OCTOBER
1908

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Vol. 31 No. 6

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI. No. 6

CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1908

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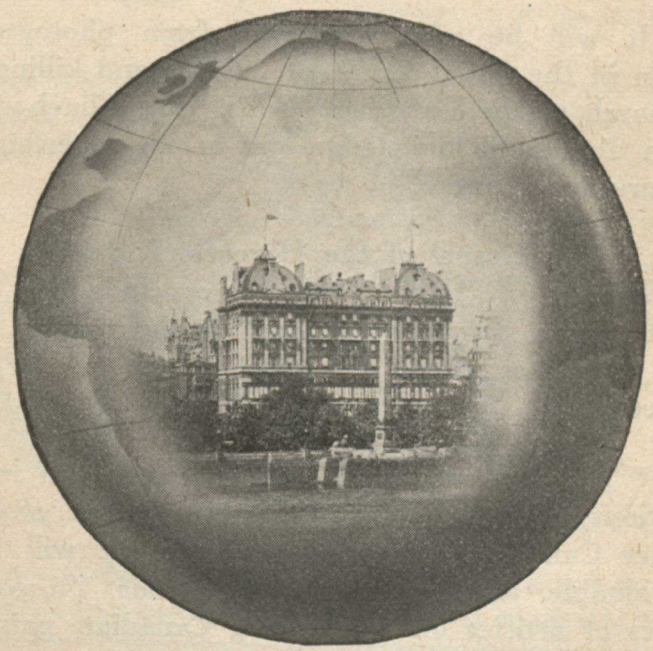

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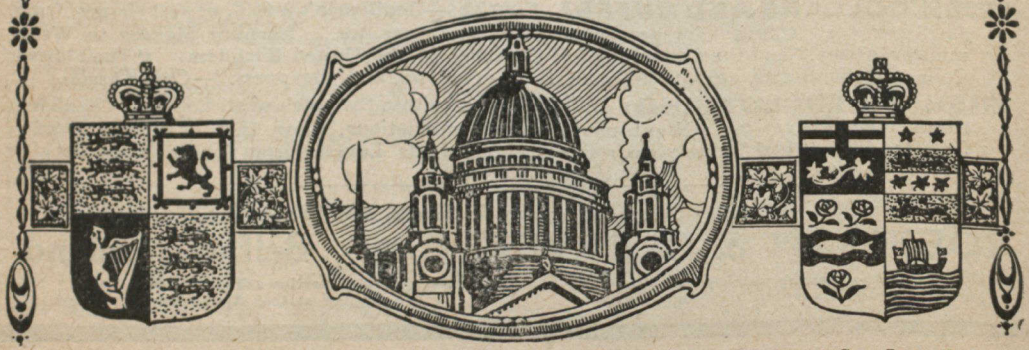

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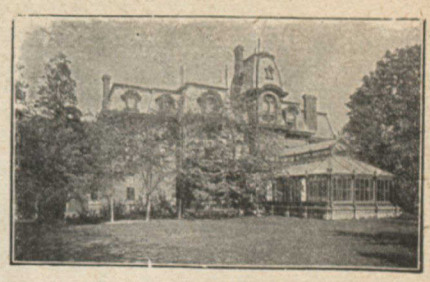

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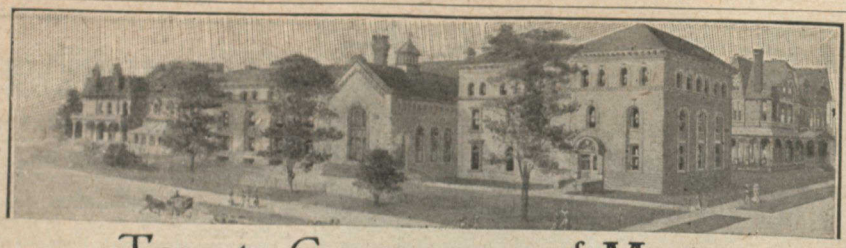

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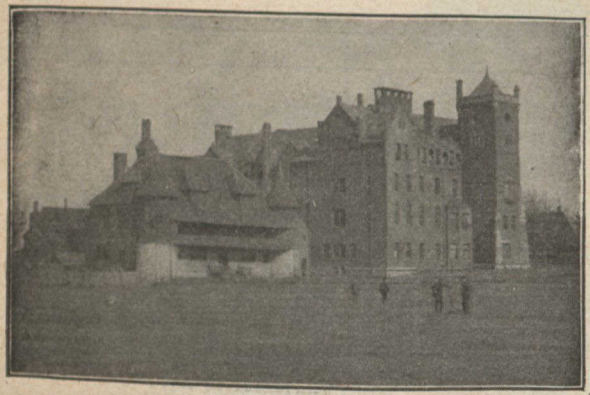

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Arkansas	6	Iowa	30	Mississippi	2	North Carolina	3	Tennessee	12	Wyoming	1
California	31	Kansas	15	Missouri	12	North Dakota	5	Texas	36	**Canada**	**18**
Colorada	20	Kentucky	10	Montana	12	Ohio	48	Utah	12	Europe	2
Connecticut	10	Louisiana	4	Nebraska	14	Oklahoma	9	Vermont	4	Hawaii	1
Florida	1	Maine	10	Nevada	2	Oregon	14	Virginia	10	Porto Rico	2
Georgia	4	Maryland	20	New Hampshire	8	Pennsylvania	49	Washington	21	Phillipine Is.	1
Idaho	2	Massachusetts	33	New Mexico	4	Rhode Island	5	Washington, D.C.	28	Panama	1
											806

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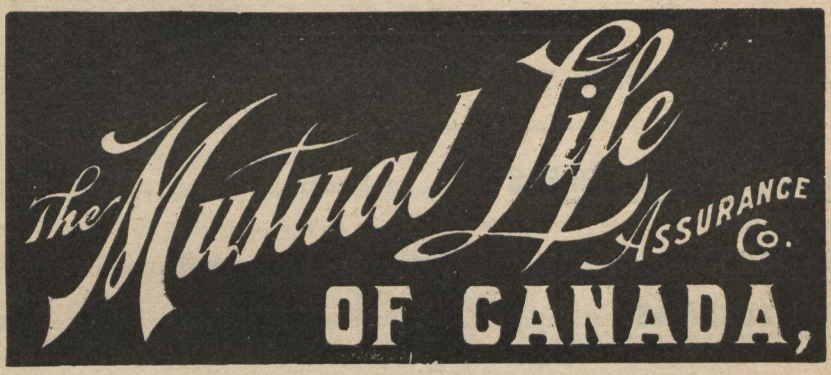

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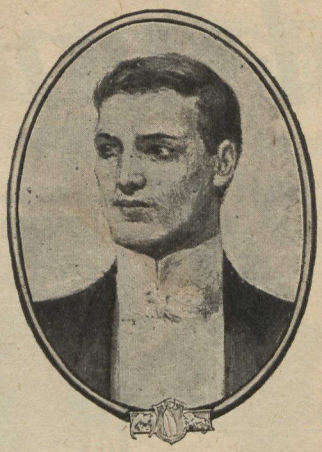

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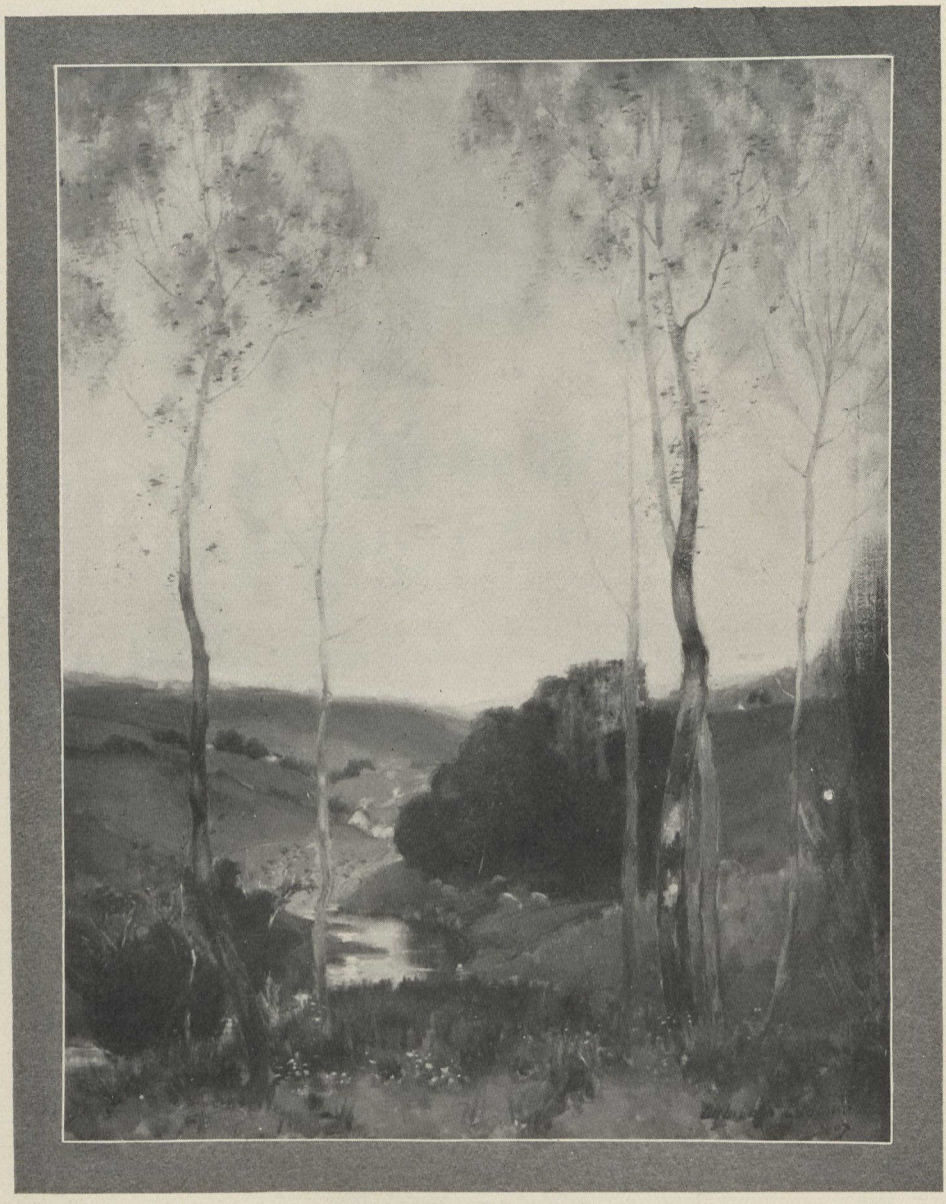


Painting by Archibald Browne

ROMANCE

See article, page 529

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

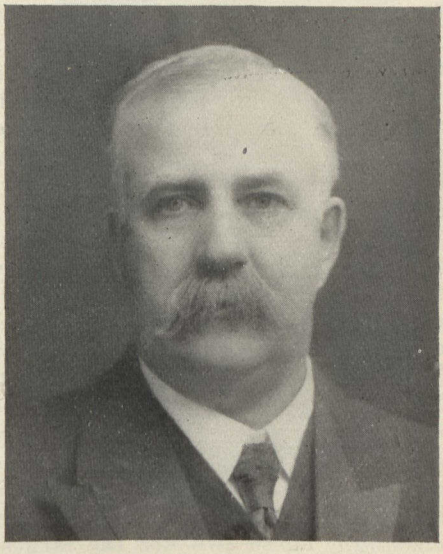
VOL. XXXI TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1908 No. 6

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP IN THE WEST

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

IN this intensely practical age the prevailing sentiment is to resolve every question into a matter of currency, from which standpoint it is argued pro and con. This spirit permeates the whole fabric of Canadian nationality. Never before in the history of the country have the public demanded and obtained so comprehensive a grasp of the conduct of Canada's public business. Following closely is the now insistent determination to probe deeply the business methods of corporations. The schemes and exploitations of the financial and industrial giants in acquiring wealth and power are daily being exposed to the vulgar gaze. Abuse of power, thus brought to light, has roused the public mind to a realization of lost opportunities. The great mass of the public, outside the financial world, have been taught that they hold in their hands a potent factor to shape the whole situation. Politicians have educated the people to the advantages of public ownership of utilities. With this problem the brightest minds in our land are now wrestling. The experiments which have up to the present been made in the British Empire have been successful and this age will without doubt be the age of public ownership.

Throughout the great country between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains the spirit of public ownership is more rampant than in Eastern Canada. The industrial history of the West explains this. Since settlement began in the West, two corporations have practically controlled the country; one was bought out, the other has been regulated by



PREMIER ROBLIN, OF MANITOBA

PREMIER SCOTT OF SASKATCHEWAN

competition. No repetition of these conditions would be tolerated in the West to-day. Again, there is a sense of proprietorship in the spirit of the westerner which forms a part of his very nature. Regardless whence he originally hails, he no sooner acquires a small personal holding on the prairie than he takes a shareholder's interest in every legitimate western enterprise. Veritable newcomers refer to "we westerners" with an air apparently egotistical, but which is really sincere, and illustrates the spirit which binds all together with a common tie. Memory is strong with the old timer and he welcomes any change which brings more power to his hand.

Municipalities first made the experiment and now there are many towns from Fort William to Calgary and Edmonton that own and operate successfully one or more of their franchises. Port Arthur and Fort William have their own street car line along the lake. The only other street cars east of the Rockies are in Winnipeg, where they have been discussing the advisability of purchasing. These two are the largest and most valuable franchises. Profitable investments on the part of the townspeople have led to the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta entering the field of public ownership.

In Manitoba the grain shipments form by far the majority of the traffic in which the farmers and business men are mutually and vitally interested. One cent, more or less, to the hundred weight makes a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the producers. To control the freight rates and bring them as low as possible, it was necessary to control at least one of the railways. In 1900 there were three railways operating in Manitoba, viz., Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Northern Pacific. Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, who became Premier at that time, entered into negotiations with J. P. Macdonald, a big railroad contractor in New York, for the construction of a fourth road with an outlet at Duluth. The Government was to have control of the road and the rates. In 1900 the freight on wheat from Winnipeg to Port Arthur was fourteen cents a hundred, and was proportionately higher for points farther west. Before the new road was built, Mr. Macdonald retired from the premiership and Hon. R. P. Roblin became Premier. Instead of building a fourth line in the Province it was seen that time would be saved and immediate control given by acquiring one of the roads then operating. The Northern Pacific was the most vulnerable of the roads. That company owned several short railways in Manitoba through subsidiary companies, but operated them as one system. As the policy of the southern road then was to develop and hold its own territory, the Manitoba lines were evidently not considered necessary. If James J. Hill to-day had control of those lines they would not be so insignificant as they then looked. Here was the nucleus for a

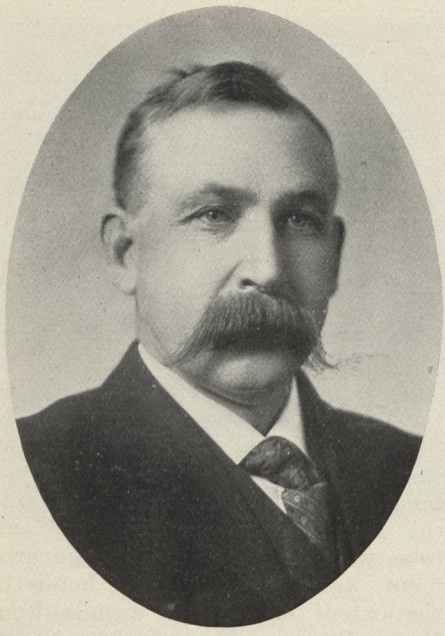
Government-owned railway and the key to the situation.

Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works, was deputed by the Government to secure the Northern Pacific lines, and he at once entered into negotiations with C. S. Mellen, President of the road. The lines which made up the Northern Pacific system in Manitoba were called: The Manitoba Railway, The Winnipeg Transfer Railway, The Portage & Northwestern Railway and The Waskada & Northeastern Railway. The locations and lengths of the lines were as follows: Winnipeg to Emerson, 65.94 miles; Hope Farm branch from Brandon, 2.86 miles; Brandon to Morris, 145.24 miles; Brandon Fair spur, .86 miles; Belmont to Hartney, 50.94 miles; Portage to Portage Junction, 72.54 miles; Portage to Oakland, 15.05 miles; connecting Winnipeg depots, 1.24 miles; Total, 354.65 miles.

During the latter part of 1900 negotiations were concluded and Manitoba controlled the Northern Pacific lines in the Province by an agreement which was ratified by the Legislature on January 15th, 1901. By this agreement all the above mentioned lines, with all telegraph and telephone lines and all property connected therewith, were leased to Manitoba for 999 years, the optional purchase price at any time during that period to be $7,000,000, which is considered reasonable. The annual rental under the terms of the lease was to be, for the first ten years, $210,000; for the second ten years, $225,000; for the third ten years, $275,000, and for each subsequent year, $300,000.

At the outset it was the intention of the Government to extend the lines thus acquired to control rates, even if the existing roads were paralleled. This would entail an immense expenditure of public money and would be a most precarious undertaking for any Government. The only object aimed at was the control of freight rates through competition with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The future would also see additional roads through the Province. The aim was accomplished with great facility. On February 11th, 1901, an agreement between the Canadian Northern Railway and the Government was ratified by the legislature by which the former took over the lease of the Northern Pacific lines, and all its conditions. This agreement also provided that the Government should guarantee the bonds of the Canadian Northern on every mile they then owned in Manitoba or should afterwards build to the extent of $10,000 a mile. Outside the Province, but connecting Manitoba with Port Arthur, the government agreed to guarantee bonds to the extent of $20,000 a mile from Rainy River to Port Arthur, a distance of 290 miles. The Canadian Northern now has a mileage of 1,489 miles in Manitoba, which is all bonded by the Government at $10,000

HON. A. G. RUTHERFORD, PREMIER OF ALBERTA



HON. J. H. HOWDEN, MINISTER OF TELEPHONES FOR MANITOBA

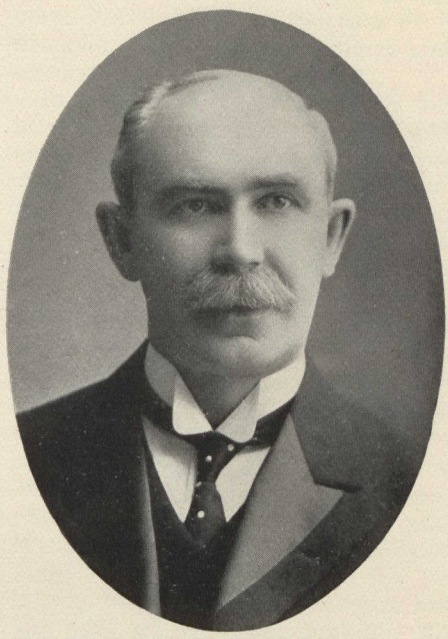
a mile. As a security, the Government holds a first mortgage on all Canadian Northern property in the Province.

In return for this the Government was to have absolute control of the freight and passenger rates on the Canadian Northern at their own discretion, but when any reduction was proposed, the railway was to be heard and their representations considered. This agreement only applied to the Canadian Northern lines in the Province and the line to Port Arthur. It was further provided that if the Government demanded redeductions greater than four cents a hundred on grain, and fifteen cents a hundred on merchandise, then the Government should repay to the Canadian Northern any deficit incurred. To ascertain the accuracy of any deficit so claimed, the government should have the right to audit the books of the railway. In case of a dispute arising between the Government and the Canadian Northern over the equipment of the road, the matter was to be referred to the Railway Commission, as it is now organized, and the Government then would have power to compel the railway to live up to the finding of the Commission.

At the time the contract was entered into, the line to Port Arthur had not been completed, though the first train was supposed to run over it in the fall of 1901. The road was opened for traffic in the spring of 1902, and at once the Government gave the first proof of their control of rates. The order was issued on January 27th, 1902, that the freight rates on all kinds of grain should be twelve cents a hundred from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, and proportionately higher for points in Manitoba farther west. The order was at once obeyed. Again, by order-in-council on September 1st, 1903, the rates on wheat alone were brought down to ten cents a hundred from Winnipeg. Of course, all reductions of rates on the Canadian Northern had to be met by equal reductions on the Canadian Pacific. This last reduction to ten cents was strenuously objected to by the Canadian Pacific as that road claimed it was destroying the margin of profit. A compromise was finally effected. The rate from Winnipeg and the immediate vicinity on wheat alone remained at ten cents a hundred to Port Arthur, but for all western points the rate was raised on October 6th, 1903, to the proportion of eleven cents from Winnipeg. Thus the rate on wheat stands at present. Last fall was a hard one for the farmers of Manitoba and they had a great deal of coarse grain to ship. The rate was on the proportion of twelve cents from Winnipeg to the lake front. On November 10th, 1907, Mr. Roblin addressed a letter to the President, Mr. William Mackenzie, of the Canadian Northern, ordering the rate on coarse grains to be the same as that on wheat. The order was

complied with. While reductions were being made in grain rates, the freight on merchandise was also regarded and one of the most important reductions was that of fifty cents a ton on coal from the lakes to Winnipeg. On other lines of merchandise reductions of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. were made. Mr. Roblin estimates that the reduction in rates has been the saving of more than $2,000,000 annually to the people of Manitoba and this amount is increasing in proportion to the population.

The second venture of Manitoba into the field of government ownership has not yet produced for the people any results of similar benefit as were secured with the railroad. This was the acquirement of the Bell telephone system in the Province, which is now being operated as a government system. It was in 1906 that the Government first determined to take up the construction of telephone lines throughout the Province. Legislation was passed authorizing a plebiscite to be taken in all municipalities in the Province on the question, "Shall this municipality own and operate its own telephones?" Out of one hundred and twenty-four municipalities an affirmative vote was received in fifty-six and a negative in sixty-eight, though the total vote in the Province stood 13,688 for and 11,569 against. The Government took the voice of the people as favorable, but, before constructing, made a proposition for the purchase of the Bell system which was rejected. It was then decided to compete with the Bell and to duplicate their system in the Province. Active operations began in the spring of 1907, and during the season conduits were laid all through Winnipeg for the underground cables and a large exchange building was begun. This had the appearance of business, for the debentures had been issued and sold. At the close of work last fall



HON. ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS FOR MANITOBA

$200,000 had been expended and the Province resounded with preparations for the coming season.

The eyes of the Bell company were on Manitoba, and every move was watched and reported to the headquarters of the company in Montreal. The Bell people decided that at last they were face to face with a real live rival and one that could not be beaten. All over the American continent the Bell company have fought independent companies and corporations, but never before have they had the wealth of a state arrayed against them. True, the company were and are a wealthy concern, and were prepared to make a long and valiant struggle—to end in failure. Cutting rates would be necessary, but ruinous, to the stockholders. If the Government duplicated their system the time would come when their profits would be small and their plant would deteriorate. Following the part of wisdom, the company opened negotiations with the Manitoba Government,

MR. F. C. PATERSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE TELEPHONE COMMISSION OF MANITOBA

tacitly acknowledging their awkward position, and set out to make the best terms possible.

C. F. Sise, President of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, repaired to Winnipeg and conferred with Hon. R. P. Roblin and his colleagues in the Government for several days in December last. He offered at first to sell all rights in his plant in the Province for $4,000,000, which was more than it was worth, according to the report of the Government engineer. The Government wanted the system but made no offer. They had no great desire to fight the great corporation. A week of diplomacy resulted in President Sise submitting his ultimatum and leaving it for the Government to decide upon. For the sum of $3,300,000 he agreed to transfer his plant to the Government on January 15, 1908. He would take in payment Manitoba Government bonds payable in forty years and bearing interest at four per cent. On December 31 the terms were accepted and the Government handed over to the people of the Province a valuable New Year's gift.

There was but one safe method in sight for the operation of the newly acquired system, and this was through an impartial commission. The legislation of the previous year provided for the appointment of the commission, and on January 14 the commission was appointed. With due regard to public opinion the Government avoided the political field and chose the three chief officials of the Bell company in Manitoba as commissioners, viz., F. C. Paterson, manager of the northwest department, chairman; W. H. Hayes, assistant manager, as the engineer of the Commission, and H. J. Horan, auditor of the northwest department, the third member of the Commission. By agreement with Mr. Sise, all the employees of the Bell system were to be retained in office for at least one year, so that there was no change anywhere in the service, and the transfer was made on January 15 without a hitch. The Commission was given full charge of the operation of the plant, the engagement of employees and the management of agents and also of the big question of the rates. Making connections for subscribers and attending to all local construction work was also placed in their hands.

When the Telephone Commission was appointed the Government retained supervisory powers and also the work of constructing rural and long distance lines. Hon. J. H. Howden is Minister of Telephones and under him was a staff of engineers and draughtsmen. In June the entire staff of the department was transferred to the Commission, and now every detail of the construction and management of the Manitoba telephone system is in the hands of the Commission. The Government retains supervision and the Commission is subject to orders-in-council. The Government has given power to the

municipalities to build and operate their own telephone systems, and several municipalities are now building. The Government guarantees the bonds for such work and retains supervision of the construction.

As to the benefits which the Province has derived from the purchase of the Bell system, they are not yet apparent. The construction work done by the Government before the purchase can now be used with profit, and the new exchange building is badly needed. There were 14,195 telephones in the Province when the Bell system was purchased, and the price looks large at $232 a telephone. The Winnipeg rates are $50 for business and $30 for residential instruments, and lower rates are charged in other parts of the Province. The only change in rates yet is an upward one, as nurses' and doctors' telephones have been raised from $40 a year to the regular business rate of $50 a year. The former case appears to be a hardship. The Government has an immense problem before them in the operation of the telephone system, and if the rates cannot be lowered without a loss then the experiment will be pronounced a failure, for the service will be the same. No change in rates is expected for a year until it is seen how the finances work out, and an immense amount of building is being pushed forward to meet the increased demand for rural lines.

In Alberta the Government purchased the Bell telephone system on March 31 for $675,000, and unearned rentals to the amount of $25,000. Supplies to the amount of $100,000 were included in the purchase. By this means they acquired 2,700 telephones at a cost of $260 a telephone. Conditions were different in Alberta from Manitoba, and there were fewer large exchanges. The Government is also building a great deal in the Province. The purchase has been so recent that the Government has given no indication of its intentions regarding rates and management.

In Saskatchewan negotiations were in progress between the Government and the Bell company for the purchase of the system in that Province. Hon. Walter Scott, Premier, was absent during the negotiations, and upon his return he stopped all that had been done. He evidently saw that the Bell was in a tight corner between Alberta and Manitoba and that the time was opportune to drive a hard bargain. In the meantime the Government is building a system of its own throughout the Province. The near future will no doubt see the sale of the Bell plant in Saskatchewan to the Government, for it is evident that the Bell people have determined to retire from the field of Western Canada. The Saskatchewan Government has also mooted the proposition of a Government controlled or operated coal mine to meet such contingencies as strikes, but the scheme has not yet been developed.

The most recent and most stupendous project in public ownership which has been mooted in the West is that of the internal grain elevators. The Grain Growers' Association, representing more than fourteen thousand farmers in the three western Provinces, objected to the operation of the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange. The Manitoba Government passed legislation to meet the desire of the farmers, and the charter of the exchange has been amended. Now the grain growers ask the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to combine in the purchase of the internal elevators. A conference for the discussion of the scheme took place between the Premiers of the three Provinces on May 4. Nothing was done; but another meeting at which the grain growers will present their views

will probably be held during the season. The farmers maintain that Government ownership of the elevators will save millions yearly to the producers. There are more than 2,000 elevators in the three Provinces, and they are valued at more than $15,000,000. The grain growers in connection with this scheme desire the Federal Government to acquire and control the terminal elevators at the lake front, which are worth nearly the same sum. Nothing definite has been accomplished, but the ideal is splendid, and the promoters are the most energetic people in Western Canada. They are firm believers in the doctrine of public ownership and will support any movement to see all public utilities brought under the control of the taxpayers.

Western Canada has long been looking to the Hudson's Bay route for an outlet to the European market for wheat. The recent announcement of the Federal Government that something will be done towards the completion of this enterprise is hailed with delight. No doubt the near future will see a railway heading for the Bay, and will see also immense elevators where formerly there was but a port for the fur traders. Hopes for the future of the West beat high in western hearts and inspire youthful ambition.

THE FIELDS OF EVEN

By

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

Oh, stiller than the fields that lie
Beneath the morning heaven,
And sweeter than day's gardens are,
Lie the gray fields of even!

The vapor rises, silver-eyed,
Leaving the dew-wet clover,
With groping mist-white hands outspread
To greet the sky, her lover.

Ripples the brook, a thread of sound
Close-woven through the quiet,
Blending the jarring tones that holds
A million stars within it.

And all the glory seems so near
A common man may win it!—
When every earth-bound lakelet holds
A million stars within it.

A common man, who in the day
Lifts not his eyes above him,
Roaming the fields of even through,
May find a God to love him!

WAR

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L.

THE Hague Conference has hardly risen when again there is talk of war. Lord Cromer, a man who would not speak lightly, predicts war between England and Germany. England parades a vast naval force in the Baltic, challenging with her claim to the universal empire of the seas the jealousy of all nations. The elements of war seem still seething in Morocco. War even intrudes upon a new element, the air. Diplomatic intrigue which is evidently going on points to ultimate complications leading to war. Why should the nations persist in trying by force, at the expense of enormous carnage and loss, questions of right which force cannot settle, and to the settlement of which the Hague Tribunal points a rational way? The answer is partly that the nations often have little interest in the dispute, and nothing to say about it till war breaks out, when their passions are at once fired and burst into a furious flame. It is by personal influences, ambitions, and antipathies that many, perhaps most, wars are really brought on.

Great Britain has in the course of one life-time, apart from Indian and Colonial conflicts and mutinies, had four wars; the Afghan war; the Crimean war; the Lorcha war with China; and the war with the Transvaal Republic. In all of these cases personal or private influence may be traced. The Afghan war we owed to the personal aggressiveness of Palmerston and his hatred and fear of Russia, which were almost a craze and have not been shared by the best and wisest rulers of India such as Lord Lawrence. Palmerston forced the invasion of Afghanistan on Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, who was not a very strong man. The results were ignominious defeat, the total loss of a British army, and Afghan hostility for the future. Sir Alexander Burnes, the British envoy at Cabul, had perished. When Parliament, after the disaster, called for explanation, his despatches were produced and seemed to countenance Palmerston's policy and the invasion. But some years afterwards genuine copies came to light, and it was then found that the copies laid before Parliament had been garbled. Palmerston, however, was at the height of his power and could defy censure. John Bright charged him under a slight-veil of language with a criminal offence.

For the Crimean war three men were mainly responsible, each of them having a personal motive. Most responsible was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, by grace of treason, perjury, and massacre, Emperor of the French, who with his gang, rearing reaction and retribution, sought to divert the thoughts and feelings of the French nation into a foreign war. The usurper wished also to obtain the countenance of the British nation and court; of the court as well as of the nation because his personal position was equivocal, it being very uncertain, to say the least, who was his real father. The Czar steadfastly re-

fused to recognize the Emperor as one of the august fraternity of Royalties by calling him " brother."

Of the other two, Palmerston was a friend and almost confederate of the French Emperor, always for war and bent on supplanting Lord Aberdeen, head of the ill-cemented coalition Ministry, who was always for peace. Sir Stratford Canning unluckily at this time British Ambassador at Constantinople, which at last became the point of danger, had received an affront from the court of Russia which refused to receive him as Ambassador. There can be no doubt that it was under his influence that Turkey refused to sign a pacific arrangement in which she was invited by the other powers to join. It was said that when the first shot was fired he exclaimed, " Thank God, this is war!"

The Czar, naturally testy, grew more so as the dispute went on, and must bear his full share of the blame. But in his temper too we have a personal influence. He had not been a bad friend to England. He had paid us a very friendly visit not long before. Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, whom he had invited to inspect the mining country of the Ural, was a man of the world as well as a man of science. He saw much of the Czar, who, he said, was a hearty friend of England, regarding her as the great conservative power in Europe, and worshipping Wellington as the first of men. Still, the Czar's temper, when roused, was an element of war.

The war had its first origin in the quarrel between the Greek monks under the patronage of Russia and the Latin monks under the patronage of France about the custody and exploitation of the apocryphal Holy Places. About this nobody in England knew much or cared a button. We should all have gladly acquiesced in a settlement " giving the Latin monks the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, and also one of the keys of each of the two doors of the Sacred Manger, and authorizing them to place in the Sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France." Out of this momentous issue, the French Emperor doing his part, and all the powers of Europe being drawn in, ultimately grew complications which made the struggle one, not only for the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, but for the integrity of the rotten Empire of Turkey, the curse of all beneath its sway, and the scandal of Europe.

People in England looked on coldly while the diplomatists were at their tortuous work. As soon as war was declared, the flame of national passion broke out. Bright, having of course been for peace, was burned in effigy. Tennyson sang that God's just wrath should be wreaked on a giant liar; the most gigantic of all liars, traitors, and perjurers, being his ally the Emperor of the French.

The fruits of the war were abundance of bones on the heights of Sebastopol, plenty more in the depths of the stormy Euxine, a vast waste of the fruits of labor, and a treaty limitation of the naval range of Russia through which a few years afterwards she quietly walked. I think I may say that not many months after the war had passed before in England it was generally regretted.

The Lorcha war was the work of Sir John Bowring, literary man and traveller, the British representative at Canton, who was on bad terms with the Chinese authorities there for refusing him, with other British subjects, admission to the city; a matter on which he was possessed, Lord Derby said, with a monomania. He represented to the British Government the hauling down of the British flag on a Chinese vessel, which having exceeded her license, had unquestionably forfeited her right to fly it, as an insult to Great Britain. Palmerston was in power, and of course

there was war. Equally as a matter of course the people, who knew nothing about the matter, when war was proclaimed, treated it as a grand spree, and at the ensuing election turned Bright, Cobden, and others of their best friends out of Parliament.

Personal too in reality were the sources of the Boer war. It was brought on by a combination of the aims of a commercial company with the filibustering of the Jameson raiders. An emissary of the company, against whose character our Government was warned, crept to its ear. Canada may with good reason plead that she was lured into the war on a false pretense. She was told, and the statement is entered on the rolls of her Parliament, that the Transvaal Republic was under the Suzerainty of the Queen and was refusing to accord to her Majesty's subjects settled in that region adequate participation in its Government. The independence of the Transvaal Republic had been solemnly guaranteed by two conventions; it had been recognized by one British Minister after another; and at the trial of the Jameson raiders under the Foreign Enlistment Act the Lord Chief Justice had defined the position of the Transvaal as that of a foreign State with which her Majesty was in friendly treaty relations. He said:

"The position of the South African Republic . . . . is determined by the two conventions of 1881 and 1884. The result is that under these conventions the Queen's Government recognize the complete independence and autonomy of the South African Republic, subject only to the restriction contained in the convention of 1884, to the effect that the State should have no power to enter into any treaties without this country's consent, except as regards one or two minor States, one of which is the Orange Free State."

How the attack of a mighty Empire upon a little Commonwealth fighting for its life so gallantly and at the same time with the chivalry which extorted the admiration of an English General, will look in history may be easily surmised. The presence of Lord Roberts happily saved us from worse disgrace. By the populace, as usual, war was hailed as a spree, and worthily celebrated in London by the mob orgy of the Mafeking night.

The writer was in the United States when war was declared against Spain. There had been no audible call for it among the people. "It was," said Mr. J. M. Forbes, of Boston, a leading and most respectable member of the Republican party, "a war to keep the party in power." The American Ambassador at Madrid was evidently opposed to it. To create an ostensible cause for it, it was thought necessary to trump up the charge, now practically admitted to be false, of the blowing up of the *Maine*. But as soon as war was declared, the war spirit as usual broke out, and Spain was the object of the most truculent denunciation.

Bonaparte was a Corsican, a scion of the land of bandits, and his later wars were evidently wars of his personal ambition. His invasion of Russia probably was desired by hardly a soul in France or Europe but himself. He was totally without a heart. In his flight from Waterloo one of his suite, seeing him cast down, thought he might be mourning for the loss of so many of his companions in arms, and tried to comfort him by saying "Lord Wellington too, has had great losses." "He has not lost the battle," was the only reply. Brougham, who used to tell the anecdote, had it at first hand.

It is true that noble characters like that of Wolfe are brought out by war, in which they show chivalry and humanity as well as valor. But characters are also brought out which are not noble. Kinglake, who was a decided militarist, says:

"Too often it happens that the soldier, whatever his nation, commits dire excesses in fighting. He slays men although they reverse or even throw down their arms, thus refusing in truth to give quarter; he slaughters the wounded; and sometimes in a frenzy more wild,

though also less baneful, he goes and stabs at the dead; but, in general, after some interchanges of complaint and recrimination, a veil has been suffered to fall over the crimes of the battlefield." (Invasion of the Criea, iii, 312.)

The horrors of war people do not see. This was the scene which presented itself at Heilsberg in Napoleon's campaign at Eylau:

"As the light broke, the French were descried on the skirts of the wood in order of battle; but more even than by their well-appointed battalions and squadrons, the eyes of all were riveted on a spectacle inconceivably frightful between their lines and the redoubts. This space, about a quarter of a mile broad and above a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies—the greater part dead, but some showing by their motions that they preserved consciousness or implored relief. Six thousand corpses were there lying together as close as they had stood in their ranks, stript during the night of every rag of garment by the cupidity of the camp-followers of either army, ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which was still oozing from their wounds. How inured soever to the horrors of a campaign, the soldiers of both armies, even while they loathed it, felt their eyes fascinated by this harrowing spectacle, which exhibited war, stripped of all its pomp, in its native barbarity; and, by common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in burying the dead, and removing the shivering wounded to the rear of the armies." (Alison, Hist. of Europe, x, 294.)

While England triumphed in the victory of the Alma, there lay on the field of battle, as Kinglake tells us, the ghastly and prostrate forms of five hundred Russian prisoners, left there with a single medical attendant and apparently no food. "All," says Kinglake, "were so stricken as to be unable to help to lift a body; very many were shattered in limb; very many still tortured by strong remains of life were lying on their faces with their vitals ploughed open by round-shot; but some were dying more quickly and others already lay dead. From time to time during those three days and with the utmost of their bodily strength, Dr. Thompson and his servant labored to part the dead from the living, to heave the corpses away and get them more or less under ground; but when at last succour came, our seamen had to lift out as many as thirty-nine bodies, some in part decomposed, before they could get at the living."

Sad, though perhaps in a less degree and sometimes inevitable, is the burning of homes. The correspondent of an English paper with the army in South Africa writes:

"In ten miles we have burned no fewer than six farm houses; the wife watched from her sick husband's bedside the burning of her home a hundred yards away. It seems as though a kind of domestic murder were being committed. I stood there till late last night and saw the flames lick round each piece of poor furniture—the chairs and tables, the baby's cradle, the chest of drawers containing a world of treasure, and when I saw the poor housewife's face pressed against the window of the neighbouring house, my own heart burned with a sense of outrage. The effect on the colonial troops who are gratifying their feelings of hatred and revenge, is very bad. They swarm into the houses, looting and destroying, and filling the air with high-sounding cries of vengeance."

For the writer a look at the contents of a field-hospital, which he chanced to see after an engagement, was enough. Not all the soldiers who slay and burn are fighting for their country. Some are mere mercenaries, slaying and burning for hire. Sir John Macdonald told the writer that there had been 40,000 Canadians enlistments in the American civil war.

That war will soon cease and give place to rational modes of settling questions between nations is more than can be hoped. But we may learn to think seriously of war as the curse it really is and to abstain from invoking or applauding it. There need be no detraction from the honor due to the genuine soldier, who goes forth at the bidding of his country, and is responsible neither for the cause of the war nor for its inevitable consequences. But we need not cultivate militarism.

GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

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SECOND PAPER: HEAVEN

WE are dealing with the great Advent Gospel of the Hereafter—the Gospel of Hades; the Gospel of Judgment; the Gospel of Heaven; the Gospel of Hell.

This month we discuss the Gospel of Heaven. I want to discuss with my readers these three questions:

1. What is meant by Heaven?
2. What can we know about the life in Heaven?
3. What is the way by which we enter Heaven?

I.

What is Meant by Heaven?

First we discuss what is meant by Heaven, and at the very start I want to strike the key-note of the thoughts that follow, in the words of Christ Himself, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Heaven is a something within you rather than without you. Heaven means character rather than possessions. The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but Righteousness and Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost.

That is the thought which I am trying to keep before you all through these articles. Hades life is dependent on character. Judgment is a sorting according to inward character. Heaven and Hell are tempers or conditions of character within us. They are not merely places to which God sends us arbitrarily. They are conditions which we make for ourselves. If God could send all men to Heaven, I suppose all men would be there. If God could keep all men from Hell, I suppose no one would be there. It is character that makes Heaven. It is character that makes Hell. They are states of mind that begin here, and are continued and developed there.

I pictured to you last month a man in Hell here—that continued and developed would mean Hell there. I could picture to you sweet, unselfish lives that I have known, that are in Heaven here—that continued and developed would mean Heaven there. You know how one could be in Heaven here. Do you remember these wonderful words of Our Lord, "No man hath ascended into Heaven only the Son of Man who is in Heaven"? Not *was*, not *shall be*, but *is* always in Heaven, because always in unselfish love—always in accord and in communion with God. So, you see, a man carries the beginning of Heaven and Hell within him, according to the state of his own heart. A selfish, godless man cannot have any Heaven so long as he remains selfish and godless. For Heaven consists in forgetting self, and loving God and man with heart and soul.

§ 1. Do you see, then, the mistake that people have been making in discussing what is meant by Heaven?

In all ages—in all races—men have speculated about it, and their speculations have been largely colored by their characters and temperaments. The Indian placed it in the Happy Hunting Ground. The Greeks placed it in the Island of the Blest, where warriors rested after the battle. The Northman and the Mussulman had his equally sensual Heaven. And many Christians have as foolish notions as anyone else. Some think that they win Heaven by believing something with their minds about Our Lord's atonement. Some think they go to Heaven by soaring up through the air. Some of them, taking in bold literal meaning the glorious imagery of the Apocalypse, picture to themselves streets of beaten gold and walls of flashing emerald and jasper, and the wearing of crowns and the singing of Psalms over and over again through all the ages of eternity.

What is the fault in all such? That they do not understand what Heaven really means. They think of it as a something outside them which anybody could enjoy if he could only get there. They do not understand that Heaven means the joy of being in union with God—that the outward Heaven has no meaning till the inward Heaven has begun in ourselves. I need not point out to you that our immortal spirits would find little happiness in golden pavements and gates of pearl. People on this earth, who have their fill of gold and pearl, do not always gain much happiness from them. They are mere external things—they cannot give eternal joy, because that comes from within, not from without. It depends not on what we have, but on what we are, not on the riches of our possessions, but on the beauty of our lives.

The gorgeous vision of the Apocalypse has its meaning, but it is not the carnal, literal meaning of foolish men. It tells of the bright river of the water of life; of glorified cities, where nothing foul, or mean, or ignoble shall dwell; of the white robes of our stainless purity; of the crowns and palms, the emblems of victory over temptation; of the throne which indicates calm mastery over sin; of the song and music and gladsome feasting to image faintly the abounding happiness and the fervent thanksgiving for the goodness of God. They are all mere symbols—mere earthly pictures with a heavenly meaning, and the meaning which lies behind them all is this: *The joy of Heaven means the inward joy; the joy of character; the joy of goodness; the joy of likeness to the Nature of God.* That is the highest joy of all—the only joy worthy of making Heaven for men who are made in the image of God.

§ 2. It is not difficult to show this to any true man or woman who is humbly trying to do beautiful deeds on earth. Of course, if a man be very selfish and worldly; a man who never tries to help another; a man who smiles at these things as unreal sentiment; who tells you that hard cash and success in life, and to mind No. 1, as they say, are the chief things; a man who never feels his pulses beat faster at the story of noble deeds—you cannot absolutely prove to him that the joy of character is the highest happiness. You cannot prove to a blind man the beauty of the sunset sky; you cannot arouse a deaf man to enthusiasm about sweet music; and you cannot prove to an utterly selfish, earthly man that self-sacrifice and purity and heroism and love are the loveliest and the most desirable possessions—the sources of the highest and most lasting joy. But I feel sure that most of you who read this paper, with all your faults, have in your better movements the desire and the admiration—aye, and the effort, too, after nobleness of life, and therefore you can understand this highest joy of Heaven. You have had experience sometimes, however rarely, of lovely deeds, and the sweet, pure joy that follows in their train. Well, whenever

you have conquered some craving temptation or borne trouble for another's sake; when you have helped and brightened some poor life, and kept quiet in the shade that no one should know of it; when you have tried to do the right at heavy cost to yourself; when the old father or mother at home has thanked God for the comfort you have been in their declining years; whenever in the midst of all your sins you have done anything for the love of God or man, do you not know what a sweet, pure happiness has welled up in your heart, entirely different in kind, infinitely higher in degree than any pleasures that ever came to you from riches or amusement or the applause of men. Of this kind surely must be the pure joy of Heaven. Call up the recollection of some of those cherished moments of your life, and multiply by infinity the pleasure that you felt, and you will have some faint notion of what is meant by Heaven, the Heaven that God designs for man.

II.

What is Heaven's Supreme Joy?

Thus, then, we answer the first of our questions—What is meant by Heaven? Heaven means a state of character rather than a place of residence. Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere. But though Heaven means a state of character rather than a place of residence, yet it means a place of residence, too. And though Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere, yet it means to go somewhere, too. And from this the second question easily follows. What can be known about the details of that life in Heaven?

> "Oh, for a nearer insight into Heaven,
> More knowledge of the glory of Thy joy,
> Which there unto the happy souls is given,
> Their intercourse, their worship, their employ."

We do not know a great deal about it.

The Bible is given to help us to live rightly in this world, not to satisfy curiosity about the other world. But yet some glimpses of the blessed life have come to us, for our teaching.

The first thing to learn is that the chief joy of Heaven shall consist in that of which we can only dream in this life, of which we can have but a partial glimpse even in the Hades or Paradise Life—*the Beautiful Vision*, the clear vision and knowledge of God. All this life and all the Paradise life are fitting and training and preparing us for this consummation.

Wise theologians of old divided the happiness of Heaven into "*Essential*" and "*Accidental*" By *essential* they meant the happiness which the soul derives immediately from God's presence, from the Beatific Vision. By *accidental* they meant the additional happiness which comes from creatures, from meeting with friends, from the joyous occupations and all the delights of ever-widening knowledge.

But the Presence of God, the Vision of God, is the essential thing which gives light and joy to all the others. Without that Vision of God all would be dark as this beautiful world would be without the sun. Without that joy of God's presence all other joys would be spoiled, just as the gifts of this life would be without the central gift of health.

That is the central thought about Heaven in the Bible, the central thought of God's noblest saints of old, aye, and the central thought of some of the noblest amongst ourselves to-day.

Does it seem unreal, unnatural, to some of us? The writer can well believe it. Few of us do not love God well enough yet to desire Him above all things. Most of us, I fear, if we would honestly confess it, think more of the joy of meeting our dear ones than of the joy of being with God. But God is very gentle with us. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust." He will

gradually train us here and hereafter, and one day we, too, shall love Him above all things. Oh! I do think that to know God as He is, with all the false notions about Him swept away, will make it impossible to withhold our love from Him. And if even our poor love for each other on earth is such a happiness, think what joy may come from dwelling in that unutterable Love of God.

III.

THE LIFE IN HEAVEN.

What can we know further about the life in Heaven, about what the old theologians called the *secondary* or *accidental* joys as compared with the supreme joy of the Beatific Vision?

We know, first, *There shall be no sin there.* It shall be a pure and innocent life. All who on earth have been loving, and pure, and noble, and brave, and self-sacrificing, shall be there. All who have been cleansed by the blood of Christ from the defilements of sin, and strengthened by the power of Christ against the enticements of sin, shall be there. There shall be no drunkenness nor impurity there, nor hatred, nor emulation, nor ill-temper, nor selfishness, nor meanness. Ah! it is worth hoping for. We poor strugglers who hate ourselves and are so dissatisfied with ourselves, who look from afar at the lovely ideals rising within us, who think sorrowfully of all which might have been and have not been—let us keep up heart. One day the ideal shall become the real. One day we shall have all these things for which God has put the craving in our hearts to-day. We shall have no sin there. We shall desire only and do only what is good. We shall be what we have only seemed or wished to be—honest, true, noble, sincere, genuine to the very centre of our being.

No sin there.

2. And that will make it easier to understand the second fact revealed to us. *No sorrow there.* "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. There shall be no more curse . . . no pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." That is not hard to believe. Sin is the chief cause of our sorrow on earth. If there be no sin there; if all are pure and unselfish and generous and true, and if God wipes away all tears that come for causes other than sin, it is easily understood.

But let us have no silly sentiment about it. It cannot be understood by any man who believes in the false popular doctrine of Hell that we deal with next month. There is a very real, a very awful, doctrine of Hell in the Bible, but it is far different from the popular notions.

It is silly to talk of "no sorrow in Heaven" to any who believe that at death, by God's decree, your erring boy has his destiny fixed unchangeable for ever—an eternity of infinite sin and infinite degradation and infinite misery, where he never can repent, never can escape, where after ages and ages his misery will be but begun. If anyone here can believe that and look forward to having no sorrow in Heaven—well, I think I would rather not make the acquaintance of that person.

§ 3. No sin in Heaven. No sorrow in Heaven. What else do we certainly know? *That the essence of the Heaven life will be love.* The giving of oneself for the services of others. The going out of oneself in sympathy with others. There at last will be realized St. Paul's glorious ideal. There it can be said of every man, He suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not himself; is not puffed up; seeketh not his own; behaveth not uncourteously. He is like the eternal God Himself, Who beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

§ 4. We may well believe *that there will be no dead level of attainment,* no dead level of perfection and joy.

That would seem to us very uninteresting. If we may judge from God's dealings here and from the many texts of scripture, there will be an infinite variety of temperaments, of positions, of character. In the Father's house there are many mansions. Our Lord assumes that we would expect that from our experience here. "If it were not so, I would have told you." I suppose there will be little ones there needing to be taught and weak ones needing to be helped; strong leaders sitting at His right hand in His Kingdom, and poor backward ones that never expected to get into it at all.

And so surely we may believe, too, will there be *varieties of character and temperament*. We shall not lose our identity and our peculiar characteristics by going to Heaven, by being lifted to a higher spiritual condition. Just as a careless man does not lose his identity by conversion, by rising to a higher spiritual state on earth, so we may well believe when we die and pass into the life of the waiting souls, and again when at Christ's coming we pass into the higher Heaven we shall remain the same men and women as we were before and yet become very different men and women. Our lives will not be broken in two, but transfigured. We shall not lose our identity; we shall still be ourselves; we shall preserve the traits of character that individualize us; but all these personal traits and characteristics will be suffused and glorified by the lifting up of our motive and aim. As far as we can judge, there will be a delightful, infinite variety in the Heaven-life.

§ 5. What else? There shall be *work in Heaven*. We are told "His servants shall serve Him." We are told of the man who increased the talents to five or ten that he was to be used for glorious work according as he had fitted himself—"Lord, thy talent hath gained five talents, ten talents." What was the reply? "You are now to go and rest for all eternity." Not a bit of it. "Be thou ruler over five cities, over ten cities, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I know some men who are now retired after a very busy active life of work, and they hate the idleness, they are sick of it. No wonder the conventional Heaven does not appeal to them. Ah, that is not God's Heaven. "They rest from their labors." Yes; but that word "labors' means painful strain. In eternal, untiring youth and strength we shall be occupied in doing His blessed will in helping and blessing the wide universe that He has made. Who can tell what glorious ministrations, what infinite activities, what endless growth and progress, and lifting up of brethren, God has in store for us through all eternity. Thank God for the thought of that joyous work of never-tiring youth and vigor; work of men proudly rejoicing in their strength, helping the weak ones, teaching the ignorant and perhaps for the very best of us going out with Christ into the outer darkness to seek that which is lost until He find it. Do you know Browning's beautiful poem of the old monk who had spent his whole life in hard and menial work for the rescue and help of others? And when he is dying his confessor tells him work is over, "Thou shalt sit down and have endless prayers, and wear a golden crown for ever and ever in Heaven." "Ah," he says, "I'm a stupid old man. I'm dull at prayers. I can't keep awake, but I love my fellowmen. I could be good to the worst of them. I could not bear to sit amongst the lazy saints and turn a deaf ear to the sore complaints of those that suffer. I don't want your idle Heaven. I want still to work for others." The confessor in anger left him, and in the night came the voice of his Lord—

> "Tender and most compassionate. Never fear,
> For Heaven is love, as God Himself is love;
> Thy work below shall be thy work above."

Be sure that the repose of Heaven will be no idling in flowery meadows or sitting for ever in a big temple at wor-

ship, as the poor, weary little children are sometimes told after a long sermon in church. No, "there is no temple in Heaven," we are told—no Church. Because all life is such a glad serving and rejoicing in God that men need no special times and places for doing it.

IV.

Shall We Know One Another in Heaven?

What else can we learn? Shall we know one another? Does anyone really doubt it who believes in God at all? What sort of Heaven would it be otherwise? What sort of comfort would there be if we did not know one another? Oh, this beggarly faith, that God has to put up with, that treats the Father above as it would treat a man of doubtful character. "I must have His definite texts. I must have His written pledges, else I will not believe any good thing in His dealing." That is our way. We talk very piously about our belief in God's love, but we are afraid to infer anything, to argue anything from the infinitude of that love. No, we must have God's bond signed and sealed. I do believe that one reason why we have not more of direct answers about the mysteries of the future life is because God thought that no such answer should be necessary—that His love, if one would only believe in it, is a sufficient answer to them all.

The Bible says very little about the next world. But it comforts the mourners with the thought of meeting those whom Christ will bring with Him. What would be the good of meeting if they should not know them? St. Paul expects to meet his converts and present them before Christ. How could he do so if he did not know them? Our Lord depicts Dives and Lazarus even in the lower Hades life as knowing each other. He says to the dying thief as they went within the veil, "To-day shalt thou be with me." What could it mean except they should know each other within?

But surely the Bible does not need to say it. It is one of those things that we may assume with certainty. We know that Heaven would scarce be Heaven at all if we were to be but solitary isolated spirits amongst a crowd of others whom we did not know or love. We know that the next world and this world come from the same God who is the same always. We know that in this world He has bound us up in groups, knowing and loving and sympathizing with each other. Unless His method utterly changes He must do the same hereafter.

Do we want further proof? Think of the nature He has implanted in us. If we shall not know one another, why is there this undying memory of departed ones, the aching void that is never filled on earth. The calf is taken from the cow, the kittens are taken from their mother, and in a few days they are forgotten. But the poor, human mother never forgets. When her head is bowed with age, when she has forgotten nearly all else on earth, you can bring the tears into her eyes by mentioning the child that died in her arms forty years ago. Did God implant that divine love in her only to disappoint it? God forbid! A thousand times, no. In that world the mother shall meet her child, and the lonely widow shall meet her husband, and they shall learn fully the love of God in that rapturous meeting with Christ's benediction resting on them.

And yet, I see one clear difficulty rising in the way. I see some poor mother asking with frightened heart, what if I should miss my boy, or what if he who is dearer to me than Heaven itself should be missing in the land of everlasting joy? Ah, that is the hard question. I have heard it suggested that you would forget your boy. God forbid! I have seen it said to my horror lately by

a prominent English theologian that those in Heaven will have grown so absorbed in God that they never trouble about those who have disobeyed Him. Nay, a thousand times over—God forbid! If you grow like Christ it is more likely that you should say: "O God, let me go out of Heaven; let me sacrifice myself if so be that I should bring in my boy." Is it blasphemy to say this? But it is what the Lord Himself said.

I know there are further questions rising in men's hearts. Will our dear ones remember us? Will they, in all the years of progress, have grown too good and great for fellowship with us? There is no specific answer save what we can infer from the boundless goodness and kindness of God. Since He does not forget us we may be sure they will not forget us. Since His superior greatness and holiness does not put Him beyond our reach, we may be sure that theirs will not—their growth will be mainly a growth of love which will only bring them closer to us for ever and ever.

V.

How do Men Enter Heaven?

We have asked, what is meant by Heaven? What can be known of the details of life in Heaven? And now we come to the final question of all: How shall we enter Heaven? And if you have followed me thus far the answer is easy. Though there is a special place which shall be Heaven, yet, if Heaven means a state of mind rather than a place of residence, if Heaven means to be something rather than to go somewhere, though it means to go somewhere, too, then the answer is easy. We enter Heaven by a spiritual, not by a natural act. We begin Heaven here on earth, not by taking a journey to the sun and the planets, not by taking a journey from Canada up through the air, but by taking a journey from a bad state of mind to a good state of mind; from that state of mind which is enmity against God, to that of humble, loyal and loving obedience to Christ. It is not so much that we have to go to Heaven. We have to do that, too. But Heaven has to come to us first. Heaven has to begin in ourselves. The beginning of Heaven is not at that hour when the eye grows dim and the sound of friendly voices becomes silent in death, but at that hour when God draws near and the eyes of the spiritual understanding are opened, and the soul sees how beautiful Christ is, and how hateful sin is; the hour when self-will is crucified, and the God-will is born in the resolutions of a new heart. Then Heaven has begun, the Heaven that will continue after our death.

Do we believe that this is the right way to think of Heaven? For if so it is a serious question for us all. What about my hopes of entering Heaven? If Heaven consists of character rather than possessions, of a state of mind rather than a place of residence, if, in fine, Heaven has to begin on earth, what of our hopes of entering Heaven? Is it not pitiful to hear people talk lightly about going to Heaven, whose lives on earth have not any trace of the love and purity and nobleness and self-sacrifice of which Heaven shall entirely consist hereafter? To see men with the carnal notions about Heaven as a place of external glory and beauty and jasper and emerald, where, after they have misused their time on earth, they shall fly away like swallows to an eternal summer. They would be miserable there even if they could get there. They would be entirely out of their element, like a fish sent to live on the grass of a lovely meadow. Those who shall enjoy the Heaven hereafter are they whose Heaven has begun before. They who shall do the work of God hereafter are those who are humbly trying to do that will on earth. These shall inherit the everlasting Kingdom.

A MYSTERY PLAY

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I HAVE found me a great amphitheatre; nature-made, vast and open. It slopes to the north and west, and all about it and about are green trees—green trees and shrubs and lowly plants. In the whole space I am sole spectator—save for little grasses that stand tip-toe to look and listen; save for little weeds that nod their heads; and a beetle crawling heedless over dry and shining grains of sand. In the orchestral centre, where, in ancient Greece should stand the lighted altar, there chances to be a little crimson maple; and behind and beyond rise verdant hills. Before me, as where should be the stage, stand, in green habiliments, beech and elm and fir; oak and cedar; lithe and virginal saplings, broad-shouldered pines, staid and stalwart—a goodly company, goodly and green, wondrous green; and for me they act and pose and sing. . . . . The drama opens.

II.

There is no fanfaronade. On the left against a dove-grey cloud the top-most twigs of a silver poplar rustle the signal to commence. Gently and with grace supreme, the boughs begin a cosmic song. . . . . They dip and fall, and lightly rise; take hands and touch, and smile, and sing again. Troop after troop takes up the measure, as the wind sweeps through the trees, and there is revealed to the eye and to the ear sound and motion obedient to an unseen power. . . . . The movement deepens. Great masses join the dance, swell the vespertinal hymn. Huge and cumbrous boughs sweep back and forth, melodious, eloquent; and from tremulous leaf to swaying limb rises a choric song, beautiful, wonderful. . . . . Of what is it that they speak?

III.

Presently, beneath the dove-grey cloud, the red sun momentarily shows. Gleams strike the amphitheatre, the stage. My neighbor grasses glint in the sheen, the beetle's wing-sheaths glow, the sand grains glisten, and, over-head, the veined leaves of the poplar, which before were black against the sky, suddenly become translucent to the light. The massed greens grow radiant; solitary boughs shake sunshine from their locks; the shrubs stand out overt; a divine gleesomeness fills all the wood. . . . . Whence comes the mystic impulse?

IV.

The evening falls. The wind dies down. A fitful breeze, now warm with summer's breath, now chill, strays aimless. The sun sinks. The green shadows grow black; and where before was a great leafage, is now a great gloom, in which even the white-stemmed birches lose their tapering limbs. Gone are the leaves of the poplar; the shrubs hide; the beetle creeps out of sight. A far-off rill mingles a bass maestoso sob with

its treble trill; and slowly, very slowly, a thin mist creates itself in every cranny of the dell. Only I am left, dull of hearing, miscomprehending, obtuse.

* * * *

Only a little scene in an unending play; for all through the night, and for endless days and nights, before man was, and long after man will be, these leafy persons uplift that solemn chant, enact that choric dance; now frolicsome and free; now plaintive; now expectant, patient, still. . . . . What is it that they hymn?

V.

It is but little that I, I and the heedless beetle, comprehend of this mighty but mystical drama. Some supernal power impels them, so it seems, and they hymn and praise this power; some hidden force, emanating in regions far beyond the sun, yet immanent in the grass-blade, in the leaflets, in the sand-grains at my feet. Often a darksome power, ruthless, blind; slaying horde on horde; spilling blood like water; scattering real pain and poignant agony like hail; yet often thrilling, joyous, tremulous with bliss—inscrutable, recondite, dark. It is formed and transformed into myriad shapes, outrunning time, out-living life; muted and re-muted, here into gross and ponderable matter, there into the filmiest air; anon revealing itself as exuberant life; again vanishing in so-called death; a breath; a spirit; the soul of eternal things—some hidden power they hymned.

The sun set.

VI.

In the silence I heard the soundless voice of that spirit of eternal things; that mystery inpenetrable as the dark, and, as the dark, impalpable; revealing itself as one with the shapes it took and one with the impulses they obeyed; in the grass-blade and the leaf, and in the wind to which they swayed; in the ponderous earth that, darkling, rolled through space, and in the subtle mind that holds this earth in fee. The vast and the far-off were embraced in the vision, for from the remotest star came rays that united me with it. The minute and the trivial were summoned from their hiding to prove themselves near and akin. Magnitude and proportion were swallowed up in unity; number and computation disappeared in a stupendous integer. Not a leaf shook, not a bud burst, but it was moved to motion and to life by forces infinite and remote, ante-dating sun or star, older than the milky way, vaster than the limits of vision. For in each leaflet of the boscage ran a sap ancient as ocean; and but yesterday, in the history of Time, that whole assemblage was something far other than it is. Bud and leaf were but manifestations of force, that mysterious thing that took hold of dew and sunshine and soil and transformed them into shape and perfume. And sunshine and dew and soil were in turn themselves but mutations of things, chemical elements or movements of molecules; and these again but mutations of things more subtile still—ions or electrons, infinitesimal and innominate particles; till ultimately, surely, we arrive at something immutable.—Something there must be behind all change; behind all appearances something that appears.

VII.

By degrees the great sky broke up into clouds. A half-moon, cut into fantastic shapes by the twigs, peered through the trees; and as I thridded the boles,—I, miscomprehending, obtuse, merely a larger ion in a small inane, finding my devious way by a doubly-reflected light—the scene was shifted, fresh actors called, and the great drama went on, unfolding forever a tale without end.

THE CIRCLE GOLD

By

AUSTIN ADDISON BRIGGS

Once I drew a circle round my heart,
In quest of Golden Love;
And said therein shall safely dwell
Memories of hearts that impel
Breaths kindred to mine as the bell
Which tolls to thoughts above.

Many pledged a jewelled faith—veneered
Its feeble frame to hide;
But Fate a hand to each did wave:
"Thou art mortal and for the grave—
This heart doth seek a love so brave
Death cannot aye divide."

Then came to me a princely sage
"Inspired am I to write:
'Blood of thy blood, soul of thy soul,
As meadow green to the green knoll
Each to each give and doth unroll
A love of day and night.'"

Then, garnered in the Circle Gold,
Hearts claimed me as my own,
And each did take the form of Truth,
With arms outstretched and eyes, forsooth,
Marked some Old Age; the others, Youth—
"Thee'll never be alone!"

Time slipped round the Circle Gold,
Sunbeams, harvest of Joy.
But Life seeds for a Reaper sly
Who scars the soul and floods the eye.
Evermore thundering: "Must Die!
"I rule as God's Envoy."

Out stepped a seraph in the night
The Circle fought in vain.
I made to go, Reaper forbid;
He called a halt; his lips were hid;
I breathed when his dark form was rid—
Felt long the vanquished's pain.

The Circle Gold still rules my heart,
Still yearns unto the sky;
So shall be till the race is o'er:
My Seraph mine, I yearn no more;
The storm at end, I reach the shore—
The life that cannot die.

AMONG THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

BY FRANK YEIGH

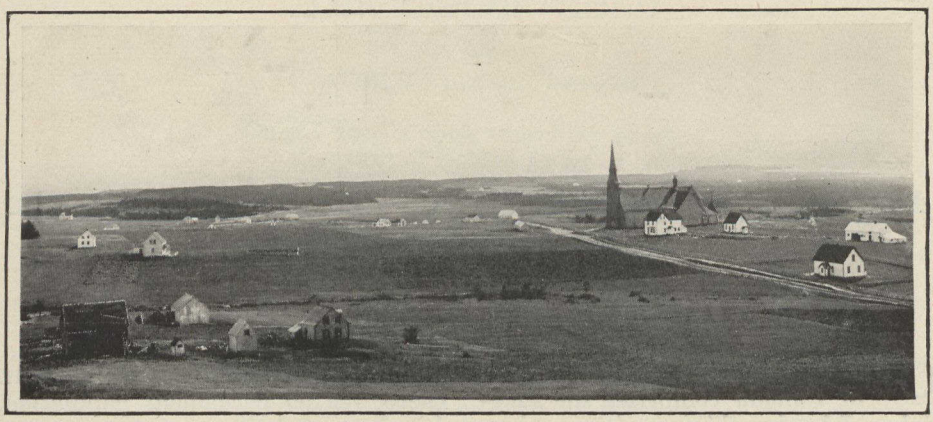
ONE of the least known corners of Canada comprises the Magdalen Islands, thirteen in number, with their connecting sandbars that lie in the very centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, receiving the angry surf and tidal currents of the Atlantic from every side. Fifty miles to the west lies Prince Edward Island; ninety miles to the east, King Edward's oldest colony, Newfoundland.

One is apt to forget the existence of the Magdalens, with their six thousand souls, in reckoning the territorial assets of the Dominion; indeed, it almost requires a magnifying glass to discern the spots that represent them on the map, and few Canadians could probably pass a satisfactory examination as to their location.

The history of the Magdalen Islands is a varied and interesting one, as they were involved in the various conflicts between England and France and were frequently the subject of treaties and conventions between the two powers. After being bandied back and forward, they were finally ceded to England. In 1763 England annexed them to Newfoundland, to which they remained attached until, under the Quebec Act, they were joined to Canada and to the Province of Quebec, and as part of that Province they still remain. Before their cession to England they were, during the reign of Louis XV., set apart for the fishing trade of France, when they were only inhabited during the brief fishing season of the summer months. There was no permanent population, therefore, at the time of their passing into the hands of England.

A new chapter in their history was opened when, in 1798, they were given by George III., under letters patent granted by Lord Dorchester, to Sir Isaac Coffin, an admiral of the fleet, who had won the good-will of his sovereign by his bravery in defending the American coasts from invasion. It is reported that the old sea captain, in command of a man-of-war, carried Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester) to Quebec, there to become the Governor of Canada. Sailing by the scattered isles of the Magdalen group, the Captain hinted to his influential passenger that they might well be granted to him in recognition of his long services for King and country. Therefrom came the royal grant, with certain reservations, amongst others, that they should be held in free and common socage as lands held by Great Britain, and that every English subject should be at liberty to fish in their waters.

Thus it was that the Admiral, Sir Isaac Coffin, became the proprietor of the Magdalen Islands, creating a system of feudalism that sat ill on the sturdy and independent settlers who there made their home. The first permanent settlers were ten families of Acadians, who had made their way from Nova Scotia, from which they had been exiled in 1755. The ten families soon increased to one hun-

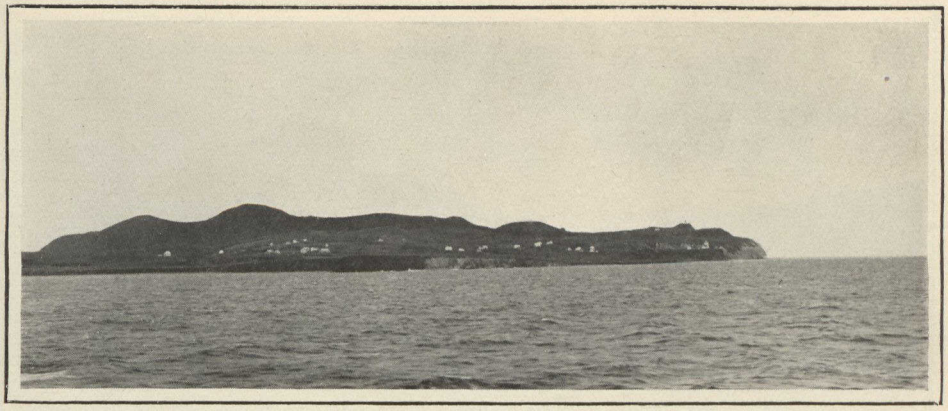


ETANG DU NORD, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

dred, as others found their way to the shores of the islands, and as they regarded themselves as a sovereign people, with no laws to bother about, and no means of enforcing them if they existed, they naturally grew restive under the efforts of the Proprietor to collect his rents. For a century the old records are full of complaints of high rents for bits of beach for fish-curing purposes; of the exorbitant price of salt; of the absence of roads; of having to send grain to Prince Edward Island to be ground, and the like. A Government report of fifty years ago says: "Formerly more or less of the people were so pure that no law or judicial institution was known or required. By the decision of the missionaries or a few of the older inhabitants, every difficulty was settled and determined, but the increase of population makes us stand in need of a gaol as a means of securing due respect for justice and good order." Thus the crying need of a prison came with the growth of population, though it is pleasant to state that the gaol of Amherst is oftener empty than occupied, and the hardy toilers by sea and land are, as a whole, a law-abiding, sober and peaceful folk.

As the inhabitants arrived from the Nova Scotian mainland they settled wherever they liked, despite the wishes of the Proprietor, and it was only in 1830 that any of them consented to pass title deeds. Up to that time they paid what they pleased by way of rent, but their tenure remained undetermined. Two kinds of titles were offered: a ninety-nine-year lease, and a concession, without any fixed term, at a perpetual and unredeemable ground rent, the rents averaging about twenty cents an acre. Trial succeeded trial between the people and their over-lord before the authority of the latter was recognized. Because of the original squatting, the lands occupied are to-day of all possible shapes and sizes, and in many cases the holdings overlap without anyone knowing to what extent. The islands are now attached to the County of Gaspé, Quebec Province, for judicial and other purposes, and a representative is sent by the Islanders to the Quebec Legislature.

The Magdalen Islands are best reached by boat from Pictou, Nova Scotia, from which port a mail steamer plies during the summer. The southern shores of Prince Edward Island are passed as the sun goes down, and by daylight the outlines of Entry Island—the first of the thirteen—are discerned through the mists. This is the doorway to the queer island world



ENTRY ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

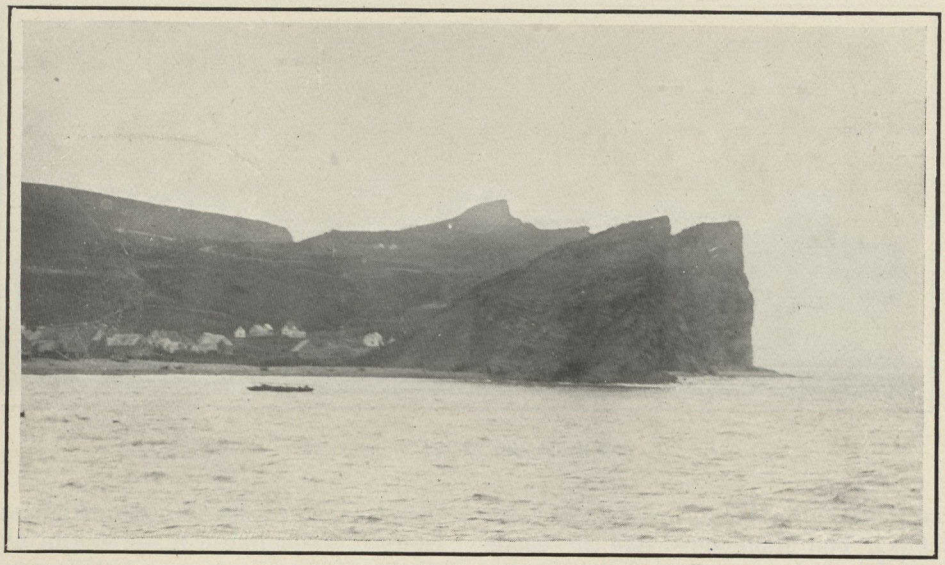
beyond, and a dangerous marine route it is. The Magdalens, like the Channel Islands, are guarded by nature with sunken reefs, dangerous sandbars, low and treacherous morasses, and untrammeled tidal forces. The uneasy sea dashes madly against the bases of great cliffs, the sheets of spray flying against the face of the rocks in all the fury of their storm-stirred spirit.

From the heaving deck of the vessel I caught fleeting glimpses of great sand hillocks, swept up by the furious tempests, and beyond them the rocky islets themselves, representing so many extinct volcanoes, their sandstone strata glowing in all the primary colors with which nature had adorned them, and yet so soft is the formation as to be crumbled with a finger pressure. Thus it is that the ocean in its eternal warfare is wearing away these obstructions to its sweep of wave, and with the patience of æons of time, is keeping up the eroding process.

Entry Island, like most of its scattered neighbors, is harborless. It is the highest bit of rock of them all, rising sheer from the sea to a height of six hundred feet. Gray and ghostly it looked as a filmy mist suddenly embraced it, and mysteriously large and ominously close as the atmosphere played tricks with the distances. There it stood like a massive sentinel at the eastern entrance to Pleasant Bay. Huge as it is in bulk, the geologists claim that it was once much larger than it is now, and that it may yet be pounded into oblivion, though ages will be required in the operation.

The mariner needs to be keenly alert in the Magdalen waters. With startling suddenness a fishing craft loomed up alarmingly near on the port side, its dark sail proclaiming it an alien, for had she not sailed from a Newfoundland cave? Farther afield the eye caught sight of a strange streak of white foam, telling of the ominous Pearl Reef, only eight feet below the surface at low tide, and thus showing its teeth in the breakers that are born above its submerged base.

Amherst Island was our first stopping place. The island resembles a human foot, with its great heel stretching toward the west, and its long toes of sand hills lying to the northeast. From the harbor the chief object is Demoiselle Hill, and later, when its summit was climbed, a wonderful sea picture was there unfolded. Eleven miles east and west stretched the island, though but a few miles wide. On the southwest the cliffs rose abruptly from the sea. In

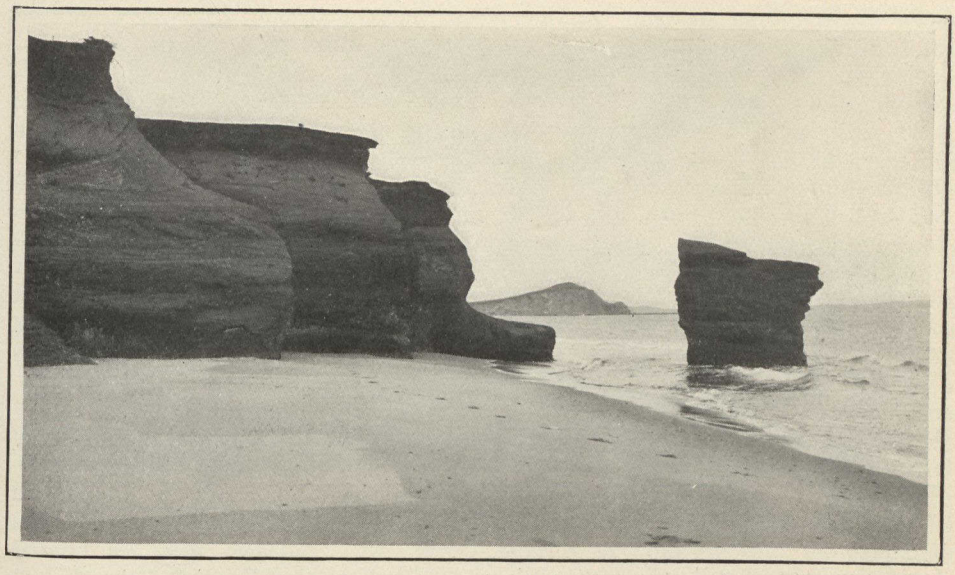


A ROCKY HEADLAND

the interior lay low marshes and shallow lakes. Around were treacherous quicksands. At one's feet Pleasant Bay was dotted with the little crafts of the fishing folk, the low shelving beaches covered with nets drying in the sun. In the nearer distance a group of women were digging for clams, and a company of lads were romping with a mangy, wolflike dog. Around the village of whitewashed houses were the fishing flakes, from which many a pungent odor was wafted.

It was a genuine Atlantic breeze that blew from the hilltop of Demoiselle! How it filled the lungs with a salty purity, how the tongue tasted the tang of the sea, how the eye sparkled! How the nerves tingled under the blasts! And how it raised a crop of chasing whitecaps on the blue waters to the shores of the other islands on every side! This was a summer-day blow only. In the bleak winter the wind at times attains a speed of seventy-four miles an hour. Then it were well not to stand on the head of Demoiselle or any other peak of rock on the Magdalens. Then it is that the sea revels in its fury and batters the cliffs with relentless savagery. Demoiselle Hill bears the shape of a lady reclining—a sleeping beauty in a flowing robe. And the Cap-de-Moule shows the profile of a human face with distinguished nose and chin. Gladstone, so it is said, is also immortalized in the rock.

Westward from Amherst runs a wonderful sea road, for all the islands of this gulf group are connected at low tide by sandbars. These can be driven over if one chooses to charter a quaint wooden cart, called a *charette,* without springs or paint, and drawn by a shaggy little beast that negotiates the hills, either up or down, at a trot. The route is not altogether safe without a pilot, for dangerous quicksands abound, and woe betide the traveller who is caught therein or who wanders from the path in the night. Every receding tide changes the course of the way, and fresh sea-pools have to be avoided with each day's journeyings. It is a wonderful drive, nevertheless, for the surf beats along one side, and wreaths of wild sea grasses are swept around the



SAND BEACH ON GRINDSTONE ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

horse's feet. Delicate mosses and dainty shells strew the way, and the wonders of the ocean world are revealed at every mile.

The dodging of the boat from isle to isle fairly upsets one's mental compass, until it seems as if the sun were careering madly around the heavens. The study of a map, while sheltered behind the smokestack, failed to remove the difficulty even when Grindstone Island was reached, and we came to anchor some distance from the shore. There are practically no wharves, or very few, among the islands, and what may be a safe anchorage with the wind in one direction is acutely dangerous with the wind in another direction. A striking instance of this fact is proved by the famous August gale of 1873—as "the Lord's Day Gale" it will go down to history. The Gloucester fishing fleet lay, as they thought, safely in Pleasant Bay, sheltered from the northeast gale, but when the wind shifted to due east forty-two of the craft were driven ashore at Amherst like so many chips. The old inhabitant will tell you that they lay so close on the beach that he walked over the decks of twelve of them, stepping from the one to the other without the need of a gang-plank. One vessel was landed high and dry in a field.

"On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell;
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three-score;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell."

Grindstone Island is shaped like a millstone. Its giant cliffs, red of color, bold in their defiant height, are ever a menace to the luckless sailor, and worn into countless caverns and arches, they present further evidences of the power of ocean in its work of disintegration. The base of the high hills of the island showed masses of crumbling lava that had accumulated from the outlets of volcanic action. The town itself is relatively an important centre of trade, especially as a fishing port. There one finds Augustine le Bourdais, the weather observer and telegraph operator. This

AMHERST ISLAND, MAGDALEN ISLANDS, FROM DEMOISELLE HILLS

legless man will tell you as thrilling an experience of the sea as one could hear—an experience of the tragic North Beach. He was mate of the brig *Wasp* of Quebec, which went to pieces among the islands in a blinding snow-storm in November of 1871. Le Bourdais was the only survivor of a crew of eleven, and having gained the shore as by a miracle, wandered thereon for five days, eating snow and finally taking shelter in an old hut, where he fell into a deep sleep until accidentally found by some fishermen. Both feet were so badly frozen that they came off at the ankles. There was no doctor on the islands at the time to properly amputate the limbs, but Le Bourdais had a strong constitution and lives to tell his story.

Wrecks by the score can be traced to the North Beach and East Cape alone during the memory of the present generation. It was at the latter point that fifty years ago the emigrant ship *Miracle* was wrecked, with a loss of 350 lives out of the 678 on board, and the bones of two hundred of them lie buried in the sands on which they were cast.

Another gruesome tale is told of a wreck on North Beach in more recent years, or rather of a coming ashore of a derelict, the English brig *Joseph*. In broad daylight, with all sails set, the vessel ran straight on North Beach. The inhabitants went on board, only to find five men lying dead in the cabin with their throats cut. The vessel's papers were missing and the name had been scraped off in most places. By a slight clue its identity was discovered, and also the fact that the mutineers had landed on Newfoundland and then cast adrift their boat with its grim freight. The tragedy afforded rich material, therefore, for Stedman's poem, and for his lines:

"Woe, woe to those whom the Islands pen,
In vain they shun the double capes;
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Island is craped with foam;
On Deadman's shores are fearful shapes."

An oddly assorted company were we on the little steamer. A group of commercial travellers formed part of the passenger party that gathered around the unadorned table in the saloon, together with a score of Islanders returning from a trip to the mainland. One was the postmaster, magistrate, merchant, and therefore the chief resident of House Harbor, who

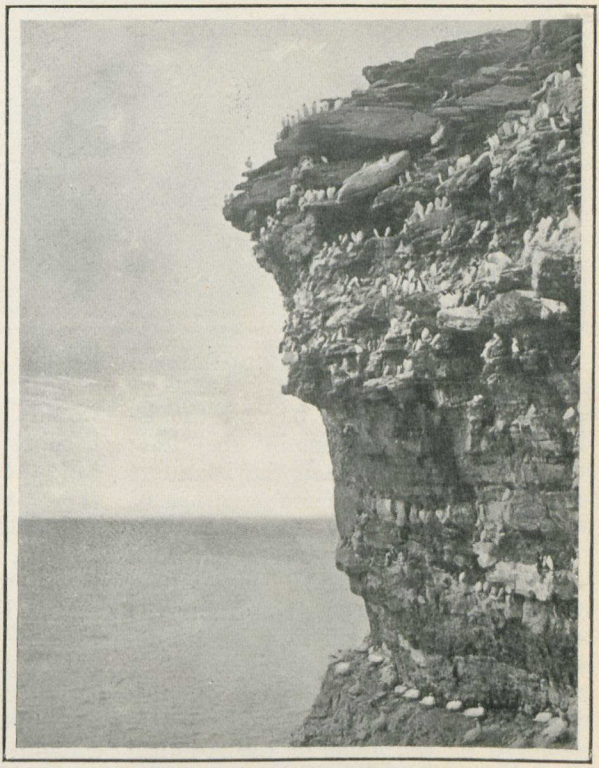
had been on an eventful journey as far away from home as Quebec. Judging by the welcome he received as we anchored off the harbor (and a fleet of small boats came hastening to take him and his freight ashore), our friend's importance was recognized in his own country. An Acadian he was, moreover, a descendant of those who were expelled from Grand Prè a century and a half ago. I ventured to ask his opinion of the great exile:

"Yes, I go troo Acadia an' it mak' my blood go sheever, b'gosh, when I tink of what happen' my people! They were all separate. My gran'-fadder on my wife's side was tell me all about it. There were eight brother and all were scatter. De wife was separate from de husban'. Every ting was burned up at Grand Prè. Tree of de brudder got together made little schooner and sailed to Magdalen Islands."

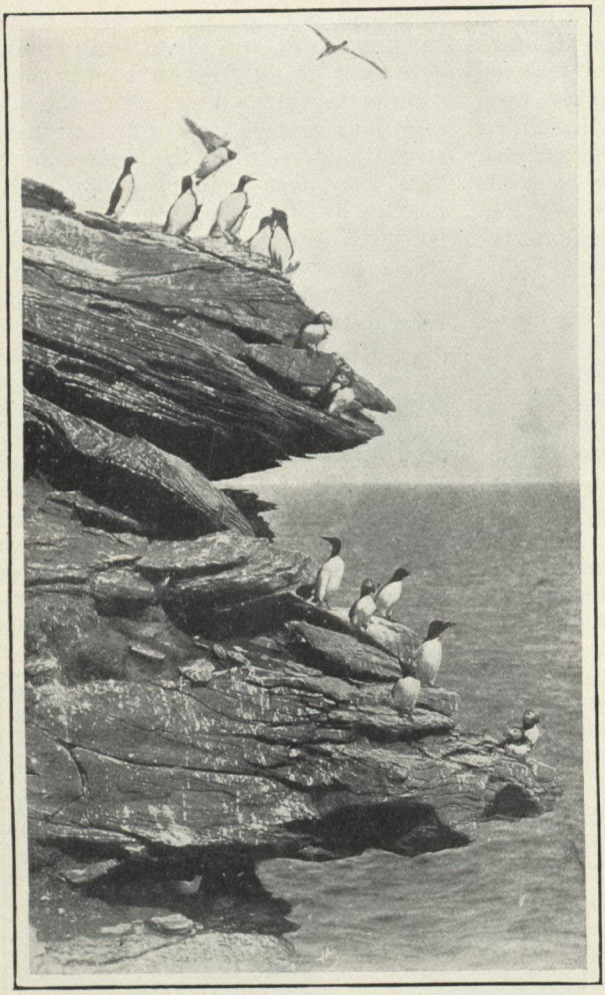
"Then you think your people were badly treated?"

"Well, I should so say! De soldier treated de people not like human at all. I do not know how to say it, but you know. We'en you come to tink of it to de bottom, then, b'gosh, you can't do without feeling little vex, eh?"

A quaint little huddle of houses in a cleft of the bare hills is House Harbor. A convent loomed extraordinarily large by contrast. The village itself stands at the south end of a great lagoon that stretches for ten miles to Grand Entry. The sand banks enclosing the water-way are so many ocean graveyards, as are the Doyle Reef and the Columbine shoals. The sail up the lagoon can only be safely made when the tide serves, and the meeting of the two tides is an interesting phenomenon of the great deep. After blending their waters and exerting their strength in flooding the far-reaching flats, they part company and rapidly recede by the way they entered. Grand Entry was reached by dusk, and it was a weird sight as the sailing craft from the near-by islands loomed up through the fog, and as mysteriously were swallowed up by its curtains of cloud. We carried a departmental store in freight, which was speedily transferred to the bobbing herring boats that clustered around the steamer. And as the big bearded fellows stowed away the barrels of flour or salt, an exchange of the news from the outer world was made. Only a week elapses in summer time in thus connecting with the



BIRD ROCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS



A CORNER OF BIRD ROCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS

greater world of life beyond the islands, but there remain the long months of winter when the islanders are isolated, except for the scraps of news that may reach them by cable.

Other islands there are, each with its history. Wolf Island bears a grim name, but not more grim than the dreary waste of shifting sand deserves, for it has been the scene of many shipwrecks. Coffin Island, with its steep rocks and menacing shores, is honored by the name of the Admiral Proprietor. Alright Island is a deserted stretch of sand dune and coarse grass—the grass on which the cattle and sheep of the islands largely subsist.

Deadman's Island lies hard by, bearing its gruesome name from a fancied resemblance to a giant human corpse shrouded for burial. The imagination is assisted by three rocky protuberances that stand for the head, chest and feet of the leviathan of rock half a mile long. Here again scores of cruel shipwrecks have been witnessed by the elements. Many a shipwrecked sailor has been cast up on the unfriendly shores of Deadman's Island; many a life has been battered away against its relentless walls. Tom Moore sailed past the isle one dark September night in 1804, and thereafter penned his poem based on the sight of the lonely place; but he made a trifling geographical error in placing it near Labrador, for some two hundred miles intervene.

Deadman's Island was once a great resort for the walrus, from which spot the fishermen would drive them to the sand beaches, and there capture and kill them. Jacques Cartier noted their presence when he discovered the Magdalens in 1534. "About these islands," he wrote, "there are several large animals resembling an elephant, which live as well in the sea as on land." All traces of the walrus, however, have disappeared, as have practically the seals. Whereas in former years twenty thousand seals would be caught in a season, now but a few hundred are captured, and correspondingly few fishers are engaged.

Farther afield in the Gulf rises the black and inhospitable cliffs of Bryon Island. It received its name from Jacques Cartier, in honor of Admiral Brion, under whose auspices he sailed on his first voyage to America. Only half a score of families live on this lonely bit of rock, amid its wild waste of waters, with neighbors a score of miles away in the Bird Rocks. The Little Bird Rock is steadily disappearing, and the same end may come to the Great Bird, but as yet it stands a mighty mass three hundred feet high, encircled by wicked and erratic currents, and swept by fierce autumnal and winter gales. The ten acres of its summit is a sky parlor for millions of sea birds, chiefly gannets. Here again Cartier observed the feathered throng. To him "the rocks were covered with more birds than a meadow with grass," and thirty years later Champlain, passing by their inaccessible cliffs, recorded that "vessels sailing by the islands send their boats ashore in calm weather, and a great number of birds are killed with sticks. They are as large as geese. Their beaks are very dangerous. They are perfectly white, with the exception of the tips of the wings, which are black. They are very expert in catching fish, which they carry on their wings to the top of the islands, where they eat them." So chronicled this observant explorer of three hundred years ago.

To-day the birds are apparently as numerous, though the Great Bird Rock has been occupied for thirty years past as a lighthouse station. Standing on the main thoroughfare between Canada and Europe, the rock was long a menace to the mariner, but with a light throwing its rays twenty-one miles, and equipped with fog-horns and explosives, it has no doubt saved many a craft from destruction by warning off the sailor who approaches too close to its precipitous sides.

The Bird Rock is, too, a rock of tragedy, apart from the wrecks it witnessed before the building of the lighthouse. The most recent episode was in March of 1897. Damion Cormier was in charge of the light. With his two assistants, Charles and Arsene Turbide, he started on the ice to hunt seals, leaving Mrs. Cormier alone on the Rock. When ready to return, a sudden shift of the wind caused a break in the ice flow, and their means of escape was thus cut off. Immediately afterward a storm of snow and sleet arose and the current made it impossible for them to launch their boat. Thus they faced a terrible death. One need not linger on the details. The next morning Charles Turbide became exhausted and died, though he had been fed with the warm blood of a captured seal. Damion Cormier succumbed the next day and his body was afterwards found by a sealer on the ice between Bird Rock and Cape Breton. Arsene Turbide kept on the ice and drifted with it for days, until, almost dead, he was cast ashore near North Cape, in Cape Breton. Climbing, or rather crawling some miles to the nearest house, he was in a dying condition, and only survived a few days. In the meantime the almost distracted woman realized the worst. Days elapsed before help came to her from Bryon Island, but she kept the light going and proved herself to be a true heroine.

The Magdalen group is a kingdom of fish, and its inhabitants are naturally fisher-farmers. The cod forms the staple harvest of the sea, but the herring and mackerel are no less valuable, and the presence in many coves of lobster factories, and the piles of lobster traps along the shores, tell of their presence in large numbers. The skate and dog-fish come with the herring and as their enemies, and the porpoise pursues them as well. The fisheries, as a whole, are relatively as sure and profitable as those of Newfoundland, but the scarcity of bait at times is a disturbing element. The total value of the fish products in 1906, for

instance, amounted to half a million dollars, cod, herring and mackerel being the chief catches. Six hundred and eighty-four boats, manned by 1,800 men, comprise the fleet of craft, while fifty lobster canneries are a material factor in the wealth of the isles.

Though the soil is not of the best, not a little farming is carried on. Some wheat is grown, but the coarser grains and vegetables do better. Many cattle and sheep are pastured, but most of the staple food of the people in the way of flour and pork is imported from the mainland.

When the day and hour came to leave the curious wind-swept isles of the Atlantic, it was with regret that the chance traveller bade good-bye to the stalwart, hospitable and courageous Canadians who inhabit them. A simple, honest and temperate folk are these island fishermen, and content and happy as well, they will tell you when asked. And what more can any man claim or want?

RED EVENING

By E. M. YEOMAN

O welcome thee, Red Evening, faring now
From thy bright palaces beyond the west,
Earthward, with quiet pageant, to bestow
Thy priceless riches—beauty, peace, and rest!
Oh, welcome, tranquil, splendor spread on high!
And welcome, pretty stars, whose trembling light
Comes to me through the gloom of falling night,
From thy far stations in the dusky sky!
But, oh! my love she saith that she can see
The hidden beauties come, Red Eve, with thee:
A seraph band, she saith, with quiet brow,
Of friends she lost, and mourned, and seeth now.

Do snowy angels haunt thy crimson halls,
Lingering from their lands of long delight?
She saith they gather when the dark night falls,
To keep fond watch with eyes serene and bright.
And looking pure up to the rosen sky,
She saith they ofttimes weep for what they see,
But smile again with thoughts of destiny.
And this she saith with lips all ruby dye.
She hath not eyes to see the shapes serene
That dwell within our native air unseen;
But well that in the gloom of mortal lot
Her heart hath lore to see where eyes may not.

A WOMAN'S WORD

BY MARIAN BOWER

THE Emperor Napoleon was in an amiable mood. He had twice pulled Junot's nose, had called Lannes an imbecile of a child, had been gracious to Bernadotte, who even already was slipping out of favor, and had spoken soothingly to his misanthropic brother Louis.

Finally, he had sent marshals, ministers, courtiers about their business, and had set to work on his own part in the nation's affairs. Soon Bourrienne's pen was flung over the sheet before him, and the second secretary and the third secretary were likewise endeavoring to keep pace with the rapid flow of words on which might hang a kingdom's fate.

"Quicker!" urged the Little Man from Corsica, who dictated as rapidly as he vanquished kings or mobilised armies "Grand ciel! are you not slow as a snail, Bourrienne?"

The first secretary redoubled his efforts, his brow moist, his arm aching. A silence fell on the room in the Tuileries—where the bees displaced the lilies on the ceiling and on the draperies which was only broken by the restless pacing to and fro of *le petit caporal* and the sound of his harsh Corsican voice.

At length Duroc, his Majesty's chamberlain, entered and informed the Emperor that a lady begged for a private audience.

"Who is she?" grunted Napoleon

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys, your Majesty."

"What does she want?"

"You remember, sire," returned Duroc, who was kind-hearted to those he liked, "her brother, the Marquis—"

"Awaits his trial. I shall send him to the fortress of Vincennes—and rightly so. Tell this woman that her brother will be fortunate if he escapes with his life, and bid her go home to her sewing. Women should not meddle in men's affairs. I do not like women who think that they can manage business—or their betters."

Duroc waited patiently until the Emperor had his say relative to feminine intrigues. The subject never failed to set Bonaparte's eloquence flowing. When this vigorous expression of opinion was ended, Duroc put in his word.

"Mademoiselle St. Lys," he observed, "is about to marry the Baron von Holstein-Courland."

Napoleon paused, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. Peter von Holstein-Courland, though but first secretary at the Russian Embassy, was said to be deep in the favor of his master, the Czar. It was reported by the Emperor's army of spies that the young man sent accounts of the tone and trend of feeling in France straight to the Autocrat of all the Russias, and that, in return, Alexander the First told him as freely what were his personal opinions and preferences.

Now, it was important for the Emperor to know what line Russia meant to take in event of war being declared between France on the one hand and Prussia and Austria on the other.

The newly-crowned monarch of

France considered a moment, wheeled about, and then went down to the door of the room where he granted private audiences.

"Show this lady in," he commanded Duroc.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Marguerite de St. Lys entered the Emperor's presence, made the customary reverence, and then rising, looked at the new master in France with nearly as much curiosity as fear. She belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain—to the old nobility, that is—to those who at heart still longed for the return of the exiled Bourbon princes and who scoffed, as loudly and often as they dared, at the new Court and the new courtiers. Later, forced or persuaded, many of the old families accepted posts about Napoleon's person; but in the early years of his reign the Marquis de St. Lys was a notable exception to his class, and his disgrace had not long tarried after his apostasy.

Napoleon, in his turn, looked with interest at the slim, graceful girl, who had the air about her that neither velvet nor silk, nor jewels, nor yet lessons from Marie Antoinette's dancing-master, could give to the ladies with whom, for want of better, he had to surround Josephine and his newly ennobled sisters.

"You are younger, mademoiselle, than your brother" he began abruptly; for he was always curiously interested in the matter of a woman's age—perhaps because he thought it gave the dear ladies a pang to reveal it.

"Nearly twenty years, sire," Marguerite answered. "I am his half-sister."

"And your parents?"

"They were both guillotined, on the same day, during the Terror."

A little pause followed. Marguerite stood silent. Again the Emperor watched her closely.

"What do you want of me?" he asked at length.

"My brother's liberty, sire."

"Ma foi, mademoiselle," ejaculated the Emperor, but with a smile that changed the character of his face, for he liked his suppliants to be clear and brief in their petitions, "and why should I set the Marquis de St. Lys at liberty?"

"Because he has done no wrong, sire. Because Armand de St. Lys is loyal, honest, and when he gives his word he keeps it."

"You think so, eh?" grunted Napoleon, his chin suddenly sinking on to his chest, while he shot a lightning glance out of his piercing eyes.

"I affirm it, sire," Marguerite answered.

"Because it is convenient for you to think it: a true woman's reason for being certain," the Emperor mocked.

A tinge of color flushed Marguerite's cheeks; she lifted her head, remained still.

"And if I were to say to you that you were wrong?"

"I should hope to prove to your Majesty's sense of justice that it was he, not I, who was mistaken."

"And if I have proof that your brother, having sworn to serve me, had done his best to betray me to my enemies, what then?"

Marguerite smiled this time.

"You are but putting a supposition before me, sire," she answered. "It is so impossible that Armand de St. Lys could be false to his oath that it seems but mere protestation for me to answer."

"If I were to prove to you that your brother had betrayed me," Napoleon persisted, "and if I offered you his liberty, what would you give me in exchange?"

Marguerite looked up quickly, the dawning of an alarm in her blue eyes.

"Your Majesty," she faltered, "does not mean, cannot wish me to understand——"

"Answer me," thrust in Napoleon imperiously.

Marguerite hesitated a moment At length she looked up again. She smiled incredulously. It was evident that she had decided that she could not believe such a thing of her brother.

"Then, sire," she answered softly, "were the thing as you say—and surely it cannot be—I should consider my life yours."

"And since I do not cut off heads for the pleasure of seeing them fall, as my enemies are pleased to declare, what good, mademoiselle, would your life be to me? Have you nothing more useful to offer?"

"Only my services, sire, and I cannot think that they——"

"And your devotion?"

"I would serve your Majesty faithfully——"

"But you would not love me or my house?"

There was another pause, a longer one this time. Marguerite looked at the stern face, dark now and frowning with displeasure.

Napoleon put up his hand—it was small and noticeably white—threw back the lock of hair that lay across his forehead, and then, still waiting, still mutely demanding an answer, fixed his eyes on the girl whose brother was in his power.

Marguerite saw that she must say something.

"Sire," she pleaded, "I can promise to serve your Majesty faithfully."

Napoleon heard the reservation, flung round on his heel, strode so hastily down the room that he upset a chair. With an angry kick he flung it out of his way, and reached his writing-table.

"Mademoiselle," he cried out from there, "words cost so little, and your brother's life hangs on my decision."

The girl bowed her head. Napoleon, as abruptly as he had gone, marched back again.

"Mademoiselle," he demanded, "will you swear to do whatever I may ask of you?"

"Whatever a woman may honorably do, sire," returned Marguerite, with whom Napoleon's unscrupulousness was a fixed belief.

"I want no reservations," the Master of France called out.

"Whatever a woman may honorably do, sire," returned Marguerite again.

The Emperor thrust his hands into his pockets, walked to the door. It crossed the girl's mind that she was to be arrested then and there. But Napoleon only called for Duroc.

"The proces de St. Lys," he commanded as soon as his chamberlain appeared.

Duroc returned in a minute, a small packet in his hand. He cast a sympathetic look at the girl, which the Emperor perhaps intercepted, for he motioned imperiously to this faithful servant to leave him. As the door closed Napoleon spread a letter out on his desk.

"Come here, mademoiselle," he commanded. "Whose writing is this?"

Marguerite glanced at the sheet.

"My brother's, sire."

"Read what he has written."

The girl complied. Napoleon watched her—saw the color fade from her face, saw the veins suddenly stand out in her full, white neck.

"It cannot be!" she cried out. "My brother could not have written such a letter. Why, sire, it offers to betray your Majesty, with whom he has taken service."

"While you, mademoiselle," returned the Emperor grimly, "were ready to stake your life on his loyalty."

"I was, sire."

The past tense told all the tale. Marguerite stood still, abashed, ashamed, cut to the heart. She made no protestations, she neither evaded nor excused. The proof of her brother's treachery was overwhelming, and nothing she could do could make it less so. She waited, half-stunned, then, penetrating through her dismay, came the perception that

she was to be taken at her word, that service was to be demanded of her. She saw the Emperor fold the incriminating sheet, saw him shut his hand over it.

"A moment ago, mademoiselle," he began, "when, as you yourself said, you thought there was no chance of your being called on to redeem your word, you were prodigal of promises."

"I am ready, sire, to keep my word."

"Do me one service," cried out Napoleon, his voice no longer imperious but persuasive, "and when it is accomplished you shall lay this paper on that fire there yourself."

Marguerite glanced at the little heap of glowing ashes. That incriminating letter burned, the proof of her brother's treachery had disappeared. The Emperor, then, meant to set Armand de St. Lys at liberty in return for his sister's services. But what did Napoleon want of her? The girl looked at him apprehensively. As if to answer, the Emperor came closer.

"You are about to marry the Baron von Holstein-Courland," he observed.

"The arrangement is private as yet—but—yes, sire."

"You see," retorted the Master, "I know everything."

The girl came very near to declaring that his police spies, under Fouche's regime, pried everywhere, but she refrained.

"That is why I have granted you an interview, mademoiselle," the Emperor went on, "because you are going to marry this Russian secretary. Generally I have other things to do than to waste my time with a woman's unreasonableness."

"In what way, sire," inquired Marguerite, very slowly, very reluctantly, "do you wish me to serve you?"

"The Czar corresponds with the Baron in cipher, and it eludes the skill of our experts. We believe the Czar writes fully, freely, to the Baron. It is important for us to know whether Alexander is well disposed towards us and France, or is prepared to side with that Prussian woman and her weak husband the king. Get us that key——"

"But, sire, the Baron will never give it to me."

Napoleon let fly an expression savoring more of the camp than of the court.

"Mademoiselle, are you not a woman?" he demanded.

"I do not follow your Majesty," the girl faltered.

"Was not Delilah a woman?" the Emperor prompted impatiently.

Marguerite was obliged to understand. She stepped back, her eyes indignant, her cheeks aflame.

"Sire," she cried out "would you have me steal from the man who trusts me? Would you have me cajole his master's secret from a faithful servant?"

"For your brother's life."

The girl put out her hand, caught at a chair to steady herself. Her face was white. Her eyes were dilated, bulging almost. But she neither cried nor expostulated. It is probable that her calmness pleaded her cause as nothing else could. Napoleon was used to tears from women. He was wont to say it was their only argument—and certainly Josephine had accustomed him to them until she had long since arrived at wearying him.

"Look, mademoiselle," the Emperor went on, more gently, but without any symptom of yielding, as he saw her self-command. "Here is the incriminating letter. If this cannot be produced the charge against your brother falls to the ground."

"I cannot steal, your Majesty," Marguerite answered.

"But you can condemn your brother to death! I thought you came to plead for his life!"

"I did, sire," the girl cried out. "I ask it of you still, even when you have shown me how culpable he is."

"Fulfil my conditions, and you shall put this letter on the fire yourself."

"Sire," expostulated Marguerite, "how can you expect to be served faithfully if you exact treachery and deceit?"

Napoleon marched up to her, glared at her.

"Fine words!" he retorted contemptuously. "Besides, do you presume to teach me how to govern?"

The Emperor turned away, flung the letter on the table.

"Listen!" he decided. "I give you until to-day week. I forbid you to answer me now. Take time to think over what you are doing. If you come to me tomorrow or any day before this time next week, and say that you have decided to obey me, the trial of your brother shall be postponed until you have had reasonable time in which to keep your word. If you remain obstinate——"

"If I cannot thieve, sire."

"Then," answered the Emperor, "the law must take its course; and in the meantime, until you have made up your mind to obey, or to sacrifice your brother, I command secrecy from you. No one is to suspect anything. You are to go about your daily life just as before. There is a fancy ball for charity at the Hotel of the Duchesse de Guiche on Thursday. As it is a Bourbon house, a hotbed of my enemies, you would naturally, be present. See that you go."

Marguerite curtseyed.

"At least there I can obey your Majesty," she said. "However my heart may ache, the commands of your Majesty shall be fulfilled. I promised my services. I am bound to keep my word——"

"When it pleases you to do so," thrust in the Emperor.

"I shall be at the ball, sire," Marguerite repeated, and then she looked up, and impelled by that fearlessness which was always characteristic with her, added: "Though the—agents—of his Majesty may not recognise me in my mask and domino, I pledge the word of a St. Lys to be present."

Napoleon laughed sardonically.

"Then, mademoiselle," he decided, "to save my agents—as you call them—trouble, I further command you to send an exact description of your dress to me personally."

"Your Majesty," murmured Marguerite de St. Lys, "shall be obeyed."

* * * * * * * * * * *

There never was a day in its history when Paris did not dance. The giddy city danced into the Revolution, through it, out of it; and, Napoleon seated on the throne, the new Court made haste to outdo the old one in the number and splendor of its fetes. The Emperor, with whom nothing was too small for personal attention, commanded his family, his entourage, his capital, to be gay. It was the hour when he had but to indicate to be obeyed. Assemblies for Josephine followed, balls at the Hotel de Ville for the burghers and their women kind; hunting parties, picnics, water parties at the house of this marshal, at the house of that.

So the Duchesse de Guiche, who was still touched by the spirit of the time, and who was yet determined not to follow the lead of "the interlopers," found that charity was as ample a garment to cover frivolity as for the accepted vices, and announced that her house in the Rue St. Joseph would be thrown open, not that her friends might divert themselves, but that they might contribute to her grace's favorite work of beneficence, "The Guiche Institution de Jeunes Filles."

The dances—so the great lady took care to proclaim—the lights, music, wines, were to be but incidentals; the collection made at midnight was to be the real point of the gathering.

But the Duchesse mixed a yet stronger leaven of worldliness with her benevolence. The Emperor had re-

cently patronized a fancy ball where his sisters and some of the beauties of his Court, dressed to represent the twelve months of the year, danced a quadrille. Therefore Madame de Guiche chose four girls, all of the same height, to carry round the alms bags, and making a parade of concealing their identity, dressed them as the Seasons.

Together the four danced one of the favorite set figures of the period, and then, masked still, set about their business. Summer, aglow with skirts the color of the rose, caught under the arms with a girdle of gold, with a full five-pointed star holding down the veil of white gold-spangled gauze that concealed her hair, her little white silk mask showing nothing but her eyes, dangled her bag, crying, "For the poor, good sir," "For the needy, virtuous, dear madame." And the silver pieces clinked into the satin receptacle, rose-colored too, for there was hardly a guest present who did not want to show the "upstarts" at the Tuileries what the Faubourg could do for its own; and the Duchess her kind, that the amount of the collection was to be made public.

At length Summer, with her bag overlaid with a golden spider's web, paused before two men, whom rumor, travelling through the high white rooms, had whispered to be the envoys of the intriguing Neapolitan Queen Marie Caroline, sister of the murdered Marie-Antoinette.

"For the poor, monsieur," Summer asked.

The taller of the two men dropped his offering into the bag; his companion put out his hand, and said:

"Take what you will, mademoiselle," showing a handful of money.

The few words had drawn the girl a little apart from the throng; the squat little man no sooner saw that than he bent quickly forward.

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys," he whispered imperiously, "a word with you alone."

The man spoke the clumsy crippled French of a foreigner; he had moreover the heavy Italian accent. Marguerite hesitated. No one knew what it was costing her to be gay, ready, gracious, and her disguise had hitherto been a sort of consolation to her. The fact that she was known at least to one man made her feel, suddenly, forlorn, alone, so very helpless.

"I think you mistake, monsieur" she plucked up courage to return, hoping, after all, to escape from her own identity.

"We do not," curtly contradicted the little man. He planted himself before her, his legs apart, his hands in his pockets.

"Then, said the girl," changing her ground, "I fail to see how a stranger can possibly have occasion to speak privately with me."

"Nevertheless——" the taller man began.

His companion thrust himself in front.

"You would do well to comply, mademoiselle," this mask said, "for your brother's sake."

Marguerite's breath came in a gasp, her hand shook, she dropped her bag; and it was so full that a little shower of coins rained on to the polished floor. The tall man stooped to pick them up, the squat man kept his eyes on Marguerite's face.

She knew instinctively that these two men were more than mere guests at the ball. They might be Bourbon emissaries; they might be, as rumor had already indicated, Neapolitan agents. A dozen alternatives of that description were not only possible but probable in those days, when fantasy, not commonplace, seemed to be the law of existence.

At length, when the last silver piece was returned to the rose satin bag, Marguerite found that she must answer.

She wanted to decline further speech, but she dared not. It was a time when no woman, placed as she

was, could shut her eyes to the fact that at any hour of the day or night she might be called on to play a part in what would afterwards be alluded to as history.

So she answered.

"There is a little space screened off on the balcony outside the principal window in the anteroom. In a quarter of an hour I will go in there if these gentlemen care to precede me."

The two men bowed.

The girl bowed.

" We must not be overheard," the little man went on.

Marguerite drew herself up. Her instinctive courage was coming to her aid again.

" Monsieur," she declared proudly, " has ample time to examine the space behind the screen. It will be at least a quarter of an hour before I am free. I must first present my bag to the Duchesse."

She turned away without waiting for a reply. Her little sandalled feet travelled down the great salon, her high-waisted skirts fluttered as she walked, her musical voice rang out with the oft-repeated formula. But while she played her part, upheld by the same pride that had sent those nearest and dearest to her with a smile to the guillotine, she had rarely been nearer tears. Three days had elapsed, and though she had hoped against hope, Napoleon had not only shown no disposition to alter his terms, but Duroc had presented himself daily to ask if she had not changed her mind.

By day, by night, the terrible alternative was with her, before her. Either she must betray the man who loved and trusted her, or she must sacrifice her brother. Again and again she cried in her heart that the burden was too heavy for her; again and again that eminently Gallic quality of practical common-sense told her that the weight of a load was no argument for its removal.

Thinking all these sad thoughts over again, Marguerite took her place in the little procession of four while the band played, and the double row of masks, all along the great salon, looked on. She waited until Spring, veiled as she was, but with silver spangles instead of gold, with skirts of green hemmed with yellow buttercups and May-flowers—violets were studiously omitted, since they were the Bonapartist emblem—her girdle of silver instead of gold, lifted up her white bag; until the Duchesse, her face alone visible of all those in the room, had said a few gracious, friendly words; and then Summer, in her turn, raised her bag, heard the same graceful expression of thanks, and bending low, wheeled about.

It was her chance of escape unmarked, while all the assembly looked on at Autumn and Winter.

Marguerite de St. Lys hurried through the anteroom. She looked apprehensively to the French window, left suggestively ajar. She pushed back the sash, entered the little screened-off space. Such little retreats had been arranged all round the house. For the first moment this one seemed empty. She walked into the centre of it, stood erect. At least she had kept her word.

She let her eyes wander out into the silent garden, cut off from the street by the high wall; she caught a glimpse of the smoke of a link; she looked upwards to the calm, still night. The hush, the peace, the contrast to the warring, intriguing world in which she lived, held her motionless for quite a little while; then her eyes fell, came back to earth to find that she in her turn had been watched, and by the smaller of the two unknown men.

" Monsieur," she cried out, " it seems to me that you entered very silently. Did I not promise to come —and alone?"

The little man grunted, made no apology for his suspiciousness, waved

his hand to his companion, and with that gesture directed him to stand sentinel by the window.

The girl saw herself between the two. She knew that she was as much alone as if the rooms beyond had not a single guest in them.

She drew herself up.

"Monsieur," she demanded, "what do you want of me? I cannot stay long, or my absence will be discovered."

The little man came nearer, almost thrust his black mask against her white one.

"Mademoiselle," he began—and as the girl heard the heavy intonation she said to herself, "Surely he is Italian,"—"I know that your brother has been arrested by the tyrant."

"By the Emperor of the French, Monsieur!"

"I know that the tyrant offered you your brother's life on certain conditions."

"You know!" the girl gasped. "Who are you, monsieur?"

The little man took no notice of the interruption.

"I know," he went on, "that you hesitated to comply with those conditions. I have others to propose to you instead. Go to the Tuileries tomorrow, say that you will serve this adventurer in any capacity that he will name. We will prepare a false key for his cipher, that will not harm your betrothed with the Czar. Then find out what Napoleon fears, what are his aims. The trend of his instructions will tell you that. If he uses you once he will use you twice. Whatever you learn, bring to me at a place I will appoint, and besides setting your brother at liberty, you will help the lawful king who is kept out of his own by this adventurer from Corsica."

The halting voice ceased. Marguerite stood with her head bowed. Again her brother's life was offered her. Was she twice over to send him to his death?

"Mademoiselle," the little man reminded her, "I want your acceptance of my offer."

The girl raised herself quickly. This Italian had no doubt that she would agree. Did treachery, then, seem less treachery to these men who ruled peoples and kingdoms than to her, a simple girl? If they could countenance it, why not she? The convenient argument but darted into Marguerite's mind. The next instant Mademoiselle de St. Lys dismissed such juggling.

She faced the little man.

"Monsieur," she returned, "if you know so much of what passed in the Emperor's room, you must know more. I promised to serve his Majesty whenever, however, I honorably could. As long as he spares my brother's life, I am bound to him. Does not that answer you?"

"Napoleon," rounded off the little man, "will send the Marquis to his death, and you, mademoiselle, will not have saved your brother when you had the chance."

The girl's composure came near to forsaking her.

"You are cruel, monsieur," she cried out. "Is not my duty hard enough?"

"I speak the truth," her tormentor answered grimly. "Reflect! will it not stay with you all the days of your life that you let your brother die?"

Marguerite bent her head.

"Will you not remember equally that you might have saved him?"

"I cannot bear it," the girl gasped. "Have you no pity?"

"I show you the way."

"Ciel!" cried out the girl. "If betray anyone I must, it shall be him I love rather. For that I shall suffer myself, and the heartache of a lifetime will perhaps weigh against a treachery that I could not help."

"Is that your answer, mademoiselle?" asked the little man, abruptly.

"Yes, monsieur," returned the girl.

She turned, pushed past the man

by the window, entered the lighted salon again.

The two men left behind exchanged significant glances.

The following morning, instead of the customary visit from Duroc, Marguerite received a command from the Tuileries exactly at mid-day.

The girl had no alternative but to obey. The night had brought no peace, no certainty. The thing that she had cried out that she would do had grown more hateful, more base to her mind, all through the sleepless hours of the night. And fruitlessly her thoughts had revolved in the same painful circle. Her brother's life—or her love and honor?

Marguerite found that her visit was expected by the palace officials. Duroc met her at the foot of the staircase, escorted her to the anteroom, where those who hoped for an audience with the autocrat generally waited. This time it had no other occupant. Marguerite sank wearily into a chair. The sun came through the long windows, and she thought of her brother pining in the gloomy fortress from which she could draw him out this very day if she would.

She began to watch the inner door anxiously. She did not know whether she wanted it to remain shut or to open. A new fear struck her. Napoleon might have changed his mind, might have summoned her to tell her that it did not suit him to wait until the week was up. Was she prepared to tell him that she consented to obey? Was she prepared to be true to herself and her principles? Her heart began to beat with sickening throbs. She grew hot, she grew cold. When the strain had become almost intolerable, the door into the Emperor's cabinet opened.

"Mademoiselle de St. Lys," called out the chamberlain on service for the day.

Marguerite rose. At first she almost tottered, and then, as the greatness of the emergency lent her a kind of courage, her steps became firmer, her chin lifted.

The door closed behind her. She looked up, saw the sallow-cheeked little man whose name was a terror to the whole of the civilised world, bending over a great map. She saw Duroc beside him, heard the Emperor sharply contradict him—the one alone, perhaps, of all his followers who had a real place in his heart.

"Thou art as foolish as a babe, Duroc, and as stupid as an owl," Napoleon finally decided, as he petulantly pushed the map away from him. It slid off the table, fell on the floor with a sharp rattle. The Emperor smiled as he saw it crumpled at his feet, for it was the map of Prussia. He thrust his hands into his pocket, walked down the room, his eyes fixed on Marguerite, who, after her reverence, stood still awaiting his leisure.

He came up to her. She was almost as tall as he, their faces were almost level. The Corsican glared at the pale, heavy-eyed face.

"Humph!" decreed the sovereign. "Pride! pride! Women always weep or rail. You storm, mademoiselle, and it makes you just as ugly as if you shed bucketfuls of tears!"

He half turned, wheeled as abruptly, flung out his hand, caught Marguerite's ear, pinched it until it was crimson.

Though every scrap of color left the girl's face she still kept calm, silent. She was terribly frightened, but she would not cry out. She did not know, as Madame Junot would have known, or the wife of Marshal Lannes, that this was a mark of peculiar favor. Duroc did, and he smiled as if he were excellently pleased with himself.

In his own good time Napoleon released the reddened ear, pushed his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

"So, mademoiselle," he commented, "you are still obstinate. You will not buy your brother's life. Ma

foi! it is a cheap bargain. An extra kiss, a few more endearments, what are they to a woman?"

The cynicism braced Marguerite de St. Lys. She did not know how near she had been to yielding. Now she turned on her sovereign, and for once indignation mastered her ingrained respect for authority.

"That," she declared, "is a subject I cannot presume to discuss with your Majesty!"

Napoleon laughed again, shook his head.

"A spitfire, also it seems," he ejaculated.

He walked down the room. He motioned to Duroc. The chamberlain was prompt to obey. Se produced a sheet of paper.

The Emperor, in his impatient way, snatched it, brandished it before the girl.

"Mademoiselle," he asked, "do you know this?"

"My brother's letter, sire."

"The only proof of his guilt."

"Yes, sire."

"Take it, then There is the fire."

The fateful sheet of paper crinkled between the girl's fingers, the logs blazed brightly behind her. Yet Marguerite hesitated. She was afraid of a trap.

"Sire," she cried out, "my brother is all I have. And yet it seems to me that not even for him or for you can I betray the Baron von Holstein-Courland."

"Yet," put in Napoleon, "last night you would not betray me. Whom, mademoiselle, do you propose to sacrifice?"

As Marguerite heard, as she understood that her interview with the Italian envoy was known at the Tuilleries, she let fall an exclamation.

Napoleon grunted with approbation. He marched up to her again.

"So you would not sell my secrets," he rehearsed; "so you had promised to serve me, and you would keep your promise; so if you decided if a man must be betrayed it was not to be I. Sac-a-papiers! a woman keep her word when it incommodes her!"

"Sire," stammered the girl, "how do you know all this?"

The Emperor laughed again; again he pinched the little ear.

"Because, little fool," he returned, shaking her playfully, "I was your Italian envoy; because, little imbecile, the second man was your friend Duroc there, who has done his best to break my ears worrying me about you and your paltry affairs."

For the moment she stood dazed, bewildered, aimlessly folding and unfolding that incriminating sheet of paper, while the Emperor watched her with amusement.

But he soon grew impatient—no man ever wearied more quickly of play—and bending forward, shook her arm.

"Ma foi, mademoiselle, do you want me to keep that letter, after all?" he asked.

Marguerite understood. She backed before the Emperor, reached the fireplace. Then she made a deep curtsey, and with both hands laid the paper between the iron dogs. She watched the sheet curl and shrivel. She waited until the charred brown fragments fell down among the red ashes. Then she rose, walked back again the whole length of the room.

"Sire," she said, her voice low, vibrating, her eyes shining. "Command me. A week ago I promised you my services——"

"But not your devotion, mademoiselle," thrust in the Emperor.

"No, sire," answered the girl. "Now I can offer you both—my services and my devotion—if your Majesty will accept them."

Napoleon bent forward; for the third time he laid hold of that convenient ear. This time Marguerite de St. Lys was not afraid.

THE MASTER

BY MINNIE E. HENDERSON

THEY were standing together in a sunny spot by the window as they spoke.

"Yes, I am to sing before him to-morrow. Just think of it, Jack, singing before the most truly great and wonderful Morris. They call him the Master."

She was young and pretty and her glad looks were surely contagious, but the face of her companion did not share much of the brightness.

He was a tall, slim, good-looking young chap with a strong, though boyish face and eyes naturally bright and almost eager but just now looking a trifle wearied and pained.

Slight and erect she stood before him with the sun shining on her bronze hair lighting it with threads of gold and her glistening blue eyes radiating, with the rest of her features, the gladness in her heart. Was it not something for which to be glad: to sing before a man who had been the greatest singer of his day? Meg's little heart was dancing all over her small body.

"I declare, Jack, you look as grumpy as an old bear instead of being pleased at my success as you should be. Think of what it means to me. It's only one in a hundred he consents to listen to." She looked somewhat petulantly and impatiently at him as she spoke.

"Imagine me Mademoiselle Sylvia," she laughed, recovering her bright tone and sweeping him a graceful curtesy.

The young fellow almost shuddered but pulled himself together and placing his hands on her shoulders said impulsively:

"Meg, can you not be dissuaded? Can't you understand what it means to us all—to me to lose you?"

"Lose me!" she ejaculated. "How can it possibly make any difference? Will you not be prouder to know me as Mademoiselle than just plain Meg?"

"No, a thousand times no," he exclaimed. "Oh, Maggie," he cried, "I can't let them have you; I want you all for myself. Am I nothing to you anymore? Does all this come first; the hooting crowd who cry for your voice and care nothing for you?"

The girl reddened slightly and then paled as she moved slowly from him.

"I'm sorry you look at it in that light, Jack. You must not be selfish. When one has a talent it is surely wrong to hide it. And then we are young. Surely I may sing for a few years while I am young. You are full of foolish fancies to-day, Jack," she added lightly. "You must come with me to-morrow when I go to hear my fate."

But his face did not clear wholly, and Meg dancing around in her glee knew nothing of the ache that pained him. Jack Staunton was a sensitive man and it hurt him to think of one whom he held so far above criticism, and revered, set up before the wagging tongues.

He bade her good-bye rather solemnly; but she tossed him a gay kiss from the doorstep and then ran lightly in. She sat down at the piano and for an instant looked worried, but the next minute was singing.

The next day they walked together to Morris's house, which stood in the suburbs.

They were ushered into the studio, a dim red room, and almost instantly the master stood before them, a tall erect figure with dark eyes which glowed fitfully from beneath his heavy brows. His hair was white and thin, for the Master was old, and while the effect of the whole face was stern, there was that about the sensitive mouth with its slight sad droop at the corners that was tender and kind.

Meg took her place to sing while Staunton stood by the window, his face half turned. The Master stood back in the shadow listening and watching. When she began, a little nervous, but true, his eyes were fixed searchingly upon her face. When she finished he was gazing at the young fellow by the window. Even as the Master spoke his eyes were watching him.

"You can sing," he said slowly, not missing one expression in Staunton's face. He never wasted words. Had Meg not been so blinded by the few words that meant so much, she might have noticed something akin to pity in the Master's eyes. Staunton had not turned his head or that look might have lightened some of the misery in his heart that the Master's words had brought.

"You will come to me again tomorrow, Miss Merilles," and he added in a tone that reached her ears only, "alone." She assented, surprised but glad. As she prepared to go Staunton turned from the window slowly, to accompany her. When he reached the door Morris held out his hand and his firm grasp caused the young fellow to look up in surprise.

Going home Meg chattered incessantly. Staunton walked beside her silently. Only when he prepared to leave her he clasped her two little hands in his strong clasp and impulsively raised them to his lips. Meg did not hear a low, low "good-bye." She laughed a little gay laugh as she pulled her hands away. "Silly boy," she said, "run home now and you must not come to-morrow, because I go to the Master's house alone."

The sun was shining brightly just before setting the next day as Meg walked with a light steady step to the Master's house. The spring fluttered and gleamed in her young heart as only the spring can do. The sun had set when she reached the house and when she entered the dim red room it seemed almost dusk.

The Master was there waiting, and greeted the young girl kindly as he bade her rest in a small easy chair by the piano, he seating himself on the piano stool.

Most people were afraid of Morris, and Meg had not come without some fear and trembling. Now, almost ere she knew it, she was telling him all her girlish hopes. Then he led her on to speak of her people and the objection some of them had to her going on the stage. Then she rose and sang.

When she had finished he said:

"And the young man who was with you yesterday, he loves you?"

"Yes, I think so," Meg replied slowly, looking at the Master in surprised confusion.

"Does he wish it?"

Did he? Meg bent her head before the Master's gaze and drew her brows together impatiently. Why should he above all others, he who had told her she could sing, question her as to this? But she did not know and the Master did.

"Listen, child," he said, and his voice sounded strangely far away. "I think I understand. Let me tell you a story, my story; for your sake

and his, perhaps for my own. Sit down there."

She sat down quietly in the low chair while he sat by the piano and rested his head on his hands.

Patiently and wonderingly she waited and at length he spoke.

"It was a long time ago. I was a boy then, even as he is, and you remind me strangely of her. But then I had the voice, a good voice they told me, but she stood very still, even as he did yesterday, when they praised me.

"One night I had been singing at a concert at home, our home was in a small town, and as we walked home her little arm was tucked in mine. A man, musician from a near-by city, walked behind us with several others, and we chatted about the various operas which I but slightly knew but with which he was familiar.

" 'You have a splendid voice for grand opera,' he remarked. 'Ever think of going in for it?'

"It was the first real stimulant I had ever received and I almost gasped at what to me, at that time, seemed so far out of reach. I don't recollect my reply, but I remember feeling a little hand tighten on my arm. I thought it was surprise; I know now it was a little heart clasp seeking to tighten and hold me fast.

"It was arranged then that I was to sing before a great teacher in the city, and if he judged it wise, to go abroad and study for some time.

"She was very brave about my going and tried so hard. I think I understand now something of the effort, to be glad. I kissed her goodbye one night in the spring of the year, and she smiled through her tears as I left her.

"We corresponded somewhat irregularly. I was very busy and interested and seemed to have time for only short hurried notes telling of my growing success. Her letters were dear little violet scented things, full of the pleasure she and the home folks felt and the gossip and prophecies of the neighbors. There were always three little rows of kisses at the bottom which I fear were but rarely returned—poor little kisses.

"The time passed quickly with me. I had finished my studies and now travelled from place to place in Europe singing in Grand Opera. I was a success, an undoubted success. How intoxicating it was to stand and sing before a breathless audience of thousands. How my heart thumped madly when from the wings I heard their applause.

"Gradually as I travelled my letters arrived in large bundles and finally my address becoming so uncertain they stopped altogether. I was almost too busy to miss them. I had not intended to neglect, but I seemed to be at the command of the public and managers. The change came over me gradually, so gradually I did not notice it until late one night.

"I had taken a slight cold and my voice towards the end of the opera grew quite husky. The people were not slow in noticing it and their enthusiasm died gradually. At the end the house was almost still save a small mixed clapping and the rustling of a restless, dissatisfied crowd. It smote upon me like a chill and then I realized what it would be when I should lose my voice. I felt then what it was to be the favorite of the fickle public. My voice, I knew, would be all right the next night and they would applaud as loudly as ever; but as I stood in the little back room alone the first touch of my life-long loneliness crept like a shadow over my heart and then I thought of her—I wanted her.

"When I reached my hotel that night the boy handed me a bundle of letters that had followed me uncertainly from place to place. I went to my room, and sitting at my desk hurriedly opened the bundle. The first, I saw at a glance, was from her and I touched it as I had never

touched one before as I opened it. It was dated six months back."

The Master's voice was very low now, and the girl leaned forward breathlessly.

"There were only two small sheets written as if by an unsteady hand. The whole story was there though, the whole story of a hungered love and starving little heart. She was ill now, very ill, and wanted me. She had known so surely that night so long ago (yet it was only five short years to me) that my voice was coming between us.

"I searched hurriedly for another letter from her but there was none; but at the bottom of the bundle I found what I dreaded. It was very brief. All day she had read clippings about the operas which they had brought her and toward evening had gone to her long sleep quietly. As I looked forth from my window that night, far away across the chimney tops I could see where the fresh green grass rested lightly, pray God, over her. There would be violets somewhere near I was sure, and I could almost smell the June rose which I knew would bloom just above where they rested her fair young head. I knelt by my window as by her grave with only the stars above me, and in them I seemed to read with all clearness God's reproach and hers.

"I never sang again. They said my voice had gone to pieces."

The young girl who listened was sobbing now, and the Master's head had dropped low on the keys. She rose slowly and knelt beside him.

"Oh, Master!" she sobbed.

He raised his head in a few minutes and rested a hand on her hair.

"Child, child, what do you know of the weary empty years? Pray God you never shall.

Then he continued more clearly:

"I have told others they could sing, and have seen them go forth. Perhaps with them it was different. I might have sent you had he not come with you. But I watched his face, child, when I told you you could sing, and in it I saw the pain, the same pain I knew had dwelt in a heart long ago, a pain of my making, and I could not let it be.

"Go to him, child, go and sing on a real stage, the song of your love, and feed your two young hearts so long as God spares you to each other. Tell him the Master spoke truly when he said you could sing and has sent you."

Reverently she pressed her lips to the kind withered hand, and, rising, moved softly to the door. There she paused and looked back, but the Master was sitting with his head bent low. Quietly she stepped out and closed the door.

ART AND THE WORK OF ARCHIBALD BROWNE

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

A WELL-KNOWN writer in an article which appeared lately in a magazine devoted to Art, makes the following observation:

"There is always a higher degree of interest in the work of an artist who looks at nature in an individual manner than in the productions, however skilful they may be, of a man who follows the traditions of a school and allows himself to be guided by set conventions rather than by his personal impressions. The individual observer, if he sees acutely and is sincerely anxious to record intelligently what he sees, adds something worth possessing to the sum-total of the art of the country in which he lives; and if his powers are equal to his intention, he may well become an influence in many other parts of the world. . . . It is his rightness of vision that gives authority and value to his art, for this capacity is the foundation of all fine achievement and the source of all poetic inspiration."

These remarks are well worthy the consideration of every artist. The mere recording of traditional impressions is of no value to the world, and requires no effort beyond mechanical skill. What becomes important is the individual rendering of the subject portrayed by the painter, without regard to how it may have been treated by others before, and without subjecting feeling and expression to the circumscribed conventionalities of a cult or school. The man who breaks away from traditions and makes for himself a path through the mysterious intricacies of nature, knowing what to avoid and what to assimilate, soon finds himself far away from the beaten track. He is on the right road to discover and express the magic which is to be

MR. ARCHIBALD BROWNE

Painting by Archibald Browne THE RAVINE

found only in the depths of an unexplored region. It may happen that his pilgrimage may be limited, owing to the fact that his vision cannot penetrate beyond a certain distance, but he has at least felt and expressed some of the wonders which are to be found only by leaving the public highway, worn commonplace by the feet of the thousands who have travelled over it from time immemorial. And as his vision enlarges and his sympathies become more sensitive to the workings of nature, so will the language of his art become more expressive, and the message he has to convey will be intensified by his nearness to those secrets which can never be wholly discovered or revealed. The highest order of genius has fallen short of the perfect revelation. The artist of mere traditions speaks only of externals, but the diligent searcher after truth will find some new thought, overlooked by others, and will thereby contribute to the world's stock of things beautiful, an original creation, which, in a limited way, is to be prized as highly as are the revelations made by the great masters. Gold and precious stones are not to be picked up on the streets and highways. Men must dig and delve and grope, often in the dark, for them. And so it is with the truths of art. The painter possessed of marvellous facility may produce without much thought or effort pictures that to the ordinary eye prove very pleasing, but to him who looks deeper than the surface, they are only the handwriting of commerce. Lacking in character and devoid of thought, such works merely repeat the headlines of the orthodox copy-book written at the proper angle, with the necessary letters dotted and crossed. We look in vain for the idea which ought to underlie the outward expression, and find

Painting by Archibald Browne THE RED MOON

neither thought nor sentiment in the work of those who do not understand that all real art must be more or less subjective. Do painters as a rule reach that plane where form, composition, and even color, do not constitute art in any sense of the word? One in a thousand may, but the artists are few indeed, who, looking beyond the purely objective, find a language which tells of things hidden to the ordinary eye, and which to most people is an unknown tongue. The Beyond in art is within sight of but few of even the great masters. Of modern men, Millet saw it and was in close touch with the mysteries of the hidden fire. Turner felt the warmth of the unseen flame, and Corot lodged close to the heart of nature. Israels sees and feels the outer lines of the magic circles of human sympathy, and records in many of his works the tragedies of life as Shakespeare did by another method. Constable felt the dramatic force of nature in its irresistible power as well as in its pastoral mood, and Mauve, in his simple melodies, struck a note in harmony with nature's softest music. But tens of thousands who preceded men like these, and thousands who are to-day following in the footsteps of the great magicians, content themselves too often with songs without music and tinkling sounds without pathos or meaning. They do not strive for more than the outward likeness, and the inner thoughts are a sealed book. Tennyson finely expresses the idea I am endeavoring to convey:

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."—

And so in landscape as in portraiture, must the painter look behind and beneath the horizon of mere con-

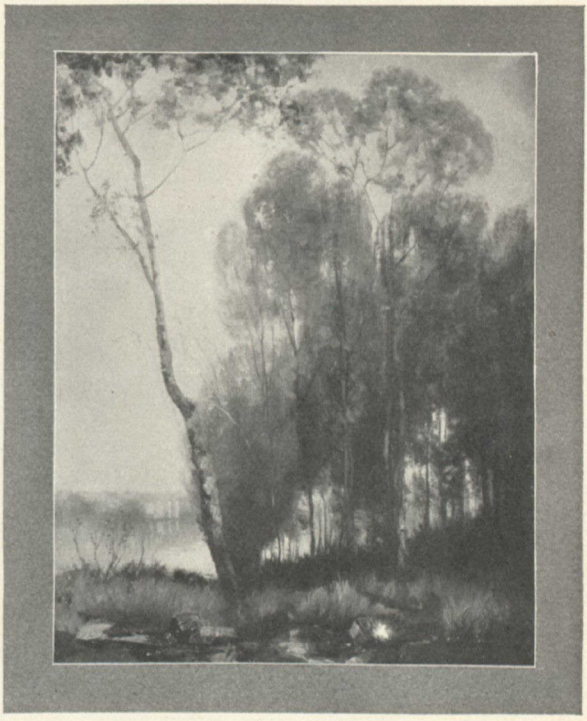
Painting by Archibald Browne THE DAY'S AWAKENING

ventional beauty and "divinely thro' all hindrance" search out the secret of how and why the mysteries of nature exist, and how he can best express his individual thoughts regarding them so as to impress others with their magic.

Taking these principles as the true criterion whereby an artist should be judged, it would be unfair to say that the painter who falls below this standard is not an artist. But the worker who is content to plough his furrow on the surface, and has no thought of the gems lying deep in the bosom of nature, is only a day laborer in the vineyard. For him there is no rich harvest of great truths hitherto unknown, no inspiring taste of the champagne of art, and he goes on, day by day, pretending to enjoy himself with the beer and skittles of a monotonous life, and satisfied with an art even more commonplace.

Striving to free themselves from the "leaden chains that bind men down to earth," there are a few patient, thoughtful men amongst us who are making an effort to reach beyond the mechanical art of transferring color from palette to canvas. Each in his own way is endeavoring to tell us something which has been revealed to him in the research he is earnestly making, and, even if he falls short of his goal, he will have succeeded in unlocking some secret drawer which contains truths unknown to us and which will live after the hand that produced them has ceased its work. Amongst those is the subject of this article—Archibald Browne.

Not content with things on the surface, he is delving after truths in his art with a conscientious and earnest desire to accomplish more than a mere recorder of external impressions. He is becoming an expon-



Painting by Archibald Browne

BEWITCHMENT

ent of ideas and not words. I remember some of his earlier efforts. They were faithful transcripts of what he saw before him, but they gave but little evidence that he felt what he saw. For some years he struggled on under very adverse circumstances, but the spirit of art was strong in his mind and the real object of art began by degrees to dawn upon him. He found that the picture of a meadow with water or a hillside with trees was not art at all. The majesty of nature, the sunlight and shadow playing with each other through the woodland, and the spirit of light and air, were lacking in his landscapes, and he apparently commenced to feel that, whilst he got color and arrangement, he missed the one thing needful—the spirit of his subject. Reversing his method, he began to look at nature and paint pictures from a subjective point of view. What was in and around and behind all these meadows and trees and hillsides? This was the problem he set himself to solve, and in the attempt to work out the solution he has made great progress. There is yet much for him to learn, and no one appreciates the fact more than does Mr. Browne himself, and although he is bound to advance very far in the true direction, he knows, and every true artist knows, that the distance from the end of all efforts, instead of decreasing, appears to grow with the progress he makes.

Mr. Browne is one of the few Canadian artists who strive for feeling along the path of poetic expression. Mr. Atkinson, sympathizing with the grey and gloom of rainy days and low masses of clouds, finds pleasure in the sadder strains of nature's melody. He, too, feels the poetic side of nature's moods. The moonlight, broken by dark cloud shadows, appeals to his mind. The sheep straggling at dusk into the fold, and the old mill with its wheel making songs in a minor key, afford him subjects on which his sympathetic brush loves to dwell. But Mr. Browne avoids these motifs, and he is happiest when he is painting the silvery mist or the shimmer of the sunlight through the light green of the hazy willow. He feels that nature sings to him in a tender voice, and his sympathies are awakened by the lighter breezes and the quieter dreams of the mother of all Art, rather than by the dramatic effects of gloom or grandeur. A few years ago, he painted with much realism. Form and detail were to him the main element of his picture. There

Painting by Archibald Browne NIGHTFALL

was no envelopment. Atmosphere played an insignificant part in his work. He had not reached that condition of mental art which now teaches him that a picture without the spirit of its subject is like a piece of skilful mechanism producing certain results, but always the same in endless monotony. What was wrong with his landscapes? There were the details as he noted them, faithfully reproduced. The color appeared to be that which his eye saw. The trees stood as nature had planted and clothed them, but something was missing. He set his mind to the task of discovering the lacking elements. He found that he was painting objects only externally. There must be some mood to be expressed, some sympathy which would affect the vision in looking at his picture, in the same way as it did in viewing the subject from which he copied. Then he sought to give expression to the mood and not the object, and he soon learned that truth and beauty can be reached only by the subjective operation of nature on the mental vision, and through that to the canvas. His mind, as well as the eye and the hand, became employed, and to-day he is painting not what he sees but what he feels. He has found atmosphere and the value of tone, and undeniably, he is finding his way to that knowledge and feeling which make towards the production of a picture that alone is worth painting. Progressive, thoughtful, and industrious, there is no reason why he should not go on until his work stands on a high plane and firm foundation, worthy to survive him and to be added to the gallery of lasting Canadian art.

Painting by Archibald Browne

THE FAIRY POOL

In composition, Mr. Browne is very successful and his color is delightful. The tone of his later pictures is of high quality. Tone is a term often misunderstood and as often misapplied. It pervades all nature. There is no want of harmony in the natural world. It is only when man steps in with mastering power in the interest of civilized progress, that the face of nature loses tone and becomes artificial. It is the province and duty of the painter to recall and reproduce the natural condition in his pictures, to see that nature comes back to us in her various moods, to portray the sentiment, the greatness, and the tonality of nature itself, and to do this, he must have thought, sympathy, and an earnest and capable mind in the work before him. All parts of an undisturbed forest, mountain, river or sea are in harmony with each other and with the whole. Any jarring element throws the scene into confusion and destroys the unity. And so it is with a picture: want of tone destroys its unity, and the feeling of those who know little or nothing of art is that there is something wrong, something wanting in the work before them. To the intelligent observer, it is the absence of tone, an element which goes to the root of all painting. In regard to this quality, Mr. Browne is struggling for its appreciation, and endeavoring to give to his pictures that subtle expression and effect which tone alone can supply.

Words of a personal character are not necessary in dealing with an artist and his work. The painter, not the man, is the important matter, but it may be of interest to learn that Mr. Browne developed very early in life a taste for art. Born in Liverpool, of Scotch parents, and educated in Scotland, he lived his boyhood years at Blantyre. Here his mind was impressed with the great natural beauties of the valley of the Clyde at this point, and his pictures indicate a tendency to revert to the type of landscape which is constantly met with in that part of Scotland. To turn aside his inclination for painting, he was, much against his own wishes, apprenticed as a clerk to the City of Glasgow Bank for five years, and he served half of this period before the noted failure of that institution happened, and then he continued for some time thereafter in another bank in that locality. Twenty years ago he gave up his position and came to Canada, and after a few years in commercial work, he severed his connection with business and took up his brush, determined to work for art alone. Encountering many difficulties and without the advantage of the training of the schools (which lack is often, in the opinion of many, a fortunate thing for an artist), he fought his way more or less unaided, and it must be a great satisfaction to him to feel that he has accomplished much and that the future has been opened to him by the "strength of his own right arm."

ON AN OLD BOOK REBOUND

By E. E. K. LOWNDES

An old, worn, shabby book, it was to thee;
No more:
But unto me,
'Twas written o'er and o'er
With childhood's lore;
Pictures and memories of that golden age
Gone evermore.

'Twas taken, of its old clothes dispossessed,
And in new livery dressed;
And unto thee,
It seems more fair to see;
But unto me,
It is the body with the spirit flown;
It is the canvas with the picture gone.

THE DECOY

BY JAMES MARTIN

I'LL tell you the whole story, Watson, and you can judge for yourself.

"Last Saturday I advertised for an errand boy, and from among the many applicants engaged one, and took the names and addresses of two more in case the first shouldn't prove suitable.

"The boy—Marks was his name—began his duties at noon on Monday. About three o'clock I had occasion to send him on an errand that should have taken him perhaps ten minutes. I never saw him again.

"The following morning, thinking that young Marks had tired of his position, although he had been with me only a few hours, I went to the address which had been given me by Spiers, the second boy. I saw his mother, who promised to send him to my studio the moment he should come in.

"A short time afterwards the boy turned up, and, being a bright, intelligent little fellow, I engaged him, and he went about his work with a will. At noon, he went to lunch, but, *never came back.*

"To make my story short, I will simply add, that young Elliott did precisely the same thing. There's the whole affair—make what you can of it."

"Well, Merivale, I must say that the affair is most mystifying. Three boys, within a few days, leave your office, and are never seen nor heard of again."

"Yes, and I feel a sense of responsibility in the matter, in consequence of their having been in my employ at the time; and I can't throw off the feeling that I have, innocently, of course, sent them to whatever fate has befallen them."

"Nonsense, man; you are not to blame."

"I know that; still, the thing is there and, like a nightmare, can't be shaken off."

"Yet your experience hasn't daunted you, for I understand you are still on the lookout for a boy."

"No, sir! No more boys for me! You may be sure that I'll do my own errands—at least for a while."

"Then what is the meaning of this?"

Watson took a copy of the *Chronicle* from his pocket and pointed out the following item:

Wanted.—An errand-boy. Light work and good wages. Apply, Alfred G. Merivale, 10 Boone street, city.

"That is one of the advertisements inserted by me last week," said Merivale, handing back the paper, "and which has been the source of all the trouble. I wish to heaven I had had nothing to do with them!"

"But, my dear fellow, look at the date of the paper, the 14th—yesterday!"

"So it is—you are right, but I did not ask that it be put there; through error they must have repeated the advertisement."

"Then what have you to say to

this?" said Watson, producing a *Times*, which he handed to Merivale.

"The papers must have gone crazy!" exclaimed the latter when he had finished reading. "Two advertisements are almost identical, the only difference being that this last has omitted my name. I can't understand it."

"You have had nothing to do with the insertion of this one either?" questioned Watson, in surprise.

"Never went near them — didn't know there was such a paper as the *Times* in existence. The whole affair is uncanny."

"Most astonishing!" said Watson. "Who occupies the suite of rooms up-stairs?"

"A man named Brittot, a Frenchman, I think, who is some kind of an agent. He has been there only a couple of weeks."

"I see," said Watson, his jaw falling. "And a dealer in fancy goods is downstairs. It occurred to me that perhaps there was another photographer in the building, and if so, the thing could be explained; but your statement knocks out that theory."

"Curse the building!" cried Merivale, vehemently. "I wish to heaven I had never entered it!"

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"I haven't had an hour's luck since I've come into it. When I started here as a photographer my hopes ran high, but, confound it, Watson, I haven't made more than fifty dollars in all that time."

"You can hardly blame the building for that. You must be patient and wait for custom, and not forget that you are only a beginner."

"I understand that, but what I have told you is only one of my troubles. The day I moved in my best camera was smashed by a box of books falling upon it; a week later the water pipes burst and destroyed a lot of my stuff; and a fire broke out, luckily while I was present, otherwise I should have been on the street."

"Hard lines I must admit."

"But the end of my misfortunes had not yet been reached. A few days ago, an infernal dog, belonging to the Frenchman upstairs, ran in and jumped through a finished portrait for which I was to receive twenty-five dollars"

"You took action against the dog's owner, I suppose?"

"No, but like a fool, made a simple complaint; allowed the matter to drop, and what do you think happened?"

"I have no idea."

"Next day the dog was found dead in the yard. Brittot accused me of having killed him, and swore he'd get even with me, if he had to wait a 'damn month,' as he put it."

"So you've made an enemy?"

"Yes, and that's about all I've made since I've been here. Now, on top of all my other misfortunes these disappearances have been piled. I can only hope that the end has been reached and that I shall be spared further trouble; but something tells me that the worst has yet to come."

"Not at all, man. The worry connected with this last affair has run you down a bit, but that will pass away. What is this you call the man upstairs?"

"Brittot—confound him!"

"Well, I think I shall go up and have an interview with Mr. Brittot," said Watson, rising.

"What on earth will you do that for?"

"He has charged you with having killed his precious dog. He has sworn to have revenge. Very good. I'll do a little quizzing."

"Watson, you don't mean to say that—"

"That what?"

"Oh, confound it — it's too foolish!"

"What's too foolish? Let us hear it."

"An idiotic notion has just struck me that you are crazy enough to connect Brittot with the disappearance of the boys."

"And suppose I have done so? My mind's my own."

"Yes, but — Watson, it's ridiculous."

"Never mind whether it is or not. I'm going to smoke a cigar with Mr. Brittot, and—quiz him."

As the door closed on Watson's retreating figure, Merivale went to his desk where he remained writing for some time. Throwing down his pen at length, he laid over the written page a sheet of blotting paper, and as he passed his hand over the latter he remarked:

"Yes, Watson's a clever fellow and a good friend, but he's away off in this matter."

He had just finished the address on the envelope when the door opened, admitting a visitor.

Merivale rose quickly and came forward.

"Well, Mr. Marks, have you received any tidings of your boy?"

"No, I have not," answered Mr. Marks, a sullen frown darkening his face.

"Take a seat, and let us talk it over," invited Merivale.

Marks looked straight into the photographer's face and remained standing.

"Listen to me, Mr. Merivale," he said. "I haven't come here this time as a friend—I'll be plain about that. I didn't come in to sit down and talk friendly like, as I have done several times since my poor Tommy was lost. I want you to answer a question or two, and look here, I want no more lies!"

His voice had gradually risen, and the last word came in a shout. Merivale looked surprised rather than offended.

"No more lies, Mr. Marks? I confess that I don't understand you."

"Then I'll make myself plain. My poor boy answered your advertisement and came here to work for you, trusting you as he would any business man in a like way. He comes here, as I have said, and from that day to this, I have neither seen nor heard from him."

"I know that, Mr. Marks, and although I'm a poor man, I'd give a good deal if I could find and restore him to you."

"You would, eh? Then, see here, my fine fellow; you must let me know where Tommy is, or, as sure as there's a sky above, you'll rue the day you laid hands on a son of mine!"

"Good heaven, man, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, and I say it plain enough. I see through your game, although you think a poor workingman couldn't do such a thing with a clever fellow like you. But I do, I tell you!"

The man was thoroughly worked up and looked with fierce eyes at the photographer. The latter's face had grown pale as Marks' words were flung into his ears. But his voice was calm as he said:

"My dear man, do you mean to hint that I was the cause of your son's disappearance?"

"I don't hint, but say it straight out!" the man replied, in a loud, rough voice.

"Well, all I can say is that your grief and anxiety must have unsettled your reason."

"I'm as clear in my head as you are, and you're likely to find it out before you're many days older. Mine is not the only boy that has disappeared after being in this cursed place a few hours." He took a step forward. "Where is young Elliott, and Spiers?"

As he put this question he looked into Merivale's eyes as though he would read his soul.

"Unfortunately, I cannot say," replied the young man. "They came

here to work, but, having gone to lunch, never came back. You have already been told this; as to what has become of them I know absolutely nothing."

"You lie!" shouted the angry man, as he flung a newspaper on a table close by. "You lie, and the truth'll come out as sure as you stand before me. Read what that newspaper says, and you'll see that your game is up."

He strode to the door, then turned.

"The next time you see me, you'll look down from a prisoner's dock!"

The last words were accompanied by a shake of his fist, and the door slammed behind him. As he flung himself out, Merivale took a few quick steps forward, but checked himself; picking up the newspaper he looked it over with eager eyes, and found the following:

"The strange disappearance of the boys, Marks, Elliott and Spiers, may be explained, and the mystery surrounding the affair solved in a day or two. The police have a clue which, it is expected, will lead to sensational developments."

* * *

II

When Watson left Merivale's studio, he walked upstairs, and to the left saw a door with a pasteboard sign tacked to it, on which was printed:

EUGENE BRITTOT,
Agent.

He opened the door, walked in, and found himself in a rather bare apartment — a cloth-covered table and three chairs being the only furniture. A black-whiskered man, of middle age, wearing glasses, was seated at the table reading a newspaper. He rose and greeted Watson in a cultured voice which had a faintly foreign accent.

"Good afternoon," he said, with a wave of his hand towards one of the three chairs. "You are one of the gentlemen from the court, I presume?"

"No, you're wrong there," said Watson, taking a seat. "I've come to see you about the renting of a few houses, and your name was given me by a friend. Here's my card."

"Ah! a thousand pardons, Meester Watson! I did expect a gentleman at five o'clock"—looking at his watch—"but it is only half-past four. I know him not personally and thought you were the one. Now, sir, I am at your service."

"You smoke, Mr. Brittot?" said Watson, offering his case.

"Ah, yes—thank you."

"Now to get down to business. To begin with, I have been referred to you by one of your neighbors—Mr. Merivale."

A quick change came over the bland, smiling face of the Frenchman. A heavy frown drew his brows together, but was gone in an instant.

"Ah, yes—the artist downstairs."

"Just so. Well then, I have a chateau or two in the country for which I would like to find good tenants, or, if you can come across a buyer at a good figure I would sell outright."

Mr. Brittot expressed his willingness to do his best to meet the wishes of his client, and the next ten minutes were taken up with business matters.

"By the by," said Watson, finally, "your friend downstairs is coming out with me in a day or two for the purpose of photographing the property, and you may as well come with us and have a look over it."

The frown came back to Mr. Brittot's face, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"I would prefer to go alone with you, Meester Watson, if it would make no difference to you."

"Why can't the three of us go together?"

"Well, sir, I will be frank with

you. I do not like Meester Merivale, and he has reason to know it. I cannot understand why he referred you to me, but I would prefer to have nothing to do with him."

"Well, really, I don't know much about him, but in business matters I've always found him to be all right."

Again the frown returned, and an angry light came into Brittot's eyes.

"He is cruel!" he said, with emphasis on the last word.

"Cruel? Why, he has always appeared to me to be quite gentle and kind."

"He hides it well," said Brittot. "He hides it so well that no one would suspect it. But I should not talk so—I would not, yet when I remember—well, I lose my temper."

"He must have earned your dislike by some act of his that touched you very deeply, Mr. Brittot?"

"Well, I will tell you. My little daughter had a beautiful dog that she loved very much. He used to accompany me to my office sometimes, and one day he went into Mr. Merivale's place and—my little girl never saw him again. Her grief and her tears made me feel very hard towards the cruel man and — I hate him!"

"Did Merivale kill the dog?"

"Yes, but denied having done so. He complained, and said that a picture had been destroyed, but kill the dog! Oh, no; he wouldn't do that! He couldn't hurt a fly!—Bah! He is a hypocrite — a cruel hypocrite. Have you seen to-day's paper, Meester Watson?"

"No, not yet."

"Have you heard of the disappearance of the three boys who had been engaged by Meester Merivale?"

"Yes, it's the talk of the town."

Brittot handed the *Chronicle* to Watson, and pointed out the article which told the story of the Philadelphia boy.

"Well, what has this to do with Merivale?" said Watson, laying down the paper.

"It has everything to do with him, Meester Watson. He is under suspicion—a very great suspicion."

"Merivale suspected of having kidnapped the boys! Nonsense, man—it's ridiculous. I'm a journalist and hear many strange stories, but this won't go down. No, sir."

"Ah, you are a journalist? Then you can follow my argument: The boys answered Merivale's advertisement, did they not?"

"Yes."

"And were engaged to work for him—young Marks first of all. The same day he disappeared, did he not?"

"Very true."

"The others were engaged by him, and they also disappeared, did they not?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, so far, Meester Watson, is not this case and those reported in the *Chronicle* very much alike?"

"I admit that."

"Then look at this," and he took from his table a *Times*, dated the 14th, and laid his finger on the advertisement which called for a boy to apply to No. 10 Boone street.

Brittot watched Watson's face very closely as the latter read the item.

"Am I not right?" he said, as Watson lowered the paper.

"I can't see it yet."

"Why, my dear sir, he was endeavoring to find more victims! The fool—he went too far there!"

Watson remembered that Merivale had denied having inserted this advertisement, but did not mention the fact to Brittot, although it had nearly slipped him.

"Look, Meester Watson," continued the Frenchman, "this man does very little business. He is poor—anyone can see that. Well, a poor, unsuccessful man will sometimes do strange things to obtain money. He

is offered, we will say, a big price for each boy or man whom he may be able to cajole or force into the service of some rascal, who becomes rich on the toil of his victims. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but although I don't know much about Merivale, I don't believe he would engage in any such business. Why, he is fretting over the affair as though it touched him very deeply."

"Ah, he is a good actor. You should have seen him when I charged him with having killed my little girl's dog. He said to me: 'Not for a hundred dollars would I kill the poor animal; he ruined my picture, but I did not even strike him,' and he looked so sad that anyone would believe he was telling the truth. But I know he killed him. Yes, he is cruel and—a hypocrite."

Watson rose to go.

"Well, Brittot, I hope you are wrong, but, anyhow, it looks as if the mystery would soon see its end. I'll let you know when I shall be ready to go out and see the property, and, of course, I won't ask you to go with Merivale."

He went downstairs and entered the studio. The photographer had just finished reading the newspaper article and sat staring at the opposite wall as if in a waking dream. Watson glanced at the paper which had fallen on the floor.

"Have you been reading about the boys, Merivale?" he asked.

"Yes."

The single word was spoken in a hoarse, half-smothered voice.

"Why, what's the matter?"

Merivale looked up with a haggard face.

"Don't you know whom this paper points to? Have you read it?"

"Yes, but can't for the life of me tell who it hints at," said Watson.

"It indicates *me*!" shouted Merivale, jumping to his feet. "It wasn't enough that I should meet with trifling misfortunes since I came into this cursed building; it wasn't enough that I should go on from day to day earning a mere pittance, but now I'm charged with a crime of which I am innocent, and will be compelled to stand in a criminal's dock. Good God, Watson, I shall be ruined."

He stared at his friend in a helpless, despairing manner.

"Hush, not so loud!" said Watson, "that fellow upstairs will hear you!"

"I don't care whether he does or not—the whole city will soon know it."

"Listen, Merivale, — that fellow Brittot is no more an agent than I am. I'll swear it."

"How,—what is he then?" cried the photographer.

"If I don't make a big mistake the man is—a detective!"

Merivale dropped into his chair and buried his face in his arms on the desk.

* * *

III

"My dear Watson, it's as plain as day," said Mr. White, editor of the *Chronicle*, as the former sat opposite with a disconsolate look on his face.

"I can't believe it yet;" and Watson shook his head, "but if the trial should prove him guilty beyond a doubt, then I'll lose faith in my power of reading the hearts of my friends through their faces."

"My dear fellow, some men go through life wearing such a mask, that those who have known them for years never see the real face behind it."

"Well, if Merivale is guilty, I must at least give him credit for the magnificent impenetrability of *his* mask."

"How long have you known him?"

"A short time—only a few weeks. He was introduced to me by an ar-

tist named Badgely—one of the cleverest fellows I have ever met. I came across the latter in the Bohemian Club, and upon my word he astonished me. That fellow should have been an actor instead of an artist. I have seen him, in the twinkling of an eye, add ten years to his face, and change it so completely, that one could scarcely believe it to be the same man."

"*He* could wear a mask, too. eh?"

"Egad he didn't require one. He was an all-round clever fellow into the bargain, and as a mimic, he was simply superb. I haven't seen him for several weeks, but he was always a will-o'-the-wisp, roaming about from one place to another. And Merivale and he were such chums. Look here, White: I've seen Merivale lend him ten dollars, and I knew, for a positive fact, that the lender himself needed that very money to pay for some stuff he required in his business. No, by George, I can't bring myself to believe that Merivale is guilty."

"You are too good-natured, Watson."

"No, it's not that, but I have eyes and can see, and I'll swear it's a confoundedly queer chain of circumstances alone which has roped in the poor fellow. However, time will tell whether I am right or wrong."

"I must say that he feels his position very keenly."

"Oh, yes—I've been out of town, and haven't seen him since his arrest. How did he come through the preliminary trial?"

"Broke down completely. A constable was in the box giving evidence concerning a dog which Merivale is alleged to have killed in a barbarous manner, when suddenly the prisoner broke into hysterical laughter. It created quite a scene, I assure you."

"The constable was speaking about a dog, you say? And did its owner give his evidence?"

"He was out of town at the time, and the trial was adjourned until this morning, when the man—Brittot I think is his name—will appear against Merivale."

"Yes, I have met the fellow, and didn't like him. The court-room was crowded, I suppose?"

"To the doors; and do you know what struck me most as I stood looking around upon the sea of faces?"

"The morbid taste of the crowd, perhaps?"

"No, it was the fact that three-fourths of the audience was composed of women. Isn't it a curious thing that a young and handsome male prisoner—a murderer, perhaps—can draw a crowd of timid, tender women, and — excite their sympathy?"

"It is strange, and can be accounted——"

A knock, followed by the abrupt entrance of a reporter, cut off the rest of Watson's sentence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. White," said the man, excitement beaming from his face, "but my news must excuse my intrusion."

"What is it, Burns? You are excited!"

"And with reason, Mr. White. Merivale is innocent and has been acquitted!"

Watson sprang to his feet.

"What did I tell you, White!" he exclaimed.

"Innocent and acquitted!" said the editor, ignoring Watson's jubilant outburst. "And who is guilty? Has he been caught?"

"No, but the police are on his track," replied the reporter. "It's a man who had rooms over Merivale's studio—a Frenchman named Brittot."

"Great Scott! I thought that fellow was a detective."

"The strangest part of the affair hasn't been told yet," continued the reporter, excitedly.

"What is it—speak out!" directed Mr. White.

"The three boys have turned up and are now at home, safe and sound!"

"And Brittot—what of him?"

"Well, his rooms over Merivale's studio were searched, and, on the table, was found a note addressed to the police authorities."

"Addressed to the police authorities!" echoed Watson.

"Yes, and the gist of which went like this: He, Eugene Brittot, had kidnapped the boys with the intention of placing them on board a vessel bound for a South American port. They were to work on a coffee plantation in the interior of the country, with many others who had been taken in a similar manner, and were to be kept in a state of practical slavery by the owners, whose agent Brittot was. For some reason which he didn't divulge, he had decided to release the boys. He wound up by stating that 'that fool Merivale' had nothing to do with the affair."

When the reporter's story had come to an end, Watson reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" asked the editor.

"To see poor Merivale, and congratulate him," said Watson.

"Then I'll go with you, and you must introduce me."

Two weeks later, Merivale sat at his desk, writing.

When his letter was finished, he placed over it a sheet of blotting paper, and, as he drew his hand across it several times, he said:

"Yes, poor Watson is a clever fellow and a good friend, but he was away off in this affair." Then he read over the letter, which ran:

"My dear Badgely,

"The scheme has worked to perfection—I am simply inundated with work. I now use my old flat as an office and show room, and your flat —Brittot's flat, ha, ha, ha!—as the studio. Men, women and girls crowd into the place every hour in the day, and I have hardly a minute to myself. Very different tale two or three weeks ago, eh, Badgely, old boy? Do you know, my conscience stung me about twice: first, when poor old Marks broke down and cried; and again, when that good fellow Watson told me that he thought you were a detective. I was entirely overcome —with laughter, and had to smother it in my arms on the desk. My dear fellow, you are a brick to think up such a scheme for the purpose of advertising me and my business, and which has won for me the sympathy of every blessed man, woman and child in the city. Come to town any time you like and claim your reward —a partnership; and, let me tell you, it'll be worth having.

"Come right away, old man.

"Yours most sincerely,

"A. G. MERIVALE."

A NEW DEPARTURE IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY

BY GEORGE GREENWOOD

THE establishment of such institutions as the Women's Domestic Guild of Canada has done much towards the removal of many of the difficulties hitherto encountered in this country in procuring reliable domestic help. The Guild was established at Montreal about three years ago, and since that time financial assistance has been extended to hundreds of girls and young women in England, Ireland and Scotland, who have come out to Canada and been placed in Canadian homes. While to-day it is a matter of common knowledge that Canada as a field of golden opportunities for those who have the courage and enterprise to grasp them bulks large in the eyes of England, this fact, now so patent to all, was a short time ago just beginning to impress itself upon the British mind.

Hitherto interest in Canada over there has been sluggish and fitful, with no decided trend, but suddenly England, as it were, discovered Canada to be a land of promise. Information about us was eagerly sought for, English magazines and periodicals had articles on Canada, the daily press devoted large space to our affairs, and many letters from the public seeking exact information as to conditions here, showed how real an interest we had at last awakened.

It was at this psychological moment that Mrs. E. F. Francis, in answer to a question asked in the columns of Weldon's Magazine, an English publication, wrote a letter giving a few facts with regard to the many openings at good wages existing in Canada for competent domestic help, and offered to give further information upon the subject to such as should ask for it. The response to this letter was remarkable. The answers were from persons in many walks of life, all showing the keenest interest in this country; but by far the greater number of replies came from the better class of domestics. Here then, on the one hand, was proof positive that in Great Britain there were many competent domestics of the best class anxiously looking for a share in our larger opportunities, while, on the other hand, the crying need of our Dominion was an adequate supply of just such home helpers. It was in the endeavor to find a means to fill this need, to aid those anxious workers to help themselves, that the Women's Domestic Guild came into existence.

The Guild home comprises comfortable quarters at 71 Drummond St., Montreal, in the centre of the retail

A Refined Type of Girl
From the Women's Domestic Guild

A Capable Scotch Lassie
From the Women's Domestic Guild

shopping district, and is easily accessible to its patrons. There, upon their arrival, Guild domestics are received from the old country, and there they obtain board and lodging free of charge for a period of twenty-four hours after their arrival; and afterwards a charge of sixty cents a day is made.

In order to enjoy the privileges of the Guild, both employers and employees must belong to it, the Guild being made up of these two classes, employers on the one hand, and employees on the other. All Guild parties brought to Canada come by the Dominion Royal Mail Steamships, special arrangements, looking to their care and comfort, having been effected by Mrs .Francis. From the time of its sailing until the vessel's arrival, a matron, specially selected for that purpose, is in charge of the party, and upon its landing the party is met by a trusted member of the Guild staff in whose charge it remains until the Guild home is reached. Once arrived there, the work of distribution at once begins.

Some idea of the extent of the Guild's work may be gathered from the fact that during last year it furnished some three thousand free meals and fifteen hundred free lodgings. That it has not furnished more than this number is due to the fact that those seeking employment are so rapidly placed in situations that only a relatively small proportion of them remain in the Guild for more than a few hours.

The Women's Domestic Guild is thoroughly equipped for the work it is doing. At the headquarters in Montreal a special "Guild" room is reserved exclusively for the use of Guild members of the domestic class. It is provided with a piano, a convenient table with writing materials, and there are books and papers for the members, while comfortable chairs and a "cosy corner" complete the equipment. Other conveniences and comforts of various kinds are at the disposal of those who have come, perhaps as complete strangers, to Canada, and the result is that a good impression of the country is given at the outset. That means a good deal to the young women, who otherwise would feel very alien and ill at ease. There is also a special reception-room for those who are seeking help. It is no ordinary room. Characteristic paintings by Vogt adorn its walls, while Maurice Cullen, a talented Can-

A Pretty Devonshire Type
From the Women's Domestic Guild

adian artist, finds representation in a wide range of subjects. Cut flowers are very much in evidence, and on the mantel are Japanese vases and several examples of rare bric-a-brac.

Since the Guild was started, less than three years ago, it has found situations for over fifteen hundred girls, many of whom are still in the situations first found for them. This is largely due to the effort made in the first place to bring out only those who are likely to prove desirable.

The Guild has fifteen or more agents in Great Britain and Ireland, who receive the applications of girls desiring to come to Canada. After careful investigation of the references of these applicants at their source of origin and verification of same, the references, which are usually accompanied with the photograph of applicant, are then sent to Montreal in advance of each party, and are on fyle at the Guild office where they may be consulted by patrons.

It is a well-known, although lamentable fact that the great majority of girls in Great Britain who would gladly come to Canada for service are unable to do so because they do not possess the means, and it is to such as these that the Guild is of great assistance. The Guild stands between the would-be servant in the old country and the would-be employer in this country, and acts as

A Trusty Scotch Maid
From the Women's Domestic Guild

a guarantee of good faith on the part of both. Some of the girls are able to pay their own passage out, but most of them have to depend on the money that is advanced for the purpose by those on this side who are eager to obtain help that can be depended on. The Guild protects the employer, undertaking to supply a satisfactory girl; and, on the other hand, it likewise protects the girl, promising to her a satisfactory situation. The girl pays for her passage in subsequent work, and the Guild is maintained by a small fee which is paid in by both the employer and employee. Of course, it is not possible to find a "jewel" in every instance, and chances have to be taken on both sides. But experience goes to show that the average Guild girls are away ahead of the average domestics obtained in the usual way. They are more willing, are not so dictatorial; they know their place and keep it, and do not feel or try to live above it.

The Guild is not a charitable institution, but it performs an important economic function, and has solved the domestic problem in many Canadian homes.

THE BACK DOOR TO THE NORTHWESTERN WHEAT FIELDS

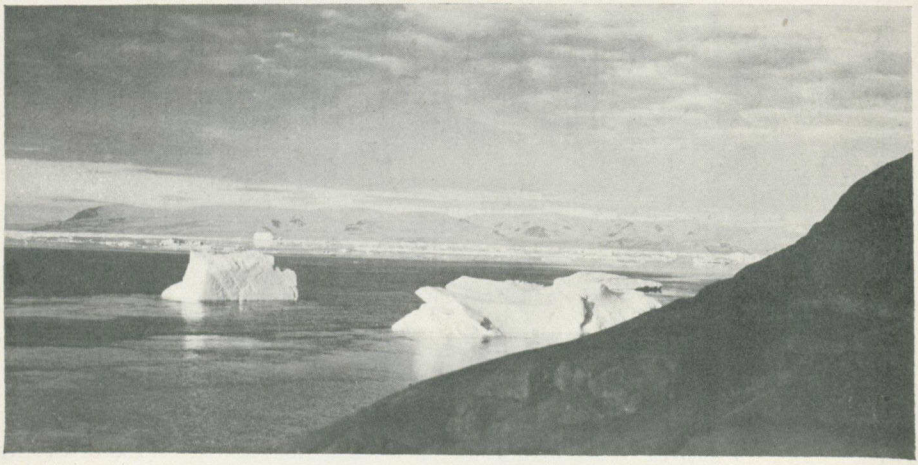
BY RODEN KINGSMILL

HUDSON BAY juts down into the midst of the continent almost to the borders of the vast plain that constitutes the greatest wheat-producing area on the face of this earth. The wheat belt is under two flags, but American and Canadian grain growers seek the same market. If Canadian wheat goes through the United States on its way to Europe, why should not American wheat travel through Canada to the same destination? asks the Canadian Westerner. He holds that in considering the question of trade routes, it is absurd to take into account such artificial barriers as the international boundary across the prairies. National pride and prejudice, he says, may sometimes be allowed to interfere with the natural course of events, but he holds that this does not apply to trade routes. The appeal to a man's pocket is too direct. If the shortest and cheapest way from the great international grain belt to the European markets is by way of Hudson Bay, the bulk of northwestern grain, both American and Canadian, for export, must gravitate to it. Why? Look at this table:

	Miles.
Churchill to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	2,960
Montreal to Liverpool, via St. Lawrence	3,000
New York to Liverpool, via " "	3,040
Winnipeg to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	3,626
Winnipeg to Liverpool, via Montreal	4,228
Duluth to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	3,728
Duluth to Liverpool, via New York	4,201
St. Paul to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay	4,096
St. Paul to Liverpool, via New York	4 240

Trade seeks the shortest and cheapest routes, says the Canadian West-

RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, FORT CHURCHILL HARBOR



ICEBERGS IN HUDSON STRAIT

erner. Trade by ship through the Hudson Straits and over a 480-mile railway line to connect Fort Churchill, on the western side of Hudson Bay, with the existing railway systems, he asserts, will be cheaper and speedier. Those who hold that there is danger in the navigation of Hudson Straits are not popular wit hthe Westerner; but there are such and they have not failed in getting an audience. Twenty-five years ago Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, commissioned an expedition to explore the Bay and Straits. The report of that commission was pigeonholed. The story runs at Ottawa that the report was quite favorable to the establishment of a Canadian-British line of steamers to ply through the Bay. At that time, though, the newly-organized Canadian Pacific Railway was floating its first blocks of stock at a discount. Behind the Canadian Pacific was the Canadian Government and neither government or railway company was particularly anxious to have the interest of the English investor diverted in the direction of any possible competitor. To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway, strong and successful, is only one of three Canadian transcontinental lines. Yet Hudson Bay navigation is one of the most insistent demands of the West. Minnesota and the Dakotas want it, while Western Canada alone will grow this year 100,000,000 bushels of wheat Last autumn, through the blockade in the Great Lake ports, the two Canadian transcontinental lines found it impossible to handle an 85,000,000-bushel crop. What is the likelihood of even the three railway systems which gridiron the Canadian West being able to cope with a crop of 300,000,000 bushels? And a crop of this volume will come in ten years. There is a well-defined limit to the capacity of rail transport. Even though the billion-bushel prediction recently made by a member of the Canadian Government may be a trifle rosy, the fact is that grain production in the Canadian West is bound to increase enormously within the next few years, and will eventually demand transportation facilities beyond the limits of probable railroad development from the prairies to the seaboard. Railroads cannot profitably be built for the grain trade alone, and when the production of grain goes beyond a certain point, a cheaper means of transport becomes necessary. Perhaps it will be furnished by the Hudson Bay route.

Within the last twenty years the Canadian Government has sent out three expeditions to examine the con-

ESKIMOS IN UMICK, HUDSON STRAITS

ditions, and the verdict is that the straits are navigable for about four months in the year. The explorers say no difficulty is experienced from ice.

The bay is more than a thousand miles from north to south, by about half that distance from east to west. H. M. Macoun, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who made a careful examination of the bay, says that it is nowhere very deep, averaging something over 360 feet. No rocks or shoals exist in the parts through which ships would sail going from Churchill to Liverpool.

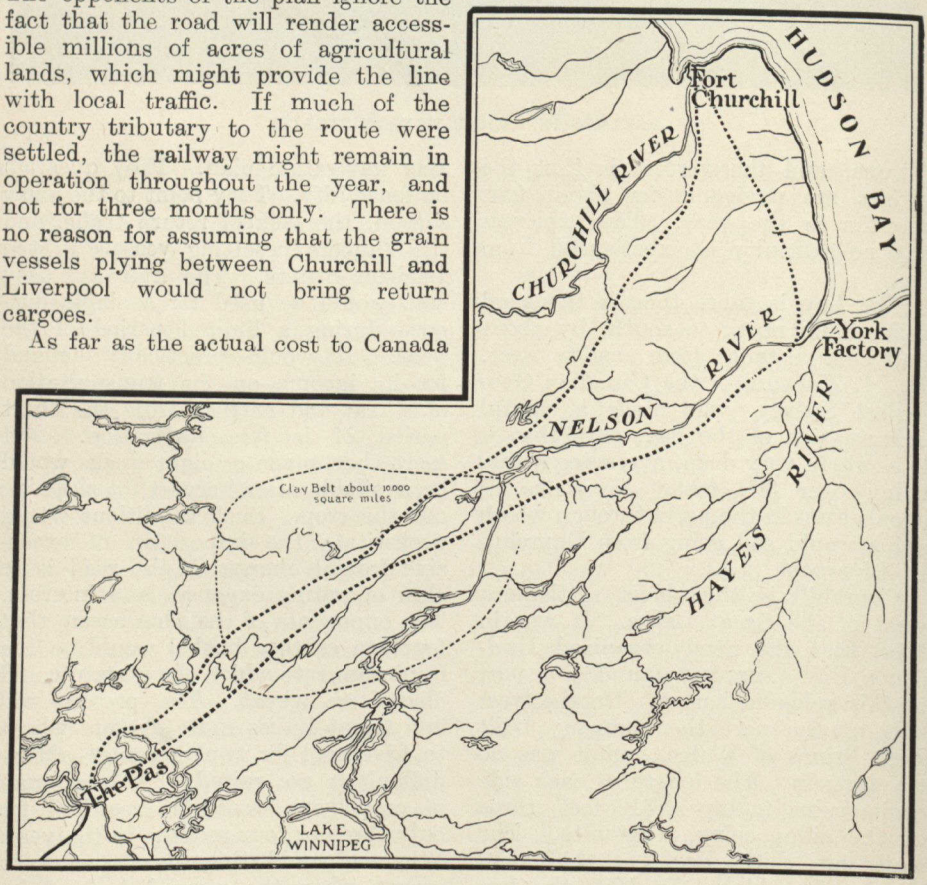
Churchill is the oldest settlement west of the Great Lakes. It was in 1688 that the newly-organized Hudson's Bay Company founded a post at this splendid harbor. On the west side of the port the company built Fort Prince of Wales, and it was no toy fortress. The length of each side of its ruins to-day is 312 feet, three of the sides being of granite. The walls are thirty-four feet thick and sixteen feet high. In 1782 the fort was captured and partly destroyed by the French admiral La Perouse. To-day, across the inlet from the fort at Churchill, live forty whites at the Hudson's Bay Company post.

The Canadian railway companies look with little favor on the Hudson Bay navigation plan. They question its feasibility. They point to the short season, the lack of return traffic and the dangers besetting vessels in the Hudson Straits. The railway, they say, would be used for a single purpose during a limited period of the year. It would practically depend for its income on the transportation of wheat and cattle during the short period of ice-free navigation. Not more than seven or eight weeks would be available after harvest for shipping out the crop. Such conditions would necessitate the imposition of excessive freight charges if the road is to earn operating expenses and interest. The opponents of the plan assert that fourteen cents a bushel would be the minimum rate which the system could charge on wheat. The present rail and Great Lakes route exports wheat to Liverpool for twelve cents. Other difficulties are raised. A large staff of employees would be required for only three or four months in the year. Whence would they be drawn at a season when the general demand for labor is heaviest all over America? What would be done with them when the road closed down for the winter? Lessening traffic on other railways and the cessation of many kinds of outdoor labor which occurs at that time of year would not improve the situa-

tion. What would be done with the road's rolling stock during eight or nine months of every year? Difficulties as regards the sea portion of the route are put forward. What would be the use of the vessels for the greater part of every year? Marine insurance charges would be heavy, and, as westbound traffic would be light, the wheat cargoes would have to bear the bulk of the cost of the return voyage.

These are the apparent obstacles. The opponents of the plan ignore the fact that the road will render accessible millions of acres of agricultural lands, which might provide the line with local traffic. If much of the country tributary to the route were settled, the railway might remain in operation throughout the year, and not for three months only. There is no reason for assuming that the grain vessels plying between Churchill and Liverpool would not bring return cargoes.

As far as the actual cost to Canada goes, the Government's idea is to pay for the construction of the railway by the sale of public lands. If there is to be no addition to the national debt the Eastern Canadian's conservatism in matters of finance will not impel him to oppose the demand of the Westerner. The Westerner can have just now anything but real money, says the Eastern Canadian. And he points out that up to date the Westerner has had a good deal of that article from the East.



MAP SHOWING TWO DIFFERENT ROUTES FROM THE PAS TO FORT CHURCHILL, RUNNING THROUGH THE CLAY BELT

THE
PROSE OF DARBY AND JOAN

BY NEIL ARMSTRONG

THEY had spent a very busy life, this Darby and Joan. They had been ambitious too, and might even be said to be so still, at least, Joan thought so of Darby. She had glanced often out of the window that afternoon, as she had on many others, at Darby working in the fields, and her face as she did so was one of mingled sympathy and righteous provocation.

" It is now when the last of the children have married or left, and we have just ourselves to see to, he might make it easier, but no, he must put more grain in this year than he's ever had afore," and Joan went on trudging about her work.

She said as much to Darby at supper; not that she hadn't said it many times before, but perhaps Joan hoped by the aid of importunity to still dissuade him from putting in much corn.

" If Thaddeus comes home it'll all come in handy," observed Darby, halving his egg, and putting one portion within his mouth.

" If Thaddeus was comin' he'd a likely come so as he could help with the spring's work. I don't look for Thaddeus to come home at all. He'll settle out there in the Northwest like everybody's boys, just as fur from home as he can git."

Joan had been despondent that day.

" How long hez it been since you wrote?" asked Darby.

" Two or three weeks."

" Well, mother," said Darby, cheerfully drinking his tea, " suppos'n you drive out to the village to-night; maybe there'll be a letter by now, I'll hitch up!"

" Well," agreed Joan, and went about her dish-washing with a brisker step.

There was a letter, and Joan, bringing it home in the early twilight, met Darby coming from the barn with his hands full of pails.

" Any mail?" inquired Darby, the asking of the question being the sole indication of his eagerness, as became the reserve of an old Ontario farmer.

" There's a letter," answered Joan, so Darby tied the horse, that they might read it the sooner, and sat stiffly down in the kitchen between his empty milk pails.

What an enduring composure is shown by these older people, long tempered by toil and trouble! With elaborate deliberation Joan's shears cut a neat edge on one side of the letter. Darby put his hands together in a patient way he had, and watched Joan draw the paper from its envelope.

" Just one loose-scratched sheet, as usual," exclaimed Joan with maternal disgust, and holding it up with the tips of her fingers.

The letter was a masterpiece of its kind—non-committal, and it read thus:

Lumsden, Sask., May 2nd, 1907.

Dear Folks,—

" Was rather pleased to get your letter. You will be having spring by now in good earnest and enjoying it in proportion. You are having spring earlier than we,

everything being late out here this year.

"No, I don't expect to come home this summer; think I shall stay out here for a time. Dad must take care and not put in too much crop. He is too old to work hard, and besides has no need—as he is well fixed.

"Came out here to Lumsden two weeks ago; have a job, and expect to stay by it for some time, so address me at this place until I write differently. It is a very quiet place here, not much going on socially; not much of a village, and the houses in the country of course rather far apart, as always among ranches. I believe this is all the news I have this time. Your affectionate son,

Thaddeus.

There was a very loud ticking of the clock, as Joan folded the slip into its envelope and pushed it to the corner farthest removed of the table.

"He don't say as he likes it, does he?" It was Darby who finally broke in upon the ticking of the clock.

"No," answered Joan, rather curtly, "he never hez said one way or the other in any of his letters. He couldn't be that gratifyin', nohow."

"He's never mentioned the wages he's been gittin' in any of 'em either, has he?" asked Darby again, reaching with the slow movement of limbs stiffening with age for his swill pail. Joan, observing this movement, replied with the sharpness of strong pent up feeling.

"Never, not he, nor much of anything else that we want him to mention."

Darby dangled the pail between his knees in a meditative way. At least he spoke in his low, thoughtful tone

"If we was only sure he wuz doin' well, I don' know as we'd ort to complain. We've got a good home and money in the bank. Time was when if we had had that an' each other we'd a thought we wuz purty well fixed, an' fur my part. I'm willin' to think so yit."

Joan appreciated the underthought of sentiment.

"Fur my part too," she agreed with a softness so entirely at variance with her former sharp tone, that Darby, feeling somehow an added bond of sympathy between them, went off to the barn a good deal comforted.

But Joan noted his stooping shoulders as he went out the door, and said within herself.

"He's worked hard, hez Darby, and oughtn't to be left alone to take care of hisself in his old age, and no little grandchildren around to amuse hisself with neither as he gets old. Our children seem possessed to all scatter off as far as they can possibly git themselves."

"I've done well by Darby, too," mused Joan, "if I do say it myself. He's always kind of taken my wits fur a standby. I dunno as there's ever been a tangle I hevn't undid fur him either, some how or another."

Joan fell from musing into hard thinking, her eyes staring into the oven where her feet were warming. What her thoughts were would have been hard to guess only that they seemed of a quite absorbing nature. Darby would probably have said they were likely to be energetic; Joan's thoughts through life had been apt to be of that nature.

Whatever the depth and strength of her affection for Darby, Joan's method for showing it was strictly quiet and practical; she spoke no more of Thaddeus or even the work, but laid her husband a breakfast the next morning which should have been refreshing to a king.

"I really don' know," said Darby at last, smoothing his waistcoat, "as I can eat any more, but I declare that fish is prime good."

"Then take another piece, an' enjoy it," quoth Joan in her kindest tones. So Darby did, and finally went off to work in a quite cheerful frame of face, at least.

Joan did the dishes in a twinkling. Increasing age and stoutness sometimes lagged her steps, but not this morning. Joan had more than the dishes on her mind. In less than an

hour she was down at her kitchen table with writing materials. First she drew out an envelope and wrote thereon Thaddeus' name and address. Then she wrote two or three sheets of news—all the things Thaddeus would be pleased to hear. The next came more slowly and with some thought. It ran like this:

"As you say, father should not try to do so much, now that there is no need, so I've been planning a kind of holiday for father and me next winter. You know we old folks have not much pleasure outside of our children and to see them doing well. But father has always wanted to go on a trip to the Northwest, and any more I think I should too, so I have made a plan which will kill two birds with one stone. You will have a winter's job in some town, and father and I will come out to keep house or rooms for you. It will be a pleasure for both and not very expensive neither. We can manage all right here. We could make a sale of the stock and put the money by to invest in again when we liked, and maybe if we liked it we could stay out west."

"Now," said Joan, as she sealed and stamped her letter, "we'll see if that'll bring him out of his shell. Maybe it will and maybe it won't.

It did work. Darby coming home from shoeing his horses at the village some two weeks later brought a letter.

"It's from Thaddeus," he said, throwing it on the table beside his wife. Joan was peeling potatoes, and it was late.

"You read it Darby, I'm in a hurry," she said. So Darby put on his "specs" and drew out three sheets.

"Why it's a long letter this time," said he. Joan smiled inwardly, as he read aloud

Dear Folks,—

Don't you be doing any such thing. A trip to the West in the summer time is all right, but don't ever you think of leaving a comfortable home in Ontario and coming out here to rough it at your age."

"Wot's the lad mean?" questioned bewildered Darby.

Joan explained, adding, "You know we wuz talkin' about not long ago."

"Wot's the woman a-drivin' at anyway?" thought Darby, but it was proof of his regard for his wife's ability that he read confidently forward without more questioning:

"Why you'd be frozen to death before spring and starved out. Now here at Lumsden, and it is spring too, all they have got to feed a fellow is rhubarb." ("And he hates that," murmured Joan in an undertone of pleasure.)

"As for myself I mean to work here the summer, but winter marks my exit from this place. I shall hibernate elsewhere to some milder climate, perhaps California, where I can hope to see out of a window pane once in a while and have something to look at other than the four walls of a room eight by ten square, for months at a time.

"No, you'd better stay in Ontario, you old people, and live comfortably in your old days."

"I wonder if it is as bad as that," said Darby, wiping his specs. "He don't want us to come out, that is it," remarked Joan, dropping the potatoes into the kettle.

When he had finished with the letter, Darby fell to reading the "daily," and Joan to getting the dinner and thinking.

"Darby," she said, as she finally poured out the tea at table, "If Thaddeus stays out there we mus' do something."

"Well, wot'll it be?"

"Well we can scarcely git hired help these days, an' we can't work like we've been a-doing. It means rent, don't it?"

"It means the place'll go to ruin then."

"Better than that, Darby too. We'll have enough to keep us, an' if the children don't care for the property, much good there is fur us to care too much."

They ate in silence for a time.

"I hate to give up all the things we've worked fur," said Darby dolefully. "The fruit's just gittin' all growed up, and the barn and house house fixed real comfortable."

Joan thought a while.

"Why not stay just where we are

and build a snug little house for a tenant. We could afford to give them a good show an' you keep the oversight of things."

"Hu-hu," answered Darby absently, and at the end of the meal went out to his work with the added stoop in his shoulders that made Joan's heart ache.

"He is discouraged, is Darby," she remarked to the plates and tea-cups.

"An' I can't say as I'm ready to encourage 'im, but this letter of Thaddeus' makes me more hopeful. I've got what I wuz tryin' to git—Thaddeus opinion of the West. Now if my plan fur gittin' 'im home only works as well. I'll write to-day."

The paragraph that followed the sheet of news in this letter took a very great deal of time indeed. Joan thought and thought again. Finally she said half aloud.

"Now, there's just two reasons why Thaddeus don't want to come home. He's either bent on more wanderin' and thinks he can really git rich quicker there if he sticks to it, an' if that's the reason I'm doubtful if I can move 'im just now, anyway."

"An' the other is, he ain't got rich in no time, as he expected, nor had so very good a time neither, bein' much too proud to come home till he does. Since he's his mother's son, I'm half inclined to believe it's the last. I've a notion I'd do the same, mos' sure I would at his age, anyway. In this case, wot I'm to do is to make his reasons fur coming home greater than his reasons for staying."

So Joan pondered again. At last she wrote her paragraph and it proved to be quite as extraordinary a one as the other had been. It read something like this:

"Father and me won't think of going West since you advise not. But I guess there'll have to be a change before long as father won't stop work as long as he sees it here to do. So maybe we'll get a tenant on. Perhaps we could get that little house of Fraser's for not much and build it into a better one next season. I've been thinking one of the girl's men might come. It will be a good enough chance for them, since John's only got a town job and Thomas is starting on a rented place, anyway. It would be having someone of the family around, and there's the dear little folks too. If we get Thomas, I'm sure he wouldn't rent for less than five years, anyway. I think I'd rather have Thomas, for, although John's a great deal more accommodating. Thomas will look after things sharper and keep up the place, especially if he has any idea he may ever own it. Then, even if he is a little hard in making a bargain, he's straight and honest keeping it, and that's where more easy-going folks sometimes get into trouble. I only wish you wuz coming home to save this bother. Perhaps if we decide on Thomas he might make shift to help father a little with the harvest this summer.

The Merton girls are to be at Styles' all holidays. They have got to be pretty fine-looking girls, besides well-educated too, they say. I see Jim Storey driving down there full tilt first thing last Sunday."

At tea-time Joan brought out her letter and gave it to Darby to read.

"Wot's all this rentin' to John or Thomas?" he very naturally asked in surprise.

"Well, I wuz just thinkin'," said Joan innocently, "an' wrote what I wuz thinkin'. Don' you like the idea?"

"Why I don' know as we could do better since Thaddeus's bent on stayin' out there, but I don't know about Thomas instead of John; mebbe you're right, though."

"Well it ain't like signin' papers at all, my writin' that to Thaddeus."

"O' course not," assented Darby "Seems to me I recollect Thaddeus never liked Thomas extra well."

"Oh, no," answered Joan carelessly enough but with a twinkle in her eye, "Thomas was always givin' good advice and makin' out as he could manage better on a place and make money faster an' all that."

But Darby had caught the twinkle.

"Wot you up to now, Joan?"

"Why I'm trying a little plan with Thaddeus that's all."

"Wot's Jim Storey and the Merton girls to do with it anyway?"

" Nothin' at all, only Jim always did rival it with Thaddeus, and them Merton girls—well they might be called the inducements I throw in."

" Inducements!" exclaimed Darby, holding his potato suspended half-way on its road to his mouth. " Joan, you aren't a match-makin', are you?"

" No, Darby, I ain't and never will, but to talk of some fine purty girls and one's rival to a fellow who don't see no great variety of girl kind in that big wanderin' West is inducements and ort to be."

" That's true, or would have been in our day, at any rate," remarked Darby.

One night in the first of June Joan, with a broad smile on her face, came down to the barnyard where Darby was feeding the pigs.

" Wot's up?" asked Darby, noting the smile.

" Can't tell you till the pigs stop squealin'," called Joan, in a kindly shout above the din.

Darby smiled and cracked one or two of the greediest pigs back to their places, thereby securing its portion to the " runt."

" There, now, you can talk up here," said Darby, so they went to a crude old seat under the beech that shaded the lane.

" Why it's a letter from Thaddeus. He's a-comin' home."

" W-e-ll!" said Darby in a long drawn out tone of pure satisfaction.

" How'd you do it? Was it that plan?"

" Mebbe, I don' know, but something seems to have changed his mind sudden like. Here's the letter," cried Joan, joyfully taking it from the envelope, and then read:

Dear Folks,—

Thought I had a through job here till after harvest, but find I haven't. Have a good notion to come home for a few weeks, anyway. Perhaps I will be in time for some of the summer work. Don't know where I shall go after that, but intend to visit you first. Can't say just how long before I'll be through here, but expect me near the first of July.

Your affectionate son,
Thaddeus.

" Well, he don' speak of stayin' at all, objected Darby, "nor he don't own up to wantin' to come back neither."

" Not he, nor don't expect him. He's a bit proud is Thaddeus. He is givin' more to doin' an' actin' than to ownin' up in words."

" I rec'lect that's been something your way," remarked Darby slyly.

" I don' see but what you've fared well enough, Darby," Joan replied, with a smile.

What pleasure this Darby and Joan felt that summer night sitting side by side in their older years, thoroughly happy and satisfied, watching their plump pigs go grunting from the trough, listening to the wind in the beech above, and thinking of Thaddeus' return!

CONTENTMENT

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

Green are the hills of Arcady,
Green and supremely fair.
Sweet is the wood-bird's mellow note,
Ah!—would that I were there!
But sighs are vain and wishes fond.
Why struggle to be free?
If I am well-content, the gods
Bring Arcady to me.

THE PATH UP THE HILL

BY HELEN MERRILL

Ominous each little sound,
Gold leaf dropping to the ground;
Startled cry of timid bird
In the trembling woodland heard;
Black crows driven from the sky
By a sudden wind on high,
Skirmishers undone they trail
Back to shelter in the vale.

Now within the forest olden,
Falls the sunlight faint and golden,
Shining at the close of day
Through the tree-tops' lattice grey;
By me the brown Autumn stands,
Dead leaves in her dusky hands,
And the sunset fires throw
On her face their fading glow,
And the dying red light gleams
In her dark eyes dim with dreams.

* * *

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

ONE of our friends in the Province of Quebec very courteously sends a letter which will interest many of those who read this department. The writer says:

"In one of the numbers of The Canadian Magazine of 1906, the question was asked in Woman's Sphere, 'Where is the Miss Alcott of this generation?' It seems to the writer that she has already been discovered in Miss Lyda Farrington Krause whose pseudonym is Barbara Yechton. Her books have always had a charm and fascination for me—and many others to my knowledge—and are like Miss Alcott's in that they are stories of home life told most naturally. They are written in a fluent, easy style and each time they are re-read they seem to hold a fresh interest and charm and, as each character appears it is like renewing the acquaintance of an old friend. The most charming of her stories are 'We Ten; or the Story of the Roses,' the sequel: 'A Lovable Crank, or More Leaves from the Roses,' and 'A Young Savage.' They appeared serially in The New York Churchman, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company of Boston."

An accompanying sketch of Miss Krause tells us that she is a daughter of the late Thomas Murray Krause, of the Danish Island of St. Croix, where she was born. Her mother was of an old English family and was born in Devonshire. Since receiving the above letter I have heard several readers of Miss Krause's stories (or Barbara Yechton's) speak with friendly admiration of their fresh and natural attraction. It is to be hoped that they will soon find a Canadian publisher and become known to our girl

readers. I have not yet had an opportunity to become acquainted with these stories but hope to do so before Christmas, for it is a problem each year to find suitable gift books for girls—stories which are sweet and wholesome, which introduce no insufferable young prigs, but give us a lovable humanity with its faults and striving. If our Quebec correspondent has shown us a path to such flowers in the garden of fiction, then we are indebted indeed.

More than once, it may be, I have protested against such deplorable trash as the Elsie books, which vitiate the childish intellect, and yet which are crammed into nearly every Sunday-School library in Canada. How can one expect a girl to grow up with taste for the pure, fine things of literature if the childish imagination is spoiled by this silly drivel, in which children of tender age give spiritual advice to their elders, while the former are laden with silks and jewellery? The Elsie stuff and similar productions are in the worst of taste, and it is positively painful to see Canadian girls, who ought to have the best nourishment, given such dregs for their literary fare. It is not desirable that small persons should read Emerson or Carlyle; but there is surely, in this book-blessed country, a selection of literature which would interest and amuse the youthful reader, without descending to maudlin sentiment.

Not long ago, on a glorious summer afternoon, I came upon a happy trio of mother and two small daughters who were seated on the edge of a picturesque ravine reading Hiawatha. The children were wrapt in enjoyment of the building of the canoe, and will ever hereafter associate the yellow water-lily with the lightsome floating of Hiawatha's boat.

"I suppose," said Mrs. B——, with a twinkle in her eyes as she invited me to join them, "that some women would say I am a bad housekeeper because I shut up the house for the Saturday afternoon and take the girlies off to the woods. But we do have such good times."

I was asked to the supper of sandwiches and lemonade, and we had more Hiawatha, for the small persons demanded "the part about Mudjekeewis." It was a delightful adventure, with a chapter from "Puck of Pook's Hill" added thereto.

Little ears are wonderfully sensitive to magic rhythms, the childish imagination is one of the most thrilling pleasures in the world. Yet we give Canadian children the abominable colored caricatures of the Saturday papers as humor and art, the silly stories on the funny page as literature. Then we helplessly wonder why boys are rude to the old and helpless and girls become enamored of the matinee actor. The reason for much social distress may be found in the formation of childish tastes and habits. If Canadian children are given trash to read and vulgar pictures to look at, of course they will grow up with no enjoyment of the simple and noble pleasures of life, no appreciation of "the things that are more excellent." This small article on "Books For Girls" appears to be in danger of becoming a sermonette, but I have just thrown away half-a-dozen "comic" supplements which burdened the Saturday papers, and the fleeting glimpse of their atrocities is afflicting me still. Nothing in the world does more harm than a bad book; no friend can be more unfailing than one which opens the windows of life to the light from the East.

* * *

The Satin Gown

FOR many a year the satin gown has been in retirement, being considered almost vulgar, while lighter and duller fabrics have been favored by Dame Fashion. However, a change has come in the spirit of the ruler of that subtle thing called the "style" and satin has come back to counters and carriages. A red satin

gown, like a crimson plush sofa, has long been considered a hopelessly common-place and bourgeois manufacture, but even red satin may be used before the winter is over and we shall probably be exclaiming: "So dainty! There's really nothing like satin!" Such is the fickle world of fashion which would make haste to array itself in sackcloth if it were assured that such would be worn in Paris and considered the smart attire in London.

White satin seems a heavily elegant gown for the debutante, but such, we are informed, will be the raiment worn by many of the girls who attend their first ball next December. There is no doubt that the fashionable woman who takes up the satin fad with all earnestness will seriously lower her bank account, for satin is not a fabric which is "charming and so reasonable." Cheap satin is an unpardonable offence and will be flaunted in all its cottony horror only by those who are hopeless followers of fashion. Wherefore, if we are to indulge in satin, whether in the form of luxurious lining or outer array, we must think of the dreary word "economy" early in the season.

* * *

A Heroine of the Post-Bag

THERE have been all sorts and conditions of literary heroines during the last ten years, most of them either tiresome or disgusting. Few of the women who have enlivened or depressed the "best sellers" have been worth an hour's consideration or a week's remembrance. But in a new novel which gives a restful picture of Yorkshire village life there lives and breathes a young creature of such delightful mien that she will not be lightly forgotten. Pamela Searle is a kind of princess in plain linen gowns, the descendant of gentle folk, who acts as post-girl in the small community and carries the mail-bag in such distracting fashion that every man in the neighborhood suddenly thinks of some letters he must write. Pamela is no impossibly beautiful Christmas-card or dentifrice-advertisement young woman such as Mr. Robert Chambers gives us for heroine, putting such inane rubbish into the radiant being's mouth that his novels become a burden. Pam is of another order, possessing brains and sensibility as well as a subtle beauty which holds us, even on the printed page. It is curious that, while nearly every popular novelist gives his heroine a loveliness such as he would have shattered ancient Troy all to pieces, the reader of his productions finds it almost impossible to form any vivid fancies about the lady. Not so with Pamela Searle, the princess of the post-bag. Her attraction is of the mischievous, tender kind which haunts you in a bewildering fashion until you are fain to speak to the girl with the wistful, laughing lips and ask her if by any chance she has a letter for you. The least of Pamela's golden freckles is worth the artificial complexions of an army of obvious and irritating Chambers heroines. Perhaps the most lovable feature in Pam's character is a royal kindliness which longs to bestow a four-leafed shamrock on every unhappy creature. She is not one of those limply amiable persons of a feather-bed mentality—not a bit of it. Pamela is graciousness itself with a merriment which makes the post-girl's progress a kind of holiday procession. What the village will do without her, one cares not to imagine.

The book in which this refreshing young heroine dispenses smiles and correspondence is "The Cliff End" by E. C. Booth, whose second novel one will read with hope that here is, indeed, a novelist to whom art means more than the matinee girl's patronage. The Yorkshire dialect may be somewhat of a drawback to the colonial reader's enjoyment, but one soon becomes accustomed to the north country speech and then the view is

worth all the climbing through dialect burrs. There is a clerical character who ought to be in the collection of typical British parsons, so masterful is the delineation. There has not been such an English novel since "Joseph Vance," and we look hopefully for its successor.

* * *

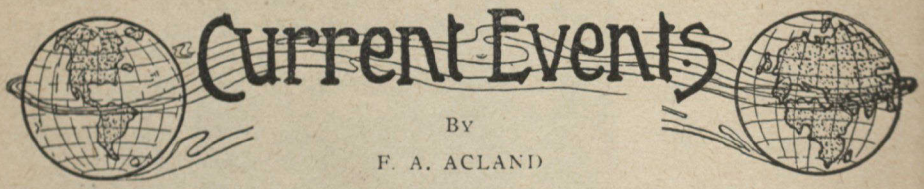
THE "NEVER WORRY" MAXIMS.

IT is curiously significant that this age abounds in advice not to worry. This condition shows that we must be a nervous, fussy lot of people, who need to have little cards hung around the walls with all manner of ornate wisdom engraved thereon, exhorting us not to fret, not to be in haste to acquire wealth and, above all, to wear a smiling countenance. There are circumstances however, in which such counsel is irritating even unto torment. There are moments when the little texts merely annoy.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA") WITH A FAVORITE BLIND GIRL FROM ONE OF HER CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS

There is certain trouble which must bring worry, so long as we are human beings, with mortal limitations of outlook. There are tragedies in the face of which the "don't worry" advice is on the verge of cruelty, when the truest sympathy is silence. One thing we may all do—keep our troubles from the curious world, which is usually bored by their recital. Worry over trifles belongs to a small nature, but worry over a crushing care is something that few of us may escape. Not many can realize the truth of Warren Hastings' favorite saying:—"This, too, will pass away."

JEAN GRAHAM



By

F. A. ACLAND

ONE cannot be quite sure whether Mr. C. F. Hamilton's proposal that Canada should have a king was written for his own amusement or for that of the public, but some American journals, at least, have taken the idea seriously and believe there is really an agitation afoot for importing a member of the royal family or otherwise securing some fit and proper person to wear a crown once more on the American continent. It may not be out of place therefore to assure our neighbors that while the article proved genuinely entertaining, the cause it professed to espouse is by no means widely entertained, and if their sense of humor had been developed as fully as Americans proudly suppose it to have been, they would not have been imposed upon. It is, no doubt, true that the office of Governor-General is anomalous and to some extent incongruous with the democratic spirit of the continent and of the age; but it has the sanction of usage which is already becoming ancient and it is a pleasing, practical and picturesque emblem of our attachment to the mother land. To attempt to seriously modify the office or the mode of filling it would be to endanger the whole delicate fabric of inter-Imperial relations; to go further and undertake to make kinglets, as it were, of the younger sons or brothers of the reigning sovereign would be to burlesque the throne of England. The absurd finale of poor Dom Pedro is a sufficient warning, were any needed.

* * *

It is suggested somewhat more seriously that in the not distant future the population of Canada will be so large that the present arrangement will be derogatory to our dignity, and even that Canada must become by mere weight of population the actual centre of the Empire. This takes us into the region of prophecy and dreams. Fortunately it is not necessary that the present decade or, perhaps, even the present century, should provide against the contingencies of time. Twenty-five years ago the population of Canada was somewhat under five millions; to-day it is somewhat over seven millions. In the same period Great Britain, which has supplied us with most of that increase, and has at the same time fed with a steady stream of population the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, has nevertheless added also to her own numbers a population greater than that contained in the Dominion to-day. It will be long, at that rate, before the population of Canada overtakes that of the parent land.

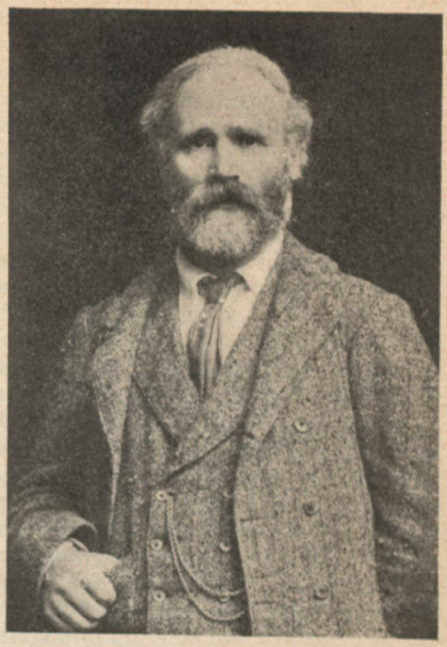
* * *

We must remember it is true that the period of growth in Canada did not begin until perhaps ten years ago,

and was not greatly marked until even later, while there are many indications that the present rate of growth will even increase in the future. But this is all uncertain. The tendency of the Western prairie is to big farms and a frairie population of four or five millions farming on the grand scale of the Westerner is a more attractive prospect that three or four times that number of people meagrely sustained by small farms. In a few years, too, immigration may turn elsewhere. For the first time in the history of the United States the emigrants were last year larger in number than the immigrants. As to looking for a vastly larger population from the natural increase, it may be said that the natural increase is at present a theory only on the American continent, save in the Province of Quebec.

* * *

Turning from the visionary to the practical, it is most satisfactory to note the extreme and apparently universal cordiality, entirely irrespective of party, with which the appointment of Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's, to the Civil Service Commission has been received. The appointment of Prof. Shortt and his colleague, Mr. Larochelle, was announced on September 1st, the day on which the new Civil Service Act came into force, and the new regime may be said to have commenced from that day. It represents a carefully planned scheme for lifting the civil service of Canada out of the region of politics and placing it on the higher plane of merit, so far as this may be practical, and the first appointments to the commission are generally taken to show the earnest desire of the Government to get the best possible good out of the new Act. Prof. Shortt represents to a rare degree the combination of those qualities of the scholar and the practical man which would appear to be desirable in the position to which he has been appointed, and he is also peculiarly



MR. KEIR HARDIE,
THE BRITISH LABOR LEADER, WHO RECENTLY CAME TO CANADA ON A VISIT

fortunate in having secured an extraordinary measure of public confidence, the latter being due largely, no doubt, to the great success with which, by the machinery provided by the Lemieux Act, he had adjusted during the last eighteen months a large number of exceedingly difficult industrial disputes. Mr. Larochelle is less widely known than Prof. Shortt, but there is no general suggestion that he is not a fitting colleague for that gentleman. It will rest now with the Board of Civil Service Commissioners to bring the public service of Canada up to a state of efficiency in every way worthy of the great interests in its keeping.

* * *

The recent visit to Canada of Mr. Keir Hardie has called attention once more to the striking, if not startling, successes of the British Labor party in securing Parliamentary representation at the last general election. Mr.

Keir Hardie is himself, perhaps, the most interesting and certainly one of the most forceful members of the party. It is impossible for the average citizen to accept his dictums on society and politics generally, but he must, at least, be accepted as an outstanding evidence of vast changes that are looming everywhere on the social horizon; and this, too, must be said for him and for most of those who think with him, that the basis of the agitation they promote is humanitarianism rather than selfishness, idealism rather than materialism, and as such must serve as an incentive to all those who are less extreme, less optimistic, perhaps, and who believe themselves to be more practical, to redouble their efforts to alleviate the miseries that follow in the wake of modern civilization. Mr. Keir Hardie's remedies are crude and hasty, but his fearless and indomitable spirit and the overwhelming intensity of his convictions compel attention. Socialism, his panacea, is, as most of us believe, impracticable without a revolution in human nature, and how shall this be accomplished when two thousand years of Christianity have left human nature where it is? Yet the eager zeal and splendid optimism of men like Keir Hardie, illogical and unreasoning as they frequently are, succeed often where the churches have failed, and appear to be really awakening the public conscience to a keener sense of duty, and are thus, perhaps, after all laying the foundation of that uplifting of human nature which is essential to an amelioration of present injustices.

* * *

Quite lately, it may be added, the British Labor party effected a change in its constitution that seems to indicate an increased degree of cohesion and, presumably, a greater measure of success at the next general election. In 1906, when fifty-four Labor members were elected, one only came in under the auspices of the Parliamentary Labor Committee; fifteen of the remainder were elected by the Miners' Federation; the rest independently of either organization. The Parliamentary Labor Committee was backed by the trades organizations generally, less the powerful Miners' Federation. This latter body has now decided to throw in its lot with the trades unions generally, and the united body will have a membership of nearly a million and a quarter. The next general election in Great Britain is not likely to give so vast a majority to either party as the present Government possesses, and it is well within the region of things probable that, with the larger numbers which growth and increased unity may bring the Labor party, the latter may hold the balance of power.

* * *

In the meantime, the present British Government has amazed the world by its radicalism and by the thoroughness with which it is setting about great social reforms which are in themselves little short of revolutions. The Licensing Bill and the Old-age Pension Act particularly typify the new legislative spirit, and it is to be remarked that even Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, has a word of praise for the latter measure, and few pieces of legislation not specially devoted to Ireland have won approval from such a quarter these many years. Mr. Redmond admits that seventy thousand old persons in Ireland will receive immediate benefit under the Act. The Irish Universities Act, too, has been accepted by Mr. Redmond in a conciliatory spirit, and, on the whole, the radicalism of Mr. Asquith's Government seems to have brought about distinctly better relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The question yet remains to be settled how the country will stand the great new financial burden cast upon it, but, in the meantime, so long as it can keep aloof from war,

the expenditure will, no doubt, prove to be supportable.

* * *

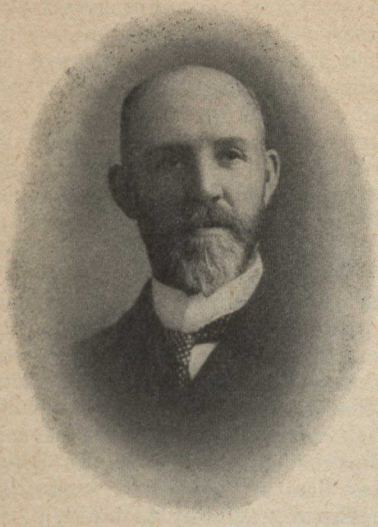
Wonder is sometimes expressed at the apparently greater degree of purity in civic life which prevails in Great Britain as compared with Canada and the United States, though there have been some striking exceptions of late. One substantial reason for the difference is found in the fate that in England awaits detected "grafters," to adopt the popular phrase. The case of the guardians of Mile End, a division of London, is a notable one. The members conspired with one Calcutt, a contractor, to cheat the ratepayers by giving Calcott contracts at exorbitant figures and receiving back doles from the contractor. We have heard of such things in Canada. The whole board appears to have been implicated, including two ex-chairmen, one of whom had been three times mayor of Stepney. The whole party was sent to jail for terms varying from nine months to two years, and was, in addition, mulcted in fines ranging from £25 up to £250. This should help to prevent grafting there.

* * *

As to war, the matter is canvassed more actively than ever as between Germany and Great Britain. Statesmen in each country begin to allude more or less covertly to the matter, always asserting that such a war would be a crime, yet tacitly admitting that crime is possible—on a national as on an individual scale. Mr. Lloyd-George, deprecating the idea that Germany could have as a motive for war with Britain the hope of possessing some portions of the outer Empire, declared that "nothing will alter the destiny of communities like Canada, Australia, South Africa and India." If we take this statement literally, it is very true; nothing will alter the destiny, but how shall we know that destiny? If we assume that Mr. Lloyd-George meant to declare that these communities are for all times fixed as members of the British Empire, he is a stronger Imperialist than has been generally believed. The declaration is safe enough, we may believe without difficulty, in the case of Canada; but it is somewhat daring in the case of India and South Africa, particularly in the case of the latter country when we remember what it cost to guide destiny into a proper course a few years ago. As to Australia, Premier Deakin is evidently not satisfied to rely on destiny, or wholly even on that strong ally of destiny, the British navy, but seized the occasion of the visit to Sydney of the United States fleet to appeal to Australians to begin immediately to build a navy for the Commonwealth. Meanwhile the action of Germany in recognizing Mulai Hafid, the usurping Sultan of Morocco, in face of the efforts of France to control the situation in Morocco, is precisely the kind of act that may one day upset all calculations and force a war at which the civilized world would revolt.

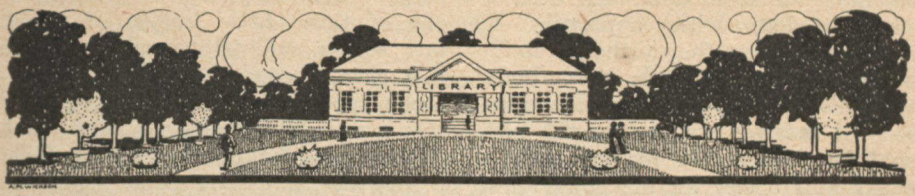
* * *

New Zealand continues to struggle gallantly, even desperately, with the most difficult phases of the labor problem. Compulsory arbitration has been generally accounted a failure because of the extreme difficulty of enforcing an award to which the men object. The Government is undertaking, however, in a bill recently introduced, to strengthen the principle of compulsory arbitration in this respect, and the measure contains most drastic features looking to the enforcement of awards. The bill applies not to public utilities alone, as in the case of the Canadian Act, but to a vast number of other industries, though not to all; and a strike is forbidden not merely until after an investigation looking to settlement has taken place, as again in the case of Canada, but under any and all circumstances, subject to a



PROF. ADAM SHORTT, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

penalty, in the case of every worker who is a party to the strike, of £10, and an additional fine of £1 for each week during which the strike may continue, and he be a party thereto. The corresponding penalties for a lockout are £200 for the initial offence, and £50 a week during its continuance. Moreover, the bill proposes penalties not only for aiding and abetting a strike or lockout, but for publishing any expression of approval of the same. It is in the collection of penalties, however, that the new bill is most severe. The fine will not be optional with imprisonment, this having been considered impracticable as well as undesirable, but, if the penalty remains unpaid, the amount will be deducted by the defaulter's employer from the wages of the striker as soon as he shall be earning any, and the defaulting worker may be followed from one employer to another until the fine is paid; while if the employer fails to deduct the amount of the penalty from the man's wages he can be sued for the same by the inspector of awards in the magistrate's court. If a judgment against a union or association is not satisfied within a month the individual members will be liable up to the amount of £5 each. No such drastic labor legislation has been anywhere previously attempted, and it is not surprising to hear that in some quarters it has been denounced as tyrannical. Yet it is not clear how compulsory arbitration can be in any other way enforced. It is doubtful if any Government could administer such a law as is now proposed, and it is probably but a final attempt to prop up the impracticable system of compulsory arbitration before definitely abandoning it in favor, it may be, of the milder and more conciliatory, and certainly not less successful, law of Canada.



The WAY of LETTERS

Nay, all that I strove to do;
However it end, was done
For You, and the love of You,
The Golden-Throated One!
Arthur Stringer.

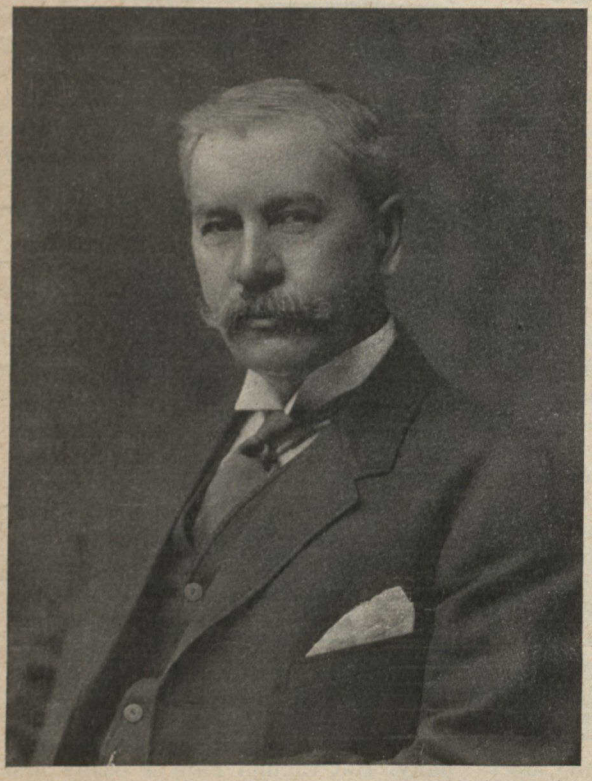
An autograph verse from Arthur Stringer's poem "The Three Voices"

IN this age, when even the plots of our novels seem possessed by the demon of hurry, it is a surprise and a relief to pick up a book which goes slowly and which, by a strong hold upon the interest, compels its reader to go slowly, too. Of such nature is "The Cliff End," by E. C. Booth, a delightful book, a book which insists on taking you for rambles through a sunny stretch of Yorkshire coast and has leisure enough to stop and admire the scenery and laugh good-naturedly at the dry humor of the rustics; every single one of whom we know as a personal friend before it is time to say good-bye. This, to some, may promise dullness, but here dullness is impossible, since, during all the time we spend in gossip with the Ullbrig folk, our interest is firmly held by the main thread of the story —as delightful a love idyl as may well be imagined.

In the United States "The Cliff End" is published under the title of "The Post Girl," a name which describes the somewhat unique occupation of the heroine. Pam, with her parentage shrouded in mystery, is simply one more proof of the fact that an old situation, in proper hands, is just every bit as good as a new one, if not better. In fact, it is not until we have finished the book with a sigh of regret that we may remember having heard before of young village girls who are above their surroundings, and who turn out to be ladies by birth. The beauty of Pam's case is that we do not care in the least what she turns out to be, and neither does the lucky young musician who falls in love with her, and neither does anybody who has spent five minutes in her frank, sweet company. But though Pam is easily first in our affections, the boarder at the "Cliff End" is a good second; we

find in him a delightful friend from whom we are loath to part, and from the first we look upon his attachment to Pam with approval. It speaks well for the author's confidence that he depends very little upon plot and almost altogether upon the real interest we feel in the personalities he creates for us, and it speaks still better for his power that this confidence is justified. What plot there is, is of the most natural and unstrained kind, rising spontaneously out of the human frailties of the characters. Pam, in a fit of jealousy, hides a letter which she knows is from the lady to whom her lover is, presumably, engaged; she is immediately repentant, but restitution becomes unexpectedly impossible, and complication after complication arises in the natural order of things. The fact that the letter which Pam has hidden contains her lover's release without dishonor to himself is one of those little ironies of which fate seems endlessly capable, but in this case a good story is not needlessly spoiled by a dark ending, and the lovers find their way into each other's arms before the curtain falls.

Any notice of the book would be incomplete without mention of Father Mostyn, the Vicar of Ullbrig, a character as unique as it is enjoyable. Nowhere else in fiction do we remember to have met anyone in the least like him, and yet we know him immediately in the way we know Mr. Micawber and Colonel Newcombe and all the dear and incomparable people of our book-world. In fact, we feel that not to have read "The Cliff End" would be a loss in more ways than one, and further books by the same writer will be awaited with much more than usual interest. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25.)



MR. CY WARMAN,
AUTHOR OF "WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI"

* * *

Indian Songs and Stories

A happy field for short stories was discerned by Mr. Cy Warman, who enjoys a wide international reputation as a writer, when he began to take advantage of the wealth of color and romance that distinguishes the customs, characteristics and legends of the Northwest Indians. The chief result of Mr. Warman's travels and observations in remote districts of the Northwest is the publication of a volume of short stories under the title of "Weiga of Temagami." The title applies particularly to the first story. No writer who

does not possess wide sympathies with Indian character could have produced a series of tales, all so excellent and so imbued with the spirit of the wilds.

"The Cross of the Cree" is a good example of Mr. Warman's art in this particular branch of literary work. It is the tragic tale of an unfortunate Indian maiden who was a victim of a pernicious custom affecting giving and taking in marriage amongst the tribes of Saskatchewan. A number of songs on Indian themes, written in Mr. Warman's best style, are interspersed among the stories, and they add much to the attractiveness of the volume. A word should be said for the book from an artistic standpoint, for it is unusually well set up, and the decorations and illustrations are excellent as well as novel. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

More Animal Stories

Another volume of short stories comes from the pen of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who is becoming one of the most prolific of Canadian writers. As the title, "The House in the Water," might indicate, the book is composed of a series of brief accounts of the ways and customs of some of the furred creatures that haunt the forest fastnesses. The first story, which gives title to the book, deals with the life of a beaver colony in a New Brunswick lumber wood. Having many indications of careful and accurate drawing, the picture presented of a beaver dam and much of what its construction entails is full of interest and information. Stirring incidents and adventures are interwoven to good effect. Other animal stories follow, all written in Mr. Roberts' best style. The last story, "Sonny and the Kid," is a capital appreciation of canine devotedness. It shows in a somewhat pathetic way how the good intentions of an animal might be easily misunderstood, and ends with an admirable account of how Sonny proved his nobility and faithfulness. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50.)

* * *

A Book on Loyalty.

Loyalty is a word that is so much abused, and the genesis and spirit of loyalty is so much misunderstood, that it is reassuring to learn of a gentleman in a position of influence having regard to these facts with sufficient seriousness to write a book on the subject. The volume is entitled "The Philosophy of Loyalty," and is a result of a series of lectures delivered on various occasions by Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy in Harvard University, and author of "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy." The book is intended to be an appeal to any reader who has a fondness for ideals, and who may also be willing to review his own ideals in a somewhat new light and philosophical spirit. Prof. Royce regards loyalty as the heart of all the virtues, the central duty amongst duties, and in his presentation and elaboration of his theory he has produced an extremely interesting work. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

* * *

Notes

—One of the handsomest volumes of verse that have come from the press of a Canadian publishing house for some time is entitled "The Wing of the Wild Bird." The author is Dr. Albert D. Watson, who is author also of "Sovereignty of Ideals" and "Sovereignty of Character." While not displaying particular poetic feeling, the verses are rhythmic and of lofty conception. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.00.)

—Admirers of books written by Alice Brown are likely to consider the treatment of her latest novel, "Rose

McLeod," as being both fresh and untiring. The characters introduced are of a kind that become more interesting as the succeeding chapters are read. An outstanding person is the heroine's father, who poses as a professional labor agitator. He arrives in America about the time that his daughter, Rose, is endeavoring to become one of a family circle on the plea of being the widow of the brother of Electra, a member of the household. Much amusing incident is due to Electra, and this because of her New England conscience. Other persons that mean much in the story are an American art student, recently returned from Paris; his eccentric brother, whose physical condition caused him to become a gardener; an old lady possessed of a fund of wit, and her lover, an old man of comely mien. The climax of the love affair of this aged couple is decidedly different from that of Rose and the gardener, and yet both, so far as the reader is concerned, have a satisfactory wind-up. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Cloth, $1.50.)

—"Popular Fallacies" is the title of an invaluable book by A. S. E. Ackermann. It is in itself a storehouse of knowledge, and by reference to it many ignorant and harmful notions might be set right. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.80.)

—"The Romance of Medicine" is the title of an extremely interesting book by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie. It is a romance founded on fact, and the author shows the imaginative aspect and romantic character of medical discovery. He has also presented the facts with scientific accuracy and in their correct historical context. The volume is therefore of interest to the medical profession as well as to the general public. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, $1.80.)

—"The Romance of the Reaper," by Herbert N. Casson, which ran serially in one of the leading magazines of the United States, has been published in book form. Mr. Casson is a Canadian who, in this work has made a decided impression in the field of journalism. The book, although it gives the history of a great American industry, reads like a fabulous tale, full of wonder and huge achievement. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Cloth, $1).

—Volume forty-three of that excellent art publication "The Studio," contains a brief appreciation of Miss Laura Muntz of Montreal, a clever Canadian painter, and reproduces also photographs of two of her paintings. The number is full of material of great interest and value to all persons interested in the progress of art. There are articles on many of the leading schools and artists of the day, with excellent reproductions of their work, together with notes and observations on masters who have passed. Other fine arts, besides paintings are considered in a most attractive way. (London: The Studio Publishing Company, 44 Leicester square).

—Bible lessons for schools, to form a series, have been written by Miss E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto, and published by the Macmillan Company of Canada at forty cents each. Apart altogether from their religious aspect, the lessons are valuable in the amount of information they contain bearing on the Scriptures.

—Mr. Ray Palmer Baker of Hamilton has shown his appreciation of the purpose of the Quebec Battlefields Fund by offering to the fund the profits during May, June and July from the sale of his volume of verse entitled "Cronyn Hall." The book contains several other poems, but the chief one is intended to serve as an introduction to a more pretentious work to commemorate the struggles and achievements of U. E. Loyalists. (Toronto: William Briggs).

Within The Sanctum

COMING close at this autumn time of year to a familiar scene of boyhood, imagination was keen in its reversion of the senses to a fanciful appreciation of those things that appealed most to one of tender years. It was therefore easy to forget that time and tide wait for no man, and that joys of to-day are sorrows of to-morrow. For the old mill, the old brook, and the old hillside were still there, but surely they are like some persons who have always been old and who seem to never grow older. The mere anticipation of threshing day had aroused so keen a play of imagination, a retrospect so realistic, that nothing would do but a visit to the old haunt on the day that had been so many years ago the day of all days for that picturesque community. And with dwelling on the prospect and near approach to the scene came a mental rehearsal of joys that had been full of wonder and enthrallment years ago and that even now possessed alluring qualities equal to those of a dramatic play or great theatrical pageant. The brook and the mill and the village on the hill had their parts to take in the preparation for a proper appreciation of the chief glory of the occasion, and, although they seemed to have stood serenely still, it was not so of the unfenced woodland and the cows that used to pasture on the highway.

With the motor going at full regulation speed, and the village, with the farm beyond in sight, these things were almost overlooked, and the ear involuntary turned to catch the first boom of the thresher. Perhaps the wind was in the wrong direction, for no sound was heard save the whirr of the speeding motor and the contact of gravel with rubber tires.

Already the picture had been well sketched from memory, and now all that it required was to fill in the details and get models for careful drawing. Still, it was a convincing picture as it stood. The dwelling was low and long and deep. It was of stone, with low-trailing outbuildings and a spring-house hard by. The barn was likewise low, with low, rambling stables, pens and other log and frame structures forming a right angle in one corner of the yard.

Coming up the lane the ear catches the first sound of the threshing, but the light hum of the machines against a keen memory of the deep booming of an earlier day is the first painful reminder that time has changed the spirit as well as the face of things and that modernism, with philistinic hand, has come our way. And yet, has romance ever been appreciated in its own day? The horse-power thresher, with its attendant charms, was a great modern, utilitarian device compared with the primitive flail of our grandfathers; but now we see it as those who used it should have seen.

It is but ordinary courtesy to enter the house first and pay respects to the mistress, to admire the maidens who have gathered to help with the cooking and the quilting but, most of all, to provide partners for the rustics, who are already thoughtful of the evening's festivities. What a charming picture will be composed by these daughters of the neighboring farms! And with what zest they will

engage the duties and the pleasantries of the day! Can they ever be forgotten: Betsy Butson, Hannah Hogarth, Susan Sanderson, Lucy Lovelace, Kate Karney, Anna Anderson?

The cooking will be a tremendous and withal joyful undertaking, for there will be an abundance of everything needed. And so the air will be redolent of spiced hams, roasting fowl, boiling beef, apple dumplings, pumpkin pies, alderberry pies, apple pies, mince pies, and what not else? Thus the passage through the kitchen will reveal an enormous spread of many things edible, but most tempting for the moment will be the pan of harvest apples resting on the tree trunk near the pump. The harvest apple had almost a royal prerogative at all threshings, and it took second place only to the cider, to which it was a natural stepping-stone.

But what strange quiet prevails about the house on this particular threshing day! No unusual stir is apparent, and there is no lavish display of viands. Listless of expression, the mistress gives formal welcome. No bevy of wholesome maidens greets the eye, but the hired girl proceeds with the preparation of a meal as if it were the most oppressive of all household tasks.

Poor Betsy and Hannah and Susan and Lucy and Kate and Anna! They have all gone, and no daughters of neighboring farms may take their places. For quilts are now so cheap at the stores that the old-fashioned kind are not worth the time of making, and carpets cost little more than the price of weaving, not counting in the trouble of sewing the rags together. Thus, there is no more quilting or sewing of rags.

But there will be the dance at night?

No! The dancing is now done in the winter, on waxed floors in the public hall. "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Money Musk," the cotillion, eight-hand reel, cut-out jig, schottische, and minuet are no longer danced, and carpets do not conform to the requirements of the waltz, two-step, and three-step.

But the threshers must be fed?

Oh, yes. Still it is no longer a formidable task. Circumstances have changed, simplification has set in.

Be thankful the harvest apples will still be there in the pan on the tree-trunk near the old pump. No? The tree that once spread its spacious limbs across the farthest corner of the orchard is almost dead, but it still bears a few "scrubs," and for those who are so inclined there is liberty to go and partake.

Perhaps the cider will form the missing link between the present and the past, but, alas! cider is now almost an unknown quantity. Easy means of transportation and the opening of markets abroad have called on the orchards to meet the demand, and the apples go barrelled to foreign parts. We might have noticed by the wayside that the cider mill is now a neglected ruin, and have remembered that to-day apples are sold by the orchard instead of by the bushel.

However, it was, after all, the threshing that had called us forth Unconsciously we already see in their places men from the nearby farms, and the cider jug coming back for its second filling. Again we listen for the great hum of the threshing machine and, above it, in fancy we hear the long-drawn whistle of the driver, Mark Martin, coming like the soft sound of an old, almost forgotten song. What a rare accomplishment it is to produce that whistle well, and what an expert Mark Martin was at it! Mark would be there still, for no threshing could be complete without him. He used to stand in the middle of the ring formed by the horses, and with the long-lashed whip in one hand, and the whistle on his lips, he was the envy of youths and the pride of every maiden for miles around. The horses seemed

to know him, and when his whistle broke forth above everything else they would settle down to an even rhythmic stride, proud of being able to step smartly over the twirling drive-bar and not touch it.

Poor old Mark Martin and his horses and his whistling! Mark is gone, and no man may take his place. The horses are gone too, and no horses may take their places. The whistling is only a picturesque memory, and the screech of the engine cannot restore it.

Notwithstanding these ruthless changes of time, the wonder and fascination that were felt as a child still lure on with amazing tenacity, even in face of a new, high, tin-roofed, stone-based barn that now replaces the low, rambling structures of a former day. This new building is approached with strong hope that the mental picture will be realized in at least some of its main features. But the picture becomes less vivid as the actual scene gradually unfolds. Nevertheless there is enough imagination left to place Harry Harper at the mouth of the thresher, and Billy Butson cutting the bands. No five men in any mow could throw sheaves on to the table too fast for Billy, and Harry Harper could feed to the full capacity of any machine. But there will be happy rivalry in the effort of the men in the mow to crowd Billy with sheaves, and happy rivalry likewise in Billy's effort to choke the feeder. Old Charlie himself will be carrying the buckets of grain into bins and checking them off on a tally card nailed to the granary door. No: the imagination can scarcely go that far, for old Charlie passed from the scene long ago, even before the scene itself began to change.

Poor old Charlie! And poor Harry Harper and poor Billy Butson! They are all gone, and no others may take their places. The thresher cuts the bands and feeds itself, and therefore there is no longer any happy rivalry between the men in the mow and the two that once stood at the intake; and the machine now delivers and records the grain it threshes.

But we must see young Charlie at the head of the carriers. Ah, that is the place for robust manhood! What were the other stackers compared with the one who faced the dust and chaff of the first handling? To make a well-shaped, stable stack was a pride in which all shared alike, but the brunt of the undertaking fell upon young Charlie.

Poor young Charlie and the other stackers under him! They are all gone, and no others may take their places. For the machine now belches forth its own straw and dust and chaff, and makes a stack of its own proportioning.

We had come forth to regain the spirit of a great festival of the farm, but we went back wondering at the change that time had wrought. We know now in a slight way what revolution machinery, transportation facilities and the acquisition of foreign markets have brought about in the social life of the farm. We have not attempted to learn what economic changes they have also caused. We wonder whether the present is so unromantic and so unpicturesque as it seems, and whether in time to come men will not look back on this generation and find interest and entertainment in our primitive ways. This much we do know, that nothing can be fully romantic that is new, and nothing can be wholly picturesque that is not old.

The Editor

What Others are Laughing at

NOTHING DOING.

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

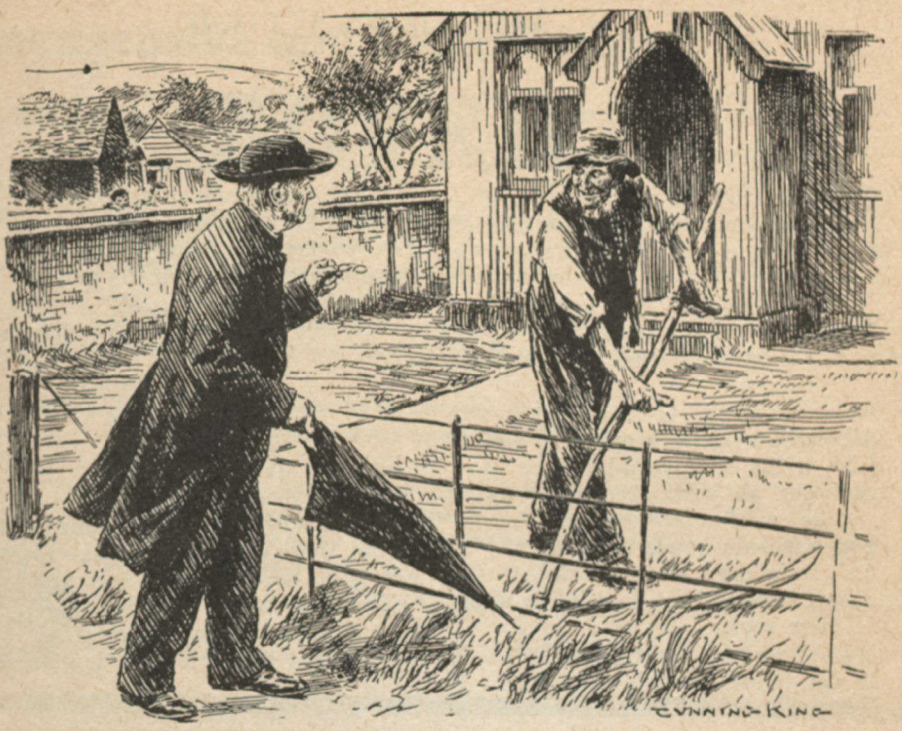
"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—*Success.*

"THE HERO OF THE MATCH" —Australian *Life*



PARSON (discovering odd-job man working at the chapel) "Why, Giles, I was not aware that you cut the grass for the dissenters too?"

GILES: "Well, your reverence, I does sometimes; but I don't use the same scythe!" —*Punch*

AN ANALOGY.

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old man could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation the president concluded: "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I tinks I understand. It's just like this; ven my baby vakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk ticket."—*Harper's Weekly.*

FELINE CONVERTS.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Rev. Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then sir." — *Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE

THE THUNDER

By DONALD A. FRASER

When de win' is wild an' roarin'
An' de rain comes down a-pourin'
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev'y toof;
Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin'
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's de troof;
For I feel de house a-shakin',
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,
When I'm big, I'll make him stop it,
An' he'll have to show de quickness of his hoofs;
For, if he don't skedaddle,
I will show him dere's a lad'll
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls down people's roofs.

* * *

CUPID'S BARGAIN DAY

There's the sound of eager voices,
And the fluttering of skirts,
While the maiden fair rejoices
And the golf links fast deserts.
Should you wonder whence arises
This wild thronging from all parts—
Crafty Cupid advertises:
"Here's a bargain day in hearts."

There are hearts with gold all braided,
There are hearts with fatal hurts,
There are hearts all bent and faded
That are quickly snatched by flirts.
Sales go forward—never stopping—
Cupid's counters soon are bare;
Womankind delights in shopping,
And these hearts are remnants rare.

Some these hearts are cracked or broken,
Every one possessed a flaw;
Many bitter words are spoken,
Wrathful maidens go to law.
Yet, to-day, no fraud surprises
And once more upon the marts
Crafty Cupid advertises:
"Here's a bargain day in hearts."

J. G.

* * *

OPTIMISM

I'm quite devoid of money,
As everybody knows;
But the summer sky is sunny
And there's perfume to the rose.
For gold that's bright and yellow
The golden-rod will do.
I'm as rich as any fellow,
Or that's my point of view!

The song the breezes utter,
The twittering of birds,
The leaves that lisp and flutter,
My true love's tender words.
The lakes that dance and dimple,
The scent of fir and pine—
I own them in fee simple—
Hence, all the world is mine!

I have no broad green acres
Of which I'm over lord,
But joy's for any takers,
And joy's my only hoard;
And while my comrades name me
Companion in their mirth,
I shall myself proclaim me
"The richest man on earth!"

—Berton Braley, in *Life*.

* * *

SPECULATION

I married her for money, boys,
Just as a speculation,
The girl herself I didn't take
(And that's just where I made the break)
Into consideration.

K. C.

FORMERLY Soap using Women—Tired—Cross—Sick. Men who dreaded the Home-coming. No Wonder!

¶ NOW with Millions of Women the old time Yearly upset for House-cleaning is out of date. The PEARLINE user knows no season. The Home is kept Clean the year round, because of the Ease and Perfect Cleanliness the use of PEARLINE insures. When you see an exceptionally Clean home—a Bright, Genteel-Looking woman, you may rest assured she uses PEARLINE

PEARLINE DOES THE WORK INSTEAD OF YOU

WHY NOT?

Are not some of your good carpets a bit dull?

—Why not have them Dyed?

Wouldn't some of the curtains and portierres be the better for a thorough cleaning?

—Why not send them to us?

Aren't there some articles of wearing apparel that need renovating?

—Why not get our price list for dyeing and cleaning of every description?

—Why not do it to-day?

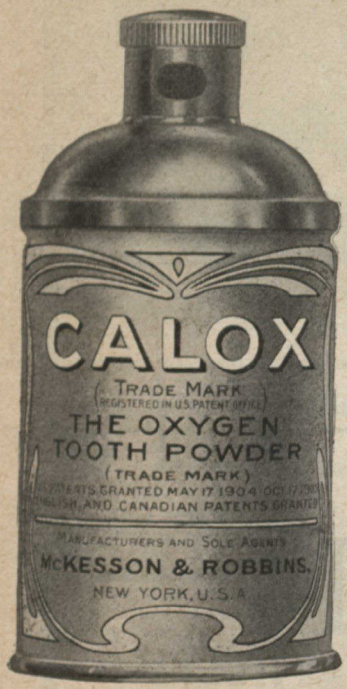
R. PARKER & CO.

CANADA'S GREATEST
Dyers and Cleaners
TORONTO, CAN.

Branches and Agencies in all parts of Canada.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER



CALOX is the only Oxygen Tooth Powder, and it's the Oxygen that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the teeth. The Oxygen in Calox penetrates into every crevice and cavity of the teeth, destroying all germs, preventing decay and whitening the teeth by its harmless bleaching properties.

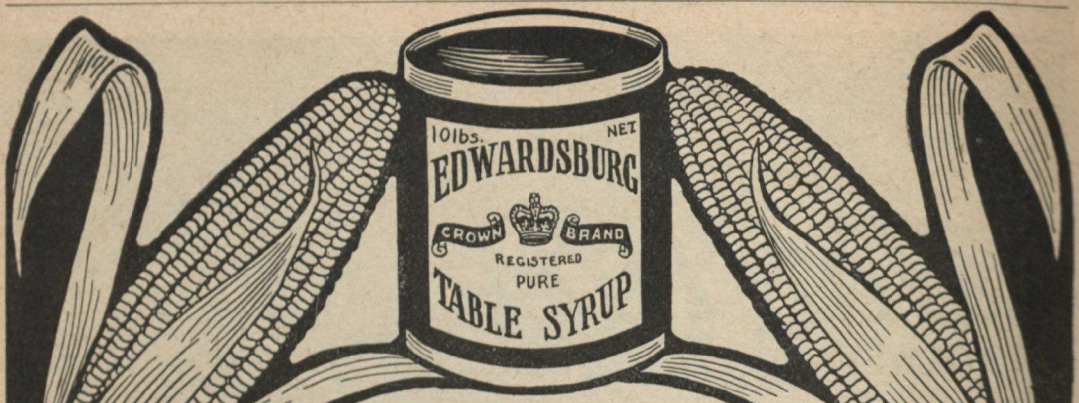
"The Oxygen Does It"

All Druggists or postpaid by mail for 25 cents.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton Street, New York, U.S.A.

Dainty Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on request from

NATIONAL DRUG CHEMICAL CO., Montreal, Canada



CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Comfortable Meals Make Comfortable Homes

Good nourishing meals served in a dainty manner is one of the best foundations of a comfortable home.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup makes the preparation of wholesome meals easy. It can be so nicely made up into **dainty dishes that capture the appetite.**

Used in milk puddings, pastry, porridge, biscuits, etc., it not only makes them more enjoyable, but increases their food value.

"Crown Brand Syrup" contains all the nourishing and tissue building elements of corn.

For your convenience your dealer has it in 2, 5, 10 and 20-lb. air-tight tins with lever lids.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., LIMITED

Established 1878

Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Toronto and Montreal

Your Fall Housecleaning Made Easy

With the help of Old Dutch Cleanser in This Handy Sifting-Top Can, 10c.

And the Many Housecleaning Hints in This Handy Booklet, sent FREE upon Request.

Avoid Caustic and Acids—Use

Old Dutch Cleanser

—the best housecleanser ever discovered. Without this handy all-round cleanser you cannot do your housecleaning right. It takes the place of soaps, soap-powders, scouring bricks and metal polishes—does *all* their work.

Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes

—and does it *easier, quicker* and *better.* Old Dutch Cleanser puts the whole house, from cellar to attic, in spick and span condition *with very little help from you.*

In the Parlor—It cleans marble statuary and mantels without turning the marble yellow as soap does. Cleans and polishes chandeliers, electroliers, brasses and metal work.

In the Bath Room—It quickly removes grime and discolorations from enamel bath-tubs. Keeps wash-basins, bowls and faucets clean and bright.

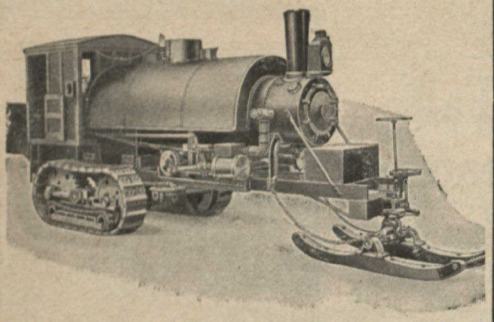
In the Bed Rooms—It cleans and polishes brass bedsteads, keeps painted walls fresh and stainless, and also cleans windows.

In the Kitchen—It keeps wood, stone and cement floors, painted or unpainted wood-work clean and spotless, scours pots, kettles and pans, and polishes glassware and cutlery in the easiest and quickest manner.

Our "Hints for Housewives" booklet is full of practical hints that will help you save time, labor and expense in your housecleaning. This booklet will be sent **free** upon request—do not fail to write for it.

If your grocer does not keep Old Dutch Cleanser, send us his name and 10c. in stamps and **we'll gladly pay 22c. postage** to send you a full size can.

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., Dept. 112, Toronto, Canada



¶ That the Lombard Steam Log Hauler is a success is proven by the gratifying results obtained by its users.

¶ One lumber operator in the province of Quebec, using the Lombard Hauler, writes that last winter he hauled pulpwood, lumber and ties from his limits over a 10-mile tote road at a saving over the use of horses of $1.00 per cord.

¶ The road was a gradual climb of from 15% to 20% with occasional short, sharp pitches.

¶ On this road he hauled up to 60 cords of 4 ft. pulpwood, or over 25,000 to the load.

¶ Another lumberman states that he hauled his logs last winter with the Lombard Hauler for one-third what it would have cost him to do it with horses.

¶ There are many others obtaining equally satisfactory results with this machine.

¶ Illustrated circular to any address on request.

The Jenckes Machine Co.
LIMITED

General Offices: Sherbrooke, Que.

Works: Sherbrooke, Que., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices: Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt, Rossland, Vancouver, Halifax.

Jewellers throughout the country, whose patronage represents the most discriminating taste in Silverware, have long been handling

STANDARD
Silver Co.'s

and have to-day in stock a good assortment of patterns. Anything bearing this *Trade Mark* is artistic in form and thoroughly reliable in workmanship.

THE STANDARD SILVER CO.,
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

In These Food Fad Days

When good folks are induced by "health food" fakirs to pay five times the cost of good white flour for indigestible stuff which was surely never intended for human consumption, the question of comparative nutrition values becomes of acute interest.

Practical tests have shown ordinary white wheaten flour to possess about 87 % nitrogenous matter—the real proteid of life—giving value necessary for a sound, economical food. Whole wheat flour comes next with 82 % ; then graham flour with 77 %, and the long line of "prepared cereals."

When ordinary flours contain 87 % natural nutriment, just think of the high nutritive value and digestibility of FIVE ROSES flour, milled only from the choice spring wheat which has made Manitoba famous !

Get the FIVE ROSES habit—'twill become a second nature.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., - MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, KEEWATIN

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages. GANONG Bros. Ltd. St. STEPHEN, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts covered with a smooth rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE

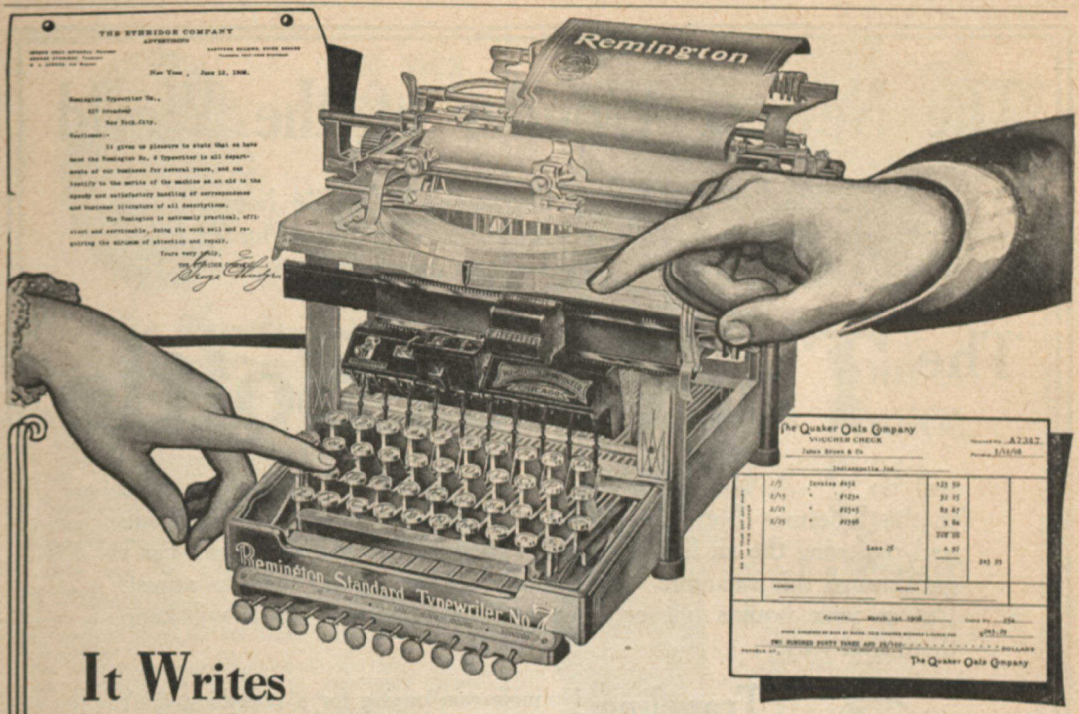
GANONG BROS, LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

THE
CALL FOR BREAKFAST

is doubly welcome when "Rose Brand" Bacon awaits you.

Always specify "Rose Brand" when ordering from your Grocer.

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS



It Writes
It Adds
It Subtracts

You cannot do these three things mechanically on any other machine

The Remington Typewriter

With Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

represents the complete and perfect union of the writing machine and the adding machine. It completes the circle; finishes the labor saving; leaves nothing more for mechanical ingenuity to contrive in the field of billing, order and general accounting work.

The Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment bears our guarantee and is made for the Remington Typewriter exclusively.

Illustrated descriptive booklet sent on request.

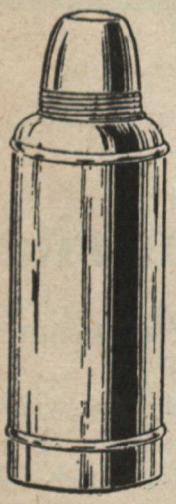
Remington Typewriter Company
(LIMITED)
Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, St. John, N.B., Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

The Newest Wonder of the World

A bottle which will keep hot liquids *hot* for 24 hours in the *coldest* temperature—which will keep cold liquids *cold* for 72 hours in the *hottest* temperature. That's almost unbelievable, isn't it? But

The Thermos Bottle

will do it. A German scientist simply applied the vacuum principle to the Thermos Bottle by putting one glass bottle inside a larger one and removing the air from the space between. Heat or cold can't get through this vacuum. No chemicals—nothing for you to adjust. Put in your liquids hot or cold, and the Thermos Bottle will keep them that way.



Traveling No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold refreshments.

Outings Picnicing, Yachting, Hunting, Canoeing—or any kind of trip—you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

Motoring Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquid at any temperature, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket to contain 6 bottles made especially for Automobiles. Also leather auto case for two bottles.

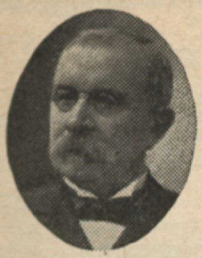
The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold drinks for LUNCHEON at office, shop or home. In the SICK ROOM it keeps medicines and nourishment always at the right temperature. It supplies the BABY with warm milk day or night.

Thermos Bottles are sold in the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes.

Prices from $3.50 up. *Send for free booklet.*
Always ready—never requires any preparation.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., Ltd., MONTREAL

301



THE SICK MADE WELL WITHOUT MEDICINE

Hercules Sanche

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All rights reserved.

Precious Life and Health can be saved by this New Method. All Sickness is alike to

OXYDONOR

It applies to all cases, no matter what the form of disease may be.

It revitalizes the human body with oxygen from the air. **Oxygen is a vital necessity**—the greatest necessity life knows. **Oxydonor** creates in the body an affinity for oxygen. When additional oxygen is instilled into the body through the skin, membranes, and all the tissues of the human fabric, an additional amount of vitality is begotten, which metes out to every part of the organism the **required vitality** to overcome all forms of disease.

Miss M. Hill, 127 Seaton Street, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have been very much benefitted by the use of **Oxydonor.** I was afflicted with weakness, nervousness, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, etc., and was scarcely able to do any work. Since using **Oxydonor** I am quite able to do all my work, without having those irregularities."

You apply **Oxydonor** at home while you sleep. No loss of time from your work or business. It is easily applied, safe, and always ready for use. Its force never exhausts. It will serve the family, children as well as adults.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 354 St. Catharine St. West, MONTREAL
61 Fifth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Remodelled, Handsomely Furnished New Throughout

THE ALBANY

41st Street and Broadway, NEW YORK

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF — In the heart of the City
500 Rooms — **300 Bath Rooms**
European Plan — Cuisine Unexcelled
Gentlemen's Cafe, Ladies' Restaurant and Moorish Rooms — Popular Prices
Plenty of life—but home-like
Single Room and Suites with and without Bath
$1.00 per Day and up
Send for Booklet — **ROBERT P. MURPHY**

Meet me at the College Inn, under The Albany, New York's Leading Rathskeller, a place to eat, drink and be merry — Music

---

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Your Choice in a Spoon Design

Can be readily selected, and the quality of the goods known to be thoroughly reliable, if you ask your dealer for wares stamped with the trade-mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

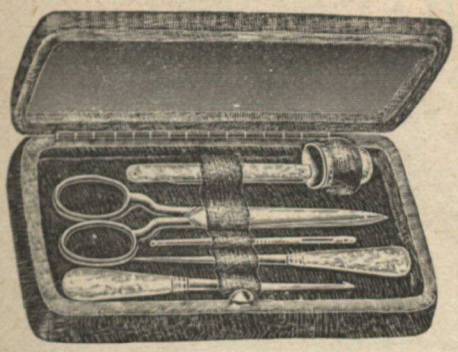
Half a century of continuous and successful manufacturing has made this stamp a guarantee of the best in silver plate.

Our Book Free

It shows over fifty designs in spoons, as well as many kinds of knives, forks, berry spoons, cold meat forks, etc. Tea sets, tureens, baking dishes, etc., are also shown. You will get a hint of the variety of our goods, and the trade-marks by which they are easily distinguished, wherever bought, by sending for catalogue No. 38.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
HAMILTON, CANADA

Sold by leading Dealers everywhere.



Refuse Substitutes of

RODGERS CUTLERY

The trademark below is stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery expressly to enable you to distinguish the genuine from the imitation.

Behind that "mark of guaranteed quality" stands our reputation of over 200 years.

Look carefully for the trademark shown below.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Ltd.
Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD ENG.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"Baby's Best Friend"
and Mamma's greatest comfort. **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Chafing, Sunburn, Prickly Heat** and **Chapping.**
For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor { *No Samples*
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) {
Specially prepared for the nursery. **Sold only at Stores.**

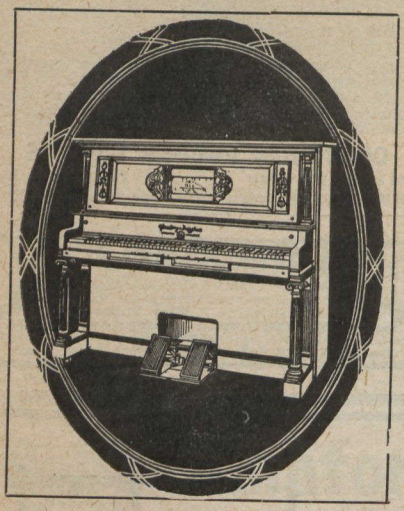
FEARMAN'S
English Breakfast
BACON

is made from Selected, well-fed Canadian hogs only, cured mild and sweet and under Government inspection. When going to your summer home take a good supply with you. Your grocer will procure for you, if not, we will send it to you direct.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.

Gourlay-Angelus
Player-Pianos

Canada's Artistic Player-Pianos



Bring enjoyment to every member of the family every day of the year. All will enjoy the increase of music which it invariably brings. All can, if they wish, help make it.

The piano is no longer silent, nor is one dependent on any one else for music. Though the piano is always available for hand playing, the ANGELUS inside the case gives every one the ability to play, and there is no limit to the character of the selections one may choose from. The repertoire includes every class of music—popular, standard, classic, operatic, dance, accompaniment and sacred, down to the very latest successes in each class.

The GOURLAY-ANGELUS will give an artistic rendering of the most difficult music. Its patented inventions—the MELODANT and PHRASING LEVER provide for that. The Melodant accents every note of the melody, subduing the accompaniment; the Phrasing Lever gives the operator absolute control of the tempo, every infinitesmal gradation being possible. The GOURLAY-ANGELUS is the only Canadian piano in which the Melodant or Phrasing Lever is procurable.

If you have listened to other player-pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the GOURLAY-ANGELUS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dressing Bags

We illustrate above the best selling Bag we make. The brushes are of the best quality ebony and cut glass bottles.

The leather is of the finest selected natural grain in dull black, tan and brown. Extra fine frame with gold plated fittings.

PRICE, with nickel top bottles

18-inch **$23.00** 20-inch - **$24.00**

Sterling Silver top bottles, $6.00 extra.

Catalogue C is free. Everything new in Travelling Goods and Leather Goods is shown.

The **JULIAN SALE**

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto

Highlands of Ontario

FOR

Big Game

Deer and Moose abound in all that District known as the "Highlands of Ontario," reached by

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

OPEN SEASON

DEER—November 1st to November 15th, inclusive.
MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th, inclusive. In some of the Northern Districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th, inclusive.

OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

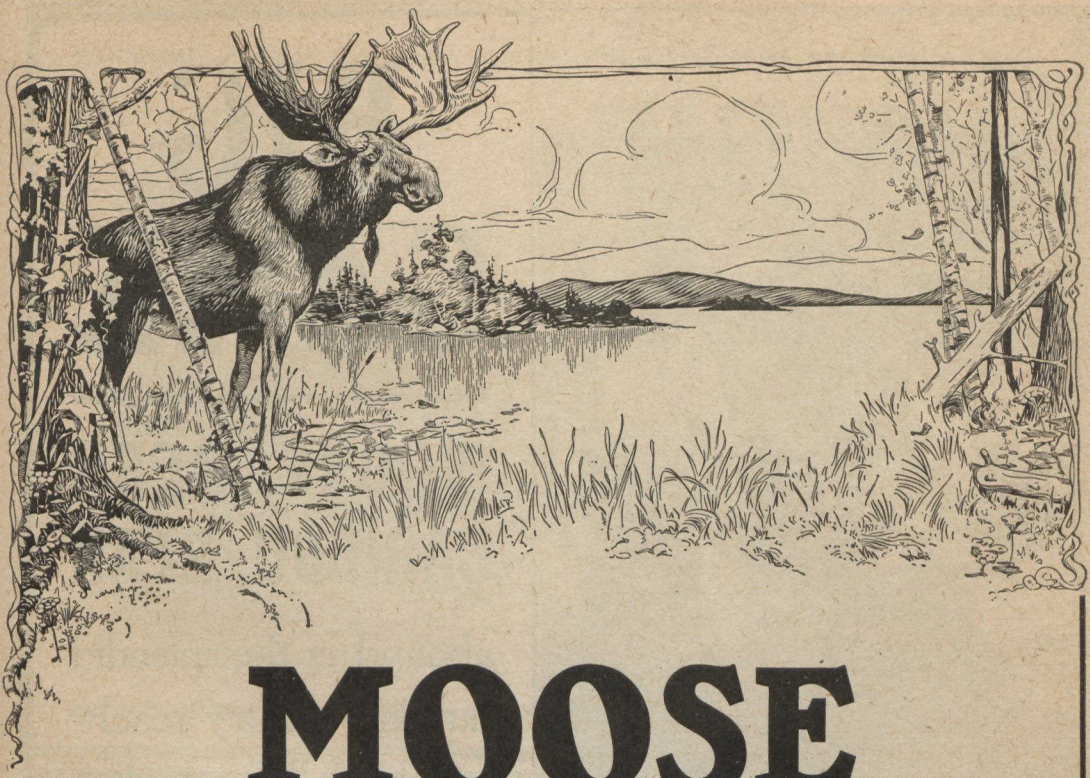
DUCKS—September 1st to December 31st, inclusive.
GEESE—September 15th to April 30th, inclusive.
PLOVER—September 1st to Dec. 15th, inclusive.
QUAIL—November 1st to December 1st, inclusive.
SNIPE—September 1st to December 15th, inclusive.
WOODCOCK—Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th, inclusive.
HARES—October 1st to December 31st, inclusive.
SQUIRRELS—Nov. 1st to December 1st, inclusive.

Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing Maps, Game Laws and all particulars.

J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto, Ont.
J. QUINLAN, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, P.Q.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
Montreal

G. T. BELL
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Montreal



MOOSE

OPEN SEASON

New Brunswick, Sept. 15---Nov. 30
Nova Scotia, - Oct. 1---Nov. 30
Quebec, - - Sept. 1---Dec. 31

Write General Passenger Dept.

Intercolonial Railway

Moncton, N.B., for Pamphlets

"Fishing and Hunting" "Moose in the Micmac Country"

BIG GAME

MOOSE, DEER CARIBOU, BEAR

abound in the splendid hunting country reached (this fall for the first time by rail) by the Toronto - Sudbury branch of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The only line to all the hunting grounds of Canada.

Write for copies of illustrated sportsmen's booklets, "Fishing and Shooting," "Sportsman's Map," and any information required.

WM. STITT
General Passenger Agent
MONTREAL

R. L. THOMPSON
District Passenger Agent
TORONTO

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

THE SECRET OF THE ENDURING SUCCESS OF

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

IS EXPLAINED IN THIS SCRAP FROM THE LETTER OF A LADY.

----it has a quality all its own, readily recognized, but which baffles description as it appears to baffle your countless imitators. I find it in no other perfume.-------

THE SWEETEST AND MOST REFRESHING PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

VIENNA COPPER NOVELTIES CHINA AND GLASS

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

We Don't Care--

Who your tailor is. We don't question his ability to make clothes.

What we want *you* to know is, that we can give you *quick service*, *save* you a few dollars, and yet supply you with the *best clothes* that money and talent can produce.

Fancy worsteds in those new shades of olive and mild browns, are the newest things shown this fall. Exceptional values at $25.00

"Fashion-Craft"

Shops all over Canada

"Man Is As Old As His Stomach"

This Persian Epigram Is the Real Gauge of a Man's Life.

The Persians were a very sagacious people, noted among other things, for their deep thinking on life and the things which make up life.

The above epigram shows the wisdom of their thought.

When a man's stomach is able to furnish new material to the system as fast or faster than the natural decay of man requires, then such a man lives his fullest and his best.

When through wrong living or disease a man's stomach begins to tax the other organs and takes from the blood, strength which it cannot give back in nourishment taken from food, then begins the death of man and he decays fast. The stomach is strong, splendidly strong, and can stand an untold amount of abuse and neglect, but when it dies man dies.

The stomach gives tons upon tons of good rich blood every year to the system and draws only 680 lbs. of nourishment for its own use. If, however, the food which it receives cannot be turned into blood which is capable of use by the body, then the stomach receives no help from the other organs.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain the most perfect digestive qualities known to science and at the same time the most powerful. They will mix with the poisonous juices of a sick stomach and digest food in spite of this handicap.

They will stop gas making and bad breath. They tone up the nerves of the whole digestive canal, including those of the stomach.

A single ingredient contains strength enough to digest 3,000 times its weight in mixed food.

They have stood the test of time and today are more sought after than all their imitators combined.

They are used and endorsed by 40,000 physicians. Every druggist sells them, price 50c. It costs nothing to demonstrate their value. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

OGILVIE'S Royal Household

is the only flour made in Canada that is submitted to an actual daily baking test.

This insures HIGH QUALITY and ABSOLUTE UNIFORMITY.

It is an ideal flour for Bread, Cake and Pastry.

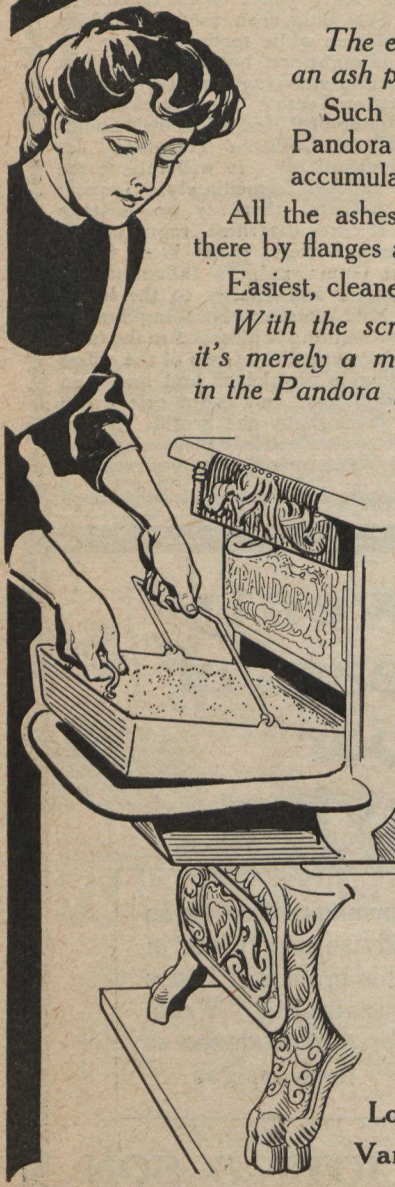
Do not buy anything that is said to be "just as good" or "better," such statements are incorrect.

Insist on having ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co., Limited.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PANDORA RANGE



The easiest way to remove ashes from a range is with an ash pan—the Pandora method (see illustration).

Such an extra large ash pan is provided with the Pandora that it will contain more ashes than will accumulate in one day.

All the ashes are in the pan, too, because they are guided there by flanges attached to either end of the fire-pot.

Easiest, cleanest, quickest, is the Pandora way.

With the scraper and pan provided with every Pandora it's merely a matter of a minute or so to clean out the dirt in the Pandora flues.

Less dirt accumulates in Pandora flues than in ordinary flues, because they are wider and deeper, with no bolts, projections or crevices to catch the dirt, consequently you need not clean them out so often.

Saves a lot of labor, does the Pandora.

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct for **Free Booklet.**

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary

BYRRH

Still the Best Recuperative Tonic Wine

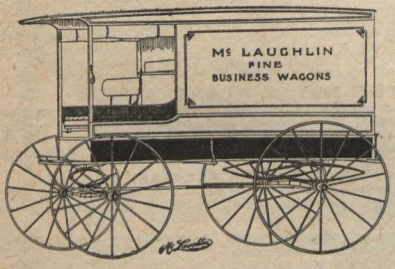
No other wine that has been or is made can approach Byrrh Wine in its remarkable tonic and building up qualities. The reason is that Byrrh is made from some of NATURE'S OWN best restoratives, combined with an ESPECIALLY FINE Old Port. "Byrrh" tones up the nervous system, strengthens the digestive functions, gives you a natural appetite and the power to digest what you eat Have you tried it ?

FREE SAMPLE. Send this advertisement with 10 cents. to cover mail charges etc., and we will send you a large sample.

Bottled in Thuir, France, by Violet Freres, Proprietors.

HUDON, HEBERT & CO., LTD., "Byrrh" Dept., MONTREAL

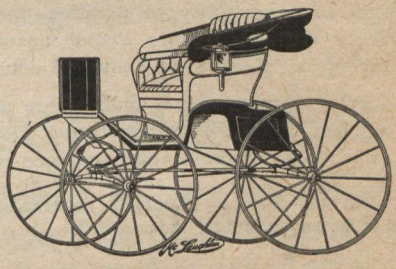
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA,



We make over

137

different types and sizes of Vehicles



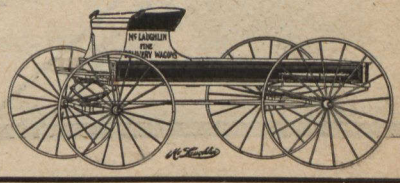
The Choicest of Materials The Strongest of Guarantees

The Most Perfect Satisfaction

are embodied in every McLaughlin Vehicle

McLaughlin Carriages made at Oshawa, Ont.

ST. JOHN
MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
CALGARY



A Man who loves Music will Revel in the

New Scale Williams Player Piano

IT is what he has always wanted—something that will enable him to enjoy any music he likes—that will amuse him with light pieces or stir his soul with the classics.

It makes every man a pianist because it plays all the notes. It makes many musicians, because it enables them to express their thoughts in music.

To the busy business man—who has no time or opportunity to practice—the New Scale Williams Player Piano means rest, recreation, pleasure and musical educafion,

Our purchase plan enables you to have a New Scale Williams Player Piano in your home without inconvenience to you.

Write us about it—and also for free booklets. Cut out the coupon and mail to us to-day.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited
OSHAWA, ONT.

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

T.C.M.

22

Perrin Gloves have the quality that gives perfect wear and the elegance that means perfect satisfaction. Sold by best dealers. 3-08

PERRIN GLOVES

Stamp Collecting

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