Sir John Macdonald and Confederation

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JULY, 1901.

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO, LIMITED
TORONTO

THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING. Illustrated.
THE DRAMA OF HIAWATHA OR MANA-BOZHO. Illustrated.

THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LIMITED, PRINTERS, TORONTO.

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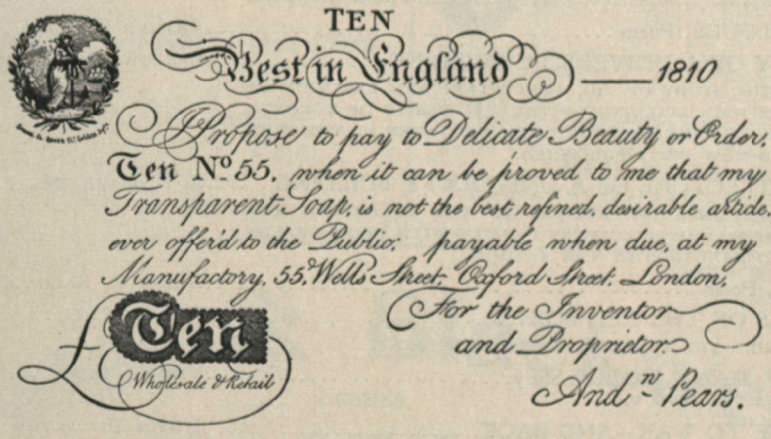

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. JULY, 1901. No. 3.

CONTENTS:

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Holidays and Sport

THE August "Canadian Magazine" will be devoted mainly to sports and travel. Golf, Cricket, Lacrosse and other sports will be touched upon in various articles. Travel and adventure at home and abroad will be the theme of several well illustrated contributions.

A Fast Trip up the Matterhorn

by S. Turner, of Penarth, South Wales, is a direct contribution from a well-known mountain climber. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult peaks of the Alpine ranges, and the author describes his fast trip up to its summit. One illustration shows him at the top, 14,705 feet above the sea-level. This is from a picture taken by a travelling companion. Among other pictures taken above the clouds is one which clearly shows a mountain peak which was ninety miles from the camera.

The Birthplace of Napoleon

and a visit to points of interest in Corsica is the work of Nonie Powell, a lady from Victoria, B.C., who recently visited the famous island. There are illustrations of the house in which Napoleon was born, the interior of his natal bed-chamber, the interior of the Hotel-de-Ville and other interesting places.

Golf in Canada

by W. A. R. Kerr, will be found entertaining even to those who have never seen this popular game. It is historical as well as descriptive. The illustrations will be from photos collected from all over Canada and from drawings made to illustrate points in the game where an artist can do much better than the camera.

Short Stories

will be abundant in the August number—more abundant than usual. The number as a whole will be in keeping with the season—light reading and interesting illustrations.

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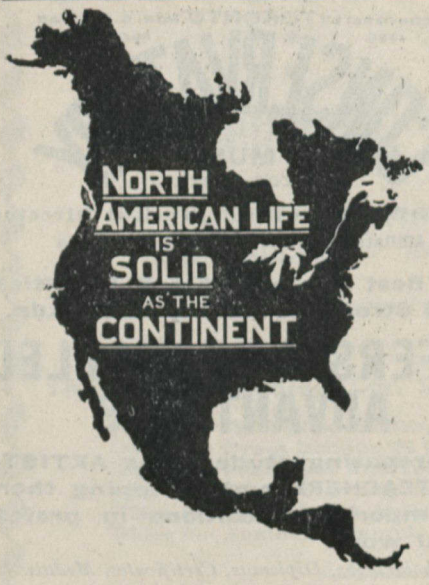

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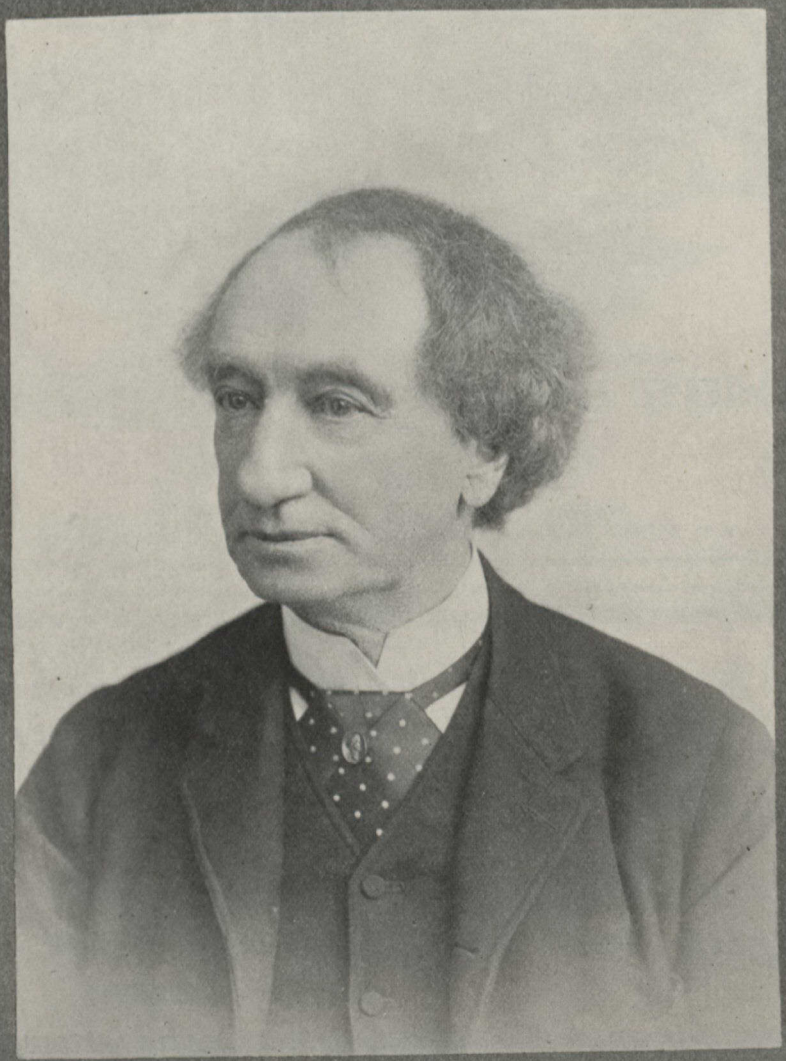


PHOTO BY JARVIS, OTTAWA

See p. 223

THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.

DIED JUNE 6TH, 1891

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII JULY, 1901 No. 3

THE DRAMA OF HIAWATHA, OR MANA-BOZHO.

AS PLAYED BY A BAND OF CANADIAN OJIBWAY INDIANS.

By Frank Veigh.

THE presentation of a drama dealing with Indian legendry and life, by Indian actors, in an open-air auditorium, with the sky for a roof and a real sea dotted with real islands, as a scenic setting, may be fitly regarded as a modern novelty. Such was the dramatization of the Song of Hiawatha, in seven scenes, played by a company of Ojibway Indians during August of 1900. So remarkable a theatrical performance, based upon so romantic a story, has probably never before been witnessed.

The amateur actors on the interesting occasion, seventy-five in number, were carefully chosen from the Shingwauk band of Ojibways residing on the Garden River Reserve, twenty miles south-east of Sault Ste. Marie, in the Province of Ontario. When Schoolcraft, the well-known authority on the red men of the west, married into the Ojibway tribe, choosing for his wife a daughter of the famous old chief Shingwauk, he gathered together the tales and legends of his new friends and in turn related them to Longfellow, who wove them into his matchless Song of Hiawatha. It is still a matter of doubt whether the poet actually visited the scene of his poetic drama, but the aged chief, Buk-wuj-jini-ni (a son of Shingwauk), who recently died, stoutly maintained that Longfellow had visited him in person and had heard from his own lips the stories that have been immortalized in the composition. The accuracy of the local colouring and the geographical references, as well as the correctness of the Indian names and words used in the poem, would seem to be almost incredible if the poet never saw the natural scenery he describes.

The idea of presenting the poem in dramatic form by a group of red men first occurred to Mr. L. O. Armstrong, the head of the colonization department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it materialized incidentally through a visit to Boston of Kabaosa, a leader among the Ojibways, and his nephew Wabonosa, on the occasion of the Sportsman's Exhibition held in that city in 1899. While there, the Indians were entertained by the daughters of Longfellow, who promised in return to visit their guests in their western home on Lake Huron. The presentation of the drama was therefore arranged for

IAGOO

the benefit of the eastern visitors in the summer of 1900.

The scene of the play was among the hundred Desbarats Islands of the St. Mary River that line the Canadian shore of Lake Huron, near its extreme north-eastern end. Two miles from Desbarats station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, Kensington Point juts into a beautiful sheet of water. Sheltered on three sides by the hills, it formed an amphitheatre of most ample area, which was wisely chosen as the great natural stage. A platform was erected, from the centre of which a towering red pine rose like a stately sentinel. On one side stood the conical skin tepee of the Dakota pattern, in which the Arrow-maker made his temporary home, and on the left a group of Ojibway tepees, together with the wigwam of old Nokomis, constituted a little Indian village. A fleet of bark canoes, afloat in the miniature bay, added further reality to the setting. The site thus selected was unique, it having been the playground of the Ojibways from time immemorial. As an old Indian said, "It is never too hot and never too cold in the islands. It never blows too hard for our canoes. There are plenty of berries and fish, and it is all good to look at." Bordered by the highlands of St. Joseph's Island on the west and the range of hills on the eastern mainland of Lake Huron, the Desbarats Islands may be aptly described, in the words of the poem, as the Isles of the Blessed.

The actors chosen from the tribe made a most picturesque group. The costumes were as historically correct as possible, being based upon Catlin's colour plates of Indian characters. The designing of the dresses and accessories, as indeed the stage management of the whole entertainment, was under the direction of Mr. Armstrong, aided by Mr. Francis West, a Boston artist, both of whom have long been students of Indian history and habits. The unsparing use of war paint by the actors, their highly-coloured garments, and their feathered head-dresses completed an attire that was effective. The Ojibway tongue was used by the participants in the play, but even that guttural speech was almost unnecessary, because of the vivedness of the pantomime. The accompanying music was also thoroughly Indian in its character, while the weird choruses were of themselves most impressive. One of the chief musicians was the red man Kabaosa, who assumed the character of Chibiabos, the sweet singer. Rebecca Kabaosa, the daughter of the chief, took the part of Minnehaha, and wore many rich ornaments. Among these was a necklace of historic wampum nearly two hundred years old, a valuable heirloom of the tribe.

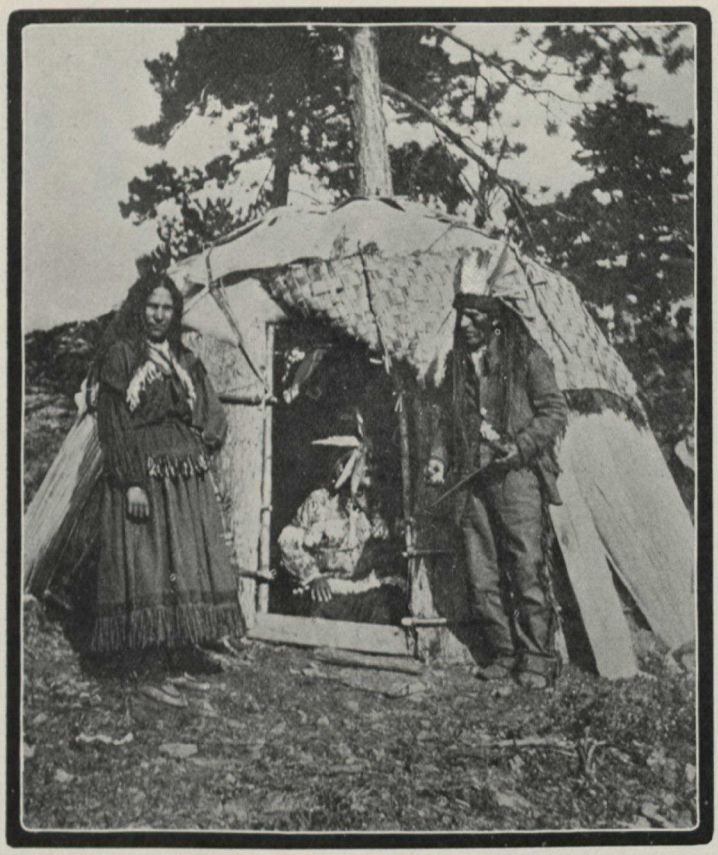
NOKOMIS

The dramatis personæ was as follows :—

The youthful Hiawatha (at nine years of age)	Bungee Obtossaway.
Hiawatha in manhood	G. Kabaosa.
The Arrow-maker	Sa-ga-je-we-o-sa.
Pau-Puk-Keewis, the mischief-maker	Wabun.
Minnehaha	Rebecca Kabaoso.
Chibiabos, the sweet singer	W. Kabaosa.
Nokomis	M. Sagajeweosa.
Iagoo, the story-teller	Obtossoway.
Kwasind	Mudjekeewis.
Kahgequawenene	Shawondasee.
Wabeno	Wabun.
Kabibbonoka	Wabequokkose.

The audience occupied seats on the side of the hill overlooking the platform and the expanse of lake and island beyond. Among the interested spectators were eight direct descendants of Longfellow, including Miss Alice Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorp, his daughters; Mr. J. G. Thorp, the son-in-law, with three daughters and two grandsons in the persons of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Henry W. Longfellow Dana. Five of the Longfellow family were afterwards adopted into the tribe at a special council meeting held on the Reserve, the ceremo-

FULL CAST IN THE DRAMA OF HIAWATHA—AS PLAYED BY A BAND OF OJIBWAY INDIANS, NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE, AUGUST, 1900



OLD NOKOMIS IN HER SUMMER LODGE

nies being conducted by Chief Kabaosa, who proved to be an orator of no mean ability, and who apportioned to each of the candidates a name of honour as they one by one danced with the head man in the centre of the circle, while a company of Indians chanted incessantly. Miss Longfellow was given the name of O-dah-ne-waus-e-no-qua, meaning Leading Light, or the first flash of lightning preceding a storm. By a curious coincidence, shortly after her adoption was completed, the only severe thunderstorm of the season burst over the locality, and the lightning struck near the Longfellow Lodge. As the country is comparatively free from summer storms, this was regarded by the old Indians as a favourable omen, and materially increased the veneration with which they treated their pale-faced guests. Mrs. Thorp was christened "The Lady-of-the-Open-Plains." Mr. Thorp was changed into "The-Man-near-whom-it-is-Good-to-Live," and the two grandsons will hereafter be known as Wild Man and Rising Sun.

A lodge was erected on Longfellow Island, and the habitation received the name of Longfellow Lodge. It was built of moss-covered stones, and its interior furnishings were of birch bark, and over the window of the house were quotations from the poet's writings, burned into the wood. In acknowledging her admission into the tribe, Miss Longfellow replied in a speech that was fully equal to the unusual occasion, and also presented her hosts with a portrait of her father. Raising it aloft, a deputation of Indians vowed that they would ever care for it, and ever have the highest regard for the descendants of the great writer.

Intensely keen was the interest of the audience as the moment approached for the opening of the play on the 25th of August of 1900. The day was clear and bright, the sky cloudless, the wind refreshing in its coolness. Near the red pine tree a column of smoke ascended from a blazing pile of branches as a signal to the nations. The cur-

tain had been rung up; the play had begun. In response to the pillar of smoke, scores of dark faces, strikingly marked with three stripes of ochre across each cheek, appeared on the surrounding heights. It was the smoke of Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, calling the tribes of the land together. "All the tribes beheld the signal," and with shrill war-whoops that echoed far away and over the hills, the red men of the play poured from their hiding places and rushed to the burning pyre. Each in complete war attire, and representing warriors of different tribes, the assembled company made a lively scene, as with frowning brows and eyes filled with hatred, they threatened one another with the primitive weapons they carried.

In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages.

Then Gitche Manito, stretching forth his right hand, spake to the gathered group, bade them listen to his words of wisdom and warning. "Why then will you hunt each other?" he asked,

All your danger is in discord,
Therefore be at peace henceforward.

So potent was the counsel of the Master of Life that the braves cast off their deerskin garments, threw away their weapons and leaped into the nearby lake, where the war paint was speedily washed from their bodies, the whole act ending with a dance of jubilation and smoking of the pipe of peace.

From the river
came the warriors,
Clean and washed
from all their war paint,
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children.
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

A scene from Hiawatha's childhood was depicted in the second tableau, when as a youth he makes a display of his arrow-shooting, in which he has been assiduously trained. Behind him stood "the wrinkled old Nokomis," who reared the motherless child. When grown to boyhood, Iagoo, the great boaster, made a bow for the lad.

From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bow made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

With it Hiawatha brought low his

YOUNG HIAWATHA SHOOTING WITH BOW AND ARROW—NOKOMIS BEHIND HIM

first deer, the flesh being served up at a banquet when

All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
. . . .
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha,
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

In the woodland representation, the nine-year-old lad, who took the part of the young Hiawatha, so far filled the requirements of the character with his arrow-shooting as to win the hearty applause of the onlookers. The copper-tinted boy, naked to the waist, exhibited splendid muscular strength and litheness. The whole scene was simple in its rendition but peculiarly appealing from its very simplicity. An air of reality was given to it when Nokomis directed his movements, as his tutor, while Iagoo viewed with personal satisfaction the frequent hitting of the mark by the little red actor.

It only required the passing of a few years to change Hiawatha "out of childhood into manhood," to practically end his tutelage under his aged guardian, and to enter upon the voyage of life as his own pilot. Thus he made his first journey to the world beyond, to

The doorways of the West-wind,
At the portals of the Sunset,

and after adventures many and perils oft, he found his way homeward.

Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dakotahs.
. . . .
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

In the succeeding scene, Hiawatha has returned from his initial journey and, by means of picture-writing on birch bark and carefully prepared skins, tells his friends at home of what befell him—of everything except the meeting with the dark-eyed maiden of the west. These pyrograph devices were most expressive to the mind of the native and equally remarkable in the amount of information contained in a single

HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA

"Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood."

"Brought forth food and set before them."

figure or drawing. In the pictographs of the Sioux in Dakota, the history of the leading events of the tribe, covering a period of over fifty years, are shown in a number of similar markings.

In course of further time, a second journey was made by the love-smitten brave across the Big-Sea-Water to the tent of the Arrow-maker. All the time between, the young warrior had dreamed of "the handsomest of all the women" who had captured his heart. The third tableau in the quaint drama represented the lover at the door of the Dakota tepee, where sat the ancient maker of arrows. Minnehaha had been thinking "of a hunter from another tribe and country, young and tall, and very handsome," who one spring morning had appeared at her father's tented home. Would he come again for arrows? And the desire of her heart was answered by a rustling in the branches. Suddenly from out

the woodlands Hiawatha stood before them. Welcome was he made by Minnehaha, who, with true Indian hospitality,

> Brought forth food and set before them,
> . . . . . .
> Gave them food in earthen vessels,
> Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,

and Hiawatha, in character, supped from an actual basin of basswood as he kneeled at the feet of his dusky sweetheart.

So he won the Arrow-maker's daughter, despite the advice of Nokomis to wed a maiden of his own people. "Hand-in-hand they went together" on their journey toward the east, amid the congratulations of singing birds and the smiles of a sympathetic nature, "to the lodge of old Nokomis," to the land of the Ojibways.

The wooing of the maiden was replete with quaintness and wild life, and constituted a beautiful representation of that attractive portion of the poem. The charm and modesty of the Chief's daughter equally fulfilled the exacting demands of the character of Minnehaha.

A wedding naturally followed the wooing, in connection with which a number of picturesque Indian dances were given by the company. The first was the wedding dance itself, in which an Indian woman guarded, with the help of a menacing tomahawk, a circle of Indian girls from the wife-seeking young warriors who watched for a chance to steal a maiden for life. Notwithstanding the supposedly keen oversight of the wrinkled chaperone, and an occasional blow to an intruder, the girls disappeared one by one. Thus love laughs at hinderers, even in an Ojibway play!

In the deer dance, which foretold a life of peace for bride and groom, the participants held their arms aloft as if they were antlers, never failing even in such a constrained position to keep correct time with chant and drum, and to the further accompaniment of what might be termed an Indian hornpipe.

The snake dance was next given in order to appease the evil spirits, followed by the beggar's dance, rendered by Pau-Puk-Keewis, at the request of Nokomis:

> O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
> Dance for us your merry dances,
> Dance the beggar's dance to please us,
> That the feast may be more joyous.

Then the merry mischief-maker, whom all the women loved for his manly beauty, rose to the sound of flutes and singing and executed the movements with whole-hearted vim. The dance was an amusing exhibition of muscular agility and physical pranks in which the performer proclaimed himself the most active man in the tribe.

The gambling dance concluded this part of the programme. A small stone was hidden under a moccasin and valuable Indian properties were put up as stakes, the players representing tribe against tribe or family against family. Leaders were chosen from the opposing sides. The whole proceeding was eagerly watched by the Indians, who danced round and round with a shuffling rhythm to the vibrating music of the drums. As the dance proceeded, the drums were beaten more violently and the excitement deepened to such an extent that the actors could scarcely be induced to stop what was to them a real experience, the Ojibways being inveterate gamblers by nature, as indeed are all red men. Pau-Puk-Keewis was the chief figure in this dance and was finally matched against Iagoo, but the former won everything from the celebrated Story-Teller and had his winnings carried in state to the lodge of Hiawatha. But it was silent and deserted, for the hero-god had departed on still another journey. As an insult to its master, the envious Pau-Puk-Keewis strangled the king of ravens and left its lifeless body hanging from the ridgepole of Hiawatha's wigwam. Entering the lodge, he piled the household goods in wild confusion and thus proved his title of the Mischief-maker. The final revenge of Hiawatha on Pau-Puk-Keewis was not included in the tableaux.

A missionary scene followed, the chief part being acceptably filled by the Rev. Mr. Frost, the Church of England missionary to the Ojibways. As the dances were being concluded, a birch bark canoe appeared from beyond the Women-Face Islands, whereupon a score of Indians hurried to the shore and gave the white man welcome, and he addressed the tribe in their own tongue. His was "the white man's foot" of the poem, representative of the strange people who, "with faces painted white, sailed in great canoes with pinions." "What lies you tell us!" greeted Iagoo's tales of the pale faces. Only Hiawatha laughed not. He knew it was all true, he had seen it all in vision. He had dreamed of the coming of this bearded people

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Waburn;

He knew that where the fields of clover appeared, there

Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the white man's foot in blossom.

Thus he counselled that the strange men be hailed as friends and brothers; that the heart's right-hand of friendship be given them. He too dreamed of the distant days when he

WEDDING FEAST—PAU-PUK-KEEWIS IN THE BEGGAR'S DANCE

Beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosom.

Gradually this vision melted into a drearier, darker one, for he

Beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people

WEDDING FEAST—THE SNAKE DANCE

Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!

The final departure of Hiawatha was a fitting climax to the drama. No limited stage area was at their command; no artificial waters to carry a stage-property boat, no painted curtain to represent nature. The forest provided a theatre, the heavens formed roof and curtains, and away and beyond stretched the green-clad islands, breaking the sea of silver into channels of beauty in wonderful perspective.

WEDDING FEAST—THE GAMBLING DANCE

The impressive peace of a region not populated by man reigned over isle and lake as Hiawatha addressed his listeners with the natural eloquence of his race, telling them of the great journey before him

To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind.
. . . . .
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men.

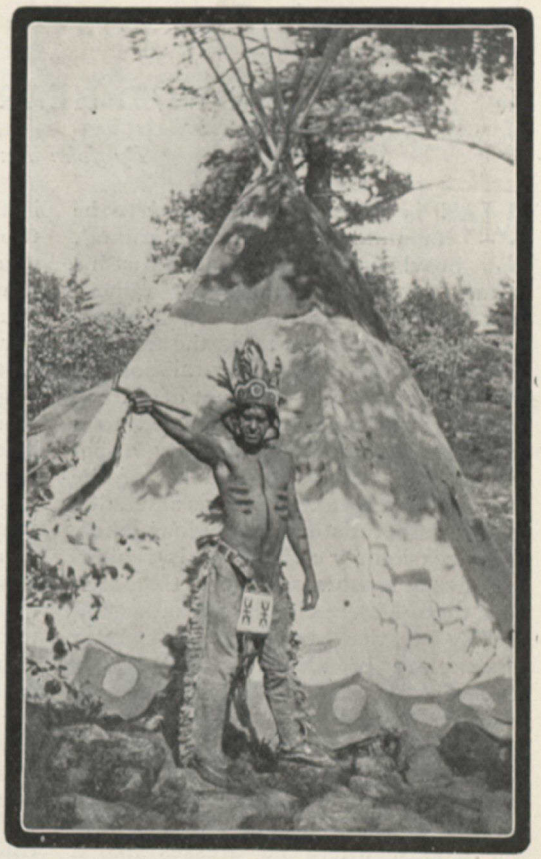
Every auditor was breathless as, with long strides, Hiawatha passed down the sloping bank to the water's edge where floated his wonderful canoe—for "all the forest's life was in it,"

And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Standing erect in the graceful craft, with the uplifted paddle in one hand and the other waving adieu, the canoe sailed away swiftly and mysteriously without the aid of oar or paddle.

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seem lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.



PAU-PUK-KEEWIS' VISIT TO HIAWATHA'S TENT AFTER WINNING AT THE GAMBLING DANCE

As the stalwart form faded away, in a literal sunset glow, his comrades on the shore responded in weird chants that strangely affected every listener. Fainter and fainter grew the song from the solitary occupant of the receding boat, wider and wider grew the gulf between. Even the waves upon the margin sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

HIAWATHA DEPARTS TO THE PORTALS OF THE WEST

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the beloved,
In the glory of the Sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the homewind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

And here we drop the curtain, as the Canadian Ojibways did over the thrilling scenes enacted by these dusky children of nature, amid the blessed islands that adorn the silver sea of Huron.

THE WILD HEART IN MAN.

By John Lewis.

MAN is generally recognized to be an animal, but a tame animal, and provision is duly made for his wants as such. Thoroughly tamed, silk-hatted, frock-coated and demure, this creature appears to be the triumph of civilization. Swallow-tail-coated, he sits down to a banquet of sixteen courses; and being thus reduced to a condition of helpless immobility, he becomes the unresisting victim of the after-dinner speaker with his arsenal of platitudes, statistics and obvious jokes. But occasionally civilization is rendered uneasy by some evidence that lawless thoughts are circulating under that glossy hat, that a wild heart is beating under the broadcloth. He attends prize-fights; he yells himself hoarse on election night; he is found surreptitiously reading "Tom Sawyer." When summer comes he flings away the black coat and the stiffened shirt with shouts of joy and betakes himself to the woods, where he dresses like a navvy and lives like an Indian. He is a wild man, and his wildness does not appear to diminish with the advance of civilization. The question is whether he is to be further tamed, or whether new avenues are to be found for his wildness.

Many well-meaning persons hold the former opinion. They appear to identify tameness with goodness, or at least with safety. Robinson Crusoe's father was quite unable to understand why his son should want to wander about the world instead of becoming an attorney, building up a nice business and dying comfortably in bed. Mrs. Molesworth's excellent books are filled with unfortunates who are badgered by their elders because they are "not like other children," but think or act in some unconventional way. I have spoken of these inquisitors as well-meaning, but there is a certain tyranny in their attitude—a certain jealousy of thoughts and feelings which they are unable to follow. The young swan in Hans Andersen's beautiful story is an "ugly duckling" to the waddling and pecking denizens of the barnyard. Even those who are indulgent to the vagaries of youth fall into the error of identifying wildness with folly or vice. They smile at "youthful folly," and they talk of the necessity or inevitableness of "sowing wild oats," by which they mean dwelling for a time in a country which is the borderland of crime. "He led a wild life" usually means a vicious life. The trouble is that the "wildness" departs with youth, but the vice sometimes remains, and very sordid, dreary and revolting are the broken meats of that banquet.

But there is an innocent, natural and healthy wildness. In the period of childhood it is beautifully described by Wordsworth: "Loving she is, and tractable though wild," he says in his characteristics of a child three years old, and in that great ode, "Intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood," he regards the fancies of childhood not with mere indulgence, but with reverence:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

I take the next instance from "Tom Sawyer," without fear of stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous, because there are few books which give a bet-

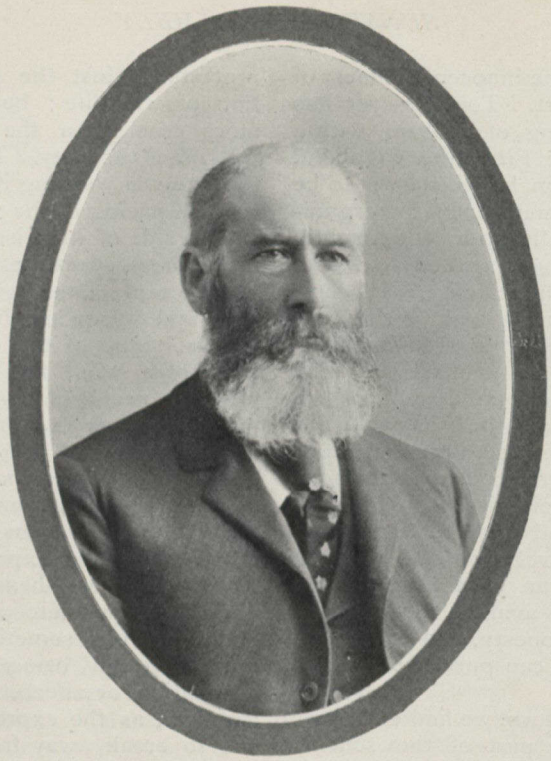
ter insight into the innocent wildness of the boyish heart. Tom Sawyer has organized a gang of robbers, with a cave, and Huck Finn, the vagabond boy who sleeps in hogsheads, is to be a distinguished member of the organization. They fall into a little fortune, and poor Huck is compelled to live a life of painful respectability. He complains, "No, Tom, I won't be rich, and I won't live in them cussed smothery houses; I like the woods, and the river, and hogsheads; I'll stick to 'em, too. Blame it all! just as we'd got guns, and a cave, and all just fixed to rob, here this dern foolishness has got to come and spile it all." Though Huck is charmed with the supposed romance of the robber's life, one can see that he has an honest heart. He is free from the avarice which is the real root of dishonesty, and he regards money and all it can purchase as nuisances.

Wherever we turn, we find evidences that wildness is part of the scheme of the universe. The wild streak in man is as natural as the storm, the wild sky, the wild sea. There is no better sign of the times than the growing sympathy with wild animals shown in such writings as those of John Burroughs, Kipling, and our own Ernest Seton-Thompson, W. A. Fraser, Roberts and "The Khan." We are beginning to see the wild animal in another light than as a creature to be cooked, stuffed, or put in a cage. In this humane age there are frequent protests against the wanton destruction of wild life; but perhaps even more cruel than the destruction of wild life is captivity. The caged eagle, the squirrel working its treadmill, the restless pacing of the wild beast from side to side of its prison cell, are very melancholy spectacles. It is good to see the camera taking the place of the gun, and a growing disposition to enjoy the sight of the creatures living their own wild, free lives. As for man, the problem is not to crush out the wild streak in him, but to provide for its free and beneficent growth. There is the occasional flight to the woods; there is romance; there is music, which perhaps more than any other art gives expression to that which the "wild-hearted man" feels but cannot put into words. "Bohemianism," has sometimes got a bad name through being identified with dissipation or affectation. But Bohemianism, as the expression of the desire to break away from meaningless conventions and to live one's own life, is natural, healthy and beneficial. War cannot be regarded as a legitimate or necessary channel for the development of the wild side of man, though an eminent writer has attributed the love of war to a "satiety of civilization." Nor should we identify wildness with the indulgence of such passions as hatred or destructiveness. The love of strife is perhaps as deeply ingrained in man as the love of wildness, but that is another subject.

SUNSET AT CHAMBLY.

THE West is wide with lurid flame that lays
Across the Lake and lights the watching East:
It seems to shadow all earth's tranquil ways
With ill forebodings—woe to man and beast.
The sun is still unset but lost in depth
Of lowering clouds, of deepest, darkest red,
That take weird form, dread Furies fraught with fire,
Holding the secrets of the live and dead.
All earth waits silent, wrapt in strange affright—
When lo! creeps down the quiet, star-lit night.

May Austin Low.



HON. DONALD FARQUHARSON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXV.—HON. DONALD FARQUHARSON, PREMIER OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has come to the fore during the past few months, owing to its success in having secured a fresh subsidy from the Dominion Government. Two men are credited with this excellent work on behalf of the little Island Province with its hundred odd thousand inhabitants. These two men are Sir Louis Davies, the only Prince Edward Islander in the Ottawa Cabinet, and the Hon. Donald Farquharson, Premier of the Island Legislature. It is with the career of the latter that this short sketch will deal. Some claim that Mr. Farquharson has reaped what his predecessor sowed, inasmuch as the provincial-premier's combination was made before Mr. Farquharson became premier.

Prince Edward Island did not enter Confederation with the four larger provinces in 1867. It was seven years later before the inhabitants of the island could be persuaded that their best interests would be served by confederation. The $30,000 subsidy which has just been granted is a payment for non-fulfilment of the terms of the union as to continuous communication between the Province and the mainland. In the winter-time ice-breaking vessels have to be used, and since 1873 the service has occasionally been interrupted for lack of sturdy boats. The revenue of the Province was only $282,678 in 1899, so this $30,000 will be quite an addition. The Dominion subsidy is thus increased to about

$210,000 a year, or nearly $2 a head for each inhabitant.

Premier Farquharson was born on a farm in Queen's County, on July 27th, 1834. After a course in the provincial Central Academy he began his career as a teacher in a public school—the first step on the upward ladder for so many of our public men. He afterwards chose a mercantile life and by his thrift and foresight established an excellent business at West River, six miles from Charlottetown, eventually moving to the city, but still retaining the goodwill and trade of his former customers. At Charlottetown his business continued to increase, so that now he has an extensive wholesale trade. He is also interested in many financial affairs and is the owner or part owner of several steamships.

In 1876 Mr. Farquharson was first returned to the Legislature as Liberal member for West River District, then his home. Ever since that date he has continued to represent the same district, the confidence of the people never having been removed from him whether the Liberal party or the Conservative party was predominant in a general way. Two years after entering the Legislature Mr. Farquharson became a member of the Council of the then Liberal Government. The following year that Government was defeated and the Conservatives were in power until 1891. On the formation of a Liberal Government he was again called to the Council without portfolio. During most of this time the Honourable Fred Peters was predominant in Mr. Farquharson's party. After Mr. Peters' retirement from politics the Hon. A. B. Warburton became Premier. Mr. Warburton was elevated to the Bench in 1898 and Mr. Farquharson succeeded. It will thus be seen that the present Premier has served his time and won his way to power and prominence gradually and by fair service. In 1900 he appealed to the electors and the Government was returned with a good majority. He had as his assistants in the Cabinet, Hon. Angus MacMillan, Provincial Secretary-Treasurer; Hon. Jas. R. McLean, Commissioner Public Works; Hon. D. A. McKinnon, Attorney-General, besides other members without portfolio. Hon. S. E. Reid, of Tryon, is Speaker of the House, and Hon. Daniel Gordon, of Georgetown, is Leader of the Opposition. In the Legislature there are thirty members, twenty-three of whom are supporters of Mr. Farquharson, while seven Conservatives form His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Out of the thirty members in the House seven are Roman Catholics.

In this Province there were two Legislative Chambers until January, 1894, when they were merged into one—the object of the change being to lesson the cost of legislation. The arrangement being peculiar is thus explained in the Statistical Year Book of 1895:

"Under the old law there were two Houses: One called the Legislative Council, and the other the House of Assembly. The Legislative Council consisted of thirteen members elected from certain large constituencies. The House of Assembly consisted of thirty members elected from smaller constituencies. The Legislative Councillors were elected by voters, who owned freehold or leasehold property to the value of $324. The members of the House of Assembly were elected practically by manhood suffrage, that is to say, there were a number of qualifications for the electors, such as property, occupation of land, and performance of statute labour, and, taken all together, they practically amounted to manhood suffrage.

"The purpose of the change made by the statute passed in 1893 was to amalgamate the two Houses, and there is now one House called the Legislative Assembly consisting of thirty members. These thirty members were returned for fifteen constituencies, each constituency returning two members. One of these members, who is called a Councillor, is returned by the votes of men who own property, freehold or leasehold, to the value of $324, which is the same qualification as that for a member of the old Legislative Council. The other member called an Assemblyman, is elected by the general vote, the same men being able to vote for him as under the old law could vote for a member of the House of Assembly. After they are elected, both Councillor and Assemblyman stand in the same position. They have the same voting power, and the effect of this is to make simply an amalgamation of the two Houses. The protection supposed to be given to property holders by the Legislative Council still exists."

Mr. Farquharson's greatest impending task is that of enforcing the prohibition law passed recently. Since 1880, there has been practical prohibition of the sale of liquor in every part of the Island with the exception of Charlottetown, each of the three counties having adopted the "Canada Temperance Act" by that date. Even Charlottetown was under that law for some years. Now the Government will attempt to enforce a provincial Act which prohibits the sale of liquor anywhere. It does not prohibit the importation of liquor into the Island, as the provincial Legislature has not that power. The main object of the law is to suppress the retail traffic. There is a $100 fine for a first offence, a $200 fine for a second offence, and imprisonment for default or for a third offence.

Premier Farquharson is a total abstainer himself, and is anxious to enforce this law, which came into force on June 5th. However, the thirty sellers of liquor and the thousands of drinkers in Charlottetown are offering considerable opposition. Public dislike of public liquor-drinking is growing, but it has not yet reached the point where a prohibitory law can be easily enforced. Premier Farquharson has thus a trying task in front of him. He has stated publicly that his Government has prepared all the necessary machinery, and will enforce the law. He claims, and justly, that it would be childish to pass a law and make no effort to enforce it. The majesty of the law is at stake, and no doubt it will be maintained in its ancient glory.

Mr. Farquharson has a fine physique. He stands about six feet high, is of solid build and fair complexion. He has lived a stirring life in its way, and this, with his peculiar nervous temperament, is beginning to write the lines of age across his face. Nevertheless, should he succeed Sir Louis Davies as Minister of Marine and Fisheries, when that gentleman goes upon the Bench, the people of Canada will find him able and aggressive.

Premier Farquharson is a strong patriot, with unbounded confidence in the future of Canada. When the Empire needed troops for South Africa, Prince Edward Island responded in unison with the other Provinces. She had no difficulty in making up her quota. Mr. Farquharson's Government granted each volunteer $20 in gold before leaving, and Mr. Farquharson personally presented each volunteer with this memento. At a grand banquet given on the return of the troops, he was one of the chief speakers and spoke strongly of his pride in their brave and unsullied record.

Annie E. Mellish.

TWO BEGGARS.

OUT of the future, pale and cold,
There comes a shape that begs for gold;
Out of the past and vanished years,
There comes a phantom that pleads for tears.

Here are my two hands heaped with gold
To shield mine age from hunger and cold;
But where is the cup to contain the tears,
To wash regret from the vanished years?

Ethelwyn Wetherald

SIR JOHN MACDONALD AND CONFEDERATION.

A Speech Delivered in February, 1865.

Confederation is the great event in the history of Canada. During the early decades of the century, far-seeing patriots pointed out that Canada was too small a colony to compete with the adverse circumstances of her situation, but that all the North American Colonies of the British Crown should be united for defence and mutual benefit. Lord Durham—whom Canada should ever revere—ably advocated the scheme. Chief Justice Sewell, Joseph Howe, Alexander Galt, and others of the middle decades, also pointed out the advantages of Confederation. In the autumn of 1864, thirty-three good men and true met at Quebec and passed seventy-two resolutions which were afterwards worked out into the "British North America Act"—the basis of our constitution. The Dominion of Canada was born on July 1st, 1867.

The Quebec Conference was held in 1864. In February of the following year, the proposed union was discussed in the Parliament of Canada. Sir E. P. Taché moved a series of resolutions in the Legislative Council, while Attorney-General Macdonald (afterwards Sir John) moved a resolution in the Legislative Assembly. This resolution runs thus: "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she may be graciously pleased to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, for the purpose of uniting the Colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island in one Government, with provisions based on certain Resolutions, which were adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the said Colonies, held at the City of Quebec, on the 10th of October, 1864." In moving this resolution, Mr. Macdonald made what is possibly his most famous speech. The introductory part of it, here reprinted verbatim from the official report, will give a fairly accurate idea of the prescience of the speaker and the simple vigour of his forensic eloquence.

MR. SPEAKER: In fulfilment of the promise made by the Government to Parliament at its last session, I have moved this resolution. I have had the honour of being charged, on behalf of the Government, to submit a scheme for the Confederation of all the British North American Provinces—a scheme which has been received, I am glad to say, with general if not universal approbation in Canada. The scheme, as propounded through the press, has received almost no opposition. While there may be occasionally, here and there, expressions of dissent from some of the details, yet the scheme as a whole has met with almost universal approval, and the Government has the greatest satisfaction in presenting it to this House. This subject, which now absorbs the attention of the people of Canada, and of the whole of British North America, is not a new one. For years it has more or less attracted the attention of every statesman and politician in these provinces, and has been looked upon by many far-seeing politicians as being eventually the means of deciding and settling very many of the vexed questions which have retarded the prosperity of the colonies as a whole, and particularly the prosperity of Canada. The subject was pressed upon the public attention by a great many writers and politicians; but I believe the attention of the Legislature was first formally called to it by my honourable friend the Minister of Finance*. Some years ago, in an elaborate speech, my hon. friend, while an independent member of Parliament, before being connected with any Government, pressed his views on the Legislature at great length and with his usual force. But the subject was not taken up by any party as a branch of their policy until the formation of the Cartier-Macdonald Administration in 1858, when the Confederation of the colonies was announced as one of the measures which they pledged themselves to attempt, if possible, to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. In pursuance of that promise, the letter or despatch, which has been so much and so freely commented upon in the

* Hon. A. T. Galt.

press and in this House, was addressed by three of the members of that Administration to the Colonial Office. The subject, however, though looked upon with favour by the country, and though there were no distinct expressions of opposition to it from any party, did not begin to assume its present proportions until last session. Then, men of all parties and all shades of politics became alarmed at the aspect of affairs. They found that such was the opposition between the two sections of the Province, such was the danger of impending anarchy, in consequence of the irreconcilable differences of opinion, with respect to representation by population, between Upper and Lower Canada, that unless some solution of the difficulty was arrived at, we would suffer under a succession of weak governments—weak in numerical support, weak in force, and weak in power of doing good. All were alarmed at this state of affairs. We had election after election—we had Ministry after Ministry—with the same result. Parties were so equally balanced, that the vote of one member might decide the fate of the Administration and the course of legislation for a year or a series of years.

This condition of things was well calculated to arouse the earnest consideration of every lover of his country, and I am happy to say it had that effect. None were more impressed by this momentous state of affairs, and the grave apprehensions that existed of a state of anarchy destroying our credit, destroying our prosperity, destroying our progress, than were the members of this present House; and the leading statesmen on both sides seemed to have come to the common conclusion that some step must be taken to relieve the country from the dead-lock and impending anarchy that hung over us. With that view my colleague, the President of the Council,† made a motion founded on the despatch addressed to the Colonial Minister, to which I have referred, and a committee was struck, composed of gentlemen of both sides of the House, of all shades of political opinion, without any reference to whether they were supporters of the Administration of the day or belonged to the Opposition, for the purpose of taking into calm and full deliberation the evils which threatened the future of Canada. That motion of my honourable friend resulted most happily. The committee, by a wise provision—and in order that each member of the committee might have an opportunity of expressing his opinions without being in any way compromised before the public, or with his party in regard either to his political friends or to his political foes—agreed that the discussion should be freely entered upon without reference to the political antecedents of any of them, and that they should sit with closed doors, so that they might be able to approach the subject frankly and in a spirit of compromise The committee included most of the leading members of the House—I had the honour myself to be one of the number—and the result was that there was found an ardent desire—a creditable desire I must say—displayed by all the members of the committee to approach the subject honestly, and to attempt to work out some solution which might relieve Canada from the evils under which she laboured. The report of that committee was laid before the House, and then came the political action of the leading men of the two parties in this House, which ended in the formation of the present Government. The principle upon which that Government was formed has been announced, and is known to all. It was formed for the very purpose of carrying out the object which has now received to a certain degree its completion, by the resolutions I have had the honour to place in your hands.

As has been stated, it was not without a great deal of difficulty and reluctance that that Government was formed. The gentlemen who compose this Government had for many years been engaged in political hostilities to such an extent that it affected even their social

† Hon. George Brown.

relations. But the crisis was great, the danger was imminent, and the gentlemen who now form the present Administration found it to be their duty to lay aside all personal feelings to sacrifice in some degree their position, and even to run the risk of having their motives impugned, for the sake of arriving at some conclusion that would be satisfactory to the country in general. The present resolutions were the result. And, as I said before, I am proud to believe that the country has sanctioned, as I trust that the representatives of the people in this House will sanction, the scheme which is now submitted for the future government of British North America.

Everything seemed to favour the project, and everything seemed to show that the present was the time, if ever, when this great union between all Her Majesty's subjects dwelling in British North America should be carried out. When the Government was formed, it was felt that the difficulties in the way of effecting a union between all the British North American Colonies were great—so great as almost, in the opinion of many, to make it hopeless. And with that view it was the policy of the Government, if they could not succeed in procuring a union between all the British North American Colonies, to attempt to free the country from the dead-lock in which we were placed in Upper and Lower Canada, in consequence of the difference of opinion between the two sections, by having a severance to a certain extent of the present union between the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the substitution of a Federal Union between them. Most of us, however, I may say, all of us, were agreed—and I believe every thinking man will agree—as to the expediency of effecting a union between all the provinces, and the superiority of such a design, if it were only practicable, over the smaller scheme of having a Federal Union between Upper and Lower Canada alone. By a happy concurrence of events, the time came when that proposition could be made with a hope of success. By a fortunate coincidence the desire for union existed in the Lower Provinces, and a feeling of the necessity of strengthening themselves by collecting together the scattered colonies on the sea-board, had induced them to form a convention of their own for the purpose of effecting a union of the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the Legislatures of those colonies having formally authorized their respective governments to send a delegation to Prince Edward Island for the purpose of attempting to form a union of some kind. Whether the union should be federal or legislative was not then indicated, but a union of some kind was sought for the purpose of making of themselves one people instead of three. We, ascertaining that they were about to take such a step, and knowing that if we allowed the occasion to pass, if they did indeed break up all their present political organizations and form a new one, it could not be expected that they would again readily destroy the new organization which they had formed—the union of the three provinces on the sea-board—and form another with Canada. Knowing this, we availed ourselves of the opportunity, and asked if they would receive a deputation from Canada, who would go to meet them at Charlottetown, for the purpose of laying before them the advantages of a larger and more extensive union by the junction of all the provinces in one great Government under our common Sovereign. They at once kindly consented to receive and hear us. They did receive us cordially and generously, and asked us to lay our views before them. We did so at some length, and so satisfactory to them were the reasons we gave; so clearly, in their opinion, did we show the advantages of the greater union over the lesser, that they at once set aside their own project, and joined heart and hand with us in entering into the larger scheme, and trying to form, as far as they and we could, a great nation and a strong Government.

Encouraged by this arrangement,

which, however, was altogether unofficial and unauthorized, we returned to Quebec, and then the Government of Canada invited the several governments of the sister colonies to send a deputation here from each of them for the purpose of considering the question, with something like authority from their respective governments. The result was, that when we met here on the 10th October, on the first day on which we assembled, after the full and free discussions which had taken place at Charlottetown, the first resolution now before this House was passed unanimously, being received with acclamation as, in the opinion of everyone who heard it, a proposition which ought to receive the sanction of each Government and each people. The resolution is, "That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain, provided such union can be effected on principles just to the several provinces." It seemed to all the statesmen assembled—and there are great statesmen in the Lower Provinces, men who would do honour to any government and to any legislature of any free country enjoying representative institutions—it was clear to them all that the best interest and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain. And it seems to me, as to them, and I think it will so appear to the people of this country, that, if we wish to form—using the expression which was sneered at the other evening—a great nationality, commanding the respect of the world, able to hold our own against all opponents, and to defend those institutions we prize; if we wish to have one system of government, and to establish a commercial union, with unrestricted free trade, between people of the five provinces, belonging, as they do, to the same nation, obeying the same Sovereign, owning the same allegiance, and being, for the most part, of the same blood and lineage; if we wish to be able to afford to each other the means of mutual defence and support against aggression and attack—this can only be obtained by a union of some kind between the scattered and weak boundaries composing the British North American Provinces.

The very mention of the scheme is fitted to bring with it its own approbation. Supposing that in the spring of the year 1865, half a million of people were coming from the United Kingdom to make Canada their home, although they brought only their strong arms and willing hearts; though they brought neither skill, nor experience, nor wealth, would we not receive them with open arms, and hail their presence in Canada as an important addition to our strength? But when, by the proposed union, we not only get nearly a million of people to join us, when they contribute not only their numbers, their physical strength, and their desire to benefit their position, but when we know that they consist of old-established communities, having a large amount of realized wealth—composed of people possessed of skill, education and experience in the ways of the New World—people who are as much Canadians, I may say, as we are—people who are imbued with the same feelings of loyalty to the Queen, and the same desire for the continuance of the connection with the Mother Country as we are, and at the same time having a like feeling of ardent attachment for this our common country, for which they and we would alike fight and shed our blood, if necessary—when all this is considered, argument is needless to prove the advantage of such a union.

There were only three modes—if I may return for a moment to the difficulties with which Canada was surrounded—only three modes that were at all suggested by which the dead-lock in our affairs, the anarchy we dreaded, and the evils which retarded our prosperity, could be met or averted. One was the dissolution of the union between Upper and Lower Canada, leaving them as they were

before the union of 1841. I believe that that proposition, by itself, had no supporters. It was felt by everyone that, although it was a course that would do away with the sectional difficulties which existed—though it would remove the pressure on the part of the people of Upper Canada for the representation based upon population—and the jealousy of the people of Lower Canada lest their institutions should be attacked and prejudiced by that principle in our representation ; yet it was felt by every thinking man in the Province that it would be a retrograde step, which would throw back the country to nearly the same position as it occupied before the union—that it would lower the credit enjoyed by United Canada—that it would be the breaking up of the connection which had existed for nearly a quarter of a century, and, under which, although it had not been completely successful, and had not allayed altogether the local jealousies that had their root in circumstances which arose before the union, our Province, as a whole, had nevertheless prospered and increased. It was felt that a dissolution of the union would have destroyed all the credit that we had gained by being a united province, and would have left us two weak and ineffective governments, instead of one powerful and united people.

The next mode suggested was the granting of representation by population. Now, we all know the manner in which that question was and is regarded by Lower Canada; that, while in Upper Canada the desire and cry for it was daily augmenting, the resistance to it in Lower Canada was proportionably increasing in strength. Still, if some such means of relieving us from the sectional jealousies which existed between the two Canadas, if some such solution of the difficulties as Confederation had not been found, the representation by population must eventually have been carried ; no matter though it might have been felt in Lower Canada as being a breach of the Treaty of Union, no matter how much it might have been felt by the Lower Canadians that it would sacrifice their local interests, it is certain that in the progress of events representation by population would have been carried ; and, had it been carried—I speak here my own individual sentiments—I do not think it would have been for the interests of Upper Canada. For although Upper Canada would have felt that it had received what it claimed as a right, and had succeeded in establishing its right, yet it would have left the Lower Province with a sullen feeling of injury and injustice. The Lower Canadians would not have worked cheerfully under such a change of system, but would have ceased to be what they are now —a nationality, with representatives in Parliament, governed by general principles, and dividing according to their political opinions, and would have been in great danger of becoming a faction, forgetful of national obligations, and only actuated by a desire to defend their own sectional interests, their own laws, and their own institutions.

The third and only means of solution for our difficulties was the junction of the provinces either in a Federal or a Legislative Union. Now, as regards the comparative advantages of a Legislative and a Federal Union, I have never hesitated to state my own opinions. I have again and again stated in the House that, if practicable, I thought a Legislative Union would be preferable. I have always contended that if we could agree to have one government and one parliament legislating for the whole of these peoples, it would be the best, the cheapest, the most vigorous, and the strongest system of government we could adopt. But on looking at the subject in the Conference, and discussing the matter as we did, most unreservedly, and with a desire to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, we found that such a system was impracticable. In the first place, it would not meet the assent of the people of Lower Canada, because they felt that in their peculiar position—being in a minority, with a different

language, nationality and religion from the majority—in case of a junction with the other provinces, their institutions and their laws might be assailed, and their ancestral associations on which they prided themselves, attacked and prejudiced ; it was found that any proposition which involved the absorption of the individuality of Lower Canada—if I may use the expression—would not be received with favour by her people. We found, too, that though their people speak the same language and enjoy the same system of law as the people of Upper Canada, a system founded on the common law of England, there was as great a disinclination on the part of the various Maritime Provinces to lose their individuality as separate political organizations, as we observed in the case of Lower Canada herself. Therefore, we were forced to the conclusion that we must either abandon the idea of union altogether or devise a system of union in which the separate provincial organizations would be in some degree preserved. So that those who were, like myself, in favour of a Legislative Union, were obliged to modify their views and accept the project of a Federal Union as the only scheme practicable, even for the Maritime Provinces. Because, although the law of those provinces is founded on the common law of England, yet every one of them has a large amount of law of its own—colonial law framed by itself, and affecting every relation of life, such as the laws of property, municipal and assessment laws ; laws relating to the liberty of the subject, and to all the great interests contemplated in legislation ; we found, in short, that the statutory law of the different provinces was so varied and diversified that it was almost impossible to weld them into a Legislative Union at once. Why, sir, if you only consider the innumerable subjects of legislation peculiar to new countries, and that every one of those five colonies had particular laws of its own, to which its people had been accustomed and are attached, you will see the difficulty of effecting and working a Legislative Union, and bringing about an assimilation of the local as well as general laws of the whole of the provinces. We in Upper Canada understand from the nature and operation of our peculiar municipal law, of which we know the value, the difficulty of framing a general system of legislation on local matters which would meet the wishes and fulfil the requirements of the several provinces. Even the laws considered the least important, respecting private rights in timber, roads, fencing, and innumerable other matters, small in themselves, but in the aggregate of great interest to the agricultural class, who form the great body of the people, are regarded as of great value by the portion of the community affected by them. And when we consider that everyone of the colonies is a body of law of this kind and that it will take years before those laws can be assimilated, it was felt that at first, at all events, any united legislation would be almost impossible. I am happy to state—and indeed it appears on the face of the resolutions themselves—that as regards the Lower Provinces a great desire was evinced for the final assimilation of our laws. One of the resolutions provides that an attempt shall be made to assimilate the laws of the Maritime Provinces and those of Upper Canada, for the purpose of eventually establishing one body of statutory law, founded on the common law of England, the parent of the laws of all those provinces.

One great objection made to a Federal Union was the expense of an increased number of legislatures. I will not enter at any length into that subject, because my honourable friends, the Finance Minister and the President of the Council, who are infinitely more competent than myself to deal with matters of this kind—matters of account—will, I think, be able to show that the expenses under a Federal Union will not be greater than those under the existing system of separate governments and legislatures. Here, where we have a joint legislature for

Upper and Lower Canada, which deals not only with subjects of a general interest common to all Canada, but with all matters of private right and of sectional interest, and with that class of measures known as "private bills," we find that one of the greatest sources of expense to the country is the cost of legislation. We find, from the admixture of subjects of a general with those of a private character in legislation, that they mutually interfere with each other; whereas, if the attention of the Legislature was confined to measures of one kind or the other alone, the session of Parliament would not be so protracted and therefore not so expensive as at present. In the proposed constitution all matters of general interest are to be dealt with by the General Legislature; while the local Legislatures will deal with matters of local interest which do not affect the Confederation as a whole, but are of the greatest importance to their particular sections. By such a division of labour the sittings of the General Legislature would not be so protracted as even those of Canada alone. And so with the local Legislatures, their attention being confined to subjects pertaining to their own sections, their sessions would be shorter and less expensive.

Then, when we consider the enormous saving that will be effected in the administration of affairs by one General Government—when we reflect that each of the five colonies has a government of its own with a complete establishment of public departments and all the machinery required for the transaction of the business of the country—that each has a separate executive, judicial and militia system—that each province has a separate Ministry, including a Minister of Militia, with a complete Adjutant-General's Department—that each has a Finance Minister with a full Customs and Excise staff—that each colony has as large and complete an administrative organization, with as many executive officers as the General Government will have—we can well understand the enormous saving that will result from a union of all the colonies, from their having but one head and one central system. We in Canada already know something of the advantages and disadvantages of a Federal Union. Although we have nominally a Legislative Union in Canada—although we sit in one Parliament, supposed constitutionally to represent the people, without regard to sections or localities, yet we know, as a matter of fact, that since the union in 1841 we have had a Federal Union, that in matters affecting Upper Canada solely, members from that section claimed and generally exercised the right of exclusive legislation, while members from Lower Canada legislated in matters affecting only their own section. We have had a Federal Union in fact, though a Legislative Union in name; and in the hot contests of late years, if on any occasion a measure affecting any one section were interfered with by the members from the other—if, for instance, a measure locally affecting Upper Canada were carried or defeated against the wishes of its majority, by one from Lower Canada—my honourable friend the President of the Council and his friends denounced with all their energy and ability such legislation as an infringement of the rights of the Upper Province. Just in the same way, if any act concerning Lower Canada were pressed into law against the wishes of the majority of her representatives, by those from Upper Canada, the Lower Canadians would rise as one man and protest against such a violation of their peculiar rights.

The relations between England and Scotland are very similar to that which obtains between the Canadas. The union between them in matters of legislation is of a federal character, because the Act of Union between the two countries provides that the Scottish law cannot be altered, except for the manifest advantage of the people of Scotland. This stipulation has been held to be so obligatory on the Legislature of Great Britain that no measure affecting the law of Scotland is passed unless it receives the sanc-

tion of a majority of the Scottish members in Parliament. No matter how important it may be for the interests of the Empire as a whole to alter the laws of Scotland—no matter how much it may interfere with the symmetry of the general law of the United Kingdom, that law is not altered, except with the consent of the Scottish people, as expressed by their representatives in Parliament. Thus, we have, in Great Britain, to a limited extent, an example of the working and effects of a federal union, as we might expect to witness them in our own confederation. The whole scheme of Confederation, as propounded by the Conference, as agreed to and sanctioned by the Canadian Government, and as now presented for the consideration of the people and the Legislature, bears upon its face the marks of compromise. Of necessity there must have been a great deal of mutual discussion. When we think of the representatives of five colonies, all supposed to have different interests, meeting together, charged with the duty of protecting those interests, and of pressing the views of their own localities and sections, it must be admitted that had we not met in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious desire to promote this union ; if we had not been impressed with the idea contained in the words of the resolution—"That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal Union under the crown of Great Britain"—all our efforts might have proved to be of no avail. If we had not felt that, after coming to this conclusion, we were bound to set aside our private opinions on matters of detail, if we had not felt ourselves bound to look at what was practicable, not obstinately rejecting the opinions of others nor adhering to our own ; if we had not met, I say, in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious, overruling desire to form one people under one government, we never would have succeeded.

With these views, we press the question on this House and the country. I say to this House, if you do not believe that the union of the colonies is for the advantage of the country, that the joining of these five peoples into one nation, under one sovereign, is for the benefit of all, then reject the scheme. Reject it if you do not believe it to be for the present advantage and future prosperity of yourselves and your children. But if, after a calm and full consideration of this scheme, it is believed, as a whole, to be for the advantage of this Province —if the House and country believe this union to be one which will ensure for us British laws, British connection, and British freedom—and increase and develop the social, political and material prosperity of the country, then I implore this House and the country to lay aside all prejudices, and accept the scheme which we offer. I ask this House to meet the question in the same spirit in which the delegates met it. I ask each member of this House to lay aside his own opinions as to particular details, and to accept the scheme as a whole if he think it beneficial as a whole. As I stated in the preliminary discussion, we must consider this scheme in the light of a treaty. By a happy coincidence of circumstances, just when an Administration had been formed in Canada for the purpose of attempting a solution of the difficulties under which we laboured, at the same time the Lower Provinces, actuated by a similar feeling, appointed a Conference with a view to a union among themselves, without being cognizant of the position the Government was taking in Canada. If it had not been for this fortunate coincidence of events, never, perhaps, for a long series of years would we have been able to bring this scheme to a practical conclusion. But we did succeed. We made the arrangement, agreed upon the scheme, and the deputations from the several governments represented at the Conference went back pledged to lay it before their governments, and to ask the legislatures and people of their respective provinces to assent to it. I trust the

scheme will be assented to as a whole. I am sure this House will not seek to alter it in its unimportant details ; and if altered in any important provisions, the result must be that the whole will be set aside, and we must begin *de novo*. If any important changes are made, every one of the colonies will feel itself absolved from the implied obligation to deal with it as a treaty, each Province will feel itself at liberty to amend it *ad libitum* so as to suit its own views and interests ; in fact, the whole of our labours will have been for naught, and we will have to renew our negotiations with all the colonies for the purpose of establishing some new scheme. I hope the House will not adopt any such course as will postpone, perhaps forever, or at all events for a long period, all chances of union. All the statesmen and public men who have written or spoken on the subject admit the advantages of a union, if it were practicable ; and now when it is proved to be practicable, if we do not embrace this opportunity the present favourable time will pass away, and we may never have it again. Because, just so surely as this scheme is defeated, will be revived the original proposition for a union of the Maritime Provinces, irrespective of Canada ; they will not remain as they are now, powerless, scattered, helpless communities ; they will form themselves into a power which, though not so strong as if united with Canada, will nevertheless be a powerful and considerable community, and it will be then too late for us to attempt to strengthen ourselves by this scheme, which, in the words of the resolution, "is for the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America."

If we are not blind to our present position, we must see the hazardous situation in which all the great interests of Canada stand in respect to the United States. I am no alarmist, I do not believe in the prospect of immediate war. I believe that the common sense of the two nations will prevent a war ; still we cannot trust to probabilities. The Government and Legislature would be wanting in their duty to the people if they ran any risk. We know that the United States at this moment are engaged in a war of enormous dimensions—that the occasion of a war with Great Britain has again and again arisen, and may at any time in the future again arise. We cannot foresee what may be the result ; we cannot say but that the two nations may drift into a war as other nations have done before. It would then be too late when war had commenced to think of measures for strengthening ourselves, or to begin negotiations for a union with the sister Provinces. At this moment, in consequence of the ill-feeling which has arisen between England and the United States—a feeling of which Canada was not the cause—in consequence of the irritation which now exists, owing to the unhappy state of affairs on this Continent, the Reciprocity Treaty, it seems probable, is about to be brought to an end—our trade is hampered by the passport system, and at any moment we may be deprived of permission to carry our goods through United States channels—the bonded goods system may be done away with, and the winter trade through the United States put an end to. Our merchants may be obliged to return to the old system of bringing in during the summer months the supplies for the whole year. Ourselves already threatened, our trade interrupted, our intercourse, political and commercial, destroyed, if we do not take warning now when we have the opportunity, and while one avenue is threatened to be closed, open another by taking advantage of the present arrangement and the desire of the Lower Provinces to draw closer the alliance between us, we may suffer commercial and political disadvantages it may take long for us to overcome. The Conference having come to the conclusion that a legislative union, pure and simple, was impracticable, our next attempt was to form a Government upon federal principles which would give to the General Government the strength of a legislative and administrative union, while at the same

time it preserved that liberty of action for the different sections which is allowed by a Federal Union. And I am strong in the belief that we have hit upon the happy medium in those resolutions, and that we have formed a scheme of government which unites the advantages of both, giving us the strength of a legislative union, and the sectional freedom of a federal union, with protection to local interests.

In doing so we had the advantage of the experience of the United States. It is the fashion now to enlarge on the defects of the Constitution of the United States, but I am not one of those who look upon it as a failure. I think and believe that it is one of the most skilful works which human intelligence ever created; is one of the most perfect organizations that ever governed a free people. To say that it has some defects is but to say that it is not the work of Omniscience, but of human intellects. We are happily situated in having had the opportunity of watching its operation, seeing its working from its infancy till now. It was in the main formed on the model of the Constitution of Great Britain, adapted to the circumstances of a new country, and was perhaps the only practicable system that could have been adopted under the circumstances existing at the time of its formation. We can now take advantage of the experience of the last seventy-eight years, during which that Constitution has existed, and I am strongly in the belief that we have in a great measure avoided in this system which we propose for the adoption of the people of Canada, the defects which time and events have shown to exist in the American Constitution.

In the first place, by a resolution which meets with the universal approval of the people of this country, we have provided that for all time to come, so far as we can legislate for the future, we shall have as the head of the Executive power, the Sovereign of Great Britain. No one can look into futurity and say what will be the destiny of this country. Changes come over nations and peoples in the course of ages. But so far as we can legislate we provide that for all time to come the Sovereign of Great Britain shall be the Sovereign of British North America. By adhering to the monarchical principle, we avoid one defect inherent in the Constitution of the United States. By the election of the President by a majority and for a short period, he never is the sovereign and chief of the nation. He is never looked up to by the whole people as the head and front of the nation. He is at best but the successful leader of a party. This defect is all the greater on account of the practice of re-election. During his first term of office he is employed in taking steps to secure his own re-election, and for his party a continuance of power. We avoid this by adhering to the monarchical principle—the Sovereign whom you respect and love. I believe that it is of the utmost importance to have that principle recognized, so that we shall have a sovereign who is placed above the region of party—to whom all parties look up—who is not elevated by the action of one party nor depressed by the action of another, who is the common head and sovereign of all.

In the Constitution we propose to continue the system of responsible government which has existed in this Province since 1841, and which has long obtained in the Mother Country. This is a feature of our Constitution as we have it now, and as we shall have it in the Federation in which, I think, we avoid one of the great defects in the Constitution of the United States. There the President during his term of office is in a great measure a despot, a one-man power, with the command of the naval and military forces—with an immense amount of patronage as head of the Executive, and with the veto power as a branch of the legislature—perfectly uncontrolled by responsible advisers, his Cabinet being departmental officers merely, whom he is not obliged by the Constitution to consult with, unless he chooses to do so. With us the Sovereign, or in this

country the Representative of the Sovereign, can act only on the advice of his Ministers, those Ministers being responsible to the people through Parliament. Prior to the formation of the American Union, as we all know, the different states which entered into it were separate colonies. They had no connection with each other further than that of having a common sovereign, just as with us at present. Their constitutions and their laws were different. They might and did legislate against each other, and when they revolted against the Mother Country they acted as separate sovereignties, and carried on the war by a kind of treaty of alliance against the common enemy. Ever since the Union was formed the difficulty of what is called "State Rights" has existed, and this had much to do in bringing on the present unhappy war in the United States. They commenced, in fact, at the wrong end. They declared by their Constitution that each State was a sovereignty in itself, and that all the powers incident to a sovereignty belonged to each State, except those powers which by the Constitution were conferred upon the General Government and Congress. Here we have adopted a different system. We have strengthened the General Government. We have given the General Legislature all the great subjects of legislation. We have conferred on them, not only specifically and in detail, all the powers which are incident to sovereignty, but we have expressly declared that all subjects of general interest not distinctly and exclusively conferred upon the local Governments and local Legislatures shall be conferred upon the General Government and Legislature. We have thus avoided that great source of weakness which has been the cause of the disruption of the United States. We have avoided all conflict of jurisdiction and authority, and if this Constitution is carried out, as it will be in full detail in the Imperial Act to be passed if the colonies adopt the scheme, we will have in fact, as I said before, all the advantages of a legislative union under one Administration, with at the same time the guarantees for local institutions and for local laws, which are insisted upon by so many in the Provinces now, I hope, to be united.

I think it is well that in framing our Constitution our first act should have been to recognize the sovereignty of Her Majesty. I believe that while England has no desire to lose her colonies, but wishes to retain them, while I am satisfied that the public mind of England would deeply regret the loss of these Provinces—yet, if the people of British North America, after full deliberation, had stated that they considered it was for their interest, for the advantage of the future British North America, to sever the tie, such is the generosity of the people of England that whatever their desire to keep these colonies, they would not seek to compel us to remain unwilling subjects of the British Crown. If, therefore, at the Conference, we had arrived at the conclusion that it was for the interest of these Provinces that a severance should take place, I am sure that Her Majesty and the Imperial Parliament would have sanctioned that severance. We accordingly felt that there was a propriety in giving a distinct declaration of opinion on that point, and that in framing the Constitution its first sentence should declare that "The Executive authority or government shall be vested in the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and be administered according to the well understood principles of the British Constitution, by the Sovereign personally, or by the Representative of the Sovereign duly authorized."

That resolution met with the unanimous assent of the Conference. The desire to remain connected with Great Britain and to retain our allegiance to Her Majesty was unanimous. Not a single suggestion was made, that it could, by any possibility, be for the interest of the colonies, or of any section or portion of them, that there should be a severance of our connection. Although we knew it to be pos-

sible that Canada, from her position might be exposed to all the horrors of war, by reason of causes of hostility arising between Great Britain and the United States—causes over which we had no control, and which we had no hand in bringing about—yet there was a unanimous feeling of willingness to run all the hazards of war, if war must come, rather than lose the connection between the Mother Country and these colonies.

We provide that "the Executive authority shall be administered by the Sovereign personally, or by the Representative of the Sovereign duly authorized." It is too much to expect that the Queen should vouchsafe us her personal governance or presence except to pay us, as the heir-apparent to the Throne, our future Sovereign, has already paid us, the graceful compliment of a visit. The Executive authority must, therefore, be administered by Her Majesty's Representative. We place no restriction on Her Majesty's prerogative in the selection of her representative. As it is now, so it will be if this Constitution is adopted. The Sovereign has unrestricted freedom of choice. Whether in making her selection she may send us one of her own family, a Royal Prince, as a Viceroy to rule over us, or one of the great statesmen of England to represent her, we know not. We leave that to Her Majesty in all confidence. But we may be permitted to hope that when the union takes place, and we become the great country which British North America is certain to be, it will be an object worthy the ambition of the statesmen of England to be charged with presiding over our destinies.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

FLUFFY, airy, shapeless masses,
Swinging through that cope of blue,
Blending off from snowy whiteness,
To a grayish dappled hue.

Listless, lazy, languid, loitering,
Piled against the Eastern sky;
Hurrying, skurrying, onward ever,
Rolling, romping, rushing by.

Battlements of wondrous grandeur,
Lying low against the blue;
Edged with quaint fantastic figures,
Sinking, drifting, drop from view.

Wayward, wandering cloudlets jostle
And sweep by with bellying sail;
Lost to view and lost forever,
To the mortal in life's vale.

Arthur R. Ford.

THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

WITH RARE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING ERECTION.

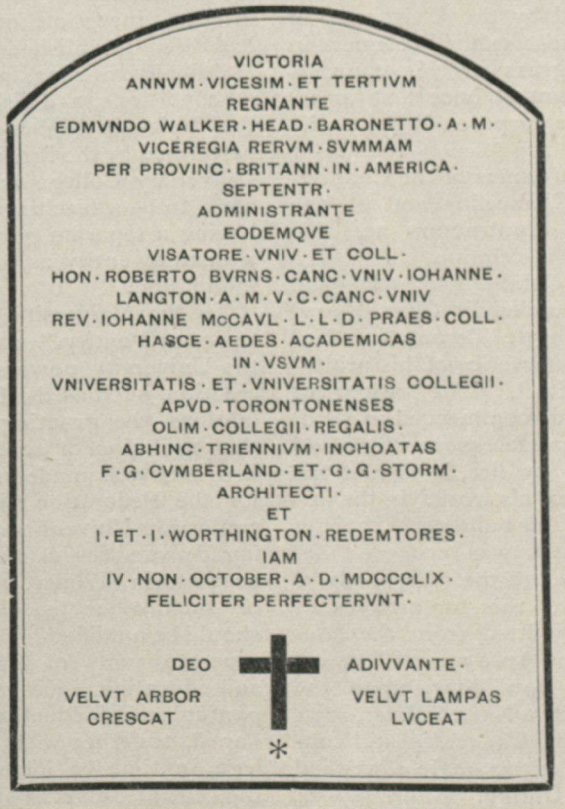
By Barlow Cumberland, M.A.

MEMORY has environed many an ancient ruin with the annals of its past, clothing the hoary and mouldering stones with life as does the ivy which hides the progress of its decay. When admiring the magnificent buildings of early centuries the spectator finds not a little of his interest fanned by learning the history of the men who conceived and built them, and in tracing the soul-marks which these men left upon them and the ideas which they endeavoured to express. Often the very times and moving impulses of successive periods may be followed in the great Cathedral and Monastic buildings where piety and wealth have age after age each added its quota to the original edifice—the rude, unchiselled solid arch, the massive walls and narrow crenelated windows, the simple rounded columns, whose beauty is in their strength, pass onward into more moulded forms and more sun-lit space. Asylum from pursuit gives way to consciousness of freedom, and decoration tells of immunity from ruthless invading hands. So studied, they become more than mere masses of architectural interest.

In a new land like ours where buildings grow apace and forest trees are lone records of a previous century, it is well to note whatever we can of the motives which moved the builders of our earlier days, and so attach the memory of their intentions to the visible products of their skill. In such spirit this record is made.

We have in Canada no single building in whose walls the course of history may be traced, yet in the buildings of Toronto University we have the reminiscence of an eventful period in the history of the University itself, and an untrammelled effort to create and preserve the ideals which impelled its founders.

On a great stone set in the inner walls on the second story of the main tower, and which,



REPRODUCTION OF GREAT STONE

fortunately, was not destroyed by the conflagration of 1890, is preserved the names of those under whom the building was erected. This stone is reproduced herewith in such imitation as is possible with type. The Latin inscription was probably the work of the erudite Rev. Dr. McCaul, then President of the College, and a world-known authority on ancient inscriptions.

The Governor-General of Canada at the time, and by virtue of his office Visitor of the University, was Sir Edmund Head, a man of cultivated taste and high scholarly attainments. He had at one time himself been a professor at Oxford, and was ardently imbued with the desire of aiding in the foundation of a broad laid and permanent University in the country to which he had but recently come in 1854. His views were clearly expressed in a speech delivered by him in Quebec when he said, "an endowment such as that enjoyed by the University of Toronto is a most valuable element in the future progress of this country. Such an endowment once lost or diverted to other purposes is not easily recovered."

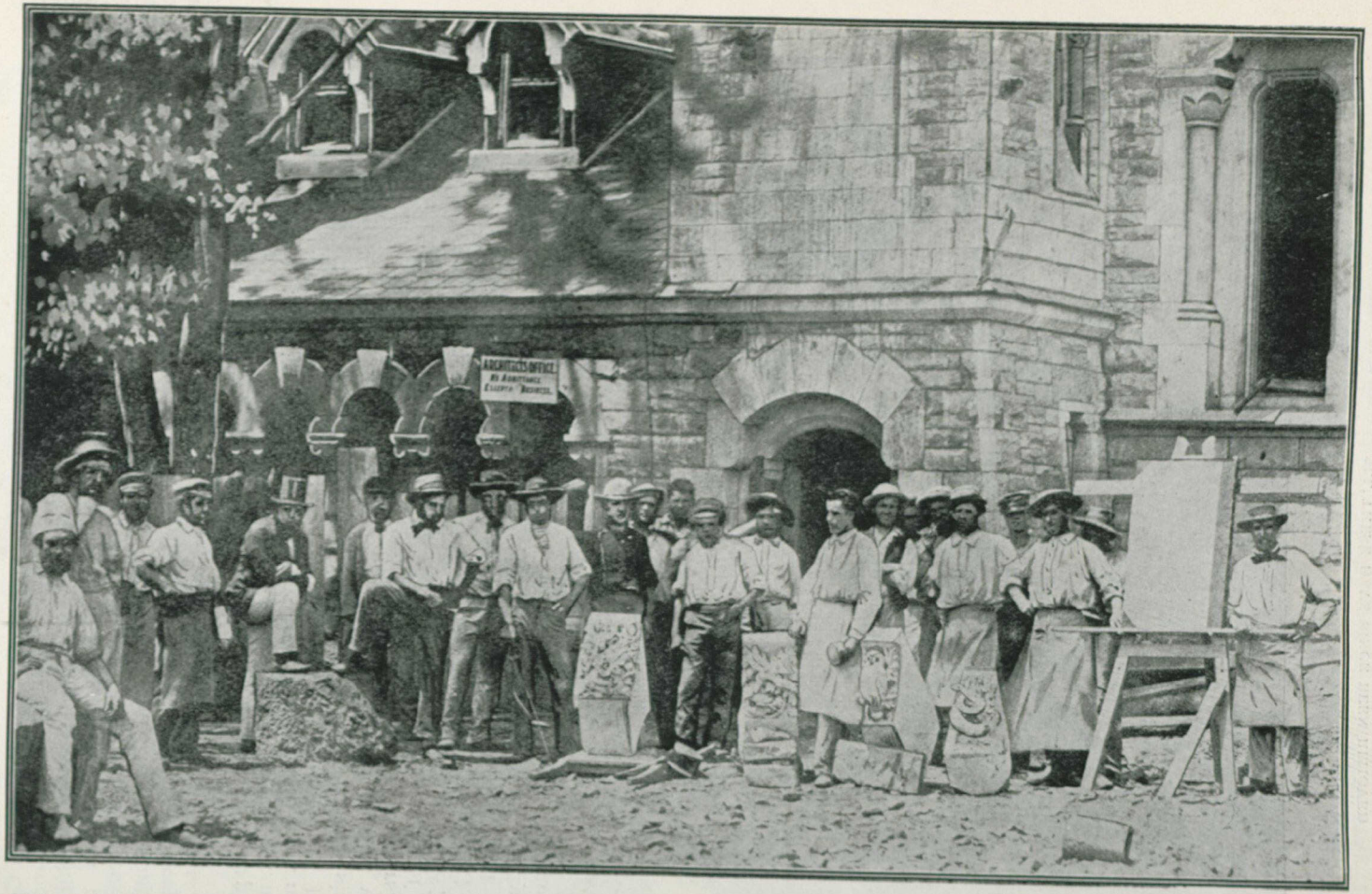
The Latinized names of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor and of the Architects and Contractors are also recorded in the inscription.

Mr. F. W. Cumberland, who had been a student under Sir Chas. Barry, had, after coming to Toronto in 1847, engaged in the practice of his profession as an architect. The present St. James' Cathedral commenced in 1850, to replace its predecessors which had been destroyed by fire, is one of the early examples of his work. In the original design of this building, a choir of ample proportions was proposed between the Apse and the main body of the Church. But this for motives of economy was omitted from the construction, and the Apse moved forward to abutt, as it now does, upon the great arches of the Nave. Even in its present form the Church is still considered an excellent example of applied Perpendicular Gothic. The spire, which was subsequently completed in accordance with his designs, forms one of the graceful landmarks of the city. This and the severely classic and pure Ionic form of the present Receiver-General's office, were executed while Mr. Thos. Ridout was a member of the firm. In 1851 he was nominated a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and subsequently associating with himself Mr. W. G. Storm, of Toronto. The Normal School and the central part of Osgoode Hall are after works of the new firm.

Here it will be well to note the condition of University matters in Upper Canada precedent to the erection of the University buildings.

King's College, created in 1826, the first endowed University of the Province, had been passing through its phases of change and strife. In 1849 its name had been changed to that of the University of Toronto. Since its original inception other Universities had been established in the Province and finally, in 1853, to meet the changed conditions, a division was made of the duties in higher education to be performed by the Provincial University. University College was then first created, to be a teaching Faculty in Arts, having a separate governing body, and a distinct entity as a purely College foundation.

To the University of Toronto, the "abstract entity," was transferred all the University powers of the original creation, such as the holding of examinations, the granting of degrees and the regulation of academic standards. Provision was made in the Act of 1853 for the Federation with this Degree-conferring University of the then existing Universities of the Province, such as Victoria, Trinity, and Queen's, and of such other teaching Colleges as should be qualified to be joined. These separate units of University energy and education, each retaining its own particular individuality, would, it was hoped, together with University College, in time be joined in union with the central University which was to become a part and the elevated represen-



GROUP OF CARVERS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE ERECTION OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP, BAREHEADED, IS ZOLIKOFFER THE MASTER SCULPTOR, WHO WAS BROUGHT WITH HIS ASSISTANTS FROM GERMANY TO DO THIS WORK. THE CARVINGS ARE SOME OF THE ENRICHMENTS OF THE CONVOCATION STAIRWAY

tation of them all. Such was the ideal of the men of that day.

For many years the abode of the Provincial University had been the shuttlecock of fortune. Five times in seven years had its quarters been changed. Turned out of the King's College buildings which it had constructed, it was transferred to the Old Parliament buildings on Front St., thence, on return of the Government to Toronto, back again to King's College. Later, it was again moved to the old Medical School, whose site is now occupied by the Biological building.

Nor was it more happy in the possession of the remaining lands which had been granted for its use. Under the Reconstruction Act of 1853, the Government had taken power to appropriate out of the University property which had been granted for Collegiate purposes at the head of College Ave., "sites for a Government House, a Parliament House, and Buildings for the accommodation of the Public Departments." The necessity for securing its lands and obtaining a permanent home was, therefore, deeply but quietly engaging the thoughts of the University authorities.

A solution of the division of the property was at length arrived at and when it was determined to erect new buildings Mr. Cumberland, who had been a member of the Senate since 1853, resigned his position and was appointed architect to the University, Mr. Storm being then a member of the firm. At the instance of the Senate Mr. Cumberland in 1855 again visited Great Britain and the Continent, and for nearly a year made special study of University and other architectural build-

THE MAIN TOWER IN COURSE OF ERECTION—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TREES WHICH WERE CAREFULLY LEFT IN POSITION AND PRESERVED TO ADD TO THE APPEARANCE OF THE BUILDING. ALL THESE HAVE SINCE BEEN REMOVED

VIEW OF THE BUILDING OPERATIONS, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE TWO EASTERN ENTRANCES

ings and of their adaptation to our means and climate.

The finished conception both in massing of the grand yet reposeful outlines of the exterior and the elaborated parts of the University buildings are the results of his wide investigations and of the mass of detailed studies which he made in preparing for what he considered a work worthy of the highest art. The preliminary plans were then prepared, and quietly in the presence of a few members of the building committee, on the morning of the 4th October, 1856, the first stone was laid and thereafter the building grew.

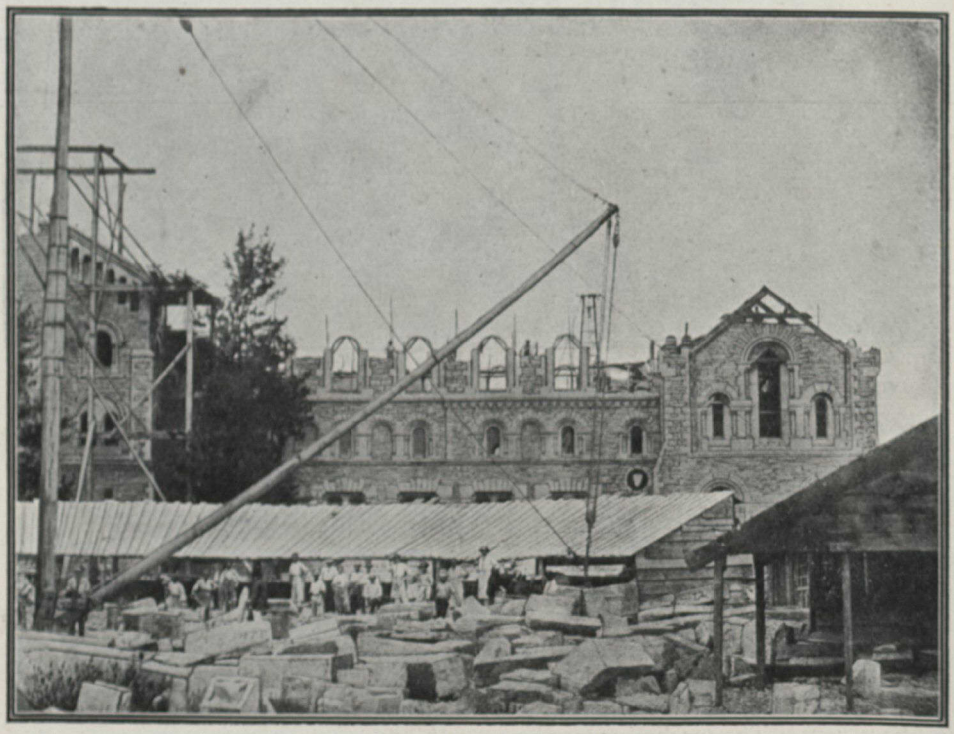
It was the expressed intention of Sir Edmund Head, Vice-Chancellor Langton and the active members of the building committee that the edifice should be one which should be an inspiration to higher ideals, and be a centre of excellence around which the aspirations of the new University just created might in future days cluster, and so, under the influence of its outward home, grow in artistic and intellectual strength.

Surplus University revenues of considerable amount had been accumulated so there were ample means on hand with which to proceed. Sir Edmund Head took a daily interest in the structure; his personal instructions were, as told to the writer: "Spend all the available endowment, or as much of it as you well can, for, if you don't, some people will some day come along and want to fritter it away for other than University purposes. We will anchor the endowment for the University by spending it on its buildings."

Sir Edmund found in Mr. Cumberland an architect after his own heart. Under these influences the edifice grew not only as a collection of rooms for educational purposes, but as a permanent example of noble architecture. While the nature of modern requirements in light and space in the interior

modified in some degree the outer plan, yet the Norman-Gothic style of the design remained dominant in the architectural key of the exterior, and in the finish of all the details of its parts. Although adapted to modern uses the composition is one of absolute architectural values, and is the result of intensest study.

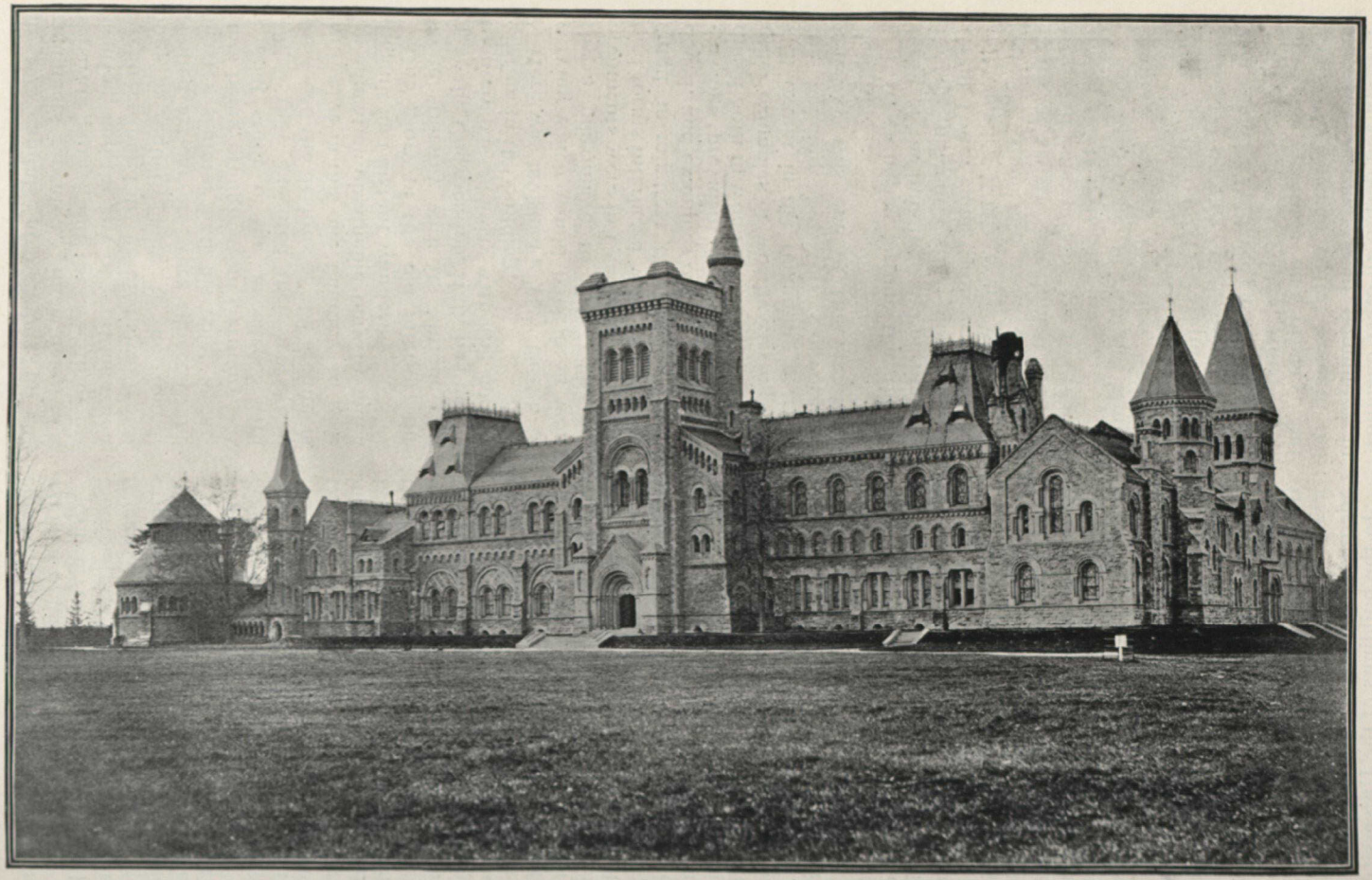
As in a landscape framed by nature all the surrounding ranges seem by intuitive relation to lead to the summit height, so in the University buildings the eye is imperceptibly, yet by carefully planned steps led up to the dominant feature of the design, the Great Norman Tower. While apparent balance is maintained in the wings and on either side of the principal southern façade, yet there is no commonplace repetition. In many buildings one wing is but the reproduction of the other, a repetition on either hand of the same construction; but in this by tower or by gable, by minaret or change in form or grouping of classic windows, an artistic variance is introduced, while the relative proportion is preserved. None of these variations are obtrusive, none abstract the eye from the general design, each while revealing its own individuality is honourably subordinate to the general duty of faithful service in promoting and leading to the central glory of the whole. From whatever point of view the edifice be approached, this lesson of highest ideal is declared in the storied stone. Such was the general scheme.



ANOTHER SOUTHERN VIEW, SHOWING PART OF THE SOUTHERN FACADE AND THE MAIN EASTERN GABLE.

In carrying out the details of the building the utmost fidelity was maintained to the best examples of the ancient style.

In the old building, the major portion of which has been preserved, there were no two carvings the same,



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—FROM THE SOUTH-EAST—AS IT WAS IN 1860

no two capitals, no columns, no enrichments repeated. Each detail is a separate study, and the wealth of invention, and the art of workman and architect found in the mediæval buildings is equally here to be found. Skilled art-carvers were collected, the master sculptor and his chief assistants being brought from Germany. A special study of the excellence with which they executed their work and produced the designs of the architects will serve in this one building to give an education obtainable only by much difficult and distant wandering.

One glory of the old interior, the stone stairway with its antique roof near the Convocation Hall, has unfortunately passed away with the conflagration in the building.

Here was lavished a very wealth of carving which would have been worthy a pilgrimage to visit. The enarchments were in Caen stone wherein bird forms interlaced with foliage executed in minutest detail were introduced, and examples of the grotesque carvings prevalent to the style produced both in wood and stone. Many other examples of worthy carvings are still extant in the remaining parts of the building, but this Convocation stairway was one of the architect's delights.

It was a happy fortune that the exterior of the building, and particularly the magnificent central door of the Great Tower came through the flames unharmed. While every part of the exterior stone had received its due share of artistic enrichment, on this has been concentrated the full rendering of the best ancient art.

The East door, in rich but simple outlines, leading to where was then the Convocation and Examination Hall, speaks of severity and accurate learning; the little Western door, hidden behind its pillared cloister enriched with grotesque carvings, whispers of academic quietude and privacy, but the noble Norman portal beneath the massive Norman keep dominates in majesty and design all other openings, and fitly acclaims its place as the principal entrance to an enduring and classic Hall of learning.

Conceived with such ideas and intentions, and executed in such manner, it can easily be understood that the original estimates for the construction of the buildings were far exceeded. To Mr. Cumberland had come the share of planning and designing, of creating the composition, the selection and invention of the adornments of the Norman style; with Mr. Storm was the execution of the works and the honourable care of construction. Both lavished of their best in performing the duties of their profession.

The authorities, however, declined to pay them for the extra services they had given, due to the increased character of the work and of the wealth of artistic detail which had been added to it. Hurt at this want of appreciation of artistic effort, and affronted by the refusal of his claim, amounting to between five and six thousand dollars, a large amount of which had been expended in preparing full-sized drawings for the carvings, Mr. Cumberland abandoned the profession of architecture and betook himself to railwaying, in which he had at intervals been interested, and the University building was the last architectural work in which he engaged. Mr. Storm continued in the practice of his profession, Victoria College, built in 1892, being one of the principal works which engaged his subsequent attention.

In comparing the University Buildings with other edifices which have been executed in this city, it is to be remembered that since then the utilitarian has largely over-mastered the artistic. The cost of construction is more thought of than the creation of architectural expression, and architects are not encouraged to devote to architectural effect so large a portion of the expenditure of construction nor given scope to develop the artistic side of their profession. When they are granted this liberty then abiding and adequate results may be obtained.

In the buildings of the University an endeavour was made to adapt the best

mediæval Art and to represent academic ideas in visible form. Speaking at the celebration held on the occasion of the placing of the copestone on the Tower, on 4th October, 1858, Sir Edmund Head "congratulated the architect upon being the first to introduce this style of building upon the Continent, there being, so far as he was aware, no instance of Norman or Romanesque style of architecture in America. He believed the style capable of producing many useful results. It was the adaptation to modern purposes and uses of the community now existing of the style of an early day. It was the history of modern civilization."

That some success has been obtained would seem to be inferred from the fact that the buildings, although shorn by fire of some of their early adornments, much of which was however faithfully restored, yet continue to be a source of study to those who are architecturally and artistically inclined and after fifty years are still regarded as one of the finest examples of applied Gothic architecture on the Northern Continent.

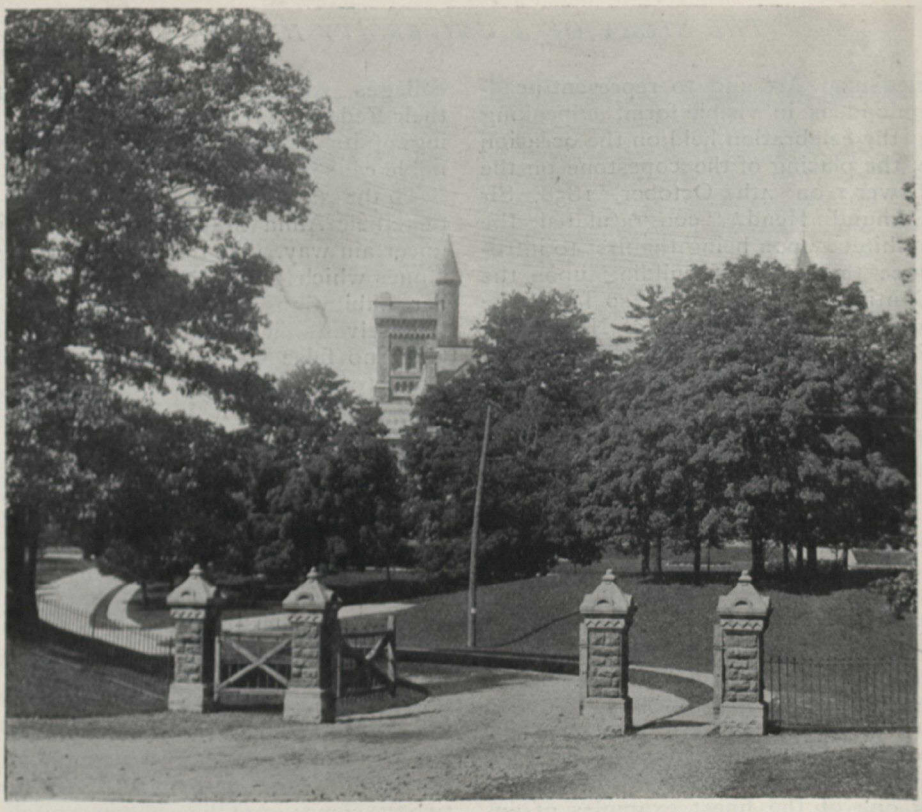
Whatever they may be to the general public, they were intended to stand as a lesson and an inspiration to all interested in academic culture. Not by rigid repetition nor cold uniformity are the several parts massed together, but as the associated Colleges, each governed by its own methods and contributing its special school of culture, would join in harmony to strengthen and elevate the value of University Education, so the several groups of the buildings, each separate in treatment and perfect in itself, were blended in union to add glory and support to the general design.

As the Great Tower concentrated the proportions of these, so were the colleges to found the character of their Federated University, each giving of its best to lead upward in the noble cause.

To the students who enter its portals their Alma Mater speaks in no uncertain way. As they are the living stones which build her reputation, so her habitation expresses what they themselves should be. Every stone is true; no false stones nor veneer, but true stones built deep into the wall, each being what it looks, and truly doing its ungrudging share of duty. Anyone who saw the massive blocks which were built into its walls will understand how, when the fire swept through it, the building bore the stress and the mighty Tower, though shorn of its interior, stood scathed, but firm. It was built as builded the Norman builders of old.

And decorated stones there are, like students who win renown. Under the cornices around the whole building are series of carved stones and on all the capitals and enrichments, yet no two the same; even the wooden capitals of the cloister of the inner quadrangle are each cut in different forms, yet all these special stones are moulded according to the same architectural school, fit examples of the pervading period of design. Individuality of manhood is not lost in the student, from whatever college he may come, but is marked in scholarly eminence, as are the carved stones in the walls of his University.

May it not be that the hopes of the period they mark may some day be realized and that like the great buildings of older lands, those of Toronto University may become cherished memorials of formative days, an inspiration to the men who come within their influence, and so works of value in the progress of our country.

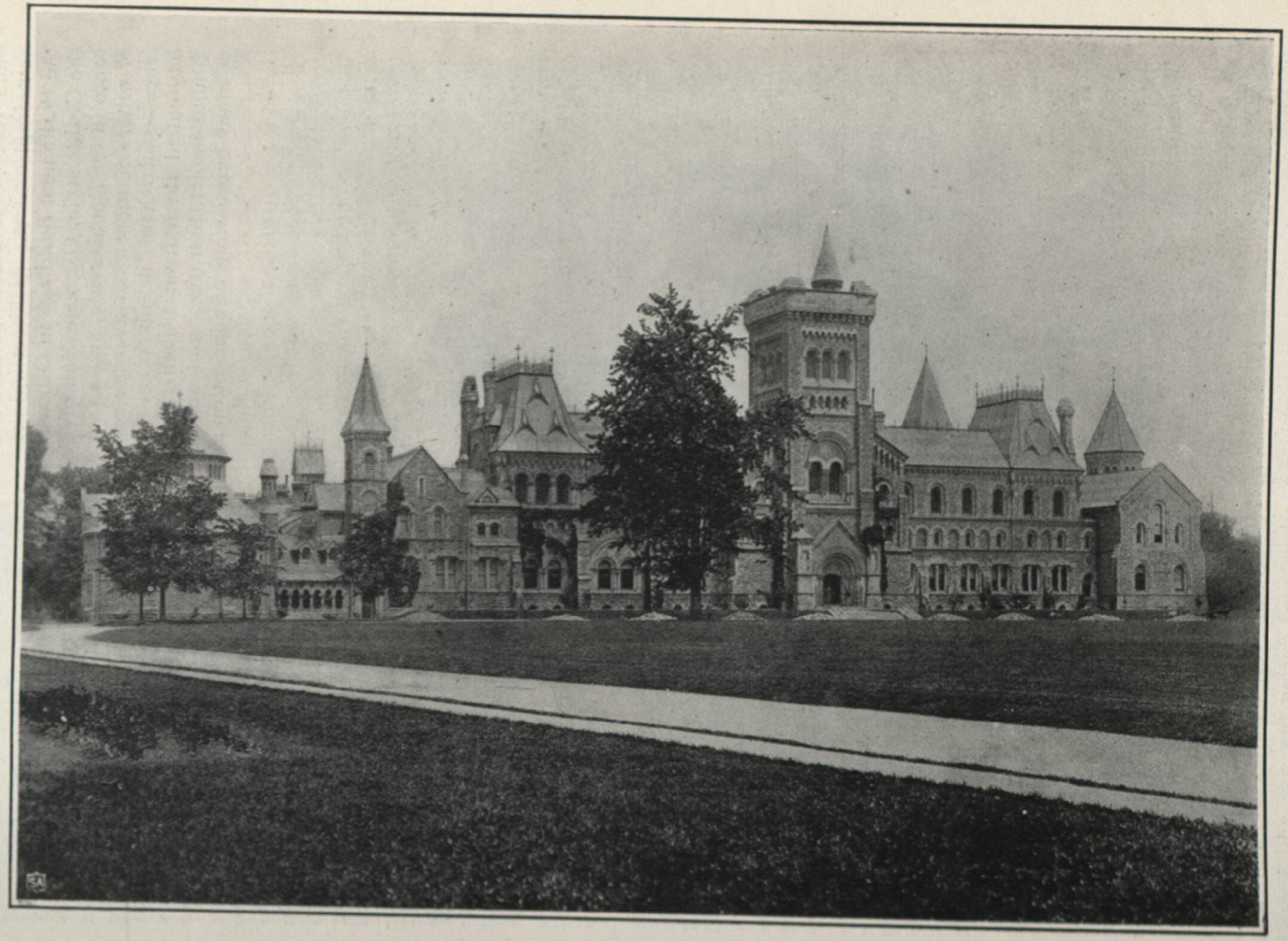


THE MAIN TOWER FROM THE EAST

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

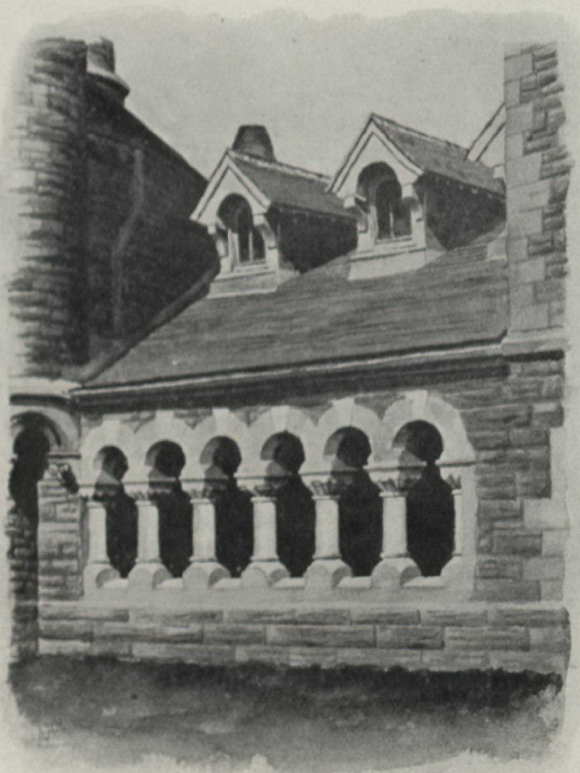
A. H. Harkness, B.A.Sc.

WHEN a city assumes importance as an educational centre, we may expect to find in connection with its educational institutions such buildings as will add to the beauty and enhance the interest of that city. If a country is to have any architecture at all we will expect to find it in connection with those institutions which represent the highest and best in the culture of the people. The process of acquiring an education cannot be seen by a visitor to a city, but the buildings in which this process takes place can be, and will always possess an interest to one who may have occasion to be in their vicinity. Oxford and Cambridge, the most celebrated educational centres of English-speaking countries, and perhaps of the world, possess an attraction to a visitor not through the fact that they are educational centres, but because of the interesting architectural character of the university buildings which are the seat of these institutions of culture. While it is to be regretted that the educational institutions of the city of Toronto, which may rank as the foremost educational city of Canada, are not all housed in buildings that may lay claim to some architectural merit, still it is the good fortune of the city to possess in connection with its chief university a building of such excellence as to be recognized amongst the foremost architectural structures of America. While there are other buildings in Ca-



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FROM THE SOUTH-WEST—A RECENT PICTURE

nada that possess considerable merit as examples of the architectural art—the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa in the Gothic style, Osgoode Hall of Toronto in the Renaissance, and an array of others of more than average excellence—still there is no other that has called forth from travellers, men famous in art, literature and science, as many expressions of admiration and approval as this example of the Norman Romanesque in Queen's Park, Toronto.



ARCADE AT WESTERN ENTRANCE, SHOWING GEOMETRICAL FORM OF CAPITALS AND BASES OF COLUMNS

There are none of the associations of antiquity about the building. Like everything else in this country of ours, it is new. The erection of the building as it now stands was commenced in the summer of 1856—less than forty-five years ago—three years after the founding of the University of Toronto, or rather after the transforming of the old King's College into the new university under the name it now bears. The building was but three years under course of construction—a remarkably short time for a structure containing so much carefully executed cut stone work as this does.

The building, however, was not destined to pass down to posterity without any vicissitudes of fortune. On the 14th of February, 1890, the occasion being that of the chief annual social function of the university, through the accidental dropping of a tray of lamps, the whole interior of the eastern half of the building was destroyed by fire. The loss, which was a keen financial blow to the institution, involved the complete destruction of the library. Architecturally, however, the building suffered but little. All the damaged stonework was replaced as it was before. However, to suit the more modern requirements of the university, the interior was completely altered, and thus was lost the very interesting Norman wood-carving of the library and Convocation Hall.

The original architect was fortunate in the choice of a style in which to carry out the design of the building. While he has chosen a style the best adapted to our Canadian climate, and one excellently suited to the character of the Canadian people, it is perhaps the most interesting from historical associations. It originated and was developed during the rise and spread of Christianity through Northern and Western Europe. After the downfall

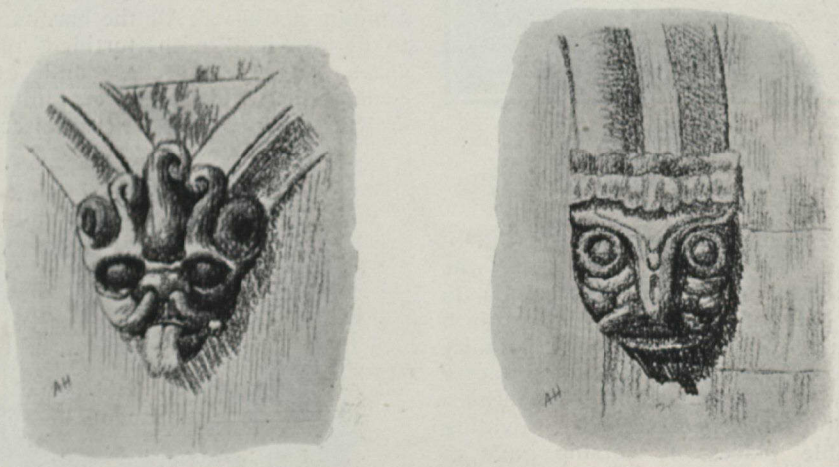
ARCADE IN MAIN HALL, WITH ANIMAL AND BIRD FORMS IN THE CAPITALS OF THE DOUBLE COLUMNS

of the Roman Empire, for a period of about two hundred years there was practically no building carried on in any part of Europe. In the ninth century, however, after Christianity had developed to be a leading factor in the life of the people of Southern Europe, the necessity of providing suitable places of worship gave an impetus to building. The great pagan temples, through their associations, were not suitable for this purpose. But as many of them were in ruins they served well for quarries from which to take stone for the erection of such religious edifices as were required. As a consequence, we find in the simply planned and constructed buildings of this period a great deal of purely classical detail which was taken directly from the Roman ruins. The architecture of Rome, then as now the head of the church, was that most directly followed by the builders of the neighbouring countries. But being unable to use the Roman ruins as stone quarries, they were obliged to do their own carving and ornamentation, and hence in it we find a wide difference from that of Rome. And the farther from Rome we go the greater the difference becomes.

At the time of the Conquest the Normans had learned but very little of the art of architecture as carried on in Rome, so that the style as developed later in England possesses so few of the Romanesque qualities that it may much more properly be called Norman than Romanesque, though we should remember that it is really but a development of the latter. Previous to the Conquest the Anglo-Saxons had practically no architecture. They did some building, but it was mostly of a very crude nature. Immediately following the Conquest was a period of great building activity. All the barons had to be provided with fortified residences. Many churches and other ecclesiastical buildings were immediately erected. While the "architects,"

CAPITAL FROM MAIN ENTRANCE, SHOWING FOLIAGE CARVING WITH GEOMETRICAL FORMS ON COLUMN AND ABACUS

if such they might be called, being for the most part the owners of the buildings or the priests of the churches, had some slight knowledge of architecture as carried on in Europe, the workmen had none, and were at first rather unskilled in the use of the hammer, trowel and chisel. We thus find that while the prevalent style of the mainland of Europe had some influence on the art as developed in England, still the growth of the Norman style very nearly represents the development of a style of architecture from the embryonic state. And through the entire growth of English architecture from the crudest form of the Norman to the most highly developed form of the Gothic we find that, though influenced to some extent by the contemporaneous styles of the mainland, still the development was largely independent of any such influence.

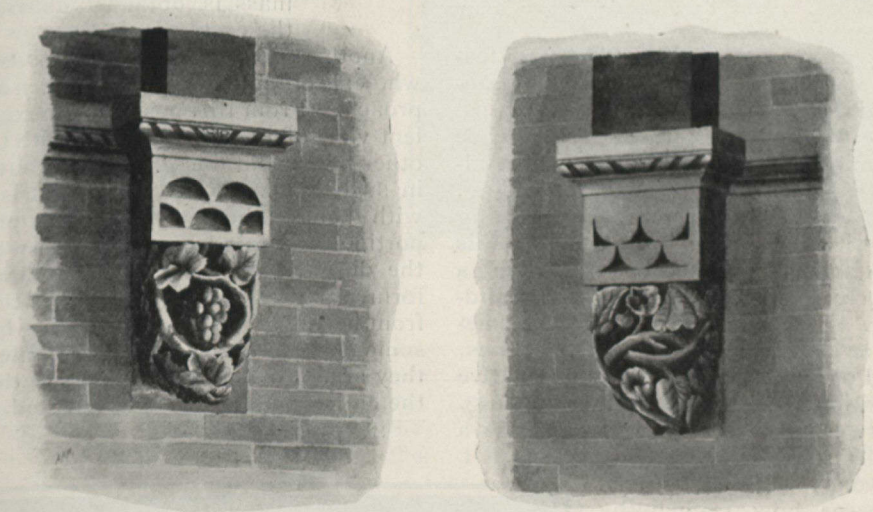


DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR

GROTESQUE WATERDRIP TERMINALS

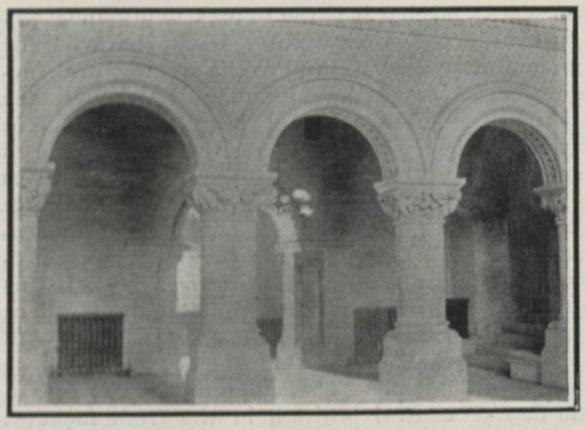
In a style of architecture developed so largely with a freedom of outside influences we may expect to find many new and original characteristics. In its earliest phases during which the labour of erection was done by the unskilled inhabitants of England, we find the masonry rather crude, the walls very thick and heavy, the carving on the stonework coarse and simple; and as the baronial castles partook as much or more of the nature of a fortress as of a residence we find the openings small. The structural forms were all simple, the labourers having neither the knowledge nor the skill to erect any such daring structural features as became so common in the later Gothic. The columns, but little used in the first stages of the style, were very heavy and massive, and the capitals crowning them were simple cubes, or square plinths with the corners rounded off, and sometimes carved geometrically in such simple forms as may be seen in the small arcade of the western entrance to the University building. The arch was used to span all openings and the vault was very largely used to cover buildings. These characteristics gave to this style of architecture a sense of repose and stability possessed by no other since the days of the great Egyptian temples. In the later development of the style, as the workmen became more proficient more decoration was applied. The exterior of the walls had rows of arcades built on them, as may be seen on the part of wall just to the west of the University main entrance. Windows were placed in these arcades, the wall space of every second, third or fourth arch being pierced for that purpose. The walls and columns were not so mas-

sive. The ornamentation of doorways and windows became much richer. This ornamentation consisted of simple zigzag forms, triangular projections or dog-tooth forms cut on the corners of each ring of the arch, the arch being built up of several successive arches each one larger than the one behind, and each resting on its own column. Thus a cross-section of an arch will show a series of right-angled recesses and projections which lend themselves very readily to this form of ornamentation. And this was the universal practice whether in as elaborate a piece of carving as in the main doorway of the University or in the simpler forms as may be seen in some of the University windows. Capitals became much more ornate. Conventional flower forms deeply undercut and animal and bird forms were extensively used. Corbel tables under cornices and other projecting members, stone water-drip terminals over windows, and gargoyles were carved into wonderfully grotesque animal forms, such as may be seen on many parts of the building under consideration.



TWO CORBELS SUPPORTING CEILING OF THE MAIN HALL—FOLIAGE AND GEOMETRICAL CARVINGS

The feeling that the main building of the University conveys to one on first seeing it is the impression of quiet repose that it possesses, a characteristic quite essential to the architectural success of any building. Although the building is not large, the different parts have been so well proportioned in their relation to each other and to the whole that it is possible to get what one so often fails in doing on seeing a building for the first time, a proper conception of its size. It is to this correct proportion, and to the excellent arrangement of the different features of the building that the feeling of repose is due. The main tower occupies a central position in the front façades. The two wings are about equal in mass and possess the same general characteristics of form, giving symmetry of mass with a good variety of detail. Each extension increases in interest as it approaches the tower. The eastern wing has two small towers marking entrances at two different points along the wing, the nearer tower of the two being the more interesting in design. This wing terminates in a gable of simple and pleasing proportions that forms the final feature of the front façade. Between this gable and the main tower is an area of wall contain-



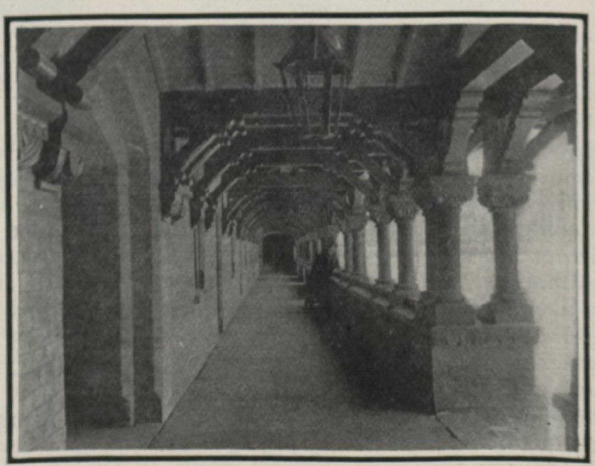
ARCADE IN MAIN HALL

ing many characteristic Norman features—corbel tables, wall arcades containing windows and window groups. The western part of the front façade terminates in a low circular room almost detached from the main building, and used for the purpose of storing physical apparatus. Adjacent to this is a small arcade and tower, forming a porch to the west entrance of the building. And next to this is a gable somewhat similar in form and proportions, and occupying about the same relative position as the one on the east wing. Between this and the main tower is a wall corresponding to the one to the east. Thus we see how from both the eastern and western extremities of the building one feature leads us to another, each more interesting and more important than the last until we reach the culminating feature of the whole composition — the square, massive and nobly proportioned main central tower.

The view as obtained from the main driveway as the building is approached from the south-east is the best that can be obtained.* From here the eastern wing with its two towers forms a perspective that balances the extra extensions of the front façade towards the west, so that there is almost a perfect symmetry of mass. From a corresponding position towards the south-west the eastern towers cannot be seen, and there is no feature towards the east to balance the circular room and western porch at the west, so that from this position no such symmetry of mass is obtained as from the east.

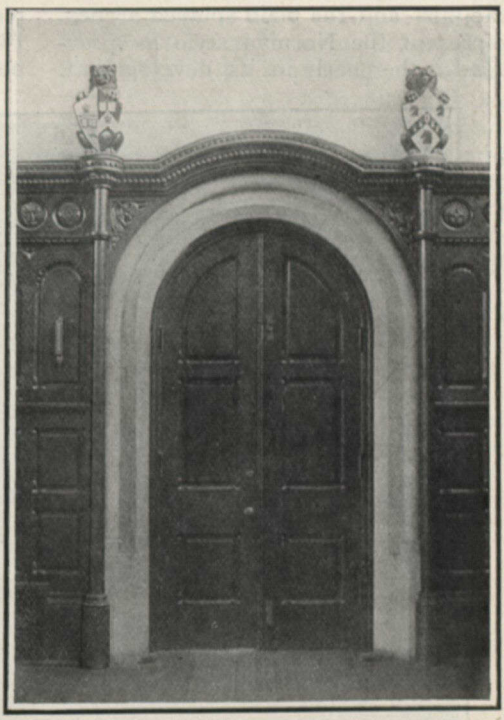
Another very pleasing view, as a whole, is obtained from the eastern approach. From this position an excellent view of the tower is had, with the other minor features grouped about it in such a manner as by comparison with them to show its truly noble proportions. Again from, the north-west the different features of the building form an excellent grouping. It is from here that we see the building has some chimneys, and fine old chimneys they are. And from here we see that the entire building is not devoted to

* See page 241.



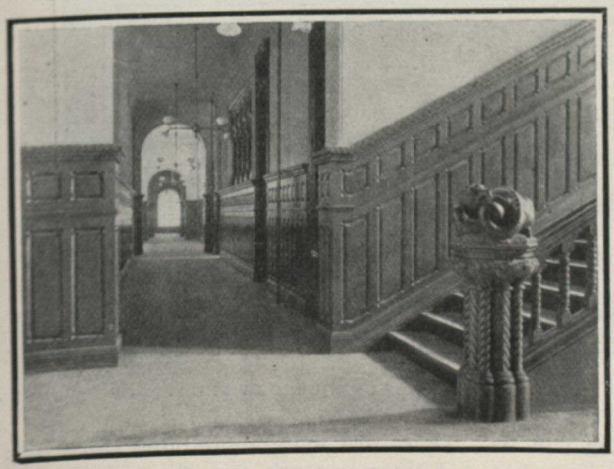
CORRIDOR OVERLOOKING INTERIOR QUADRANGLE, BUILT IN WOOD

educational purposes, that provision has been made as well for man's physical comforts as well as for his intellectual accomplishments. In the foreground is the kitchen with proper kitchen chimneys, and the dining-hall with its appropriate belfry. On the extreme left is the northern extension of the east wing with the two eastern towers extending above the roof. On the extreme right is the circular Physical apparatus room. From these two points is feature after feature — roofs, chimneys, dormers, gables, towers, belfries, all leading up to and grouping about the main central tower, which we see rearing its top up through and above them all. It is indeed a most interesting composition, such an one as it is the good fortune of but few buildings to possess.



A DOORWAY IN WOOD AND STONE

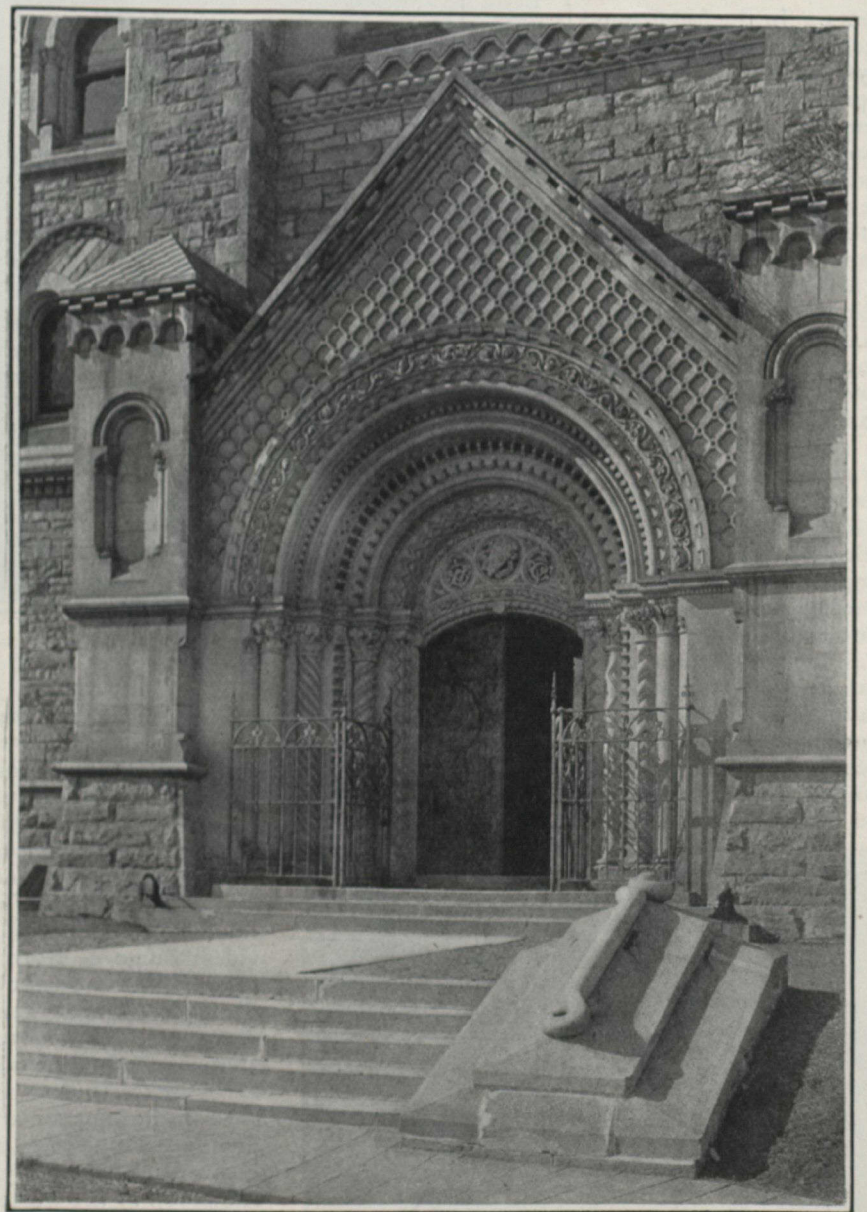
Besides the excellent general composition of the building it possesses a large amount of detail work of more than usual interest. It is all true to the Norman style and represents practically all phases of it. The main entrance is the richest and most ornate piece of work on the building. Flanked by two buttresses, and covered by a richly diapered gable, it becomes in itself a complete architectural entity. The columns are all covered with characteristic Norman forms. The capitals are representative of the highest development of the art of Norman carving; the arch rings are decorated with a variety of detail carving showing the widest range of Norman design. The large double window immediately above, placed in an arched recess, also contains some interesting work. The rope form of the arch moulding is one quite extensively used in the style. The porch of the western entrance forms one of the most interesting features of the building. The plain, short, round columns with the geometrically carved cushion



EAST CORRIDOR AS REBUILT. THE NEWEL POST OF STAIRS IS AN EXCELLENT BIT OF WOOD CARVING

capitals, and the plain splayed arches, represent the Norman style as practised rather early in its development.

piece of carving on the north side of the Physical apparatus room, in the corner between that and the main building,



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MAIN ENTRANCE—THIS WAS UNINJURED BY THE FIRE OF 1890

On all parts of the exterior will be found examples of the grotesque, but the best example on the building is a

There are many more interesting bits of Norman work over the entire building—windows, doorways, arcades,

with their columns and capitals, cornices and corbel tables that present material for the study of the art.

The interior work of the building is confined to the main hall. A low massive arch between the vestibule and the hall, with some of the simpler decorations of the style, confronts one on first entering the main doorway. Passing through this, one stands under a gallery supported by three arches resting on double columns. In the capitals of these columns will be found about the only use in the building of carved animals and bird forms used for the purpose of decorating capitals, a use very often made of such forms at one time during the progress of the style.

While the standard of architecture in Canada has not reached a very high phase, with such a building as this before the eyes of the young men who are to be the leaders in our social and political life, we may hope for a general improvement in the art. One cannot acquire a liberal education in the arts or in science while in touch with an architectural structure of great merit without having his taste for architecture influenced to some extent by such association. With a few more such buildings as the University, as Osgoode Hall, and as our Ottawa Parliament Buildings, the architecture of Canada would soon rise above the mediocre. And with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country such progress may be immediately looked for.

MEMORIES.

DO you remember when we wandered, you and I,
In days so long ago beside the dear old sea,
And listened to the lonely seabird's mournful cry,
As o'er the watery way it slowly passed us by,
Do you remember, dearest, how it used to be?

I breathed some words of life that in the distance lay,
You laughed that winning, merry laugh so sweet and low,
Why need we trouble us about a future day,
Why not be gay and happy, sweetheart, while we may,
Why should we vainly talk of that we cannot know?

E'en then I felt that we the same would meet no more,
Some warning voice low whispered to my aching heart,
The dim, dark future never can be as before,
The tiny wavelets sobbed it on the silver shore,
I knew then, my beloved, that you and I would part.

Ah! how I long to see your dear face once again,
For I have waited, oh, so patiently, my queen,
Must I alone thus ever desolate remain,
And but the lingering memory of those days retain,
Before the shadows crept in silently between?

Alban E. Ragg.

The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL III—THE TSARINA'S WEDDING-PRESENT.

WHEN I took my two months' leave, and went north for the grouse-shooting in the year of the present Tsar's marriage I had only one regret. I was compelled to break off a very interesting flirtation with Fraulein Netta von Friednau.

Netta was altogether charming—a real golden-haired German blonde with a peach-blossom complexion and sea-blue eyes, not for one moment to be confounded with the pasty-faced, cane-coloured type that is all too common. She held the position of maid of honour to the exalted personage whom I am constrained to disguise under the pseudonym of her Serene Highness the Grand Duchess of Silesia. The Grand Duchess was a very great lady indeed, nearly related to our Royal Family, and given to spending a great portion of her time in England, where she was a favourite both at Court and in the inner circle of society.

I returned to town in the early part of November, and dining at the Duke of Selhurst's on the night after my arrival, I was agreeably surprised to find the Fraulein Netta and her Serene mistress among the guests. What could have induced the Grand Duchess to remain in England, contrary to her usual practice, so long after the close of the London season I could not imagine; but whatever the cause I rejoiced in the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Netta von Friednau.

I told her so the moment I got a chance to speak to her, which was not till quite late in the evening, when every minute I was expecting to hear the Grand Duchess's carriage announced. But her Serene Highness seemed in no hurry to go, and seeing her embarked on a duel of playful badinage with our host, I managed to catch Netta's eye and direct it towards the winter garden adjoining the drawing-rooms. I slipped out, and a moment later she joined me among the palms.

"It is nice of you to say so," she said in answer to my expressions of pleasure. "But I fear that we only meet to part again immediately. We are off to Russia for the Tsar's wedding in a few days."

"To Russia—to Petersburg!" I exclaimed. "Then you must not make so sure of having seen the last of me. My duty may, and probably will, take me to Petersburg before the week is out. Do you not remember, Fraulein, that I told you that I was a Queen's Messenger—on the Russian service?"

I was huffed that she should have so soon forgotten; but her next words, spoken in the caressing tone I knew so well, and all the more piquant for their faint trace of foreign accent, set my pulses throbbing.

"I remember now, but you said so many other pretty things at the same time that I had forgotten. It was of you—not of what you were—that I was thinking. Poor little me!"

After this we had to be silent for a while; and then she told me why the Grand Duchess had prolonged her usual sojourn in England to so late a period in the year. Her Serene Highness, who was distantly related to the future Tsarina, being convinced of the superiority of English workmanship, had entrusted an order for a superb wedding-present to Messrs. Bolton and Field, the well-known Bond Street jewellers. The present was in the form of a tiara of diamonds, having for its centre a noted stone known as "the Mogul's Gem," and itself worth £20,000. Reckoning the price of the smaller stones, and of the setting, the total cost of this princely offering would not fall far short of the enormous sum of

£50,000. The Grand Duchess took the greatest interest in every detail of its manufacture, which it might almost have been said, from Netta's description, she had personally supervised. It had now been completed, and it was the intention of the Grand Duchess to herself convey it to Petersburg, whither she had been invited as a guest to the wedding.

When the fair Von Friednau had imparted this information it was high time for her to return to the drawing room, and soon after the carriage of the Grand Duchess was announced. With the departure of Netta and her Serenity I dismissed the subject of the tiara from my mind as no concern of mine, beyond having given me a pleasant quarter of an hour with a very pleasant little friend. For all that the tiara was to concern me intimately, and I was to learn in what way before I left the house that night.

The Duke of Selhurst, it may be remembered, was not only the father of my friend Poindexter, who had procured me my post as Queen's Messenger, but was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and as such the head for the time being of the department which I served. On my advancing to take leave of him, he asked me to postpone my departure for a few minutes, and led me into the library. I noticed that he closed the door carefully behind us.

"You will have to go to Russia with despatches the day after to-morrow, Melgund," he began. "You will hear of the despatches in the ordinary routine from the Foreign Office, and I only mention your journey because I have a commission for you rather out of the common."

And to my surprise he proceeded to recount what I had so lately listened to—the story of the costly wedding-present which the Grand Duchess of Silesia was making to the future Tsarina—and wound up with the request that I would convey the tiara to Petersburg.

Coming from him the request was virtually a command, but in assenting I must have permitted my face to show astonishment. For the Duke smiled slightly as he condescended to explain.

"It is very irregular, of course," he said; "but I am really as powerless in the matter as you are. Her Serene Highness not only preferred the request to me personally to-night, that the Foreign Office would take charge of the tiara, but she backed it with an autograph letter from the——" (he mentioned a high personage) "endorsing the proposal."

"I understood from Fraulein von Friednau that the Grand Duchess was on the point of starting for Russia in order to be present at the ceremony," said I.

"Meaning, though your chivalry prevents you from saying so, that she might very well carry her present herself," laughed his Grace. "That was her original intention, but it appears that the jewellers who have been making the thing have received an anonymous warning that certain professional criminals have a design for attempting to steal the tiara *en route*. This so scared the Grand Duchess that she bethought her of getting her present entrusted to the care of a Queen's Messenger, who would never be suspected by the thieves of having it in his charge. Knowing that she was to be my guest to-night, she armed herself with the high authority that I have mentioned, and mooted the question in a way there was no refusing."

As a result of this conversation, and of certain instructions which the Duke gave me before I left, I drove up to the shop of Messrs. Bolton & Field two days later to call for the tiara. I was on my way to Victoria, since I always used the Queenborough and Flushing route. As I had already been introduced to Mr. Bolton at the Foreign Office, and I called by appointment, there was no difficulty about my credentials. The senior partner at once handed me the glittering ornament, which for my satisfaction he packed into its own case before my eyes. I locked it into the red box immediately.

"I suppose that this is really all nonsense—that the anonymous warn-

ing was nothing but a hoax," I remarked, as I prepared to return to my cab.

"Possibly; yet I think that the Grand Duchess is wise to be on the safe side," replied Mr. Bolton gravely. "You see on receipt of the letter I communicated with Scotland Yard, and the authorities there held the opinion that it was probably genuine. They could conceive no object in the sending of it otherwise. The view they took was that it emanated, not from a traitor in the criminal camp, but from some female friend alarmed for the safety of the intending thief, and therefore anxious to thwart the attempt by enabling precautions to be taken. The letter was in a woman's hand-writing, though disguised, and was written apparently under the misapprehension that the tiara was to be conveyed to Russia by us."

"No details of the nature or place of the proposed attempt was given?" I inquired.

"There was nothing of the kind," the jeweller replied. "Here is the letter if you care to see it."

The half-sheet of note-paper which Mr. Bolton proffered was of the best quality and texture, and I could understand that it would be practically useless as a clue. It bore the water-mark of well-known makers whose goods have an extensive sale at all high-class stationers. No more was to be gathered from the words written upon it, which were brief and vague—

"Look out! There is a plot to steal the diamond crown that you are making to go to Russia. It will be done on the journey. Your man should watch himself."

The slangy colloquialism of the warning — as instanced by the phrases "Look out!" and "watch himself" —seemed so much at variance with the elegant stationery as to suggest that it might have been purposely affected. Indicating this to Mr. Bolton as the only point that occurred to me, I thanked him for showing the paper and bade him good-night.

I arrived at Victoria with but little time to spare, my stay at the jewellers having been longer than I had intended; but as I had arranged for a reserved compartment that was rather an advantage. The passengers had all taken their seats, so that I had not the anxiety of safe-guarding the now doubly-precious red box on a crowded platform. The run to Queenborough was made without incident, and as it was raining heavily I made my way as quickly as possible on board the steamer, where I at once gave the box into the care of the captain and saw it safely locked up in the bullion-room.

Satisfied that during the passage at least my charge would be out of danger, I went into the saloon and amused myself with watching the entry of the other passengers. At that season of the year there were not a great number, but as one and all sought shelter from the rain the saloon was soon as full as it often is on a calm summer night. I had just come to the conclusion that no suspicious-looking characters had made their appearance, when the chief steward entered, and with an obsequious bow ushered in two ladies, a gentleman, and a tall footman, who retired after depositing a pile of cloaks and wraps. I was somewhat startled. The ladies were the Grand Duchess of Silesia and the Fraulein Netta von Friednau, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the gentleman as Herr Baumann, the Grand Duchess's private secretary.

A moment's reflection showed me that there was no real reason for astonishment. I knew that the Grand Duchess was due at Petersburg for the wedding in the course of a few days, quite irrespective of the costly present she was giving. Her travelling in the same boat with the tiara which she had been afraid to convey herself was therefore a quite intelligible coincidence—a coincidence which was altogether delightful as suggesting my obvious duty in demanding explanations from Netta von Friednau.

This I was unable to do at once, for as I had never been presented to the Grand Duchess it would have been a

gross breach of etiquette to approach Netta while she was in attendance on her Serene mistress. But as soon as the boat sheered off from the landing-stage her Highness retired to her state-room, after a few whispered words to the deferential Baumann, accompanied, I was nearly certain, by a fleeting glance in my direction. From this I concluded that the Grand Duchess knew me by sight, and took an interest in me as the Queen's Messenger entrusted with the care of her property. I had no doubt that her scrutiny of me had convinced her that she might sleep soundly, in the certainty that the tiara was in safe keeping.

Netta vanished into the state-room with the Grand Duchess, and Herr Baumann seated himself at the saloon table with a newspaper, over which I began to have the impression that he from time to time watched me. Not rudely or obtrusively—for it was hard to catch him at it—yet I resented the peeping and prying as an ungentlemanly impertinence. As he had never been introduced to me, and his manner was not openly offensive, I could not very well take notice of it, but I presently moved my seat to another part of the saloon.

In about half-an-hour Netta von Friednau came out of the state-room, and was passing close to me when I rose up and detained her, in some uncertainty as to whether she was aware of my presence on board. Her lack of surprise on seeing me dispelled all doubts on that head.

"I am going to find the Grand Duchess's maid," she said. "She is with the other servants in the second saloon. When I come back I have something funny to tell you. I do not know whether it will make you angry or make you laugh, but you will please me best if you laugh."

"Then I shall go into fits," I said.

In a minute or two she returned with the lady's-maid, and having conducted her to the state-room came back to me. I did not know if the fair Netta had been apprised of my having charge of the tiara, and during her absence I had decided that, much as I admired her, it was no part of my duty to impart the confidence. Her very first words, however, showed that I need put no restraint on myself in that respect.

"So it is you who like a brave knight have come to the assistance of two frightened women," she began. "When the Grand Duchess told me that the wedding-present was to be taken to Russia by a Queen's Messenger, I said to myself, 'That will be nice. It will be Captain Melgund.'"

Her artless simplicity touched me to the quick. "You dear little girl," I said. "But how could you be sure it would be nice? It was all a chance that we journey together."

"That is part of the funny thing I am to tell you," she was beginning, when I noticed that Herr Baumann had changed his position and was furtively observing us. A woman, that is to say a pretty woman, can do anything to me, but I am quickly annoyed by men who transgress the code of politeness. I interrupted the Fraulein rather more briskly than I could have wished.

"Pardon me! One moment!" I said. "I have not the pleasure of Herr Baumann's acquaintance, yet he seems to take a very close interest in my proceedings. He has been watching me ever since we came on board, and now he has moved nearer to us in a manner that I regard as offensive. If it is that he is jealous of your kindness to me, Fraulein, I can pity him and forgive him, but I think I must go and ask him not to make himself a nuisance."

Netta, who was looking her best that night, tucked a stray curl into her smart little travelling toque and smiled up at me archly.

"That also is a part of the funny thing I am to tell you, which will make you angry or make you laugh," she said. "Do not, I beg of you, be cross to poor Herr Baumann, or you must be cross to poor me too. For I also am watching you—by the orders of her Serene Highness."

"I am only a stupid old soldier, and I do not understand," I said in genuine astonishment.

"It is like this," replied Netta. "Her Highness is gone—what you call it—crazy over that tiara, I think. First there is a letter to the jewellers, and she fears that she will be robbed if she takes her present to Petersburg herself. Then she uses her influence to have it taken by a Queen's Messenger. No sooner is that arranged than she fears that the Queen's Messenger—which is you, my dear friend—will run off with the tiara himself. That is why we travel by the same train and boat, and why she commands Herr Baumann and little me to—what you call it—keep the eye on you."

To be angry or to laugh? Well, I have a fairly developed sense of humour, yet I really for the moment failed to see the fun of the situation. A great responsibility, and, it might be, personal risk, had been thrust upon me, entirely unsought, at the request of the Grand Duchess, and here she was shadowing me by the eyes of her suite as though I was a common thief. A righteous wrath seemed to be the only tribute that I could pay to my wounded dignity.

But the torrent of resentment that rose to my lips was stemmed by Netta von Friednau's roguish eyes, which said as plainly as in words that the laugh was not at my expense. The expression on her face was infectious; I felt the muscles of my mouth begin to twitch, and whether I would or no I found myself enjoying the joke from her point of view.

"Is not her Highness too ridiculous," she said when we had finished laughing. "This is not the first instance I have had of her suspicious nature, I can assure you. She gives me some pretty work to do sometimes. And that is not all the fun. There is the unfortunate Baumann. He knows the—what you call it?—humbug of the thing as well as me. He is the sleepiest of the sleepy, yet he dare not go to his berth, but must sit there blinking like an owl for fear you run away—into the sea."

We sat chatting for some time, the Fraulein indulging in some rather disloyal mirth at the expense of her sovereign, and then, as the most merciful mode of releasing my charming little friend and her colleague, the sleepy Herr Baumann, from their vigil, I said good-night and went to my berth. After all, I argued as I turned in, the extraordinary behaviour of the Grand Duchess towards one of her Majesty's Messengers had given me a very pleasant reunion with the pretty maid of honour.

But though I promised myself further delights on the journey, that conversation on the boat was the last of any duration that I was destined to secure with Netta before entering Russia. At Flushing a special saloon-carriage for the use of the Grand Duchess had been attached to the train, with compartments for the suite and the servants, and all I could do was to watch the dainty Fraulein from afar as she tripped across the carpeted platform in the wake of her Serene mistress. Baumann, the lady's-maid, the tall footman laden with wraps, and half-a-dozen other servants sorted themselves into their appointed places, and I went to take my own seat in an ordinary *coupé*.

So it was at Brussels, and at Berlin, and at the other important stations where there were stoppages for meals. I got no chance of a word with Netta, nor so far as I could see was the watch upon my movements by any of the suite resumed. It is true that I carried the red box ostentatiously, and put myself much in evidence in the neighbourhood of the saloon-carriage during the stoppages, so that I supposed that the Grand Duchess was at length good enough to be satisfied of my honesty.

At Wirballen, the frontier station where the train enters upon the Russian railway system, I got the first opportunity of questioning Netta upon the point. At this place the customs examination of passengers' luggage is made, and while this ceremony was in

progress the Grand Duchess remained in the waiting-room, the Fraulein von Friednau being delegated to overlook the officials. As a well-known Queen's Messenger with a British Foreign Office pass I had more latitude than is accorded to ordinary travellers in Russia, and I walked boldly into the baggage-room. Netta was standing by while a burly, blue-coated Muscovite overhauled a trunk of silk and satin fripperies. I touched her on the arm.

"So I am no longer treated as a criminal?" I said.

"No, she has recovered," replied the Fraulein demurely. "You see when she found that you came on in the train she thought that she might trust you. It was at Flushing she feared you might—what you call—give the slip, eh? Poor Baumann—he can sleep now."

"Her Highness is most kind, and you may tell her, Fraulein, if the etiquette of your exalted Court does not forbid, that she also may sleep soundly now," I replied. "In Holy Russia I am beyond the reach of even the most skilled English criminals, and to-night I shall deliver the tiara at our Embassy. Then it will be my turn to laugh, and I shall not fail to do so when I get back to my clubs."

Netta trilled out a joyous ripple of merriment. "Yes, you will be entitled to tell the story against her Serene Highness," she replied. "I should wish to be there—in your great solemn clubs—to hear you. But seriously, dear Captain Melgund, I am pleased that you have brought the tiara to safety without danger to yourself. As you say, here in Russia such people as wrote the letter could not come. They would not be able to get passports."

I stayed by her during the remainder of the examination, placing at her service my knowledge of Russian, of which neither Netta nor any of the suite seemed to know a single word. The customs room was very crowded, the herd of passengers, mostly American and French, jostling and pushing to get early attention from the officials; but by my aid the Silesian baggage was quickly passed. The Fraulein was murmuring her thanks, preparatory to hastening back to the Grand Duchess in the waiting room, when a man's voice, pitched in a tone of authority, called distinctly—

"Fraulein von Friednau!"

"Your Serene Highness!" replied Netta promptly, turning, as though startled, to look for the speaker. Then, in an instant, she broke into one of her warbling laughs. "How silly of me!" she cried, her colour deepening. "I fancied I heard the Grand Duchess calling. That, of course, is impossible; she would not come among this rabble. Again a thousand thanks, and *au revoir* at Petersburg. And she was gone before I could assure her that she *had* been called, though not in a voice which even in the prevailing din could be mistaken for that of a woman.

Now, at the sound of Netta's name spoken so authoritatively, I had also turned in search of the owner of the voice. Rapid as was my glance, I could pitch upon no one amid the throng who seemed to have addressed the Fraulein, or who was affected by her promptly-uttered reply. Yet I was positively certain that her name had been called, and by a man. The only male member of the suite visible was the tall footman, whose chief function seemed to be the carrying of rugs and wraps. He was leaning against the wall just inside the door of the customs room, gaping abstractedly at the crowd. He did not accost Netta as she passed out, but drew himself up and bowed low, which would hardly have been his conduct had he been sent to her with a message. Besides, the maid of honour would never have replied so naturally to the footman, "Your Serene Highness!"—almost as if it were wrung from her by the force of habit.

And then, as I looked at the fellow again, I was startled by the germ of an idea that that hurried "Your Serene Highness" of Netta's might have been the result of force of habit after all. The Hohenmeisters of Silesia are an

ancient race, impoverished somewhat, and fallen from their high estate as independent sovereigns; but their degeneration into mere understudies of the omnipotent Kaiser has failed to stamp out certain marked peculiarities of feature and mien handed down to them through many centuries. The footman with the wraps and rugs possessed no less than three of those peculiarities to a pronounced degree.

Could it be, I wondered, that the Grand Duke of Silesia was accompanying his wife to Petersburg in such strict incognito that he had assumed the character of a menial servant? Though my life was spent in carrying political despatches, I troubled my head but little with international affairs, and it was quite possible, I told myself, that there might be political reasons why the Grand Duke could not enter Russia in his own august personality. In that case—if my wild surmise was correct—the phrasing of Fraulein von Friednau's prompt response to her unavowed interlocutor was intelligible. It would have been a sudden slip due to her preoccupation at the moment and smartly rectified by both parties to the secret.

Anyhow, it was no affair of mine, and could have no bearing that I could see on my official duty or my private pleasure—the one being to deliver my despatches and the tiara in Petersburg, the other to make love to Netta von Friednau afterwards. I lounged out of the customs room on to the platform, staring the footman full in the face as I went. He blinked stupidly at me—more especially at the red box that I was carrying under my arm—but close to him I was able to strengthen, if not to verify, my suspicion. The resemblance to the Hohenmeisters of Silesia—to the reigning Grand Duke, from my recollection of his photographs—was distinctly traceable.

The tedious exigencies of the frontier being completed, the train started for its long fifteen-hour run to Petersburg. On the Russian system also a private saloon had been put at the service of the Grand Duchess; so that had I been so disposed I should have had no opportunity of cross-examining Netta as to the truth of my surmise. The Fraulein, as maid of honour in personal attendance, travelled in the saloon, the rest of the suite being accommodated in the end compartments of the same carriage; and I particularly noticed that the footman took his seat with the inferior servants, not in the compartment occupied by Herr Baumann, the confidential maid, and a newly-arrived, black-coated individual whose functions I had yet to learn.

I shared a compartment with a couple of American tourists, whose amusing chatter so enlivened the journey through the dreary Russian landscape that when the train stopped at Dwinsk at eight in the evening I was surprised to find that we had come so far. Dwinsk is the junction for Riga, and there was a stoppage there of ten minutes. Having made an early dinner at Wilna, I did not leave my compartment, and about half the wait was over when the Fraulein von Friednau, looking hot and worried, appeared at the window. She shot a quick glance at my fellow-travellers, and beckoned me to her.

"I am ashamed of my errand, after the way you have been treated," she began. "It is only because I know your good nature that I dare. Her Highness has been taken ill with one of the attacks to which she is subject, and her medical man, who travels with us, has forbidden her to go on. We cannot make the station officials understand that we want the saloon detached, so that we may take her Highness to the hotel and go on in the morning. Will you speak to them in Russian for us?"

Of course I was out on the platform in a twinkling, and, reassuring Netta, accompanied her to the saloon, where Baumann was gesticulating to the station-master and the guard of the train. Taking the matter into my hands, I soon made it clear to the officials, who began in leisurely Russian fashion to arrange for the shunting of the saloon. Before this could

be done it was necessary to remove the illustrious patient, and I remained to make myself useful. The Grand Duchess had fainted, and the black-coated man, who turned out to be the court physician, was plying her with restoratives.

Her Serene Highness is by way of being a "fine woman," and the vociferous gratitude of Baumann and the doctor for the help of my strong arms in lifting her from the train would have made a vain man of me were I not proof against such weakness. What I valued more was the furtive squeeze of the hand which Netta gave me when we had got the still unconscious patient on to the station litter.

"It is noble of you," the Fraulein whispered. "How you brush away all difficulties! But it makes me sad, because I fear that my troubles are only beginning. How shall I manage at the hotel with all these stupids—poor little me, who cannot speak Russian?"

She waved her hand scornfully at the suite, who had left the train and were standing dejectedly around, the tall footman among them, seeming as abstracted as ever. I saw very well what she wanted, but I was not quite sure that it tallied with my duty. I had reason to believe that the despatches I was carrying were not important, and had in fact been made up more or less for the purpose of putting on a Queen's Messenger to "oblige" the Grand Duchess. Yet I was on Government service, and it was a law of that service to go straight to one's destination.

"There is nearly sure to be some one who speaks French at the hotel," I said.

"Ah, but there might not be, and then think of poor Netta's difficulties," pleaded the little tempter. "You *will* stay and help us, will you not? Every brave soldier is a friend of ladies in distress."

There was need for instant decision, for the engine was backing on to the hinder portion of the train, after shunting the saloon. One final arrow from the bright eyes touched my heart and settled the question.

"Very well," I said. "I am in her Highness's service already to some extent, and that must be my excuse. I am wholly in yours, and that ought to need none."

She rewarded me with a look of more than gratitude—it was almost triumph—and I hurried to extract my portmanteau from the train. The red box I already carried in my hand. Then I rejoined the Grand Ducal party, which, headed by the litter borne by railway porters, at once moved off to the hotel.

The hotel adjoined the station precincts, so that my services as interpreter were quickly in requisition. Not so really, for as the train panted away to Petersburg I made the discovery that the proprietor was a Frenchman, and my conscience pricked me all too late that I need not have stayed. The Fraulein's "Parisian" would have been quite adequate to the occasion.

The Grand Duchess was carried up to the best apartment in the house, and as Netta went with her there was nothing for me to do but to kick my heels in the public rooms and hope that my little friend would come down. But Baumann and the doctor, who appeared in the *salon-à-manger* later, and took supper together, informed me that, though her Highness was better, the Fraulein would not be able to leave her side that night. The two gentlemen flunkies seemed sheepish, evincing a disposition to avoid me—I supposed because of my having put them to shame in conducting what ought to have been their affair—and, not being attracted by either of them, I made no advances.

When it became evident that Netta von Friednau had no intention of leaving the Serene invalid, I retired to my bedroom for the night. I was a little annoyed, after the breach of duty that I had perpetrated on her account, that she had not made an opportunity of meeting me during the evening; and smarting under the neglect I sent her a curt message by one of the waiters

that, as she had no further use for me, I should continue my journey to Petersburg by the first train in the morning, whether her party went on or not.

True to this purpose I rose early and descended to the *salon-à-manger*, which at that hour was deserted, save by the waiter who was laying the breakfast ordered by me overnight. I had hardly taken my seat, with the red box on the table at my side, when Netta burst into the room, radiant as a newly-opened blush-rose.

"You must come with me at once," she cried. "The Grand Duchess does not know how to be grateful enough, and she wants to thank you in person before you leave. She is much better to-day; but, alas! we shall travel together no longer, for the physician has forbidden her the excitement and fatigue of the Imperial wedding. Imagine my disappointment! We return to Germany at mid-day."

I rose at once, tucking the red box under my arm, and quitted the saloon, Netta chattering as she led the way up-stairs to the first floor.

"I have no business to tell you," she ran on, "but her Serene Highness intends to make reparation for her behaviour on the boat. There is high honour in store for you."

Stopping at a door in the corridor, she tapped and after a slight pause entered, motioning me to follow. The apartment, which was darkened by the blinds being down, was the outer one of a set, an inner door at the far end communicating presumably with the bedroom beyond. The Grand Duchess was lying on a couch, the head of which was close to the slightly open inner door. Baumann and the doctor stood respectfully at hand. I advanced, bowing as gracefully as the carriage of the red box would permit, and Netta glided to her mistress's side.

The Grand Duchess raised herself a little, and smiled graciously. She was a good-looking woman of thirty or so, more English than German, and I could find no trace of illness on her well-known features save a certain sallowness that might have been caused by the yellow window-blinds.

"I have sent for you to thank you, Captain Melgund," she said rather faintly. "You will not put me to shame by asking me also to apologize for my unjustifiable treatment. Let that remain nameless and forgotten. As a reward for very valuable services I intend to confer upon you immediately the Knighthood of the Golden Sword of Silesia. Kneel down, sir."

Still hampered by the red box I obeyed, and the Grand Duchess tapped me on the shoulder with her forefinger for want of a sword. I was about to rise—rather shamefacedly, for a Briton does not set much store by foreign orders—when she checked me.

"The ceremony is not complete," she said. "Baumann! the Bible! That is right. Take it in both hands, Captain Melgund, and repeat after me."

The secretary was offering me a book, but for the moment my hold on the red box prevented prompt obedience to the command. Baumann, as though divining my difficulty, held out his hand; and, perceiving no danger to my precious charge in the presence of the august owner of most of its contents, I allowed him to relieve me of it.

And then, suddenly, while I was mumbling certain out-of-date vows after the Grand Duchess, a slight movement at the head of the couch caused me to raise my eyes. *Two* exactly similar red boxes met my astonished gaze, one being passed by an unseen person in the inner room to Baumann, who was exchanging for it the genuine article which I had just surrendered to his keeping. Even as I looked the exchange was effected, but I was on my feet in an instant, and rushing into the inner room pinned the tall footman to the wall. He held the red box—my red box—in his trembling hand.

"Come in here, you rascal!" I cried, dragging him into the outer room, and taking the box from him. "Your Serene Highness," I continued

to the Grand Duchess, who had risen pale and agitated from the couch, "this fellow and your secretary have conspired to rob me—to rob you, in fact—by substituting a dummy box for the real one. See! Baumann still holds the counterfeit. I shall at once summon the police and give them into custody. In Russia they will meet with quick justice."

Light had dawned on me, and I knew pretty well how the land lay. It scarcely needed the furious face of Fraulein von Friednau, whom failure had changed from a pretty kitten to an angry cat, to tell me the conspiracy in which she had been the prime instrument. But I wanted to force them to a confession, and it came at once from the ashy lips of the Grand Duchess. I will do her the justice of recording that she made it with more dignity than most women could have called up.

"I am the robber, Captain Melgund," she said. "If you will release your grip on your prisoner, who is my husband, the Grand Duke of Silesia, I will explain to you. We are at your mercy, and I address you as a suppliant."

I loosed my hold on the Grand Duke's collar and his wife ran to him.

"We are very poor, for princes, we of Silesia," she went on. "Yet as relatives of the Imperial House it was necessary to recognize this wedding with a present which we could not afford. It was I who hit upon the plan of ordering a costly tiara, of insuring its safe delivery at its destination for a sum, far exceeding its full value, at Lloyd's, and of robbing you of it *en route* in the manner which you have by your vigilance prevented. We were encouraged to hope for success by your intimacy with my faithful friend, Fraulein von Friednau, and you will allow me to say, sir, that for a man in your position you are very free with ladies. It was the Fraulein who wrote the anonymous warning that gave me a reason for asking for the use of a Queen's Messenger; it was I who planned the pantomime on the boat, so that, thinking that I suspected you, you might not suspect me. If we had succeeded the stones of the tiara would have been sold, and with the proceeds of that sale, and of the policies of the insurance we could have bought another present, and yet have gained money by the transaction. It is all very low and shameful, but, Captain Melgund, it is hard to be poor and a princess. I take all blame. My husband did what I told him."

Looking at the shivering Grand Duke I could well believe her.

"But what of me, madam?" I said. "You would have ruined me. I should have had to bear the brunt of the thing. They would have charged me with losing, or even with stealing, the tiara."

"I know," said the Grand Duchess. "You cannot be expected to forgive that. But oh, Netta, plead for me!"

The Fraulein, dutiful to the last, shaped her face for the effort, and came to me smiling. But I turned from her.

"I would rather forgive your Serene Highness than her," I said, gripping the red box and turning to the door. "I shall deliver your property at the British Embassy according to my instructions; and I shall keep my own counsel and my own opinions. I should prefer also, if you desire to earn the forgiveness which I accord, that my name should be erased from the chapter of the Golden Cross of Silesia."

The splendour of the present of the Grand Duchess to the Imperial bride was the talk of the Russian capital for months, and people were still talking when an interesting announcement appeared in the press. The Grand Duke had sold the Schloss Verrelstein, one of his princely seats, to a Berlin banker.

PERIL FOUR WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

A Maid of Many Moods

By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER IV.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal.

THUS it fell that each morning for one heavenly week Debora Thornbury found herself safely hidden away in what was called by courtesy "The Royal Box." In truth her Majesty had never honoured it, but commanded the players to journey down to Greenwich when it was her whim to see their performances. But now, in 1597, the Queen had grown too world-weary to care much for such pastimes, and rarely had any London entertainment at Court, save a concert by her choir boys from St. Paul's—for these lads with their oft-times beautiful faces, and their always-fine voices, she loved and indulged in many ways.

At first Debora felt strangely alone after Darby left her in the little compartment above the stage at Blackfriars. Lingering about it was a passing sweet odour, for the silken cushions were stuffed with fragrant grasses from the West Indies, and the hand-railings and footstools were of carven sandalwood. Mingled with these heavy perfumes was the scent of tobacco, since the young nobles who usually filled the box indulged much in the new weed.

The girl would lean back against the soft seat in this dim, richly-coloured place, and give her mind up to a perfect enjoyment of the moment.

From her tiny aperture in the curtains, skilfully arranged by Darby, she could easily see the stage—all but the east wing—and, furthermore, had a fair view of the two-story circular building.

How gay it must be, she thought, when filled in gallery and pit with a merry company! How bright and glittering when all the great cressets and clusters of candles were alight! How charming to feel free to come and go here as one would, and not have to be conveyed in by private doorways like a bale of smuggled goods!

Then she would think half-dreamily of olden times, when the sable friars went in and out of the old Dominican

friary that stood upon the very place where the theatre was now built.

"'Twas marvellous strange," she thought, "that it should be a play-house that was erected on this ground that used to be a place of prayer."

So the time would pass till the actors assembled. They were a jovial, swaggering, happy-go-lucky lot, and it took all their Master-player's patience to bring them into straight and steady work. But when the play once began each one followed his part with keen enthusiasm, for there was no half-hearted man amongst the number.

Debora watched each actor, listened for every word with an absorbed intensity she was scarcely conscious of. She entered so into the movement before her that the colour would die away from her face, and her breathing at times almost stop.

The actors wore no especial dress or make-up during these rehearsals, save Darby, and he to grow better accustomed to such garments as befitted the maid of Capulet, disported himself throughout in a cumbersome flowing gown of white corduroy that at times clung about him as might a winding sheet, and again dragged behind like a melancholy flag of truce. Yet with the auburn love-locks shading his fair oval face, now clean shaven and tinted like a girl's, and his clear-toned voice, even Debora admitted, he was not so far amiss in the role.

What struck her most from the moment he came upon the stage was his wonderful likeness to herself.

"I' faith," she half whispered, "did I not know that Deb Thornbury were here—an' I have to pinch my arm to make that real—I should have no shadow of a doubt but that Deb Thornbury were there, a player with the rest, though I never could make so sad a tangle of any gown however bad its cut—an' no woman e'er cut that one. Marry! Darby doth lose himself in it as if 'twere a maze, and yet withal doth, so far, the part fair justice."

When Don Sherwood came upon the boards the girl's eyes grew brilliant and dark. Darby had but spoken truth regarding this man's fascinating personality. He was a strong, straight-limbed fellow, and his face was such as it pleased the people to watch, though it was not of perfect cast nor strictly beautiful; but he was happy in possessing a certain magnetism which was the one thing needful in a player of that day. The masses were not beguiled through eye or ear, for the stage seldom changed from one act to another, and the details of a scene were left to the imagination. The music oft was a thing which the least said about the soonest mended.

Yet it was not to manner or stage presence that Sherwood owed his success, but rather to his voice, for there was no other could compare to it in the Lord Chamberlain's Company. Truly the gods had been good to this player—for first of all their gifts is such a golden-toned voice as he had brought into this world of sorry discords. Never had Debora listened to anything like it as it thrilled the stillness of the empty house with the passionate words of Romeo.

She followed the tragedy intensely from one scene to another till the ending that stirs all tender hearts to tears.

These six mornings ever afterwards stood alone from out all other happy mornings in Debora Thornbury's life. The lines of the different characters seemed branded upon her brain, and she remembered them without effort and knew them quite by heart. Sometimes Darby, struggling with the distressing complications of his detested dress, would hesitate over some word or break a sentence, thereby marring the perfect beauty of it, and while Sherwood would smile and shrug his shoulders lightly as though as to say, "I' faith have I not enough to put up with, that thou art *what* thou art, but thou must need'st bungle the words!" Then would Debora clench her hands and tap her little foot against the soft rugs.

"Oh! I would I had but the chance to speak his lines," she said to herself at such times. "Prithee 'twould be in

different fashion! 'Tis not his fault, in sooth, for no living man could quite understand or say the words as they should be said, but none the less it doth sorely try my patience."

So the enchanted hours passed and none came to disturb the girl, or discover her till the last morning, which was Saturday. The rehearsal had ended, and Debora was waiting for Darby. The theatre looked gray and deserted. At the back of the stage the great velvet traverses through which the actors made their exits and entrances, hung in dark folds, sombre as the folds of a pall. A chill struck to her heart, for she seemed to be the only living thing in the building, and Darby did not come.

She grew at last undecided whether to wait longer or risk going across the river, and so home alone, when a quick step came echoing along the passage that led to the box. In a moment a man had gathered back the hangings and entered. He started when he saw the slight figure standing in the uncertain light, then took a step towards her.

The girl did not move but looked up into his face with an expression of quick, glad recognition, then she leaned a little towards him and smiled. "Romeo!" she exclaimed softly. "Romeo!" and as though compelled to it by some strange impulse, followed his name with the question that has so much of pathos, "Wherefore," she said, "Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

The man laughed a little as he let the curtains drop behind him.

"Why, an' I be Romeo," he answered in that rare voice of his, full and sweet as a golden bell, "Then who art thou? Art not Juliet? Nay, pardon me, mademoiselle," his tone changing, "I know whom thou art beyond question, by thy likeness to Thornbury. 'Fore Heaven! 'tis a very singular likeness, and thou must be, in truth, his sister. I would ask your grace for coming in with such scant announcement. I thought the box empty. The young Duke of Nottingham lost a jewelled pin here yestere'en—or fancied so—and sent word to me to have the place searched. Ah! there it is glittering above you in the tassel to the right."

"I have seen naught but the stage," she said, "and now await my brother. Peradventure he did wrong to bring me here, but I so desired to see the play that I persuaded and teased him withal till he could no longer deny me. 'Twas not over-pleasant being hidden i' the box, but 'twas the only way Darby would hear of. Moreover," with a little proud gesture, "I have the greater interest in this new tragedy that I be well acquainted with Master William Shakespeare himself."

"That is to be fortunate indeed," Sherwood answered, looking into her eyes, "and I fancy thou could'st have but little difficulty in persuading a man to anything. I hold small blame for Thornbury."

Debora laughed merrily. "'Tis a pretty speech," she said, "an' of a fine London flavour." Then uneasily, "I would my brother came; 'tis marvellous unlike him to leave me so."

"I will tell thee somewhat," said Sherwood, after a moment's thought. "A party o' the players went off to 'The Castle Inn'—'tis near by—an' I believe their intention was to drink success to the play. Possibly they will make short work and drink it in one bumper, but I cannot be sure—they may drink it in more."

"'Tis not like my brother to tarry thus," the girl answered. "I wonder at him greatly."

"Trouble nothing over it," said Sherwood; "indeed, he went against his will; they were an uproarious lot o' roisterers, and carried him off willy-nilly, fairly by main force, now I think on't. Perchance thou would'st rather I left thee alone, mademoiselle?" he ended, as by afterthought.

"'Twould be more seemly," she answered, the colour rising in her face.

"I do protest to that," said the man quickly. "And *I* found thee out—here alone—why, marry, so might *another*."

"An' why not another as well?"

Debora replied, lifting her brows; "an' why not another full as well as thee, good Sir Romeo? There is no harm in a maid being here."

"But I *would* that Darby came," she added.

"We will give him license of five minutes longer," he returned. "Come tell me, what dost think o' the play?"

"'Tis a very wonder," said Debora; "more beautiful each time I see it." Then irrelevantly, "Dost really fancy in me so great a likeness to my brother?"

"Thou art like him truly, and yet no more like him than I am like—well, say the apothecary, though 'tis not a good instance."

"Oh! the poor apothecary!" she cried, laughing. "Prithee, hath he been starved to fit the part? Surely never before saw I one so altogether made of bones."

"Ay!" said Sherwood. "He is a very herring. I wot heaven forecasted we should need such a man, an' made him so."

"Think'st thou that?" she said absently. "O heart o' me! Why doth Darby tarry. Perchance some accident may have happened him or he hath fallen ill! Dost think so?"

The player gave a short laugh, but looked as suddenly grave.

"Do not vex thyself with such imaginings, sweet mistress Thornbury. He hath not come to grief, I give thee my word for it. There is no youth that know'th London better than that same brother of thine, an' I do not fear that he is ill."

"Why, then, I will not wait here longer," she returned, starting. "I can take care o' myself an' it be London ten times over. 'Tis a simple matter to cross in the ferry to Southwark on the one we so oft have taken; the ferryman knoweth me already, an' I fear nothing. Moreover, many maids go to and fro alone."

"Thou shalt not," he said. "Wait here till I see if the coast be clear. By the Saints! 'twill do Thornbury no harm to find thee gone. He doth need a lesson," ended the man in a lower tone, striding down the narrow passage-way that led to the green room.

"Come," he said, returning after a few moments, "we have the place to ourselves, and there is not a soul between Blackfriars an' the river house, I believe, save an old stage carpenter, a fellow short o' wit, but so over-fond of the theatre he scarce ever leaves it. Come!"

As the girl stepped eagerly forward to join him, Sherwood entered the box again.

"Nay," on second thought—"wait. Before we go, I pray thee, tell me thy name."

"'Tis Debora," she said softly, "just Debora."

"Ah!" he answered, in a tone she had heard him use in the play—passing tender and passionate. "Well, it suiteth me not; the rest may call thee Debora, an' they will—but I, I have a fancy to think of thee by another title, one sweeter a thousand-fold!" So leaning towards her and looking into her face with compelling eyes that brought hers up to them, "Dost not see, an' my name be Romeo, thine must be—?"

"Nay then," she cried, "I will not hear, I will not hear; let me pass, I pray thee."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," returned the player with grave, quick courtesy, and holding back the curtain, "I will not risk thy displeasure."

They went out together down the little twisted hall into the green room where the dried rushes that strewed the floor crackled beneath their feet, through the empty tireing rooms, past the old half-mad stage carpenter who smiled and nodded at them, and so by the hidden door out into the pale early spring sunshine. Then down the worn steep stairs to Blackfriars Landing where the ferryman took them over the river. They did not say a word to each other, and the girl watched with unfathomable eyes the little curling line of flashing water the boat left behind, though it may be she did not see it. As for Sherwood, he watched only her face with the crisp rings of gold-

red hair blown about it from out the border of her fur-edged hood. He had forgotten altogether a promise given to dine with some good fellows at Dick Tarleton's ordinary, and only knew that there was a velvety sea-scented wind blowing up the river wild and free; that the sky was of such a wondrous blue as he had never seen before; that across from him in the old weather-worn ferry was a maid whose face was the one thing worth looking at in all the world.

When the boat bumped against the slippery landing, the player sprang ashore and gave Debora his hand that she might not miss the step. There was a little amused smile in his eyes at her long silence, but he would not help her break it.

Together they went up and through the park where buds on tree and bush were showing creamy white through the brown, and underfoot the grass hinted of coming green. Then along the Southwark common past the theatres. Upon all the road Sherwood was watchful lest they should run across some of his company.

To be seen alone and at mid-day with a new beauty was to court endless questions and much bantering.

For some reason Thornbury had been silent regarding his sister, and the man felt no more willing to publish his chance meeting with Debora.

He glanced often at her as though eager for some word or look, but she gave him neither. Her lips were pressed firmly together, for she was struggling with many feelings, one of which was anger against Darby. So she held her lovely head high and went along with feverish haste.

When they came to the house, which was home now out of all the others in London, she gave a sweeping glance at the high windows lest at one might be discovered the round, good-tempered, yet curious face of Dame Blossom. But the tiny panes winked down quite blankly and her return appeared to be unnoticed.

Running up the steps she lifted her hand to the quaint knocker of the door, turned, and looked down on the man standing on the walk.

"I give thee many thanks, Sir Romeo," said the girl; "thou hast in verity been a most chivalrous knight to a maiden in distress. I give thee thanks, an' if thou art ever minded to travel to Shottery my father will be glad to have thee stop at One Tree Inn." Then she raised the knocker, one rap of which would bring the bustling Dame.

Quickly the man sprang up the steps and laid one hand beneath it, so that, though it fell, there should be no sound.

"Nay, wait," he said, in a low, intense voice. "London is wide and the times are busy; therefore I have no will to leave it to chance when I shall see thee again. Fate has been marvellous kind to-day, but 'tis not always so with fate, as peradventure thou hast some time discovered."

"Ay!" she answered, gently, "Ay! Sir Romeo. Thou art right, fate is not always kind. Yet 'tis best to leave most things to its disposal—at least so it doth seem to me."

"Egad!" said Sherwood, with a short laugh, "tis a way that may serve well enow for maids but not for men. Tell me, when may I see thee? To-night?"

"A thousand times no!" Debora cried, quickly. "To-night," with a little nod of her head, "to-night I have somewhat to settle with Darby."

"Poor Darby," said Sherwood. "Then on the morrow?"

"Nay, nay, I know not. That is the Sabbath; players be but for week-days."

"Then Monday? I pray thee, make it no later than Monday, and thou dost wish to keep me in fairly reasonable mind."

"Well, Monday, an' it please the fate thou has maligned," she answered, smiling. Noticing that the firm, brown hand was withdrawn a few inches from the place it had held on the panelling of the door, the girl gave a mischievous little smile and let the knocker fall. It made a loud echoing through the

empty hall, and the player raised his laced black velvet cap, gave Debora such a low bow that the silver-gray plume in it swept the ground, and, before the heavy-footed Mistress Blossom made her appearance, was on his way swiftly towards London Bridge.

Debora went up the narrow stairs with eyes ashine, and a soft smile curving her lips. For the moment Darby was forgotten. When she closed the chamber door she remembered.

It was past high noon, and Dame Blossom had been waiting in impatience since eleven to serve dinner. Yet the girl would not now dine alone, but stood by the gabled window which looked down on the road, watching, watching, and thinking, till it almost seemed that another morning had passed.

Along Southwark thoroughfare through the day went people from all classes, groups of richly-dressed gentlemen, beruffled and befeathered; their laces and their hair perfuming the wind. Officers of the Queen booted and spurred; sober Puritans, long-jowled and over-sallow, living protests against frivolity and light-heartedness. Portly aldermen, jealous of their dignity. Swarthy foreigners and sailors. Little maidens, whose gowns, cut after the fashion of their mothers, covered their dancing feet. Little lads, brimful of mischief, turning catharine-wheels for the very joy of being alive, and because the winter time was over, and the wine of spring had gone to their young heads.

Debora stood and watched the passing of the people till she wearied of them, and her ears ached with sounds of the street.

Something had gone away from the girl, some carelessness, some content of the heart, and in its place had come a restlessness, as deep, as impossible to quiet, as the restlessness of the sea.

After a time Mistress Blossom knocked at the door, and coaxed her to go below.

"There is no sight o' the young Master, Mistress Debora. Marry, but he be over late, an' the jugged hare I made ready for his pleasuring is fair wasted. Dost think he'll return here to dine or hast gone to the Tabard?"

"I know not," answered Debora, shortly, following the woman down stairs. "He gave me no word of his intentions, good Mistress Blossom."

"Ods fish!" returned the other, "but that be not mannerly. Still thou need'st not spoil a sweet appetite by tarrying for him. Take thee a taste o' the cowslip cordial, an' a bit o' devilled ham. 'Tis a toothsome dish, an' piping hot."

"I give thee thanks," said Debora, absently. Some question turned itself over in her mind and gave her no peace. Looking up at the busy Dame she spoke in a sudden impulsive fashion.

"Hath my brother—hath my brother been oft so late? Hath he always kept such uncertain hours by night—and day also—I mean?" she ended falteringly.

"Why, sometimes. Now and again as 'twere—but not often. There be gay young gentlemen about London-town, and Master Darby hath with him a ready wit an' a charm o' manner that maketh him rare good company. I doubt his friends be not overwilling to let him away home early," said the woman in troubled tones.

"Hath——he ever come in not—not—quite himself, Mistress Blossom? 'Tis but a passing fancy an' I hate to question thee, yet I must know," said the girl, her face whitening.

"Why then, nothing to speak of," Mistress Blossom replied, bustling about the table, with eyes averted. "See then, Miss Debora, take some o' the Devonshire cream an' one o' the little Banbury cakes with it—there be caraways through them. No? Marry, where be thy appetite? Thou hast no fancy for aught. Try a taste of the conserved cherries, they be white hearts from a Shottery orchard. Trouble not thy pretty self. Men be all alike, sweet, an' not worth a salt tear. Even Blossom cometh home now an' again in a manner not to be

spoken of! Ods pitikins! I be thankful to have him make the house in *any* form an' not fall i' the clutch o' the watch! 'Tis not often he breaks out—just once in a blue moon—either after a bit of rare good or bad luck."

Debora took no heed but stared ahead with wide, unhappy eyes. The old blue plates on the table, the pewter jugs and platters grew strangely indistinct. Then 'twas true! So had she fancied it might be. He had been drinking—drinking. Carousing with the fast, unmannerly youths who haunted the club-houses and inns. Dicing, without doubt, and gambling at cards also peradventure, when she thought he was passing the time in good fellowship with the worthy players from the Lord Chamberlain's Company.

"He hath never come home *so* by day, surely, good Mistress Blossom? Not by day?" she asked desperately.

"Well—truly—not many times, dearie. But hark. Master Darby is one who cannot touch a glass o' any liquor but it flies straightway to his brains; oft hath he told me so, ay! often and over often; 'I am not to blame for this, Blossom,' hath he said to my goodman when he worked over him—cold water and rubbing, Mistress Debora—no more, no less. 'Nay, verily—'tis just my luck, one draught an' I be under the table, leaving the other men bolt upright till they've swallowed full three bottles apiece!'"

Debora dropped her face in her hands and rocked a little back an' forth. "'Tis worse than I thought!" she cried, looking up drawn and white. "Oh! Mistress Blossom, I have a fear that 'tis worse—far, far worse. I' faith, I have little doubt half his money comes from play an' betting, ay! an' at stakes on the bear-baiting, an'—an'—anything else o' wickedness there be left in London—while we at home have thought 'twas earned honestly." As she spoke a heavy rapping sounded down the hall, loud, uneven, yet prolonged.

Mistress Blossom went to answer it quickly, and Debora followed, her limbs trembling and all strength seeming to slip away from her. Lifting the latch the woman flung the outer door open and Darby Thornbury lurched in, falling clumsily against his sister, who straightened her slight figure and hardly wavered with the shock, for her strength had come swiftly back with the sight of him.

The man who lay in the hall in such a miserable heap, had scarce any reminder in him of Darby Thornbury, the dainty young gallant whose laces were always the freshest, and whose ruffs and doublets never bore a mark of wear. Now his long cordovan boots were mud-stained and crumpled about the ankles. His broidered cuffs and collar were wrenched and wrinkled out of all shape. But worse and far terrible was his face, for its beauty was gone as though a blight had passed across it. He was flushed a purplish red, and his eyes were bloodshot, while above one was a terrible bruised swelling that fairly closed the lid. He tried to get on his feet, and in a manner succeeded.

"By St. George, Deb!" he exclaimed in wrath, "I swear thou 'r a fine sister to take f' outing. I was a double-dyed fool e'er to bring thee t' London. Why couldn't y' wait f' fellow? When I go fer y'—y' not there."

Then he smiled in maudlin fashion and altered his tone. "Egad! I'm proud o' thee, Deb, for thou art a very beauty. All the bloods i' town ar' mad to meet thee—th' give me no peace."

"Oh! Mistress Blossom," cried Debora, clasping her hands, "can we not take him above stairs and so to bed? Dear, dear Mistress Blossom, silence him, I pray thee, or my heart will break."

"Be thee quiet, Master Darby, lad," said the woman, persuasively. "Wait then, an' talk no more. I'll fetch Blossom; he'll fix thee into proper shape, I warrant. 'Tis more thy misfortune than thy fault, lad. Yes, yes, I know thou be sore upset—but why did'st not steer clear o' temptation?"

"Temp-ation, I' faith 'tis a good word," put in Thornbury. "Any man'd walk a chalk—line—if he could

steer clear o' temptation." So, in a state of verbose contrition, was he borne away to his chamber by the sympathetic Blossom, who had a fellow-feeling for the lad that made him wondrous kind.

CHAPTER V.

All Saturday night Debora sat at her window—the one that looked across the commonland to the Thames.

The girl could not face what might be ahead. Darby—her Darby—her father's delight. Their handsome boy come to such a pass. "'Twas nothing more than being a common drunkard. One whom the watch might have arrested in the Queen's name for breaking the peace," she said to herself. "Oh! the horror of it, the shame, the shame!" In the dark of her room her face burned.

Never had such a fear come to her for Darby till to-day. When was it? Who raised the doubt of him in her mind? Yes, she remembered; 'twas a look—a strange look—a half smile, satirical, pitying, that passed over the player Sherwood's face when he spoke of Darby's being persuaded to drink with the others. In a flash at that moment the fear had come, though she would not give it room then. It was a dangerous life for a lad, this life in the city, and she knew now what that expression in the actor's eyes had meant; realized now the full import of it. So. It was all summed up in what she had witnessed to-day. But if they knew—if Master Shakespeare and James Burbage knew—these responsible men of the Company—how did they come to trust Darby with such parts as he had long played. What reliance could be placed upon him?

"Nay, then, 'twas a thing not known save by the few. He has not yet become common gossip. Oh! he must be saved from himself—he must be saved from himself," she said, wildly, and then fell to crying bitterly. Resting her face, blanched and tear-washed, on the window ledge, she gazed across the peaceful openland that was silvered by the late moon. Truly such a landscape might one see in a dream. Away yonder over the river was the city, its minarets and domes pointing to the sky, the purple, shadowless sky where a few scattered stars made golden twinkling. "In London," she had said to her father, "one could hear the world's heart beat." It seemed to come to her—that sound—far off—muffled—mysterious—on the wings of the night wind. Away in Stratford it would be dark and quiet now; and in Shottery. The lights all out in One Tree Inn, all save the great stable lantern that swayed to and fro till morning, as a beacon for belated travellers. How long—how very, very long ago it seemed since she had unhooked it and gone off down the snowy road to meet the coach. Ah! yes, Nicholas Berwick had caught up with her, and they came home together. Nicholas Berwick! He was a rarely good friend, Nick Berwick, and 'twas sweet and peaceful away there in Shottery. She had not known this pain in her heart for Darby when she was at home, no, nor this restless craving for the morrow, this unhappy waiting that had stolen all joy away. Nay then, 'twas not so. There in the moonlit room a gladness came over the girl such as had never touched her short, happy life before. A long, fluttering sigh crossed her lips, and they smiled. The troubled thoughts for Darby drifted away, and a voice came to her passing in sweetness all voices that ever she had heard or dreamt of.

"To-morrow?" it said. "Nay, I will not leave it to Fate." And again with steady insistence—"Then Monday?" The words sung themselves over and over till her white eyelids drooped and she slept. And the gray dawn came creeping up the world, while in the eastern sky it was as though an angel of God had plucked a red rose of heaven and scattered its leaves abroad.

To be Continued.

FROM LOVE TO WAR—AND BACK.*

By Justin McCarthy.

A YOUNG man and a girl were seated on a garden chair in front of a large house which stood upon a lawn near one of the English south-coast watering places, and looked upon the sea towards which the sun was sinking. The scene was all beauty and quietude, but there was no quietude in the face of the young man or the girl. Neither was looking at the sea. The young man was gazing earnestly, almost angrily, at his companion, and she had her eyes cast down. She was a very handsome girl, with a face always pale and now suffused with a deep melancholy. The young man was tall, finely made, and of supple, athletic mould. He was Theodore Blandeker, son of the wealthy Londoner who had taken the house for the season, and the girl was named Felicité Mounier. She was a French-Canadian by birth, and had been brought up in that most picturesque among picturesque cities, Quebec.

"Then you are really going to throw me over for such a scruple as this?" he said, in a voice of deep and unsuppressed emotion.

"Throw you over is a hard expression to use," Felicité said, sadly. "You know I love you better than anything in life—and that is not saying much, for I have but little to love in life now—but what can I do?"

He took her hand and she did not draw it away.

"Stand by me," he said, "and tell them that you will not give me up, and that you know I will not give you up; or leave me to tell it for both of us."

"But this is what I cannot do. How can I thus repay your mother and father for all their kindness to me? You know what they have done for me. They gave me a home when I seemed destined to be homeless, and your mother has been as kind to me as if I were her very own daughter, and your sister is fond of me and I am devoted to her. How can I spoil all their plans and make them unhappy and show myself ungrateful for all their kindness? Dearest Theodore, you would not have me do it."

"Will you make me unhappy—make both of us unhappy—to please my father's fancies? My sister will like anything that makes us happy, and I know I can bring my mother over to our side. Stand by me, Felicité, in all you do, and I can talk my father over in the end. I know I can. He always boasts of being a reasonable man."

The girl smiled sadly.

"That is where the trouble comes," she said. "He will think that we are unreasonable, that we are only a foolish, thoughtless boy and girl, and he will think it his duty as a man of reason to save us from ourselves."

She spoke English with a slightly foreign accent and with a certain precision which shewed that to her it was still a foreign tongue.

"Has my father spoken to you?" Theodore asked, with a flush on his face.

"No, not yet, but he will speak to me, your mother tells me so, and she tells me, too, that he will not give up his purposes for you. She says she has done all she can and that it is of no avail. Theodore, you have your way in life to make, and I cannot consent to be the means of turning your father against you. He has been too good to me, and to you—"

"I'll not stand it," Theodore declared, angrily. "I am well able to make a way in life for myself, and I will

make a home for you and for me, Felicité. What would life be to me without you?"

She smiled sadly again. "We must not be ungrateful," she said. "No good could come to us of that. Let us wait; perhaps things may mend."

"Do you mean that we may change?" he asked. "That we may grow cool towards each other, and learn to do without each other—do you mean that?"

"I can answer for myself," she replied. "I shall never change to you, Theodore. If I do not marry you I shall never marry—never! I shall lead a lonely life and live on the recollection that I once was loved."

"Promise me one thing," he said, eagerly. "Promise me that you will do nothing, and will consent to nothing until we have talked over this again."

"I cannot promise anything," she said, "except that I shall love you always. Be content with that for the moment and do not press me any more."

"I will talk to my father to-night," the young man said, vehemently. "He will have to give in when he finds that nothing on earth shall induce *me* to give in. He is not coming back to-night, and I shall go up to town by the next train and put all this right. To-morrow, perhaps, you may have good news from me."

It seemed a relief to the young man's mind to have some quick and definite course before him. He poured out on her many words of passionate love and then left her. Without waiting to speak a word to his mother he left the house, and caught the train for London. When Mrs. Blandeker came out on the lawn she heard that her son had gone, and she heard, too, from Felicité, who confided in her, the full story of what had passed. Then she told Felicité that Mr. Blandeker had sent her a wire to say that he had changed his mind, and that he was coming down from town that evening.

"I know from that message," she said, "that he had made up his mind."

So he had.

Mr. Blandeker was by nature, by inclination, and by self-training an optimist. He had always enjoyed good health and a robust constitution, and he was satisfied in his own mind that good health and a robust constitution might be the possession of everyone if everyone would only go the right way to merit such advantages. For him, as well as for Voltaire's hero, this was the best of all possible worlds. He was a self-made man, and he had made his way steadily to a large fortune and a considerable position in the respectable society whose approval he especially valued. He was a self-taught man, and he believed he had taught himself how to say and do the right thing at all times and under all conditions. Being a self-taught man he was quietly convinced that he knew all it was necessary for any man to know, and although he had thought it the right sort of thing to send his son to Eton and to Oxford, he did this only because he thought it a duty expected of him, and would have smiled quietly to himself if he had heard it suggested that Eton and Oxford could teach his boy anything worth knowing which he, the boy's father, did not know of his own knowledge. He was emphatically a man of reason. He felt confident that everything in life ought to be, can be, and in the end has to be, settled by reason. He had never during his existence felt any strong emotions, and he was entirely against taking account of such unreasonable things as emotions in his scheme of life. Reasonable and well-conducted persons, he assumed, would always learn to keep their emotions in the proper place, and not allow them to interfere with the serious work of a well-ordered existence. He had married a woman who, although liable to quick and keen emotions herself, yet had so much faith in her husband's unvarying wisdom and success that she had got to regard her own emotions as dangerous impulses which must be kept strictly in order, according to the directions given her by her husband. The pair had two children—a son and a daughter. The

daughter, Cecilia, who was now only sixteen years old, had long been more or less an invalid owing to some spinal weakness, and had never been sent to school or educational institution of any kind. Mr. Blandeker was very considerate about his daughter's physical weakness. He assumed that she must have inherited it in some way from her mother, and while he felt convinced that the fault was altogether with the mother's family, he was too reasonable a man to make it any manner of reproach to his wife, and he regarded it as his duty to put up uncomplainingly with Cecilia's ill-health. He had obtained the services of Felicité Mounier as a companion for the girl, and for a time the arrangement, like all Mr. Blandeker's arrangements, seemed to him to bring perfect comfort and satisfaction with it. Cecilia passed a great deal of her time reclining in an invalid chair or driving in a pony carriage, and Felicité sat with her, drove with her, read to her, taught her French and Italian in an easy, conversational way, saw that she was properly attended to, looked after her meals, her medicines, and her health. The two girls grew extremely fond of each other, and it never occurred to Blandeker's reasonable mind that any possible trouble could come from the constant presence of a very pretty, intellectual, and attractive young woman in the Blandeker home circle. He had never been a reader of novels, and although he had a general idea that there was a great deal of love-making going on in fiction and in the drama, yet he had never, within his own experience, known it to create any serious disturbance in well-ordered families. Such troubles, he assumed, did sometimes arise in real life, but then they were of rare occurrence—they were extraordinary accidents like deaths from shipwreck, or deaths from swallowing over-doses of medicine, and made no figure in the ordinary averages of life; and Mr. Blandeker settled every question by a reference to ordinary averages. He had long shaped out a career for his son. Theodore Blandeker had completed creditably his university course and was studying for the Bar, but it was not his father's intention that he should wear out much of his time in striving to work his way into practice at the law courts. No. Theodore would have a considerable fortune to start with, and then he was to go into Parliament and make a name there, and in due course of time was to marry a young woman of high social position, and thus to found a family.

Mr. Blandeker's feelings of astonishment may, therefore, to use a phrase not quite unfamiliar to newspaper readers, be more easily imagined than described when one evening his wife screwed up courage enough to tell him that Theodore and Felicité were falling in love with each other, and that something would have to be done unless it suited Mr. Blandeker's plans that the young lovers should get married. Mr. Blandeker never stormed or fumed. He rested his chin upon his hand and quietly thought the matter over. Then he said:

"This is out of the question, Louisa; you must be quite mistaken."

"I am not mistaken," his wife said, and then, looking timidly into his face and making a great effort, she added: "He told me so. He always tells me everything."

"But it is perfectly absurd," Mr. Blandeker declared, composedly. "It is quite against all reason. Theodore knows very well it would never suit my plans that he should marry a girl of that kind. It is only some passing nonsense."

"Young people will be young," his wife said. "We were young once ourselves, dear."

"Yes; but don't you see, Louisa, that you are becoming unreasonable and are not looking at the matter in a proper light. It was quite natural in our case, and in every way suitable. We both belonged to the very same class, and I was only just beginning to see my way to make money, and therefore there was really no sacrifice on either side."

"There was no sacrifice on my side

certainly, dear," Mrs. Blandeker said, softly.

"Well, there was really not much of a sacrifice on my side," her husband declared generously. "I was just beginning to get on, and then, you see, you and I had our lives entirely in our own hands and were not disturbing the plans of anybody to whom we owed any consideration or deference. But, of course, it is quite a different thing with Theodore and this young woman, and I must think of his future; and, in short, Louisa, I won't have it."

"Will you speak to him? I know you could put things as I could not hope to put them; but I am afraid his heart is in this."

"I shall appeal to his reason. I shall make it clear to him that in a few months he will have forgotten all about this nonsense—or, stay—I shall speak to *her*. I shall put it to her that it is her plain duty to save him, and to save *us*—to save us from this trouble after the great kindness and consideration we have shown to her."

This talk between the husband and wife took place on the day before that on which the story opens. The conversation ended by the husband announcing to his wife that he was going up to London because he had arrangements to make, and that he might remain in town for a day or two. Then came the meeting between the two lovers, which has been already described, and Theodore's sudden departure for London, with his mind set on a final and distinct explanation with his father—and the father's return to his seaside home. Mrs. Blandeker had said, when she received her husband's telegram announcing his immediate return, that she knew he had made up his mind. She was right. He sought out Felicité at once, and he told her of his definite arrangements. He told her, in fact, that she must go; but he added that he had not been inconsiderate about her future, and that he had found an occupation for her which, he felt sure, would suit her inclination, and might open a career for her, if she could only make up her mind to behave like a reasonable young woman.

"I have often heard you say," he told her, "that if ever you had to begin a new life, your desire would be to act as a nurse under the Geneva Convention."

"I have often thought it," she said, in a low, submissive tone, "and I feel it now more than ever." Then she added, looking up at him with an expression which tried to be grateful: "It was very kind of you to think of that."

"I hope," he said, "that I am never wanting in consideration for those who depend on me—I mean for those who are around me and who come within the range of my influence. I have a friend in London, an eminent surgeon, who is much mixed up with army affairs. He is making up a staff of nurses to go out to South Africa to attend the sick and wounded in the war which is just about to begin. He wants some intelligent young women, and I have spoken to him about you. He has promised to take you if you will start at once, and I have made every arrangement for your going. Are you willing to go?"

"I am willing to go," she replied, firmly. "As things have turned out, I see nothing better for me. It will be a relief to me to know that I am doing good for others in this world, and that I am not bringing trouble on a house which has been a home to me." She spoke without breaking down, although her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Then," he said, "you will say your farewells as quickly as possible and make your preparations, and I will see that you are safely escorted to your port of departure, and put under the charge of my friend. Of course, I am to understand that you will not make any attempt to communicate with my son?"

"I have given him up already," she said, "for his sake, believing that my sacrifice is necessary for his good. I shall not go back upon my resolve."

That very night Felicité started for Southampton, and the sacrifice seemed to be consummated.

Meanwhile poor Theodore, his heart bursting with grief and anger, had hurried to the London home and found that his father was not there. He assumed that Mr. Blandeker was dining out, for Mr. Blandeker had left no message with the servants to say that he was going out of town, and Theodore, therefore, remained in the house hoping for his father's return, until it became clear that he was not to be expected that night. Mr. Blandeker's only probable dissipation would have been a dinner-party, from which he would be sure to return by midnight at the latest. Theodore knew that his father did not usually think it necessary to let his servants know anything about his movements, and he was not, therefore, alarmed or much vexed when his father did not return. He slept in the house that night, and fully expected to receive some news in the morning. Even if he had thought of returning to the seaside home at once, it was too late when he finally gave up the expectation of seeing his father, to find any train returning that night. There was nothing for it but to wait, and he passed a miserable night of broken sleep, snatches of fitful dreams, and almost intolerable suffering. In the morning he received no message of any kind, and then he returned to the seaside home.

There he saw his father, who told him that Felicité had pledged her word to give him up for ever, and that she had left the house, and was by that time far away. Theodore for a while did not speak a word. He could not trust himself to put his feelings into words, for he knew that he could not control his feelings if he were to venture on any expression of them. Mr. Blandeker became at last almost startled out of his usual serenity by his son's stony silence.

"It was a sacrifice on the young woman's part," Mr. Blandeker began to say, after some clearings of the throat, and in the manner of one who was about to make a speech, "but she felt it her duty to make the sacrifice, and she said she was doing it for your good. She is a right-minded young woman; and, of course, I have taken care to make provision for her, so that she shall not be left homeless."

"I ask nothing about that," Theodore said, distractedly. "If she has left me, that is all I want to know. I could not have believed it even yesterday, although she said—well, no matter what she said—it is all over now. She is free to go her own way."

"And you are free," his father said.

"Yes, I am free," Theodore replied, with a fierce, sudden flash of light in his eyes. "I am free, and I shall make it clear that I am free."

"You will be glad of it some time," Mr. Blandeker sermonized. "You could never have been happy if you had marred your fortune at the very opening of your career by marrying a girl in a station of life wholly unsuited to that which I intend yours to be. You might just as well become an usher in one of the law courts, or a private soldier."

The man of reason spoke as if to be a private soldier were about the lowest depth of degradation into which a respectable person could sink. Mr. Blandeker was opposed to all wars on principle, but if there must be wars and people to carry them on, he preferred that any young man in whom he felt interest should at least take part in them as a commissioned officer in a good regiment, where he might meet aristocratic comrades.

"As a private soldier"—the words seemed to sink with a peculiar meaning into Theodore's ears. Theodore was not a reasonable young man—he was a creature of impulse, and he was seized with a sudden inspiration.

"Let us not speak of this again," Mr. Blandeker said; "let us begin a new life."

"You shall not hear me speak of it again," Theodore replied; "and I shall begin a new life, indeed."

Now, if Mr. Blandeker had not been such a reasonable man, and had not assumed that other men—at least, other men who had come within the sphere of his influence—were reason-

able also, he might have thought there was something ominous in Theodore's words and tone, and in the quiet resolution with which he put the whole subject away. But Mr. Blandeker took it for granted that the young man had been brought to see the unreasonableness of his former, and the reasonableness of his present, position, and that everything had gone off even better than might have been expected.

Now, if, on the other hand, Theodore had not been quite so impulsive, if, before making up his mind as to any definite step, he had gone and poured out his soul to his mother, or to his sister, he might have learnt that Felicité loved him with all her heart, and had only sacrificed herself because of her love for him, and things might have gone differently. But the young man, in his anger, told his own heart that Felicité could never have really loved him when she had given him up with such apparent ease, and that his whole life was wrecked by no fault of his own. So he did not go near his mother and sister, and he left his home at once. His heart was filled with disappointment, and with a wild rage against everybody—against the girl who, he believed, had thrown him over, against the father who had urged her to the act, and even against the mother and the sister who might have stood by him, and who, as he believed, had deserted him. The best hope of his life, he felt, was gone, and his only desire now was to fling the helve after the hatchet. The words of his father about enlisting as a private soldier rang in his ears. They recalled to his breast a desire which had at different moments of his life been strong within him, and which he had always repressed in deference to what he knew to be his father's plans for his career—the desire to wear a soldier's uniform and take his place on a battlefield. In the bitterness of his anger, at this moment he seemed impelled also by a longing to realize his father's words as a mere stroke of retribution and act of rebellion. He quietly left his home, and went to the nearest garrison town. There he offered himself for enlistment, and his athletic figure and manly bearing found him a ready welcome from a recruiting sergeant, and he became a private in a cavalry regiment; and in a few days was sent off with his new comrades for service in South Africa.

Before he left England, Theodore wrote a letter to his mother, full of love and grief, telling her of what he had done and beseeching her forgiveness, but telling her also that he had chosen his path in life, that nothing could induce him to go back upon his purpose, and that he would make a career for himself as a soldier, or fail utterly in the attempt to make any career whatever. He wrote, too, a short and tender letter to his sister, praying her to think well of him—to think of him always at his best, to hope for him, and to pray for him; and these letters were, for the time, his farewell to England.

Then came the war, and the heart of the country was strained to an agony of anxiety by the news which came every day in the official telegrams from the front. It would be idle to attempt to describe the feelings of Theodore's mother and sister. These feelings they could only reveal to each other; for Mr. Blandeker had issued an edict that the subject was never to be mentioned in his presence. The mother and sister, amid all their grief, felt a certain proud admiration for the reckless young man who had thus flung all his chances of a peaceful and successful career utterly away; and, like true women, they felt also, and said to each other, that his love for Felicité must have been as deep and strong as human love can be, and deserved a better and more tender consideration than it had received even from them.

Mr. Blandeker meanwhile kept waiting for some letter to come from his son, filled with penitence and with expressions of a desire to return to the career of distinction in good society which he had wilfully thrown away in a burst of boyish and romantic passion. Mr. Blandeker kept assuring himself that the boy would soon see the absurdity of

his conduct, and would beg to be allowed to return to his home; and he was quite resolved, as a man of reason and justice, to pardon the offender when pardon should be properly asked, and to welcome him back to the paternal roof and his claims on the paternal property. Mr. Blandeker, up to this time, did not know that Theodore had enlisted as a soldier, and that he had gone to South Africa, and merely thought that he had rushed off to the Continent somewhere, and would have to reconsider his situation as soon as the money in his pocket had nearly run out. Mrs. Blandeker and her daughter did not know anything about the destination of Felicité: for the head of the family had absolutely refused to tell them anything about the manner in which he had disposed of Felicité's inconvenient presence. It never occurred to Mr. Blandeker as possible that any rational human being of respectable position and with good prospects, even though a romantic young lover, could, in a fit of merely sentimental disappointment, have taken to the life of a common soldier; and as Theodore, fearing discovery and paternal persecution, had not enlisted in his own name, the lists of the killed and wounded and missing published in the morning papers could not in any case give Mr. Blandeker any suggestion as to the whereabouts of his lost son.

Months passed away and the fortunes of the war, at first so chequered and often disastrous, began to change under the guidance of Lord Roberts, and the anxious mother and daughter found their hearts swelling with hope that the war might soon be over, and the worst danger might be removed from Theodore's path. One morning, however, a telegram reached Mrs. Blandeker from her son's Captain, telling her that the young man had been severely wounded in the storming of a difficult position held by the Boer fighters, and that he was lying in hospital, with good hopes for his recovery; and the message added some kindly words about the young man's splendid courage and military promise. It afterwards came to be known that the officers of Theodore's regiment had noticed with approval and admiration the bravery and the soldierly aptitude of the young man; and that when Theodore received his wound, he had confided his name to his kindly Captain, who undertook to send a message home from him. But the important part of Theodore's story was something which his Captain could not have known, something which, even if he had known, the mere fact would not have seemed to him to possess the slightest importance. That fact was that during Theodore's time of dangerous illness, and then of convalescence in the extemporized military hospital, he had been carefully and tenderly nursed by a young Canadian woman, named Felicité Mounier.

The rest of the story is easily told. Perhaps my intelligent readers could guess it without the telling. When Felicité first came to the bedside of Theodore Blandeker, and their eyes met, and they recognized each other, each of them felt that the crisis of the story was over. When Felicité learnt that Theodore had known nothing of her whereabouts or of her new career, and that he had not come out to the battlefields in quest of her, she felt as if Heaven had ordained that they two were to live for each other, and that every scruple was removed out of their way. Had he come out to seek for her and in the hope of meeting her, she still might have felt that it was her duty to restrain him in his wild love-impulse, and to do her best to send him back to his father's house. But the generous spirit of romance was strong in her, and she told herself that the very fact of this strange, unexpected meeting shewed that a beneficent power had brought them together to sanction, by that unexpected meeting, the union of their hearts.

So she watched over him and nursed him, and at last he recovered from his wound under her care, and he was more than ever a hero in her eyes, and she seemed to him to have given him

back his life by her tender care; and he learnt from her own lips that her love had always been his, and that she had only fled from him because she thought it her duty to sacrifice herself in order that he might not break away from his father, and so forfeit his chances of worldly prosperity. All such thoughts were now gone from her mind: her love and her sense of duty went together, and she saw that between him and her nothing but death could ever come again.

When Theodore had fully recovered, the happy pair—they were absolutely happy amid all the storm and stress of war, and with their worldly future still vague and clouded—were married, and Theodore wrote home to his mother and told the story. Theodore's purpose was clear. He would remain in the Service, and would work his way to a commission, and, come what might, he would work his way for himself, happy and exultant in the knowledge that the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, would be his partner through all trials and struggles in life. Let us hope that the trials and struggles may not be very severe or too far prolonged, and that Theodore will get his commission, and make for himself a distinguished name in his profession; and that he and his young wife will be welcome guests at his father's house, when some kindly turn of events gives them a chance of a holiday in England. From his mother and sister Theodore received letters full of nothing but love, admiration, and hope; and he had the proud delight of knowing that nothing he had done had been misunderstood by them or had lessened their affection for him. His mother at first would have wished that her boy should allow himself, after a short time, to be bought out of the Service, and should come back with his wife to the London home; but when Theodore made known to her his deliberate purpose, she understood it, and respected it, and thought all the more of her brave and resolute son.

Mr. Blandeker quietly gave in when he heard of the marriage, and found that the wild project he would fain have fought against had been realized in spite of his efforts. As a reasonable man, he had always preached the wisdom and the rightfulness of recognizing accomplished facts.

"When a thing is done," he used to say, "it is done, and nothing is to be gained by making a fuss about it." Therefore, he declared himself willing to accept the situation as it was, and to hold out the hand of forgiveness and protection to his son and his new daughter-in-law whenever their good sense and their recognition of filial duty should inspire them to accept his offer of reconciliation. But Mr. Blandeker could never be brought to believe that that meeting on the battlefield was altogether the effect of chance. It was quite clear to him that the romantic boy and girl had been playing a pre-arranged part all the time; and Theodore had gone out to South Africa to join Felicité by preconcerted arrangement, just as he might have made a secret plan with her for a chance meeting in the Park or the Royal Academy.

He endeavoured to impress his views on his wife and daughter, but these unpractical women would not listen to the suggestion, and settled every argument by the mere observation: "But then, you know, Theodore has told us how it came about, and that neither he nor Felicité had the least idea that the other was in South Africa." So Mr. Blandeker saw the futility of his efforts, and only smiled at the credulity of these women, and never again brought up the discussion. In all likelihood, he will retain his belief to the end of his life, and will stand by his conviction that such things only happen in romances.

We who know the true story of this strange and unexpected meeting of the lovers in South Africa, are not surprised at this beneficent intervention of Fate; for we know that real life has its chance meetings as fateful and as fortunate as any that have ever been invented by the genius of the story-teller.

EMMELINE.

A STORY OF FRENCH CANADA.

By Arthur J. Stringer.

IN dose days we call her Emmeline, for she always have a leetle smile for mos' everyboddy, from 'Tite Pierre, who tend de geese, to de kind leetle Curé wit' hees ol' green coat. An' in dose days, by gare, I always t'ink Mamzelle Emmeline was de mos' pretty girl on all de Reever, wit' cheeks lak de peach-blossom, an' de hair w'at she braid almos' down to de knee. I guess mebbe she have wan douzaine *cavalier* all de tam, an' de peep say she mus' make de bes' match on de village. But, by gare, msieu, w'at you t'ink she do!

She go an' mak mariée wit' Patrice Gérin, w'at was mos' ol' enough to be her fadder. Dey say he lak Emmeline from de tam she was a leetle girl an' come an' play on hees raft, w'ile he watch her so she don't fall in de Reever, an' dat he seet up all night wit' her w'en she have de fever. But I t'ink he was 'bout forty year ol', w'ile Emmeline she was 'bout eighteen. In dose days she was very light wit' de heart, an' sing de *chanson* all de tam, an' I t'ink it was de mos' fonny t'ing for dat ol' Patrice to fall in love wit' a leetle girl lak dat. Mos' all de peep on de village say Emmeline will be sorry for dat some day, an' somebody tell Patrice dat, but he only smile wit' de mout' an' say "Mebbe not." An' Emmeline w'en she hear dat, she put her arms round Patrice's neck, an' say, "We'll be de mos' happy peep in de worl', won't we, Patrice?"

But Patrice was a ver' qui't feller, an' dough he try hard to mak' some *plaisurement* for hees young wife an' always was mos' kind wit' her, de peep say dat bimeby af'er a w'ile she get tire wit' everyt'ing an' don't sing on de house no more. Den Patrice he mak' mooch wory 'bout dat, but he say mebbe she be all right w'en de winter go by.

But Emmeline she get more an' more thin on de face, an' her cheek get w'ite, an' dough she always tell her husban' dat she was ver' happy an' content, an' dat he was ver' good to her all de tam, she get more an' more sad on de eye, too, an' say she wish Patrice don't have to be 'way on de boosh so many tam.

Den de nex' winter bimeby she have wan leetle baby, an', by gare, dere come a change in Emmeline, an' she seem ver' happy an' content, an' sing ver' sof' an' qui't all de day long to dat leetle baby, w'ile her husband be away on de raft, or up on de boosh wit' hees reever gang.

But wan day de leetle baby die wit' de croup, an' af'er dat I t'ink Emmeline was get more w'ite an' lonely dan ever. De peep say she walk up an' down de cabane an' wring her hands, an' w'en her husban' be dere she begin to cry ver' sodden for no matter at all.

Well, de spring come, an' dat's de tam for Patrice to go up to de head of de Reever wit' de gang, to bring down de log. W'en he leave Emmeline he say dat will be de las' tam he will go 'way, an' he tell young Cyprien Latour to go on de cabane w'enever he can, an' keep Emmeline from gettin' too *solitaire*, an' play hees violin for her, for Patrice he say mebbe dat make de leetle *femme* forget 'bout dose t'ings w'at make her so *trieste*.

Cyprien promise to do dat for Patrice, an', by gare, he go on de cabane mos' every day wit' hees violin, for w'en he was de leetle boy he was play wit' Emmeline an' dey was grow up

togedder. He was a fine young *garçon* wit' black hair an' de mos' jolly laugh you never hear. But bimeby he change ver' mooch, an' get thin on de face lak Emmeline, an' de first t'ing de peep on de village know, dey was see dat Cyprien was fall in loaf wit' Emmeline. I t'ink Emmeline see dat, too, an' dey both try ver' mooch not to do anyt'ing lak dat, but dey can't help heem wan leetle bit.

W'en Patrice come down wit' de first drive of log, Emmeline go out to meet heem at de Leetle Forks, lak she was always do. W'en she see heem she ronne up to heem an' hang on heem, an' cry mos' all day. Patrice don't know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but de peep don't say nodding. Den ol' Beaupré he say he 'tend to dat biznesse, so he spik qui't wit' Patrice, an' tail heem he better watch out 'bout dat young wife of hees. Ol' Beaupré say dat first t'ing Patrice look lak he would kill heem, den he laugh ver' qui't an' say Emmeline was as good as de snow w'en it first fall on de ground.

But de peep say dat wan night w'en Patrice come on de cabane from de sawmill an' was unstrap hees snowshoe' outside, he hear Cyprien ax Emmeline to ronne away wit' heem, to Mo'real, an' dat he know ver' wail dat she was in loaf wit' heem. Patrice he don't wait to hear no more, but walk up an' down de chemin 'bout all night long.

De nex' day he have hees mind mak' up, an' sen' for Cyprien an' ax heem ver' qui't if he'd better not join de gang dis tam an' help bring down de nex' drive of log. Cyprien look at Emmeline on dat, an' Emmeline look out de winder, an' don't say nodding. Den Cyprien look at Patrice, an' mebbe see somet'ing in de eye w'at mak heem change hees mind an' say yes, he will go wit' de gang.

So he join de gang an' go wit' Patrice an' help bring down de drive. Dey get down as far as de Leetle Forks, w'en, by gare, dey have de worse jam on de Reever. De log all pile up across de Reever an' pretty soon de water was hol' back by dat jam 'bout ten, twelve foot high. Emmeline was dere, to wait for w'en her husband was come, an' w'en she see dat bad jam she walk up an' down among de leetle pine tree on de bank an' make t'ree, four long pray'r wit' herself.

Patrice look up an' see see her do dat. He shut hees teet' togedder but don't say nodding. Den he call Cyprien an' say to heem yer' qui't, "Ceep, I am de boss of dis gang, an' I have decide dat you are de bes' man to go out on de jam an' loosen dat key-log!"

Cyprien he don't say nodding, but I t'ink he onderstan' all right. Two tam he start to spik wit' Patrice, an' den he shut hees teet' an' take hees ax an' start out on de log. Patrice stand' on de bank an' look at heem w'ile he go, an' den call heem back sodden.

"Ceep," he say, "mebbe you t'ink dat's not de right t'ing for me to do. So I t'ink we leave dis t'ing in de hand of *le bon Dieu*, an' bot' go out on dis jam togedder, an' de wan dat come back—well, I t'ink you onderstan'!"

W'en Cyprien hear dat he grow ver' w'ite on de face *encore*, and he say 'ver' wail'. An' dey bot' take deir ax, an' go out on de jam togedder, crawlin' lak two cats from wan log to de odder.

All dat tam Emmeline was stan' on de bank an' watch everyt'ing dat go on. She was jus' stan' dere, waitin', waitin', wit' her han' on her heart, an' her face w'ite as de foam w'at spurt out at de foot of de rapide.

De two men come to de meedle of de jam an' fin' de key-log. Patrice fin' heem first, an' w'ile he was chop t'ru dat log de jam geev 'way an' make wan beeg roar, an' go rushin' down de Reever, wit de log all rollin' an' jompin' an' twistin' lak dey was all alive for sure.

Emmeline look down an' see dose log churnin' in dat *feroce* current, an' she see bot' men go onder, an' she was fall right over on de ground in de faint, an' de peep have to come an' carry her on de house.

All de gang ronne down de Reever an' mak' de search for de body of Patrice an' Cyprien. Den, by gare, de first t'ing dey know dey see Patrice in de water, hold on to de end of a log. Dey help heem out on de bank, but he was dat bruise' an' fatigue he can't say nodding, so dey carry heem into Desjardin's cabane an' geev heem t'ree, four dreenk' of *wisky blanc*. Den he cry out, "De boy! Save de boy!"

But dat was mak' no good, for dey find de body of Cyprien Latour wash up on de gravel two mile down de Reever. Dey bring heem back on de village an' someboddy say mebbe it was bes' tail Emmeline 'bout dat first.

*

So Ol' Beaupré he go to Emmeline an' shake de head ver' solemn, an' Emmeline scream out an' say, "W'ere is he? W'ere is he?" An' Ol' Beaupre shake de head *encore* an' say dat he was dead, for he t'ink for sure she mean Cyprien. Den Emmeline she don't say nodding, but she get up an' go on de leetle closet, an' pour somet'ing out of de bottle an' swallow heem. Ol' Beaupré ax her w'at she was do wit' dat bottle, an' she smile ver' qui't an say she was jus' take de mediseen to cure de pain w'at she have in de heart.

Den she fall on de floor, an' Ol' Beaupré see dat de mediseen she take was poison sure 'nough, an' he ronne out an' call Patrice quick. W'en de girl see heem she t'ink he was a ghos' at first, but w'en he spik to her she crawl to hees feet an' hug hees knee, an' say, w'ile she die, "I t'ought it was de odder! I t'ought it was de odder!"

An' Ol' Beaupré tol' me dat Patrice he pick her up in hees arms an' hol' her dere mos' all night long. An' w'en ol' man Beaupré tol' me 'bout dat de tear ronne down hees cheek an' he say, "Bigosh, 'Poleon, I mak' de beeg mistake 'bout dat *pauvre* Emmeline of ours, I tink!"

TOAST TO THE KING.

NOW it's lift your swords for King Edward,
And loud your voices raise!
Here's to his health and honour,
Raise loud the shout of praise!

We have fought for his sainted mother,
We will fight as well for him;
Here's to his health and honour,
Fill, fill your glasses to the brim!

Yes, we fought for Queen Victoria
On many a barren plain,
And now that her son's our ruler,
We will fight for him again!

Yes, we will fight for him, as the tiger
Fights to defend its den;
If all the African jackals
Were pitted a hundred to ten!

So it's lift your swords for King Edward,
And loud your voices raise!
Here's to his health and honour,
Up, up with the shout of praise!

Cecil E. Selwyn.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

"WHAT good do you suppose will come of it?" asked a man in London lately, as we talked of the meetings of the National Council of Women of Canada that were then taking place. I thought quickly over the occurrences of the previous days before I answered him, for I knew he asked the question in all good faith, and not flippantly, as is so often done. As I thought the faces of bright, clever, earnest womanly women came before me, women who had travelled from the Atlantic and the Pacific shore, at their own expense, simply because they believed in the "good that will come of it" to themselves and to those other women among whom they live. And remembering many other things as well, I answered, "I believe these meetings will help to make us better home-makers in the widest sense, and that in turn must mean much good for the nation."

WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

And, after all, as one scanned the long Agenda, and read the titles of the many topics that were brought before the Council in papers, discussions and by resolutions, there was not one that did not directly bear upon Woman's Kingdom—the Home—for that kingdom can never be narrowed or limited to the space within the material walls of the house she inhabits. Let me ennumerate some of these matters aforesaid, and I think you will agree with me that in what I have just said I have stated only a fact. Under the general designation of "Health," for example, came excellent addresses on the all-important matters of "Infection," "The Prevention of the Spread of Consumption," and "The Hygiene of Childhood in reference to the Prevention of Tuberculosis;" and as these were given by experts such as Dr. Sheard, Dr. Bryce, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Niven, Dr. Eby, and Mrs. Mackenzie Cleland, M.D., of Victoria, there is no doubt that the valuable information received by the delegates will be of infinite and wide-spread value.

Then there were many topics concerning Education, such as "The advisability of a Uniform Dominion Standard for teachers," for the mothers present felt that a standard good enough for Manitoba (which was stated by a leading Educationalist to be the highest in Canada) was none too good for Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec, and the other Provinces. They resented the idea that a teacher with an inferior standard would do for their children because this might be a cheaper plan. Of course, the necessity for a thorough training in Domestic Science for all girls was insisted upon, and plans were discussed how such might be obtained from some of the benighted School Boards that have not yet realized that a girl has a right to thorough training in that which ordinarily will be her future life-work. And just here it follows as a logical conclusion that the Council again pledged itself to promote the election or appointment of a suitable number of women on the School Boards. The promotion of industrial and fine arts, of home arts and handicrafts, and of vacation schools and playgrounds, also came under the general topic of Education, and were subjects that were ably treated in papers which were followed by most interesting discussions. The last evening meeting was devoted to a Round Talk Conference of mothers and teachers, which was most ably led

by Mrs. James L. Hughes, who won the admiration and gratitude of very many mothers by the way in which she clearly and sympathetically answered their questions, and by the many valuable hints and suggestions she gave them.

Agriculture as an occupation for women was almost a new thought for many of the hearers, but it was placed before them so attractively by Mrs. FitzGibbon and Miss Fowler of Winnipeg, that its feasibility seemed self-evident and its charm undoubted. "Back to the Land" will, to them, at least, be no longer a cry in which women will have no personal concern. Here, as indeed all through the meetings, the warning note of "thoroughness" was sounded. The need of thoroughness in training, and thoroughness in work was emphasized again and yet again.

Yet another subject which closely concerned the home was treated in a valuable paper by Miss Fairley, of Montreal, which was followed by a discussion. This was "A plea for simpler methods of living," and therein the present craving for elaborate dressing, elaborate entertaining, and the feverish unrest which is making social life a burden to the many instead of the helpful relaxation which it ought to be, was described. It was also said that elaborate and costly dressing and house-furnishing, except for the few, leads from extravagance to much unhappiness for the person with a small income trying unsuccessfully to keep pace with those whose bank account is twice as large. And here another keynote was sounded, which rang out again and again from one speaker and another throughout the meetings—the power of personal influence, and the responsibility for the same. In the discussion on this paper it was well pointed out that the children's parties where elaborate dressing, expensive suppers, late hours and the like are indulged in, are very undesirable as tending to cultivate a condition which all sensible people must regret.

An afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of the development, mentally and physically, of the girl; and the value of girls' clubs, on the lines of the May Court Club of Ottawa and of the Girls' Club founded by Miss Masson, of Toronto, was dwelt upon.

The work of the National Council of Women throughout the year is principally carried on by a number of Standing Committees formed of representatives from the Local Councils in all parts of the Dominion. The report of these Committees are always of great interest, representing as they do the varied conditions and environments in the several Provinces. These Committees have carried on their work steadily and quietly for some years, gathering and spreading information and educating public opinion on the matters in which they are severally concerned. These are: Committee on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Committee on the Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Committee on the Spread of Pernicious Reading Matter and Pictures, Committee on the Immigration of Women, Committee on the Need of Custodial Care of Women of Defective Intellect, Committee for the promotion of Home Industries among the Doukhobor Women, and the like. Some facts that at this time are of particular interest to housekeepers were related in the report on Female Immigration, in which was recounted the unsuccessful efforts that the Committee had been making to procure domestic servants for Canada from Sweden and other Scandinavian countries, where great unwillingness was expressed at allowing a girl to come here unless her whole family came with her. It was also stated that whereas fifty domestic servants are given free transportation annually from Great Britain to New Zealand, and the charge on the ships for the others is only £1, yet to Canada, a voyage of a week instead of a month, the fare for domestic servants is £5, a discrimina-

tion that is not quite easy to understand, but which, alas, is severely felt by Canadian housekeepers.

The insidiousness of the spread of shocking reading matter and pictures among young people, principally undercover, through the mails, was spoken of in order to put all mothers on their guard against this evil.

But the careful consideration and discussion of these important matters by no means covered the whole usefulness of these Council meetings. It is a question whether the intercourse between women gathered from all the Provinces during the luncheon hours and the drives, and whenever they are together, is not quite as useful to the community at large as helping indirectly to break down the stone wall of Provincialism.

If these Council women can and do give close attention to business, they also enjoy to the full any amusements that are provided for them. The reception, and again the beautiful drive given by the London City Council, the afternoon tea given by six ladies out at the beautiful home of the Hunt Club; the trip to Springbank given by the street railway company; the bountiful tea and pleasant evening when we were the guests of the principals of the City Schools and their wives and of the members of the Teachers' Association and of the Frœbel Society were all most happy and delightful occasions and will long be pleasantly remembered by those who took part in the same. On the same principle which is laid down is the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," these pleasant amusements also served the purpose of enabling the work of the succeeding sessions to be carried out all the more successfully.

That this Canadian National Council, comprising as it does a federation of societies and organizations of women of all sorts and kinds, of all creeds, and of the three Canadian races, English, French and Indian, is but a link in a long chain of other flourishing National Councils in other lands in all parts of the world, which altogether form the International Council, is hardly yet realized by the public at large. Yet such is the case, and consequently the time devoted to matters pertaining to this larger federation was not the least interesting part of the programme. That such a world-wide and unique organization of women should have sprung into being in comparatively so short a space of time, in the interest of no one propaganda, but simply for the furtherance of the Golden Rule, is a matter that may well cause thoughtful men and women to realize that in it lies wonderful possibilities through united influence. The members themselves, wherever they may be, the fact of the possession of that influence bears with it the realization of the personal responsibility to use such influence wisely and well.

FOR GIRLS.

Four daintily little volumes lie on my desk, each of them filled with good and useful things that girls should know. Their titles are "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," The Business Girl," "Home Games and Parties" and "Successward." These particular volumes in question came to me from the Publishers' Syndicate. All are beautifully bound in morocco, and would be delightful gifts for one's girl friends. The volume, entitled "The Business Girl," is by Ruth Ashmore, who writes from many standpoints of the life of a girl who in an office or profession is earning her own income, giving her most excellent suggestions about life in a boarding house, the care of her wardrobe, her social position, her money and what to do with it, her recreations and the like.

E. C.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Every small New England village had its public library and its lecture course, and in the good books read

and the stimulating thoughts heard was laid the foundation of much of the calm good sense of many of the prominent American men. We hear of the Puritan backbone, but that backbone was strengthened by study as well as religion. East and West alike pay their tribute of praise to the strenuous men and women of New England, and delight to ascribe the secret of the success of the American commonwealth to the New England education which included school house and library.

It is high time that we as Canadians awoke from our slumber. Less than the fingers of one hand are sufficient to count the libraries which have found shelter in good buildings in Ontario, east of Toronto. A bare hall unadorned, often up narrow and usually dirty stairs, in charge of some cheap clerk whose ideas of good books is bounded by novels by Ouida or the Duchess usually constitutes the public library. There is little pride taken in it by the citizens. If there are good books on the shelves few know of them, the catalogue has been made by a tyro among books. If you want a book on political science, it is a happy chance if you find it under Science, Philosophy or History, according to its nomenclature. The classification of books as given by the Department of Public Libraries to the local libraries is bad ; one has only to read over the different sections under which books must be classified for returns to government to realize how hopelessly behind the times our public libraries are. There is scarcely a question which excites the interest of the public to-day which is not suffering for lack of the general intelligence which a public library might stimulate. We are threatened with bad architecture in our public buildings ; how many members of a church or school board have the faintest idea what good or bad architecture means? How many have any idea where to obtain books to enlighten their ignorance? We are clamouring for more technical education, and even the leaders of the movement have little knowledge beyond that gleaned from magazines, and there are few books accessible in public libraries on the subject. Christian Science is creeping into our country ; the propagandists have their own literature, but we shall be powerless to wage war against it because the only successful weapon is the deepening of the general intelligence. I venture to say that there are not six libraries in Ontario that have a copy of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." Single-taxers advocate their own reform because they know little of the history of taxation and the public know less. Our schools are falling behind the schools of other countries because parents are not keeping abreast of educational theories. Temperance fanatics gain the ear of the public because the public have not been guided to read history. Canada is suffering everywhere from a lack of trained intelligence.

Our public libraries have never been recognized as part of our educational system ; they have been regarded as simply luxuries for those who wished to use them. Who will lead in a movement to place libraries on their proper footing?

There is a small town in Ontario wherein are domiciled, at least, three millionaires that is suffering for lack of ideals. The men spend their nights playing cards, the women vie with each other in their social entertainments, but spiritually and intellectually the place is dead. How could such a village be awakened? Why should not that community have a public library with gymnasium attached? Why should it not have an art gallery in its Public Library? It is not money that is lacking but ideals.

Another town larger than the first has one generous millionaire who is reckless in his gifts. Why should not the town reap a permanent benefit from his generosity? It is largely a question of a lack of ideals both on the part of the giver and the town.

A. A. C.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

THE British budget has been a popular topic not only in the British Isles but also far beyond their shores. The sum asked for the civil and military administration of these two specks of land lying off the shores of Europe is the greatest that has been. Reduced to our currency it is given at $920,000,000, a sum that, of course, the mind cannot grasp. Enormous as this sum is, however, it is altogether likely that the financial outlook of Britain's nearest neighbour, France, is even more unsatisfactory.

Compared with the portentous total given above the figures of the French budget may seem moderate, but when all the circumstances are considered the prospects of the country across the Channel cannot be considered as reassuring. The French Chamber has just made appropriations of $720,000,000 and when it is remembered that this is in a time of peace, and when France has enjoyed profound quiet for a generation, it must be considered as an enormous normal expenditure. The national debts of almost all countries are the legacies of past wars. They are piled up with great rapidity during years or perhaps only months of stress, to be slowly reduced in years of calm. This has been the experience with the national debt of the United States. At the close of the Civil war its proportions were astounding, but by the application of surpluses to its reduction it has been greatly diminished. During the forty odd years since the Crimean war the debt of Great Britain was reduced by over $750,000,000, lowering the annual charges by $17,000,000. Unfortunately this result of forty years of economies has been wiped away by the South African war and the nation finds itself back where it was when the Crimean war came to a close.

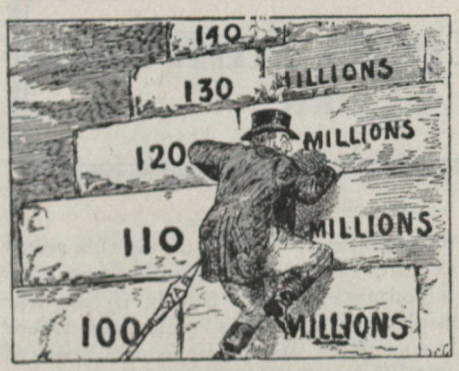
But the people have at least manifested the ability to meet current expenses and have a surplus over for the reduction of the public debt. Without this power the position of a country would seem to be alarming. That there will occur extraordinary expenditures at periods more or less widely separated is the universal experience, and unless the nation is able to effect reductions during the quiet times the

THE RUSSIAN BEAR IN VARIOUS ROLES

In Manchuria, Greedy
To the Students, Barbarous

In Finland, Cruel
To Europe, the Cavalier

—*Ulk, Berlin*



CLIMBING THE WAR PYRAMID

JOHN BULL: "This is all very well, but whenever shall I get to the top?"

—*Westminster Gazette*

people must look forward to a continually growing debt and a burden of interest eating up more and more the annual revenues. This is the position that France finds herself in. The debt has been calculated at close on thirteen hundred million pounds sterling. Seven years after the Franco-German war it stood at a thousand millions sterling, so that in a time of peace it has increased by three hundred millions sterling. These additions have been mainly or largely at least through the inadequacy of the ordinary revenues to meet the ordinary expenditure, and yet taxation is believed to be as high as industry can safely be asked to bear. In 1889 the national wealth of Great Britain was estimated at £9,400,000,000 and the national debt at £698,000,000, while the national wealth of France was £8,600,000,000 and the debt £1,269,000,000. France's burden of debt, therefore, on a smaller sum of national wealth, was almost twice as great as that of the United Kingdom.

Nor does this tell the full tale. The population of the United Kingdom shows continuous gains. That of France is almost stationary. In 1860 the population of France exceeded that of the British Isles by 7,000,000 souls. The latter now have the greater population. There is no likelihood that the population of France will increase in any appreciable extent. So that the situation is, a country with a stationary population whose revenues frequently fall below its expenditures, with the consequence that a debt which is already portentous tends to constantly increase.

In other respects matters in France look brighter. The Republic seems to be firmly seated in the saddle and the outlook of pretenders, whether Bourbons or Bonapartes, was never more hopeless. France has at last got an administration, too, which appears to have the seeds of continuity in it. There is confidence on all hands that M. Waldeck-Rousseau will safely weather all dangers until the expiry of the term of the Chamber brings on the general election. As his Cabinet has already been in office three years, this will be marvellous—for France. He came into power when the country was rocking with the agitation of the Dreyfus affair. He not only weathered that, and gave the army or rather some of its officers to understand that it was not an instrument for political agitation, but he also challenged the clericals in the last session of the Chambers with the legislation against the religious corporations. He has allied himself with respectable socialism in the person of M. Milleraud, and the Cabinet at the end of its stormy passage finds itself seasoned and weather-tight and fit for almost any kind of sea that may roll. What it needs most, however, is a twentieth century Turgot to lead it into the paths of financial safety.

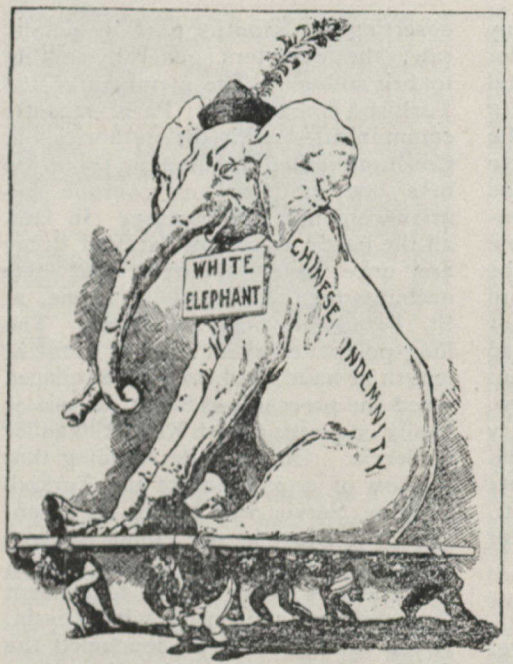
Whenever the word "Balkans" is whispered in Europe, a chill of apprehension seizes on the body politic. Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Foreign Minister, is responsible for whispering the disturbing syllables on this occasion. In a speech on foreign affairs, made to the budget committee of the Hungarian Delegations, he referred to the situation in the Balkan peninsula as critical and intimated that

Austria-Hungary could not permit any attack on the existing political order or any changes prejudicial to its vital interests. This was followed by a statement of Signor Guiccardini in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. He also thought the Albanian question had reached a critical stage. The movement in Macedonia might precipitate a surprise at any moment. Italy, he declared, could not be the puppet of any Power whether of the first or second rank. She had already suffered at Bizerta, but she could not accept another Bizerta at Vallona or Durazzo. He went on to charge Austria-Hungary with having a propaganda in Albania. Other speakers took part in the debate in the same strain, but Signor Prinetti, the Foreign Minister, although present refused to be drawn.

Both countries speak about maintaining the *status quo*, but they evidently have no faith in each other's sincerity or there would be nothing to warrant the warm language employed. The latest rumour comes from Vienna where it is stated that Russian agents are busy in Servia and Bulgaria urging the formation of a military agreement between the two states under the patronage of Russia. This active interest in the Balkan countries is invariably contemporaneous with the occasions when the Sick Man shows renewed signs of indisposition. For a short time after the Turko-Grecian war there were very few references to the Sick Man. An invalid who possesses a general like Edhem Pasha and an army with the merits of that which chased the Grecian troops across the Thessalian plains is not to be trifled with. It seems to have been but a flicker of the expiring lamp, however. The four million Turkish pounds extracted from Greece were no real relief to the situation. Signs of the desperate state of the finances constantly recur. The unpaid and starving troops have been deserting for months past by wholesale, the deserters generally taking to brigandage. The members of the Turkish embassy at Paris recently communicated with the authorities at Constantinople, threatening to resign in a body if their long-overdue salaries were not forthcoming. In fact, all the hectic signals of national decay are once more apparent and this accounts for the buzzing at Rome, at St. Petersburg and at Vienna. The long-postponed event is, they deem, at length at hand, and, to be well-placed when the proceedings begin, Russia is busily coquetting with King Alexander of Servia. On the understanding that in case of a partition of the Turkish Empire, Servia will obtain an extension of territory in the sanjak of Novi Bazar and from portions of Macedonia, Alexander is being urged to consent to a military convention with Russia. If the arrangement is concluded the Servian forces would be virtually a part of the Russian army.

WHO'S GOING TO CARRY IT?

—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle



THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF CHINA

—New York Herald

It would be easy to warn Servia of the Bear that walks like a man, but what are these Balkan countries to do? A writer the other day declared that the Treaty of Berlin had doomed the Balkan provinces to a generation of uneasiness and intimidation. Instead of creating one strong state out of the dismembered European possessions of Turkey, they had been cut up into little weakling principalities unable to preserve their self-respect and forced to cringe for the favour of their big neighbours. Russia being not only near, but formidable, the "little peoples" have to pretend to be fond of the blatant beast that is preparing for their mastication. The fate of the gallant M. Stambuloff is a warning as to what anti-Russian patriots in the Balkans may expect, and as a consequence no one has dared to take up the role of the murdered statesman. The action of Great Britain and the other Powers who devised the treaty of Berlin was analogous to that of the shepherds who put the lambs in the sheepfold and then withdraw with their dogs, leaving the wolves ravening outside. Those who take an interest in the making of history should keep an eye on current events in the south-eastern corner of Europe for the next few months.

The tribulations of another "little people" have been somewhat lost sight of amid the clash of arms and the note of mighty changes in the far east. Despite the various distractions elsewhere Russia is proceeding steadily with the Russification of Finland. The latest move is to stifle all discussion likely to encourage the spirit of protest. The local censors throughout Finland have been ordered to prevent the publication in newspapers of any complaints or criticism of the police authorities as well as of the reports of the trials of persons who have made such complaints. No articulate sound will henceforth be heard from the little victim. The curious thing is that the notion has gone abroad that the extinguishment of Finn aspirations is said to be preparatory to the carrying out of designs against Norway. That Norway would be a valuable appendage to the Russian Empire, little inferior to Constantinople itself from the maritime point of view, will be readily admitted. It is altogether unlikely, however, that there is anything in the story. Russia has become the favourite national bogey, and all sorts of ambitions and sinister designs are attributed to her. In the present state of her internal affairs, no very decisive steps will be taken even along the lines which are known to be set purposes with her statesmen, but when the hand of famine is raised and the finances once more begin to show a smiling countenance, the Colossus that now stretches in a vast band around half the world will begin to bestir his mighty bulk.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

WITH noblemen engaging in trade, with international relations affected by trade, with society dominated by the moguls of trade, it is hardly to be expected that our educational systems shall remain untouched by the fires from the new altar. Upper Canada College, which Dr. Parkin has restored to its place as the only leading preparatory school in Canada, established a commercial course two years ago having "for its avowed object the education of the prospective business man along lines which shall fit him for entering upon business life with the minimum of friction." Latin was abolished in this course and greater attention given to bookkeeping, writing and commercial arithmetic, typewriting and shorthand are optional and must be studied after school hours.

TRADE AND EDUCATION.

Now some of the universities are being persuaded to add commerce to their list of studies. Business courses are to be instituted, so that every man attending a university will have a chance to qualify himself for the newer and higher life of trade. In other words, "education" and "learning" are to be divorced.

It is hard to foretell the probable effect of this change in our attitude towards college and university work. We may soon inaugurate a day when the man who never heard of Homer and Xenophon, of Virgil and Livy, of Chaucer and Spenser, of Goethe and Rousseau shall be given greater respect than the man who has been broadened by a certain familiarity with the works of these men. Indeed, the day seems imminent. The newspaper has little to say of the scholar, but much to say of the millionaire. A man's status in society is determined approximately by his rating in the books of the commercial agencies. Art and music, sculpture and philosophy are still worshipped but from a decidedly utilitarian standpoint.

While admitting the power and importance of wealth and trade, the value of culture to the happiness of the individual and the nobility of the nation must not be overlooked. Last month an attempt was made in this periodical to estimate the progress of culture—in prose, poetry, general literature and art. This month a similar attempt is made to indicate our national position in regard to architecture, by taking the best example of Canadian architecture and showing what it represents and why it demands admiration. It is doubtful if ten graduates of the University of Toronto, out of the thousands who have knelt at the feet of the Chancellor, were ever taken by a professor and shown the wondrous beauties of the building in which they had studied for four years. It is doubtful if a half dozen of the professors themselves have ever seen the beauties which have been before them for years. Truly we are lacking in culture, and in no class is the lack more apparent than in the men who are supposed to be the greatest amongst us. Canada sadly needs a renaissance.

In Toronto there are some small signs of a movement for a higher art life. There is a cry for streets unbrutalized by huge overhanging signs, hideous telephone, telegraph and electric railway poles, or by buildings out of proportion to their surroundings. There is a pleading for larger and better public squares, handsomer avenues and more artistic buildings. In other cities there is a similar if weaker longing. Perhaps, after all, wealth will bring us back to culture instead of farther away from it. Perhaps, the

fears of the effect of commerce upon culture are groundless.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

It is fitting that a national publication, such as this aims to be, should upon the thirty-fourth anniversary of Confederation recall to the minds of Canadians the reasons why Confederation was brought about. It is fitting also that upon the tenth anniversary of the death of the most notable of the fathers of Confederation, that his life and work should be recalled.

Sir John Macdonald was the most notable political figure in Canada during the years just before and just after Confederation. His record has stood the test of time. The attitude which he assumed toward the mother country and toward the political future of Canada is the attitude assumed by the greatest of the men who now guide the ship of state. The policy he inaugurated with the help and assistance of men almost as able and as far-seeing as himself, is the policy of his successors to-day, whether those successors belong to the political party of which he was the great chieftain, or to the party which for years fought him most vigorously. That he was able to perceive that Canada's future depended upon national unity, national faith and British connection is much to his credit. That his successors in the office of Premier of Canada have recognized the same principles is to their credit. Praise of Sir John Macdonald implies praise for Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the others who have fought for these principles in later days.

Those who will take the time to study the speech made by Sir John Macdonald in 1865, as reprinted in part in this issue, will feel once more, and with great thankfulness, how much was accomplished at the Quebec Conference of 1864, and by the events which followed upon that gathering. Sir John had not the eloquence of Joseph Howe or D'Arcy Magee, nor the vehemence of George Brown, but he could marshal his facts with a broad and comprehensive grasp which showed the greatness which was in him. If he had weaknesses, if he loved power, if he showed some of the crudities of the politician, he was yet the greatest of those men on whom was put the god-given task of laying the foundations of the Canadian Dominion, of the nation of northmen who are yet to play an important part in the world's history.

DEATH OF MR. HARDY.

Ontario, the leading Province of the Dominion, has, until last month, mourned the death of only one premier or ex-premier. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald passed away in the early seventies. Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon. Edward Blake are still present. Hon. A. S. Hardy, who owing to ill-health was succeeded in 1899 by Hon. G. W. Ross, died on June 13th. Mr. Hardy was born in the troublous days of 1837, and spent his early days on a farm. He was educated at the famous Rockwood Academy, and was called to the bar in 1865. He made his first reputation as a lawyer, skilful in fence and defence. The Hon. E. B. Wood and Mr. Hardy were the leading counsel in the city of Brantford for many years, the former being termed "Big Thunder" and the latter "Little Thunder." In twelve years Mr. Hardy made a name for himself as a Counsel, and then politics claimed him as her own. For twenty-two years he gave of his best to his native Province, retiring with the poverty and the fame which politics brings to honest and able men. He demands our respect, since he gave much and received little. The memory of his sterling integrity, his honesty of purpose and his skill in administration will long remain in the hearts of the people he so loyally served.

There has been considerable talk about the position of Canadian Law Lord. It has been assumed by the

omniscient newspaper correspondents at Ottawa that such a position will soon be created in London by a reorganization of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is claimed that this lucky Canadian will, in addition to a title, get $30,000 a year for seven years. Sir Louis Davies denies being a candidate for the position and declares that if Edward Blake became a Law Lord for Canada he would fill the position with ability and lustre. Sir Louis thus admits the possibility of such an appointment. Other people have talked of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the present Solicitor-General. Sir Wilfrid would grace the position, but any person who will read Sir Wilfrid's speeches during the whole of his political career will easily conclude that Sir Wilfrid would be unwilling to take such a position. In fact, it is hardly likely that he would resign the high honours he now holds for others which would be no greater and which would place him in a less congenial atmosphere. As for the Solicitor-General being given this position, it is out of the question for obvious reasons.

A DOUBTFUL ADVANCE.

It is hardly likely that this scheme will ever be matured. It is doubtful if the Governments in Ottawa and London have ever considered it seriously. It is a sop—if it has been offered—which would hardly be accepted by a Colonial Government which apparently is strongly in favour of an Imperial consultative council. Nor is there any evidence that such an arrangement would be acceptable to the Governments of Australia and Cape Colony.

The first session of the ninth Parliament of Canada closed at Ottawa on May 23rd, having opened on February 6th. The references to the Queen's death and the election of a new Opposition leader were the leading events of the first few days. One of the earliest Bills was one granting five-eighteenths of two million pounds as Canada's share of the cost of an Imperial cable across the Pacific. This expenditure and that in connection with the South African contingents must not be forgotten by those who are agitating for a Canadian contribution to Imperial expenditure. A Bill to make May 24th a perpetual holiday as "Victoria Day" brings to realization a project advocated for the first time in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for October, 1896, at the suggestion of Mr. G. E. McCraney, an Ontario barrister.* An act to establish in Canada a branch of the Royal Mint, is also noteworthy. This was also one of the favourite projects of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, several articles advocating it having appeared during the past few years. In view of the increased length of the sessions, the sessional indemnity to members of the House of Commons and senators was increased from $1,000 to $1,500.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

On the whole, the session may be said to have been exceedingly creditable to those responsible for the programme and the results. One member of the House is said to have been on his feet 94 times and another 57 times. This unnecessary waste of time has, however, been frowned upon as it never was before, and we may reasonably expect that speeches of two to four hours' duration will be a feature only of our past.

Her Excellency Lady Minto has in hand the subject of suitably marking the graves of the Canadians who are buried in South Africa. Her Excellency is also working out a scheme of cottage hospitals for our newer districts. Canadians will be exceedingly grateful to Lady Minto for her interest in these two subjects. This country has been decidedly fortunate in the character of the various Governors-General sent from London to represent the Crown and no less fortunate in the character of the notable women who have reigned at Rideau Hall.

* See Vol. VII, p. 578, and Vol. VIII, p. 341.

John A. Cooper

A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS.

THE French-Canadians have furnished material for a number of novels, good, bad and indifferent, and it must be said that the theme is apt to pall upon the taste. Mr. Smith, however, in his new tale* has struck entirely new ground, and has ventured upon a rather delicate and daring subject—the relations of the church in the Province of Quebec to the civil power. There is no attempt to make the story a political disquisition, and the author is to be commended for the propriety and taste displayed in handling the vexed question of clerical powers, but the whole plot turns upon the illegality of a marriage between two Roman Catholics when performed by a Protestant minister. This appears to be the law, and the unfortunate predicament in which Severine d'Egmont finds herself differs from the Delpit case in certain respects. It is curious that the author should actually have written the novel before that *cause cèlèbre* came to the front. The *motif* of the tale is thus real and of current interest. M. d'Egmont, the scion of an ancient French family, casts his daughter off for eloping with a young violinist, whose father was an Italian organ-grinder and whose mother held the most liberal views regarding the marriage tie, to the extent of dispensing with it altogether. Giovanni, the son, therefore possesses the hereditary disdain for such trifles as the refusal of a cautious priest to marry an eloping couple when the bride is under age, and obtains a license upon which a clergyman of the English Church acts. One may not sympathize with the mediæval views of Father Cinq Mars, but neither does one sympathize with the selfishness of the lovers. They suffer for their sins, although the direst consequences seem to overtake the woman. It is not necessary here to indicate the outcome of the plot, except to say that it is readable and at times dramatic. There are certain evidences of crude melodrama, such as the episode of Friar Fontaine, which might easily have been dispensed with.

* A Daughter of Patricians. By F. Clifford Smith. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

THE ABANDONED FARMER.

The name of Mr. Sydney H. Preston is new in the list of Canadian writers, and his first novel—his previous attempts having been short stories for the United States magazines—is a departure from anything hitherto produced by our native authors. The experiences of Henry Carton as an amateur farmer are droll throughout.* When the editor of the newspaper on which Henry was employed assigned him the agricultural department, the latter protested that he "did not know much about agriculture." This was scarcely candid, because, in the event, he knew nothing about it. The editor, however, assigned him the exchanges, the farmer's cyclopædia and the scissors, told him to be as funny as he liked, provided there was always a grain of horse-sense at the bottom, and took kindly to Henry's suggestion of "planting summer boarders in rows three feet apart." We are not told the fate of this journalistic experiment, which would have been diverting and original, since all the agricultural journals which have come under our notice, whatever their merits, have certainly not been funny. Instead, Henry be-

* The Abandoned Farmer. By Sydney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

comes a farmer himself on a small scale, that is he rents a farmhouse and some acres. This is done for his boy's health, and, incidentally, of course, to provide material for the story, although we still think his career of agricultural editor if followed up would have done equally well if not better. Be that as it may, the agricultural editor tries conclusions with a real agriculturist and is badly worsted at every point. Peter Waydean is the abandoned, i.e., wicked, farmer who "does up"—to use a colloquialism—his innocent tenant on all occasions. Mr. Preston's humour is quiet, effective, and entertaining. His book has been compared to some of Stockton's work, a poor compliment, seeing that it is never wearisome or silly, while the humour is not forced. One can well believe that the author can further develop this vein to good effect, and that his present book will be popular.

CANADA'S PART IN THE WAR.

The work just issued by Mr. W. Sanford Evans on the part played by Canada in the Boer War,* is one of the most important books of the year, whether viewed from a Canadian standpoint or from the wider aspect of latter-day Imperialism. Mr. Evans has covered the whole ground suggested by the outbreak of sympathy in this country with the Motherland, the raising of a force here to co-operate with the British Army, the political issues evoked by the war, and the actual campaigns themselves, and he has done it all with clearness, vigour and candour. His view of events is so comprehensive and well-balanced that it possesses the characteristic of having been worked out long after the events were over, instead of being, as it must have been, the product of a temperate and fair-minded critic writing before the strong political and military feelings aroused by the war had subsided. We see no reason to doubt that Mr. Evans' book will continue to be the standard authority on this interesting incident in our history and that it will be quoted in

Illustrated from "The Heart of the Ancient Wood"

* The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism: a study and a story. By W. Sanford Evans. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

"'HE'S A BACHELOR,' SAID VIRGINIA; 'WHAT USE HAS HE GOT FOR IT?'"
Illustration from "The Crisis"

years to come as an exceptionally important piece of testimony on contemporary events. Naturally the book recalls the angry controversies which raged around the sending of the contingents, and as long as men differ at the bidding, or at least at the suggestion, of a few political leaders, without being able to divest themselves of personal concern for the fate of one party or another, so long will different opinions be held of the action of the Canadian Government at the time of the sending of the contingents. This is still a vexed question. It bristles with the difficulties that surround all party issues. We merely allude to it as an evidence that the author's task was no easy one. If his narrative of events, his patient and intelligent analysis of the situation, displease anyone it will only be those persons who cannot bear to think that any part of the truth rests with their opponents. It would be hard for a stranger reading the book to infer that Mr. Evans is a pro-

minent Conservative journalist, nor would it be easy to define the extent of his Imperialism. He is sane at all points, a tribute that can be paid to very few writers of history, past or present. After a careful study of the conditions in Canada prior to the despatch of troops, the author records their military achievements in the modest fashion that marks all his writing, and he concludes with some reflections on the working of the Imperial system which may be digested at leisure by those who think on these subjects. The book is attractively bound, well illustrated and a very satisfactory specimen of bookmaking. It should be highly successful, for the industry, honesty and ability of the author have contributed to the production of an indispensable chronicle of Canada's share in the war.

The chief interest to foreigners in an American story like "The Crisis" * is its portrayal of Abraham Lincoln who must always possess a great attraction for students of character in all countries. The scenes are those of the civil war, and St. Louis, where North and South met on even terms, is the stage whereon most of the characters play their parts. Anything like a brief general narrative of the war is not attempted, but at various stages of the great conflict, vivid pictures are given which recreate the leading events and weave them around the tale. Some knowledge of the war is taken for granted and there are times when the author seems to us to fail in coherency and clearness, but perhaps this is the result of rapid reading, for the story is of absorbing attraction, and the reader hurries on from chapter to chapter as quickly as he can. But as already said, the distinctive feature is Lincoln who, as far as one can judge, is well done by a sympathetic hand. His uncouth manners, funny stories, and largeness of mind and heart are all depicted by the author who has apparently made a study of his subject without giving it an undue proportion in the book. "The Crisis" will enhance the author's reputation. It is written with some regard for the feelings of both combatants in the great struggle.

* The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The qualities which made Miss Fowler's previous books so popular are visible in her new one* : witty dialogue, epigram, and a good deal of shrewd philosophy. These tales deal almost wholly with persons in a certain class of society, and none of them (persons or tales) is in any respect remarkable. But they talk amusingly and well, their actions throw some light on phases of modern society, and reflect the charm a bright and clever woman can put without effort into anything she writes. That it is an epoch-making book cannot of course be said ; that it is agreeable and entertaining goes without saying.

The educational authorities in Ontario are very lax seeing that they have allowed the principal of Gravenhurst High School to establish an arboretum in the grounds of that institution. This is most daring. In this arboretum are specimens of practically all the trees and shrubs in the district and they are studied by the scholars.

This teacher has offended further. He has prepared a little manual which he calls "Sylvan Ontario," † in which he attempts to popularize the study of trees and shrubs. He simplifies it so that any man or boy, if he can read at all, may study these native trees and know all about them. He may also classify in a general way the ordinary specimens he meets. These modern ideas are too progressive for this country and an example should be made of this revolutionary Gravenhurst schoolmaster. His name is W. H. Muldrew.

* Sirius: a volume of fiction. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

† Toronto: William Briggs. Soft leather, $1.00.

IDLE MOMENTS

UTTERLY ROUTED.

IT is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age, as the following failure proves:

"And what is your age, madam?" was his question.

"My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam; but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I mean, how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?" the lawyer went on testily.

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age?"

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the lawyer coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell you how old I was, if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there!"

And the vanquished one passed on to the next question.—*Selected.*

THE WOODLARK'S SONG.

The woodlark hopped on the maple limb
And raised his voice and sang,
And thro' the depths of the forest dim
These merry wild notes rang:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

Hid in the green woods across the way
His mate took up the strain,
And again rang out the joyous lay,
Again the sweet refrain:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

The rovers who from over the foam
To this new country came
Heard among the trees the same glad tone
And caught the magic name:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

Sing ye who will of the eagle swift
Or of the nightingale,
The lark that sings in the summer lift;
But we the woodlark hail.
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

William Matheson.

A PRIZE POEM.

Some time ago the Podunk *Herald* offered a prize of $1.00 for the best poem "on the ravages of rum," open to the public school children of Podunk County. The winner was Miss Leonora Skifflings (aged 11) of Coldwater township. We herewith present this striking poem. It is true that it often transgresses established rules of rhyme, metre and even of grammar, but we would call attention to the following points of excellence: (1) The wonderful knowledge of the laws of cause and effect as applied to strong drink; (2) the powerful word painting of the horrors of delirium tremens; (3) the strict adherence to established ideals of "temperance" literature.

THE DEMON RUM.

O! Brother, see that sad-faced man,
All battered, tattered, solemn, glum;
From which or whence has all this come?
O! Brother! 'twas the demon Rum.

What makes those once bright eyes to glower?
Perhaps, perchance, "a whiskey sour;"
And whence that horrid pimply rash?
Maybe, mayhap, from "Brandy Smash."

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

His beauteous wife whom once he loved ;
Alas, alack, he can't abide her ;
What chilled the current of his love ?
'Twas drinking ice-cold, hard-pan cider.

He once was cheerful, bright and gay
(If one might say so) almost frisky.
He's slow as chilled molasses now.
What worked the change ? Why, drinking whiskey !

He once was rosy, sleek and fat.
Behold him, pallid, wan and thin ;
What made him so ? O ! Sisters dear !
'Twas sipping down of London gin.

Behold the way his head-piece wags,
The sad result of countless "jags ;"
That palsied shake, that horrid leer
Were born of drinking bitter beer.

At times he sees the sky-blue dog
Tackle the pale-green cat,
While fiery serpents sizzle round
As umpires of the spat ;
And purple horses shod with fire
Are climbing lofty trees
And fanning with their scarlet tails
The circumambient breeze.

What is it ails this once good man
That he such sights should see ?
My friends, he is only ending up
A splendid "Jamboree" ;
It's just a free old circus show
Which bar-men all throw in
To everyone who buys enough
Of whiskey, rum or gin.

O ! Brother dear ! thou hast a child,
A manly son, a lovely daughter,
Ah, show the way where safety lies
In shunning rum and drinking water.

If water isn't always nice
Resist the more the Devil's slop,
And blow yourselves (if blow ye must)
On sweet, refreshing "Ginger pop."

G.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

I listen to the rolling of the
Waves, waves, waves,
And watch my dear Lucinda as she
Laves, laves, laves.
Her tangled hair is yellow
And also out of curl,
Her shapely limbs are gleaming,
Her skirts are in a whirl.
Ah ! surely there was never
Such a wilful, wanton girl.
And how I love Lucinda mid the noisy rolling waves,
I love her best of all as she
Laves,
Laves,
Laves.

I listen to the bike-bells with their
Peal, peal, peal,
As I sit behind sweet Mary on a
Wheel, wheel, wheel.
Her smooth brown hair is parted,
Without a sign of bleach,
Her ankle is perfection,
Her cheek—well it's a peach !
Ah ! surely there was never
Such fruit within my reach.
And how I love sweet Mary, with her heart as true as steel.
I love her best of all upon a
Wheel,
Wheel,
Wheel.

I listen to the music with its
Prance, prance, prance,
As I lead the stately Gladys in the
Dance, dance, dance.
Her raven hair is a-la-mode,
Her stunning dress is blue,
Her large brown eyes are melting,
And the way she looks at you !
Ah ! surely there was never
Such a step—so light and true.
And how I love dear Gladys with her dark coquettish glance.
I love her best of all in the
Dance,
Dance,
Dance.

Ah ! past and gone forever are those
Days, days, days.
And, alas ! I see the "finish" of my
Ways, ways, ways.
A widow did the business
With her shiny bags of gold.
She isn't very fetching,
And, well—she's rather old !
Ah ! surely hearts were never
For such golden shekels sold.
And how I love my widow with her sovereign little ways,
I love her best of all 'cause she
Pays,
Pays,
Pays.

Laura B. Thompson.

PAT'S STREET CAR RIDE.

Pat boarded a car down near the Woodbine the other evening, says a Toronto paper. He carried a dinner pail in his hand and an Irish countenance of saffron hue above his shoulders. And, all forgetful of the fact that Big Ben had announced that seven o'clock had come and gone, he made a jab at the slit in the fare box with a red ticket. "Too late for that," the conductor said as he pulled the box

away. And Pat's eye struck the colour of the ticket. "Sure, now, I t'ought it was a blue one," he said. He gazed at it as if it was to blame for its colour, till the conductor interrupted him with another impatient "Fare, please." "Oh, av coorse," Pat said, and he proceeded to go through his pockets, wondering audibly the while where that ticket could have got to. He ceased his searching and wondering as the conductor left him to his work and went on to collect the other fares, and a pleased grin broke over his sunset features. But he was searching hard again when the conductor returned. The latter was getting suspicious. "Come, now, hurry up or you'll have to get off," he remarked sourly. "Sure, now, and ye wouldn't put a poor man off," said Pat. The conductor, for answer, jerked the bell, and as the car pulled up in front of a wayside inn he motioned to Pat to alight. "Oh, I'll get off, I'll get off," the latter murmured as he climbed down the steps. And when he reached the ground a little smile leaked out of the corner of his mouth. "Sure," he said, "I was jist comin' up to Jimmie's for a pail of beer, anyway."

DON'T CUT THE CURLS TOO SOON.

A merchant living on Bloor Street poked fun at his boy because he had long curly hair, and called him a girl, and from that moment the kid hated his curls, and cried himself to sleep. And in the morning the old man stole him out by the back door while his wife was in the parlour. The curls fell on the barber shop floor one by one, and the lad jumped from the chair and said, "Pa, I'm a man now. Give me a cigarette."

Don't cut the curls too soon. When the curls go, discontent creeps in, and we pass from the joyous hour of innocence, and begin to know; and when we know, pain comes, for the truth is hard.

Don't cut the curls too soon; the mud pies, the skirts, the dirty hands and faces, the soap bubbles, the blocks, the toys, the dolls that roll their eyes and speak, the mysteries of Christmas, of birth, of death, of life, go with them. Don't cut the curls too soon.

Too soon at best some little child will find that if he would succeed, life is but a battle, and a bitter battle too. Don't cut the curls too soon.—*Toronto Star.*

PUNISHED AND PARDONED.

Last night my little son was sent
  Unkissed to bed, with angry eyes
  And lips that pouted wilful-wise;
This was his mother's punishment—
  A gentler woman does not live,
  But yet she tarried to forgive.

The childish fault, the passionate deed,
  They must be checked; so in the gloom
  He stumbled to his little room;
He was too proud to weep or plead.
  I saw his mother's eyes grow dim,
  In tender yearning following him.

But in the silence when he slept,
  Undried the tears lay on his cheek,
  The little face seemed very meek.
How piteously, perchance, he wept
  Before he took to slumberland
  The grief he could not understand!

Then tenderly his mother smoothed
  The fair-tossed hair back from his brow,
  And kissed the lips so passive now,
But woke him not, since he was soothed,
  And there beside his little bed,
  She knelt and prayed awhile instead.

Ah! so, dear God, when at the last
  We lie with closed and tear-stained eyes,
  And lips too dumb for prayers or sighs,
Sorry and punished for the past,
  Surely Thou wilt forgive and bless,
  Being pitiful for our distress!

—*Boston Gazette.*

A MUSICAL JOY

It is safe to say that music wields a wonderful power over every individual—it soothes, inspires and delights mankind—therefore how essential it is that the Piano in your home, at your entertainment, should be of the highest type, one that will produce the sweetest harmonies without the introduction of the least discord to break the spell of music's charm. In seeking this instrument look up

THE WILLIAMS PIANO

Do not purchase until you have inspected and tested THE WILLIAMS PIANO. Thousands of them in use to-day are bearing testimony to their merits as high-class mediums of pleasing the musical critic, giving cheer to the home life and delighting audiences.

If you have not a WILLIAMS PIANO Representative in your district write or call upon us, and we will show you an instrument built for the people and used by the people.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Company, Limited

143 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

TO BE OBTAINED AT ALL DRUG STORES.

CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,

SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,

At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,
HYPERŒMIA OF THE LIVER,
GALL STONES, DIABETES,
CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,
RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

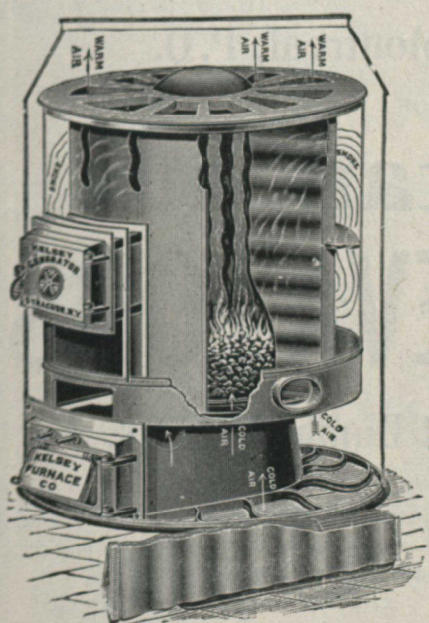
The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,
LONDON,
LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

SAVED 25 PER CENT.



and secured much more satisfactory results

BY USING

KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR (Patented)

HAMILTON, ONT., May 13th, 1901.

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Brockville, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the "Kelsey" which you placed in my house last fall. As compared with the previous furnace, the saving in fuel for the winter season was at least twenty-five per cent., and the heat produced much greater and **more regularly maintained and evenly distributed** throughout the whole house. In fact, in all respects, the "Kelsey" gave satisfaction, and the heated atmosphere was **pure and free from gas** and unpleasant odors. Yours faithfully, THOS. C. HASLETT, Barrister, etc.

Kelsey's are the only warm air device so constructed as to make it possible to warm and **ventilate** Large Residences, Schools and Churches properly and economically.

The Kelsey can be seen at the Pan-American Exposition.

Our printed matter tells all about them, gives the experience of Kelsey users, and shows the class of buildings being warmed both in the U.S. and Canada.

The JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited, Brockville, Ont.

Exclusive Makers for Canada.

When you write mention "Canadian Magazine."

A LOVELY WOMAN

is the fairest flower in the garden of humanity. Every woman can be lovely—after her own style—with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, and with every line of beauty fully developed.

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

will bring out her beauty, fill in the hollows, cover up the bones and angles, round out the curves and develop all her lines of beauty. It is a flesh and tissue builder that will make any woman plump and round and rosy, as she was meant to be. Try it yourself, and your mirror will show you a pleasant surprise.

"I have used Pabst Malt Extract, The 'Best' Tonic myself, and have recommended it to my patients during severe attacks of the grip. If it is not the 'Best,' there is none better." IRA B. READ, M. D., New York City.

"As for your 'Best' Tonic, I have proved its excellencies many times, both on my patients and myself,
E. H. HARDINGE,
Lady Supt. Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital.

"I value Pabst Malt Extract as the best of all Tonics, having used it a good deal while in the hospital."
M. B. UMBERGER, Trained Nurse.

"I have prescribed 'Best' Tonic for my patients, and the result in each instance has been good as a Tonic, and a helpful stimulant to digestion." DR. M. S. WARD; Newark, N. J.

Send for Booklet
PABST BREWING CO. (Tonic Dept.)
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

No. 361.

Hall's Wine.

When medicine has done all it can do, and when food has done or is doing appreciably nothing, Hall's Wine is wanted, and wanted immediately.

It is the particular duty of Hall's Wine at the convalescent stage to restore strength to the system, and appetite to the invalid.

We have never heard of any palate being so hard to please but what it has taken Hall's Wine with avidity; and we have never known a case of weakness or depression that has not promptly been benefitted by one, or two bottles if necessary.

Hall's Wine is equally efficacious against the tendencies to illness, such as taking cold, neuralgic attacks, and the lingering effects of influenza. Against all complaints that depend upon the system being low in tone, it is a sure safeguard, and should be resorted to as a preventive

Prescribed by English physicians in the treatment of simple and complex nerve and blood complaints.

Sold by druggists, licensed grocers, and wine merchants in Canada.

Write for Booklet.

Proprietors:
Stephen Smith & Co., Limited,
Bow, London, England.

A Summer Necessity

Enjoy Turkish Baths at Home by using a Dominion Folding (Combination) Hot Air and Vapor Bath Cabinet, nature's health preserver and producer. Saves medicine and doctors' bills.

Our No. 14 Fibre Board Cabinet, complete, Vaporizer, Thermometer and directions, sent express prepaid to any address on receipt of price, $6.00.

Dominion Vapor Bath Cabinet Co.
DUNDAS, ONT.

Oil—Smelter—Mines.

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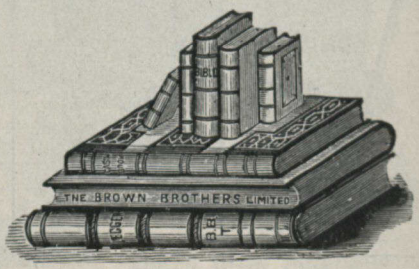

THE BROWN BROS., Limited

51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Fashionable Hair Goods and Hair Dressing

WITH PATENT SWITCH

WITHOUT PATENT SWITCH

If a lady neglects her hair she neglects her general appearance

THERE is nothing which gives a more favorable impression in a lady's appearance than a daintily arranged head of hair. A fine figure, a pretty robe "and a neglected coiffure" is just like soup without salt, there is something wanting. It is difficult for a lady to dress her hair becomingly if she has not sufficient hair of her own. An addition of a Curl, Bang or Switch will at once make a decided improvement and facilitate the dressing of one's own.

We give here an illustration of a "New Device" of Hair Switch which attaches itself around a lady's hair with a spring in such a manner so that the Switch can either be easily and artistically interwoven and dressed with the lady's own hair or hide her hair entirely.

It is the easiest and most natural way to fasten a Switch on to the head. The "**New Device**" of Switch is "Patented," and has met with such great success and demand that already some unreliable dealers are advertising an imitation which fastens with a string **instead of a Spring.**

ARMAND'S SELF-FASTENING SWITCH

ARMAND'S Patent Self-Fastening Switch can be obtained at **J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge St., Cor. Carlton St., TORONTO,** and the principal Hair Dealers in Canada and the United States. Every Switch bears **ARMAND'S Patent Self-Fastening Switch** in Gold Letters. Particular attention should be given to secure the genuine article.

There are also pretty styles of **SUMMER BANGS** beautifully light and natural, for out-door, sea-side or country; it saves trouble and time, as well as one's own hair, from the continual strain of curling. For further particulars call and inspect or correspond with

J. Trancle-Armand & Co.

441 Yonge St., Cor. Carlton - TORONTO, CANADA

Telephone Main 2498

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PROTECT and beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 99 and 101 Queen Street East, Toronto.

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

I WILL SEND FREE TO ANY MOTHER A SAMPLE of **BED-WETTING**, a simple remedy that cured my child of bed-wetting.

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Fine Summer Laces *By Mail.*

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The Largest Assortment in Canada.

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DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

GUM LANCET TRADE MARK.

WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

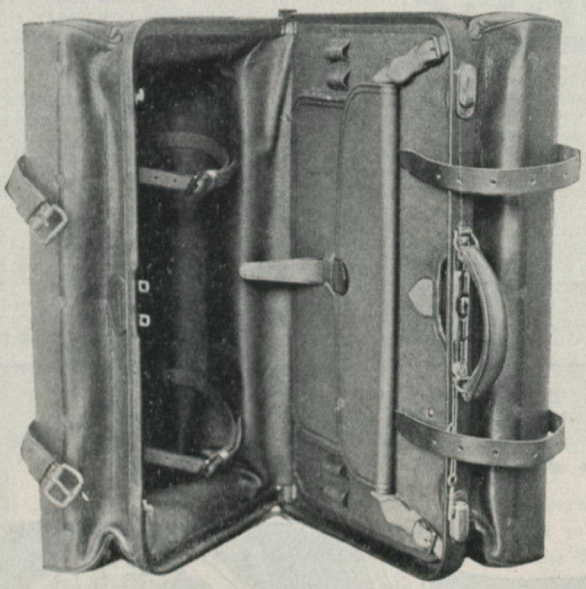
DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road, HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.

LUBY'S Gives New Life to the Hair.


PURE GOLD
GOODS
PURE GOLD
JELLY
ORANGE
The Canadian Standard of Excellence
PURE GOLD
JELLY
LEMON
PURE GOLD
SPICES
Strawberry Jelly Receipt
Pick over a Box of Strawberries and pour over them one (dissolved) package Pure Gold Strawberry Jelly and set away in a cool place. Serve with or without cream. Add sugar if desired sweeter.



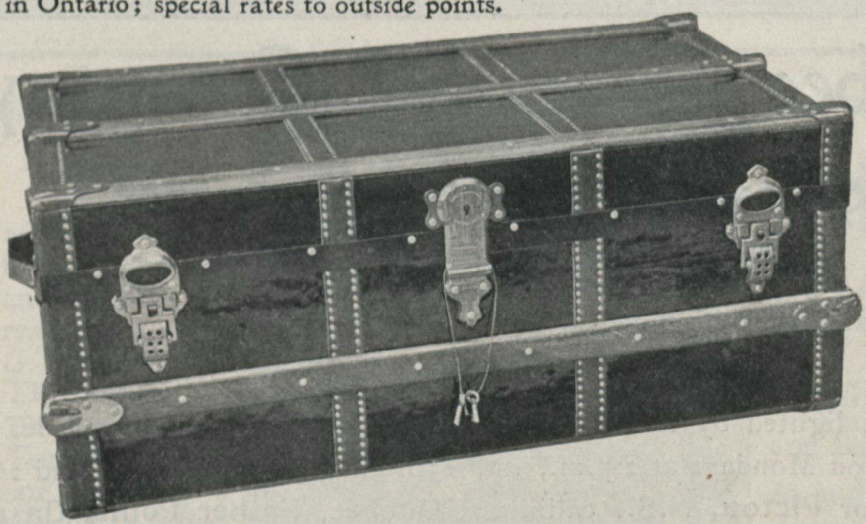
The
"Bellows Bag"

Made with stiff sides, with pliable gussets, when strapped tight is just about the size of a suit case, but expands to double its size. Made of specially tanned leather, leather lined, sewed-in frame, mat finished brass mountings, best lock.

20 in., $20.00; 22 in., $22.00;
24 in., $24.00.

We have a very large display of everything in Traveling Goods, and everything we handle is made by ourselves.

Our **Illustrated Catalogue, No. 7-C,** describes all our goods, with prices. Out-of-town purchasers can select from the Catalogue quite satisfactorily. We prepay delivery charges in Ontario; special rates to outside points.



We make Over Fifty Different Styles of **Dress Trunks** IN Leather, Basket AND Basswood and Fifteen Styles in Steamer Trunks.

No. 4855 is Leather Bound, with Brass Corners, all Riveted, Cover Lined, with Tray. 32 in., $12.00; 34 in., $12.50; 36 in., $13.00. Lettered and Sent Pre-paid.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. Limited

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

The "Imperial Limited"

The overland train service has been very much quickened—96 hours Toronto to the Pacific Coast.

THE "IMPERIAL LIMITED" trains will run DAILY between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN EACH DIRECTION IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS.

WESTBOUND

Leave Montreal daily (Sunday included) 9.30 a.m.
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At Fort William the new trains will connect with the Upper Lake Steamships plying tri-weekly between Fort William, Sault St. Marie and Owen Sound.

Dining Cars will run between Montreal and North Bay, Grassett and Ignace, Winnipeg and Parkbeg and Gleichen to Canmore. Meals will be served at Company's Chalet Hotels at Field, Glacier and North Bend.

ON this truly "IMPERIAL TRAIN" *more magnificent scenery* can be seen than on any other Railway in the world in the same time.

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Eastern Lines
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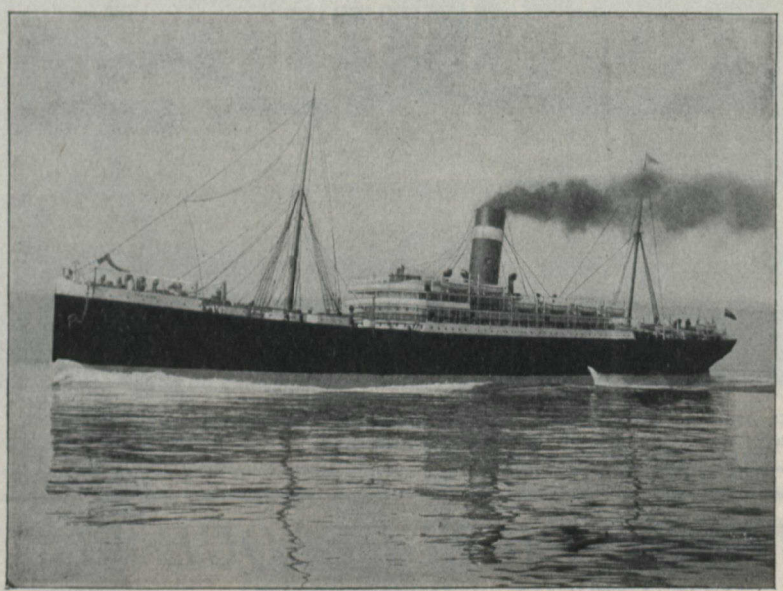
ALLAN LINE

Montreal, Portland or Halifax to Liverpool



The Allan Line Twin Screw Steamer "Tunisian."

BAVARIAN, - - 10,375 Tons Twin Screws
CORINTHIAN, - - 8,000 Tons

TUNISIAN, - - 10,575 Tons Twin Screws
SICILIAN, - - - 7,500 Tons

PARISIAN, 5,500 Tons

These fine new Steamers, or others of the fleet, sail **Weekly** from Liverpool and from Montreal, Portland or Halifax, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the Steamers which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels.

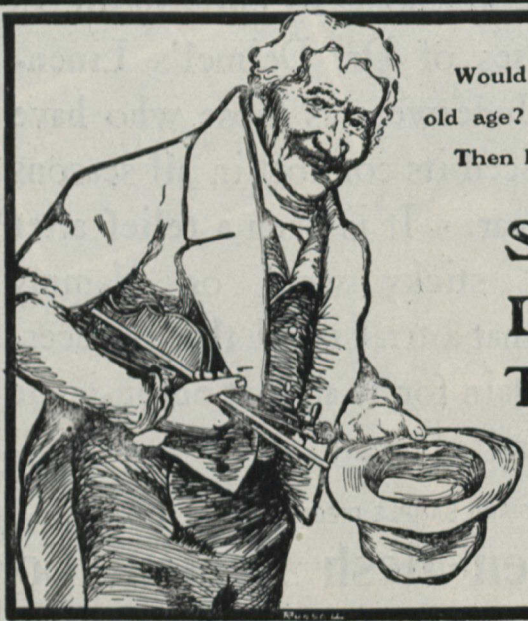
The hour of sailing is arranged to make connection with trains arriving from the West and South.

Rates of passage are lower than via New York.

For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, TORONTO
or H. & A. ALLAN, MONTREAL


SURPRISE
SOAP



Would you attain a happy, healthy old age?

Then be kind to your stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

Greatly help overworked stomachs and correct all troubles due to indigestion.

A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

Every Man Must be That to Retain His Health and Digestion

THERE are thousands of people in this world who eat no meat from one year's end to another, and certain savage tribes in Africa and Polynesia are almost exclusively meat eaters; but while there are thousands of these, there are millions who live upon a mixed diet of meat, vegetables and grains, and if numbers is a criterion it would seem that a mixed diet is the best for the human family.

The fact that you will find many vegetarians who appear healthy and vigorous and meat eaters equally so, and any number of robust specimens who eat both meat and vegetables and anything else that comes their way, all goes to show that the old saw is the true one, that every man must be a law to himself as to what he shall eat and drink.

To repair the waste of tissue in brain workers, as well as to replace the muscle and sinew of the laborer, can only be done through the process of digestion.

Every nerve, muscle, sinew, every drop of blood is extracted from the food we eat and digest.

In these days of hustle and worry and artificial habits of life, scarcely one person in a thousand can lay claim to a perfect digestion. Dyspepsia is a national affliction, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a national blessing.

Most cases of poor digestion are caused by failure of the stomach to secrete sufficient gastric juice, or too little Hydrochloric acid and lack of peptones, and all of these important essentials to perfect digestion are found in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in convenient palatable form.

One or two of these tablets taken after meals insure perfect digestion and assimilation of the food.

Cathartic pills and laxative medicines have no effect whatever in digesting food, and to call such remedies a cure for dyspepsia is far fetched and absurd.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain pepsin, free from animal matter, diastase and other digestives, and not only digest all wholesome food but tend to increase the flow of gastric juices, and by giving the weak stomach a much needed rest bring about a healthy condition of the digestive organs and a normal appetite.

Nervous, thin-blooded, run-down people should bear in mind that drugs and stimulants cannot furnish good blood, strong muscles and steady nerves; these come only from wholesome food, thoroughly digested. A fifty cent box of Stuart's Tablets taken after meals for a few weeks will do you more real good than drugs, stimulants and dieting combined.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is probably the safest, most popular and successful digestive on the market, and sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Everyone who can afford to use the Best

BUYS

Lea & Perrin's SAUCE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL } Canadian Agents

ALWAYS ON TOP

WOOD ROLLERS TIN ROLLERS

"Always on top" is the judgment expressed by those whose experience with inferior shade rollers has conclusively proven the supremacy of the

Improved Hartshorn

When you buy the genuine Hartshorn Shade Roller, you have a guarantee against time, trouble, and the many petty annoyances caused by an inferior roller. Always look for the autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label attached to roller.

AVOID IMITATIONS NO TACKS

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

HAPPY HOMES!
HEALTHY CHILDREN!

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA Sold only in Tins

Being absolutely pure should be used in every household.

COWAN'S

Queen's Dessert Chocolate
Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Ginger
Chocolate Wafers, etc.,

are delicious Confections.

AROUND THE EMPIRE

There is an unbroken chain of

"SAFFORD RADIATORS"

Girdling the British Empire—girdling the world. voluminous testimony of the solid worth of the Safford. In thousands of quiet homes and great buildings, here and over the seas, are the links of this great chain, each a recommendation that you disregard to your cost. The world has experimented for you, and the result is "SAFFORD" the world over. There's all the, advice you need about Radiators. We will be pleased to give you any information you desire.

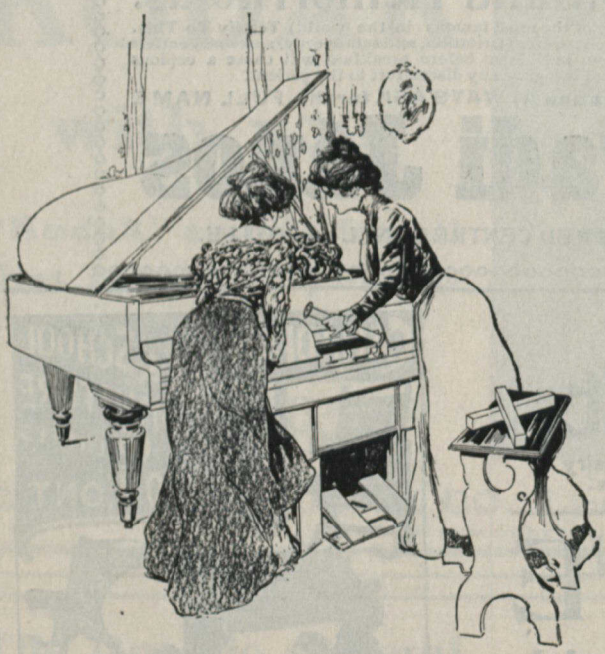
Send for Free Booklet about Heating.

Remember we are the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag, that's the recommendation the British Empire gives the "Safford."

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited,

Toronto.

The PIANOLA



The Growth of its Importance in the Summer Home.

EACH recurring season more of our customers request us to box and ship Pianolas to the country. This is significant.

When, after using it all through the winter, they go to the trouble and expense of taking it with them, often renting a piano to use with it, the deduction must be that the owners of the Pianola have a high regard for its power to entertain.

Logically, the Pianola's advantages are most marked at this season.

The pursuit of pleasure is the business of the hour, and nothing is better able than music to supply entertainment upon the many occasions when one is driven indoors or to the veranda by darkness and inclement weather. Where the Pianola is, this is always available—not machine music, wearisome in its monotony, but music so artistic and so expressive that Moszkowski himself says of it: "Anyone hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays."

Far from the concert stage and conservatory, what could give greater enjoyment to your guests than to hear the sweet melody and majestic rhythm of Chopin's Ballad in A flat, the delightful airs from the Opera of Florodora, or the old familiar tunes from the college song book?

Classic or coon-song, Grand Opera or two-step, all are ready at your command, and as available to you as though your life had been devoted to music. The Pianola makes you a musician, though you may never have studied an hour.

Nothing that you have provided for your own or your guests' amusement can possibly compare with the Pianola, and you will make an error if you do not purchase one to take to your country home. You will be convinced of this fact if you will hear the instrument at our warerooms.

Our exhibition rooms are open to visitors at all times during the day, and the merely curious are as welcome as the purchaser.

Price, $275. **Can be Purchased by Moderate Payments, if Desired**

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO.
LIMITED

32 King Street West, TORONTO

Trade Marks Registered Nov. 24, 1899.

OXYDONOR

will cause any disease to be cured by super-animating the whole system.

Oxygen is life and OXYDONOR fills your body with pure oxygen, eliminating disease naturally without the use of drugs or electricity.

OXYDONOR will cure **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Grippe, Insomnia, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, all nervous disorders, Colds.** It will improve the appetite and strengthen the nerves, giving sound sleep and thoroughly soothing an overworked brain.

It is invaluable for all **diseases** of **men, women** and **children.** Can be used by all the family and will last a lifetime. No periodical investment is required.

Capt. A. Dunlop, 180 Clergy Street, Kingston, Ont., writes March 18, 1901:—"I got No. 2 Oxydonor and am quite satisfied, for my Rheumatic Pains are gone and I feel quite a new man. I have it now in use on a relative of mine for Bright's Disease, and the change in two weeks for the better has been wonderful."

Mrs. Benj. Beveridge, Andover, N.B., writes Feb. 20, 1901:—"I have used Oxydonor successfully for Colds and Bronchitis, and I completely cured my little girl, age four years, of a severe attack of Whooping Cough."

Mrs. G. F. Simpson, Winnipeg, Man., writes April 17, 1900:—"I would not part with my Oxydonor for any money if I could not get another. It works like a charm with the children."

Prices in Canada are same as in United States.

Our descriptive book A, full of interesting information and reports from responsible people, will be mailed free to any inquirer.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations. On June 29th, 1900, judgment was rendered in the Exchequer Court of Canada, granting the proprietor of Dr. Hercules Sanche's Oxydonor and trade marks a perpetual injunction against infringers.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 2268 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL, P.Q.

UNITED STATES OFFICES:—261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich. 57 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Oxydonor is for sale in Toronto at Harbottle's Drug Store, 135 King St. West, Rossin House Block

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

Belfast, Ireland, AND 164, 166, & 170 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

(Appointments to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick.)

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples Post Free

BORDERED.

Children's	30c per doz.
Ladies'	54c "
Gents'	78c "

HEMSTITCHED.

Ladies'	66c "
Gents'	94c "

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

Price Lists Post Free

Ladies,' from 84c per doz.
Gents' 4-fold, $1.18 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from $1.42 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, $8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c extra.)

OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 70c per doz.
Dinner " $1.32 "
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c each.
Table Cloths 2½x3 yards, $1.32 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, $1.14 per doz.

N.B.—TO PREVENT DELAY, ALL LETTER ORDERS AND INQUIRIES FOR SAMPLES SHOULD BE SENT DIRECT TO BELFAST, IRELAND.

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name, we employ neither Agents nor Travellers.