?"

When I grasped his meaning and confessed, he followed it up without hesitation.

"Started yet?"

I admitted I had.

"What you charge to take pictures of my house and me and my family?"

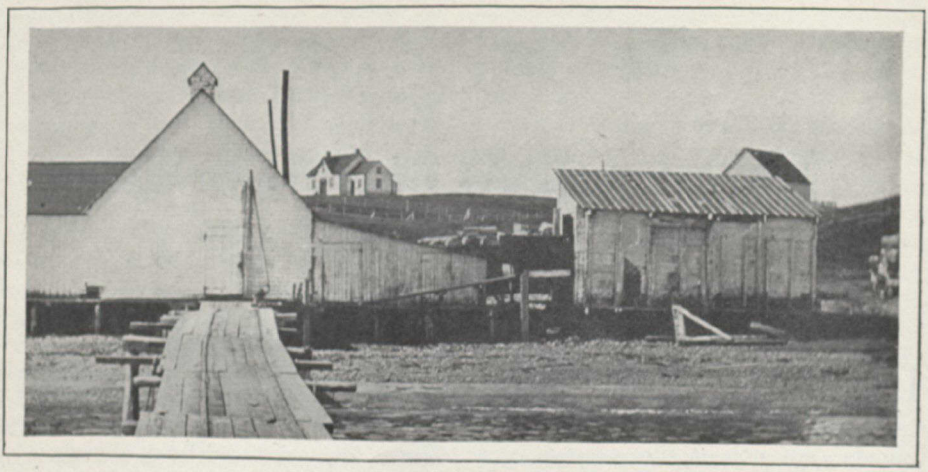
I told him I would be glad to send him a few prints without charge.

"But you not down here to make money that way?" he answered politely.

My offer was almost my undoing. Like everything on the Island the news must have spread rapidly that there was someone there who would take pictures for nothing. After I had taken a half-dozen on the same terms, in answer to the same question of how much I would charge, I was forced to deceive my trusting friends in order to protect myself from running out of plates and film packs. Having a plate camera, I was able to go through all the ceremony of arranging the subject, viewing it from every angle, carefully adjusting the focus, manipulating the tripod, and pressing the bulb with the click that told them it was all over—but the slide was not removed.

It was characteristic of the impression their confidence and trust imparted that I should feel like a criminal every time I did it, while they washed up the faces of at least a portion of the children, gave me their names to enter in my note-book, and repaid me with a closer inspection of the baby or by remaining around to forestall any such desire I might feel

In my list of names there are many curiosities that are peculiar to the Magdaleners. One man, the one who



LOBSTER CANNERY AT AMHERST

is standing so stiff and straight in the fish-splitting picture, is called Joe Burke, P. As the only man available who could speak a word of English I had some difficulty in understanding that the "P" stands for Peter in his father's name, there being several Joe Burkes. Another of the same name is called Joe Anizim Burke, the middle name being that of his father.

After all, the Islander is a French-Canadian; that is why the population of the Islands is increasing so rapidly that some must soon get out into the world. One woman whose picture I was taking brought only three children into the centre front.

"How is it," I asked with the careless freedom that comes so easily down there, "how is it that you have such a small family compared with your neighbours?"

"We've only been married four years," she answered in hasty defence.

I apologised.

But one occupation is known to the Islanders — fishing in its various branches, including sealing and trapping lobsters. Between times a little farming can scarcely be termed an occupation. Sealing is the most picturesque and dangerous of the efforts of the Magdaleners to add to their season's earnings. In the early spring, while the ice-floes are breaking up, the seals come close to the shore and the promise of a few pelts, the first of the year's earnings, sends many a fisherman to his death. The shifting winds break up the floes without warning, and unless the fishermen can reach shore in their tiny seal-boats, a combination sleigh and boat, which they drag after them on the ice, they are never heard of again.

And even when they escape the certain death of drifting floes they may return with the first stages of the throat and lung troubles that are so disastrous on the Islands, swept as they are with the cold, damp winds of winter and spring.

Each year the catch of seal is diminishing with more or less regularity. At one time the catch for the whole Islands amounted to 45,000, and the pelts were worth four and a half cents a pound. Last spring (1910) only 4,000 were caught, worth one and a half cents a pound, the fat of all of which is being tried out in the vats shown in one of the illustrations. In 1909 the quick breaking up of the ice prevented the capture of any But in 1908, with the ice going out slowly, the catch was the best for many

years — 17,000 pelts. But even in this, so early in his year's work, the Islander is at a disadvantage. Working from the shore with but his tiny seal-boat, and controlled by the state of the weather, he is forced to stand on the shore and watch the Newfoundland steam sealers run along the outer edge of the floes, killing as they go, securing the bulk of the seal long before the Magdalener dare venture out. Last spring one Newfoundland boat killed 36,000 seal and could secure but 13,000, as the ice broke up before it could collect them.

The plan of sealing is to kill the seal, erect a stake topped with cloth over the pile, and continue the killing until a load is secured, leaving the collecting until this is accomplished. It would be a just protection for the Islanders were they insured their own seal by prohibiting outside sealers.

After the seal are gone, except the bay seal that swim gracefully around the bays all year, the fisherman turns to the herring. Ten or a dozen invest in a seine boat and work together with large seine nets. All of these boats from one harbour place their earnings in a common fund and divide at the end of the season. Last spring the boats at Amherst made $300 each, which, divided among a dozen men, means little for their work. The herring caught are largely sold to the Bankers (fishermen from the Banks of Newfoundland), or the trawlers (the steam fishermen of the outer waters), at eighty cents to a dollar a barrel, or to the smokers at fifty cents a barrel.

The lobster season continues for two months to the first week in July and again for a month in the fall. The Magdalen Islands are probably the best lobster grounds in the world, due somewhat to the enforcement of the closed season by a Government tug, and partially to the dislike of the Islander for breaking the law or anything else that requires unusual exertion. Out of season the shores are piled with the lobster traps, convenient for setting out in the bottom of the ocean at the next season. Lobster factories dot the coast, all under the control, as in the entire fishing

MENDING LOBSTER TRAPS

FISHING SCENE AT ETANG DU NORD

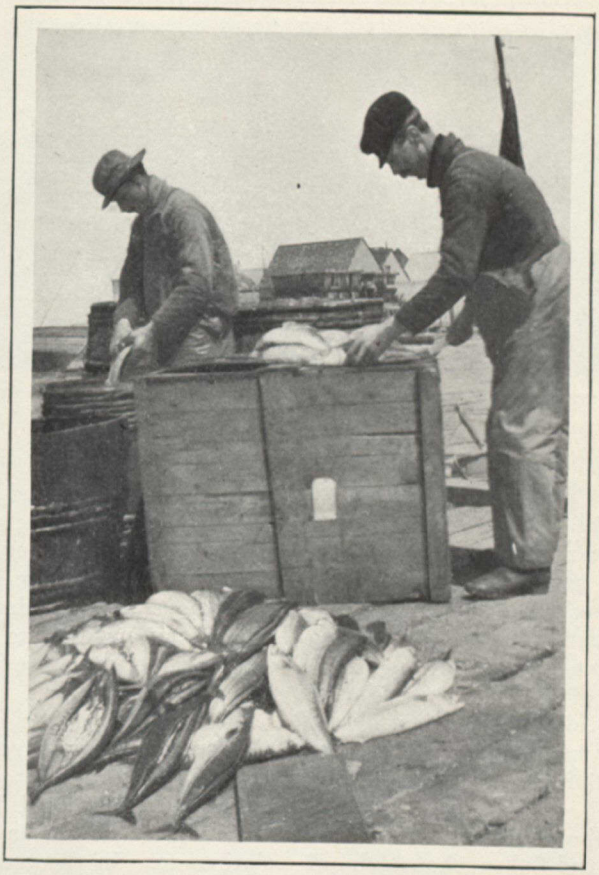
industry, of a few merchants who have made themselves wealthy through the simplicity of the fisherman.

The fishing is confined entirely to cod and mackerel, the former being the stand-by, but the latter the choice fish. And here again the fishermen show their preference for the easier task. There is not any more money in mackerel, but the fishing is lighter when a four-pound fish is at the end of the line than if it were a fifty-pound cod. Every day after the mackerel season opens the fishermen first try for mackerel, and only failing in that do they change their bait and resign themselves to the other fish that are just waiting to be pulled out.

One day I watched as a day's catch of 3,200 pounds of cod, worth $40, was weighed out; but the fishermen looked longingly at their neighbour's catch of mackerel, worth less than half their own day's work. Perhaps it was because the mackerel is such a pretty, clean fish compared with the flabby phlegmatic cod.

Unsensitive as one is to it when there, viewed from the standpoint of Western life the Islander is slow of action, of ambition and of thought. And combined with this there is a surprising cowardice on the water. One is inclined to think that the failure of the fishermen to take advantage of what appears to be a fine day for fishing is that it will allow them to loaf picturesquely around the cod flakes, while the girls carry and turn the drying cod, or leisurely paint a new water-line on their little boats. A cloud in the sky, an imitation thunderstorm at the time the boats leave in the early morning, or a wind that would mean a little tacking to reach the cod grounds, is sufficient to keep every boat in. It never happens that one boat goes without all. They work on principle, not on personal feelings.

For two nights I lay awake waiting for the call of the fishermen with whom I had arranged to spend the day at the fishing-grounds. At Amherst the boats were accustomed to leave at one o'clock in the morning, and as a little thunder happened to come at midnight not a boat would leave that



SPLITTING MACKEREL

day. The next night I waited again, wondering what would be the excuse that time. At 2 a.m. I dressed and appeared at the beach, only to find that the boats had left at midnight. The fisherman explained later that he had not called me because he did not think I would like to get up so early. I learned from one who was not a fisherman that it was the climb up the hill to the house where I stayed that had frightened the man.

None of the fishermen learn to swim. When asked what they did if they upset or were blown into the breakers, they looked at me with surprise that I should ask.

"Sink," answered the one who could speak English most fluently, after a moment's thought.

I lost my anxiety to accompany them fishing. I could imagine them sinking in preference to striking out.

When the day is bad they hang around the stores and cod-flakes hurling their ancient French at one another in paragraphs, and apparently missing none of it. Some of them will spend the day on their boats, cleaning up, at their little farms if the women cannot finish the work, or with their tiny French ponies and home-made carts, digging clams for bait along the shore.

At Grindstone only lobster fishing is carried on, the fishing-grounds being too far distant to be reached each day. During the months of July and August the men can be seen leisurely making repairs to their houses in prep-

WOMEN TURNING FISH ON COD FLAKES

aration for the winter winds, or cultivating the small gardens they possess. With the desire for companionship and for making the work light, they work in gangs, much after the fashion of "bees" in Ontario rural districts. But there is little resemblance to the proverbial bee in their actions. On the roof of a small verendah I counted eight able-bodied men shingling. Not one had to move except upwards as he finished his share of the row.

And while the fishermen smoke and lean on the cod-flakes thousands of tons of hay go to waste all over the Islands. A couple of dollars as a bribe to catch a few lobsters out of season for private use brought three of the crabs; it was lonesome out drawing in the traps alone. It was unfortunate that the swimming beach was across a small bay, for it was impossible to tempt an idle fisherman to row his dory except for fish. When one comes to think of it, of what use is money to people who know nothing of modern luxuries and who could not be bought to leave the Islands?

It is fortunate that with this idea of business they are not called upon to compete with the outside world. When I handed a husky fisherman a quarter for carrying my trunk from the wharf he looked dubiously at it with his hand in his pocket wondering what change he should give. On leaving the Island I repeated the operation and he was still more bewildered. He thought that I had engaged him for the trip. Incidentally he had shouldered the trunk and dropped down to the wharf, negotiating a cliff that I could scarcely manage with my hands free.

Except among the English, there are few adults with sufficient education to read or write; and those who can are duly respected. The clergy consists of four priests and one Anglican clergyman. In the course of his duties the latter is forced to drive thirty-five miles one Sunday and sail fifteen the next. For eighteen years Father Blaquiere, the head of the priests, has lived among these people; how many more he will labour is determined only by his days on earth. For ten years he has been building a church to seat 1,400, and is just this year able to look forward to the expenditure of the $4,000 that is necessary to purchase the seats. The Father is a factor in the life of the Islands, a pastor of his people, a friend of everybody and wrapped up in his church and the peculiar demands of the fisher-folk.

A sick man has to send to Grindstone or House Harbour, central points on the Islands, but fifteen to twenty miles distant by water from the east

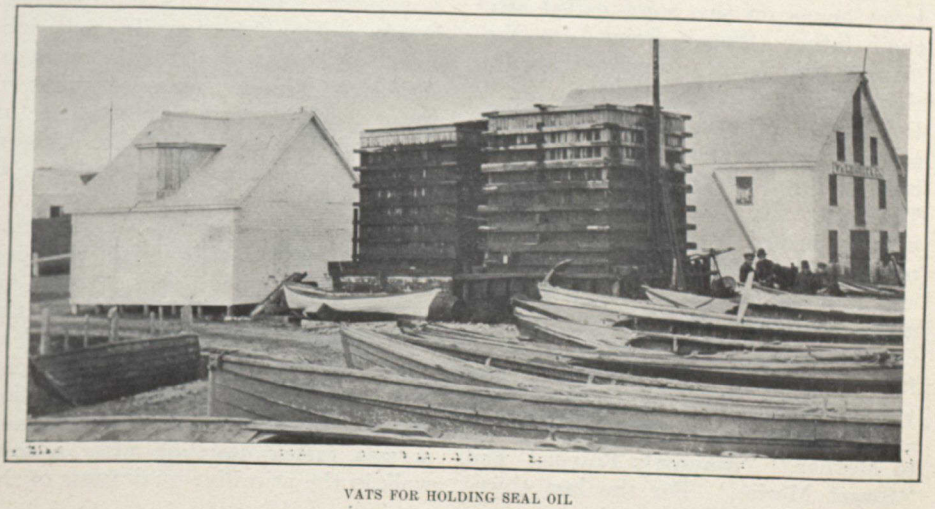
and west ends. The duties of the two doctors are strenuous, darting here and there among the Islands in sail or motor boats (of which latter there are six), driving over the long sand wastes, and attempting to attend to the wants of eight thousand people. In appearance but fishermen themselves, their work would scarcely pass muster in Toronto.

The other lucky possessor of education is made the General Official of the Island on which he lives. At one Island an escaped French soldier, with a nervous reticence about himself that would convict him in any court, is clerk of the court, magistrate, registrar, notary public, post-master. That was all there was to give him. The Grindstone scholar is most of these things with the addition of inspector of the public schools and agent for the boat.

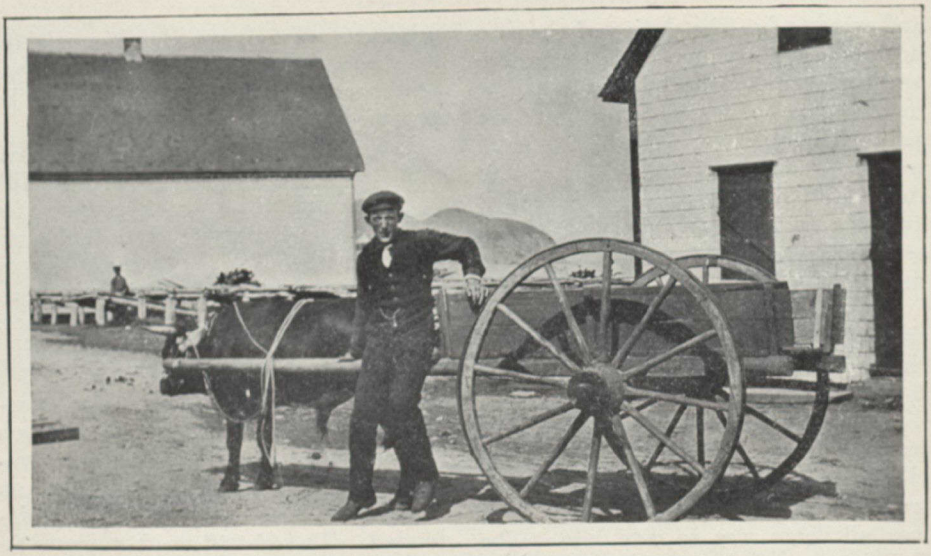
Law is an outside force for which there is no demand or liking on the Islands. Up to recent years the Magdaleners existed without a representative of the Provincial authorities, without court or jail. They got the jail—but few prisoners. During my visit one prisoner, a young fellow who had stolen some money-order forms from the post-office, was the lonesome prisoner. Tried by the magistrate, who was also the post-master, he was sentenced to the unique position he occupied.

I was privileged to attend the annual court — at least to witness the opening and closing ceremonies, for there were no cases. There had been two in sight, but the awful majesty of the ordeal had induced each to yield what the other would not. A Government boat came all the way from Gaspe with the judge, a senator on a jaunt, his brother, a city magistrate, and two lawyers, one the son of the judge. A wire told of the coming of another lawyer from Pictou on that day's boat, to take cases undefended. The sheriff read a paper in French, the judge said something in the same language, the senator leaned over and told me something else, and the boat was ready to return on its thirty-six-hour trip. There are breaches of the law among the Islanders—it is not possible that so many people could live without offence—but they are much more lenient with delinquents than where the police court is a convenient club.

An old fisherman was complaining that his trolls were gone. A sympathetic listener inquired how they had



VATS FOR HOLDING SEAL OIL



LOCOL TRANSPORTATION ON THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

been lost, and could he remember where.

"How?" the old fellow repeated with some show of spirit. Then he quieted down. "Well, there was a lobster fisherman around there, and when he left the trolls left too."

Rare as is the tourist, two boarding-houses provide accommodation for the commercial or sight-seeing traveller—one at Grindstone and the other at Amherst. The four elderly spinsters at Amherst, who have built a large house on the point called after their father—Shea's Point—are continuing the welcome for the traveller that was furnished by their mother to the writer of two articles in the twenty-five-year-old magazine discovered in the Toronto reference library. The quaintly old-fashioned interior, with beautiful hooked rugs, handmade doilies, tidies and cushion covers, is a bit of life that passed away many years ago elsewhere in Canada. On the ornate organ rest the beloved favourites of twenty years ago and yet strangely new for the surroundings —"After the Ball," "Break the News to Mother," "Maiden's Prayer," and "Sweet Marie." For the last thirty years the grateful visitor has been pleased to leave behind him a record of his visit in an old album. The cheery "nice fine evening" of the four sisters is one of the clinging memories of the Islands—an echo of their wish for all their guests.

The hygienic bovine that has been trained in all the latest improvements on nature's crudeness is unknown amid the rank, long grass that covers the Islands. Some of us remember similar milk and cream, but it is only a memory. Add to this 100 per cent. cream a diet of buttermilk, fish, lobsters, eggs, cake at all meals, chicken, canned and fresh pickles of unknown variety, and there is no reason for the most affected tourist to plead plaintively, "Not what I'm used to at home, you know."

The winter life is still a mystery to me. Asked how they fill in the long five months when their world is bounded by the wild waves of the Gulf, the Islander is too surprised to paint the picture so that another can understand. The younger generation has introduced the graphophone, and it was rather startling after a long walk in the primitive quaintness of the

outside life to hear one night the strains of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?", followed immediately by "The Cubanola Glide." The Grindstone boarding-house could boast of two hundred records, but then one of the girls had been to school in Halifax.

But what was far more interesting to me as showing the real winter life of those who had maintained the old-time simplicity on the Islands, were the closely-hooked rugs, more than an inch thick and destined to last a century unless the modern buffalo moth be introduced, the framed pictures, both frame and picture made from tiny, many-coloured sea shells, and the old-fashioned tidies that adorned the backs of chairs. And I could picture the old people sitting by the fire-place knitting and hooking rugs, while the younger generation, already reaching out for a different life, danced to the graphophone or slid down the many snow-covered hills until weariness rather than the clock set the time to stop. For while the fierce winds of the winter blow from shore to shore unobstructed by forests there is nothing to demand consideration of day or night—nothing but the filling in of the time until the ice breaks up again for the next fishing season.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

WATER and earth, water and earth,
A light and a shade that pass,
Water and earth: white o' a sail,
A flower and a slip o' grass.

Which shall it be, which shall it be,
A sail on a frothing glass,
Or a dish o' earth that is brown,
A flower and a slip o' grass?

Mists on the sea, mists on the sea,
The mists and a sail o' white!
Tame is the land: a slip o' grass;
The sea has bubbles and light.

A dip o' sun and cob-webs gemmed,
A whisp o' flowers and a lass;
Breath o' the earth that bides me bide,
A flower and a slip o' grass.

Which shall it be, which shall it be,
A sail on a frothing glass,
Or a dish o' earth that is brown,
A flower and a slip o' grass?

"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

AN APPRECIATION OF BROWNING'S GREAT EPIC*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

IN Book V. we begin to feel the sheer naked heat of the flame of the story. After confession wrung from him by torture, Count Guido Franceschini is speaking directly to his judges in a small ante-room of the court. It is an astonishingly subtle plea he develops, calculated to deceive the very elect. That he was cheated by Pietro and Violante is true; that Pompilia became his wife and afterward fled from his home in the company of a priest is also true; and that he at last slew her and her pseudo-parents is undeniably true; and on these three basic facts he builds up a structure of aching injury to his honour, of loyal obedience in himself to the spirit of the law,—in brief, of justifiable homicide. Simulating the utmost confidence in his judges, into whose minds and hearts his shrewd wary eyes seem continually to pierce their inquiring way, he pleads plausibly, skilfully, eloquently, everywhere making the worse appear the better reason. In the present monologue we see only the empirical ego of the man, who in his evil hour is making the most of his social rank, his judges' prejudices, his opponents' mistakes.

"He proffers his defence, in tones subdued
Near to mock-mildness now, so mournful seems
The obtuser sense truth fails to satisfy;
Now moved, from pathos at the wrong endured,
To passion; for the natural man is roused
At fools who first do wrong, then pour the blame
Of their wrong-doing, Satan-like, on Job."

Law, after all, is responsible for his present jeopardy, for was it not law that condemned Pompilia and Caponsacchi, however mildly; and, if condemned, were these not guilty ones? And if guilty, how may it be held that they were not worthy of death? Was not the birth of the child a crowning blow, an injury to his escutcheon that no man of honour could brook? Or if, perchance, (and here Guido shows his ability to occupy two opposite grounds at once)—if the child is in verity his own, then how could he bear that it should be made his enemy in mind and spirit by the power of Pompilia's false teaching? However it be, the incident of the birth had roused the Count to a zeal of fury on behalf of law, of husbandly honour and paternal right that overcame his natural unwillingness to oppose his enemies by more than a passive resistance. What must needs be admitted—as the mercenary nature of the marriage, the forgery of the letters, his cowardice at Castelnuovo, his betrayal of his three victims by the use of Caponsacchi's name — these things he will not deny, but with instant ingenuity he distorts each circumstance into a shape favourable to himself and approvable by his judges. If there is one phrase that may sum

*The first instalment of this review appeared in the February number.

up the spirit of Guido's speech, it would seem to be—defensive guile. Not the least subtle passages are those in which he makes appeal to the carefully glossed views of society and religion that the majority of his judges may reasonably be expected to share. He and they are alike in their regard for law, for rank, and for religion, are alike "men o' the world." Surely like will understand and acquit like! Nor does Guido omit to render to each of his judges his special individual bit of flattery. Throughout his appeal are scattered frequent reverent references to the ultimate Judge, and scriptural citations are employed with apt rhetorical effect. But the iterant refrain, insistent and cumulative, is the prisoner's devotion to law, a motive he uses so zealously as almost to give rise to the query whether it is not overworked. As he nears his peroration he becomes bolder in attitude, feeling that he must simulate a more and more crowding sense of personal injury, of essential innocence, and of reliance upon his rights as hitherto endorsed by law; Pompilia is a reptile, a "thief, poisoner and adulteress," and Caponsacchi, on the other hand,

"The perjured priest, pink of conspirators."

But he finally adopts a tone of quiet, submissive confidence in the willingness and ability of his judges to see the core of his human situation and to exonerate a broken, martyred man. Let household honesty come into its own once more! Let him again be a son to his mother; a father, since law has so pronounced, to his son!

"Absolve, then, me, law's mere executant!
Protect your own defender, — save me, Sirs!"

Caponsacchi follows. In place of wile there is candour; for cowardice there is courage; for self-pleading, an inalienable love for Pompilia; for flattery, directness; for warped wolfishness, manhood. A man speaks out here from the awful depths of a man's heart, and his hearers are stricken into silence. This is, says Arthur Symons, "perhaps the most passionate and thrilling piece of blank verse ever written by Browning. Indeed, I doubt if it be an exaggeration to say that such fire, such pathos, such splendour of human speech, has never been heard or seen in English verse since Webster. In tone and colour the monologue is quite new, exquisitely modulated to a surprising music."

Caponsacchi has been brought from his retreat at Civita Vecchia to bear again the witness formerly borne at the trial of Pompilia and himself, not now as one accused, but as a helper and counsellor of the court, in the face of Guido's violent crime. He cannot yet realise that crime. All his being is shocked, even unto the deeps of the truth of him. No lightness of attitude now do the old judges show; there is no more smiling at the wilful but not unnatural ways of youth. There is awe, instead, for all perceive that

" . . . The accused of eight months since,—the same
Who cut the conscious figure of a fool,
Changed countenance, dropped bashful gaze to ground,
While hesitating for an answer then,—
Now is grown judge himself, terrifies now
This, now the other culprit called a judge,
Whose turn it is to stammer and look strange,
As he speaks rapidly, angrily, speech that smites:
And they keep silence, bear blow after blow,
Because the seeing-solitary man,
Speaking for God, may have an audience too,
Invisible, no discreet judge provokes."

With the exception of the second Guido monologue, this is the longest Book in the epic. The length of the former depends upon the instincts of fear and hope; of the present, conversely, upon those of love and despair. There is much of Browning himself in the personality of his hero and the expression of his spirit. Pompilia

is to Caponsacchi a symbol of God:—

" . . . But she—
The glory of life, the beauty of the world,
The splendour of heaven, . . . well,
Sirs, does no one move?
Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I say,
And the beauty, I say, and splendour, still say I,
Who, priest and trained to live my whole life long
On beauty and splendour, solely at their source,
God,—have thus recognised my food in her,
You tell me, that's fast dying while we talk,
Pompilia!"

And here we are brought into touch with Browning's illuminating theory of romantic love, set forth with such convincing power in "Colombe's Birthday," "The Flight of the Duchess," "In a Balcony," "The Return of the Druses," and elsewhere,—that romantic love is the most effective possible agent of divine idealism in a human world, and that Love, finally understood and realised, — Love *is* God. As Caponsacchi has it here, obedience to Pompilia's truth and purity was not a matter of choice with him, but of constraint.

" . . . Obedience was too strange,—
This new thing that had been struck into me
By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey
The first authoritative word. 'Twas God's."

Browning's own personal being may be seen here and in the following Book—the apotheosis, in a sense, of his wife's spirit—to especial advantage. Both he and Caponsacchi were elopers; both hesitated to accept such responsibility, as involving deceit; and both survived the deaths of the women they loved. In a letter to Mrs. Martin, dated from Pisa, in October, 1846, Mrs. Browning writes:—

"My poor husband suffered very much from the constraint imposed upon him by my position, and did, for the first time in his life, for my sake do that in secret which he could not speak upon the housetops. *Mea culpa* all of it! If one of us two is to be blamed, it is I, at whose representation of circumstances he submitted to do violence to his own self-respect."

And on this hard trial of his sensitive honour, Chesterton comments:—

"He had, like Caponsacchi, preferred what was unselfish and dubious to what was selfish and honourable."

When Pompilia came into Caponsacchi's life, never thence to retire, she came like "Our Lady of all the Sorrows," or like Poe's Psyche, from the regions which are Holy Land. She became then and remained thereafter the lodestar of his life, the measure of all that was good and pure and true in the universe. Though he proved her humanly as a woman, his reverence for her as a symbol, nay an expression, of God, controlled and directed the lesser love, so that it too sought to make its characteristic virtue that of unselfish fidelity. That it could not completely succeed in doing so is the secret of the tragedy of Caponsacchi's life. He was called upon to bear the impossibility of winning Pompilia for himself,—she a wedded wife and he a priest. He bore it. He was called upon to undergo for her sake misunderstanding, opprobium, separation. These, too, he bore. But her murder, her death, her utter absence from the earthly life,—this sharpest trial he could not bear. And he turned quickly at last and rushed from the court with a gesture of overwhelming despair, and the broken, passionate cry:—

"O great, just, good God! Miserable me!"

Mrs. Orr speaks of Browning's frenzy after his wife's death, and of the "ravings which alternated with the simple human cry of the desolate heart: 'I want her, I want her!' "

Over against the lie of Guido's hypocritical reliance upon the virtue of law, Caponsacchi sets the truth of his own loyalty to the law of virtue. Though his nature has not yet been

completely redeemed by love into the highest reaches and renunciations, his terrible condemnation of Guido is yet felt to have a more than dramatic or place meaning merely. It represents a side of Nemesis—the masculine or punitive side—that while not whole is yet intensely true. No more terrible denunciation is to be found in Browning, or, perhaps, in modern poetic literature, than the great passage beginning:—

"But for Count Guido,—you must counsel there!"

The awful loneliness of his eternal companionship with Judas is among the unforgettable conceptions of the literature of condemnation; a picture the more intensified by Guido's own studiously jocular reference to Judas before the court, and the Pope's feeling of the main criminal's likeness thereunto.

Caponsacchi's moment of judgment is but a moment. He is chiefly moved, not with anger against Guido, but with inexpressible sorrow and love for Pompilia, whose character he seeks at all hazards to make clear to his hearers,—how it justified itself in every circumstance, and how it evoked from the secret places of his own soul a power that transformed the careless, errant priest into the knightly man, Browning's Saint-George-like hero. Very deeply moving is the wild cry of such a man against the irony of destiny, too hard to understand:—

"No, Sirs, I cannot have the lady dead!
That erect form, flashing brow, fulgurant eye,
That voice immortal (oh, that voice of hers!)
That vision in the blood-red daybreak—that
Leap to life of the pale electric sword
Angels go armed with,—that was not the last
O' the lady! Come, I see through it, you find—
Know the manœuvre! Also herself said
I had saved her: do you dare say she spoke false?
Let me see for myself if it be so!"

The two lovers who shared each other's presence so very short a time in human experience remain immortally united in Browning's work. We pass with tears from Caponsacchi to Pompilia. Done to death, she is lying on her hospital pallet, breathing still on the fourth day after the crime, and surrounded by

" . . . friend and lover,—leech and man of law,"

while she tries to tell the sad story of her life.

It comes from her lips slowly, patiently, very modestly and tenderly, yet with the inimitable power of purity and unselfishness. It is a meaningful picture,—the last has become first: the street-woman's undesired child has become a saint of the people; Pompilia, the unconsidered chattel, has become the Pompilia of potent inspiration, the first woman in modern poetry, a real vitalising spiritual force in the lives of countless human beings. The Woman speaks.

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan!"

What she is saying here constitutes the centre of all that is said; her quiet modesty and self-depreciation give her words notable eloquence, and we of to-day, like those of 1698, lean about her deathbed with eager and loving solicitude. What has it all meant to Pompilia?

As Caponsacchi had said of her experience, so she now says for herself,—it has been a strange, terrific dream, remotely fading now and impossible:

"I know I wake,—but from what? Blank, I say!
This is the note of evil; for good lasts."

The wisdom of the Infinite is in these words. Pompilia has led a life of evil origin, doubt, fear and violence. She has had in verity no father, no mother, no husband, though called upon to obey all three. She has felt within her child-heart whisperings of love and joy that have quickly been stricken into silence; has schooled herself into submission to her evil lot save for one sacred right that she dare

not surrender, and even that is wrested from her and trampled upon with scorn and hate. Not until God spoke to the mother in her did she lift up a finger in her own defence and then only for another's sake. Her earlier spasmodic efforts at escape were less for her own than for Guido's salvation. She was characteristically obedient. But now there could be no hesitation, no room for failure. Caponsacchi rescued her, and she fled. She was caught and secluded for a time in punishment. Her child was born, and only a fortnight later her relentless husband caught her a second time, and left her for dead. And in all of this, save for friend and babe, she can see only unreality, for her vision is not now of earth, but she is already of the dead, and

" . . . living are the Dead,
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition—I the spectre.)"

Certainly, there is no note here of craft, or fury, or revenge, as with Guido; or of loss, denunciation and despair, as with Caponsacchi. Instead, there are peace and faith;—

" . . . One cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying, — sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness, but scarce misery,
Now it is over, and no danger more."

Just as Pompilia in her brief young life had blessed everyone she touched, save the brothers Franceschini, so now she seeks to find excuse for all who had seemed in any way to wrong her. Violante had not meant ill to Pompilia, that is sure, but had rather meant all good in secreting and adopting her in infancy, and in securing her a noble husband in due time. Thereafter, it is true, Pompilia had gone down into hell, but yet it was not a hell that had power over her, to unmake her. There is so little to forgive when one sees by the light that's later than one's lifetime. Even Guido must not be misjudged, for he was an ill-used, disappointed man in the whole miserable matter of the marriage. His life has hurt Guido so much that for her part she would add no whit to that hurt. Rather, may he at long last, as he passes into the shadow of God, reach out his hand with faith to touch that shadow and be healed. Hate was somehow the truth of him, and since Pompilia's presence evoked from him nothing but loathing and bitterness, may the passing of her presence relieve the woeful wickedness of his soul!

Pompilia's review of the past is much briefer than Caponsacchi's at several seemingly important points of the narrative, but this is a matter of strict dramatic propriety as regards (1) her present physical condition; (2) her womanly reserve; (3) her scale of values, and somewhat differing sense of proportion. In each instance, besides, she touches the core of the situation concerned, and suggests rather than develops its characteristic truth. It is an extraordinary insight that her creater shows in the expression of her innocent pride in her motherhood and her affectionate personal trust in the future loving-kindness of God toward her now-to-be-bereaved infant. And no less insight is shown in the tenderness and delicacy and high conviction of good that appear in all her references to the lover of her life, her soldier-saint. It is not an accident that Caponsacchi's monologue closes in a cry of defeated aspiration, and Pompilia's in an exultant assurance of the power of love to redeem all its failures and errors, to overcome in eternity the strange wrongs and horrors of its experience in time. For herself, as we may gather from Caponsacchi's account of their journey, she had had a strong premonition of the ultimate tragedy whose shadow had for so long darkened her life; and now here, in her own words, we may find recurring passages of what may be called dramatic irony, — of half-awareness, half-un-

awareness of the end. But Pompilia's fear never became faithlessness, and she feels less now the ruin of her earthly vestment than the consequent freedom of soul with which she may comfort her friends and forgive her enemies. One is struck with the serene spiritual certitude of Pompilia in every crisis: her sense of duty to her unborn child in the face of law and convention; her perception of the man behind the man in Caponsacchi; her fierce swift defence for her child's sake of her life and honour at Castelnuovo; and her awareness now of the crowning powers and realities of love. In all of these she is neither an actress nor a theorist, but a woman of exquisite personal fibre, whose simple goodness is a sufficient key to unlock for her every door of doubt or discouragement,—a child-woman of innocence, wonderment, ruth, affection, gentle humour, whom Destiny has thrust into the furnace of hate and woe, but whose spirit has suffered no hurt. Only in this monologue do we find no note of trouble, no unease touching personal cares or the "obstinate questionings." "No woman," says Arthur Symons, "has ever written anything so close to the nature of women, and I do not know what other man has come near to this strange and profoundly manly intuition, this 'piercing and overpowering tenderness which glorifies,' as Mr. Swinburne has said, 'the poet of Pompilia.'"

With Books VIII. and IX. the poem dies down, as I have suggested, to a fading afterglow. Set between the monologue of Pompilia and those of the Pope and Guido, they constitute a sort of Comic Relief Action, giving variety to the movement, relieving the reader from an overstrain of tragedy, and making more intense and credible the Books of the Pope's judgment and Guido's doom. In each of the two present Books a lawyer speaks. The first of these—Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis—is a portly, jolly man of domestic ways, who is discovered in his study working up the case for Guido's defence, though rather preoccupied with a pleasurable anticipation of the feast and frolic to come that evening in honour of the eighth birthday of his son and heir, Giacinto. He has only a professional interest in the Franceschini trial, *i.e.*, he sees its value as an opportunity for advancing his own reputation and perhaps crushing that of his rival the Fisc. He himself is *Pauperum Procurator*, the official defender of criminals, as the other is official prosecutor. Of a real dislike for Pompilia, sympathy for Guido as a wronged husband, or veracious personal feeling toward anyone concerned in the case, save his rival, there is no trace. Of fatherly pride in his boy, and fatherly scheming on his behalf, we have ample display in the opening and closing of his monologue, and in his reflective asides and commentaries as he progresses with his task. The jolly good-nature, utter disregard for truth, and professional jealousy of the man, commingle strangely in our sense of him, and we are made to feel—the more acutely because we cannot ignore his human kindness—of what unworth in the economy of things is that element in professionalism that we may call its essential hypocrisy, and which is revealed by Browning in other instances than the legal. Guido's own defence, though much keener than his lawyer's, is no more false. He pays Hyacinthus and his assistant, Spreti, a grudging compliment of its kind when he asks:—

"Look at my lawyers, lacked they grace of law,
Latin or logic? Were not they fools to the height,
Fools to the depth, fools to the level between,
O' the foolishness set to decide the case?
They feign, they flatter; nowise does it skill,
Everything goes against me."

And indeed, in its way, the speech

here is a model of ingenuity,—

" . . . explaining matters, not denying them,"—

and taking in the large the general mental attitude of Half-Rome and Tertium Quid as to the conservation of the aristocratic idea in dealing with this specific case. Guido's own plea that he has constantly been the reverer and agent of law is made the most of, and the conduct of Pompilia is painted as black as possible. The more serious aggravations of Guido's alleged guilt are cited, namely: that he deliberately sought the aid of four other murderers to assist him in his deed; that the arms they used were of unlawful shape; that the act was done in a private house, which should be sacred to peace and quiet; that Guido was disguised; that the victims were under the special guardianship of the law; and that, the several related suits being still unsettled, the majesty of the law was also in this respect invaded and impugned. To each of these accusations Hyacinthus replies with skill and vigour, and, where his law is weak, with the more indignation, never forgetting cleverly to cajole the court and to flatter its social and ecclesiastical prejudices. His sole final plea is *causâ honoris*,—the deed we admit, but we insist upon its legal and moral justification. A word is reserved for the accomplices, and the speech is rounded out with an eloquent and learned peroration. This long much-Latinised defence, preposterous as it is, provokes at once our moral resentment and our intellectual amusement. The luscious gustatory imagery it abounds in reflects the love of its author for creature comforts, so openly gloried in whenever he turns momentarily from his work to his evening's prospect. Among the most diverting, therefore, of his professional sentiments is the following:—

"Shall man,—confessed creation's master-stroke,
Nay, intellectual glory, nay, a god,
Nay, of the nature of my Judges here,—
Shall man prove the insensible, the block,
The blot o' the earth he crawls on to disgrace?
(Come, that's both solid and poetic!) Man
Derogate, live for the low tastes alone,
Mean creeping cares about the animal life?
Absit such homage to vile flesh and blood!"

That the murderous Guido, who has in him no touch of the "home" idea, should be defended by so confirmed a *paterfamilias* as Hyacinthus is no more incongruous than that the defence of Pompilia's simple purity should fall to the hard, gaunt, misanthropic, bitingly satirical *Juris Doctor* Johannes-Baptista Bottinius. In the ninth Book we find him practising his speech before an imaginary audience. Browning describes him in the Prologue as

"A man of ready smile and facile tear,
Improvised hopes, despairs at nod and beck,
And language—ah, the gift of eloquence!
Language that goes, goes, easy as a glove,
O'er good and evil, smoothens both to one."

The Fisc would very much have preferred to his own such a case as that of Beatrice Cenci, whom Farinacci, the famous juriconsult and advocate, defended by admitting her guilt but excusing it; or even his rival's, which seems to him to admit of so much more ingenuity than the task he himself must undertake. He is too good a lawyer to overlook the facts that speak in Pompilia's favour, and of which he makes due though minor mention, but it irks him much to feel that her record is not darker, that so little is left him.

" . . . to excuse,
Reason away, and show his skill about!"

On the whole, while reserving his last line of defence—Pompilia's innocence—he risks certain concessive blackenings of her reputation in order that he may display his undoubted dexterity in a "presto, change, and make all white again!"—or, at the least, gray. His speech, therefore,

abounds in alternative suppositions, artistic flourishes, rhetorical bowings and scrapings to the court, and insistences upon the inviolability of law, which has already pronounced virtually in Pompilia's favour. He has no means of seeing Pompilia as she is, being himself eaten up by a selfish, cynical misanthropy, and his real attitude towards her comes out plainly enough in the Epilogue. Here, however, if she denied the writing of the incriminating letters, she is "splendidly mendacious"; if she extended favours to Caponsacchi, was she not

" . . . bound to proffer nothing short
of love
To the priest whose service was to save
her?";

if she menaced Guido's life at Castelnuovo, it was violence he himself had taught.

"Yet for the sacredness of argument, . .
Anything, anything to let the wheels
Of argument run glibly to their goal."

He concerns himself almost solely with Pompilia, legally, because if he can justify her course, Guido's cannot be condoned; and psychologically, because her character at once baffles his understanding and challenges his professional craft.

We turn willingly away from the sophistries of the lawyers to the meditative solemnity of the Pope, to whom the case has been finally appealed, and by virtue of whose ripe insight, honest goodness, and wise, kind dignity, we feel assured of a just judgment. The whole matter is now raised above the point of view of the man on the street, above the mouthing hypocrisy of the lawyer partisans, above the sorrow and passion of those directly concerned in it.

Antonio Pignatelli was born in Naples, in 1615, and was trained by the Jesuits in Rome. When twenty years of age, he entered the papal service, and became a cardinal in 1681, and Archbishop of Naples. He was elected Pope in 1691, taking the name of Innocent XII., and held office until his death in 1700. He was a kindly, honourable, just man, deeply troubled at the vices of his time. He was strongly opposed to nepotism, and was so public-spirited that he erected many serviceable buildings. During the reign of a predecessor, Innocent XI., a quarrel arose between the papacy and Louis XIV. of France, who claimed the headship of the French church as independent, which difference was carried over into the reign of Innocent XII. Innocent XI. was a strong, able man, born Benedetto Odescalchi, who became Pope in 1676. He had several qualities that align him with Browning's Pope, and it is probable that the Poet's portrait is a composite one.

The old pontiff is sitting in his simply furnished chamber during a February twilight, with his thoughts for company, and winter in his soul beyond the world's, reviewing the long and troubled case. Now he reads, now he muses, now he takes a turn about the room. At last he breaks the silence with slow-spoken reverie and philosophised judgment. "The Pope for Christ," is the keynote of his thoughts,—he must alike do justly, love, mercy, and walk humbly with his God. But if he is to love mercy, then must he not spare Guido for the remainder of his miserable life, for his own soul's sake and for Guido's soul's sake? No,—he dare not spare the man, for all that is true in him seems to see that the extension of merely human mercy to Guido were an insult to truth. He is assured of the justice of his decision, and will not swerve from it. Even though he judge faultily, God sees his heart and will approve his hunger and thirst after righteousness. But yet, it is fitting that the grounds of the judgment be reviewed, and the persons of the tragedy be seen once again in their right relations. Guido is found reprobate because, unlike Pompilia, although he was advant-

ageously born, given more than normal opportunity to realise his life-chance, he never showed any other motive than greed; was crafty, cruel, irreligious. He joined the churchly orders from motives of self-interest, and has shown himself throughout his life to be that *bête noir* of all noble thought,—a calculating hypocrite.

"For I find this black mark impinge the man,
That he believes in just the vile of life.
Low instinct, base pretension, are these truth?
Then, that aforesaid armour, probity,
He figures in, is falsehood scale on scale;
Honour and faith,—a lie and a disguise,
Probably for all livers in this world,
Certainly for himself!"

His marriage was mercenary, the only side-relish he had in it being the power he gained of deceiving and torturing his parents-in-law and their negative daughter. His cunning does not fail him when he finds himself deceived, for he plans to become abjured by Pietro and Violante rather than to thrust them out, so that they themselves break the domestic compact they had made, fleeing and leaving him the spoils. When Violante retaliates by the avowal of Pompilia's base birth, he schemes at once to get rid of his wife, apparently through her own sensual fault, and so finally to retain her dowry without either her or hers as superfluous condition. But

" . . . Here the blot is blanched
By God's gift of a purity of soul
That will not take pollution, ermine-like
Armed from dishonour by its own soft snow.
Such was this gift of God who showed for once
How he would have the world go white."

There is no stain where Guido urges stain, but law had heard Guido in a sort, and had pronounced mild punishment on the wife and her priestly escort. Pompilia is secluded; a son is born; Guido's eager cruelty is strong in triumph. Now he may slay all three of those his soul so hates.

"No right was in their child but passes plain
To that child's child and through such child to me.
I am a father now,—come what come will,
I represent my child; he comes between—
Cuts sudden off the sunshine of this life
From those three; why, the gold is in his curls!
Not with old Pietro's, Violante's head,
Not his gray horror, her more hideous black—
Go these, devoted to the knife!"

Ah, if Guido had succeeded in eluding arrest, what awful doom would have come upon his soul! For his own murder was even then planned and imminent, on the part of the four hirelings, resenting their lack of reward. Is not God's mercy to Guido manifest in this seemingly unlucky chance of capture? He may yet be saved from the pit by the very shock of a retribution seen and known as such.

The Pope reviews the characters and life-motives also of Guido's brothers, his mother, his four hirelings, the Aretine Governor and Archbishop. These he finds denizens of the dark of hell. Over against their blackness and foulness is set the white spirit of Pompilia, to whose life the old Pope pays a tribute of surpassing beauty, —a tribute at once of joy in a woman-child's power to seize and hold fast the secret of God, and of humility in the presence of a soul so pure and patient. Near her he places his warrior-priest, Caponsacchi, who has not been ecclesiastically nor conventionally blameless, yet has surely championed the cause of God, has withstood temptation, and has learned the truer values of human life. For Pietro and Violante, let them, foul and fair, sadly mixed natures, troop

" . . . somewhere 'twixt the best and worst,
Where crowd the indifferent product, all too poor
Makeshift, starved samples of humanity!"

In the long remainder of the Pope's

monologue he faces his lurking doubts and lays them. Evil is active and widespread, good so little manifest. How, then, may faith justify itself? Is "faith" *indeed* faith? Is the thing we see, salvation? The Pope is keenly aware that in his day men have more faith of a sort than they know how to use, and his mournful recognition of the hollowness of traditional belief, of the non-indentity of credal forms and vital religion, of priesthood and piety, church and Christianity, leads him into a frank if painful examination of the grounds and uses of religious belief. He makes sincere concessions to the critics of historical Christianity, but defends its redemptive, transforming genius. However scant may be the light he has, he comforts himself with the knowledge that it comes from the one Sun that shines for all. As Professor George B. Foster has admirably said, "The structure and function of the universe are such as to render the production of our human kind of values possible. Our faith in this worth of the world is the essence of religion;" and again: "Since man is an integral part of the cosmos, his ideal-achieving capacity is in some degree, if not centrally so, an activity and expression of existence as a whole." The Pope sees these truths by long prevision, for they were not easily evolvable by men of his day. He foresees a time when faith will take on new power and meaning, nor care to confine itself to any static form whatever. For his part, he will be true to his own truth, and so, he trusts, somehow to ultimate Truth. And the truth of him in the present instance demands the execution of Guido and his mates. Let the sentence, then, proceed, he orders, and his will is registered by the attendant who comes at his bidding to carry the message to the Governor.

There remains but one more monologue in the series proper,—that of the pure ego of Guido, as he strides and stops and strides again, wolf-like, about the narrow limits of his cell in the New Prison by Castle Angelo, pouring out now soft entreaties, now savage defiances, in the presence of his two confessors, Cardinal Acciauoli and Abate Panciatichi. It is a terrible picture,—the close, hot cell; the frantic, agonised wretch, acutely conscious of his impending end; the two huddled, silent, awestruck figures, seated on a stone bench, the Cardinal shrinking into himself, the Abate working fearfully with beads and crucifix. "All that a man has will he give for his life," and Guido tries every device known to his scheming soul, which every little while is so wrenched and racked with the agony of anticipated death that he loses sight of his self-interest, and storms, and denounces, and lays bare his cruel fangs of scorn and hatred. Life,—life is his plea, life at last on any terms! Assured as we have been throughout the epic of the physical and moral cowardice of Guido, we are appalled at the awful revelation of it in these mocking, vicious words. "The speech is a rift into the hell of Guido's naked mind," says Miss Wilson; and Swinburne: "A close and dumb soul compelled into speech by mere struggle and stress of things, labours in literal translation and accurate agony at the lips of Guido."

At one moment he confesses, at another denies, but always excuses. If he is guilty, let society look to it, that made him what he is; for all Rome, all the world—and Guido's plea is not here easily refutable — makes pleasure its sole good, only requiring that one observe the rules, be reasonably obedient to law. Because he has tripped ignorantly, not knowing that the rules had been changed, he must now pay the last penalty! Is that justice? Well, let him die, but he will never "repent," and so justify his murderers, the Pope most of all! There is no truth nor honour left in

the world, it seems, if there were ever such. And Guido strikes through to the sleek practices and low aspirations of his hearers—whom he has known well of old—with galling certainty. It was they who had enticed him into the church, and hence into his present predicament, on the ground that he might thus the more safely have his will and enjoy his life, but had never warned him of the outcome when a wolf plays sheep and gets discovered.

But on the moment Guido regrets his upbraiding, and tries to cajole. His old friends will help him yet, for he did the murder sincerely if mistakenly. His act was no crime, but a blunder at worst, and a blunder impossible of avoidance, for the cold nullity of Pompilia had provoked his resentment,—a woman who should have given him all the blessings that a wife may bring, but who brought him only disappointment, deception and disgrace. Guido dwells on her irritating passivity, her ineptitudes, the stone strength of her white despair, and execrates her not only as the robber of his fortunes, but as the unescapable judge of his soul. His fate is incredible to him, who held all the cards and yet lost the game. Just a chance misstep ruined him,—the neglect to provide for the return to Arezzo; hence he rails at Destiny, which betrayed him yet again at his trial and upon his appeal to the Pope. He denies Christianity, and asserts himself a pagan believer in a Jove Ægiochus, all-powerful, arbitrary and unloving. Had he to live his life again, he would live it frankly and seek his pleasure openly, defying all the world as he defies it now. But conformity has been his undoing.

All through this series of Guido's outbursts runs a blood-red thread of fearful expectancy of death, that shines out menacingly in his more desperate moments, and leads him alternately to defy, and threaten, and fawn upon his hearers. Until the last, he angrily refuses their offer of absolution and sacrament upon formal confession, and taunts them with their own rapidly approaching if natural end. He will not unhate his hates, but will die as he has lived, a man.

But as dawn breaks and the Brothers of Mercy descend the stair to Guido's cell, slowly chanting the Office for the Dying, the man breaks out into a paroxysm of terror and despair, —to be saved, saved at any cost! Like a hunted wolf hemmed in on all sides, he turns frantically to find a way of escape. Through the Grand Duke the Pope? Through the two scared confessors? There is no salvation there. To God, then, he will cry, but not to the God of the church, for Christ and Mary are empty names to him, not to the God he has himself known and defied, the God of brute power and loveless heart, not to him,—but to the God beyond God, the God that saves from God, the God that is Love as well as Power, the God that has lived and shined in *Pompilia*! And with that word, eloquent in its ultimate confession and appeal, and touching the Incarnation idea, it may be that the dreadful night of Guido's stained and guilty soul is grayed with a gleam of far redemption.

Guido's last words constitute what may be called the spiritual end of the epic, summing up directly and by implication all the pathos and tragedy and agony of the tale. But from this height of emotion we need relief, and in the Epilogue — "The Book and the Ring"—we take breath while the Poet's final word is said (he says it with a half-humorous, half-serious air), and the echoes of the case die down and away. It will be noticed that these echoes are popular, legal and ecclesiastical, suggesting in miniature the movement of the whole epic. First of them is a portion of a letter written by a Venetian of rank who visited Rome at the time of Guido's

execution, and who gives a picturesque account thereof, with comments on the mental and physical weaknesses of the Pope, the sympathy of the aristocracy with Guido, the yielding of the unfortunate nobleman to make his peace with God and the intrepidity with which he at last mounted the scaffold and received the fatal blow.

His letter is followed by another, from our old friend Dominus Hyacinthus, to a fellow-lawyer, one Cencini, a friend of the Franceschini family, setting forth on one leaf (for professional exhibition), a mournful account of his failure to secure Guido's acquittal and of the unanticipated action of His Holiness our Lord the Pope; while on the next leaf follows an ample postscript (for Cencini's eye alone), in which the Procurator frees his mind about the officious, thick-headed Pope, who has made ineffective his superb defence, and yet whom he means to conciliate as he must, in order to keep his reputation and attack successfully two new important cases that require his aid.

The Epilogue concludes with Browning's famous defence of the function of art, earlier quoted, and the tenderly sincere post-tribute to Mrs. Browning, whose work he characteristically overrated. That he did so is always and altogether to his credit as man and lover. When Madame du Quaire told him once of her strong preference for his own work, he replied:

"You are wrong—quite wrong—she has genius; I am only a painstaking fellow. Can't you imagine a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine."

And yet it was he that was wrong; for his was not only the ampler mind, but by far the more adventurous and victorious imagination, and his mastery of expression, of word-meanings and word-powers, exceeded hers as in scope and responsibility the dramatic exceeds the lyric.

We have been trying to indicate the content and the intent of each one of the twelve Books that constitute this chief of modern epics. Modern it is in point of passionate curiosity, catholicity, diversity. It is penetrated with a nervous, nimble delight in soul-discovery; with an exultant imaginative power that strikes into reality now an obscured or unsuspected situation, now a dramatic personal characteristic, now an eloquent lyric impulse, now a welling cry of agony. Its imagery is nearly always convincingly poetic. That virtually all the speakers unite in regarding Pompilia as a lamb or a flower, though importing somewhat differing meanings into these symbols, in an attestation of the power of purity to impress itself upon lesser purity or upon that which is not pure, as also of Browning's own deeply personal love for the tall, dark, pale young girl upon whose short life beat the storms of this colossal tragedy. In proportion to its great length, technical weaknesses or difficulties in the work are surprisingly few; but, far more important than this, there is, in the present writer's judgment, no evidence of a flagging imaginative power, no ground whatever for the doctrine of improvement by elimination, preached so discontentedly by Sharp and Brooke. On the contrary, the work is as sound in point of architectonics as of ethical significance and inspirational power. Its very existence preaches the gospel of literature, and long, loyal, loving readings of it can only result in increasing accessions of æsthetic joy and personal loving-kindness.

THE SOUL OF A CANADIAN CITY

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

THE psychology of circles is a new and still uncertain science, but after reading Mr. Arthur Symon's analysis of Moscow, and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "Soul of London" one may venture to suppose that even newer homes of civilised forces possess a distinctive personality which can be distinguished from the separate individualities of the inhabitants. I grant it is a delicate process, and one upon which any two writers may disagree; but since the science itself belongs to the realm of impressionism, this element of discord in result is to be expected and condoned. If criticism of literature is a record of one's mental adventures among books, as Anatole France has it, then the criticism of cities is possibly an appreciation of the same type. Certainly no occupation could be more charming than that of seeking the soul of a city, particularly one which is in the making, rugged with its crude forces because it is as yet near the soil—and palpitating with the energy of its first youth.

A skeptical friend with whom I discussed this question suggested I had started on a wild goose chase—that there is no such thing as a city's soul; a city is a mere congregation of human units herded together in homes of stone, wood, or bricks and mortar. I allowed the objection to pass unchallenged, for I knew sooner or later that I should have him cornered. It came sooner than I expected. We had been talking about art, and on my mentioning the Louvre, he commenced a panegyric of Paris—so different from Berlin, or London, or Vienna.

"That is to say," I added, "Paris has a different soul, different from the cities you mention, as well as from New York or Montreal."

"No, not a soul," he exclaimed, "but different in advantages, in age, in society, in (he paused for a word) "in atmosphere."

"Precisely," I ejaculated, "the atmosphere's the thing. The mentality of Paris is appreciably different from that of the other cities. You have only to live there to be conscious of it."

"We are quarreling about words," he murmured .

"So we are," I replied, "*your* atmosphere is *my* 'soul.' The only difference is that the atmosphere is the soul in the act of expressing itself. I often think that psychic science is not sufficiently appreciated for the services it has rendered us in supplying suggestive illustrations. For instance, there is the theory that every human being is surrounded by an aura, visible only to the eye of the clairvoyant. It may be there or not; I do not know. But the idea is suggestive, for I find that even buildings are said to have auras, and according to the colour of the aura, is the ethical

quality of the building. Between ourselves, I sincerely wish I were an adept at clairvoyance; for then I could sense the quality of a gin saloon and a church where they preach the new theology."

My friend smiled and took his departure. I was in one of my moods, he said. But if I may follow up the notion in reference to the soul of a Canadian city, then, according to the laws of clairvoyant vision, I shall see little pictures, by aid of my sixth sense, descriptive of the collective qualities of a centred population. I know what the first picture will be. It will represent a group of people in social intercourse. Above all else a Canadian city has a social soul. It is heresy to be exclusive, reserved, solitary, selfish, and wilfully isolated. It calls upon you to join the group intent upon mutual pleasure and profit, and, if you refuse, it says "Ephraim is joined unto his old country pottiness; let him alone." More than that, it marks you with the brand of Cain, which means that you have no social adaptiveness and cannot pronounce the required shibboleth. The warm glow which I see in the aura of a Canadian city is no evanescent phenomenon that evaporates in the summer sun, or is chilled out of existence by the winter frost; as a thing of soul it defies the modifying elements of nature and lives on from January to December, a triumph of mind over matter. For, although in the world of the real, buildings slowly decay, and men and women die, the succession of social joy knows no ending—its immortality is assured. And the Canadian city makes a great showing when compared with others on the same continent.

* * *

I set myself in position for another vision. This time it is the silvery hue of a dollar, which apparently has a permanent place in the affections of the inhabitants, for, as I clairvoyantly behold its fixity in the atmosphere over the centre of the city, I see rays of strong desire emanating from every quarter and converging on the coin, thus making it a centre of aspiration. Were I a moralist by profession I should pause here to indite a homily. I should declaim against the crime of pursuing the dollar to the exclusion of higher things, and I should not care whether people liked it or not. To my indignant imagination, there could be no extenuating circumstances, not even if some more intelligent moralist whispered in my ear that to be diligent in business was an apostolic precept. But I am not a professional moralist; my mission is not to preach, but to understand. And as I see the comparative youth of the city, I know it will desire to rejoice in its strength; it has not yet arrived at an age when wealth and leisured people will allow the dollar sign to be replaced by the ideal which is the *Thing in Itself*; and as a man touched with the emotions of the race I, too, observing the numerous chances passing by, hold out my hand to seize them, and from my metallic soul a streamer floats upwards to converge with thousands more on the edge of the overhanging coin. *Et tu Brute?* Yes, I become Canadian born, as it were, and the soul of the new city absorbs me—without shame I confess it. Do not tell me I am earth bound, for I have to live, and to live I must strive, and it is the striving that offends the eye of the moralist. Now I rejoice in the striving—'tis better than repining or useless ease.

* * *

The vision fades and another takes its place. This time I have to hesitate before the symbol becomes clear. It seems to be a figure of Justice and it assumes a different aspect according to the position from which I view it. Here, it suggests a Divinity with

a church in the background; there, a Court of Law over which hang the scales that determine how much or how little we are found wanting when a day of judgment comes. Evidently right and wrong are deep feelings in the soul of the city, and although there are districts from which no light streams forth to the symbol, as I see it, yet for the most part the people are in correspondence therewith; and when they talk about it they speak with confidence, shaking their heads knowingly, for they believe in the symbol and in the power that is behind it. Indeed so profoundly does its evidence move them that the sign of the dollar sometimes disappears from the atmosphere altogether, and they live for the symbol of justice alone until its premier right to rule has been vindicated.

* * *

The composite soul of the Canadian city is therefore a very human soul. It oscillates between the dollar and the ideal; but it is always sociability itself. And it has a deep regard for law and order. Justice is one of its dominating conceptions—even the lawless plead guilty to following its behest. The visitor from cities with souls that are old, and yet vital with a greater complexity of phenomena, is disposed to make damaging comparisons until he has solved the secret of the newer cities and shared the fresh vigour of their expanding youth. With that, he himself becomes young again, and his pulses beat more quickly as he breathes the atmosphere of waiting opportunities, and joins the throng who seek to turn them into money. But he knows the new city becomes an old one and its soul takes on other aspects of human life and destiny. What if a one-sided policy of living shall allow the strength and resolution of the new to give place to the decadence of the old? That is the problem for those who make the souls of cities their special study and care. And it is good to know that the civic consciousness is increasing extensively and intensively. Individualism has in some senses reached its limits, and the advancing complexity of corporate existence demands that greater attention should be paid to life in the mass It is a duty fraught with many dangers, chief among which is the liability of the reformer to forget that all good proceeds from the individual outwards, and that legislation simply improves the environment without changing the inward soul. As between the without and the within there is a finely drawn line of demarcation, and to trespass on one side or the other is an error that causes strife and retards progress. But the chances of success go with the new cities of the new world, for, unlike the older, they have less history to destroy, and fewer precedents to overcome.

MOSES AND THE PROPHETS

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Illustrations by E. C. Reed

WE had been talking in the desultory manner induced by satisfactory coffee and good cigars, when Brithwaite, who hitherto had said nothing, suddenly focused the discussion.

"You fellows talk about death as if you knew something about it," he said.

"Well," said Gordon, "we don't pretend to know much, but—"

"You don't know anything," declared Brithwaite.

"You are a doctor and admit that?"

"Perhaps it is because I am a doctor that I do admit it. I see so much of it, and the more I see the greater is the mystery."

"I suppose you will admit that you know when a man is dead?" said Gordon. We were all listening by this time, and laughed at Brithwaite's cheerful "not at all."

"Oh, come," I said, "what is a doctor for, anyhow? At least, he ought to know when he has done his worst!"

"Well, he doesn't," said Brithwaite. "I brought a dead man to life only the other day."

"That's something," laughed Gordon.

"He means Bobby Webb," I explained, "you know everyone thought he was gone until Brithwaite succeeded in pulling him around."

"Oh, a drowning accident, that's different. A case like that is outside the discussion—the man wasn't dead!"

"Everyone said he was," declared Brithwaite.

I nodded, "yes, to all intents and purposes he was as dead as *Marley* "

"But," Gordon's tone was becoming irritated, "Brithwaite knew that he wasn't dead——"

"No," quietly, "I felt sure that he was dead."

"And you tried to resuscitate a dead man?"

"Yes. Just on the off chance."

"Lucky for Bobby," murmured someone, and we all fell silent for a moment, thinking perhaps of what might have happened to young Webb had Brithwaite been less quick to take chances. The thought seemed to produce a depressing effect, for, however much one may rail at the medical profession, one does not care to have this kind of thing put quite so plainly. Brithwaite, too, one of its brightest lights! When we began to talk again the discussion was allowed to lapse. Not until the rest had gone and Brithwaite and I were smoking a last cigar did I return to it.

"I wonder," I said, "if Bobby Webb knows how nearly——"

Brithwaite shrugged his shoulders. "He knows it, of course, but he does not realise it."

"A wonderful thing, an experience like that!"

"One would think it ought to be, but as a matter of fact it seems not —unconsciousness, that is all."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it does seem strange that a man in the full vigour of his strength should go so

near the very edge of everything and come back, knowing nothing."

Brithwaite looked up with an odd gleam in his steel blue eyes. "Just what do you mean?" he asked.

"Nothing. But I have often wondered over these marvellous resuscitations. That a man may go so close to the border that even you, a man great in your own profession, cannot tell on which side he lies, and come back—no wiser!"

Brithwaite threw down his cigar.

"Grenville," he said deliberately, "I believed in my soul that that man was dead."

"Well, he wasn't."

"He was as dead," went on my friend without noticing, "as dead as anyone I ever saw. I would like to know—as you say, it is baffling—for that space of time when life seemed extinct, when for all practical purposes life was extinct, where was he."

"Nowhere," I said stupidly. "You said yourself he was unconscious."

"Yes—a form of words. The real self is never unconscious. It never sleeps, it never rests, it knows everything, forgets nothing. You call a man under chloroform unconscious—yet he is not. His real self knows and suffers everything.

"Horrible!"

"But true. I have had patients who, after making a good recovery from an operation, have suffered the whole agony of the knife—in a dream!"

"Oh, a dream!" I smiled.

"Yes, a dream. I see you take the proper tone. But the tone is going to change before long. We do not know quite all about dreams yet, but we are learning. Do you know that it is also possible to make a patient remember, under hypnotism, all the details of an operation of which, at the time and after, he has appeared to be perfectly unconscious?"

"I do not believe it. I know, of course, that it is possible to make a hypnotised subject accept almost any 'suggestion,' but that an experiment such as you mention could be a case of *bona fide* submerged memory I don't believe."

"I do. In the cases I refer to, suggestion, as such, was carefully guarded against. Psychologists freely admit the existence of submerged memory and dare not put a limit to its powers. I do not mind telling you that I have studied the subject for years, but quietly, since it would not help me in my work if I became known as a faddist. We are far behind the French and Germans in these matters."

I was surprised and a little startled.

"Do you mean that you are following the Continental practice and using these new-fangled half-discoveries in your ordinary practice?"

"Not in my ordinary practice but, say, in my extraordinary. I have certainly used my knowledge of these new methods in cases where I knew they would be of use. But don't be afraid; I have never indulged in any questionable experiments, however great the temptation." He smiled ruefully. "I have the remnants of a conscience."

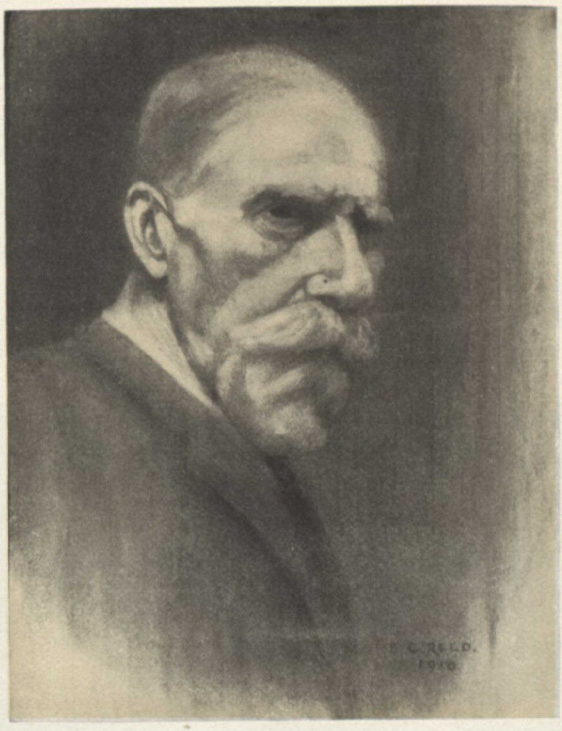
"And you think you have really had results which seem to justify ——"

"Over and over again. If I were to tell you of the wonders which I expect to happen when these by-paths of psychology have widened into highroads you would only laugh. You sneered just now at the idea of a continuous and never-sleeping memory. I could prove its existence to you without either of us leaving the room, if you were not too prejudiced to allow the experiment."

No one likes being called prejudiced. I am not at all prejudiced, as a matter of fact. Conservative, I may be, but never prejudiced.

"How could you do it?" I asked, briefly.

"Easily. Everyone knows how prone you are to what we call 'absence



"BRITHWAITE, TOO, ONE OF ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHTS"

of mind.' You have yourself often told me that you do many things automatically, and without the slightest consciousness of doing them. You think that these things have left no impression upon your memory, or an impression so slight as to be useless. If I could prove to you that, on the contrary, all these things are fully and adequately registered 'somewhere,' it would go far to convince you that there is some continuously active registering power, would it not?"

He shot forth the last words with a vehemence which mode me jump.

"I don't know," I said. "I need time to think it out. But it would not prove that an unconscious man ——"

"Were you not 'unconscious' when you performed these acts?"

"Well—er—yes—at least—"

"You were either conscious or unconscious; you know that much."

"May I not have been conscious at the time and forgotten so quickly that it seemed as if I had been unconscious? In that case you would only be resurrecting a buried memory."

"Exactly what I want to do."

"Hum!"

'And in your case it ought to be an easy experiment, almost too easy to prove very much, but it would prove enough to cure you of your injudicious habit of scoffing."

"It is the use of hypnotism that I dislike. Isn't it true that a man who has once succumbed to its influence is more susceptible afterwards?"

"Yes—it is generally so."

"That alone would prove sufficient objection—with anyone but you—" I hesitated.

Brithwaite said nothing to hurry me, but I could tell he was keen for the experiment. On the whole it seem-

ed unnecessary churlish to refuse.

"Very well, then," I said resignedly, "fire ahead."

In a moment he was all eagerness.

"That's good," he said. "You know you are safe from any charlatanism with me. I shall simply ask you to remember something of which you have absolutely no knowledge,—as far as your waking memory goes. Have you lost anything lately?"

"Yes, an old ring. It was valuable, too. I kept it in that little cabinet in the next room, and last week I brought it in here to the desk to make a copy for a friend of the odd characters engraved upon it. I have not been able to find it since. I must have put it away somewhere, of course, but where is a mystery. I have turned things upside down to no purpose. You know, I am always losing things in that way."

"You don't think it might have been stolen?"

"Impossible, I should say."

"Then it is just the test we want. I shall make you remember what you did with it. Now all you have to do is to sit still and close your eyes. Try to feel just as you naturally feel when you are composing yourself for sleep."

I tried to do as I was directed, and Brithwaite stood in front of me telling me in a confident voice that I was getting sleepy, that I was very sleepy, that in a few moments I would be asleep, that—my next conscious impression was that I was wide awake and standing at the far corner of the room without the least knowledge of how I came there. Brithwaite was standing before me, smiling, and in my hands I held the lost ring. A feeling of bewilderment and justifiable self-disgust were my most prominent feelings.

"A perfect success," declared Brithwaite triumphantly; "you are an extraordinarily good subject."

I sat down still feeling dazed.

"Do you mean to say that I found this ring myself?"

"It was never lost. Your waking memory had lost track of it, that was all. But your subliminal memory knew where it was quite well. I assure you I merely asked you where you had put the ring and you went right for it."

"Perhaps I did automatically what I had done automatically before."

"No. It was an intelligent effort of memory." I said 'Where did you put the ring from which you were copying last week?' You thought a moment and then said, 'Why, in the empty ink bottle, of course.' I said, 'Ink bottle?' in surprise, and you went on apologetically, 'Yes, I intended to put it in the cabinet, but was in a great hurry and dropped it in the empty ink-well for safe-keeping.' Then you went over to the desk and tipped up this old metal ink-well, and out fell the ring. I said, 'What an extraordinary hiding-place!' And you laughed and said, 'It was safe, though. No one would look for a ring in an empty ink-well'; showing, beyond a doubt, that your action in putting it there had not been automatic at all, but a carefully reasoned act. That is the whole of the experiment, and I think I have proved my point very well."

"Yes, you seem to have done so. At least," I added lamely, "as far as such a thing can be proved. I was never more astonished in my life."

He waived my astonishment away.

"It was nothing," he insisted; "it touched just the fringe, the veriest fringe of the subject."

He then fell into deep thought. I put fresh coal upon the fire, for though it was late neither felt like sleep. Suddenly the doctor sprang excitedly to his feet.

"I wonder, I wonder," he cried, "if I would be justified in trying it."

"Trying what?" I asked. He looked at me oddly as if for the moment

he had forgotten that I was there. "Trying *what*?" I insisted.

"Oh—another experiment that I have been thinking of. I'll tell you. Ever since I saw Bobby Webb slowly coming back to life the idea has haunted me. It couldn't do any harm, you know. It—"

"*What*?" My irritated tone seemed to have a calming effect. He stopped his restless pacing up and down and smiled.

"I thought you might have guessed," he said. "But, of course, you are not interested, as I am. Ever since I saw the miracle of life coming back to that seemingly dead man I have been unable to keep my mind from certain possibilities. You brought my thoughts to a focus tonight when you remarked how strange that a man might go so near the other country and—bring nothing back."

"Well, but—"

"Well, but—how do we know that he brought nothing back? We don't know it. We only know that he has no memory of anything. That he was, in our limited vocabulary, 'unconscious.' But if there be no such thing as unconsciouness—what then? What if this ever-awake intelligence of which I have so often proved the existence should still be awake and registering? We say that Bobby Webb went to the very gate of death. I and others even thought that he had passed a step beyond. Of all that unaccounted-for period the waking man knows nothing. But does the other man, the real Bobby Webb, know nothing? *That is what I would like to find out.*"

"NOT UNTIL THE OTHERS HAD GONE AND BRITHWAITE AND I WERE SMOKING A LAST CIGAR DID WE RETURN TO IT"

I drew a long breath. "You—make me creep! Such an idea is uncanny. Of course, there is nothing in it. But I see what you mean. You would like to hypnotise Bob and search in his store of submerged memories for something, some trace of a possible experience not known and not knowable by his ordinary waking intelli-

gence. The idea is strange and fantastic, but I see no harm in it."

"Don't you?" He was silent for a long pause. "Perhaps you are right," he added, but his tone held still a questioning cadence. "You see," he went on, "Bob is rather absurdly grateful to me for taking that off chance. It is useless to tell him that anyone would have done the same. You know him, he is just the ordinary type of rather spoiled young man with more money than morals, but good-natured to the verge of silliness. He has no knowledge of, and no interest in psychological problems, but if he knew that I wished to try *any* experiment he would not hesitate a moment."

I looked at Brithwaite curiously. He seemed so unduly in earnest. "Then why don't you ask him?" I said.

"That's why. I can't persaude myself that I have the right to take what he would give so freely."

I yawned. "O, nonsense, you take it too seriously. There couldn't possibly be any harm—only it sounds rather foolish."

I laughed as I thought how foolish it sounded. But Brithwaite did not join me.

"Perhaps after all there would be no harm," he repeated.

I yawned once more, and yet again, as I helped him into his overcoat. My interest in the subject had quickly evaporated. But Brithwaite was still thinking of it when he said goodnight, for his brilliant eyes were absorbed and absent, and he turned at the door to say once more, "I think, after all, you're right, Graham, there could hardly be any harm in trying it." And again I answered the questioning cadence with a laugh. "Sure not," I said, yawning, as I shut the door.

It seems incredible to me now, in the light of after events, that I was not more impressed with Brithwaite's seriousness. I can only account for my stupidity on the ground that ignorance is always stupid when it does not wish to be enlightened. Not knowing what Brithwaite knew I laughed at forebodings that I could not understand. Indeed, the whole incident had almost slipped from my memory when one night, a fortnight later, Brithwaite came to me again.

I looked up with an exclamation of welcome—checked at once when I saw his face. It was Brithwaite's face, but so changed that I scarcely knew it. Horror and fear seemed to have wiped out the old landmarks; even his brilliant eyes were dull and glazed with it. Unformed dread of some awful calamity made me spring to my feet.

"What is it?" I said, and as I spoke my hands instinctively locked the door. I held a glass of brandy to his lips and was relieved to see the stimulant bring a more human look to his ghastly face. I waited until he pulled himself together again and then repeated my inquiry.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Brithwaite.

"No—nothing."

He gave a little choking sigh.

"I've done it this time," he said.

I pushed the brandy to him. "Take your time," I said. "Are you afraid of anything?"

"Afraid? Oh, yes, I'm afraid all right. But it's nothing you can lock your door against. It's here, right here. I've brought it with me."

"Are you crazy?" I asked sternly.

"No, I'm not, but Bob is, quite crazy."

"Bob?"

"Bobby Webb, you know. I tried the experiment and its sent him batty, quite off his nut, you know." He began to laugh hysterically.

"Stop that!" My sharp tone sobered him. "Come Brithwaite," I added, "be a man, not an hysterical girl. Tell me what happened."

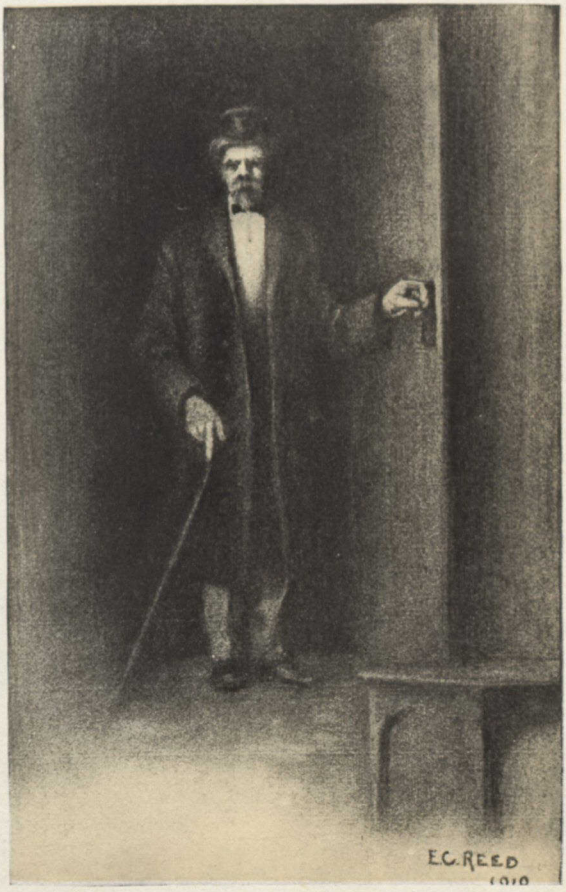
"I will. You are the only one I can tell. But it looks like a dreadful business, Graham. After my talk with you I persuaded myself that it would not be wrong to try that experiment with poor Bobby. He was willing. When he was thoroughly under my influence I commanded him to remember—you know—as I said I would. But I didn't order him to tell *me* what he remembered. I wanted to be honourable—I thought I would just have him remember, and order him to keep the memory when he woke and then, when he was no longer under my influence, he could tell me or not, just as he chose. You see?"

I nodded, "yes—but it's nonsense."

He became fearfully excited. "It's not nonsense! I don't know what it is, but it's not nonsense. I can't tell you what happened. It was awful. I thought he would die of terror before I could wake him. I had a terrible time. I seemed to lose my power. He wouldn't wake for so long. And then when he did wake, he *remembered*, not much, but enough to send him crazy. He's crazy now, and it's my fault, all my fault."

"You will be crazy yourself if you don't control yourself. You are talking arrant nonsense."

And indeed I thought he was not



"HE TURNED AT THE DOOR TO SAY ONCE MORE, 'I THINK, AFTER ALL, YOU'RE RIGHT, GRAHAM, THERE COULD HARDLY BE ANY HARM IN TRYING IT'"

responsible for his words. But at my accusation he seemed by a great effort to collect himself. His face grew more natural, and his eyes looked sane again.

"It sounds mad, but it is the exact truth that I have told you. You will see for yoursef in a moment. Bobby is coming here. I came on ahead to prepare you."

"You say he is really mad?" I exclaimed. "In what way?"

"Religious mania, if you like. Says he is a lost soul. Has fits of terror, screams and prays and then becomes sunk in despairing torpor. At other times he seems half-dazed, as if not quite understanding anything."

"It's incredible. What *could* have happened?"

We stared into each other's eyes. Brithwaite shook his head. "It's that cursed experiment, but I don't know how or *what*." Some of his horror seemed to creep into my own heart, but I fought it down.

"There is only one thing to do," I said. "You must hypnotise him again and undo the mischief, whatever it is."

"But I cannot. I've lost my power. I couldn't hypnotise a rabbit now." And indeed he looked a pitiable wreck of nervous terror.

"You've got to," I said. "Of course, you cannot while you are in that state. Now look here, take some more brandy, and brace up. You brought the lad to this fix, and you must get him out of it. You know that this loss of power is only temporary. Get back your nerve, and the power will return. It's got to. If Bob comes here I will quiet him if I can and you can have your chance. You're a nerve specialist. You ought to know what to do for hysteria. Calm yourself and hurry up about it."

It was amazing what instant effect this speech had. Before I had finished he had taken a small vial from his pocket and slipped some small white things into his mouth. The hand that held the box was almost steady.

"You are right," he said briefly. "I'll lie down in the next room. When you are ready, call me. I think I can do it. *I've got to.*"

I closed the door between the rooms and sat down to wait for Bobby. How much of this amazing story was true? If it were true, even partially, what did it all mean? What—I had not followed my musings very far before I heard a knock, and Bob came in without waiting.

At first I thought that Brithwaite must have been mistaken altogether, but a second look showed me differently. This was not the Bobby Webb I had known—careless, flippant, almost foolishly good-humoured. This man had the look of a soul in mortal agony. Yet the eyes had a dazed appearance as if the agony were only half comprehended.

"Hello, Bobby!" I faltered.

He looked around the room uneasily.

"I've lost something," he said in a troubled voice. "I can't find it."

"Sit down, there's a good fellow."

"It's my soul, I think," he went on, not noticing. "It's awful to lose one's soul!"

I had read somewhere about humouring such delusions.

"Tell me about it," I said, sympathetically. But my mistake was immediately apparent. The lad began to moan and shrink into his chair.

"No, no," he cried. "You would say I was mad. It says in the Bible—you know—you would not believe. It says so. 'If they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded'—you know."

"Yes, yes," I said; "it is in the story of Dives. It was only a parable, you know."

For the first time he seemed to take an intelligent interest in my words.

"I forget it," he said, "read it. It's in the Bible somewhere." I caught

at the chance, and, slipping a New Testament from its case, I turned to the parable and read slowly. He followed me with a speechless interest to which I had no key.

"*And he said* (I read), "*nay, Father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent.*

And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

I stopped reading, and, leaning forward, he touched me with a burning hand. "That's it," he whispered, in a terrified tone, and then with no warning he sank into a fit of shuddering and sobbing which I pray I may never see again.

When he was a little quieter I went into the room and called Brithwaite. To my great relief he looked almost himself. His hand was cool and his voice was firm.

"It's now or never," I said, and he nodded without speaking.

I did not go in with him, and the minutes seemed longer than hours. I heard his voice speaking, and it seemed to have its old masterful ring. I pinned my faith to that, and waited.

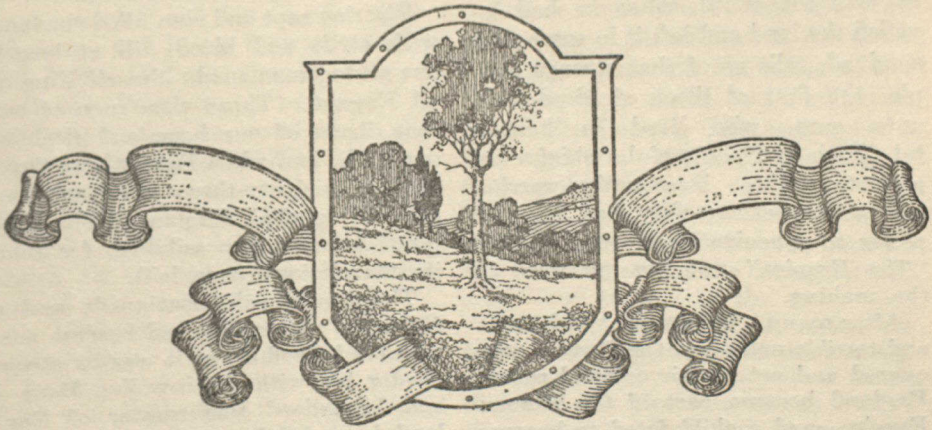
After what seemed like a long time, I heard a laugh—a *laugh*. It was Bobby Webb's laugh. Then Brithwaite called me, and I went in.

Bobby Webb was lying back in my chair, smiling his little foolish smile of good humour. Brithwaite leaned against the wall, very white.

"By Jove," said Bobby, "I believe I've had a turn, I feel so shaky. Been going the pace too hard, I guess. Is that brandy? Give me some, like a good fellow. Say, Brithwaite—what's the matter with Brithwaite?"

"Nothing," I interposed. "Brithwaite has had a turn, too. Here's the brandy. You've been ill, you know. Don't you remember?"

"No—let's see? No. Was I off my chump? I'll have to pull up, that's clear." His hand touched the Testament idly, and he picked it up. "Hello," he said, "what's this? Are you taking to reading Moses and the Prophets in your old age?—Say, *what's* the matter with Brithwaite?" —for Brithwaite had suddenly doubled up like wet paper and lay in a heap upon the floor.



WHAT IS THE EMPIRE?

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

THERE is an archipelago in the North Sea in which have resided for many centuries a proud and valiant people. The southern part of the largest island had before the earliest dawn of history borne on its bosom and sheltered in its caverns a race of cave-dwellers, mere savages, whose weapons were stone and whose food the wild fruit of the forest, the wild beasts which roamed the land and sometimes also the shell-fish of the coast and the fish of the sea. But few traces of that troglodytic people remain.

Then came, yet before historic times, a wave from the far-off East, the first of the Aryan folk, Celt or Brython; and they occupied the land—like to and yet not the same as their brethern to the south on the other side of the water in Gallia. Julius Cæsar, mighty with the pen as with the sword, when he had invaded the land and left it in some part subdued, tells us of that strange people, the first of those of blood akin unto ours, who lived in beautiful England. Powerful chiefs of powerful tribes, incessantly warring one with another, they had not the power to conceive of an empire—and "The Empire" was not yet even in the making.

After many a bloody fight and much and terrible suffering, the Roman conquered and set up his colonial rule—England became part of the Roman Empire—and a child fated to become a Roman Emperor was born in York. But it was the Roman Empire, and colonies were subjects, who existed for the service of the master; and all roads leading to Rome, the tribute of all lands went along these roads and served to support the Mistress of the World—already a Holy City to most of the nations of the earth. "The Empire" was as far removed in its inconceivability as it was in point of time—and it was not yet even in the making.

The Roman left; and the Saxon and Angle, the Englishman, came in in ever-increasing numbers—he saw the land that it was good; and the semi-Romanised Celt and the Roman who cast in his lot with him were ruthlessly swept out of the way, some few indeed escaping to their kinsmen in the remote parts of the land—in Wales and Cornwall, and some went to Scotland. Some, too, escaped across the Channel to their friends in Gaul.

Warring sept and clan filled the land with strife and blood, till at length one strong man made himself King of all Engand. These were men of our race, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and when Egbert, one thousand and eighty-three years ago, became King of all England, "The Empire" became a possibility, for then its foundations were laid.

The Saxon rule continued; and a feeling of nationality had become perceptible helped on as it was by struggle for life with the invading Dane—and he indeed was master of England for a brief space of time—when William the Norman slew King Harold at Senlac, and the Saxon line

of these monarchs went out in blood.

But like the Danes, the Normans were of the same stock as the Saxons themselves; and it was not long before Saxon and Norman lived together in amity, if not in love—and the Norman became proud of his island-home. The idea of "The Empire" was now embryonic—"The Empire" became more and more the object toward which all—in great part, indeed, unconsciously—pressed on.

The greatest of the Plantagenets—and the Plantagenets had the blood of Saxon and Norman united in their veins—brought into union with his people the Celts who had made their home in the mountains of Wales—I say "union" for it was not wholly "subjection"—and the first great step towards "The Empire" was made when Edward Longshanks, King of England, six hundred and nine years ago, created his fourth son, Edward, the first English Prince of Wales. But this was but a step; for neither then nor two hundred and thirty-four years later when Wales was formally incorporated with England could any man have a real conception of the might and grandeur to come.

Plantagenet passed and the monarchy of the Red Rose and of the White—Harry Tudor and Henry the much married and his family passed away—and James Stewart was the next heir. He was already King of Scotland. What was to be done? It could not be that he would resign the Crown of the northern Kingdom, nor would he fail to assert his claim to that of the South. But yet the proud Scot would not bend the knee to the South, though his country was poor and ill-manned compared with the other.

In 1603 when James of Scotland became James I. of England (I speak of Ireland again) a step was taken which was prophetic of the Empire yet to be; two peoples retained their separate parliaments, one not subject to the other but each paramount over its own territory. And each people owed allegiance to the same monarch. They were united by the tie that the same person was their Soverign and claimed fealty alike from both.

For more than a hundred years this partnership went on, the two nations in general living in harmony though having little tiffs (or perhaps big ones) from time to time—till the spectre of a disputed succession arose to frighten both.

The Stewart King had fled upon the arrival of William of Orange; Mary the wife of William soon died without issue and all of Anne's seventeen children had died young (when we read of Queen Anne and smile at her dowdiness and *bourgeois* tastes and manners, how many of us think of the tragedy of a heart-broken mother who had seen the fair flowers of her own garden fade and die one by one?).

James II. was still alive at St. Germains, and even had he been dead, he had a bonny son—the Scot is a queer mixture of sentiment and thrift—and it was quite within the limits of possibility that when the last daughter of James should die, James himself might be proclaimed King of Scotland—or his son James Francis, or his grandson, Charles Edward, more admired and more charming.

And so negotiations began and were carried on which resulted in the abolition of the separate Parliaments, and the formation of the one Parliament for all the Island. This may seem a backward step, and 1707 may appear to be a date of evil omen to "The Empire"—and yet the Union was inevitable if peace were to exist between the two peoples and the same monarch reign over them. In the latter view—that is the certainty of having the same king—is to be found the real significance, as it was the actual *raison d'être* of the Union in Queen Anne's time, two hundred and three years ago.

And so came together in one, these

two kindred peoples, differing in law, in history and to some extent in language and in manners: but one in their determination to be free from all outside control.

Scotland had herself gone through somewhat the same course as her neighbour to the south—the antochthonous troglodyte was there—the predecessor, perchance the progenitor, of the Pict. The Scot came by way of Ireland about the beginning of the sixth century—and these joined hands with the Picts of the Highlands, the Black Picts, and became their leaders and masters, and by their aid vanquished the Fair Picts to the south—until at length in 843 their King, Kenneth McAlpin, Kenneth the Hardy, became King of all North Britain down to the Scots-water or Forth, thenceforward to the end of time to be called Scotland. Many a Saxon found his home in the land—Dane came in and the Norman, in the South.

The man of the south of Scotland, however, were he Pict or Saxon or Norman or Dane, was from the first almost more an enthusiast for Scotland than the original Scot. Long and weary were the struggles between the North and South—the South had not, as in England, a vast superiority in numbers and resources, and the Highlandman did not play to the Lowlander the part of Welshman to Englishman. Nor at length was there a real conquest of the Highlands or of the Lowlands, but rather an agreement to live in peace under one King. Many "Sassenachs" had poured into the south of Scotland before this; and so in 1703 Saxon and Gael in Scotland, and Saxon and Brython in England, after long preparation, joined hands under the last Stewart monarch for a new kingdom — the kingdom of Great Britain. But yet "The Empire" was for away.

Another Isle lay to the west. The early inhabitants of that beautiful land were of the same Celtic stock—many of them at least—as the Celtic people of England. They seem, however, to have been a finer people, more cultured and learned: and Ireland was the land not only of saints but also of scholars. The earlier peoples, however, had not been entirely extirpated and then as now the Celt did not have it all his own way; and it may be that some of the virtues (and they are many) of the Irishman derive from an earlier folk than the Celt—a folk much earlier than the traditional Milesian.

The earlier Plantagenet kings had conquered the Island in a way, and to a certain extent—so had the Scot, for Edward, brother of the Bruce had been king of Ireland after a manner; and an earlier invader, Eochaidh Buidhe, King of Alba, was driven back only after a seven days' battle at Moyra or Magrath in 637; but it was not till Cromwell applied his ruthless policy that it can be fairly said that Ireland as a whole was subdued to the sovereignty of England. The bitterest malediction of the Irish peasant is still after two and a half centuries "the curse of Cromwell on you"—that very great soldier was very thorough in all he undertook and did not always consider the morality of the means he employed.

Ireland went on by the side of the larger Island with her own Parliament indeed, but a Parliament not independent as that of Scotland—it was always an inferior Parliament, at least from the time of the first Tudor King, Henry VII., who by means of Poynings' Laws subjected the Irish Parliament to the English Privy Council But Ireland shared with England change of Crown and dynasty: and King James VI. of Scotland, became King of Ireland as well as King of England and of Scotland—three Parliaments (England and Ireland having each a separate House of Commons and House of Lords, Scotland

having but one chamber), but all three only one King

Even when in 1703, England and Scotland became one Kingdom—the Kingdom of Great Britain—Ireland held aloof; and King George I. was King of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, of two kingdoms, in addition to wearing the Crown of Hanover.

Into the troubled times in which the Kingdom of Ireland gave up her separate national existence, I do not care to enter: the bitterness caused by the Union of 1800 has not yet lost its force, and the name of Castlereagh is still execrated by many patriotic Irishmen. Before the Union came about, her Parliament had been given full independence; but this independence granted in 1782 did not prevent the Irish independent Parliament voting for Union, seventeen years after.

For more than a hundred years there has been one United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and not three separate kingdoms, or two. But this Kingdom, mighty as it was and is, with a history of glory second to none, is not "The Empire."

The smaller islands of the archipelago were long ago annexed to one or the other part of the largest island and have shared in its history. With legislatures of their own (in most instances), they have played no part in the evolution of the United Kingdom; and, loyal and interesting as they are, they need not here be further considered.

But across the sea, hundreds of years ago, daring Britons made homes, actuated some by hope of gain and some by fear of punishment and some by the desire to worship God in their own way — not, be it remembered, that for the most part they desired religious freedom; what they did desire was not that every man should approach his God and believe in his God as his conscience should dictate, but that they should find a land in which all must worship and believe as they. Colony after colony was founded, and New England arose by the side of New Amsterdam (which becoming English became at the same time New York), and Virginia, and the Carolinas and Georgia and Maryland—Maryland which in advance of the age, actuated by whatever motives, decreed perfect liberty of religion.

Further to the north were New France and Acadia, sparsely peopled by a hardy race—some, fur-hunters and *coureurs de bois* and some fishermen who tempted the wild waves rather than the wild forests and wilder Indians. All this territory whose value was then and for a century thereafter practically unknown, was swept into the lap of Britain; and France bidding farewell to the northern part of the continent, the English settlements to the south were united to the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company (itself chartered a century before) by the fair land of Canada.

Now, at least, one would think we should find "The Empire"—but no—those of the old land had not yet learned that people of our race must govern themselves whether they govern themselves were or ill. This is born in us, is part of our blood—it is of the genius of our race—and the right will never be surrendered but with annihilation. Those of the old land had not yet the true conception of "The Empire." And yet it should not have been difficult for students of history to understand. True, the mighty empires of antiquity could furnish no model—for Assyria and Babylon and Persia and Rome made slaves of their conquests; no one of a conquered race had any rights except those his conqueror gave him; and even these were in no true sense rights, as they might be at pleasure withdrawn or annulled.

The Empires of Austria and Russia were in like manner wholly different

from that which would suit a free-born and free-speaking people —and those of France and Germany and Brazil were yet in the womb of time, even if they could have furnished a satisfactory model, as they could not. But the Holy Roman Empire, successor to the Western Empire of Rome had lived for centuries, composed of constituent, independent States, self-governing and free (as freedom was then understood); and with some modification, it might well have served for the English. But the time was not ripe for true Imperialism; blood must be shed and lessons learnt through suffering as well as through valour before "The Empire" could come to its own.

Unhappily, dissensions arose between the mother country and some of her daughters on this side of the Atlantic—the misunderstandings no doubt were increased by folly on the one side and self-interest on the other. A war ensued, scandalously mismanaged and resulting in unparalleled humiliation—a war as unnecessary as it was deplorable. And the United States of America severed their connection with the rest of the English-speaking peoples.

Slowly but surely arose and grew the true conception of Empire—colony after colony was granted a legislature and at length an executive responsible to the people. The Jeremiahs of the old land wailed that the ties binding the colonies to the mother country were being severed one by one and that soon the daughters setting up house-keeping in a home of their own would wholly repudiate the mother. Fools and blind, who could not comprehend the depth of the devotion, the fervour of the loyalty of the emigrant and his progeny to the land of his origin—could not see that the self-respecting daughter governing her own, would more understand and love the old mother than if she were subject to dictation at every step, and humiliated in her own eyes at every turn. But the experiment has succeeded, and not only Canada, but Newfoundland and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa have been granted Home Rule so far as that is consistent with their remaining part of the British Dominions.

And now we see "The Empire" nearly full-grown.

A strong central government seated in the capital of the Empire (which is also the capital of the World), in whose hands is the power to veto any legislation passed anywhere in the British world—throughout this world are governments each vested with the power and duty to govern some particular part of it — their acts are subject to the scrutiny of the British in that portion, and the Government must satisfy that people. To prevent by inadvertence, ignorance or design interference with the the good of the Empire at large, the supervising power is still vested in the mother land. But she never interferes, satisfied that her daughters are doing what they conceive to be best for themselves and for her and her other children.

The one tie which binds the whole Empire together is the King—God bless him. The King is not only the object of our heartfelt devotion, he is part of every legislature throughout the British world, and every administrative Act is done in his name. He is, in theory, in every Court of Justice, and it is under his commissions that the officers of the Canadian Army, Navy and Militia act.

And this to me is the true conception of "The Empire"—a King to unite the loyalty of all, a strong central government to watch over the interests of all and a local government to administer to the satisfaction of the British of each part of His Ma-

jesty's Dominions, the affairs of that part.

It may, indeed, be decreed that there is to be a still further division of government—unless the signs fail and the political prophets are in error, it is not impossible that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is to be dissolved into its original three kingdoms, thus carrying out the advice of Sir John A. Macdonald, the first Prime Minister of Canada. I am not giving an opinion as to the wisdom of the proposed step—that is to be decided by those of both sides of politics in the old land. But if local legislatures are granted to England, Ireland and Scotland, it can never be that these will be supreme any more than the Parliament of Canada is supreme. There must remain somewhere some body, Parliamentary or otherwise, which shall have the power of protecting the interest of the whole British people, considering and dealing with the British people as a whole.

If the example of Canada is followed (as Sir John A. Macdonald advised) there will be a Parliament at Westminster whose authority will correspond to the authority of our own Parliament at Ottawa, and parliaments or legislatures at London, Edinburgh and Dublin (perhaps at Cardiff or Carnarvon also), whose authority will be similar to that of our Legislatures at Toronto and Quebec.

It may be that in the Imperial Parliament there will be—and if logic prevailed there would be—representatives from all parts of the British Empire to consult with their brethern on what concerns the British world at large, and not simply England, Ireland and Scotland. But we are not a logical race; while the Frenchman will fight and die for an idea, the Briton is satisfied with something that will work; and logic may be—as with us it generally is—set aside, and convenience alone consulted.

Any such devolution of power by the central Parliament would be just carrying out the idea of Empire, which I have been endeavouring to lay before you; and while the lovers of all that is old may mourn, it will not be at all destructive of anything really worth retaining.

So far as concerns our self-government, I do not think there is any real sentiment, much less movement toward at all letting go of that. You will hear and read speeches and articles which seem to indicate that the speaker or writer is advocating some relaxation upon the hold we have upon the government of our own country; but I venture to think that there is no fear of any politician — much less statesman—finding his account in any real diminution of the rights which we enjoy.

As to British unity, that I think is equally secure.

Plato says that nothing is so cruel as patriotism.

When Athenians with wives and children had crossed the Strait to the Isle of Salamis to avoid the Persian invader, and saw from the rocky cliffs of that island, the frail wooden walls go up in flames, walls placed by those who thought they could interpret better than Themistocles, the saying of the Pythian priestess, that Athens would be saved by wooden walls—and who, rejecting the common sense interpretation of their general, relied upon the strict letter of the utterance of the inspired prophetess, and thought that when the god said "wooden walls" he meant "wooden walls" and not "wooden ships."

And temple and fane were demolished, the foot of the barbarian trod the Pnyx and was placed even upon the sacred Bema—the olive trees were hewed down and even that sacred tree planted by Pallas Athene herself became a prey to the flames.

One man, crazed by the loss of all he possessed, and losing faith in the

protection of the goddess, who seemed helpless to save even her own temple and tree, suggested that the Athenians should submit to the Persian, and so buy peace and security. He was slain by his angered countrymen—and the women burning with patriotism, stoned to death his wife, while the children killed his children. Nothing but patriotism could have so infuriated these women as to cause them to slaughter an innocent sister who had no act or part in her husband's treason. Patriotism is always cruel—and often unjust.

In these days we do not perhaps kill those whose opinions differ from our own; but patriotism is still cruel and often unjust. It was once the custom to charge a political opponent with all sorts of villainies; and naturally treason, open or veiled, was among them. About a year ago, addressing the Canadian Society of New York, I made use of the following language, which I venture to hope is substantially true:

"There is no fear or hope (put it each one as he will) that Canada will ever form part of the American Union — there must be two, not one, great English-speaking nations upon this continent. Nor do I think that ever we will cease to belong to the British Empire.

"Canada, unless all our history prove misleading and the future wholly belie the past, must continue a part of that nation upon whose flag the sun never sets. Daniel Webster nearly seventy years ago spoke of that Empire even then as 'a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' And since then what an advance!

"Whether, indeed, we shall continue to be in a manner apart from the stream of world-politics, leaving international relations largely in the hands of our brethren across the sea—or whether we shall enter into a closer relationship with our fellow-subjects in the British Isles and so with those in the other Dominions and Commonwealth under the same flag, thereby ceasing to occupy the position of daughter and taking that rather of sister, is upon the knees of the gods—or rather of God.

It may be that there are doubts—honest doubts — and fears — honest fears — in the minds of some as to the loyalty of brother or sister Canadian. If so, let each one search his heart and see if it be not the cruelty of patriotism, sincere patriotism as it may be, that leads him to doubt his fellow. To build up a great country we must be united; to be united, we must have faith one in the other, and that faith must be based upon confidence in the truth and loyalty of political opponent as well as political friend.

When we doubt another, let us try to get his point of view and without political prejudice or political bitterness, try to see if his viewpoint is not also that of a sincere patriot, differ as it may from our own. Let patriotism not be unjust, even though it must always be cruel; and justice being done to all, I have the fullest confidence that all Canadians—the exceptions will be trifling and of no importance either in number or weight—will be found true, not only to self-government but also British Union.

SCENE FROM "POMANDER WALK," A CHARMING ROMANTIC COMEDY OF GEORGIAN DAYS, BY LOUIS N. PARKER

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

Pomander Walk. Where is it? Understand,
Out Chiswick way—not far from Fairy-land.

"POMANDER WALK" is the most delightful way the theatrical world has taken since, say, "Peter Pan" or "What Every Woman Knows." Not that "Pomander Walk" bears any likeness to either of these, except in a certain fairy-book quality, a certain quaint, indefinable charm, a fellow feeling, it discloses between Barrie and Parker for the unreal and yet very real world of romance, which every heart that has ever been human has tucked away somewhere among the lavender and laces, turning to it a fleeting thought whenever the sterner facts of what we are pleased to call actual life can be forgotten.

The physical features of "Pomander Walk," as the prologue describes them, are six little Georgian houses all in a row; six little gardens only eight feet wide, two little oil lamps shedding little light and only kindled on a moonless night, and a summer-house so placed that it may mask strange going-on, strange plottings and contrivings, quarrels, reconciliations, wooings, wivings. Its principal characters are a bluff old sea admiral and confirmed bachelor who fought under Nelson, but is obliged at last to haul down his colours to the widow next

door; a masquerading coxcomb who bears a hyphenated name and professes terms of intimacy with the Prince and his set, but turns out to be an ex-butler and official toastmaster at civic gatherings; a young fiddler who is learning some new music, just composed by a young Beethoven; a fossilised clergyman and antiquarian; and, last but not least, a charming widow and daughter. There is still another character, the coxcomb's wife, who, for a very delicate reason disclosed later, never appears. And perhaps the most amusing passages in the comedy are those between this temporarily invalided wife and the occasionally condescending husband, who at such times sits at her bedroom window and, single-handed, discloses the whole domestic picture within.

Taking up the thread of the main

ALICE WILSON MRS. SAM SOTHERN CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE

SCENE FROM "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD

story, the widow turns out to be the *Lucy Prior* of former days, whom *John Sayle* (Tenth Baron Otford) had once wooed and forsaken but never quite forgot. The story all comes out when, twenty years later, the son of *John Sayle* comes to woo *Lucy's* daughter. For quite different reasons both parents are trying to keep the young lovers apart; the father because he has other prospects for his son and heir, the widow lest her daughter find a lifelong sorrow like her own. The tale ends, of course, as every fairy-tale should, with the re-uniting of the old loves and their unqualified blessing on the youngsters. In fact, wedding bells by this time are ringing from end to end of "Pomander Walk." The admiral's surrender we have already noted. The fiddler has stopped playing Beethoven

KATE PHILLIPS EDWARD BONFIELD WILLIAM HAWTREY
AS ALL THAT," HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY

to woo his landlady's not unwilling daughter. *Lucy Prior* marries her old sweetheart, and *Lucy's* daughter her sweetheart's son. And, amid this general rejoicing comes news from the bedroom window of a boy, where before had been only girls, and the happiness of the "Walk" is complete.

But neither the tale nor the telling can convey any suggestion of the charm, the poetic fancy or the human quality that underlie Mr. Parker's play. It is the most refreshing note the season has struck, and, what is equally satisfactory to contemplate, one of the most successful. An English company realises perfectly the illusion of atmosphere on which so much depends, and in one or two of the male parts particularly—that of George Giddens as the Admiral and Lennox Paule as the ex-butler—we have character acting of a very high order.

It would be pleasant to share the hopeful tone of the title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy in writing of the comedy itself, "We Can't Be As Bad As All That." But candor compels otherwise. Even the indefinite Meredithean quantity "as all that," which, under ordinary circumstances might afford a slender foothold for a new aspirant in the field of play-writing, must be denied a dramatist who confesses to his seventieth offence with this. The sanguine title as everyone knows is supposed to be society's vacuous retort to the author's exposure of its sins. The more likely retort, however, would be, "very nawsty, but not in our clawss, you know." And we should be obliged to admit its fairness. For the middle-class point of view of Mr. Jones's preachment is unmistakable. Mr. Jones is a typical *bourgeois*, as one critic observes, left over from the mid-Victorian era, and he arraigns society in pretty much the terms of the middle-class non-conforming clergyman.

The setting of Mr. Jones's play is an English country house in which he has assembled as guests and otherwise as mean a lot as high-life or low ever produced. There are noble exceptions, of course. A conventional stage heroine is provided in the person of a charming widow and a stage hero in the person of a reluctant title-holder just home from roughing it in America, where, it is presumed, he has learned a sense of values. Accompanying the widow is a sixteen—(or is it seventeen?) year-old girl whose guardian she is, and whom she is immediately concerned to save from an unscrupulous younger brother of her hostess. Dramatic interest is divided between these efforts and the course of her own love story, which, as in the convential pattern, does not run smoothly. The charming widow it develops has had a bit of personal history, and with true dramatic coincidence, that history happens to be interwoven with the fate of the hero's old friend. Thanks to the palliating virtues of love, however, this proves a temporary obstacle only, and with the theft of a pearl necklace to expose the perfidy of the blackguard aspirant to the young girl's millions, the dramatic stream begins to murmur its way out to sea and to happiness. There are many bright spots in the play, some clever lines, and some excellent character drawing, but the dramatic interest is far from absorbing. An all-English company supply the proper illusion of atmosphere, but, except in one or two instances, the acting lacks special distinction.

Translations of French plays have been singularly unfortunate this season, and in "The Foolish Virgin" Mr. Froham once more falls a victim to misguided enterprise. "La Vierge Folle," the play of Mr. Henry Bataille, provided Paris with a genuine sensation, and it was natural enough to suppose would awaken some responsive thrills in an American audience.

BLANCHE BATES AND BRUCE McRAE, IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

Success also seemed practically assured when it was announced that Mrs. Patrick Campbell had been engaged for the leading rôle. The story deals with an intrigue between the husband of Madame Armaury and a spirited, headstrong young girl of eighteen. Special interest lies in the attitude of Madame Armaury toward the eloping pair wherein is disclosed a certain decadent philosophy now in vogue among Parisians. At first move to make common cause with the girl's family to avenge their common wrong, she later becomes disgusted with their egotism and selfish indifference to her own suffering and turns her husband's protector, saving him eventually from the avenging brother's pistol. There are some very effective theatrical situations, and a few moments of real dramatic insight, but both the poetry and the philosophic flavour that made the piece popular in the original seem to have been abstracted in the Anglicised version. One pleasure at least "The Foolish Virgin" brought, that of renewing our acquaintance with an actress of the breadth and authority of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, although, compared with other rôles which she has made famous, that of Madame Armaury seemed hopelessly inadequate to her abilities.

ETHEL BARRYMORE (LEFT SIDE) AND CONSTANCE COLLIER. IN A REVIVAL OF PINERO'S COMEDY "TREWLAWNEY OF THE WELLS"

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD, IN A NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE SPRING MAID"

For a beer product *Suzanne* (heroine of a play of that title, adapted from the German, by C. Haddon Chambers), in the person of Miss Billie Burke, is a very sweet and very charming specimen of womankind. She plays the good fairy in her father's brewery office and proves a very angel of peace in the little storms which brew about the domestic hearth. Notwithstanding her apparent indispensibility at both ends, however, the wealthy provincial brewer and his wife are bent on marrying their daughter to the son of an equally distinguished fellow-townsman, and the course of the comedy is chiefly directed towards these efforts. *Suzanne's* heart, unfortunately for their plans, inclines toward the good-looking book-keeper with a cultivated French manner in her father's office, and of course a way is found eventually to drop the family favourite for hers. The comedy, rather thin for the most part, is enlivened by the excellent character work of Mr. George W. Anson as the good-hearted but irascible brewer, and some lifelike scenes of harmless family bickering, in which the rough brewer and his tart spouse are constantly engaging. Miss Billie Burke's charms are undeniable, and as she always keeps within her acting limitations, she is in-

MISS MAUD ADAMS, AS THE COCK IN "CHANTECLER"

variably delightful and very effective.

"The Imposter" holds a poignant situation, and Miss Annie Russell, a most agreeably finished actress, plays the part with every appreciation of its poignancy. The play has also a sociological interest in bringing to our attention, among other things, the difficulties confronting a refined woman suddenly thrown on the world on her own resources. The heroine of the story, after wandering the streets all night, seeks the loan of a soverign from a passing stranger. He brings her into his apartment, gives her refreshment, and in a moment of confidence insults her. Then a cackling neighbour enters, and to avoid scandal he introduces the stranger as his sister-in-law. Before she can make her escape, his relatives pounce upon her and over her protest, force a week's hospitality upon her. Meanwhile her benefactor has returned from Paris, and the fat is in the fire. She is denounced as an impostor and is about to be bundled ignominiously into the streets, when a son, Blake, just home from Canada, intervenes in her behalf. The curtain finally goes down on the prospect of domestic happiness on a Manitoba homestead, in a log cabin big enough for two—a solution which will no doubt receive the hearty endorsement of the Canadian commissioner of immigration. Unfortunately, the story is not very entertaining, and with the exception of Miss Russell, who gives a very finished performance, its acting was uniformly bad.

"Over Night," by a new author, Phillip H. Bartholemae, is the latest addition to the long line of farces that have dominated the present theatrical season. It relates the adventures of a quartet of new-weds married from the same town on the same morning and, by a combination of circumstances, divided into unrelated halves at the moment of embarking on their honeymoon. The weaker halves are left to continue the boat trip together, and the lack of initiative leads to many amusing complications. They are overtaken the next morning at a wayside inn by their respective lawful partners, and after a good deal of explanation, a re-assortment brings about the happiness of all.

"Nobody's Widow," by Avery Hopwood, aptly described by its author as a farcical romance, is an example of American comedy at its finest. Not in a long time, certainly not since Langdon Mitchell's social satire, "The New York Idea," have we had a comedy owning to American authorship possessing the same agreeable qualities of refinement, either in construction or handling of theme. Sparkling wit, sprightly humour, subtlety and light gaiety, with an occasional note of tenderness, especially in the final scene, are distinguishing features of "Nobody's Widow." One or two critics have gone so far as to compare it not unfavourably with "The Importance of Being Earnest," a comparison which is perhaps more successful in proving the scarcity of home-product in work of this standard than anything else. Excellent as Mr. Hopwood's comedy is, it still lacks the literary radiance that Oscar Wilde was able to shed over all his work, and while the humour of the situation and some of the repartee are equal to the English masterpiece, there are occasional lapses that show the American artist still in the making. The romance of *Roxana*, an American lady, began with her sudden marriage to an Englishman while travelling abroad. Half an hour after the ceremony she discovers him kissing an old sweetheart "good-bye," so she promptly leaves him. To avoid humiliating confessions to her friends at home, she writes that her husband is dead. The action begins with her return six months later, in widow's weeds, to her friends at Palm Beach, where her "deceased" husband, who

has kept track of her movements, is on hand to meet her. Fortunately for the little fiction she has invented, the husband has since succeeded to his title and is known by her friends only as the *Duke of Moreland*. As the duke he also sets about to win back his widow's affections. He succeds at the end of a week, and then, by a combination of circumstances known to the audience but not to *Roxana*, the scene of his former undoing is re-enacted. This gives an interesting turn to the action, before the course of their love is finally made to run smoothly. Much credit is due to the really brilliant staging of the comedy, and especially to the acting of Miss Blanche Bates in the rôle of the fictitious widow. We have seen Miss Bates heretofore in semi-lurid melodrama in strong emotional appeals, but in "Nobody's Widow" we she her a graceful, refined comedienne, with a charm and a subtlety of acting method we had not before suspected. Mr. Bruce McRae, always a refined, agreeable actor, also does excellent work in the bouyant rôle of the *Duke of Moreland*. No better acting has been seen here this winter than these two provide, and the mounting of the piece is in Mr. Belasco's best taste.

In spite of some absurd faults, "The Havoc," a new play by H. S. Sheldon, is not to be dismissed lightly. The author shows serious dramatic purpose, and at times considerable power for dramatic expression. Strong personal bias, however, and a contempt for certain current doctrines of individualism as they are applied to the question of marriage have led him into strange excesses and a hopeless disproportion in character drawing, that mar his structure. Either he was not sure of his ability to expose the arguments of the "individualists," or the temptation to substitute theatrical situations proved too strong. Or, it may be the author's personal conviction that those who would destroy our domestic gods are gamblers, tipplers and embezzlers in the making. And then again, and to be entirely fair, still another supposition is possible. It may be that the "philosophy," so called, was made part of the premise from a sense of chivalry to the lady, intending that we should thereafter follow his own example and ignore it. Colour is lent to this theory from the fact that his "philosopher" gets no further than a novel entitled "The Fall of Nora," before the wife falls a victim to his creed. That we should be asked therefore to seriously regard his doctrines as a factor in the situation, or the play as an exposure of their fallacies, would be a failure to take our intelligence into account. The situation is brought about by the monumental selfishness of a man whom the author proves to be wholly despicable from start to finish, and without a single redeeming virtue. The play must consequently be considered, if entitled to consideration at all, without reference to philosophy and as a conflict merely of character and ideals. There are three characters in the play —the husband, the wife, and a lodger. The husband is absorbed in his work, and the lodger, although his professed friend, takes advantage of this absorption to secretly make love to the wife. When the husband discovers their infidelity the lover at once invokes the higher moral law and incidentally condemns loveless wedlock. The husband magnanimously accepts the situation and the philosophy, and after due process of law, changes places with the lodger. With the tables turned, creeds go by the board, and when we come upon the family again a year later, a vast change has come over both men. The wife remarks it, though of course no reflection on the matrimonial state is implied in the remark. She is as unconscious of its humour as the author.

The new husband has become a tippler, gambler and out and out "rotter," and, forgetting his old doctrines, is consumed with jealousy and suspicion over the first husband's presence. The next act discloses him as an absconding embezzler, and the wife occuping a position as the first husband's stenographer in an endeavour to pay back the shortage. As *John Craig*, the first husband, Mr. Miller is admirable and by his mental grasp, sincerity and firm technique, succeeds in giving the part a vivid sense of reality. His portrait of the saturnine husband, drawn with a grim, sardonic humour and strength to wait with apparent equanimity the time when a vengence more powerful than his own should be visited on the offenders, was one of the most artistic and powerful we have seen. Along with the grim, penetrating cynicism, there are also glimpses of tenderness that round out the figure completely. Francis Byrne, in the difficult, thankless part of the interloper, also did splendid work; while Miss Laura Hope Crews, heretofore seen mostly in comedy, in the rôle of the wife, proved what a splendidly versatile actress she is. The scene where her infidelity is discovered by her husband and in the final scene where she pleads with him to spare the miscreant for the sake of her child were intensely realistic and poignant. It is a long time since we have had better acting than this trio gave us.

In the field of Comic Opera we have been singularly fortunate this season. Mr. Hammerstein, bringing into this lowlier realm the standards and traditions of his recent grand opera enterprises, gave us early in the season a magnificent production of "Hans the Flute Player." This was followed later by an equally high artistic enterprise, "Naughty Marietta," one of the current successful attractions with the dainty Madame Trentini in the title rôle. And now, brightest and best of all, comes "The Spring Maid," a lovely tuneful opera owning to German authorship, with Miss Christie Macdonald in the stellar part. And let the heart of Canada be glad. The fairest and most beloved star in the whole comic opera firmament at this moment is this charming Nova Scotia girl. All Broadway is at her feet and Broadway never had a better, lovelier, purer shrine at which to make its devotions. Her song has the sweetness and exaltation of the lark; her personality, the elusive fragrance of a spring flower; her acting, a freedom of grace and spontaneous gaiety seldom seen on the musical stage. From the toss of her curls to the tips of her dainty toes, she is an artist of refinement, grace and conspicuous talent. Born at Pictou, of Scottish-Canadian stock, and brought up in an atmosphere of the rugged piety peculiar to that stock this little singer has become through one of the splendid ironies of life, Canada's fairest and best gift to the world of mirth and melody. But into that world she has also brought the sweet wholesomeness of her heritage, the gladness and joy of the hills that heard her laughter in girlhood. Both "The Spring Maid" and the Nova Scotia maiden remind us once more that this form of theatrical entertainment does not necessarily depend for interest on the leer or the suggestion. Both are as pure and undefiled as the springs of Carlsbad where the scenes are laid and their waters of joy just as healing. And no opera of recent date has so successfully sung its way into the hearts of the people.

At the moment of writing, "Chantecler" is the cock of the theatrical walk. Rostand's beautiful poetical comedy, translated by Louis N. Parker, has finally reached the English stage. "Chantecler" was first produced in Paris two years ago, after many delays and postponements, beginning with the death of M. Coquelin, for whom the part was originally plan-

ned. Mr. Charles Frohman is responsible for the American production, and part of this responsibility he has discharged admirably. The staging and spectacular features are worthy of highest praise. The farmyard scene, with which it opens, and the kitchen garden scene, where the guinea-hen holds five-o'clock tea, are delightfully realistic. So are the forest scenes, where *Chantecler* has his morning of triumph and where he later meets defeat and humiliation. Unfortunately, one cannot speak in the same high terms of the rendering of the comedy itself. The casting is not distinguished in any one instance, and adequate in only one or two. Miss Maude Adams as *Chantecler* is engaging and charming and in the great dawn scene gave some hint of its glory and poetic rapture. But she is not the *Chantecler* of Rostand. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but it does not follow that male feathers make male birds. Rostand has undertaken to satirise certain masculine assumptions, and for that purpose chooses as the one perfect symbol of conventional masculinity the cock. In "Chantecler" the male is exalted, made almost blatant, and the entire comedy rests on the proper emphasis of that quality. *Chantecler*, with characteristic male impertinance, believes that his crowing causes the sun to rise, and he also has the authority to impose that belief upon others. He eventually learns the truth, and suffers a moment of keen humiliation and despair. But while forced to take a humbler view of his task in the end, he nevertheless still realises the importance of his work, and, realising it, has the strength to sacrifice love for it. It is this note of male strength and authority that is so utterly lacking in Miss Adams's characterisation. She is graceful, appealing and charming, and into the gentler love passages breathes a tender, exquisite passion. Intellectually she has compassed its demands and has every appreciation both of its philosophy and of its poetic qualities. But her vocal and physical limitations never permit her to rise to its larger demands. Miss May Blaney as the *Hen-pheasant* acts delightfully and makes a beautiful picture, and Mr. Arthur Byron, as *Patou*, gave a most sympathetic reading of the poetic lines.

Two recent important offerings—an admirable social satire "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, with William Faversham in the leading rôle, and Percy Mackaye's fantastic comedy, "The Scarecrow,"—for lack of time and space will have to be included in our next review.

THE STORY OF A LOVE

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

The June Night

MOONLIGHT must have an intoxicating quality. It is a fine, airy, silver wine, such as fairies may drink at their revels, unharmed of it. But when a mere mortal sips it, it straightway mounts to his brain and loosens all his old fair dreams and visions, to the undoing of his daylight common sense. To-night I feel that I dwell in a world of beauty and love, ruler by right of heirship and possession—a world shaped out of the moonlight and my sweetest fancies, and therefore a world wherein I may think of her, without doing violence to the sacredness of the thought of her.

I walk in the alleys of this old garden. The moonlight is lying on the grass, and a little invisible wind is tiptoeing all over it. All about me are roses, like sweet old songs set to flowering—roses white enough to lie in her bosom and red enough to star the soft dark cloud of her hair. It was among the roses I first saw her, in that other old garden adjoining mine, just beyond the box hedge.

To-day two women asked me if I had ever really loved. One of them was a woman of the world who should have known better, and to her I made answer accordingly:

"Madam, a poet, such as you are good enough to term me, little as I deserve the name, should not love one woman personally because he loves all impersonally; your sex is to him a beautiful enigma, whose meaning he must ever seek and never find; and until he does find it he should not bind down his quest to the pursuit of one."

She smiled as if she did not believe me, which was no more than I deserved, since I did not believe myself; but she asked no more questions.

The other woman was a mere child, tiptoeing wistfully on the brink of her birthright, and her question was that of a child who has not learned that it is unfitting to be curious. I honoured her just departing childhood with its meed of sincerity:

"I have loved, and love still, and shall always love," I said gravely. And she, too, smiled as if she did not believe me. Yet I had told her the simple truth.

Here, in this wondrous white moonlight, I realise how truly I spoke. I love with a love too fine and untainted to be put into words; it should be put only into the most reverent thoughts. It is my delight so to think of Averil.

She is a woman now. She was a child when I saw her. Yet I do not think of her as a child. My love has kept pace with her unseen growth, in that land across the sea, walking into womanhood. It is as woman I think of her; as woman I shall meet her when our meeting comes, as come it must and will. Love must fulfil its own prophecy, and all that is my own shall come to me in the ripeness of time. I would not hasten it or rush impatiently to meet it.

Yet I have wooed her in my poems. I do not know if she has read them; but if she has she must know that I love here. She must know that I wrote them because of her and by inspiration of her; that I have crowned her my queen of song. Some day I hope to hear her tell me that she has understood. It is twelve years since I saw her. I was a boy of twenty then, a shy, awkward youth, knowing nothing of the real world, but much of the world of dream and fancy, with a heart virgin of any woman's image and lips virgin of any woman's kiss.

I had been wandering one evening in this garden and I had come to the box hedge that formed its boundary. There was a little gap in it where a footpath ran into the garden of our neighbour, and, standing there, I saw her wonderful face, turned upward to the sunset.

She was a child in everything save her eyes; only ten sweet years had gone to the making of her. The slender little figure, the thick braid of dark hair, the delicate brows, the parted, dimpled mouth—these were of a child. But her eyes, her glorious eyes, were a woman's eyes—the woman who was mine, with all their prophecy of the the one whom I was to love, nay, whom I loved then, although knowing eyes, full of sweetness and graciousness and dream, foretold of her.

I knew the child must be Averil Sidney, the daughter of our neighbour. He was a man who preferred life abroad and lived there for the most part, leaving his estate to the mercy of housekeepers and stewards. His wife had died early in their married life, and her little daughter was brought up by her sister. Cecil Sidney was home for a brief sojourn; Averil had come to visit him; and I had met her thus in the rose garden.

She looked at me gravely, smilelessly, yet her whole expression was a smile, and there was sweet, beguiling laughter in her eyes. I, who had always loved children, and been at ease with them, found myself shamefaced and shy in her presence. Perhaps she saw my confusion. Those eyes must have read my very heart, for she broke a white, half-opened rose from its bush and held it out to me. I took it as wordlessly as she offered it; then someone in the house called to her, and she was gone. But at the curve of the walk she paused for a moment and looked back, with a little gesture of good-bye.

I have never seen her since; but tidings of her have drifted to me every year. I knew when she went abroad to join her father. They have lived in Europe for the past six years. All this time she must have been growing into the promise of her eyes; and my love has grown with her. It has consecrated every word I have written. My critics have tried to dissect my poems and find therein that "strange, elusive soul of love," which, they declare, animates them. Then they cannot find it. It is in her keeping, and can be made incarnate only in her loveliness.

I have heard that she is very beautiful; yet I have felt no jealousy, no fear of other men. She is not for any other; she belongs to me. I have the key of her heart, and it must remain a fair and tenantless chamber until I may enter it as an inheritance.

THE JULY NIGHT

I walk again in the moonlight. It is calm, like an untroubled silver sea, bearing softly on its breast a fleet of poppies; for the roses have gone, and the poppies have taken their places. But I cannot share the calm of the moonlight. I am shaken—tossed about with hope and fear.

I have heard to-day that Averial and her father are coming home. I shall see her again. But what shall I see? The Averil of my dreams, or another?

All my certainty has gone. I am dis-

tracted with doubts. Have I deceived myself all these years? Have I given myself over to the bequilement of a vain dream, and is the moment of a miserable awakening near? Perhaps Averil, the woman, has not fulfilled the promise of Averil, the child. I fear—I dread to meet her. If she be not *my* Averil, how shall I bear it? I shall have wasted my love and lavished my soul on a mere creation

What do I know of her? Nothing, save that as a child she seemed to me the unfolded bloom for me alone. A poet's vain ideal, perhaps, destined to be shattered by contact with the real. She may be beautiful, but her beauty will be nothing to me if it is not the beauty I have dreamed of and worshipped.

What if, when we meet, her eyes express only a girl's coquetry or a stranger's indifference? I cannot, I will not believe it possible. Yet I shall dwell till our meeting in miserable suspense and doubt, which yet I shall shrink from exchanging for a still more miserable certainty.

How the poppies dance in the moonlight; the light-hearted, silken coquettes! I love them not. Yet if she should be like them, instead of If she should be a beautiful and scentless flower? Nay, it is impossible. I shall have faith in those remembered eyes.

THE AUGUST NIGHT

It is the time of lilies. To-night they are holding up their chalices of gold and crimson and frosty white to be filled with the moonshine. Now and then the air is sweet with their breath, as if the angels walked invisibly in this garden and swung censers of perfume in their hands.

I love the lilies, but I love the roses better. And she, my love, is like the white rose.

Last night the old house in the next garden blazed with light. I knew that this betokened the coming of Averil and her father. This morning I rose at sunrise and went for a walk, seeking calmness wherewith to face this day of destiny. I thought myself alone in a young world, but as I went down a wooded hill, all green with pines and breasting the east, I saw a girl at the curve of the path, looking down the long, dewy valley, abloom with the sunrise. Its light was all about and around her, smiting her bared dark head with a glory of delicate rays. As I drew near she turned and I knew her—Averil, my Averil, the Averil of my dreams and love! How fair, how very fair she was! And her eyes were unchanged, for they could not be more lovely than they had always been, nor could they be less.

"Averil," I said, helplessly, foolishly, like a boy.

She held out her hand to me simply and joyfully.

"It is Paul. I am glad to see you. Why did you not come to welcome us home last night?"

"I was afraid to," I said. "Averil, do you remember our first—our last meeting years ago in the rose garden?"

"I remember," she said, a beautiful flush coming into her face.

"I feared to meet you again lest you had forgotten," I said. "Because I have never forgotten, Averil."

"I thought, from your poems, that you remembered," she answered.

We walked home together over the pine path and the hill, and talked of many things such as all the world might have listened to. But underneath this commonplaceness was a gladness and a joy that spoke in tone and eye and smile.

Therefore to-night I walk in the moonlight, companioned with happiness. Beyond, in that other garden, Averil waits. And I go to join her.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

BY JOHN MACLEAN

THE songs of Scotland are sung wherever the sons of the heather foregather, yet they are not confined in their popularity to the country north of the Tweed, nor do they belong solely to the heirs of Caledonia, for they have become a common heritage of the peasant folk all over the world.

One of the sweetest singers of any age was Robert Tannahill, of sacred and pathetic memory, whose "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," and "Gloomy Winter's noo Awa" leave a lingering sadness which strains the heart. James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," a quaint genius, the friend of the Master of Abbotsford, and "Christopher North," gave us among other songs, "When the Kye Comes Hame," and "Come O'er the Stream, Charlie."

Lady Anne Barnard took an old air, which she heard sung frequently to a vulgar song, and composed for it the plaintive and popular ballad "Auld Robin Gray," the secret of the authorship being kept by her for the long period of fifty years. Few have earned more lasting gratitude for the sweetness of her songs than Lady Nairn, the lovely Jacobite, whose political leanings are seen in "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" Her memory is held in reverence by "The Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen." Christopher North and Canada are linked together in "The Canadian Boat Song," which was sung in Gaelic by some Highland oarsmen as they rowed down the Saint Lawrence, and a translation was sent to the famous wit, who read it at a meeting of the gay company, and it afterwards appeared in "*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*"

Of individual songs which have made their composers famous, though we seldom hear their names mentioned, there is Douglas' "Annie Laurie," Boswell's "Jenny's Bawbee," and Riddell's "Scotland Yet."

When we speak of the songs of Scotland, there comes forth *Joseph* among all the song writers, to whom his brethren gladly rendered obeisance, in the genial presence of Robert Burns. In his moods of inspiration he sang of "Highland Mary," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" and "Comin' Through the Rye," while in calmer moments he hummed an old tune, until his soul was stirred into a fine frenzy of passion, and then there came on the wings of the wind, "Scots Wha Hae," "Auld Lang Syne," and many other songs of the heart, born of genius cradled in a lowly cot.

The song writers of Scotland, being true representatives of the people, could not fail in portraying the national characteristics, and the spirit of the songs naturally affected those to whom they were addressed. Being poor folk, they sang about the common events of every day life, and the lives of the peasants. Ploughmen and shepherds, gardeners and weavers, tinkers and shoemakers, and even strolling beggars have enriched the literature of Scotland with songs and ballads, and the whole land from

the north country and the isles to the borders is as musical with the voice of song as it is loud with torrents and waterfalls. Popular songs are always songs of the heart. The songs of Burns and Tannahill and the Ettrick Shepherd are spontaneous effusions of the soul.

Songs of love and war are closely associated with one another, as the tender passion is found side by side with the human instinct to fight. When genius cannot go to war, it will simulate the savage passion of the hero and go forth to slaughter, and when it cannot love, it will assume the rôle of lover, and sing in despair of some imaginary "Auld Robin Gray," or lead us along the "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." Scotland is vocal with tradition, every rock and castle, every grove and grassy knoll, and every glen and hill has its historical associations, and these are perpetuated in ballad, legend and song.

Scenes from domestic life, as the bliss of marriage, and the happiness of home, form the subjects of many songs, of which "She is a Winsome Wee Thing," and "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose" are good examples. Even the shrew at home has not been forgotten, for there are songs in which the obstreperous woman is carried away by Satan, with the consent of her husband, only to be returned, as she made hell a perfect Bedlam by her presence, and even the master of the infernal regions himself could not dwell there.

The marvellous sweetness of the melodies, to which in many instances the words of the songs have been wedded, is one of the secrets of the power of the Scottish songs. Whence came the tender pathos of olden tunes which bring tears to the eyes or the passionate outbursts of music which stir the soul to its lowest depths we do not know. Some ancient minstrel from far off mountain height, or secluded in a dark and lonely dell, has caught an inspiration, and transformed it into an undying melody. Down the centuries these strange and ever new and soul-stirring tunes have travelled and have passed from one singer to another, until the echoes have been heard in castle hall and lowly cottage, and then some noble song writers have caught a vision in the music and preserved to posterity the immortal melodies in words that will not die.

Many of the popular songs of Ireland and Scotland were composed to music already in existence. The musical quality of Moore's songs is partly due to the fact that he was accustomed to sing them himself, and, as he wrote them, tried their adaptation to his voice. He was accustomed to play an old air on his piano over and over, till he became thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and then the music suggested the subject. In this way the noise and the confusion original with the music of "The Carnival of Venice" was changed into the quiet of "Row Gently Here My Gondolier." He was greatly indebted to the delightful old Irish airs, for which his verses were composed. He had a true ear for music, and had mastered the secret of song writing.

Burns seized upon many of the old Scotch melodies and wrote his songs under their inspiration. Some of his songs seem to sing themselves, as "Ae Fond Kiss, and Then We Sever," and "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose." "Scots Wha Hae" was once the slogan "Hey Tattay, Tatty," to which the Scotch fought at Bannockburn, and the measured beat of the drum is still recognisable in it. A slight change in the music sometimes transforms a pathetic melody into a martial strain, producing effects entirely at variance with each other, of which there are some notable instances, as when "Scots Wha Hae" is written above the staff, and "The Land o' the Leal" below the staff, it will be seen that these two songs are adapted to the same melody. A striking instance with similar effect may be

ncted in the music of "His Soul Goes Marching On," which serves for the wild Bacchanalian ditty, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

There are some persons, and they are not a few, who, while their sympathies are tender, have no appreciation of the music of the bagpipes. But let them listen to the melodies as they float over the still waters of a Highland loch on a calm summer evening, or echo through the passes of the mountains in the vicinity of Ben Lomond, and they will discover the hidden meaning of its entrancing power over the human heart. Its weird and doleful strains have stirred many hearts in the sad Coronach, mourning for the dead, its strathspeys and reels have enlivened the mirth of the gallant lads and gay lassies in the dance, the wild screams of the pibroch have aroused the courage of the soldiers on the field of battle, and led them on to many a bold charge, and "The Campbells are Coming," pealed loud and far, has brought relief to strained hearts, as at the relief of Lucknow, when the woman called to her friends "Dinna ye hear them?"

Contending forces have maintained their spirit on the field of battle by singing their own national songs, and still for a few moments they have forgotten their differences, as they sang together "Annie Laurie." The weaver at his loom, the tailor in the fields, the aged poor by the fireside have forgotten their sorrows, and the days have been bright with unclouded beauty as they sang the "Auld Scotch Sangs." Far ayont the sea, the men of the glens have brushed aside a tear, as they have listened to the songs of their native heath. Old-time melodies have brought again scenes of childhood and familiar faces that have crossed the flood. Hopes have been awakened in weary souls, devotion to the sterling principles of a poor but honest ancestry has been pledged anew, the world has been changed for an hour by the music of the fathers, and, with the vision of a better day, men and women have gone forth to the work. Without presumption, without jealousy of other nations, and without boasting, let the songs that are dear to Scotchmen all over the world be sung.

Oh, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid auld Scottish tongue,
The sangs my faither lo'ed to hear,
The sangs my mither sang,
As she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
She sang so sweet I couldna sleep,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blythesome or the sad,
They make me sing when I am wae,
And greet me when I am glad,
They tak' me back tae auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing the sangs tae me.

Sing on, sing mair o' the auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell,
O' joys or sorrows o' the past,
Where memory lo'es to dwell,
Though hair grow gray and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the auld Scottish tongue
That sings the sang tae me.

At Five Oclock

Through Erin's Isle
To sport awhile
As Love and Valour wander,
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander,
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Springs up with dewdrops beaming;
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
These leafy gems of morning."
Says Love: "Oh, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves
And cries: "Oh, do not sever
The bond that blends
Three god-like friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, forever."
Oh, the shamrock,
The green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

—*Thomas Moore.*

*

THE month of March, so wild and stormy, sacred to Mars, the deity of war, seems to belong by right to Ireland's saint. The "Seventeenth," once kept in Erin's Isle alone, is now a gala day in New York and Boston, while Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto blossom in verdant hue in honour of blessed Saint Patrick. Old feuds are forgotten in this new and friendly Canada, and Irishmen, whether from Connaught or Ulster, join in the wearing of the green trefoil. In the House of Commons at Ottawa, in the Legislature at Toronto, the custom has become fairly established and Ireland has a glowing majority for one day in the year.

While love of country is passing strong in all of us who are worthy of high tradition, the love of the Irish for their beautiful Isle of Unrest has in it the pathos and permanence which tragedy always inspires. Ridicule has been heaped upon the Irishman with a grievance, and upon the truculent gentleman who is always "agin the Government." Yet, no one can read the history of that "Niobe among the nations" without being affected by the centuries of tragic conflict, when Ireland seemed to be dashing herself to pieces against a granite cliff. This very turmoil and trouble have given to all her children a peculiarly tender love for the "Green Isle," a love which endures in Canada, in the States, in Australia, until the exile

turns in his last moments to exclaim, "Ireland, up from the heart av me heart, I bid ye the top av the mornin'!"

So, to those of us in Canada who were brought up on the adventures of *Charles O'Malley* and who heard the "Irish Melodies" in the days of childhood, the seventeenth of March is a day to be celebrated with many a tender thought for the Erin, "with a tear and a smile in her eye," the land of "punch, priests and potatoes." To "us Irish" remain the everlasting consolations of the dreams and the laughter which touch Earth's hard places with enchantment. To the Scotch belong the "bawbees", to the English the triumphs of the shopkeeper, but to the Irish is the exceeding great reward of him who toils not after the things of to-day, and who always has the gift of "jesting," like their own goblins of the rath through rebellion and loyalty, want, woe and war." To Patrick, may fall little of this world's goods and much of earthly trouble; but to him, also, come the visions and the laughter, which are better than many piles of filthy lucre—for to the Irish, says one of their best friends, "the game is always worth more than the money."

Land of romantic story, of tragic sorrow, with misty violet headlands and haze-crowned hills, from which the fairies never stray! Is it any wonder that her children keep her memory green on the day of Saint Patrick?

"Fill me a cup till I drink to Saint Patrick,
Drink to the harp-strings, the songs that beguile!
Drink to our emblem, the mystical shamrock—
Up with ye! Down it! The Emerald Isle!"

*

THE poor seamstress, Mademoiselle Adoux, whose literary triumphs have created a sensation in Paris, should afford encouragement to those who imagine that there must be some royal road to artistic fame. Marguerite Aduox, although a humble toiler in one of the poorest callings, is generally admitted to have produced the most remarkable book of the year.

As such success is an allurement to those who are working away in literary obscurity, the following account of her first efforts may be of unique interest:

"Mademoiselle Adoux is not an infant prodigy, nor a woman of ripe experience and observation. She is no longer young, it is true, but her life has been so narrow and colourless that many a young girl might be said to have lived to more purpose. Yet because she found needlework was too hard on her eyes, she determined to find some easier way of making a living. She happened to note that *La Vie Heureuse*, a Paris weekly, was offering a prize of five thousand francs for the best story submitted to the editor.

"At once her resolve was made. She would write a story and get that five thousand francs. Had the prize been offered for the best piece of sewing, for the best recipe for the removal of freckles, or for the woman who could give the best performance on roller skates, our mademoiselle would no doubt have tried for it. Her presumed ability as a skater or a beauty doctor was at least as great as her presumed ability as a writer. Anyway, she sat down and wrote the story—and it won the prize. Not only did it win the prize, but it won the ear of the best critics in France, and when it appeared in book form Octave Mirabeau wrote the preface. It has sold by the thousand, and all literary France has been passionately discussing it for the past three months.

"As news of the utterly prosaic, even squalid circumstances of the author became known, the Adoux boom increased, and when the Gon-

court Academy refrained from giving the seamstress the prize for the best literary performance of the year there was indignant protest. However, the first ballot of the academy showed a clear majority for Mlle. Adoux; but as the members like to be eccentric, and bestow their favours on some hitherto neglected or unknown writer, subsequent voting deprived Mlle. Adoux of the prize she was entitled to. This slight serves only to increase popular admiration of the seamstress, and today she is the literary sensation of France. Her future is assured, for, irrespective of its merits, her next book will provide her with a sufficient income, and the sale of her first, 'Marie-Claire,' continues by leaps and bounds.

"Mlle. Adoux's book is one more vindication of the truth that it does not matter what you write about, so long as you have the gift of writing. The method, not the matter, is what counts. As far as the characters of 'Marie-Claire' are concerned, they are not in themselves of particular interest. They do nothing exciting; nothing thrilling happens to them. No dramatic extremes of misery or of happiness befall any of them. Yet this almost unlettered seamstress makes her readers hang upon their commonplace words, and quiver over their matter-of-fact deeds. As far as character delineation is concerned, the book has its faults, since the men and women of 'Marie-Claire' are of the type found almost exclusively in goody-goody books — a necessary result, perhaps, of the author's limitations of experience. Only parts of the book are autobiographical and few of the scenes are drawn from real life. In fact, Mlle. Adoux violates almost every literary canon. Yet such is her charm, her absolute simplicity, that she has produced a work that some of the Immortals might well envy."

Those would-be critics, who contend that a book must depict the sordid and unlovely aspects of humanity, in order to be "life" or "literature," may well reflect upon the success which has crowned the simple chronicles of this humble writer. Several of our modern scribes, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, for instance, have evolved the theory that only those who have known debasing "experiences" are qualified for literary, musical or artistic success. This remarkable declaration is both unscientific and pernicious. Strength springs from purity, not from sordidness, and, in the literary survival of the fittest, it may be found that the works of Mademoiselle Adoux will outlive the hectic productions of the modern neurotic novelist.

*

THE subject of school-teaching is absorbing much attention in the public press. Principal Scott, of the Normal School, Toronto, has expressed regret that so few men teachers are found in the rural schools and general concern is manifested lest the education of the youth of the land should become woman's task. Some years ago, the scarcity of men teachers was commented on widely, and it was admitted that the salaries paid in Canada are not such as to tempt men to enter the profession. Now, the complaint is being extended to the ranks of the women teachers, and it is declared that the profession is no longer entered by the most ambitious women. This observation is quite true and anyone who will consider the change which has taken place in the industrial world, so far as woman's work is concerned, can understand why the pedagogic profession makes little appeal to the woman who is anxious to enter the front ranks. The business world is becoming a more attractive sphere to woman every year, and the more lucrative positions in that world are coming within her reach. This fact need not disturb the home-makers, as the majority of women will always prefer the

"cool sequestered" ways of household life.

The profession of school-teaching is unattractive to many who enter it and is regarded too often merely as a means to a livelihood. I admit quite frankly that I hated its routine most cordially and have found my sentiments shared by many women who once wrestled with the Young Idea. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who had a delightfully stormy experience with Western trustees, says that a Roman Catholic priest at St. Boniface remarked to her:

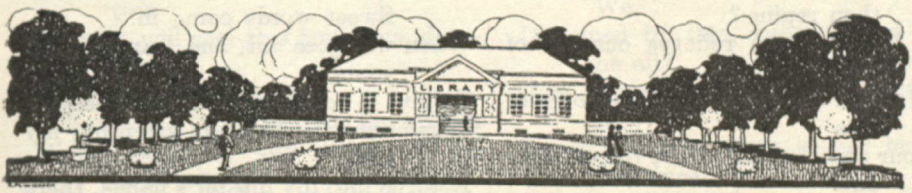
"You have taught school for twenty-five years! And you remain so glad!"

No wonder the good priest was bewildered by the buoyancy of Miss Cameron, who is the liveliest ex-teacher I have encountered. Teaching is a deadly business for most of us and, as for those who say they like it —well, they *may* be telling the truth. I disliked the globe, loathed the maps and positively detested the chalk and the blackboard. I seem to hear a quotation from long ago—"The noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades." The teacher must be born, not made, but the born teacher is sincerely to be pitied, for she must be well-nigh "dead perfection, no more." This is all terrible heresy, for it ought to afford one pure and consummate joy to instruct forty-odd young Canadians and be an arch-angel on six hundred dollars a year. But I believe that most teachers are glad to leave the profession, whether released by commerce, art, journalism, matrimony, or the hand of Death. It is a dull life, at the best of times, and is gilded only by the long summer holidays, when the pupils cease from troubling and the teachers are at rest. It is a glorious privilege, of course, to instruct the rising generation but—if you are a teacher, be honest and 'fess that the four o'clock bell is a joyful sound.

*

SOMEONE has written "A Defence of Xanthippe." Truly, it is high time for justice to be done that worthy woman. She really must have had a very hard time with that dreamy old Socrates, who was always wandering away to a classic porch and there discoursing on the immortality of the soul and other burning questions. Xanthippe, we are sure, was more sinned against than sinning and must have endured many things because of her philosophic spouse. I am quite certain that Socrates forgot to order the steak and was entirely unequal to settling for the coal or appeasing the ice man. It is all very well to admire his dialogues as presented by Plato—but what a surpassing irritation those same dialogues must have been to Xanthippe! Just as she wanted Socrates for some practical household duties, she found that he was away talking to Plato and the other boys on subjects of no earthly importance. It is somewhat late in the day, but the scoldings of Xanthippe are being justified at last.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

CHAMPLAIN

By J. M. Harper*

The capitulation of Quebec. A room in the Habitation, in which some effort has been made to improve the dismal aspect of things. The Recollets and the Jesuit Fathers are present, along with whatever attendants the Governor has been able to muster.

Champlain. Remonstrance has been made. The dignity
Of goverance has been upheld. Respect
Has not been wanting from our enemy;
And now there but remains to press the terms
On which we must surrender. Here I hold
Their writ demand and our reply thereto.
Brave Father Joseph has but found his way
From off the English fleet, prepared, no doubt,
To tell us how his mission fared on board,
To amplify our plea for more delay.

Father Joseph. There was but one, and only one reply
To all my urgency, and that was this:
Quebec is theirs by right of *force majeure*,
And they must take it at the cannon's mouth,
If meekness, fail us.

Couillard (aside). They must have schooled
With De Caën, who stole the mariner's ship.

Champlain. What said they of the peace that's ratified
Of late, between the warring nations?

Father Joseph. Nought
They said to adorn the calendar of sense:
The place is theirs to take, and they must take it.

Couillard (aside). After the manner of the de Caëns!
When will the breed die out while might is right?

Champlain. Messieurs, 'tis ours, is this our day of fate,
To brave two foes at once. The one we've dared
Up to the brink of death; and none can vote
Us cravens when, the other to escape,
We plead our dire distress and lack of arms,
To those who have commission over us.
England and France, if we have heard aright,
Are now at peace. These Kirkes are at our gates,
Accredited, perchance, but over-late

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* "Champlain: An Historical Drama," by Dr. J. M. Harper. (Toronto: William Briggs). By special permission a selected act is republished here to show the dignity and literary value of the book.

In this their seige. Therefore New France is none
Of theirs, though we withdraw: in time our own
Must be returned. Why should we then repine?
Our foe in arms relieves our foe of want,
And we are rid of both, with no great loss
To our complacency, none to our courage.
By these our terms, request is made to give
An honourable exit unto those who leave,
Protection unto those who fain would stay,
With arms and property secured to all.
Details there are—but here comes one who has,
No doubt, our fate all in his convoy's keep.

[Enter an Envoy from the Kirkes. All rise to greet him and his attendants with due formality.]

Envoy. My masters, in the admiral's name, their brother.
Return fair answer to your latest plea for peace,
As mercy wills.

Champlain. Nay, peace for justice sake.

Envoy. Mercy or justice, it is meet for you,
As suppliants, to sue, not to demand.
The Admiral, who is at Tadousac,
Will give full warrant for his high command,
As he may will it there. Nor can you have
A ship to France your own, who wish to leave—
Only to England passage in an English ship,
To obviate surprise upon the seas.
All chattels are escheat, yet clemency
Will not withhold what's due to personal need,
No more than bounty, courteous with its aid,
Will tolerate what bears the mark of spoil.

Champlain. The terms, perchance, are better than their tone.

Envoy. The tone is as the times. Sweet words come in.
When war goes out, and I am waiting yours
To give it *congé* for example's sake.
When once the keys are given up, my task
Returns into my master's hands, there To be
By them prolonged or circumscribed,
As they deem best.

Champlain. You hear the terms, messieurs,
Submission first, with clemency in trust:
Shall we give way?

[All bow silently, and *Champlain* takes up his pen to sign for capitulation.]

Champlain (*continues*). One poor last word from me
Before I sign. Immunity for all
Herein is ratified. The public weal,
Whate'er is left of it, has been released
From jeopardy. Our honour holds respect
For what it is. Our valour's unimpugned;
And so, resigned, we bow our hearts to fate.
Under proud England's shield, we all return
To France—the sons of France to France. But what
Of these my *filles petites* of wigwam birth,
My heart's desire, the children of my years?
Have they release? They are not French, 'tis true;
But they are mine, my very own indeed:
And I would have them playmates still
Around my knee.

Envoy. Should thus a patron's plea
Make hazard of a country's good?

Then this has been remit for afterthought?
Envoy.. Nay, it has been refused.
Champlain. Refused? If so,
Then bid I pen bood-bye. No signature
Of mine will seal this traitorous document.
But why refused?
Envoy. 'Tis said an Indian war
Would issue be, were they removed to France.
Champlain. Who talketh thus, inimical to me.
And mine, as he must be?
Envoy. This you may know
In time, without my aid. What wot it now?
Do you refuse to sign?
Champlain (perturbed). Not for Quebec's release
Would I, its governor, refuse to sign,
Nor dare refuse, in presence of our straits.
But for these innocents! For them I'd dare—
Alas! I am a bowèd man grief-struck
Encompassed round with foes—not men, but fiends,
Who barter lies for passion's sake, devise
Fell deeds by subterfuge, and heartless mock
The virtues of their friends. These would me break
But I will not be broken. Men are made
To do their duty, not to seek repose
Beyond the aim of lurking enemy,
Away from breaking. Broken? Never! See,
The signing of this paper breaks me not,
Though I may lose my children by the act.
I am a bowèd man, not broken yet;
For you, my friends, and for Quebec I sign;
And should I make appeal, my little ones
To save from all this wreckage of our enterprise,
Your master, Monsieur Envoy, giving heed
To my request, may earn a better name
Than conqueror. Quebec is taken! We,
Disarmed by fate, submit, God help us all!
Give to your masters message of our act;
Speak peace to them in our behalf; for since
You have in hand the record of our rout,
Sweet words may now come in as war goes out. [Exit the Envoy and his attendants.]
Alas! Quebec is taken—taken at last!
Messieurs, my friends, what more is there to say?
I am not well, and would be all alone.
Adieu! there may be lifting to our sorrow,
When sleep evolves relieving for the morrow.
Champlain (alone). Quebec is taken! What of that, you say?
Since, line by line, its tale hath been of woe,
Sowing surprise in every paragraph,
Which folly could or would not comprehend.
Is life a game that flits from hope to hope?
Are toils but play with heavier tools than toys?
Are men but children aching from their games?
Quebec is taken! And the doom of it
Brings aching now to me, alas! enough
To probe my reason to its inmost quick.
The fact—the overwhelming fact! Who says
The past redeems it with its pros and cons
Of praise or blame? The future may, you say!
Ah, ha, the future? Would you play the game
Once more, Champlain, to be a fool for nothing?

Methinks the Cardinal did Roquemont send
To tilt with fate, and bravely, too. But why,
When Kirke made pause a year, was aid withheld?
Was Richelieu afraid? Ha, ha, the duke,
The man of iron, was't he who was afraid?
Nay, rather, was it not, as it has ever been,
This devil's hunt for dividends enlarged,
This trading greed a-hoarding of its gold,
That shameless left us panting here for lack
Of food and arms? Alas! the wreck of it!
The shame of it! The ruins of a hope So bright!
The present, past, and future playing game
Of hide-and-seek, jeering at my chagrin!
Despair, despair, we're in it dark enough,
The ditch you once did laugh at, my Helène;
Ay, in it deep enough and dark enough,
With foundering to our vows! Who interrupts? [Enter *Hope* and *Charity*, running towards him.]
Ah, ha, 'tis you, my chits. Come to my knees,
My little ones! What brings you round me now?
To give me kisses when my sun is low,
And make my twlight dawn? [Enter *Pontgravé* and *Couillard*.]
So, ho, my friends,
'Twas you who sent them hither. Nay, look
Me in the face, my Pontgravé, nor seek
To say me nay. These eyes of mine behave
As if from sunshine we should borrow showers.
'Twas good of you to come, couched, as you've been,
With pain so long. And you, Guillaume Couillard!
The world is not a blank with two such friends.
Quebec is taken! Ay, but friendship holds
Its own, and ever will, I trow, as God designs.
These pets of mine they surely will not take
From me. Yet who can tell what hate will do?
Your wife, Guillaume, hath not a heart of stone.
And she may give them of its mother's warmth
Until I come to claim them. Come to claim them!
Perchance in time—Nay, nay, the day is dark,
Too dark for prophecy. Good night, good night;
Patience in darkness is our only light.

*

AS a result of thousands of miles of travel, a keenly observant eye, and years of patient ingathering of data and anecdote, Mr. Frank Yeigh was splendidly equipped for the task of writing "Through the Heart of Canada," a most creditable volume of 300 pages, dealing with the Dominion all the way from Louisbourg to Victoria. The book can be described as a comprehensive sketch, as a huge canvas, and indeed had any writer attempted in the same circumstances to produce anything more than a sketch he would have failed. But while it is a sketch, the volume is full of suggestion, and no intelligent person could read it without receiving a vivid and correct impresson of the Dominion. Mr. Yeigh deals with the subject just as if he started at Halifax, with writing materials and a mind well stored with facts, and then simply wrote in an easy, entertaining manner about the places of most interest as

he came to them, interspercing his descriptions with snatches of history, anecdote, and tradition. Because of this, the book would be found of immense value to the person who purposed to see Canada from end to end and to see it as it should be seen. The reader receives a lasting impression of the mines of Cape Breton, the old ruins of Louisbourg, the fisheries and other resources of Nova Scotia, the lumber trade and scenic beauties of New Brunswick, the romance and picturesqueness of Quebec, the solidity and importance of Ontario, the wheatlands of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the ranches of Alberta, the various races settling in the West, the work and spirit of the Northwest Mounted Police, the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, and the attractions and latent possibilities of Britsh Columbia. There are thirty-seven illustrations made from well selected photographs. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $2 net).

*

THE brief historical sketch at the beginning of a volume by David C. Preyer, entitled "The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York," should be an inspiration to those Canadians who are assisting the Government to furnish the new National Gallery at Ottawa and also those who are at the head of the movement in Toronto to establish a museum of art in connection with The Grange, the residence of the late Goldwin Smith, as a basis. Particularly should this sketch be an inspiration when it is read in connection with the description of the treasures contained within the Metropolitan Museum, which is one of the greatest institutions of the kind in the world and which "had to be created out of nothing." Of course, it received lavish private donations and municipal assistance in the shape of a site and buildngs, but its beginning should be kept in mind. Now that we have at Ottawa a creditable National gallery almost finished, wealthy men will undoubtedly follow the example of men in similar circumstances in New York, and give liberally towards the purchase of native art. Otherwise our progress in this direction will be slow, because the Government's annual appropriation for the purchase of paintings is as yet comparatively very small. Mr. Preyer's book is not merely a description and at times criticism of the objects in the Museum at New York, but it is as well a comprehensive history of antiquities and of the development of art. He shows that the Museum is a great national asset, in as much as it contains thousands of permanent and invaluable object lessons to the craftsman, mechanic, artisan, and artist (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

WHENEVER the publication is made of a book attacking a respectable profession or religion or society of any kind, the tendency is to regard it as abusive or malevolent. But when such a book has the backing of a high-class publisher, such as in the case of "Medical Chaos and Crime," by Norman Arnesby, M.D., one begins to give ear to its claims. This volume is "an inquiry into the widespread demoralisation of the medical profession, a warning to the victimised public and an earnest plea for immediate and drastic reform." If one-half of what Doctor Arnesby says is true (and this is not an intimation that it is not all true) hundreds of reputable physicians and surgeons are little better than murderers. If the anti-vivisectionists would think less about cruelty to the lower animals and more about the cruelties and dangers to which they and their friends are exposed by careless doctors, Doctor Arnesby thinks they would be doing something of lasting benefit to humanity. This book does not end with its exposure of the

evil, but it devotes a chapter to remedies. "Physicians and surgeons," it says "have become too autocratic, they are entirely too immune from criticism, their blunders and shortcomings receive altogether too little publicity, their guild savours too overmuch of mediævalism. Unquestionably the methods of the practising majority are deplorable, and the abuses, instead of being exceptional, are the rule." The author suggests greater publicity to abuses, the abolition of stock-company medical schools, the code of ethics radically changed, education at the cost of human life no longer tolerated, a standardisation of all medical schools, the separation of medicine from surgery, and, in general, legislation of a revolutionary nature. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Cloth, $1.25.

*

WITH the intention of reproducing one hundred of the best paintings available, Cassell and Company have begun the publication of a collection of pictures entitled "Celebrated Paintings." These pictures will make up four volumes, of which the first has appeared. There is an introduction and notes on each picture, by Arthur Fish. The pictures are reproduced in colours, making them, except in size, almost duplicates of the originals, even to the canvas-like appearance of the surface of the paper. In the first volume are represented such painters as Frans Hals, Greuze, Lord Leighton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. W. M. Turner, Millet, Landseer, Ingres, Gainsborough, John Lavery, Burne-Jones, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Abbey, John Constable, and about twenty others. This is one of the choicest assemblages obtainable of reproductions of famous paintings. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

A VOLUME that will prove to be of particular interest and value to all who are interested in the development of Canadian poetry has been prepared by Mrs. C. M. Whyte-Edgar and entitled "A Wreath of Canadian Songs." The book is a credit both to the author and to the publisher. It deals only with deceased writers, and makes no pretension of embracing all who wrote verse in Canada. Mrs. Whyte-Edgar observes that one person in about every six attempts at some time or another to write verse, and she has wisely concluded that to attempt to give them all a place in the book would be a hopeless task. Her selection has been judicious, and brings again to public attention names that we are too prone to forget, such as James McCarroll, Charles Heavysege, Grant Allen, Arthur Weir, E. M. Yeoman, and many others. Students of Canadian literature will long thank the author of this volume for the good-will that induced her to undertake its publication. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50).

*

NOTES.

—A notable series of articles dealing with the "The American Newspaper" are appearing in *Collier's*. They are written by Wallace Irwin.

—An extremely valuable addition to Canadian historical publications is "The Documentary History of the Campaigns upon the Niagara Frontier," which is being collected and edited for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by Lieut.-Colonel E. Cruickshank. Volume IX. appeared recently: dealing with the period extending from December, 1813, to May, 1814. (Welland: The Tribune Office).

—As a result of the eighth annual convention of the American Press Humourists, which was held at Montreal last autumn, a humorous historical account of the proceedings has been published as a souvenir by the Grand Trunk Railway. The volume is edited by the President of the Association, Mr. Cy Warman, himself a humour-

ist of continental reputation. The whole is most artistically set up, and illustrated with pen sketches and photographs.

—"Your Mother's Apron Strings," is the title of a volume of addresses to young men by Reverend Byron H. Stauffer, of Bond Street Congregational church, Toronto. (Toronto: William Briggs).

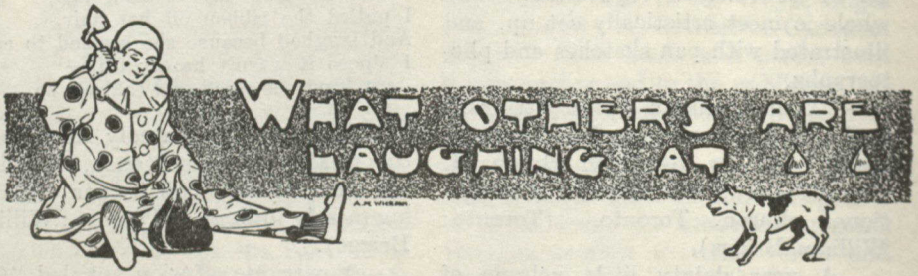
—A very dainty little volume of verse is "Heart Forget-me-Nots," by Miss Amy E. Campbell. The author's style is by no means academic, and there is in her themes a homeliness that will be enjoyed by many readers. One of the most engaging numbers is the following, only one stanza of three being reproduced here:

To the End

As we ran through the corn one day,
One summer day so long ago,
I pulled the ribbon off her hair,
And laughed because she seemed to care.
I s'pose it wasn't hardly fair—
At least she cried and told me so.

Miss Campbell scarcely rises above the quality of this stanza, nor does she descend far below it, her work being mostly uniform. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—A patriotic effusion entitled "Ode to Canada" gives name to a volume of verse, by A. C. Nash. The quality of the writing is not very different from a considerable quantity of verse that is appearing in book form. The volume itself reminds us that a well-known painter used frequently to remark, when asked to criticise painting, "Unnecessary." (Toronto: William Briggs).



THE POINT OF VIEW

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life," blurted out the insurance agent.—*Princeton Tiger.*

*

HIS PLACE

"Mama wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness."

"But, dearest, I'm a poet."

"All the better. You can write verses for our vinegar advertisements."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

OVERTIME

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school children in that city by a member of the Board of Trustees. "My young friends," said the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man, I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them."—*Success.*

"Hurry up and finish, then we'll have another. Hans over there bets me you'll not take more than three." *Jugend* (Berlin)

A STARTER

The Millionaire—"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?"

"Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—*Life.*

*

AN AUTHORITY

"Do men like blonde hair or brown best?"

"Ask your friend Emmy. She was once blonde, then brunette, and now her hair is coal black. She ought to know."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

ONE BETTER

A Western buyer is inordinately proud of the fact that one of his ancestors affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. At the time the salesman called, the buyer was signing a number of checks and affixed his signature with many a curve and flourish. The salesman's patience becomng exhausted in waiting for the buyer to recognise him, he finally observed:

"You have a fine signature, Mr. So-and-So."

"Yes," admitted the buyer, "I should have. One of my forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence."

"So?" said the caller, with rising inflection. And then he added:

"Vell, you ain'd got nottings on me. One of my forefathers signed the Ten Commandments." — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

RISING TO THE OCCASION

RITUALISTIC VICAR'S WIFE (to New Cook): "And you are a High-Church woman, I hope.
NEW COOK: "Oh, Yes, mum, High Church, and as the Church gets higher I get higher." —*Punch*

IN THE MEANWHILE

Rich Man (to beggar) — "Not a cent! Remember that you will have your reward in heaven."

Beggar—"Will I? Then lend me five dollars now and I will pay it back then. I'll drop it down the chute."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

APPROXIMATELY

"Say, Mayme, did you ever have turtle soup?" asked the raw-boned youth of the girl beside him.

"No," admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity of one who has not been lacking in social experience, "I've been where it was."—*Lippincott's.*

*

PROOF

"Have you taken any steps to demonstrate that women are fitted for modern controversy?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Votington. "We have already named a number of eligibles to a Sapphira club."—Washington *Star.*

MANY PLAY THE POSITION

Mrs. Neighbours — "They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Neighbours — "Do you know what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."—Chicago *News.*

*

USED UP

"So you were introduced to Teddy Roosevelt this morning, eh? Let me shake the hand that shook the hand of Roosevelt!"

"No, sir; that hand's lame."—*Lippincott's.*

*

IT DEPENDS

"Do you think a man should take his wife into his confidence regarding his business affairs?" asked the man who had just been married.

"If he isn't making any money, yes," replied the experienced one, cautiously.—Philadelphia *Record.*

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzin' round here all the mornin'." —*Life*

Logic

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which sharper Knowlson has prepared:

David said in his wrath, All men are liars.

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a lair, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.—New York *Globe*.

*

Just as Good

"Did he leave footprints on the sands of time?"

"No; but they took his thumbprints."—*Judge*.

*

The Secret of It

"Why do you always put a pitcher of water and a glass on the table before an orator?"

"That," said the chairman of many reception committees, "is to give him something to do in case he forgets his piece and has to stop and think."—Washington Evening *Star*.

All That a Man Hath

An automobile does not prove that a man has money, but that he did have.—*Judge*.

*

Modern Courage

In a historical tragedy there are always two heroes, one in the play and the other in the box office.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

The Psalm of The Suffragette

Show me not with scornful numbers,
You've too many voters now!
Woman, wakened from her slumbers
Wants the ballot anyhow.

Life with Bill or life with Ernest
Is no more our destined goal.
Man thou art; to man thou turnest;
But we, too, demand the poll.

Not enjoyment, naught but sorrow,
Is the legislator's way;
For we'll get to him to-morrow
If he should escape to-day.

Art's expensive, styles are fleeting;
Let our lace-edged banners wave,
Thus inscribed, o'er every meeting;
"Give us suffrage or the grave."

Heroines, prepare for battle!
Lend your efforts to the strife!
Drive all husbands forth like cattle;
Be a woman, not a wife!

Trust no man, however pleasant.
He'll agree to all you say,
Send you candy as a present,
Go and vote the other way.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And preceding, leave behind us
All the rest at dinner time.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Don the trousers and the coat;
For our candidate pursuing
The elusive, nimble vote.

—*Smart Set*.

PEARLINE VS POPPED WASHING POWDERS

This picture shows simply an exaggerated case of what happens when Soap Powder is made by the new method.

Each Grain of Soap Powder is POPPED—FLUFFED—FLAKED—it Fills more space—yet does no more work.

Besides—Water is added to Increase the Weight—again Decreasing the value of the Powder.

PEARLINE IS NOT POPPED, FLUFFED FLAKED, WATERED

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Simply a Matter of Intelligence.

THIS 'PHOTO SHOWS SIXTY KERNELS OF CORN BEFORE AND AFTER POPPING.
60 KERNELS OF UNPOPPED CORN WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 9/20 OF A CUBIC INCH.
60 KERNELS POPPED WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 7 1/5 CUBIC INCHES.
WEIGHT REMAINED THE SAME—VOLUME INCREASED 16 TIMES.

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You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
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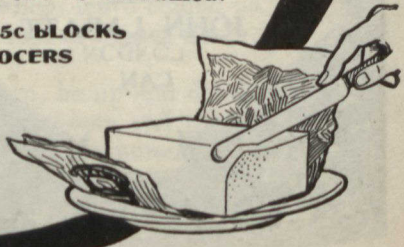

"All through the life of a feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory's grave-stones which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds"—Horace Mann.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

scientifically meets Nature's demand for the necessary food elements, in proper balance.

Its rich nourishment is in concentrated, partly pre-digested form, supplying the vigor and endurance necessary for the accomplishment of one's life purposes.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Windsor, Ontario

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The Beneficial Beverage

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Medical science affirms that tea can be used constantly for a lifetime without injurious effects.

Ceylon is the world's chief tea garden. Here the situation, soil and climate combined bring the tea plant to its highest perfection.

"Salada" is Ceylon's choicest tea. Grown on the mountain slopes of this favored island at an elevation of over 6,000 feet. Carefully gathered, packed and protected from exposure by air-tight lead packages, it brings all its freshness and fragrance straight from the tea garden to your teapot.

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Ask your grocer for **"Salada"** Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

The yearly sales of "Salada" Ceylon Tea exceed 23,000,000 packages.

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The Dessert That is Asked For Again

At luncheon, dinner or tea—with ices, fruits or beverages—nothing is so good as Mooney's Sugar Wafers. They are so very enticing—everyone likes them. Always have a package handy—for picnics or the unexpected guest. Put a few in the children's lunch box—their wholesome and appetizing taste will please them.

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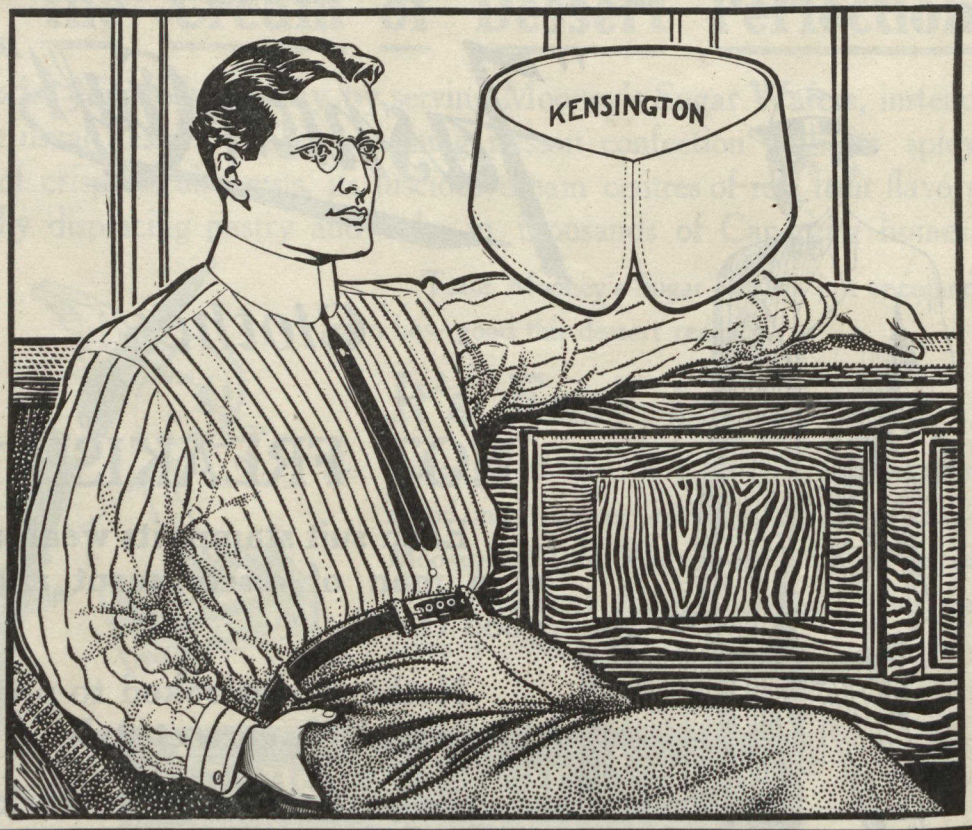

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Do you do it over the old-fashioned wash tub, with all its back-breaking, nerve-racking troubles, leaving you tired out and useless?

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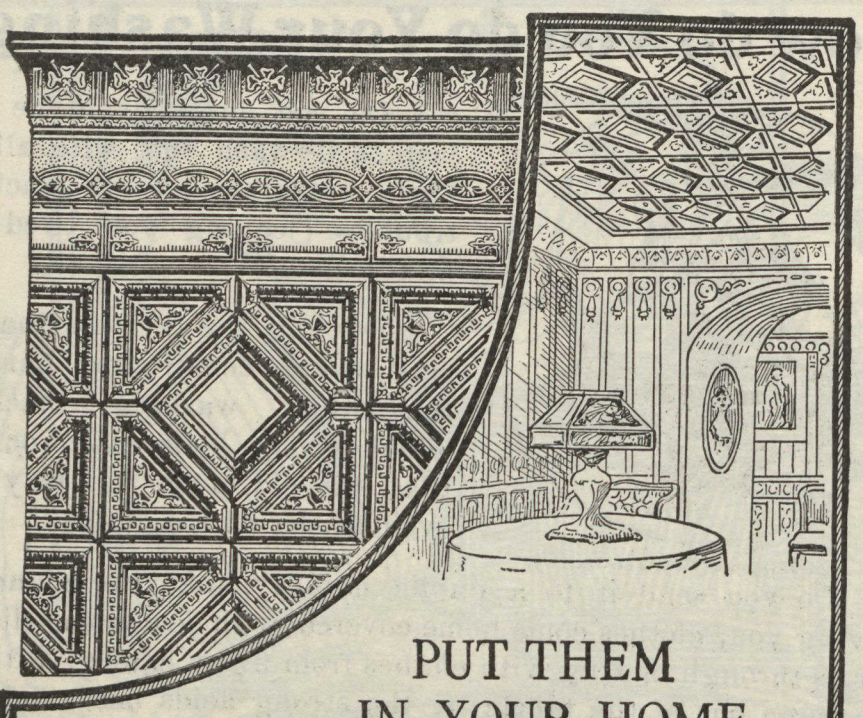

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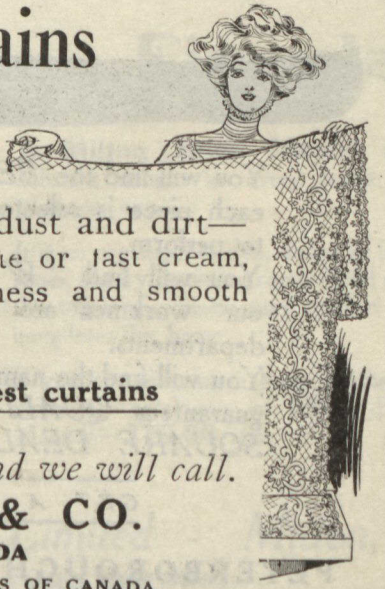

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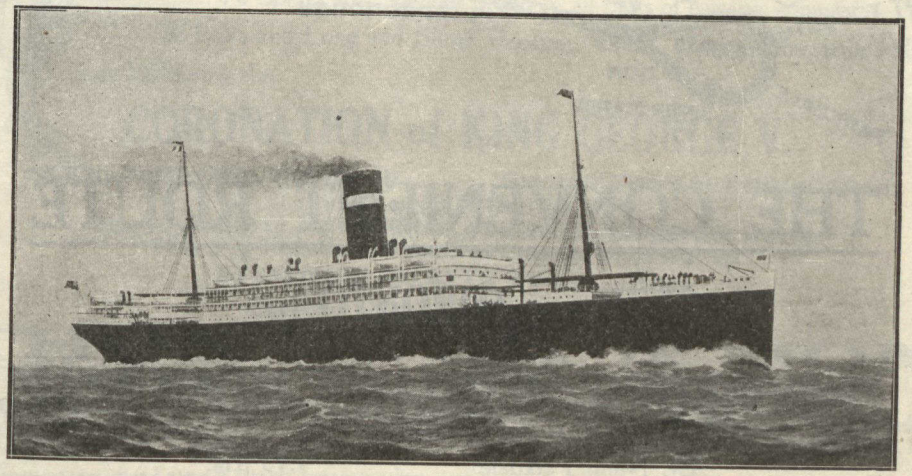

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*VICTORIAN	Fri May 26 3.00 a.m.
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*VIRGINIAN	Fri. June 9 3 00 a.m.
TUNISIAN	Fri. June 16 3 00 a.m.
*VICTORIAN	Fri. June 23 9.00 a.m.

To Glasgow

STEAMER	FROM MONTREAL
IONIAN	Sat. May 6 4 00 a.m.
GRAMPIAN	Sat. May 13 4.00 a.m.
SCOTIAN	Sat. May 20 4.00 a.m.
HESPERIAN	Sat. May 27 4.00 a.m.
IONIAN	Sat. June 3 4 00 a.m.
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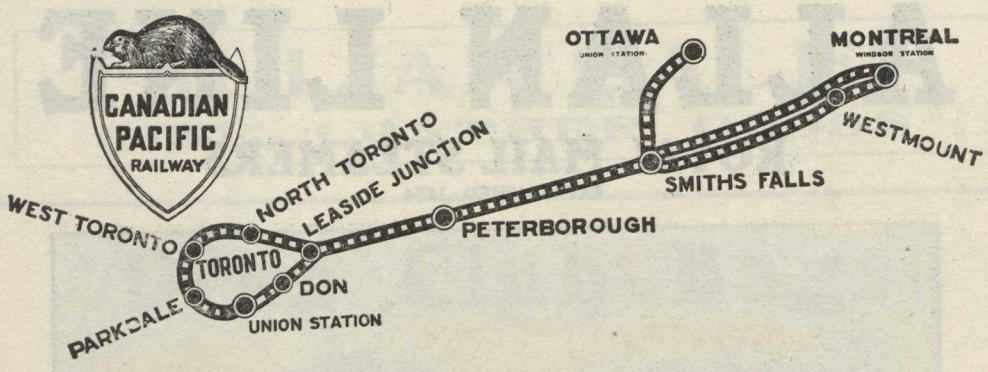

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Ar. North Toronto	-	9.40 p.m.
Lv. NORTH TORONTO		10.00 p.m.

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Lv. Ottawa	-	11.20 p.m.
Lv. Peterboro	-	5.50 a.m.
Ar. NORTH TORONTO		7.50 a.m.
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SHOULD be one indicating Canada's position as the greatest of the King's Dominions beyond the Seas. The Canadian note should predominate in everything and especially should all Canadians who intend to participate in the Pageants and Ceremonials go by the Canadian way, *under the Canadian Flag.* The

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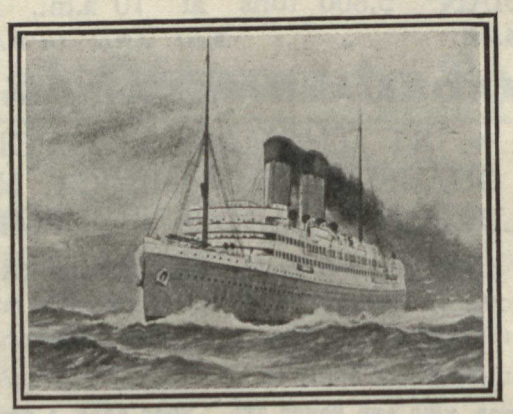

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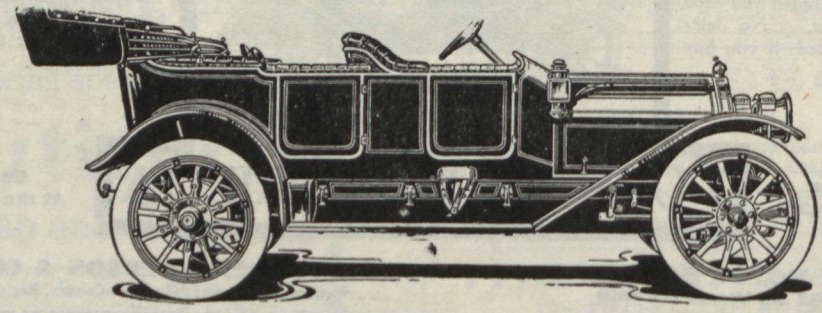

TORPEDO, 50 H.P. Price $3,500 Equipped. F.O.B. Muncie, Ind., duty paid.

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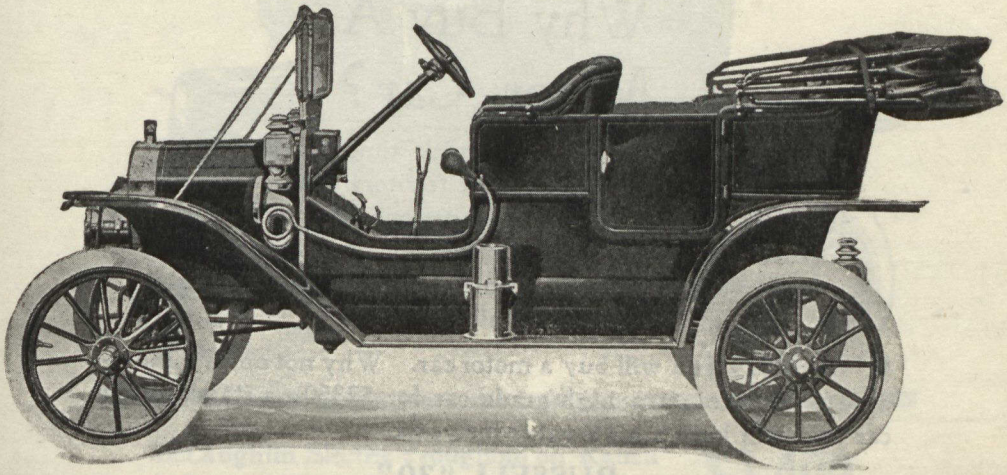


FORD MODEL "T" TOURING CAR

5 Passengers—4 Cylinders

With Full Equipment; Extension Top, Automatic Brass Windshield, Speedometer, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator, Three Oil Lamps, Horn and Tools, for $975 F.O.B. Walkerville, Ontario.

This same Car with Three Oil Lamps, Horn and Tools, $875 F.O.B. Walkerville, Ontario.

$975

¶ **The FORD Model T** has met all the demands of city and country life. It is the family car of pleasure, the fast car for the busy business men, the reliable car day and night for the doctor, the dependable car on the farm,—all because of its being built to fill a practical mission,—a car for the people, and at a price they care to pay. It is light in weight, yet of giant strength in mechanical construction,—a car of Vanadium steel.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY of CANADA LTD.

Walkerville, Ontario

Branches Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Hamilton

Dealers in all Large Towns

Russell

Why Buy A Motor Car?

Quick time to the office. Quick time to the house. Quick time about town. More territory covered—more business—more profit. Your personal presence where needed the most. More pleasure in a week than you now have in a month. More country trips—fresh air in your lungs—stimulation all over.

¶ Some day you will buy a motor car. Why not now? Now-a-days you can get a high-grade car for $2350—a standardized car that will keep a high value for years.

RUSSELL "30"

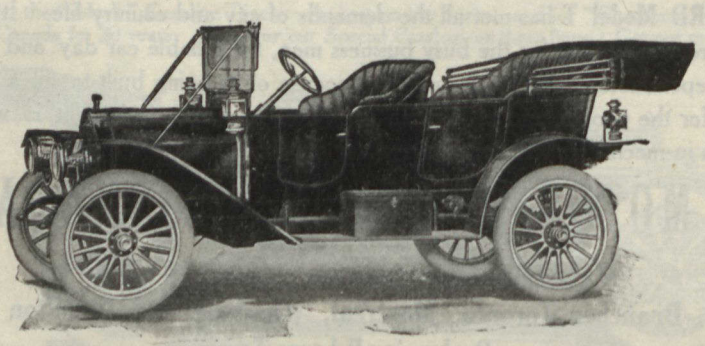
Quick—Strong—Comfortable—Up-to-date
$2350 Fully Equipped

Let us show you this car. Consider its purchase as a business proposition.

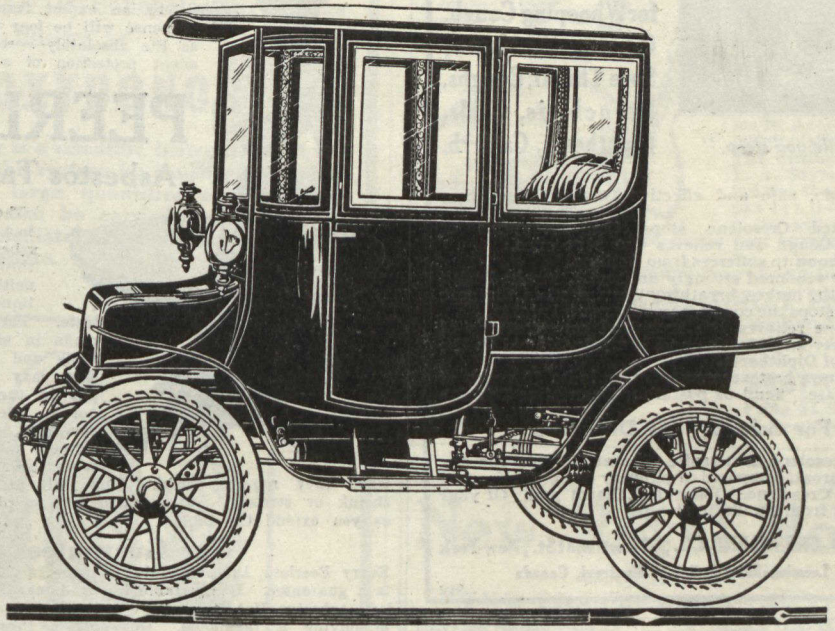
Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., West Toronto

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

Branches: Toronto Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver Melbourne, Aust.



McLaughlin Electrics on Rauch & Lang Chassis



McLaughlin Electric Broughom on Rauch & Lang chassis. Price complete as shown **$3,400**

The recent battery improvements have made the Electric, when properly constructed, a desirable car for Doctors, ladies, theatre-goers, callers, etc. The McLaughlin Electric on Rauch & Lang chassis **is properly constructed.** The brakes are strong and effective. The speeds and brakes are all on one lever. It can't be started except at the will of the owner. Everything is safeguarded to a nicety, and the finish, upholstering and appointments are---well we can't describe them with printer's ink. Call and see it. Bring an expert. Go over it from tip to tip and from top to bottom. Note its class, simplicity, safety. If you want an Electric it will sell itself to you. Ask for a demonstration.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited

Factory and Head Office: OSHAWA

Branches: Toaonto 128 Church St., Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Montreal, St. John N.B., Peterboro

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(ESTABLISHED 1879)

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

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Novelties, Jokes, Puzzles, etc. More fun than a comedy theatre to amuse you and your friends at home, at the club, dinner parties and all social gatherings. Trick pencils, trick cigars, shooting cigarette box, trick matches, tuck cards, plate dancers, anarchists' bombs, squirt bouquets, confetti bombs and hundreds of other novelties. Send 10 cents for our large illustrated catalogue and receive a 25 c. pocket card trick free—send to-day. Cigar, novelty dealers and stationers send for our special wholesale price list. The best novelty line on the market.

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use only the celebrated
WINSOR & NEWTON'S
Oil and Water Colors
acknowledged by all the standard in the art world. Ask your dealer.
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Insure the Surface *of your* Dining Table

A single hot dish or spilled liquid will ruin your dining table. The stains, spots and blotches made cannot be removed except by an expert furniture polisher. The expense will be four times as much as the absolutely certain and permanent protection of a

PEERLESS
Asbestos Table Mat

The Peerless is made of heavy asbestos boards through which neither heat nor liquid can penetrate. These boards are made in sizes to fit any table and are hinged so they may be folded and put in the drawer when not in use. The flannel coverings, which give the softness and silence to the table, are easily removed when they require washing and still fit, even if they shrink or stretch. Extra leaves are supplied to fill out as you extend the table.

Our Guarantee

Every Peerless Asbestos Table Mat bears this mark, which is a guarantee. If any table top is damaged where a Peerless Asbestos Mat is used we will pay the cost of having it refinished. Get only a Peerless. Ask your dealer to show you a Peerless Asbestos Table Mat—if he cannot do it, don't be satisfied with any other kind—write to us and we will tell you where you can see the Peerless and send you our booklet "To the Woman Who Cares."

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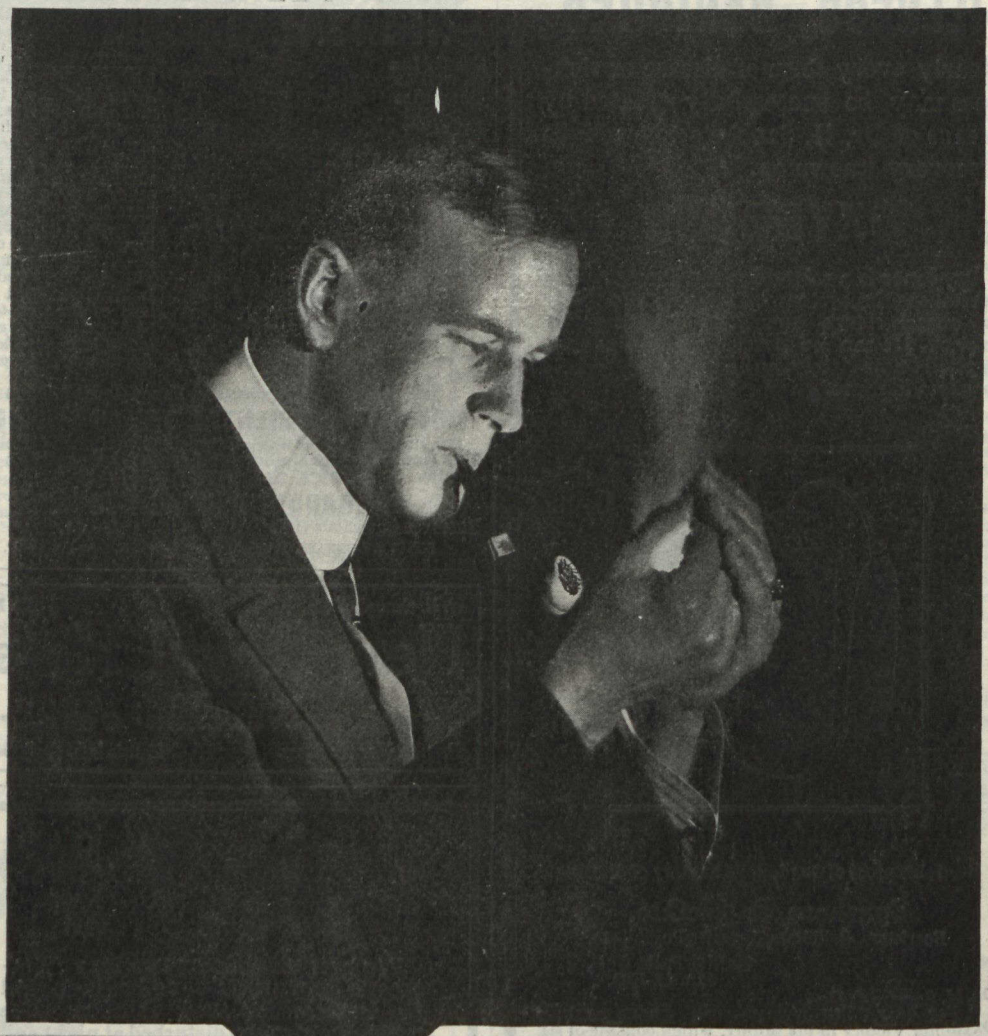

AFTER all, it's the tobacco, not the pipe, that makes a good smoke. The veriest "cutty" will yield a sweet, clean smoke if you load it with good tobacco. That's the beauty of

Tuckett's **Orinoco** Tobacco

It doesn't need "nursing." Put it in any pipe you have—clay, briar, or near-briar—and you get a sweet, fragrant smoke that is cool and comforting. Right now, to-day, get a package of Orinoco from your dealer and give it a trial. The first few puffs will convince you that the pipe's most blissful joys are reserved for Orinoco smokers.

Packed in Packages and Tins. Sold by most every Dealer

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Elite Cut Glass
OF
Exclusive Character

GENUINE Elite Cut Glass more completely satisfies the desire for a product that is new, beautiful and distinctly exclusive than any other.

Its designs, cunningly worked out by men who have no superior in their handicraft, its workmanship, as perfect as human skill can produce, and its brilliancy, beside which ordinary glass seems dull indeed, are all exclusive to the genuine Elite.

These qualities greatly enhance the value of this beautiful glass but do not increase its price.

ASK your dealer to show you our new spring productions in the Butterfly and Thistle patterns. They are exquisite. If he hasn't secured them ask him to order for you.

ELITE
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GOWANS, KENT & CO. Ltd.

Manufacturers

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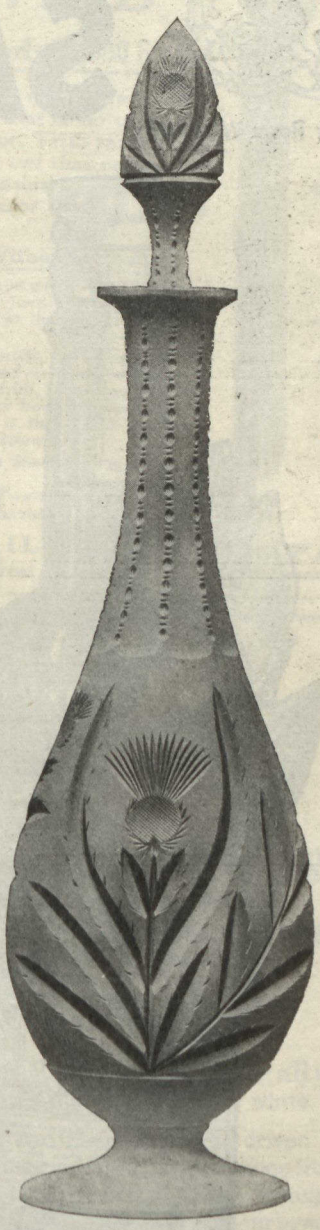

New Decanter---Thistle

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

By Royal Warrant.

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The Original and Genuine Worcestershire

"The World's Favorite"

for over 70 years for Fish, Soup, Game, Fowl, Chops and Roasts.

For your protection, the signature of Lea & Perrins is in white on the red label, and blue on the outside wrapper.

Look for both.

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STANDARD SILVER CO. TORONTO, CANADA

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The selection of *Silverware* is too important a matter to be left to the discretion of another. Make your own selection and see that the above *trademark* is stamped on every piece you buy, *it's a guarantee of quality.* It is always artistic in design and proportion, and because of its long wear, affords unbounded satisfaction.

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you will find that the stationer who is catering to the best classes can supply you with

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Three of the most popular are "French Organdie," "Irish Lawn," and "Shamrock Linen."

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You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is GUARANTEED —Pen-Angle Hosiery.

We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful foot-wearying kind. Don't forget the name, or how the trademark looks.

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose, Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs $3.00.

No. 4150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720, Fine quality Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs; $1.00; 6 pairs, $1,50,

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.0 ; 6 pairs, $2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn, with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light und dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight," winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1,50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight, Made from 4-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2,00.

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ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

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ARE THE MOST ADAPTABLE OF ALL

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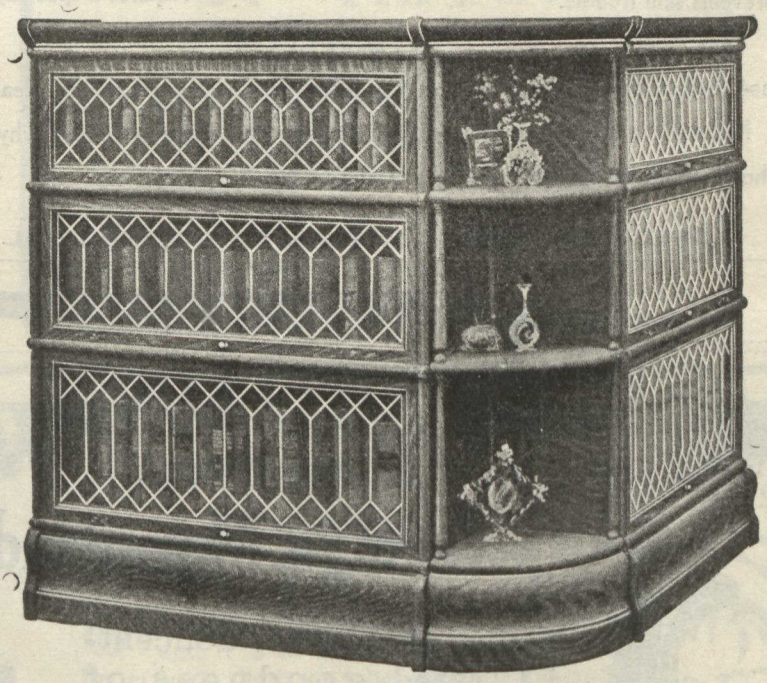

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Best for Baby

The pure vegetable oils and natural flower perfumes of which Baby's Own Soap is made, yield a fragrant, creamy lather which makes Baby's skin clean and sweet and prevents skin trouble.

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Made as pure and skin healing as is possible, Baby's Own Soap is the best for any one as well as for those whose delicate skin requires a specially good soap.

For almost half a century Baby's Own Soap has been accepted as the ideal for toilet and nursery use. Naturally it has many imitations—Naturally also there is reason why in your skin's interest you should avoid the imitations and buy Baby's Own Soap.

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Orange Marmalade

All the Concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and guaranteed absolutely pure by

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Capsicum Vaseline

for Colds in Chest or Throat Chilblains, Etc.

Better than mustard plasters; does not blister.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes

Camphor Ice. Borated. Mentholated. Carbolated, Camphorated. White Oxide of Zinc. etc.

Our Free Vaseline Book tells the special merits of each and gives directions for its proper use. Send us your name with street address, mentioning this paper. and we will mail you a copy, postage prepaid.

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Some cost **$15** Some cost more

OF course your letters should be typewritten, and it is so much easier and quicker and better to do them on the machine, even if you oderate it yourself. We have a fair supply of re-built or re-manufactured machines—as good as new. Not everybody who wants a re-built can buy one—there are not enough to go round. Send for the catalog, and pick out your machine. —right away.

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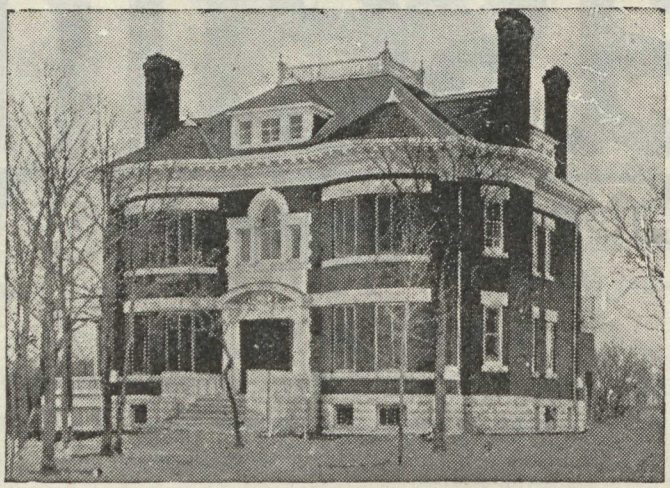
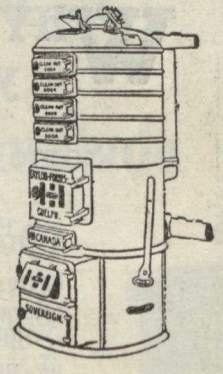
There is lots of comfort in a small size "Sovereign"



HAVE you had a comfortable time of it, indoors, as far as this winter has gone? If you have not—if your house has been draughty, or unevenly heated—or the fire troublesome and uncertain—or the coal bills too high—THERE'S A REMEDY.

The "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler

will heat all the rooms of your house, thoroughly and uniformly, on less coal than would be required with any other heating apparatus.



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Essentially quality wear.

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Collar of Comfort
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At all Men's Furnishers W.G.&R. **Made in Berlin Can.**

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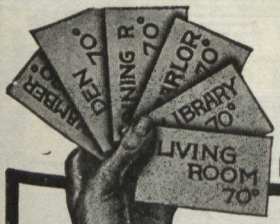

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ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

That's the point—they heat ALL the rooms ALL the time!

The KELSEY is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry, superheated air. It is easily managed, and is gas, smoke and dust proof. The KELSEY will reduce your fuel bill 30%. Our catalog "S" tells you all about the "KELSEY." There are many points of interest in it for you'

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MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Vancouver Island

"The Great Britain of the Pacific."

ASPECT.
Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE.
Snnshiny, equable—no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES.
Good health, good living, and good profits for ambitious men with smal capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

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Safe at 6 per cent.

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Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

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When a man, woman, or child is hungry, really hungry, nothing is so substantially satisfying as a piping hot hot dish of

Clark's Pork and Beans

Three kinds—plain, or cooked with tomato sauce, or Chilli sauce. Can be served as they are, or quickly heated.

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A BOTTLED DELIGHT

A revelation to those who try them for the first time.

----the finest liquors, mixed to exact proportions and aged to a wonderful mellowness.

Always ready. Simply strain through cracked ice---and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.

At all good dealers.

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HUNTERS OF BIG GAME

want a rifle with flat trajectory, good stopping power, quick and reliable action.

ROSS SPORTING RIFLES

STAND EVERY TEST

The barrels are of the same steel and bored by the same machinery as the famous "Ross" Military Target Rifles, the action is the quickest and surest ever offered and the general style is a treat to lovers of well balanced arms.—Dealers throughout the Empire are selling Ross Rifles.

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It fits perfectly. That's a "Ceetee" feature you should know.

Perhaps your old underwear is of the "sack" variety—

Cut from the woollen fabric and sewn into shape—that sags, wrinkles or binds—a constant annoyance to grin and bear.

Enjoy the delightful sensation of underwear that fits—underwear that conforms snugly to every movement of the body.

From first to last

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

pleases all ages, young and old alike. It is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, and **knit to fit the form**—combines health with absolute comfort.

Insist on your dealer showing you "Ceetee" Unshrinkable Underwear.

In all sizes for men, women and children.

Look for the "sheep"

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Established 1859

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Seal Brand Coffee

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only. 124

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may make "MATCHES" for your children

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You haven't found the Way to make a MATCH like

"EDDY'S SILENTS"

NO NOISE
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or winter play you need a food that contains heat-making, tissue-building material in a digestible form. You cannot warm a poorly nourished body with overcoats or flannels—you can only protect it from the cold. Natural warmth and bodily vigor come from eating

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Absolutely Pure *None Better*
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