

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by the general copyright, and articles must not be reprinted without special permission. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1897.

The Main Building from the South	Frontispiece	Page 298
Drawn by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.		
Reminiscences of India	Captain John Ross	299
Eight illustrations.—Interior of Fort William, Calcutta; Over- looking Hugli River and Shipping from Interior of Fort William, Calcutta; A Typical European Bungalow, Agra; The Famous "Residency," Lucknow; The Taj Mahal, Agra; Memorial Well, Cawnpore; The Famous Cashmere Gate, Delhi; Carriage used by Hindu Ladies.		
Undergraduate Life at Trinity University	H. C. Osborne	308
Six illustrations by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.—Frontispiece; West End of Main Building; Entrance to the West Wing; The Chapel; View from the Ravine; Under the Old Oaks.		
By Fire Refined. A Poem	A. P. McKishnie	315
The Mystery of an Unclaimed Reward	F. Clifford Smith	316
Chap. IV.—Conclusion.		
The Ottawa Correspondent	A. J. Magurn	322
Three illustrations from Photos and six Portraits.		
Our Game Birds	L. H. Smith	328
Four illustrations from Photos.—Quail; Ruffed Grouse; Woodcock; Snipe.		
Rosana Playing Cards. A Poem	Maud Tisdale	332
William Dean Howells. An Interview	S. F. Harrison—(Seranus)	333
With Portrait.		
So Obscure a Heart as Mine. A Poem	Ezra Hurlburt Stafford	336
The Kinetoscope	Geo. S. Hodgins	337
Plan and illustrations of film.		
The Back-Water. A Poem	Francis Sherman	340
When Dreams Draw Near. A Poem	William Carman Roberts	341
Ballad. A Poem	A. B. de Mille	341
With the Troubadour. A Poem	John Stuart Thomson	341
Friendship. A Poem	Daisy Sinclair	341
Laura. A Poem	Harry Janvier Smalley	341
The One Great Mystery. A Poem	William T. James	341
Some Recent Pictures in Amateur Photography		342
A Reverie		
Photo by J. J. Woolnough.		
Butterflies	" " "	
The Old Folks at Home	" " "	
The Evening of Life	" " "	
Good Night	" " "	
Homœopathic Remedies	" " "	
Cynthia's Love Story	Kathleen Blackburn	345
Six illustrations by Alex. MacLeod and J. D. Kelly.—Head- piece; "She Took up a Small Hand-Glass"; Tillie; "I Know—I Know, Cynthia," he said; "Then we used to go out Wheeling Together"; Tallpiece.		
New Aspects of the Old Huron Missions	A. F. Hunter, M.A.	350
Map showing the Huron Missions in the Lake Simcoe District.		
An Afternoon Casualty. A Story	M. V. McCormick	351
Across the Sea. A Sketch	Stambury R. Tarr	359
For Sweet Charity's Sake. A Story	Mary J. Wells	361
The Literary Kingdom	M. M. Kilpatrick	365
The Mood	Kathleen F. M. Sullivan	368
The Missing Link—Hard to Beat—When Cupid Broke— Thoughtful.		
Current Comment	Editorial	371

FREDERIC W. FALLS, - - Editor.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven by THE MASSEY PRESS, at the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.)

TERMS:—One dollar per annum in advance; ten cents per number. Subscribers may remit to this office per P. O. or express money-orders, or registered letters. All moneys sent through the mails are at sender's risk. Booksellers and Postmasters are authorized to receive subscriptions.

THE MASSEY PRESS, 927 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

HEADQUARTERS FOR



SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE
PEERLESS (BRANDS)

AND SALES AGENTS FOR THE
STANDARD OIL CO.'S
OIL AND PETROLEUM SPECIALTY GOODS, LUBRICATING OILS AND GREASES,
BURNING OIL, CANDLES, PARAFFINE WAX, HARNESS OIL, &c.; &c.
LARGEST OIL CONCERN IN CANADA.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LTD.
SAMUEL ROGERS, 30 Front St. East, TORONTO.
PRESIDENT.

Many Writers prefer a fine hard
Pen like

...ESTERBROOK'S... INFLEXIBLE No. 322.

If these should not suit, try some
other of Esterbrook's 150 Styles.

For Sale by All Stationers.
THE BROWN BROS. LTD.

AGENTS
64 King St. E., Toronto.

Are You Satisfied

with the present system of
heating your Factory, School ?
or Church ?



You will save money by putting
in our

"Boston Hot Blast"
Apparatus.

GEORGE W. REED & CO. - MONTREAL.

Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE CO.

ASSETS, \$55,850,000. LOSSES PAID, \$157,878,457

Insures Commercial, Farm and Dwelling House, Buildings and contents at current rates, on Ontario Government conditions. All losses in Chicago, Boston and St. John conflagrations, as well as ordinary losses, paid promptly in cash without discount or delay. Your Insurance solicited

JOS. B. REED, Agt., Toronto Dist.

Toronto Office: 20 Wellington St. E.

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Sec'y, Montreal.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN.
NO OTHER COSMETIC
WILL DO IT.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream,' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Baldness POSITIVELY CURED.

Entire new treatment of the Hair at

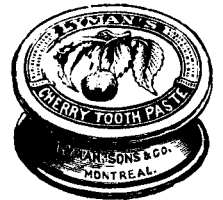
MDE. IRELAND'S

the Hair Specialist. Falling and broken hair skillfully treated. Dandruff permanently removed. Ladies and gentlemen will find the Shampooing a luxury. Mde. Ireland's Toilet and Shaving Soap has made her name famous throughout England and Canada.

HEAD OFFICE, 174 JARVIS ST., TORONTO.

BRANCHES:
24 Augusta St., Hamilton; 211 Dundas St., London;
28 Miami Ave., Detroit; 106 Sparks St., Ottawa.

Lyman's Cherry Tooth Paste



Whitens the Teeth,
Sweetens the Breath
Prevents Decay.

IN HANDSOME ENGRAVED POTS, 25 CENTS EACH.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

HED-AKE - -

WONDERFUL
HOW.....
QUICK.....
IT CURES..

"ONE MINUTE"
HEADACHE
CURE

RELIABLE Drug Stores keep or will procure it for you, others will try and sell you imitations.



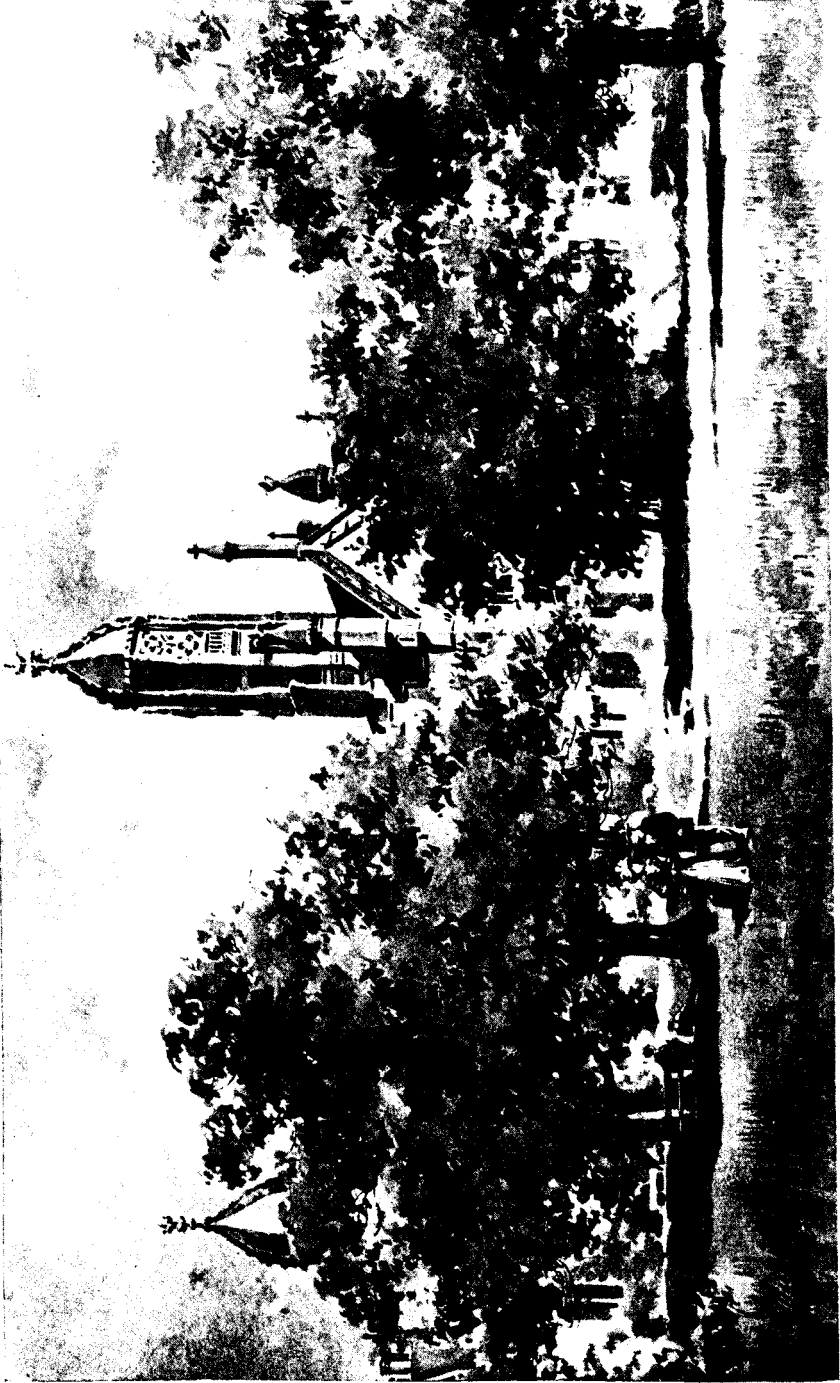
The ONLY exclusive
Dealers in

Drop a Card or Telephone us for full particulars.

Telephones:
1947 - 2933

LAKE SIMCOE ICE

Office: 18 MELINDA ST.
OPP. NEW GLOBE BLDG



FRONTISPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, MAY, 1897.

(See "Trinity University," page 308.)

THE MAIN BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH.

DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

MAY, 1897.

No. 5.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIA.

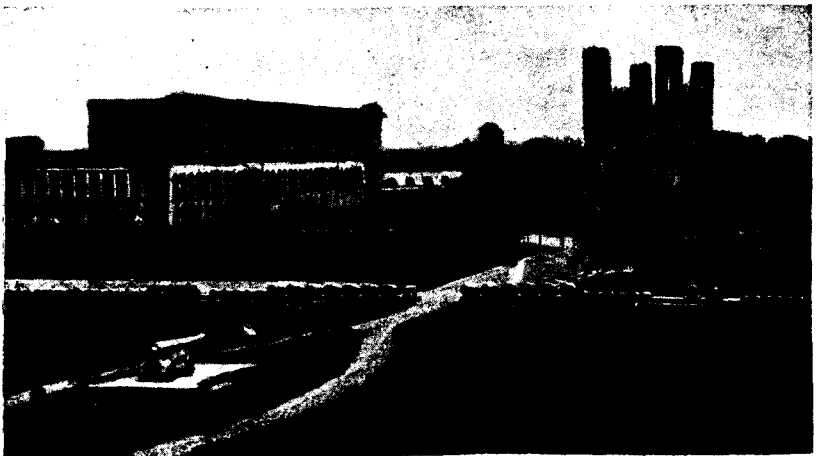
BY CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS.

Retired, H. M. 1st Border Regiment.

BUDDOO was my first bearer; I chose him from a host of others for the super-excellence of his testimonials which warranted him a "prince of bearers."

Buddoo's mild look, guileless manner, huge turban and spotless raiment, quite won my confidence and respect. He spoke English in a way that could be understood, and when he declared his willingness to follow me to Calcutta I thought myself fortunate in finding such a paragon; one, who as interpreter, mentor and guide, would help my inexperience in the country. I was told to beware of imposters in Deolalie, and to hold the testimonials of servants engaged there, as a guarantee of good faith, for sometimes

they robbed and deserted their masters on the journey. When Buddoo found I intended to keep his papers, he loudly demurred, saying: "Sahib lose papers, me ruined man, no more master got it." I assured him the papers would be returned in Calcutta, or otherwise I should have to look for another bearer, but no, he wanted to follow the sahib, and begged leave to say "good-bye to brother caste man in bazaar." When he returned in the evening he came staggering into my room, his turban all awry, the spotless garments of the morning soiled and bedraggled. Steadying himself by the door post, he salaamed profoundly, and trying to look very wise, said: "Sahib, *hum bahut matwala!*" (sir, I am very



INTERIOR OF FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.



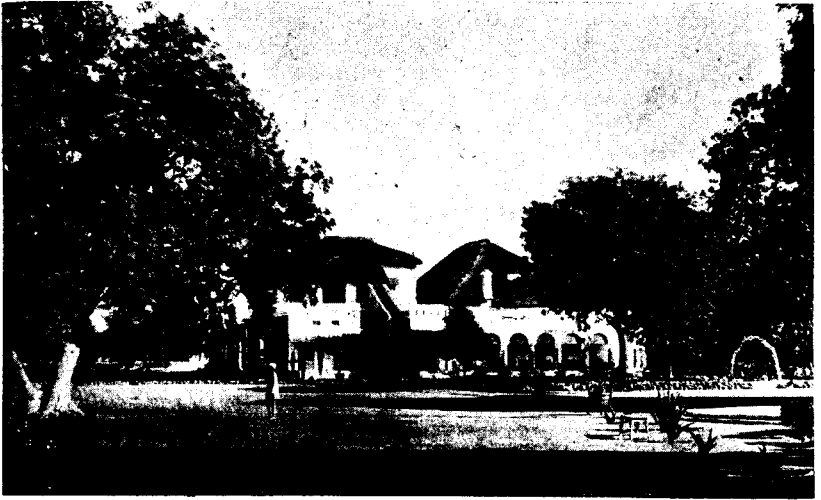
OVERLOOKING HUGLI RIVER AND SHIPPING FROM INTERIOR OF
FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.

drunk). I assured him I could see that, and ordered him to go and not show his face until sober. Next morning he appeared with a sad countenance, full of apologies for his condition of overnight.

When I returned his "papers" he admitted they were not his own but borrowed for the occasion. On telling my experience to an officer who was about to return to England, he strongly recommended his bearer, who had been with him over five years. Ontali, I liked from the first, the only difficulty was he could not speak a word of English, and I knew very little Hindustani, but he quickly understood what I wanted and did his best to carry out my wishes. He was with me over seven years, and a truer or more kindly hearted man never served another. His faithful, loving service will ever cause me to think kindly of the land and the people to which he belonged. Next in importance to the bearer stands the *khansamah*, or cook, who in addition to his culinary duties, does also the marketing, out of which he generally contrives to "feather his nest." He has a running account with the *mem sahib* (lady of the house) which in the interest of her purse and peace of mind she should check daily. My *khansamah*, likemost of his class, was a Mohammedan, as also the *khitmatgar*, or table-servant. The Indian *dhobie*, or washerman, is a pastmaster in the art of reducing linen to things of shreds and tatters; his

method is simplicity itself. Having collected his bundle of soiled linen, he betakes himself with his donkey to the nearest stream or tank; if there is a projecting rock handy to the place, so much the better, as it will save the trouble of collecting some boulders and placing them in position. These preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged he begins; laying hold of a garment that has been soaking in the water, he swings it aloft and brings it down with a strong whack on the stones, uttering at the same time a loud grunting kind of whoop which sounds like "Europe." Buttons may fly, edges may become frayed, but the *dhobie* whacks and grunts on.

The *bhisti* is another useful servant, whose duty it is to carry water for all purposes. His water-bag is made from the entire skin of a goat; it is attached to a wide belt worn over the shoulder. The *bhisti* will not allow any person of inferior caste to pollute his *mussack*, or water-skin with a touch; should a thirsty one desire a drink, he has to kneel and place his hands under his mouth like a scoop when the *bhisti* lets a thin stream of water trickle into them. There are several other servants whose duties I need not particularize, each with special work to perform. With such a division of duties, requiring so many servants, the rate of wages is consequently low. With the exception of an occasional present from the employer of some article



A TYPICAL EUROPEAN BUNGALOW, AGRA.

of dress, the native servants provide their own food and clothing. The *mehtar*, or sweeper, is the only servant who will eat the food that is left from the sahib's table. The sweeper is not troubled with many scruples of caste, as he is a Sudra, the lowest of the low, whose very shadow is, by the Brahmans, declared to be contaminating.

From the moment of landing in Bombay I began to see that the India I pictured from books and other sources

differed vastly from the India in which I lived and moved. I entertained the idea that Indian women were immured in zenanas, jealously guarded from the eyes of every man but their husbands, and not allowed to go abroad unless shrouded from head to foot in funereal-looking garments. What was my surprise to see women in thousands going about openly and freely, engaged in work of every kind without any apparent let or hindrance. At popular *fêtes* and festi-



THE FAMOUS "RESIDENCY," LUCKNOW.

"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

vals I saw women enjoying themselves on swings and merry-go-rounds and taking an active interest in all the "fun of the fair." Wherever work of any kind was going on, such as building, road-making, railway and canal constructions, large numbers of women were employed, carrying material in a light, shallow basket which they poised gracefully on the head. Far from being downtrodden or helpless, the native woman often rules not only the family but a state. Instead of regarding the zenana an unhappy abode, its inmates are proud of the distinction it confers upon them. A native woman whose husband becomes rich is as keenly anxious of becoming a "Purdah lady," as her no less ambitious western sister of being recognized as one of the exclusive "four hundred."

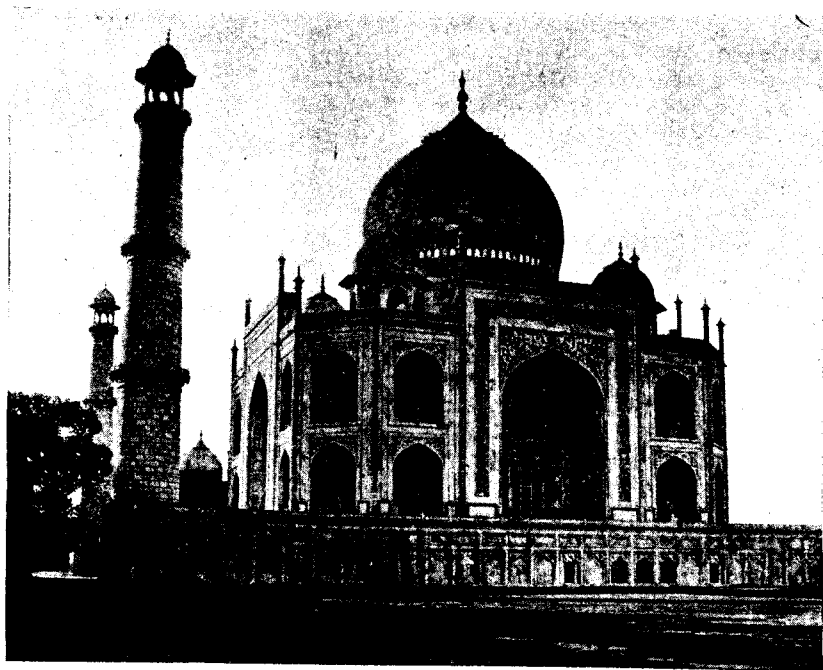
It is commonly believed that the people throughout India generally live upon rice. There could be no greater mistake, not one quarter of the population of India live upon rice, it is a luxury of the comparatively rich; millets form the chief food of the people; pulses of various kinds are largely consumed. Little or no meat is eaten by the poorer classes and the pulses supply the nitrogenous element required. Meat, however, is commonly eaten by Mohammedans when they can afford it, except pork; and the great majority of Hindus who abstain from meat, do so because it is an expensive luxury, rather than from religious scruples, with the exception of beef which no orthodox Hindu would ever touch. "The millets and pulses which form the chief food of the people, flourish throughout the greater part of India. It is only in lower Bengal and in certain districts of Madras and Bombay where the conditions of soil and climate (moisture and heat) are suitable for its abundant production, that rice forms the ordinary food of the population."

Our journey by special train from Deolalie to Calcutta took six days. To avoid the hot sun and afford the men an opportunity of getting food and rest we travelled only by night. Near each siding where the train came to a standstill, there was a "rest camp" for the accommodation of troops passing

through. It was in one of these I first heard the hideous music of the Indian jackal. It yet wanted an hour of day when the train drew into the siding. I quickly found my tent and throwing myself on a cot was soon fast asleep, but only for a moment. Without any warning I was suddenly aroused by most blood-curdling yells and screeches:—*Waai—waah—whoo—whoo—wawh—whap—whap—whop—wee—waa*, etc. Anything so unearthly I never heard; the yells of the wild Zulus in their grand charge at Ulundi were nothing to it. I had been reading some gruesome tales of the Indian Mutiny, and my first thought was that the natives had broken out and were running amuck in our lives, but I quickly discovered it was only a pack of harmless Indian jackals giving their nightly concert; I frequently heard them afterwards, but never so startlingly near as that night outside my tent.

The first and second class carriages on Indian railways are very comfortable; they are divided into compartments, each to accommodate four persons. The seats are arranged like a wagonette so that no one sits with his back to the engine. At night the seats and shelves are changed into sleeping berths. The roof is double, with an air space of several inches to keep out the hot sun, the windows also have outside wooden shades. During the hot season small grass mats are fixed in openings at the sides; these mats are kept wet and help to cool the hot blast as it rushes through, but even, with all these contrivances, travelling in the daytime during the hot season is a trying experience. The fierce rays of the sun make the carriage feel like a furnace. On a long railway journey through Rajputana, in the hottest month of the year, I had to wear a thick pith helmet to save me from sunstroke.

One of the most interesting sights in India is the crowd of natives at a railway station. Hours before the time of arrival or departure of the train, they may be seen assembling in family groups with cooking pots and bundles. Time is no object to them; they squat in groups and talk incessantly at the top of their loud voices. Fruit and sweet-meat sellers move about through the noisy



THE TAJ MAHAL. AGRA.

crowd, and with their shouting, add to the din. When the train arrives, there is a frantic rush for the seats, men run helter-skelter, followed by half-dazed women with babies in their arms and crying children at their heels. The railway officials have to do a great deal of pushing and hauling before they can get the people properly seated. Great numbers of natives travel on the railways, they generally patronize the third or fourth class, the rates being exceedingly low. The prejudices of the natives are regarded so far, that compartments are reserved for "Purdah women," but I have frequently noticed that the occupants did not appear particularly anxious to hide their faces from European gentlemen, more especially if they were accompanied by ladies. I remember one afternoon at Cawnpore a woman being brought into the railway station, closely veiled from head to foot. When she walked from her palanquin to the door of the compartment reserved for "Purdah women," sheets were held up by her male escort to screen her from public view; when she was seated and found her attendants securely lodged in the adjoin-

ing carriage, she threw aside her veil and laughed as she showed her beautiful face to our astonished gaze; the other occupants seemed to enjoy the fun, for they copied her example.

The educating influence of the railways upon the various classes of the population who ride together in crowded carriages, may be seen in the gradual weakening of the rigid rules of the caste system.

Regarding caste, it is not within the scope of this paper to say more than that the current opinion about the Hindus being divided into four great divisions, namely: religious, military, commercial and laboring classes, is only true of the Brahman, or religious caste. The Indian census reports of 1881, enumerate 1,929 different castes. As a rule, every profession, trade, guild, tribe and class is not only a distinct caste, but they exclusively eat together, and exclusively intermarry.

Calcutta is the capital of British India and the seat of supreme Government. It is situated on the left bank of the Hugli River, about eighty miles from the sea coast. The Hugli is the most

westerly of the many channels by which the "Sacred Ganges" finds its way into the Bay of Bengal. The city extends six miles along the river and has a population of 870,000. The main channel of the Hugli at Calcutta is about half a mile wide, and navigable for vessels of 5,000 tons. The river for about two miles along the city front is lined with a series of fine jetties or landing stages for ocean steamers, with intervals of broad flights of steps leading down to the water. There are also 160 mooring berths for the accommodation of the magnificent sailing ships which do much of the carrying trade of Calcutta with other parts of the world. It may be said of Calcutta, that it is built in a swamp, many parts of the city being below the level of high water. To the south are the unhealthy *sunderbunds* infested with snakes and tigers, while to the east is dense jungle. At one time Calcutta was so extremely unhealthy as to earn the title of "Golgotha," but since the introduction of a pure water supply, a proper system of drainage and other sanitary reforms it has become one of the healthiest cities in the East. Calcutta is regarded as the commercial centre of Asia.

Fort William, where I was stationed two years with my regiment, is situated on the south side of the city near the river, and commands the approach from the sea. Fort William is the largest fortress in India and with its outworks occupies an area of two square miles. It was begun by Clive in 1757, and finished in sixteen years at a cost of \$10,000,000. Within the stout ramparts of the fort are some fine buildings for the accommodation of troops and government officials. The arsenal contains a large quantity of various munitions of war, rifled canon, piles of shot, shell, etc. In the armory is kept a reserve of 80,000 rifles. The landward side of the fort is to a considerable distance kept clear of buildings. This fine open "maidan" or plain is covered with grass, smooth as a lawn; good roads, lined with shade trees, extend in every direction. Citywards it is bounded by the beautiful Eden Gardens, a favorite resort by Government House, a stately pile and many fine

public buildings, statues, monuments and palatial private residences, the whole presenting such a noble appearance when approached by the river as to gain for Calcutta the title, "City of Palaces." The climate of the low lying region in which Calcutta is situated is hot and steamy and rather enervating for Europeans; the mean temperature is about 80° Fahr. The coldest month, December, has a mean temperature of about 69°. When my regiment arrived in Calcutta we were all deeply bronzed with the magnificent South African climate, but in a few months, living in such Turkish bath kind of weather, we were bleached like white paper.

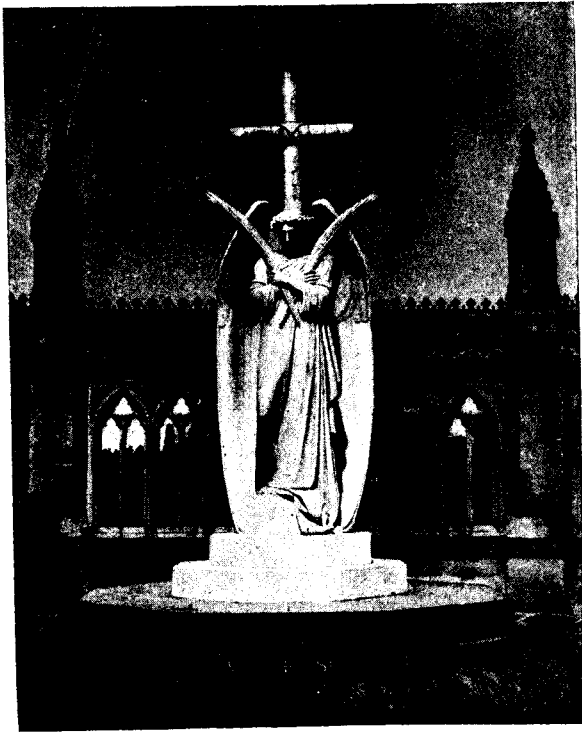
There is much in Calcutta to occupy the attention of a new-comer. Should he desire to see something of tropical vegetation he has only to take a boat and cross the river to the Government Botanical Gardens. These gardens are 272 acres in extent and front the river for nearly a mile; they are said to contain every known variety of tropical flora. A pretty lake of ornamental water winds through the grounds, but what chiefly attracted my attention was a fine specimen of the banian tree.

Of all the wonders of the vegetable kingdom it is said, there is none greater than the banian tree; a tree that never dies and continually extends itself. Every branch that is thrown out from the parent trunk sends downward a supporting shoot which takes root in the ground and becomes a parent stem. I had the curiosity to measure the area sheltered by its mighty branches and dense foliage and found it nearly 100 yards in diameter. In other parts of India there are some much larger; one I heard of covered sufficient space to shelter 7,000 persons. The traveller having exhausted the sights of the botanical gardens can recross the river and travelling along the splendid Chowringhi road which skirts the "maidan," visit the fine collection of animals in the Zoo, passing on the way the Imperial Museum, a magnificent pile of buildings in the Italian style of architecture, which contains a vast collection of Indian antiquities. The geological section is very complete, and the natural history collections of

every known beast, bird and reptile in India are intensely interesting. In general, there is only one rainy season in India, during the south-west monsoon, which begins about the end of June and lasts well into October. Calcutta is anything but a pleasant place to live in during that period. The hot, steamy atmosphere charged with dense moisture saturates everything exposed to it, necessitating everything of value in the way of photographs, silks, books,

This the soldiers have dubbed "The Queen Anne Parade."

In the rains all manner of flying, hopping and creeping things make their appearance and try to get possession of your house. To begin with, a plague of small frogs will come hopping into your bungalow; on one occasion I counted over seventy in my sitting-room, which the sweeper soon cleared out with his broom. The first fine day when there is a break in the clouds and the

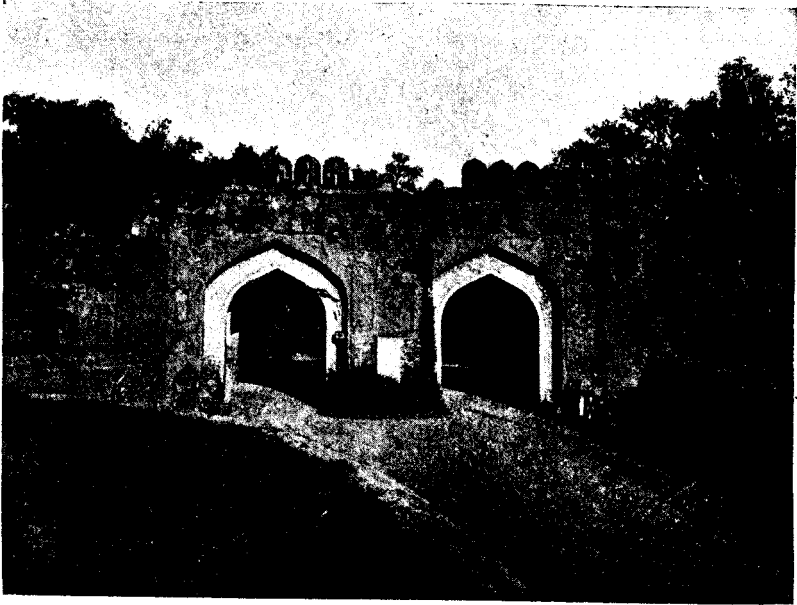


MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

etc., being kept in air-tight cases to preserve them from ruin. Boots cleaned over night are in the morning found thickly coated with green mould. Articles of dress feel so sodden and damp that they have to be spread on a wicker frame with a charcoal fire underneath to be dried.

To guard against fever one is compelled to take a dose of quinine daily. In some fever-stricken stations there is a special morning parade when each one has to take a dose of this medicine.

hot sun makes one feel as if in a vapor bath, flying ants come streaming from their nests in the ground, like smoke from a furnace, until the air becomes so thick with them, that it looks like a heavy shower of feathery snow. Soon multitudes of birds attracted by the feast flock from every quarter and proceed to devour them. In a few hours the ants shed their wings and go crawling over the place, an easy prey to frogs, squirrels, lizards, etc. Numbers of small, harmless lizards run about the



THE FAMOUS CASHMERE GATE, DELHI.

house, creep over walls and ceilings, make their home behind your pictures from whence they sally out to feed on flies, mosquitoes and such like deer. It is amusing to watch how they stalk their prey, creeping gradually nearer and nearer, when, quick as a flash, the tormenting mosquito is where the wicked cease from troubling. When food is plentiful the lizards keep on eating until their little bodies look as if they would burst.

The common ant is also a great plague; no particle of food is safe from it unless kept in a receptacle protected by water. Sometimes an army of large black ants will march through the bungalow, perhaps meeting another of a different kind, when a battle royal ensues, and lasts till few are left alive. It is a strange sight to watch how tenaciously they cut and mangle each other until the ground is strewn with fragments of their bodies.

During the rainy season one has to keep a sharp lookout for snakes, as they sometimes come in out of the wet. My quarters in Fort William overlooked the river. In the hot, still nights I often sat in the broad verandah to catch the breeze that sometimes blew from the water; my

favorite seat was a wicker arm-chair I brought from Madeira. One night I sat sweltering in the heat, thinking of the cool breezes of my home-land. A lamp which hung close by threw a dim light over the stone-paved veranda; happening to look down, I caught sight of a snake as it came gliding slowly out from under the chair, between my feet. I remained perfectly still, and, in an undertone, said to my wife, who sat near me, "Don't move, there's a snake here. It is coming out between my feet." I waited till it was clear, when I sprang up and threw the chair on the top of it, but in the darkness it managed to get away. The following night I thought it would be well to examine the chair before sitting on it, when, to my surprise, out glided a snake, which I quickly dispatched. It was a full-grown krite, one of the most poisonous kind, whose bite is certain death. According to official statistics over 22,000 persons die annually from snake bites in India. The natives are great fatalists; they will walk with bare feet and legs through the long grass where the snakes lurk. The Hindu, as a rule, will not destroy animal life, but he does not mind another doing it for him.



CARRIAGE USED BY HINDU LADIES.

Often, when riding or walking in the open country, I have come across a group of natives watching a snake, which they would beg me to kill. I think it must be owing to the regard the Hindus have for life that birds and other animals in India are so tame. The pretty, little, grey squirrels, which closely resemble the chipmunk, run and play about the verandas of the bungalow. Often when sitting reading have I seen one come close up to my feet, jump on to the table on which my arm rested, and scamper off with a biscuit. Hoopoes, minas, green parrots, blue-jays, etc., frequently build in the eaves of the houses. The sparrow is also there in great force, but he has many enemies to keep him in check, notably the crow, who may be often seen gobbling up the young sparrow. The

Indian crow is a crafty and mischievous bird, constantly on the watch to steal into your rooms and carry away such like trifles as letters, pins, gloves, etc., to build its nest; it will also sample your breakfast if given the chance. In India the kitchen is generally in a small building a short distance from the dwelling-house; when food is required it is brought to the dining-room in a large tray, which the servant carries on his head; when passing in the daytime from the cook-house to the bungalow, he is obliged to flourish a stick over the tray to ward off the hungry crows and kites, that circle and wheel out of arm's reach, ready to swoop down on the tempting dishes.

John Ross.



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT TRINITY UNIVERSITY.*

BY H. C. OSBORNE.

THOSE who are familiar with the early history of education in this Province of Ontario will not need to be informed as to the foundation of Trinity University, Toronto, which, indeed, together with the very interesting attendant circumstances, forms its most important chapter. I say the most important chapter, because the Trinity of to-day is the direct outcome of that movement to which we owe the existence in Ontario of any degree-conferring university. The men of that time recognized, as is more strongly realized now, that—apart from the offensive expression of recent growth, “the commercial value of a degree”—the progress in higher education is the effectual sign of a broadening national sentiment, and that a university in a new country is a necessity to those who have formed high ideals in the matter of self-culture.

To give a detailed account of those stirring events which led to the foundation and suppression of King's College, and the subsequent foundation of Toronto University and Trinity, is not the purpose of this article. The facts, however, are briefly these: A royal charter was granted in 1827 to the University of King's College, to instruct the youth of the province in “sound learning and the principles of the Christian religion”; in the year 1843, King's College was opened and lectures commenced. Almost the entire credit for its foundation, and for the success which attended its seven years of existence, is due to that remarkable man, John Strachan, first bishop of Toronto. King's College, however, was not destined to continue in its original name and style for very long. Almost from the granting of its charter, and with increasing vehemence from its inauguration, it was beset by the attacks of enemies and disturbed by denominational quarrels. Without going minutely into the question, suffice it to say, that the

religious character of the institution and the predominance in authority of the Established Church of England and Ireland formed the basis of contention. The attacks continued, with the result that on January 1st, 1850, a bill became law secularizing, or, rather, suppressing, King's College, and confiscating its endowment, which was vested in a new corporation of a new university, to be known by the name and style of Toronto University. Thus the fruit of John Strachan's labors was destroyed and his life's hopes blasted. He was, however, made of sterner stuff than that which despairs, and in April of the same year a petition was addressed to Queen Victoria for the granting of a charter to Trinity University, “in which instruction in the sciences may be combined with a sound religious education.” This petition, signed by 11,731 persons, was ultimately successful. In the summer of this year Trinity Medical College was projected, or organized, by Drs. Hodder and Bovell. In April, 1851, the cornerstone of the new Trinity University buildings was laid. On Jan. 15th, 1852, the ceremony of inauguration was performed and the university formally opened for the business of instruction. Thus Trinity was founded; and it has gone on and prospered. Its *modus operandi* purports to be fashioned, as far as may be, along those lines that have, in the “old country,” been subjected to the test of time and not found wanting. Not the least of the universities of this continent in its equipment for the study of the arts and sciences, Trinity takes its stand not on class-room work *alone*, but on the excellence of its corporate life. The Hon. J. M. Woolworth, Chancellor of the Diocese of Nebraska, in the course of an address delivered in Toronto, thus in part expressed himself: “A visitor from our side in Toronto, passing a day or two in the precincts of Trinity, has

* See *Frontispiece*.



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.

WEST END OF MAIN BUILDING.

one peculiar enjoyment. There is something which recalls his sensations, as sometime he has stood in the gray seclusion of the quadrangles of Oxford and Cambridge, and wandered in the fields and gardens beneath the venerable trees of the college. How many things he saw and heard there throng back upon his memory! Of course, I do not mean that here are reproduced those venerable walls upon which Time has laid his hand in benediction. But this I see here: buildings, hall, refectory and chapel, customs and ways, speech and sacred song and life and joy and hope that are a suggestion of what has charmed every American who goes to England for his holiday. And the illusion is a great delight."

It is set forth in the college regulations that, as far as the accommodation allows, a student in Arts or Divinity shall, unless exempt by special permission, live in residence. In saying this I have touched the root of the matter. An extensive residence is the *conditio sine qua non* of a college life in the orthodox sense of the term, the life of which we have read, the life which every schoolboy invests with such fanciful conditions as his imagination can paint. It is in such a life only that the undergraduate can exist, not only in the atmosphere of the active present, but also in the memory of the past which "though dead yet speaketh." There is nothing in a college that engenders a proper *esprit de corps*, a healthy tone or a feeling of stability like a wholesome respect for tradition, and I am glad to be able to say that the Trinity man possesses this respect in a marked degree; he not only cherishes his tradition as a pearl of great price, but also endeavors in his own way to maintain it.

In attempting to say something of Trinity undergraduate life, two difficulties at the outset appear; firstly, the subject is comprehensive, and it is easy to be led beyond the limits of one's space; secondly, what part of the whole is likely to be of general interest? The irony of the situation lies in this: that to one who has recently finished his course the events which strike him, perhaps, most forcibly are precisely those

that he must leave untold. I have altogether too much respect for the powers that be to outrage their peace of mind by the recital of things done that ought not to have been done, or, still more, that might have been done. Besides, one comes to see the error of one's ways, and I have no desire to give to the present generation *gratis* that esoteric knowledge which has only been gained through experience fraught with considerable personal risk. Those lawless happenings of which we have read in connection with Tom Brown and many another, are not entirely wanting in Canadian college life. The memory of some of them is at this moment strong upon me, but I must refrain. The great C.P. would probably misconstrue these larks to the discredit of me and my friends, which might be inconvenient, if nothing else.

I have heard the college man as a species described as picturesque; he may or may not be so. There is no doubt, however, that whether you see him in tattered gown, war-scarred cap and the inevitable pipe, waiting for lectures, or in blazer and flannels, bat in hand, off for the cricket field, he is different from everybody else. The undergraduate occupies an unique position. Apart from the world, he views it from the height of his second-year philosophy with supreme indifference, and yet he is himself a citizen of his own little world and exerts his influence as a member of a community which is, possibly, an epitome of the greater world, and yet is, in many respects, strikingly different from it. The Trinity undergraduate is able to take life, on the whole, philosophically. He is not set round about with too many limitations, and is able to carve out his own particular destiny in his own peculiar way. There is, indeed, a formidable document labelled "College Regulations," which every man receives, and undertakes, in writing, to respect when he is sufficiently green and credulous to do almost anything. But one's seniors will not permit one to be imposed upon, and it is a common occurrence to see one of the "grave and reverend" stalk solemnly into a Freshie's room, gather up this official scroll in a pair of tongs and deposit it upon the

blazing coals, while the Freshman aforesaid chants *requiescat in pace* to the document and the sentiments contained therein.

The regulations, on the whole, are not too trying; lectures from nine o'clock till one, the required attendance being seventy-five per cent.; chapel morning and evening, of which one must keep sixty per cent.; these, together with "gates," are the rules which the ordinary student is chiefly concerned in regarding. Morning chapel, being just before breakfast, has few charms for the average man and unless he thoroughly appreciates the fact that a stitch in time saves nine he leaves matins severely alone. Thus towards the close of the term strange faces become evident at morning service; the laggards when the term was young are playing the score. As the college rhymster puts it:—

"My all too seductive snooze
Quickly, ere my term I loose,
I must leave, put on my gown
And to matins hie me down."

A visitor to the College in the early morning would see these procrastinators in their most unlovely mood; very

sleepy looking, dragging their gowns over their shoulders and hurrying along the terrace while the virtuous are slumbering in the arms of Morpheus. The College "gates" close at ten p.m., bolts, bars and chains being augmented by the presence of a porter of aggressive virtue. The well-conducted citizen knows, however, that he can obtain leave at any time with little or no difficulty.

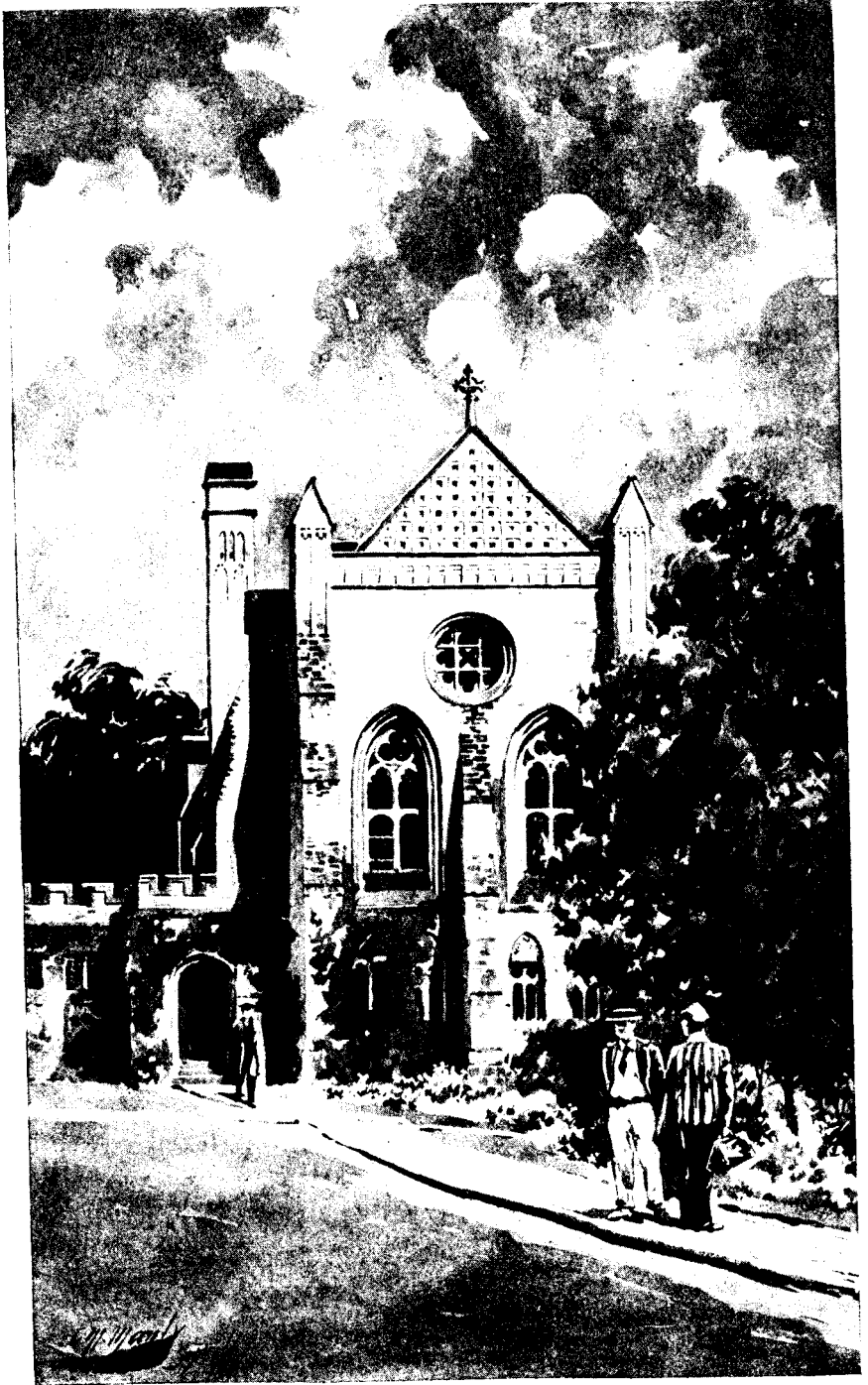
The ingenuity of the belated undergraduate seeking an illicit entrance has become proverbial and justly so. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in his Oxford sketches, tells the story of the student who was promised immunity from punishment if he would reveal how he got in, and who referred the Dons to a verse in the Psalms which proved to read, "by the help of God have I leaped over the wall." So ingenious are the methods understood to be employed for this purpose that one can almost credit the explanation.

Probably the most distinctive feature of Trinity life, is its social character. The conditions of the place all make for that end. Lectures, speaking generally



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A. R. C. A.

ENTRANCE TO THE WEST WING.



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.

THE CHAPEL.



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.

VIEW FROM THE RAVINE.

are over at one o'clock and the rest of the day is devoted to athletics, individual reading and social intercourse. The residence is large, each man being entitled to two rooms which are the very acme of comfort; and man being by nature a social creature, it goes without saying that a large number of jolly fellows under one roof will not live for self alone, but that on the contrary a social fabric will be built up whose customs are as set and whose etiquette is as clearly defined as are the conditions that obtain in the great world outside. For example, a man's rooms are his castle and he has but to "sport the oak," or in other words pull to the sliding oak panel outside his inner door, to ensure privacy for as long as he desires. The expression "sporting the oak" is thus defined: the sported oak is a silent announcement that the owner is "not at home;" on a door thus closed it is not etiquette to knock. The oak is regularly called into requisition during those hours that a man devotes to his work, and its value will readily appear.

I should like to stop here and give some account of Trinity sports, of cricket, football, hockey and track athletics; of the Athletic Association and the Literary Institute with their annual elections and political significance; but space will not permit. As to athletics, any but a comparative account would be of little interest here; and the athletic man is, like the hard-reading man, a type pretty much the same the world over. Probably anything out of the way about a man or his habits will appear most readily when he sets out to enjoy himself after his own fashion. Athletics are part of the business of the day equally with reading and lectures, but after working hours are over, in the late afternoon when the kettles are bubbling over many grate fires, or in the evening hours when friends foregather, or on special occasions when the College assembles *en masse* to celebrate a supper round the oaken board, these are the times when distinctive characteristics, like murder, will out.

A college den on a winter's night is the most comfortable retreat imaginable, and proceedings are never allowed to

drag. A dozen convivial spirits sprawling about with not a care, except it be an unprepared lecture or occasional creditor, can generally pump up enough wit and music to make the time pass pleasantly. These well-spent nights were all stamped pretty much alike; the same general arrangement, the same blazing fire and mine host the same in the chief respect, as "unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look." Not second to these were the many pleasant and profitable evenings when two or three boon companions spent hours over pipes in serious talk, discussing weighty matters or perhaps settling affairs of state.

Such gatherings as are of sufficient importance to come under the head of College Institutions are, like athletics, taken seriously; that is to say, there is a distinct etiquette and rule of procedure; they are *sui generis* in many respects and cannot be duplicated under foreign conditions. Of these institutions one, the most interesting, is indicative of the tremendous influence of public (college) opinion in Trinity. Episcocon, or more correctly, the Venerable Father Episcocon is a mythical personage, the embodiment of public opinion, who visits the College once a year through his mouthpiece the scribe and three secret editors. As to his form, tradition has it that Episcocon is a skeleton. The quarterings on his coat-of-arms are filled with many mysterious devices to be understood only by the initiated and calculated to strike terror into the heart of the offender; the scroll work beneath bears the motto which is the restraining principle of the whole wide world: *notandi sunt tibi mores*—your manners are to be taken note of. Some-time towards the end of the winter term a notice appears on the College board setting forth in Greek character or mayhap original verse that Father Episcocon will on a certain date hold his annual supper, and bidding the unrighteous man think upon his sins and the foolish man of his folly. The supper is duly held in the college hall and at its close the Father's annual message is presented. By the light of a single brazen lamp of antique pattern and all runic traced,



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY, A. R. C. /.

UNDER THE OLD OAKS.

the scribe reads the introductory address. It tells of the Father's visit; weeks since, in the stormy watches of a winter's night, Episcopon had come to him, his scribe, bringing the annual message. He had spoken of the shortcomings of his children—especially the cheek of the freshmen—and the slack tone of the College generally, but still hoping against hope, he had left this scroll, his annual budget, in the hope that they would amend in time. The budget when read proves to be a series of original compositions, poetry, prose, witticisms more or less bright, and satire more or less severe, the whole thing a gigantic skit on the College and the individual members thereof; as a corrective it is unsurpassed. The annual numbers are bound, illustrated

and preserved. They may be found for half a century back in the Trinity College Literary Institute library, and many men prominent in public life today can be seen in these records as they once appeared when handled without gloves.

This article falls far short of a detailed account of college life, but it was hardly meant to be that. Should it meet the eye of many graduates of our common *alma mater*, those who have helped in the upbuilding of the college life, in maintaining the traditions and fostering the institutions, may rest assured that they are not altogether forgotten; they may have gone over to the greater Trinity, the mass of present alumni, but their works do follow them.

H. C. Osborne.

 BY FIRE REFINED.

HEARTS, like the yellow leaves of autumn,
 Grow brighter in the dawn of chill,
 Throw us one tender smile, and gently
 They flutter earthward and lie still.

A. P. McKishnie.

[*Begun in Marc's Number.*]

THE MYSTERY OF AN UNCLAIMED REWARD.

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH.

Author of "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMPLETION OF THE WEB.

Upon reaching the house again the pattern maker passed his hand carefully along the sashes of the windows until his thumb-nail encountered a slight crevice, and then he stooped quickly, laid the leather case, which he had so jealously guarded, on the ground and touched the spring. The moon was shining again and as the lid sprang back there was revealed a set of burglars' tools such as only the most adept burglars are ever known to possess. To be able to invent one of such instruments was to place a burglar at once at the very head of his perilous calling. Years ago, long before he had gone to Quebec, the pattern maker had made every one of them, and clinging to every piece were memories that affected him strangely.

Taking up an instrument, something like an S in shape, and known to the "fraternity" by the peculiar name of "mule," he wormed one of the razor-like ends into the crevice, about half an inch, and then pressed lightly upon the extreme end of the instrument; light as the pressure was, the entire sash, massive and barred though it was, plainly showed the severe strain upon it. A little more strain would have torn the fastenings away as though they had been mere threads—the tool, with ease, would have hoisted a door from its hinges. He applied the pressure with the utmost caution; to have made a noise would have been to ruin everything. He knew that the criminal, who he believed was hidden in the house, would shoot the man who would attempt to capture him as unhesitatingly as he would a rat.

Such was the skill, however, with which he applied the pressure that one might almost have been in the very

room and have been unconscious of the moment the sash finally parted with its fastenings.

At last the window was raised high enough to admit the pattern maker's body. After he had drawn himself up to the sill he pulled off his boots, once more felt for his revolver and then slid into the room, which was intensely dark. Laying down on the floor he put his ear to the boards and listened long and intently—the silence of the grave reigned in the place. Patiently he waited for the moon to shine again so he could see where the door was.

He must have waited half an hour before it streamed into the room and revealed the great oak door at the extreme left of the room. Before the light had vanished again he had reached the door, in his cat-like manner, and with another small, highly tempered instrument was removing the hinges, bodily, from it with as much ease as one would draw a nail. When the door was removed he found, by groping his way, that he was in a broad passage which led to a narrow flight of stairs, evidently leading to the basement. Cautiously he began to descend them. Lest a step, made infirm by age, should creak and betray his presence, he cautiously tested them all before resting the weight of his body upon them. The darkness was now so intense that his eyes ached under it. Step by step, with exceeding care, he went down and down on his perilous mission. It seemed to him as though the steps would never end, but at last his foot encountered something hard and cold. Stooping and feeling with his hand he found that he had reached a stone landing, evidently the basement or cellar of the house. Fearing lest he might come into contact with some obstacle, he now moved forward on his hands and knees.

The clammy flagstones, the appalling silence, the darkness which could almost be felt, coupled with the great danger of the quest would have struck a chill to most men, but not to the pattern maker: in past days he had gone through scenes well nigh as dreadful. On and on he went, encountering nothing, seeing nothing. Suddenly he caught his breath and stopped: the distinct sound of the pulling of a cork had fallen upon his ear. Revolver in hand he crouched close to the wall, but no fresh sound broke the stillness. For the first time his heart began to beat quickly, not with fear, but with that strange eagerness which a soldier experiences when he is ordered to the front. Again he crept forward. He could hardly control his patience.

Again he halted, this time scarcely able to suppress the exclamation which sprang to his lips; there, a little to the left—there was no mistaking it—was a feeble glimmer of light. From its close proximity to the ground he knew it must be stealing from under a door. When nearer the spot he saw another light, a round, steady stream, which fell slantingly upon an abutment in the wall. A moment later he found that it proceeded from a key-hole. Would the light in the room be in such a position that he could see who its occupant was? The question had scarcely presented itself before he had raised himself and was looking through the key-hole: the light could not have been in a better position; the room, as well as its occupant, was clearly revealed. Seated at a table, upon which the tell-tale lamp stood, was a man evidently about forty years of age; his coat and vest were off and through the tight-fitting woollen shirt the well developed muscles of his shoulders showed off to perfection. His neck was short and bull-like, while his great hands gave every indication of unusual strength. He was eating ravenously, and by his side stood a bottle. The watcher knew it was the food that Rand had brought.

The room was long, and, as far as the watcher could see, was without windows. The place would have made an excellent wine cellar. The door, through which

the light was stealing, was evidently the only entrance to the place.

Burying his head in his hands the pattern maker tried to solve the desperate problem of how to get into the room without attracting attention, but to his despair he failed to do so. The absurd thought of trying to find out if the door was locked never for a moment occurred to him. Neither did it for an instant occur to the ravenous eater, that in his eagerness to appease his appetite, he had merely pushed the door to, after getting the food from Rand, and that it was not, as usual, securely barred and locked. With the door at the back of the house he had not made this grave oversight.

It was by the merest chance that the Nemesis at the door became aware of the fatal error of the man he had hunted so doggedly—his arm had happened to press against the door, and to his amazement he saw it open about the breadth of a finger. Before putting the plan which at once formed in his mind into execution, he took the tools from his pocket and laid them against the wall, looked through the key-hole again to see if the back of the feaster was still turned to him, and then began to push the door back so slowly that it seemed to open imperceptibly. Presently the nozzle of a revolver and anon the hand that grasps it are in the room. Wider and wider yawns the door. Now the eyes of the relentless hunter, almost on a level with the floor, gleam in the doorway; he is writhing his way into the room on his stomach as would a snake. At last his body is half way into the room, yet from his peculiar position he dares not hazard a shot; then he does not want to shed blood unless he is driven in self defence to do so; his plan is to deliver the man up to the law.

The writhing body, strange to say, suddenly stops its contortions—the man at the table has, all of a sudden, stopped eating and there is a strange, drawn look on his brutal face. For a few moments he sits perfectly rigid, listening as though fascinated. He had heard nothing, seen nothing, yet he is overpowered with that strange creeping sensation of the close proximity of someone, or something, at a moment

when he had felt positive he was alone, and when he thought it was impossible for anyone to be near. His guilt and superstition, for the first time, weigh upon him, and he pictures the wraith of the youth he has murdered towering in awful shape behind him.

"But can he be *tracked*?" The terrible question sweeps away his superstitious fears and rouses the great desire of self preservation. With blanched face he sprang round, revolver in hand. In a moment all was revealed to him; there was a flash, a loud report, and the bullet from his revolver buried itself in the woodwork, scarcely a hair's breadth above the pattern maker's head. His action had been so sudden that the prostrate man had had no time to defend himself.

"Move and I'll fire again." The revolver was now pointing squarely between the pattern maker's eyes. It would have been madness not to have obeyed. After a short undecided silence he spoke again. "Get up and let's see you; but try and raise your hands and I'll drop you." He broke into an unpleasant laugh and added. "But dropping is likely to be in your way anyhow."

Slowly the pattern maker rose, trying as he did so to screen his revolver from view, but the effort was futile. Scarcely had he reached his feet when his captor, still covering him with his revolver, walked slowly towards him, saying as he did so: "I'll take that toy you're trying to hide there."

The pattern maker's face might have been a mask such was its utter lack of expression. But when his captor was within three feet of him an amazing change came over his features: his eyes, which had been fixed with apparent calmness upon the fierce, alert ones of his captor, suddenly shot, with an expression of intense horror, to the far end of the room; his teeth chattered painfully together, while every limb shook as though palsied. Had hades suddenly yawned at the back of his captor and unfolded some dire, fearful vision, the expression of deadly fear upon his visage could not have been more marked. Such was the infection of horror which emanated from the fear-

stricken man that the murderer involuntarily turned partly round, for the moment forgetting everything. Natural as was his action it was a terrible mistake—his revolver was now pointing yards away from the man who had so cleverly tricked him. Before he could recover himself the pattern maker had sprung forward and his revolver was within six inches of his still partly averted face.

"Drop your revolver or I will pull the trigger." There was something so decisive in the low tone of the pattern maker's voice that the revolver fell from the murderer's hand almost mechanically.

"Now move over to the table and sit down. Don't dare to turn."

Again the tricked man obeyed.

Picking up the fallen revolver the pattern maker walked over to the table and seated himself opposite his captive. Their eyes met. A wolfish expression mantled the murderer's face; he looked like some desperate animal driven to bay. Covering him with his revolver the pattern maker raised his left hand and pulled from his head and face the disguises he had worn while on the train when he had dogged Rand, and which he had not removed. The look of mute astonishment which overspread the murderer's face when he saw who his captor really was, was so striking and sudden that it would have been comical under less tragic circumstances. The look was quickly followed by one of intense relief, and partly rising, he ejaculated: "Bill Powers, Bill Powers, by God!" There was a touch of confidence, mingled with supplication, in his manner as he held out his hand toward the pattern maker.

But the revolver still covered him and the relentless look still remained unchanged on his captor's face.

"Sit down."

The villain obeyed, but he fought to keep the look of confidence on his face.

"When the daylight comes, Jack Reynolds, alias Jack Sinclair, I shall take you by train to New York and deliver you up to the police authorities for the murder of Charlie Thurston." The pattern maker spoke in a slow, methodical manner.

Silently the murderer looked into the

pattern maker's face to see whether or not he really meant what he had said, and also trying to concoct some way of getting out of his power.

Finally he leaned slightly forward and said in a low, earnest tone: "I can't believe, Bill, that you've turned detective and would run a old pal to the ground; you didn't used to be the sort that 'ud down a man for blood money; you were always straight, you were. No one was sorrier than me when you got juggled for that five year. When your time was up all the boys kept expecting you, but you didn't come back. We hardly knew what to do for tools; you were the boss of the roost for making them, Bill." (His manner was growing confident again). "You don't know how queer it seems to see you sitting here and working this scare on me, that you're going to give me up to those fool detectives. As I have said, Bill, you're no blood-money man, you aint."

In the same quiet, unflinching tone the pattern maker replied: "No, I am no blood-money man; it's not for the reward that I'm delivering you up; it's to do justice to the lad that is lying in his grave, and who you murdered. If I were offered a million to let you go, I wouldn't take it."

The uncompromising reply shook the desperado like a blow. It was only by the greatest effort that he restrained from giving utterance to the violent words which rushed to his lips. In his heart he knew there was no hope of moving the inflexible man before him, yet he made another attempt—goaded by the fate before him—to obtain his liberty. In all his selfish checkered career he had never known what it was to plead, but he did so now. Once more he recalled the past, claiming his captor as a chum, and ending by begging him to give him a chance.

Could he only have turned the tables again, and have had the pattern maker in his power he would have shown him no mercy, and his captor knew it.

When he ceased his appeal, the pattern maker said, in a tense voice: "It's hard, Reynolds, to have to sit and hear a man like you claim me as a chum; it's true I was once, but by heavens, I am not

now. I have told you that I shall deliver you up and—"

"And then you will claim the \$2,000 reward; that's your game." The desperate man's voice rang loudly through the room; he could contain himself no longer. "You're a detectives' sneak, that's what you are," he went on, his voice rising.

The accusation seemed to anger the pattern maker, and his face, for the first time, flushed as he said, with an effort to restrain himself: "You can think what you like; but that's a lie!"

"Then, what have you hunted me down for? Is it for glory?"

"I will tell you," answered the pattern maker, in a voice which betrayed his deep emotion; "the young fellow you stabbed was my brother!"

Forgetful of his danger, the murderer sprung to his feet, and bending almost half way over the table, said: "You lie, Bill Powers, you lie! His name was Charlie Thurston, and though you've changed your names over and over again, I know it's Powers." As he ceased he suddenly raised his enormous fist.

The pattern maker did not leave his seat; but his eyes were fixed on the uplifted hand, and his sinewy fingers were wrapped around the trigger of the revolver—which was now within six inches of his captive's heart—in a perilously uncertain manner. Had the huge fist fallen, the awful voice of the revolver would surely have been heard.

"There, don't fire!" The murderer had suddenly seen his great danger and had sunk down on his chair again.

The pattern maker began to speak once more. There was a hard ring in his tones: "What I have said is true, the lad was my brother. It is right that you should know the reasons why I have tracked you down. You can believe them or not, as you like. It is true that my name is Powers, and it was a respected one before I went wrong, joined the class you belong to, and was sent to the penitentiary ten years ago. My disgrace got in the papers and it drove my brother away from the little town he was living in, and he came to New York, where he changed his name to Thurston. After I had served a year of my sentence, I got

a lawyer to look him up; he was my only brother—and little more than a grown boy. He found him in New York in a miserable situation, and trying to save enough money to enable him to get an education. I had money put by before my disgrace came, and I managed so that he could get it. The lawyer pretended to him that an aged gentleman, a distant relation of ours, had died and had left him the money, which was enough to see him through school and also college—I knew he would never accept it from me."

He paused for a moment and then went on in a less hard tone. "Had it not been for the comfort of being able to help him, I do not know how I could have endured those five long years; I always loved him passionately; perhaps it was because he was so much younger than I was, and because he was almost alone in the world—our parents died when he was in his infancy and he lived with relations. After my term had expired I went to another country and changed my name, took a position as pattern maker, and have lived honorably. During the time I was in the penitentiary, and after I left it, I got reports about him, learned he had done well at the high schools, and was also doing well at college; the thought of his future success was the brightest thing in my life,"—his voice suddenly grew harsher than before—"had it not have been for you he would have passed his final examinations a month ago and would have had M.D. after his name; but you cut him off without a moment's warning, cut him off just when reward for all his toil was in view.

"There is no need of dwelling upon your infamous deed. You stabbed him to the heart because he surprised you robbing the house he was living in. From the things you left behind, it was well known who had committed the deed. I learned of it through the papers. I waited for weeks hoping the detectives would capture you, but the papers were silent as to your whereabouts. At last I wrote to the detectives, saying I was a relation, and asking them if they had any trace of you, but they replied that they had none; I could endure the sus-

pense no longer and set out on your trial myself. I would have sought you before had I not had a strange dread that if I went back to the old exciting scenes again, I might be weak enough to take up the old life once more. This dread was kept alive by some of the tools, which I had managed to keep, and which I kept locked away in my room for five years. They were a strange attraction to me. But the fear was ungrounded; when I saw the old scenes again, I found that the love for the old life had left me forever. Now you know the reason why I have turned detective and have tracked you. You cut off a life that was worth a million such as yours, a life more dear to me than my own."

Leaning back, he went on in his old quiet, inflexible voice: "I do not want to redden my hands with your blood, but if you attempt to escape I will shoot you like a dog. The law wants you and you shall be tried by it."

He drew out his watch with his left hand, glanced quickly at it and said: "It is past midnight. As soon as the dawn breaks we will go to the station and take the train to New York. You already know what an attempt to escape will result in."

The murderer made no response, but sinking back in his chair he gnawed his nails till the blood almost came; but all in vain, he could form no plan of escape. Once his captor saw him glance at the lamp and he drew it over to him.

Only the deep breathing of the two men was heard as the minutes stole slowly but surely by. Just as the dawn was breaking the captive turned his glowing eyes towards the pattern maker and his lips opened as though to make a last appeal, but no sound came from them—the determined look on his captor's face was more marked than ever.

It was just half past four when the pattern maker, revolver in hand, rose and told his captive to put on his things. The fellow glanced around for a few moments as a rat would for a hole, and then obeyed the command.

"Now leave the house first. I will keep four feet behind you. If I tell you to stop at any time, be sure and do so."

A few minutes later two men might

have been seen walking, in Indian fashion, along the narrow overgrown path which connected the old house with the country road that led to the station. The same men, two hours later, stepped from a train in New York. Again the peculiar walk began—the tall man, with the evil looking face, never four or five feet ahead of the smaller man, who kept one hand even with his hip and pointing slightly in front of him. The hand, which looked strangely large and out of proportion, was covered with an handkerchief: it looked as though it had been hurt. They were both going in the direction of the central police station.

Before they had gone two blocks from the depot, a policeman was seen across the street, and the man in the rear beckoned to him. As the officer obeyed the summons, the tall man made an involuntary motion as though he was about to break into a run, but the low warning sound from behind brought him to a standstill.

Hardly had the man in the rear spoken to the officer than he sprang suddenly forward, peered into the tall man's face, uttered an exclamation of astonishment and then deftly imprisoned the man's hands in a pair of handcuffs. The journey towards the police station was now continued almost on a run.

Just as the trio were about to turn into the central station, a strange thing happened: the small man, in the rear, suddenly turned and disappeared. As he hurried away he muttered: "They will need no witness to convict him."

He was advertised for, for days afterwards, and asked to come and claim the \$2,000 reward that was his, but he could not be found.

. *.* *.*

A year has elapsed. The boarders at the quaint boarding house, at No. 222 Dufresne street, in ancient Quebec, are much the same as when Sam Lewis, the pattern maker entered the house so hurriedly and asked if there was a letter for him. It is about nine o'clock and five or six are assembled in Lewis' old room. Lewis is one of the number. He is quietly smoking.

One of the men is reading aloud from a small daily paper and all are listening intently, Lewis, apparently, as much interested as the rest. He is respected and liked even more than of yore. The piece, that is being laboriously read, is headed: "The Mystery of an Unclaimed Reward." It reads more like fiction than truth, and recounts how a murderer, whom the detectives could not find, had been delivered up to justice by a strange man who had never appeared afterwards and claimed the \$2,000 reward offered for the outlaw's arrest. It explained, too, how the murderer had pretended, when the stranger could not be found, that he had delivered himself up to an officer, not being guilty of the crime charged against him, and in that manner had tried to influence the jury in his favor. His statements, however, about not having been in the company of a strange man, who had been seen to act as though he was guarding him, was refuted by station officials, who swore that they saw the accused both get on and off a train with this mysterious stranger. The accused was found guilty and was hanged. The \$2,000 was still waiting to be claimed.—Thus closed the review of this mysterious case.

When the reader laid down the paper, the men hazarded surmises about the case. More than one of them waggishly wished that they could go and claim the reward.

Finally one of them turned to Lewis, who had taken no part in the conversation, and who was smoking quietly, and said: "Well, I guess the chances are that the reward never will be claimed now, what do you think?"

"I guess," he said, slowly, as he took his pipe from his mouth and looked towards the window, "that the mystery as to who the stranger was will never be solved, and that consequently, the reward will never be claimed."—And he was a true prophet, for the stranger's identity is unknown even to this day, and the reward is still waiting a claimant.

F. Clifford Smith.

[THE END.]

THE OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT.

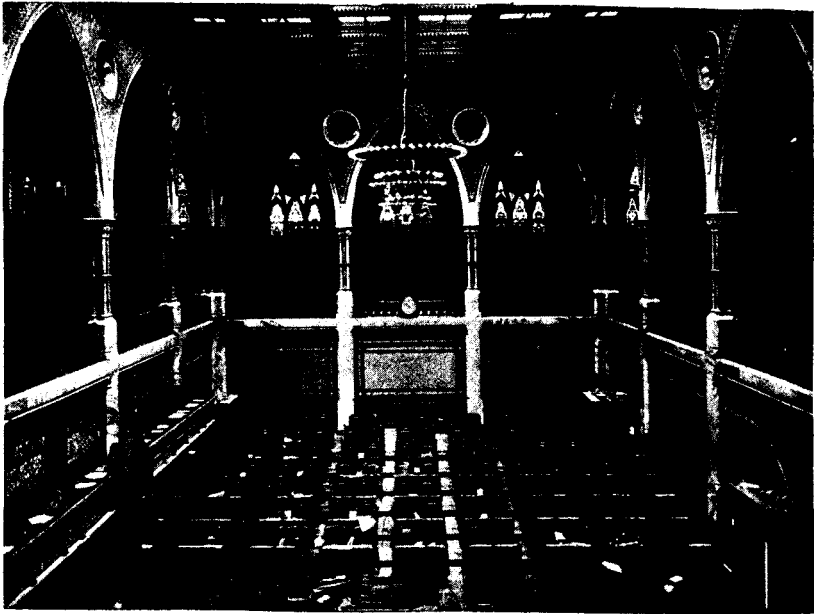
BY A. J. MAGURN.

Correspondent of the Toronto "Globe."

"With his right hand he lays hold of the throne; with his left he grasps the hand of the pauper or the thief. He is the keeper of the conscience of King Demos."

THIS extract is from the virile pen of Mr. W. T. Stead, who so describes a journalist, and it occurred to me when asked to write something about the Ottawa correspon-

dent, how exclusive a person the Crown is, for, one evening the representative of the New York *Herald* received a despatch saying: "Interview Governor General on possibility of war over Behring Sea seizures. Send good story." I asked the correspondent, who showed me this request the following day, what he did about it. "Well," he answered, "they wanted an interview with the Governor



INTERIOR OF HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA; SHOWING PRESS GALLERIES.

dent, that he, at all events, has his right hand on the throne, but his left, I take it, would grasp a telegraph key. Any individuality possessed by the correspondent at the Capital is political, and here the Fourth Estate rubs shoulders with the Third, and the Second, and occasionally exchanges a word even with the First—not however on matters political. The enterprising managing editor of an American paper does not realize

General and I gave them one." It was probably just as satisfactory to the *Herald* as if His Excellency had given it. It must not be supposed from this that the correspondents of Canadian papers are not conscientious. There have been unscrupulous men in the business, and there may be again, but at present, the correspondents at Ottawa come as close to a conscientious discharge of duty as any class of men in the country.



CORRESPONDENTS OUTSIDE EARNSCLIFFE DURING CRISIS OF 1891.

There are so many qualities that go to make up the model correspondent that I am afraid they are never centred in the one person. There is a field here for almost any class of work, and one man may choose to be a mere news gatherer, while another will divide the time with higher work. At Washington the Associated Press have a staff of news gatherers who visit the government departments and the White House, and furnish reports of the proceedings of both Houses of Congress, which leaves the field of the special correspondent untouched. He can thus draw pen pictures, secure interviews, chat confidentially with leaders in politics, and discuss measures and men intelligently. At Ottawa it is very different. Even the leading papers regard the field from the news point of view, and when their representatives get through reporting they have neither time nor inclination for correspondence.

The field in Ottawa is essentially political, and it is one difficult to cultivate. The correspondent has, as a rule, no connection with any local paper. If he has a mind above an "item" he has opportunities not afforded to any other journalist in Canada. His vision may

extend to the confines of the Dominion. He can survey the whole field, as a publicist, and is at liberty to direct attention to something significant in Nova Scotia or British Columbia, about which he may have special information. Ottawa is splendidly situated as the political centre of the Dominion. It lies in Ontario, but you can step off its street cars into the province of Quebec. Its population is as varied as that of the country. English and French, Irish Catholics and German Protestants all mingle together. Contracted views cannot live long in the atmosphere of the Capital. It is a vantage ground, therefore, from which to discuss the affairs of the union. In addition it is of course the meeting place of parliament.

Visitors to Ottawa often ask what there is for the correspondents to do out of session. Let us take a day last month. The Supreme Court of Canada was sitting. The Railway Committee of the Privy Council held a meeting. There were three or four deputations from different parts of the country presenting requests to the government, and the nature of these had to be ascertained. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the cabinet, and that had to be looked after.



J. A. PHILLIPS.
*President, Parliamentary
Press Gallery.*

There are fifteen or sixteen departments of government, one-half of which would be visited if time permitted. Then there are interviews, and special matters, and probably a meeting or two in the city, of outside interest. Ottawa is now a popular convention city, and many important bodies meet here; and a city of over 50,000 inhabitants is no unimportant news centre, aside from the seat of government. It is the chief city between Toronto and Montreal, and the headquarters of one political organization controlling thirty constituencies. It is the Bisley of Canada, and the meeting-place of the Royal Society. I mention these things to show that the general impression among those not acquainted with the facts, that Ottawa amounts to nothing outside of session and aside from the civil service, belongs to a time long past, for as a matter of fact, no city in Canada, and few in America, have grown more rapidly, or evinced greater signs of permanent and modern improvement than the beautiful city which has been built up within the majestic sound of the historic Chaudière. Strange to say, the only thing that has not kept pace with the Capital is its newspaper press.

The Ottawa correspondent would have his hands full if he had nothing else to do out of session than to keep track of public events of national or international importance. One can't secure a conversation with a cabinet minister as readily as with an alderman. Men who come to Ottawa for the purpose of seeing two or three ministers usually find it a day's work. Then to keep in touch with the world's news is a necessity, for there is

no telling when some event abroad will affect the government or the people of Canada. To glance at Canadian, English, and United States papers daily is a further draft on his time. Close and constant attention must be paid to events in each of the provinces, because Ottawa is the centre of confederated provinces. On top of this there is a daily telegraphic despatch to be written, and when there is no reference to matters of national or international interest it is simply for want of time to write. In the expression, "time to write," I include time for reflection and research, and assimilation of the information and knowledge obtained in the various ways and through the many channels indicated.

There have been many stirring events at Ottawa in the past six years, times when the rest of the world was left alone, and the correspondent focused himself on his own bailiwick. On that May afternoon in 1891, when the news reached the House of Commons that Sir John Macdonald was perilously ill, all the thought of the correspondents was concentrated on Earncliffe. A telegraph company put an instrument and an operator in an old shed adjoining Earncliffe, and bulletins were sent



WILLIAM MACKENZIE.
Montreal Herald.

out every hour. The correspondents drove down to the scene of the impending tragedy frequently, the last visit of the night staff being made about half-past four or five o'clock in the morning. On one of these occasions, about two in the morning, a group of correspondents thought they would go over and see the telegraph sentinel, who was to keep the patrons of the company in-



F. COOK.
Toronto World.

formed every hour. In entering, some one knocked over a barrel with a lantern that had gone out, and several empty bottles on it, and the clatter disturbed a cat, which dashed in terror out of the door. The operator, who was asleep, woke up in alarm, and his first question was: "Is the Old Man dead?" We relieved his drowsy mind of the fear that the long expected had come to pass when he, poor, tired mortal, was asleep. There is one paper in Canada which tries to run its Ottawa representative by wire from the office. The unfortunate correspondent at this crisis received from six to eight messages an hour. One of these asked for a photo. of the room in which the dying Premier was lying, although no one was allowed even within the grounds, Dominion police being on guard at the gate.

The most important piece of political news, and the most carefully guarded, is the announcement of the dissolution of Parliament, and the date of the general election which accompanies it. Sir John Macdonald was in the habit of "springing" the election on his opponents, and sometimes on his friends, too. In 1891, there were rumors in the air, and the correspondent of a morning paper, which was then playing the rôle of independence in politics, went to the premier and asked him if he could get the announcement when it was ready. Sir John put his arm about

the correspondent's shoulders in the most friendly way, and told him to see him the following day and he would have something for him. Delighted with his success the young man went away. The next night the dissolution was giv-

en out by Sir John Macdonald, who dictated the celebrated announcement as to the negotiations with Washington which appeared in the government papers the next morning. The correspondent of the independent paper did

not get the news, and vehemently vowed that the premier was a faithless old man—but of course we know better than that.

The announcement was held back until nine o'clock in the evening, and then only given to two or three trusted men, who in turn did not trust the telegraph offices until midnight. Telegraph offices have been suspected of leaking on one or two occasions. When parliament meets, each of the leading newspapers is represented by two, three, or four men, and there are artists and women correspondents who, on occasions, attend to the pictorial and

social side of sessional life. One session, a well known but not very modern paper was represented regularly in the Press Gallery by a young woman who was accorded all the privileges; but the experiment was never repeated. Of late years no such thing as good correspondence has gone out from the Press Gallery during session. It is not that the men are not there, but the leading newspapers are too poor, or too shortsighted, to retain a man exclusively for that work. It would never enter into the head of a managing editor to ask one of the editors to go round picking up news for the local columns, and at the same time write leading articles for the editorial page, but that is exactly what is expected of correspondents at Ottawa when parliament is sitting. Under



A. J. MAGURN.
Toronto Globe.



R. M. McLEOD.
Reuter Cable.



HORACE WALLIS.
Toronto Mail and Empire.

A *GLOBE* GROUP, OTTAWA, 1891.

present circumstances, correspondence from parliament is an art in suspense, and testifies either to the poverty or the avarice of the managers of the Canadian press. Judging from the quantity of space devoted to the speeches of members of parliament, words, in the estimation of Canadian newspapers, are the most important things about parliament. A properly equipped correspondent would devote himself to the councils of the ministers, to the railway magnate in town, to the quiet lobbyist, and to the underground currents of parliament, and then the next day the members of the House themselves would read his correspondence before they read the long reports of their own speeches.

Rumors affecting the administration circulate faster in the lobbies and corridors of the House of Commons than even the last choir quarrel does among the church members. In July, 1895, it leaked out about three o'clock in the afternoon, just as the House was meeting, that the three French-Canadian ministers had resigned over the School Question. The large post-office lobby

was almost immediately filled with gesticulating members engaged in excited conversation, while correspondents were putting "rush" despatches on the wires to catch the afternoon papers. The excitement was more palpable than when seven ministers resigned six months later, because in the latter case parliament had taken a recess for ten days; and the chief evidence of the undoubted excitement was found in the eagerness with which the public all over the country perused the reports from Ottawa. At that time the wildest rumor would have found credence, if telegraphed from the capital, which was regarded then as headquarters for lunatics. The excitement over the Remedial Bill, during the session early in 1896, is too recent and too painful to be recalled. The sitting of the House night and day for a week tried the endurance of some of the newspaper men, but as usual they put that House to bed and cleared off everything before they themselves went to sleep. If space permitted, I would rather describe scenes of excitement in the popular Chamber such as flare up

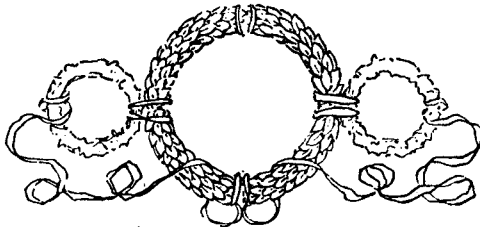
unexpectedly when a leader rises and, with a rush of kindling energy, assails the government, and is met with a red-hot reply from the leader on the other side, the cheers of each party mingling in defiant chorus.

Information is the most valuable asset of the correspondent, and that can only be had from men who are, to a certain extent, behind the scenes. The discreet man does not rush into print with everything he hears. It all goes towards his equipment, however, and some day he gets a slight hint which he is enabled to utilize by drawing on his reserve knowledge. A little piece of information, colorless and unimportant in itself, often throws the required light on what will make an interesting story. Every correspondent is frequently the repository of a confidence, and agrees to wait until the moment arrives when the matter is ripe for publication and he is released from the obligation. That obligation may be simply a matter of honor, and not a pledge, for the permanent correspondent never, under any circumstances, betrays a confidence. To establish this reputation in politics and commerce—the two great forces in public life—is a matter of time, of patient work, and the exercise of sound judgment. There is nothing so striking as the difference between the demeanor of a public man towards a correspondent who is merely after a news item, and one who wants information for his storage chamber of the tendency of affairs. A man comes to Ottawa to press some matter on the attention of Government. It may be a tariff question, and one learns that nothing is so sensitive as

commerce. He will repose confidence in a correspondent he knows, on the understanding that nothing is to be written on the subject until it reaches a certain point, or is closed altogether. In any event the information is useful, and adds so much to the intelligence bureau. Official announcements may mean more to the correspondent than to the general public if he knows what interests have worked the oracle, and whose interests the announced policy is to serve.

The personal relations of the permanent correspondents at Ottawa are always friendly, and it is easy to get them to take joint action on anything except politics. That is the great rock upon which interests split. Unity of action, however, on other matters was exemplified when the Earl of Aberdeen was on a visit to Ottawa, before he was appointed Governor-General. One or two leading citizens gave a banquet in his honor at which his lordship was to make an interesting speech. The correspondents were ignored in the regular invitations, but at the last moment were given an after-thought blanket invitation. They resented this treatment and held a meeting in the Russell House, where they most do congregate, and resolved that the public of Canada should know nothing of the banquet, and the morning after not a paper in Canada contained any reference to the affair, outside of Ottawa. The corps of correspondents are entitled to this word of praise, that they maintain their position worthily, and the dignity of their calling.

A. J. Majurn.



OUR GAME BIRDS. .

BY L. H. SMITH.

THE southern counties of the Province of Ontario are the home of the quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock and snipe—a quartette of game birds for dog and gun that have no superior.

dashing, high-couraged setter or pointer gets so good an opportunity to display his high-bred qualities on. From the time he starts to cut up the stubble field to strike the trail of the running or feeding bevy, till the last single bird is



QUAIL.

The quail "Bob White" I place at the head. He is possessed, in a greater degree than any other bird, of the best and most essential quality a game bird can have; that is, lying to the dog's point. In good cover he lies like a stone, and will do so as well in the last as in the first day of the season.

It is the work of a good dog, or much better a brace, to find the bevy, and when once found, flushed and scattered, the work of a dog to locate the single birds, is better than that afforded by any other bird. There is no bird that the

pointed in the cover, he displays more variety of high-class work than can be got from a dog when hunting for any other game bird.

The quail is a good bird on the table. When properly cooked no bird excels him in the delicacy of his flesh. To the convalescent nothing is more acceptable from the sportsman friend than a brace of these delicious game birds.

The sportsman in his summer rambles is pleased to hear his familiar call, "Ah-Bob White." He knows that it means there is a nest near by, and that soon the

parent birds will be caring for the brood and leading it in search of food as carefully as the hen in the barnyard does her chicks. He also has the pleasant anticipation of finding the full grown bevy in the neighborhood in the fall; for it will surely make its home there if there is food and the surroundings be suitable.

The southern part of Ontario is the northern limit of this grand little game bird and where he is sometimes deci-

that are big and strong live to propagate a strong and healthy race.

After the snow has thawed off in spring it makes the sportsman's heart sad to come on a dead bevy, packed closely together in some little nook or brush pile. The tale of death is told. The affection of these little birds for each other, causes them to huddle together for warmth and protection; a snowstorm comes on and a crust of sleet seals the surface and cruelly makes a



RUFFED GROUSE.

maged by a long, and unusually severe winter. Feeding almost entirely on grain and seeds, if the ground be long covered with snow he becomes poor and starved, and many only survive by running up to the barnyards and feeding with the poultry. Heavy snows in March are particularly severe on him, and a crust coming on the snow is fatal to him. Our bird is larger and stronger than his brother of the Southern States, where in some parts he is so plentiful. Perhaps with us it is Darwin's "survival of the fittest," and only the birds

tomb of their last roosting-place. They are smothered and a tragic end has come to their once happy bird family. In the next warm June days the father bird will call no more from the top fence rail or the old stump. The mother will have no young ones to care for, as last year, and it may take several mild winters and dry, warm summers to make good the effect of one hard winter.

The ruffed grouse, wrongly called partridge or pheasant, I place only second to the quail as a game bird. He is a large, handsome bird; perhaps no mem-

ber of the grouse family is more beautiful. When he struts with his black ruff set at right angles at either side of his neck, and his pretty grey, black-barred tail spread, he makes an elegant bird picture. From a booby that he is when the lumberman and early settler first invade his forest home, allowing himself to be jerked off the limbs by a noose at the end of a stick, he becomes, as settlement increases, the shyest of our game birds. He tries the temper and taxes the keenest sagacity of the dog. Of many

gun thrown far ahead of him, has the least chance of bringing him down. To take him with any degree of certainty, the sportsman must be a first-class snap shot, and be in good trim if he expects to make a fair bag. I know of no bird, either in cover or out, that is so easy to miss as this bird.

One must be content with a much smaller bag of ruffed grouse than of quails. You come on them, generally, in ones and twos, and always in cover. They often whirr off without giving you



WOODCOCK.

dogs which may be good on other game, only occasionally one is really first-class on this wary and cunning bird. He does not lie so well to the dog's point as the quail, but a level-headed dog, who thoroughly understands him and his ways, can make more points on him than his wariness would lead one to believe possible.

We have no bird so swift on wing as he. He starts from the ground like a rocket, and should he happen to pass you after he has been a few seconds on the wing, he appears a flying streak, and nothing but a quick snap shot, and the

a chance to shoot, and you take more difficult and chance shots at them than at any other bird, consequently you miss frequently. You seldom get a really easy shot at ruffed grouse. Nearly every bird bagged is the result of a good shot, and in a day's hunt you may make one or more brilliant and difficult shots which almost astonish yourself.

To the sportsman who loves the woods, perhaps none of our game birds give him more pleasure to hunt than does the ruffed grouse. One is continually reminded of the original forest when in quest of him, and it is useless to look

anywhere else for him. He is the hermit game bird of our bush.

In fall a serrated fringe grows on his feet, making him a good pair of snow shoes for his winter use. He plunges into the deep, soft snow, and lies there snug and warm, only coming out when he wants to feed. His food in winter consists chiefly of the buds of the birch and ironwood, tassels of the hazel, the red berries of the wild rose and the fruit of the high-bush cranberry. The quantity of any one of these he will swallow at a feed is astonishing. I have seen his crop distended almost to bursting, and when it is full of the buds of the ironwood or birch, or the dry tassels of the hazel, one has to believe that his digestive organs are equal, in a small way, to those of the ostrich, or his gizzard could never perform the task imposed on it. I have often more than filled one hand with the contents of his crop. I do not think he ever dies of starvation, and, if the snow be deep and soft, never from cold.

The woodcock is our mystical game bird; the feathered nymph of our glades and swales. There is a peculiar fascination about woodcock shooting which is afforded by no other bird which the sportsman goes in quest of. The cover he frequents is generally of the most delightful and sylvan character. By the side of the shaded, running stream, in the alder or willow swale, or down in the gully, where the soft jewelweed and skunk-cabbage grow, is where you look for him, seldom finding him only in a spot that would make a picture for the sportsman's album.

Early in fall, and when the foliage is still thick, your dog may make his point in a lovely glade, so dense that you see no opening for the bird to fly through,

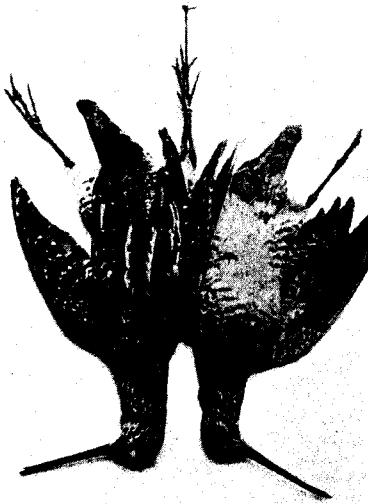
but when flushed he rises with a whistle of wings and passes straight up through the leaves, and you have only a calculated line to guide you when you press trigger, often not seeing him fall; and only knowing that you have bagged him when your dog, at command to "seek dead," finds and brings him to your hand.

Later in the season you hunt for him in the same places. The cover is now all stripped of its foliage and the Indian-summer sun shines right through it. So much does the plumage of the bird now resemble the dry russet leaves which cover the ground that the dog may be steadily pointing one lying, with the sun shining on him, only a few feet from his nose, still you find it most difficult to locate him, and but for his big, full eye, shining like a black diamond, you could not see as many as you do.

Before leaving us for his winter retreat, he becomes fat and strong. He sometimes remains with us till after our first snow-fall. It is a novel sight to see these handsome birds rising from the snow-covered ground, and,

with their shrill wing-whistle, darting through the leaf-stripped branches, and strike a line for another part of the cover. The sportsman who is so fortunate to come on them under such circumstances, should make the best of the opportunity, because the chances are, that night those which are left will start on their southern journey, and on the next day their splashing on the ground will be all that will be left to tell that they were there the day before.

The snipe, so much thought of by the English sportsman, for some reason does not occupy the same high place in the affections of our Ontario gunners. The



SNIPE.

reason may be that he is not so generally diffused as our other game birds, and only those who live near the marshy grounds, which he frequents, know when he has arrived, and can hunt him regularly. Whatever the reason, it is certain that twenty of our sportsmen hunt the quail, the grouse and the cock, to one that goes in quest of this, the smallest of our game birds.

For a long time our snipe was thought by naturalists to be identical with the European bird. It was Wilson, the Scotch-American ornithologist, who discovered the difference. It is only in the number of feathers in the tail. Otherwise the two birds are the same.

He affords good shooting, and by some is considered as good on the table as his larger cousin, the woodcock. His "scaipe-scaipe," as he rises and darts off in his zigzag flight, making big circles, as if going clean away, and his subsequent arrow-like descent, perhaps quite near you, is a pleasing sound and sight to the snipe-shooter. With a good dog, that knows the bird well, the sportsman, who does not mind an occasional wet foot, can enjoy snipe shooting, but I think I am correct in placing him a niche lower as a game-bird, than his long-billed cousin of the cover.

L. H. Smith.



THE BACK-WATER.

ABOUT its edge rank grasses grow
 Until they bend and idly fall
 Across the water's face—as though
 They, too, had never lived at all

In purple clusters, here and there,
 Strange, oily leaves sleep out their day;
 Like the still water, and the air
 That hangs about the place, are they.

What little wind there is, dies out
 Along the alder-bordered bank,
 Where last spring's driftwood lies about—
 Forgotten when the waters sank.

A lean crane suddenly awakes
 And rises from some hidden thing
 That must have died among the brakes—
 Is it because torn grasses cling

Unto his feet he straineth so
 High in the air—wild to be free?
 Or that he seeth where men go
 In great ships down toward the sea?

—*Francis Sherman.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

An Interview.

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON (SERANUS).

LITERARY life in the States has, as we might expect, several characteristics which differentiate it from literary life in England. Across the sea, there is London, containing hundreds of recognized workers, thousands of unknown ones, sets within sets, leaders limited and hangers-on innumerable, colonials, Americans, university men and Bohemians, all working together in unconscious and widely-differing harmony. Out of London we do not find much, although there is delightful Quiller Couch in Cornwall, and Richard La Gallienne is devoted to Liverpool. But in America there is, as yet, no London. In New York there are literary workers, in Chicago, in San Francisco—I understand there are a few in Boston. Now that the traditions of the New England set are fading—for Holmes and Lowell are but gracious memories—there is no special Mecca in the States. The literary pilgrim, however, is thankful for what he finds—classic forms and devotions to truth and beauty even in the severe and non-suggestive regions of Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Streets. A poet may live in a flat, a novelist may draw his inspiration from a boarding-house—I believe that such is the case in New York.

Mr. William Dean Howells, by the way, lives at present in a flat, and a handsome one, too, the Westminster, on East Fifteenth Street, near Fourth Ave. At the corner is the Westminster Hotel, but the flat is in better keeping. The polished darkey—in more ways than one—who admitted me and preceded me into the elevator, looked rather askance, as if too many people travelled that way—I mean out of curiosity, or for advice. The cordial greeting with which the most distinguished of American novelists met me dissipated any fears. W. D. Howells has somewhat changed in appearance of late years, and is now inclined to be

portly, with a heavy, white mustache. His general aspect, in fact, is that of a diplomat or retired military man. I could see no trace of that rather saturnine expression which his earlier photographs revealed, and nothing but good-nature, kindness and intellectual vigor beamed from his deeply-set grey eyes. His manner is marked by repose, which is more the trait of the individual than the natural lethargy of the American. He has no "accent," and converses in an admirably easy, friendly tone, which, in these self-conscious days, has a charm all distinct from the interest with which we gaze at the vagaries of genius-clothes, surroundings, manner and conversation. The sustaining power which led him to create, not necessarily picturesque types, but true types, will, no doubt, inspire many volumes yet; probably one or more of verse, for the spirit of which Mr. Howells has the proper reverence, although he does not choose to follow in the beaten track of rhyme and metre. Besides, if one tires of an American *locale*, if Silas Lapham and Bartley Hubbard and Marcia, pall, from their sheer fidelity to life as it is observed on the elevated railroad or in the Sixth Avenue "stores," there is that charming romance, "A Foregone Conclusion," perhaps, the first and best of international novels, in which Florida Vervain and her mother are so pathetically depicted. What more can a novelist do than reflect the surroundings in which he finds himself? It would be as absurd to quarrel with Dickens over the gusto with which he is perpetually describing victuals and drink as to expostulate with Howells on the bald and barren conversations of some of his characters. Both are true to life.

It is well known that the subject of this sketch no longer wields the editorial pen, and the unique criticisms once attaching to his name must, therefore, ap-

pear in future in different form. Some of Mr. Howells' predilections are famous; he has been, in turn, the champion of Tolstoi and of Ibsen. Of the latter he prefers the plays to the novels, and is inclined to rate "Ghosts," in particular, higher than "The Doll's House"—an opinion which is almost certain to be generally shared. For Nordau he professes little respect. Certainly, everyone—even an editor—has a right to his opinion, but I think the majority of his readers in the past put more faith in Mr. Howells' transcription of character as given to the world in his novels than in the arraignments and estimates he once gave us of our favorite classics and standard authors. I imagine that the keynote of his work is sincerity, and that when he recognizes this element—sincerity, absolute truth, or the striving after it—in others, he is apt to exalt the possessor to a height which demands other gifts as well as truth. For though truth be truth, there still remain sympathy, spiritual insight, delicate or forceful imagination, pathos in the right place, at the right time, and never too much of it, humor in the right place or not at all. Is it Philistinism to deny those qualities to Ibsen? I believe not.

Mr. Howells is nearing his sixtieth year, but is young in manner. There is just a trace at times of a gentle pessimism, which sits well upon him, as it does on all successful men. The struggler would not dare to be pessimistic. Bread and butter for him means being pleasant and social. But when you have worked hard and, it may be, long, and the reward has kept pace with the labor—as it sometimes does—you can afford to rest a little or indulge in the attitude towards men and things that I have indicated. The surroundings of the author of "Their Wedding Journey," which, it must not be forgotten, contains some capital off-hand descriptions of Canadian scenery, are rich, harmonious and subdued.

They are also entirely conventional; there is no hint of individuality. This, again, is often the sign of the highly successful man or woman, for "characteristic interiors" are for the undiscovered.

Speaking of fiction, I gathered that Mr. Howells has not innate sympathy for the

romance, and, as with few exceptions, the novelists of the day excel in the romantic field, he is not quite in touch with some of his brothers in literary toil.

"What of Hall Caine?" said I.

"I cannot read him."

"Not 'The Manxman'?"

"I do not remember 'The Manxman.' I tried 'The Bondman,' but I could not manage it."

"Too much local color?" I hazarded.

"Something of that. Tell me—why has not Canada done more in fiction?"

"Canada is the grave of a good deal of talent," I rejoined, "and we (speaking of Canadian authors) have sometimes difficulty in impressing ourselves on foreign publishers, the only publishers worth anything to us. A great deal of good work is done in Canada which does not find its way into other countries. And there may be work which is a little too good for Canada, and yet, not quite good enough for English or American markets. Then, if we are to excel in local colour, we must remain in Canada in order to observe it, live it, so to speak, and so—you see," I ended weakly. Mr. Howells smiled in full sympathy.

"I am familiar with your poets, especially with Mr. Lampman. Miss Duncan, I remember as a most brilliant girl. By the way, I met her the last time I was in Paris, just two years ago. Of course, her work, though, is non-Canadian. What do you think in Canada of Gilbert Parker?"

"I believe his books are popular. It was a surprise to many that his play failed. Do you know the precise cause?" Mr. Howells apparently did not.

"Being in Montreal not very long ago," I continued, "I had the pleasure of meeting some literary man, who did not impress me as having conceived any violent raptures for Mr. Parker. Are you familiar with 'The Young Seigneur,' by W. G. Lighthall, notary, of Montreal?"

"No, I regret to say. Does it work the picturesque vein of Lower Canada?"

"In a remarkable and graphic way, though it is not a finished novel, and happily it is not told in dialect." Mr. Howells again smiled.

"Mr. McLennan excelled in that, but

he came too late; the dialect craze was on the wane. You have written on French Canadian subjects yourself, I understand?"

"Yes, but not in dialect. I try to get the idiom."

"You had tried hard to make it so?"

"Yes—and thought I succeeded. Do you know Toronto at all, Mr. Howells?"

"I remember it as a most bright and charming town—very pretty, in fact. My father was consul there for some



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

"Exactly! there are the two methods open to one."

"—I might mention that I once had a French Canadian sketch criticized rather severely on account of its being "wordy," "garrulous," or something to that effect, whereas—"

time. I should think life there must be very pleasant."

I left Mr. Howells with the conviction that I had never encountered a more kindly, considerate, or courteous man of letters. A day or two after, a prominent editor, referring to him, used the

word "humane," and it exactly describes him. The tinge of melancholy of which I have spoken may deepen as he grows older, but it will never degenerate into surliness. Edwin Percy Whipple, in his lifetime one of the most distinguished American critics, said of Mr. Howells' writings—"They are masterpieces of literary workmanship. His faculties and emotions are in exquisite harmony with each other and unite to produce one effect of beauty and grace in the singular felicity of his style. He has humor in abundance, and has revived the lost art of Addison, Goldsmith and Irving. Nobody ever 'roared' with laughter at anything he ever wrote, but few humorists have excelled him in the power to unseal those secret springs of merriment which solace the soul without betraying the happiness of the mood they create by any exterior bursts of laughter."

Mr. Howells' talented daughter, Muriel, is fortunate in being that irresponsible and happy being—an art student in Paris. His sister is our own clever and

kindly Mme. Achille Frechette of Ottawa. I did not ask Mr. Howells how many books he had written, nor did I plead to be told his favorite one. I was content to let him tell me what he wished and nothing more, for in the calm of his strong and gentle personality the questionings of an interviewer would have seemed out of place. I do not think we even touched on that momentous topic, "The Future of Fiction." The fatalistic tinge which makes him so interesting precludes discussion of things which after all, must fall out as they will, and not as critics and paragraphists would like to make them.

I have used the term "most distinguished of American novelists" as applied to Mr. Howells, with due discrimination, for he has certainly put before us, as no one else has, the American daily life, the American citizen, the American habit and train of thought—even the American woman.

Seranus.

SO OBSCURE A HEART AS MINE.

BEYOND the orchard trees I found
A girl with apple blossoms crowned,
And knew she could have no design
On so obscure a heart as mine.

But at the garden lilacs soon
We turned back in the golden noon;
For in the timothy we crossed
She had her tiny slipper lost.

I found it, pearly with the dew,
And saw her dainty ankle too,
But she, I knew, had no design
On so obscure a heart as mine.

But afterwards, with lips sincere,
She whispered me, "Why *did* you, dear?
Why *do* you, can you tell?" and I
Thought long, but could not tell her why.

"It *may* have been your rosy cheek,
Or lip," I said, "that would not speak;
But when I meet your eyes demure,
I am not altogether sure."

—Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.

THE KINETOSCOPE.

BY GEO. S. HODGINS.

THE kinetoscope is an instrument which is now familiar to the public, but there was another antecedent to it, and by reason of the existence and perfection of which, it became an actuality. The kinetograph is the primary instrument and the one from which a number of other machines have taken their being. As its name implies it is the recorder of motion. It is used for taking the photographic negatives, in the first place, from which the pictures are afterwards developed. It is the laboratory machine, while the kinetoscope is the one which suitably presents to the public, the finished work of the former.

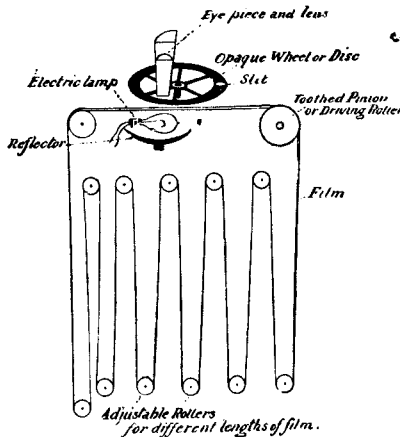
The biograph, and the eidoloscope, and the cinematographe, and the vitascope are simply modifications of the kinetoscope. These more or less fanciful names are given to one family of instruments, which, operating the kinetoscope photographs, throw them, life size, upon a large white screen, just as the old-fashioned magic lantern was able to do with its gaudily painted slides. These machines are, broadly speaking, the successful union of the kinetoscope and magic-lantern principles.

The kinetoscope itself is a very wonderful and very interesting piece of mechanism. After the general outlines of its construction have been studied, one is almost inclined to say it is quite simple. The kinetoscope is an apparatus which enables the beholder to "see motion." The name is derived from two Greek words *kinetos*, moving, and *scopeo*, I see. The machine, usually

contained in a small cabinet, consists, briefly, of a suitable eye-piece which is in reality a magnifying lens, capable of producing a picture apparently about two inches wide by one and five-eighths inches high. This lens directs the vision of the beholder down a black, tapering tube which terminates in an opening seven-eighths of an inch wide, by three-quarters of an inch high—the exact size of the little photograph. The photographs looked at through the lens are simply a series of separate pictures,

each one differing from the preceding one by an almost imperceptible degree, yet no two exactly alike. The negatives taken from this machine are developed one after the other on a continuous band of transparent celluloid which measures one and three-eighths of an inch wide. The edges are perforated by a series of small, oblong holes which are so spaced as to engage with the teeth

of a pinion roller, or, as most people would say, with the projections of a small cog wheel. This toothed wheel or roller when revolving is able to carry the band of celluloid along and pass it under the lens at a uniform rate of speed, so that a continuous series of pictures is brought under observation. The ribbon of photographs, if from twenty to twenty-five feet long, would contain from 320 to 400 separate pictures. If the two ends of the celluloid band be united so as to make an endless chain of photographs the film may be run several times under the eye-piece, and thus give a total of from 1850 to 2500 separate pictures.



PLAN SHOWING MECHANISM OF KINETOSCOPE.

The speed at which the band moves in the kinetoscope is probably the same as that of the film upon which the negatives were originally taken, viz: thirty-four and a half inches per second. This speed would place forty-six photographs under observation in the same time. A person being entertained for three-quarters of a minute by one of the "moving pictures" shown by the cinematographe has in reality seen 2,070 views. At this rate, a picture of varied life and movement, if it could be made to endure for half an hour, would require the illumination, obscuring and shifting of 82,800 separate photographs. In the kinetoscope the band of celluloid moves without stoppage and is lit up by a small incandescent electric lamp of three candle power, which lies immediately below the picture in the line of the sight, and is reinforced by a small reflector on the underside.

The whole mechanism is operated by an electric motor, which derives its energy from a storage battery. The "nickel" dropped in the slot serves to make the electrical connection required to set the machine in motion. A storage or secondary battery is one in which the chemical union of its elements has been destroyed, or disturbed, each having been forced, chemically, apart by the action of an electric current previously applied. The elements remain in a state of separation so long as electrical connection is wanting between them. The moment "the nickel" is dropped in, it supplies the link and the current flows. The separated elements once more combining chemically, give off to the motor a current of electricity having a force nearly equal in power, though in opposite directions, to that of the current previously used to isolate the constituents of the battery.

If the series of pictures represent a skirt dancer, the first might show the arms of the figure extended, in the act of raising the flowing drapery. The second would differ from the first only in a minute advance of the arms, upward, and the slight consequent alteration in the folds of the skirt. The third would have but a fraction of further advance from that of the second, and so on

throughout the entire series; each picture being of a separate, distinct and motionless pose. These all, when drawn past the eye of the beholder produce the effect of continuous motion of the hand and foot and figure, and the infinite flutter and flow of gossamer drapery.

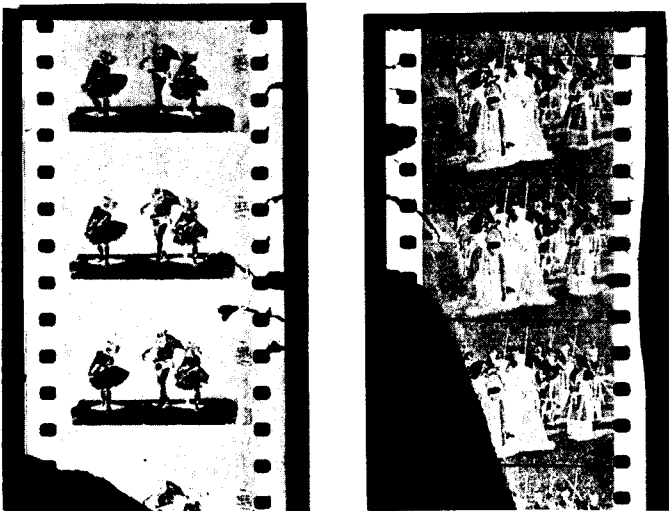
Just here, however, must be considered a most wonderful piece of mechanism. If this series of separate pictures were simply to be drawn past the eye, as in reality they are, the effect would be that of blurred and undistinguishable confusion, neither showing picture, pose nor motion. There is an obstruction interposed between the eye and the illuminated film which cuts off all light and completely hides the tiny scene. The obstruction is nothing less than a black circle of metal which is made to revolve over the views as they pass along. In this disc is cut one slit about the one-eighth of an inch wide, and as the wheel sweeps round there is given to the spectator one flash of vision for each picture. The time occupied by the motion of one photograph out of the field of view and another into the field is taken up by one revolution of the obscuring black band or disc, and the flash of light which reaches the eye is only that permitted by the small slit. This takes place when number two photograph has reached the exact position formerly occupied by number one. The disc is about ten and a half inches in diameter, measured to the centre line of the small photograph; and it is not too much to say, that for every picture seen, the beholder is treated to nearly thirty-three inches of opaque metal and total darkness, to one-eighth of an inch opening for sight.

So far, the skill and ingenuity of man has been taxed to bring about the wonderful result produced, but now the eye of the beholder also contributes its share. We are told by the late Prof. Huxley, on page 220, of his "Elements of Physiology," that, "the impression made by light upon the retina not only remains during the whole period of the direct action of the light, but has a certain duration of its own, however short the time during which the light itself lasts. A flash of lightning is, practically, in-

stantaneous, but the sensation of light produced by that flash, endures for an appreciable period. It is found, in fact, that the luminous impression lasts about one-eighth of a second; whence it follows, that if any two luminous impressions are separated by a less interval, they are not distinguished from one another." Prof. A. E. Dolbear states the persistence of vision at about one-tenth of a second for impressions not exceedingly bright. It, therefore, would appear, that the eye having received an impression from one picture, through the narrow slit in the disc; holds the sensation produced, while the opaque

ternation, that his eye is able to hold the impression made by one picture until the next is seen, and this property has been called, "the persistence of vision." It is by reason of this extraordinary faculty, that our organs of vision are actually able to bridge over in each case, the period of these infinitesimal, yet comparatively long kinetoscopic nights, and retain, with unbroken luminous impression, the sensations of its brief and fleeting days.

The eye sees actually a picture, with figure inert and motionless, which is instantly shut out of sight in complete and absolute darkness, while the moving



PORTIONS OF FILM.

wheel revolves, and at the instant that the second picture is presented, the appearance of the first had not entirely faded away.

When looking into a kinetoscope the eye is in reality kept in absolute darkness for a very much longer time, than that in which it enjoys the experience of light. This play of light and darkness, follow with perfect regularity, like night and day, but the duration of each is very different. There is, if one may so phrase it, about 263 times as much night as there is day, for each picture seen. The beholder is, however, not conscious of the least break in the continuity of his sight. So rapid is the al-

mechanism shifts the scene. Again is disclosed, another view with quiescent form, posed like a marble statue, without movement, and without life, and again as quickly the image is blotted out in darkness, while eye and brain are busy. The swiftly moving panorama of lights and shades, rapid flashes and deep gloom, following each other with all the precision and exact regularity of which delicate machinery is capable; the scenes, so stiffly statuesque, and the frequent interruptions of sight, flow on together smoothly, and beautifully, obeying simply the laws of mechanics, of optics and of physics, so perfectly that one imagines he sees the graceful con-

tinuous motion of the lithe figure, the sinuous movement, the rapid flash of moving arm and lightly tripping foot, and the endless flow of fluttering drapery,

as a living, breathing terpsichore glides in and out before us, in the magic mazes of the dance.

Geo. S. Hodgins.



ROSANA PLAYING CARDS.

ROSANA playing cards with me
 Calls forth a word of chivalry,—
 I rise whene'er she takes a trick,
 She does the act so tastefully;
 She gives the Scotchman's poke, then slips
 Her rosy thumb across her lips
 To give the regulation lick
 To deal the cards out gracefully.

She thumps her knuckles with a bang
 That makes the pots and kettles clang,
 And when she sweeps the deck away,
 Oh, heaven, save the table!
 To watch Rosana flip the ace,
 To see the smile upon her face
 That brings the dimples into play,
 Doth make a man unstable.

Rosana plays with hearts the best,
 (They leave such room for pleasant jest)
 My suit the jade trumps every time,
 Then laughs at me right cheerily;
 Rosana's charms who can withstand?
 She's won my heart—I give my hand—
 For hearts are played in every clime
 To make the world wag merrily.

—*Maud Tisdale.*

WHEN DREAMS DRAW NEAR.

BALLAD.

WHEN the long day drops from the vine-clad wall
The red bricks fade in a dream,
And my heart is forth on the old-time quest
Where the old enchantments stream.

Out over the darkling plain I go
When the toiling arms get free,
And the blue star burns in the shadowy hills,
O, dear dreams, wait for me.

O, glimmering face in the golden sheen,
Will never my lips prove thine?
Is there only a bubble of dream to dare,
A fading smile for a sign?

William Carman Robert's.

YOU by the southern waters,
And I by the fierce north sea;
For you the soft air in the myrtles,
The storm in the pines for me.

On you smiles the fair south weather,
O'er me drifts the whirling snow.
Through the paths where our steps have lingered
Strange winds sweep to and fro.

And you have a thought of sorrow,
And I have a word of pain,—
When will to my hand be given
The touch of your hand again?

A. B. de Mille.

WITH THE TROUBADOUR.

NEVER breathe the sweet and tuneful gale
But longings for old song within me rise;
That with some troubadour adown the vale
I might pursue the field-lark's echoing cries;
Sweet converse we would hold of careless days;
Of ballads tender as a lady's sighs;
Of lyrics voiceful of the woodbird's note,
And old romantic lays;—
Perhaps a couplet "to a woman's eyes,"
Would please us more than all the odes we wrote.

John Stuart Thomson.

FRIENDSHIP.

A PRICELESS link in the great chain of love,
A gracious gift to man, sent from above;
Giving bright sunshine to the human heart,
It lightens care, and shields from sorrow's dart.
And do all find it? Nay, 'tis but a few
Who find real Friendship, steadfast, sure, and true.

Daisy Sinclair.

LAURA.

MAIDEN! first did nature seek;
Lilies for thy spotless cheek;
When with roses came she next
Half delighted, yet more vex'd,
For the lilies there to see
Blushing at their purity!
Since her labor now was lost,
Roses to the wind she toss'd.
One, a bud of smiling June,
Falling on thy lips, as soon
Left its color, and in death
Willed its fragrance to thy breath!
Then two drops of crystall'd dew
From the hyacinth's deep hue,
Brought she for thine eyes of blue;
And lest they should miss the sun,
Made thy soul to shine thereon!

Harry Janvier Smalley.

THE ONE GREAT MYSTERY.

Virtue's honor, Folly's shame,
A spark evoked—A flickering flame,
That flares anon with passions rife
And burns a something we call life.
Extinguished by pale Azrael's breath,
We miss the flame and call that death.

Where is the flame that, yesternight,
Shed from my lamp a cheerful light?
I know not; but I half believe
That if I knew, I should not grieve
With hopeless grief that one brief spark
Should shine to leave me in the dark.

William T. James.

SOME RECENT PICTURES IN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

[In this Department it is proposed to show from time to time, examples of the best work of Canadian Amateur Photographers hitherto unpublished.]



PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

A REVERIE.



PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

BUTTERFLIES.



PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

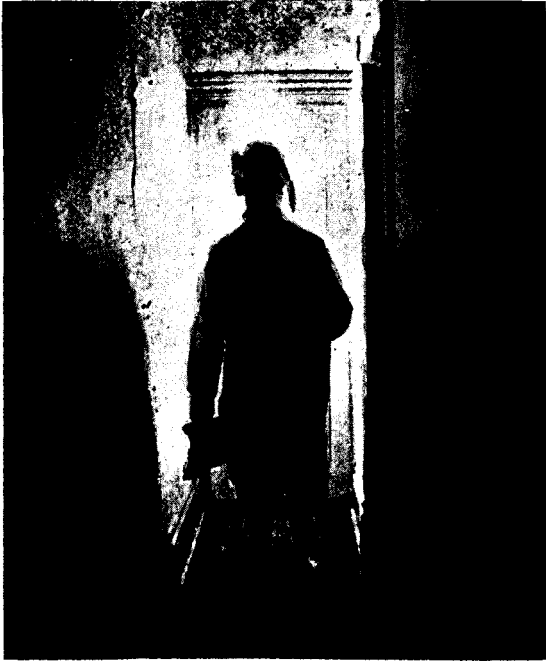


PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

GOOD NIGHT.



PHOTO BY J. J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES.



CYNTHIA Morrow had just finished dressing, and for a couple of minutes or so she stood contemplatively in front of the mirror to view the effect. She noted how the mauve dress she wore accentuated the gold in her red hair, and how cleverly it seemed to soften the tone of her complexion.



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

"SHE TOOK UP A SMALL HAND-GLASS."

"I must always wear mauve, and do my hair in puffs," she reflected. "I really think I look quite well to-night."

Then she took up a small hand-glass, and examined her face minutely. There were one or two faint, half-developed wrinkles under her eyes, which she smoothed away with a protesting finger.

"Perhaps he won't notice them," she said. "I hope he won't. Why"—this in a hopeful tone—"it is only when I peer right into the glass that I can see them at all. And, really, this dress is very becoming to me."

She put down the glass and, opening a drawer, took out from it a small bundle of letters. She took them up very gently, and with a curious, lingering touch, much as a young mother might hold her new-born babe.

"I will read just one," she said, in an apologetic voice, as she took a letter from its envelope and let her eyes run over the familiar words.

"My dear boy, my dear, dear boy," she murmured, and she pressed it to her lips; then she folded it up again with tender touch, and replaced it at the bottom of the pile.

There was a small, thin letter lying on the outside of the bundle, which she touched half reluctantly.

"Yes, I will," she said, determinedly; "perhaps there's some mistake, or it may be my imagination," and she read it through. "'Dear Cynthia' only—the other began, 'My darling'; I wonder why?" and she sighed. "Oh, well, he's coming home to-night, and when I see him it will all come right; it must all come right."

She smiled and looked at herself in the glass again; there was a small lock of

hair that had become a trifle straight; she heated the tongs and re-curled it carefully.

"There!" she said, when it was finished. "That looks better."

For years, ever since she had been grown up, Cynthia had dressed herself methodically, placidly, and always carefully; but never until a year ago with that little thrill of expectancy which made the toilet a species of sacrament.

"I hope they won't notice that I've put on my new dress," she murmured, as she went down stairs; "but that bothersome Tillie is sure to say something about it."

And Cynthia's fears were realised; for she had no sooner seated herself at the tea-table, with a conscious air, before she felt her terrible young sister's eyes were upon her. The young sister was greedily engaged in swallowing a crumpet at the moment, and Cynthia devoutly hoped it might choke her; but it did not.

"Hello! Cynthia. Well, we are fixed up to-night! What's that for? Oh, of course, I forgot. Why, Darrell is coming home. Don't blush, Cyn," and she laughed in her peculiarly irritating way.

"Don't be so silly," Cynthia answered, almost crossly.

"Why, surely Cynthia is not foolish enough to think about a bit of a boy like Darrell Sinclair, a boy whom she has known all her life, too. I hope, Cynthia, you have more sense," her mother exclaimed, peering over her tea-pot at her eldest daughter as she spoke.

"Of course, Mamma," Cynthia replied, decidedly. "Tillie is so stupid." But the color on her cheeks signalled her feelings for the rest of the meal.

It was silly, yes, it was silly, she argued with herself, to care for a boy of twenty, just because he had made love to her. She must crush it all out. And then she caught herself glancing expectantly at the clock about every five minutes in order to make sure that time had not cheated her.

Tillie and her father were engaged in playing a game of backgammon now, and her mother was reading the paper, so Cynthia, with some fancy work in her hand, was free to sit and think.

Ah! there was a step on the veranda! Cynthia's heart began doing double duty,



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

TILLIE.

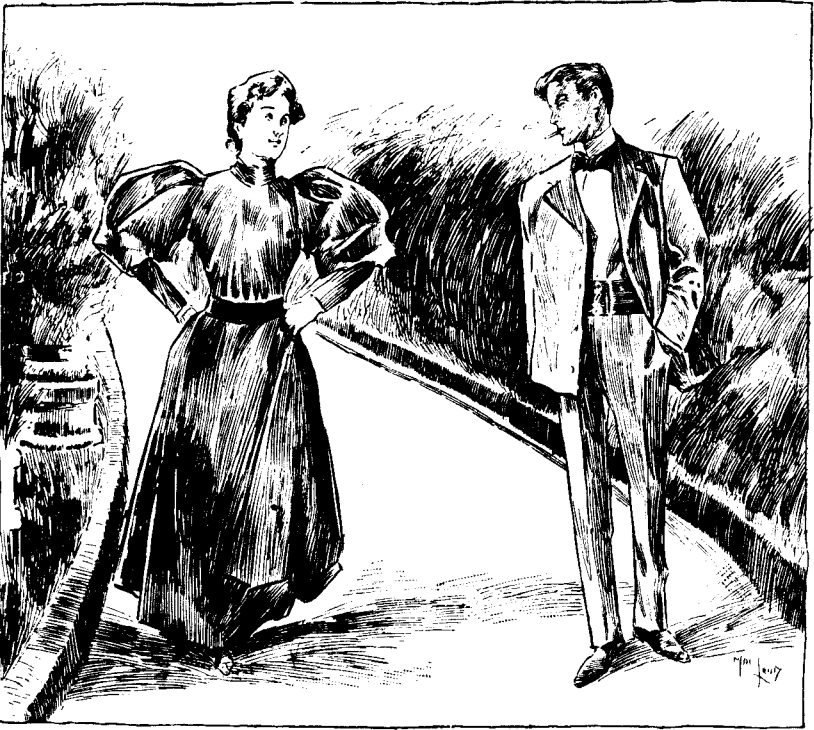
and her work fell from her trembling fingers.

"There's Darrell," Mrs. Morrow said, cheerily, and she laid down her paper and rose to greet him. How Cynthia's heart was beating now, as he stood in the doorway! Such a loose, long-limbed, well-knit, essentially masculine piece of manhood he appeared; his laughing, boyish face brimming over with excitement, and the dark eyes that had wooed Cynthia flashing a welcome on them all.

He entered the room with the easy confidence which long association brings, and they all greeted him with hearty familiarity; all except Cynthia, who looked pale and somewhat constrained.

"Hello! Cyn. What's the matter?" Darrell asked, at last, after he had talked for half an hour or so on matters pertaining to himself and his doings at college. "Have you got the hump?"

"Oh, Darrell!" she answered, with



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACL OD.

“‘I KNOW—I KNOW, CYNTHIA,’ HE SAID.”

shocked demureness. “How can you be so vulgar?”

“Come for a walk round the garden,” he whispered; “I want to talk to you.”

“Very well, Darrell,” she answered, sweetly, and she folded up her work and put it on the window sill.

“We’re going out to see the moon,” Darrell explained to the others, as they left the room. “We expect an eclipse on to-night.”

“I’m glad we managed to get out,” he said to Cynthia, as they stepped into the moonlight. “I am going to have a cigarette now. I am dying for a smoke.”

Cynthia said nothing, but reflected rather abjectly that he seemed to think more of his creature comforts than he did of her. Her heart was aching for a word of love, for some explanation for his past coldness, for something, she did not quite know what; and with an emotion which scarcely breathed, she waited.

Poor Cynthia! For a moment or so the boy’s whole attention was centred on the lighting of his cigarette, and then,

with the heartless egotism of twenty, he launched out into a description of his college life, of the villainies of the “meds,” of the theatres, of the pretty girls he had met, the parties he had been to, the new dances that were in vogue, etc. And Cynthia listened to it all with an interest that was half lover-like, and half maternal; but all the time her heart kept pleading for herself, for the neglected self which had been thrust aside and wounded by the thoughtless egotism of the boy. Why, he had not even noticed her new dress; he had not told her that mauve was becoming to her, or that her hair looked well done up in puffs; he had not asked about her doings, nor had he cared to hear; he had simply ignored her personality, ignored her very existence. And she thought, with a stab at her heart, of her dressing, and the pains she had taken to please him. How useless it all seemed to her now. And while her heart was aching, he was rattling on unconcernedly about his own affairs.



DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.

"THEN WE USED TO GO OUT WHEELING TOGETHER."

"Talking about pretty girls," he was saying, "I met an awfully pretty one at the Dixon's party. She was deucedly pretty, and just a perfect clip. I danced eight times with her, and sat out four; that was going it rather swift, wasn't it?"

Cynthia smiled faintly in assent, but said nothing.

"And that was only just the beginning," he continued. "After that I met her somewhere every day—street-car, by accident, you know; ice-cream sodas, and all that sort of thing. Then we used to go out wheeling together. She rides a wheel like a streak. She's a little thing, you know, little and dark—would you like to see her photo, though? I've got it here," and he pulled it out promptly from his breast pocket. "I think you can make it out pretty well; the moonlight's bright. Isn't she sweet, now?" he asked, enthusiastically.

"Ye-s," Cynthia answered, hesitatingly; "but I can't see very well in this light."

"Oh! and that doesn't begin to do her justice, either," he said, confidently, as he put the photo back in his pocket.

"You—you seem to think a great deal of her," Cynthia at last screwed up her courage to falter, "considering she isn't anything to you."

"How do you know she isn't anything to me?" he asked. "How do you know we are not engaged?"

"But, Darrell," she protested, eagerly, "Darrell, you always promised to marry me." All her maidenly reserve, all her pride, all her preconceived ideas of the necessity for passiveness on a woman's part were swept away by that moment's pain, and she stood before the boy with her quivering heart laid bare.

"I know—I know, Cynthia," he said, rather lamely. "And I always intended to keep my promise; but you see I was only a boy then, only nineteen, and I did not know much about the world. I believed I was in love, but I was only playing at it." (Cynthia thought it very hard that she should have been the plaything.)

"And then, Cynthia," he continued, in a self-exonerating tone, "I didn't know you cared much. You always said you couldn't marry me, you know, because

you were ten years older; and so, you see, I drifted into the other affair, almost before I realized it. Can't you see how it was?"

"Yes, I can see," she answered, quietly; but the tone of her voice chilled him, somehow, and stirred his heart into something like pity. "But I was a fool," she continued, more hotly; "a miserable fool."

"No, Cynthia," he said, gently; "it was not your fault. I made you care, and you couldn't help yourself. But, Cynthia, I'll always look upon you as my friend, next to my mother the best friend I have in the world," and he took her hand and pressed it tenderly. "I know it was beastly mean of me," he continued, in the same gentle voice, "not to have told you before; but I didn't know you cared so much—I didn't know you took it seriously, you see."

"Don't explain any more, please," she said, withdrawing her hand from his clasp as she spoke. "I think I had better go in now. It is getting late. Good-night. And I hope—I hope you will be very happy," she faltered, but her lips quivered with the words.

Her lips were still quivering when she opened the door, and met her mother in the hall.

"Well, Cynthia, I hope you haven't spoiled your new dress, draggling about the garden with that boy. I really thought you had more sense," her mother remarked, rather severely.

"Oh, it's all right, Mamma," Cynthia answered, in the peevish tones of a soul o'erwrought.

Her brain was beating out one thought. He had changed towards her, utterly changed, and the home-coming had not made it any better, only worse.

She did not look into the mirror that night when she climbed wearily upstairs to bed; she did not admire the mauve dress again, but hung it up disdainfully in the cupboard; for the future, mauve dresses, or any other dresses, were all alike.

She lay down in bed, but could not sleep, because a tide of sorrow flooded her soul, and kept her eyes wide open. There were no tears, for tears are the heralds of a brighter day, and many a

numb, listless, aching day must be lived through before tears could come.

And they did come. All the dreary, monotonous, commonplace days that her soul apprehended. They came and went, and Cynthia lived through them; smiled when a smile was expected of her; talked evenly and calmly, and performed her duties carefully and painstakingly, as was her habit. And no one of the household suspected her love story, or helped

to make her burden lighter. For Cynthia, they noticed, grew a little religious, that was all. Church-going and church work had become a necessity; the only anodyne civilization offers women who have loved and lost.

But the world would say that Cynthia Morrow was an old maid who had never had a lover. How very little the world knows sometimes!

Kathleen Blackburn.



NEW ASPECTS OF THE OLD HURON MISSIONS.

BY A. F. HUNTER, M.A.

THE story of the Jesuit Missions to the Huron Indians has often been told; but as new facts arise in connection with the subject, such a story will easily bear repetition in the light of the new facts.

Intrepid missionaries of every creed, many of them working without colleagues or helpers of any kind, have ranged far and near among the habitations of all kinds of aboriginal peoples. Yet the labors of none surpass in zeal or in strength of organization those of Brébeuf and his band of associates during their fifteen years of toil between the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe.

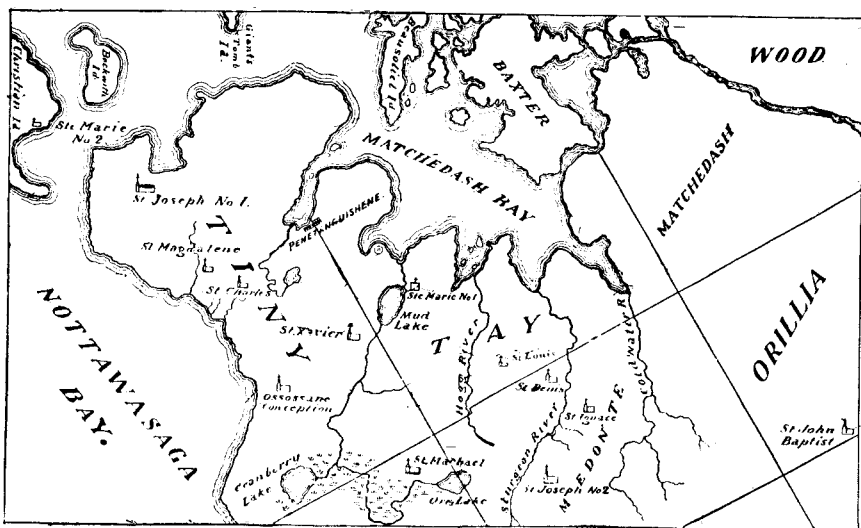
Briefly given by years and in the order of their arrival, the roll of these missionaries stands thus:

In 1634, Brébeuf with Daniel and Davost reached the Huron country; next year, Pijart and Le Mercier came; again, three more—Jogues, Chastellain and Garnier; then Ragueneau; and the following summer, Jerome Lalemant, Le Moyne and Du Peron. This brings us down to the year 1639, the date of the building of Ste. Marie on the Wye, as

their headquarters, after which a few others came.

Father Daniel, in 1648, was the first of these to give his life. This occurred during the destruction of Teanaustaye, at which Huron town they had established the mission of St. Joseph. At the present day many iron tomahawks have been found on the site of this town; and at a solitary spot on the way to the next mission town of St. Michael were great numbers of these weapons. Here, no doubt took place the last stand between the pursuers and the pursued. At this place the ground was bestrewn with tomahawks almost as thickly as the scene of an Indian battle in the country of the Neutrals, near Hamilton. The latter has been described by David Boyle, who says that about eight hundred were found by the farmers and used in the construction of a picket fence, the edges of the rusty axes being turned skyward to serve as pickets.

In the capture of St. Louis during the next year, Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant were captured and taken back to St. Ignace where they were put to death. A



MAP SHOWING THE HURON MISSIONS IN THE LAKE SIMCOE DISTRICT.

modern post village in Medonte township bears the name of Mount St. Louis to commemorate the old mission once near it. But unfortunately there is a geographical error in thus naming the place; it would have been more properly called Mount St. Joseph, as the mission of St. Louis itself was about ten miles farther north.

Finally, Garnier was among the slain at the capture of the mission town of St. Jean in the Tobacco Nation; and his companion, Chabanel, is supposed to have been murdered by a Huron a few days later. Thus, there were five priests martyred in the Huron country.

The remains of the mission headquarters, Ste. Marie on the Wye, may still be seen where the River Wye issues from Mud Lake, being known as the Old Fort. They are in a much neglected condition.

Historic ruins in Canada do not seem to be kept in as good repair, nor regarded with the same veneration as in Europe. This is unfortunately evident from the present condition of this old French fort. A few years ago, Mr. Boyle, in his Fourth Annual Report, suggested that steps should be taken to buy for a park the land on which it stands, "fence it, restore the outline of the fort, and erect a tablet setting forth in brief the history of the spot;" but

hitherto nothing has been done in the proposed direction.

The condition of these ruins has greatly changed since Europeans first settled in that neighborhood. Public attention was first drawn to their slow but sure destruction in a short paper by James Bain, jr., read before the Canadian Institute in 1885.

The four bastions were of stone; so also were the curtains on the north-east and south-east. These stone walls, as we learn from the Rev. Felix Martin, who visited the place in 1845, and whose description of it is perhaps the earliest of the modern accounts, were more than three feet above the ground but are almost level with it now. At the other two sides, which were doubtless formed of palisades, the water of the river, received into ditches that are still clearly visible, was an additional protection. The strip of ground between the fort and the river had also been defended by a ditch and a parapet of earth. Here once stood the large cabin for Huron pilgrims, and a hospital for the sick.

As the duty of preserving the ruin from further destruction is owed by the Canadian public, it would be a proper exercise of power if the Government would undertake this work.

After forsaking this place, the Jesuits followed the main body of the Hurons to

the island of Ahoendoe (now called Christian Island) whither they had fled, and erected a new fort which, like the abandoned structure on the Wye, was also called Ste. Marie. Its ruins are also to be seen.

The last act in the tragedy was the removal of a remnant of Hurons, chiefly the converted ones, to Quebec in 1650, in the vicinity of which city, descendants of this small band continue to live.

The wisdom of the course adopted by the Jesuits in regard to the Hurons has been an open question with some who have considered this missionary enterprise as highly theoretical and lacking in practical usefulness. But they undertook some reforms at once which yielded material benefits to the Hurons, such as the establishment of the seminary at Quebec for the education of Indian youths, and the erection of a hospital. It is a monument, also, to the sagacity of the Jesuits that they prohibited the distribution of spirituous liquors among the Indians by the traders. The fury of the Iroquois was in part at least the work of Dutch whisky supplied them by the Albany traders, who seem to have entirely lost sight of the cardinal principle in the management of a savage people: that it is necessary to keep from them all strong drinks.

In many ways like these the work of the Jesuits among the Hurons was eminently practical. But where can perfection in such cases be found? We read that the eternal fitness of things was amusingly violated in Massachusetts by the missionary, John Eliot, who translated a work on logic for the use of his Natick Indians. Even in earlier days the Jesuits had declaimers. Voltaire's mocking romance, "Le Huron," was a burlesque of their efforts among the very people of whom we are speaking.

Those Hurons who withdrew to Quebec were chiefly converts. What, then, it may be asked, became of the surviving pagan portion after the dispersal of their nation? These, or the greater part of them, fled among the Thirty Thousand Islands off the east shore of Georgian Bay. The notorious "Boss" Tweed in modern times, when a fugitive from New York justice, found a refuge in the same

hiding-place. His selection of this labyrinth shows the excellence of its qualities as a retreat, as he would naturally be a good judge of such places. It has also been a refuge for other fugitives from Canadian as well as Yankee justice. In one way or another the Huron refugees ultimately became incorporated with the Algonquins along the north shore.

From the books of Parkman, which are very widely read, one gets the impression that the late Dr. Taché made the chief identifications of the sites of the Huron Missions, and this impression seems to have become general. It is true that Taché spent a considerable part of his summer vacations for five years in this work; but Father Martin, although several years earlier—when it was more difficult to find them in the woods—determined the positions of these missions with greater accuracy. With only two exceptions, Martin's identifications have withstood the closest scrutiny of later years.

The Memorial Church at Penetanguishene, erected to commemorate the lives of these martyrs is now well advanced toward completion. Built in the prevailing style of the continent of Europe, with "turrets twain," which one also frequently sees in the Province of Quebec, it crowns the high ground in that northern town and overlooks the picturesque bay. The parish and church—the handsome new structure also—are known as Ste. Anne's, named after the early mission near there. The indefatigable efforts of Father Laboréau, the pastor, have been devoted for many years toward the completion of this work. The cornerstone was laid Sep. 5th, 1886, and the building was far enough advanced by 1890 to allow services to be held in the basement; yet, various details still remain to be finished before it can be regarded as complete.

* * * *

A few words about the Huron Indians themselves, apart from the Missions, should be interesting, in the light of modern researches. It is of great advantage to contemplate savage life to know what we are ourselves; because many of our so-called "civilized" people fail to see how like the savages they act in some

of their everyday follies. One must study, not only the great nations, to know the strong side of humanity, but also the little nations, to know the weak side, if he would get the fullest possible information. The customs of both must be taken into account to make one's knowledge of our whole race complete.

Apart from these differences in the general characteristics of races, there are wide differences as to their degrees of civilization among the individuals comprising each race itself. Who has yet seen a race so civilized that among its members are not found some savage individuals; or a race so savage that has not some noble exceptions? Every modern city, however highly refined it may be, has its ward of inhabitants with savage tendencies; so, on the other hand, among the Hurons there were some native heroes.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Hurons had no daily newspapers, among them were the usual thefts, murders and suicides that occur in a free people. Like other barbarous nations, secret societies flourished luxuriantly, and they made extensive use of that remarkable institution called "money." This latter was wampum—their chief measure of value in trade as well as treaties. Farther south, Indians had even gold, and the merciless Spaniards in their search after it deprived the Peruvians of great quantities.

A statute of Lower Canada in 1792, permitted the importation of shell wampum, as it was an indispensable necessity in the Indian trade with the West—the only legal currency, in fact, that the traders used. But, alas! there was counterfeit wampum in Huron days, just as to-day there are counterfeiters at work. The advocates of free wampum were more successful than the advocates of free silver now, for it is chronicled that many people at Albany freely made wampum at considerable profit to themselves. But the money question was not such a live topic in North American politics then as now. It is true that the issue of free wampum did lessen the price of that commodity, but this does not appear to have worried the red men of the forest.

Of all the features of Huron life, their bonepits are perhaps the best known. More than one hundred and thirty of these have been found in Simcoe County alone, in recent times. Skulls from these may be seen in museums throughout every part of the world.

The Tobacco Nation lived on the eastern slopes of the Blue Mountains in Notawasaga township. Here have been found abundant remains of this nation, as many as thirty-two villages and forty bonepits. The Provincial Archæological Museum in Toronto contains many relics from the district, the tobacco-pipe being the commonest kind, especially the trumpet-mouthed variety. One might naturally expect this from the very name of that nation, the patrons of the consoling "weed."

From the Huron massacres of 1649 have sprung up an abundant crop of traditions around the Georgian Bay. All the Indians in the district, the young as well as the old, know more or less vaguely something of the great war. The origin of every bonepit, burial-mound or other communal grave is attributed to these conflicts; but it is well known that all such burials were made in times of peace. Some Algonquins go even further and give a detailed account of a war between themselves and the Iroquois, though it will perhaps be found that the tradition had its source in the mere sight of the burial-mounds, rock-paintings, and other remains of a former people.

Besides these traditions, every old fort with which the Jesuits were associated, teems with legends about buried treasures. Catlin tells a story of an Indian who crossed Pennsylvania and New York to dig up a "kettle of gold" that had been buried by his ancestors. It was nothing but a brass kettle, but to this poor Indian, whose name was Onogongway, brass and gold were the same. Perhaps the explanation of so many buried treasures in Canada, especially in the Huron country, may be found in Onogongway's "kettle of gold."

* * * *

It would be an omission not to speak, at least briefly, of the relations of these missionaries—the reports of their work

in the Huron country as well as in other parts of Canada, to the heads of their order in Quebec and in France. Like other books written on the field of action, especially books of travel, they breathe the open air of forest, lake and river. Notwithstanding the monotonous phraseology about conversions and sacraments, occupying so much space in their pages, and the drawback from having been written amid dangers and interruptions of every kind in rude mission lodges, they have a simplicity and charm peculiar to themselves.

The original editions of the Relations have been for a long time among the rarest of books. The three-volume reprint, made in 1858 by the Canadian Government, has also become a rarity. And the new series from the Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, now in course of reproduction, will soon

follow in the same direction. The latter issue has an advantage for English readers over the former ones, inasmuch as the text is translated into English, the original French being given on the opposite page. It is ably edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, of Madison, Wis., who is already well-known as the writer of some valuable works of history in connection with early French times.

Besides the fact that they are edifying literature, these Relations have been the chief authorities from which Canadian historians have drawn their information, although the Récollets preceded the Jesuits in this country, and also left a few volumes of original materials.

In many ways, therefore, the labors of these Jesuit missionaries, and the books they have left us, will remain a prominent feature in the history of this, their adopted country.

A. F. Hunter.

AN AFTERNOON CASUALTY.

BY M. V. McCORMICK.

WHENEVER Nell shrugged her shoulder she was vexed; if a shrug without words it was an ominous sign, as of fierce storms brewing. But this time she looked up with an entrancing little smile and a warning shake of her forefinger as she said, "Cousin Jerry, I meant to be all graciousness to you this afternoon, in honor of your home-coming, but that's the second sharp thing you've said already, and all my fine, noble resolves are flying far, defenceless and undone, like poor Mary Stuart's troops of long ago. I flatter myself, though, if I had had you as a pupil all these years you would know how unpolitic it is to run counter to my will."

"Most gracious Lady Nell, I wouldn't for worlds displease your Royal Highness," replied Jerry, with becoming gravity, "but I can't help commenting on paradoxes, and really, Nell, though you're not supposed to know it yourself,

there is a charming mixture of saint and—well, sanctified naughtiness, if this description is preferable, about you. It struck me so last night at the Sinclairs' when I came upon you so suddenly after the lapse of years. I could scarcely believe my pert little cousin had developed into such a dazzling, scintillating queen of wit and beauty. Your finished brilliancy charmed, and your hoydenish pranks fairly bewitched me. You were alternately clouds and sunshine, smiles and frowns, until I was well nigh dazed. But you always did puzzle me, Nell; I can remember as a mere child you were odd."

"Tut, tut, Jerry, I was never anything but delightful, at least, so they tell me"—and Nell's feet rested on the ottoman with a little imperative jerk as if no further argument could be used.

"To be sure you were and always will be delightful, cousin Mea," laughed Jerry, "but always tyrannical. You

can't deny how barbarously cruel you were to me in the old days when we studied the poets together, or how severe that lashing little tongue of yours could be whenever I failed to see a poet's meaning; for I was never as quick or bright as you. But there was one thing, Nell, you were always duly penitent afterwards, which made me feel like the direst culprit, and in desperation I'd crown you with roses. I have often laughed since at the remembrance."

"How queer that you should remember such trifles," replied Nell; "I think I have forgotten all about that time—quite."

"But, Nell, you must surely recall that summer afternoon we were both on the old beach—I came along that way this morning and was more than pleased to see the old spiles still standing as they used when they marked the limit of our canoe voyaging. Well, you had been telling me the weird tale of how the handsomest of Neptune's fifty handsome daughters was stolen from the paternal bath, and how all the chivalry of the water swains was aroused at the dastardly trick, and how they swore an awful oath they'd never rest till they had found her, and not having found her yet, they were constantly on the go, moaning and piteously restless. You could hear the groans, but try as I would I could hear nothing but the swish of the waves on the shore. This enraged you, for you jumped up and left me with the bitter retort that I must always plod along in the ruts because I hadn't the common intelligence to soar to the heights. Your words cut me deeply and I guess I showed it, for you relented before you were at the top of the hill, and came toward me, penitently—the demon side had its fling, then the angel conquered, and putting your two little arms around my neck, you kissed me. Can't you remember that incident, Nell? You were only fourteen then and I was four years older—let me see, its ten years since, but the memory is with me yet. Oh, isn't it good to recall old times?"

"No, it isn't a bit good to go moping into the dark alleys of the past, and I'd thank you, sir, not to remind me I'm growing old. It seems a shame you

never thought of starring as a living chronometor, Jerry, as you surely have talent in that direction. As for me, I never look behind—poor Mrs. Lot's fate has always been a terrible warning; moreover there is too much brightness ahead to waste one's time over foolish reminiscences." Nell's tone as she said this was more bitter than the occasion warranted, and caused Jerry to regard her scrutinizingly, as he said:

"Why, Nell, you surprise me, as I thought you would be just the girl to revel in things old and sentimental. Every girl has a vein of romance in her that runs to bygone happenings. Confess now, aren't there many things in the past you love to remember?"

"There is positively nothing," replied Nell, with decision, "but there is something immensely agreeable in the present, *par* example, this *tête-à-tête* with one whom I never dreamed of seeing, and who, as a boy, was delightfully stupid, albeit the best-natured, kindest and gentlest cousin an exasperating girl ever had."

"That's scarcely complimentary," replied Jerry, "but it is you to a dot, Nell. I believe you could amputate a man's hand with the most graceful unconcern possible, and then in a moment of unprecedented generosity give him a stuffed glove to dangle from his coat sleeve—of course I know you'd get the very best quality of musquetaire."

Nell's lips curled petulantly at the sarcasm. "Permit me to remind you, Mr. Jeffers," she said, with a haughty poise of her head, like some dethroned queen, "that cousinly familiarity oftentimes approaches dangerously near boredom, and from thence there is but a step to private property, trespassers over which hold themselves liable to heavy penalties—long absent relatives not excepted."

This speech seemed to amuse Jerry, for he laughingly rejoined, "You were always oratorically grand on the subject of cousinly rights and wrongs, Nell. You handled the theme gigantically as a school-girl, but it seems dreadfully *passé* now, and should not be donned by a young lady of such exquisite newness, and who, by Jove, is the most stunning

and handsome living thing a man might care to look at. I really can't help telling you how astonishingly beautiful you've grown, little cousin, though the early promise was there ten years ago." His admiration was unmistakable as he said this, and pink tell-tales suffused Nell's cheeks, but she arose hastily from her chair as she said:

"There, there, cousin Jerry, that's quite enough, but I'll pardon all the irrelevancy and even overlook the lurid bow-knot at the throat of that speech, just to call a truce to this wrangle, for I don't like quarrelling, though you've intimated I'm a perfect demon—and you just back, and an entire stranger to the thousand-and-one adorable qualities I possess. Oh, deary me, it's a wonder I'm so lenient with you, and since it comes easy for me to dismember people, it's strange I don't order your head off. But I'm not entirely cruel, so, if you help me out of the meshes of this tangled floss I'll forget and forgive everything, past, present and to come. I've been wrestling with it for the past half-hour and am only getting deeper in the maze. Just look at me, all snarled and tangled like the Lady of Shalot. Oh, woe is me! I do believe the curse has come upon me for I can't find the ends."

Jerry did not know much about flosses, but he knew enough to enjoy the privilege of seeing Nell's deft fingers flit in and out of each loop as the snarls were loosened and the thread rolled into a ball. He was heartily sorry when the winding process was over, for Nell looked bewitching with a pretty, little flush of excitement dyeing her cheeks, her bright, roguish eyes now and then looking into his, and that merry, little laugh of her's, that ran along the edge of her gay chatter, like incandescent ripples, leaving no sting in even the sharpest things she might say. This, he remembered, was one of her girlish characteristics, and one of the myriad charms that constituted her a different being from all girl-kind. The adoration of his boyhood came back to him with dreadful force as he stood there holding the threads for her, and he couldn't help thinking how easy it would be for him to worship her now in all her superb

womanhood. Her daring grace and refreshing individuality dawned upon him like a blissful revelation. Oftentimes during the past years he had tried to imagine how she looked and whether the promise of her childhood had been fulfilled, but he was not prepared for the glorious being of her full development. "Bravo," cried Nell, as the last thread was rolled. "Now, you may sit down, Jerry; ever, ever so much obliged. I never could have extricated myself, unaided. Penelope, herself, would be pleased to see how skilfully you performed your part of the work, which goes to prove man is a domestic animal and capable of being taught."

Nell then bent over her work-basket, where she was selecting a certain pattern of doily, while Jerry amused himself toying with a bit of silk ravellings. He looked up suddenly and called, softly, "Nell."

"Yes," answered Nell, still intent on her work-basket.

"Guess what Trowbridge told me last night?" Nell did look up this time and leaned back in her chair to give full vent to the hearty laugh which greeted this question. "Don't tax me so severely," she replied; "really, Jerry, you don't know what you're asking me. One would needs be a necromancer of the first water to tell just what next Ned might say, he's so outlandishly fictitious. Has he a new idea of astounding theosophic import? or, you can't really mean that Niobe of his is soon to be finished? Poor Niobe! I wouldn't blame her to weep copiously if that lazy fellow leaves her much longer with only an outline for a nose and positively no chin at all."

"I'd like to know what reference I made to any of Ned's idiosyncrasies," Jerry answered, testily. "It's quite remarkable how you do run off on wild-goose chasing without giving a fellow the least warning. Do be serious, Nell, as what I am going to say means much to me."

"Gracious goodness, Jerry!" and Nell's eyes opened widely, "don't speak in that hoarse, jerky manner, I beg of you; it frightens me, and it's always hard to match colors when I'm frightened. Here I have a pansy pattern with

green and pink shades to work it with. But who ever saw a green and pink pansy, I'd like to know. Now, I have the right shades, heaven's blue and sunshine gold :—

"Open your eyes my pansies sweet,
Open your eyes, for me:
Where did you get that violet hue?
Did a cloudlet smile as you came through?
Did a little sunbeam bold
Kiss on your lips that tint of gold?
Come, tell me the mystery."

"Isn't that quite *a propos*? And isn't it singular that working doilies is my one feminine frailty? I take up the work like other people take tonics—to be braced. Oh, I have some handsome centre pieces, but this is to be the Crown Imperial—all my artistic flourishes are to be called into play here. As a novelty, wouldn't it be great to weave in a little gladness together with its attendant, sadness? But how funny to have heart-throbs and hopes and sorrows underneath one's salad dishes with a gay party chatting and laughing, and all the time unconsciously nibbling each other's 'crushed rose leaves.' That would surely be unique, but it's frightfully absurd, isn't it, Jerry?"

Disregarding her inquiry, Jerry leaned over on the table and began cutting the leaves of a late magazine. Presently he said, in very low tones: "Say, Nell, Trowbridge said it was quite an open secret among the set that you were going to marry Doctor Brainard, that fossilized old scientist we used to poke so much fun at, and who should have been gathered to the bosom of his fathers long ago. I laughed at Ned when he mentioned it, but he seemed positive. However, there's no truth in the ridiculous rumor, is there?"

He was looking fixedly at Nell, and his words seemed to pain her, as a quick, electric quiver seemed to pass over her; her cheeks turned pale, then carmine; the needle dropped from her fingers, but without lifting her eyes, she murmured slowly, as if to herself:

"I—am—not—going—to—marry—Doctor—Brainard."

There was something so deliriously helpless about her as she uttered these words, that unconsciously Jerry dropped on his knees before her, and tenderly

picking up the little hand from which the needle had fallen, he whispered, passionately: "Then marry me; will you, Nell?"

He spoke no other words of love, but in a moment his whole being seemed to be afire with the heaven-born passion, and he could only pour forth his love in the eloquent language of silence, while hungry kisses covered the hand enclosed in his. It was such a sudden avowal that Nell lost her composure for a second, the next she was on her feet before him, and endeavored to treat the whole affair with her usual nonchalance.

"For shame, Jerry," she cried. "Do get up; for what if someone would see you in that ludicrous position! It's horribly embarrassing and undignified for a man of the world to be caught in such an act. I'm quite ashamed of you; indeed I am! As for me, such scenes as these have even ceased to interest me—you know I'm an uncommon girl."

"I know you're different from all other girls," said Jerry, vehemently; "you're wilful and awfully clever, and I've been told how you tricked other fellows; but you'll be more considerate with me, won't you, dear, for the sake of our happy childhood? I care not for the whole world, if only you let me kneel here at your feet. Your eyes dared me last night, and I was coward enough to accept the challenge. You've bewitched me, caught me in that magical net of yours, and from now on you may do as you please with me. I know now why all other women have ever appeared dull and uninteresting to me: it is because I gave you all my love even while you were a mere child, and that love has been nurtured all these years, till now it has become the vital part of my existence. Nell, Nell! I love you to frenzy; come to me, sweet one, for I can't live without you."

All the light was suddenly extinguished from Nell's pretty eyes. There was no pride to be seen in the bowed head. The laughter and scorn had fled from her lips, and only pity trembled there. For the time she was only an ordinary, frail woman, listening with ecstatic delight to the honeyed phrases falling from the lover's lips. Other men had often at-

tempted to say soft nothings to her, and she jeered at their vows, and laughed their protestations to derision; but this heated fellow on his knees before her was, in some awful way, different from the rest, since he possessed almost hypnotic power to woo her into belief of love. Her unerring sense of penetration convinced her all her life of the utter absurdity of this passion people raved about—her reason perfected this conviction, yet here was the stronghold, supposed to be built on the impregnable rock of progress and newism, well-nigh toppling by the gentle breeze of that soft, swaying emotion, deliciously infantile to her, but old as Eve to others, that sounded and vibrated only the one sweet word, "love." Never had she experienced such a moment of delight. Her ears were cloyed with witchery of the sounds, and before her half-closed senses a glistening, glittering bauble danced—a sprite that sparkled and laughed, and sprayed her nostrils with the most historic aromatics, and filled her heart with music divinely pleasing. It coaxed her to take it, till she could resist no longer. She was wild to hold it, only for one moment; she knew she was mad, but she clutched. As she did so the spell broke; she awoke from her stupor, and Jerry looked perfectly idiotic, cringing before her like a hunchback beggar asking alms.

"Do get up, Jerry," she said, wearily, "or I'll laugh outright; I surely will. I'm perfectly heartless, you know, and I see the facetious side everywhere. I have no veneration in my make-up, and never carry handy balsam about with me. If I did, I don't believe I'd apply it to self-inflicted wounds. I don't believe in self-inflicted wounds, and as for Cupid, he is only a mythological fakir, going about menacing people's peace of mind with that rusty old arrow of his that never shoots the right object because the poor fellow's arms are palsied, and everyone knows he's blind."

She spoke feverishly, but tried to look calm, even though she felt her nerves giving way under the strain. If only someone would come or something happen! But nothing did happen, and there was not even a sound from Jerry. She didn't intend this scene, and she blamed

herself for consenting to see him; but it was ten years, and everything should change in ten years, and she hadn't had a great deal of happiness since, and this was to be the last, positively the last—but he must not suspect, even if she must appear brutal, and besides it wouldn't matter much in a hundred years, anyway.

"For pity's sake! don't look so hopeless, Jerry," she went on, struggling bravely to keep down her agitation. "You remind me of the 'maiden all forlorn,' only the tables are turned, and it's the man who is all forlorn, and the maiden all tattered and torn, from being tossed by the cow with the crumpled horn. I do feel most woefully tossed and torn. What business had you to bring in this crumpled horned cow to disarrange my equanimity? You had no right to come from the other end of the world to scatter discord through my harmonious existence. I've been just as happy as a nature such as mine could be this side of the sky, and you've been cruel, dreadfully cruel. Were you jealous of my serenity? Are there too many happy beings on earth, that Satan commissions his aids to smuggle in an aloe wherever a taste of sweet is found? Jerry, I think I could hate you for what you have done."

Her face as she spoke was livid, not with anger, but pain, and at the sight of her distress Jerry forgot his own feelings.

"Forgive me, Nell," he said, gently, taking her hands in his. "I was rash, nay, unmanly, to speak to you thus; but I had remembered while you forgot—let this be my excuse. Forget what I have said, and, if it pains you to know I love you, let this also fade from your memory. It is no fault of yours that you cannot love me, no more than it is my fault that you are, and always have been, the one divinity of my heart. If I might, I would have made you the happiest of the blest on earth, but the Fates are oftentimes fiendish. Don't speak, Nell; I think I understand. You are not to blame, little one; how could you be? Love does not go where it is bid, only I was insane enough to hope when I heard of your indifference to other suitors; and

it does seem hard that a man should squander a whole heart full of love on a myth, doesn't it?"

When Nell became conscious of her surroundings again she was standing on the floor alone. She made a step forward as if to detain someone, and in her softest, lowest tones she cried out: "Jerry, beloved, come back and listen. There's no sin in confessing now that I love you—a million times more than any other woman could possibly love. I always loved you—why didn't you speak sooner? Why did you go away, or, having gone, why did you return? But I shouldn't say that, for now I know you love me—only me in all the world—and that they lied when they said you were fickle. But their lie has placed the stamp of death upon my heart—a dead heart in a living body! How strange! but how solacing since the dead feel nothing. But, before my heart dies, oh, God! let my spirit speak to his and let him know I love him." She staggered to the sofa, and after a half-hour's weeping, the paroxysm passed; then, simply and confidently as a little child, she knelt and asked for light and strength to know and do.

Early the next day Jerry received the following:

"DEAR COUSIN JERRY,—I did not mean to tell a fib yesterday when I said I was not going to marry Dr. Brainard, because I am already married to him—only a week ago. I should have told you, only it was all so sudden, and—and I really could not. Of course, it was not a love match—neither of us believe in that—but the Doctor is a scientist and I am an experimentalist, so I guess we'll jog along comfortably to the end of the chapter. I told him all about yesterday's little affair, which he viewed from a very proper standpoint, and claims it was caused from nervousness on your part and mine; quite a common thing, he says, when people who were attached to each other in their childhood meet after a lapse of years. His classical researches call him abroad, hence we sail for Liverpool to-morrow—where we go after I know not; possibly to the Hesperides, where those famous golden apples grow. Forget me, and if there is anything to forgive, do the divine by forgiving.

"Au revoir, "NELL."

M. V. McCormick.

ACROSS THE SEA.

BY STAMBURY R. TARR.

I

(READ IN AMERICA.)

STOVERTON, MANITOBA.

January 11th, 1896.

REV. JOHN PATERSON, D. D., EDITOR,
"The Church Watchman," Chicago, Ill.

Dear Dr. Paterson,—The terms proposed by your house *re* the publication, in book form, of my poems have proved quite satisfactory. As most of these made their first appearance in the columns of your journal, it is fitting that the same publishers should have charge of them in their more pretentious form. I have signed the formal agreement which Mr. Anderson sent, and have made all requisite arrangements with him in regard to the disposal of proceeds.

As regards the title, I have accepted that suggested by yourself: *Soul-Seek-*

ings, A Volume of Religious Verse. I am too much the churchman to care for a catchy title to a book of such a nature.

I wish my name to remain as Reynolds Wooling, in connection with all my literary work; and I would ask, as an especial favor, whatever enquiries may be made—whether by letter or in person—that you observe the strictest secrecy as to my being known to you by any other name. Also, be kind enough to make no mention of my address as having been other than Chicago, while one of your staff of writers. Strange as my request may appear, I know that Mr. A. and yourself, who alone have my confidence to this extent, will regard it as sacred—*no matter what transpires.*

I enclose what must be my last contribution to your columns, for I am about to sever my two years' connection with your journal. I leave America this week, and my whereabouts in the

future are somewhat uncertain. If, as heretofore, letters for me under the name of Wooling come to your office, kindly forward them to England. The address is that to which I have had you send the paper each week. For the last time, I ask you to re-mail my usual enclosure across the sea.

Once more, my dear sir, I must thank you for your kindness to me, both when an unknown writer and when, through your encouragement, my humble success was obtained. Believe that I am, my dear doctor,

Most gratefully yours,
CHARLES ROBINSON.

Extract from the *Winnipeg Daily*—, of Monday, Jan. 13th, 1896.

On going to his barn, Sunday morning, John Glover, of Stoverton, discovered the dead body of one of his farm laborers, suspended from a beam by a halter stem. Deceased, who was known as Robinson, had been in this township several months and appeared to be about thirty years of age. He contracted no intimacies and nothing whatever is known of his antecedent connections except that he was evidently an Englishman and of some education. He was unfortunately addicted to liquor and seems, at times, to have suffered intense mental agony on account of the repeated failure of his efforts to restrain his appetite.

II.

(READ IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.)

Concluding stanza of a poem entitled "Quest," published in the *Church Watchman*, Chicago, Jan. 16th, 1896,

In that Hereafter—where, God's end
All Life's deep yearning hopes to find,
And trace the Fate that now seems blind—
Shall I there greet my soul's loved friend?

III.

(READ IN ENGLAND.)

Enclosure received on January 21st, by Miss Agnes Bishop, of Princess Place, Sheffield, England.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

January 7th, 1896.

My Agnes,—You must not feel so. You could not have left your father. And then, how wrong, how utterly selfish of me it would have been to permit you to come here among strangers, to tend a man already dying. No, darling—your brave heart must submit. It is right as it is. I have you ever in my soul—I, you say, am in yours also—believe me that it is better thus. But, oh my love! if I could see you once.

The end is very near, I think—within a week or two at most. I write while I yet have some little strength, but this will not be posted until I die. I want that my own words should tell you that all is over. And, while these are the first tidings, let them be also the last. As a voice from the dead to my beloved, I pray you not to enquire anything of others—not even of my publishers. How could strangers know what to tell? Grant me this for my pleading.

I enclose my week's poem from the *Watchman*—the last I shall ever write. "Soul-Seekings" will appear shortly. The dedication is: "To Agnes." This, and its royalty, are all I have to leave. Oh, darling! look for your lover only in these poems. God pity a broken man! It was a stronger spirit that loved and loves you—for now, I speak in death. Because your love gave it higher life, *that* soul's striving could never cease. Many have written me that my poor words have been a strength and solace. Perhaps, letters from others will be forwarded to you by the publishers. You see how eagerly my spirit longs, even in death, that you should think its breathings were not all in vain.

"No higher hope I hold than this,
That *one* may say when I am dead:
This song shall answer in his stead."

Oh, my soul's life! Farewell,

Thine, in death,

ALFRED.

Extract from the obituary column of the *Daily Times*, Sheffield, Wednesday, Jan. 22nd, 1896.

WOOLING: At Chicago, U.S.A., ten days since, Rev. Alfred Reynolds Wooling, M.A., aged 29 years.

Stambury R. Tarr.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

BY MARY J. WELLS.

IT was a feast for the senses. Volumes of delicate perfume assailed the nostrils, golden butterflies hovered over banks of roses and purple bloom, bird notes swelled on the breeze. A travel-worn woman, who had toiled up the lordly flight of steps, looked around her in awed admiration. The brilliancy of the scene, or perchance the dust of the road she had wearily trudged for hours, pained her ageing eyes, for she furtively wiped them with the back of her gloved hand. The day was hot, her hands were moist, the glove was cheap black cotton, the dye was inconstant; the result was seen on her countenance.

The massive, carved door was thrown open, and a gorgeously attired footman challenged her wondering gaze. "You should ha' gone round to the back door, my good woman. What's that you say? Want to see Mr. Renshaw? I don't think he'll see you, but I'll ascertain."

So, winking to a colleague to keep an eye on the doubtful caller, he vanished, to presently reappear.

"The master won't see you without he knows your name and business."

"My business I'll tell him myself. I'll give you my name."

She fumbled in a bag she carried, extracting a piece of greasy newspaper containing a few remaining crumbs of the bread and butter which had sustained her pilgrimage, a worn purse, a pair of spectacles, and, lastly, a crumpled square of cardboard.

"I was told, by a gentleman, I might have to send in my name, so he kindly wrote it out for me—large." And with this verbose explanation, she handed it to the amused servant, who presently summoned her to follow him.

She found herself in the library, although she did not know it as such. Her feet sank silently in the velvet carpet. Rich hangings almost excluded the light. The room was delightfully cool and silent. Paintings and statuary, easy

chairs "like feather beds for comfort," as she afterwards said, though not invited to test them; books on every side, the atmosphere faintly redolent of the odor of their costly leather bindings—all testified to the wealth and luxury of the great railway magnate. So dim was the light, and her sight not being good, she did not at first see the owner where he sat. When she did, however, her courage fled.

A ruddy man, Mr. Renshaw turned white in anger—always an ugly sign. His cheeks and lips were ashen now with rage, while his whole visage was convulsed and transformed by the pent up storm within.

A scathing oath left his lips.

"Woman!" he hissed, in accents the more terrifying in that they were purposely subdued; "what does this mean?"

"Oh! brother Richard—"

"Don't 'brother' me, but tell me in one word, if you can, what you want."

Her dull senses were altogether scattered by this reception. She looked helplessly around. "Not for myself," she murmured to the volumes in the bookcase. "It is my daughter Catherine—an' they said you was worth your thousands, an' the same mother bore us, an' it is so long ago, with him in his grave—"

"Him? Whom do you mean? The mean, ignorant, lying scoundrel who sent your only brother to prison! To prison! Do you hear, woman? Branded as a thief! The husband you sided with and upheld?"

"Because we thought 'twas proved, Richard. Nobody thought no other. But I didn't want you sent to jail. I fought agin that, indeed I did!"

"When I came out, disgraced, after six months of prison, I swore that neither you nor he, nor any of your cursed brood, should see or hear of me again; and you may be thankful I didn't swing for the murder of him."

"But he was awful sorry, Dick, when

'twas found out you was innocent. Nobody could be sorrier."

"Thank him for nothing," broke in her brother, lapsing into old-time phraseology. "But he didn't ruin me. I was honest, after all, as the master found out, whom I served twenty years, and who made me his partner, and son-in-law, and the man I am. But you haven't told me your business. Why, in the name of all the devils! if you would intrude yourself on my recollection, did you not write to my city offices?"

"The doctor—he's a kind friend—he lent me money to come, though not rich himself; he told me of the sekkytaries and such-like you'd have, and I thought they'd maybe see the letter, and you mightn't like it."

"And in preference you come here, where my wife may enter at any moment; where my daughter is, and her visitors, and the titled English gentleman she is about to marry, to disgrace me before my very servants with your mean appearance! Why, your face isn't even clean."

"I'll go, Richard. I know I'm a disgrace to the like of you. But, for the love of God! I come to get a little help. They say you're very rich. I was hard set or I wouldn't ha' come. My Catherine—she's the only one I've left; I've buried four—she's married now, and six children. Henry, her man, is real good. We all lives together, but their little place is mortgaged and the man is goin' to turn 'em out, an' Henry's broke his leg, an' I don't know what we'll do, an' that's the whole story."

"Well, Mrs. Bowles, you'll get nothing from me. You told me once I was no brother of yours, a disgrace to the name of Renshaw. Well, perhaps I am, now. Anyway, I don't ask you to identify yourself with me. Get back to your poverty-stricken crew, and tell your friend, the doctor, I wish him better sense than to send you here again."

He laid his hand on the bell, then, thinking of the servants, his bugbears, decided to see her from the door himself. As he left the library, the unfortunate creature meekly following him, the heavy curtains parted and a frightened young girl stepped forth. Before her father's

entrance, she had sought his *sanctum*, the only place she was secure from overzealous girl friends, and piling some cushions in the window-seat, had drifted into the day-dreams of a young bride expectant. Fatigue after a long morning ride, the stillness, coolness and semi-darkness had beguiled her into real slumber, from which she was awakened by her father's low, but angry, tones, in time to hear what, to her, was a fearful revelation. She hardly dared to breathe until she made her escape, for, despite Mr. Renshaw's indulgence, she knew and dreaded his moods of passion. That she did not lack courage, however, her subsequent course will testify.

Dismissing his sister at the door, Richard Renshaw said to her:

"If you show your face here again, I'll order them to set the dogs on you."

The faded eyes met his, incredulously.

He would not have done it. Let us hope, for the honor of humanity, he would not have done it; for he had the grace to feel half ashamed of his speech. Perhaps something in her glance touched a chord of kinship hidden away in the depths of his hard heart, or brought back to memory the days when they two little, bare-footed children toddled, hand in hand, to their mother's knee. His fingers wandered mechanically to his pocket, then—"No," he thought, "I know them. I should have the whole generation down upon me. Everything would be exploited. Better leave well alone."

It was evidence of the debasing effect of her abject poverty that, while her aching feet bore her slowly down the long avenue, she thought less, from a sentimental standpoint, of her brother's callousness than of the fact that she was returning to her family without material succor.

She was intercepted near the gate by a breathless young girl with tumbled fair hair, who sprang from behind a flowering shrub. A lovely creature in a summery dress of diaphonous pink material, veiled with creamy lace. Fresh, odorous, dainty—an incarnate rose.

"I overheard your conversation with my father. I am so sorry he was unkind to you. Indeed, he is very good, sometimes—always, to me."

"Who wouldn't be good to you, you pretty thing!" thought the woman; but the expression of compliment was beyond her. She only stared.

"And I thought: if I might help you. I am going to be married (did you know it?), and when I stand up with Edwin in church I wouldn't like to feel that there was anybody—belonging to me—hungry or unhappy. How much are you in pressing need of?"

"Too much for you, I'm afraid, my sweet young lady! though for my brother Dick, indeed—"

"Would a hundred dollars be any good?" interposed the girl, breathlessly.

"A hundred dollars? Yes, my dear; 'twould make us easy, and save our little place. But 'tis too much for the likes of you, Miss, and I darsn't take it from you."

"A hundred dollars! Pshaw! the lace on my wedding dress will cost five times as much. When I'm married I shall have plenty of my own. But I think I can manage to procure and send a hundred dollars in a day or two, if you will give me your address."

The aunt gave it. Then—"An' if there was a few cast-off things, Miss," she pleaded, humbly, "that would make over for the children, we'd be so thankful."

Elsie flushed. This revelation of sordid conditions struck her delicate mind painfully. She was full of sympathy for the needy woman, but that the request should have been preferred thus and then!

Mrs. Bowles herself felt vaguely that she had struck a false note, but being ignorant, therefore, tactless, she knew not how to destroy the impression.

After an embarrassing pause:

"You don't understand," Elsie said; "my maid claims my discarded clothes. still, I may find you something. I can slip out of the side gate after dinner to-night with a parcel. Are you staying in the village?"

She "would have to remain there over night. After her long walk in the morning she could not get back to town in time for the evening train." After a few more words they parted, Elsie raising her voice somewhat as she called:

"Be under the old elm, at the first turn of the road, at half-past eight to-night."

A moment later.

"Why, you naughty pet! Where have you been hiding? Sir Edwin is like the desolate Lord Lovell in 'The Mistletoe Bough.' Mabel and I have been helping him search for you *everywhere*."

Elsie found herself confronted by Gertie Pritchard, her dearest friend and prospective bridesmaid; a moment later, by Sir Edwin Selwyn, her *fiancé*, and Mabel Woods, another "dearest friend" and prospective bridesmaid.

"I believe I've been asleep," said Elsie, passing her handkerchief over her eyes, which, indeed, bore traces of slumber.

"Was it asleep under the bushes, then, like a lazy kitten?" laughed Gertie.

"If you'll excuse me, girls, and you, Edwin, I'll run up to the house and rejoin you later," and Elsie sped away, mindful of her disordered tresses.

"Now, *what* possessed Pussie to tell such a taradiddle?" giggled Gertie, innocently opening her big, brown eyes to their fullest extent. "Why, Mab, she was talking to someone! I distinctly heard her say, 'Be under the elm at the turn of the road at half-past eight to-night.' What can it be?"

"Rather say, who can it be?" sneered Mabel, who was inclined to go a step farther than Gertie.

"Has anybody seen John Wilmot lately?" asked the latter, presently, as if inconsequently.

"I have not. He mopes around a good deal in out of the way corners since Sir Edwin's advent."

"Now, you naughty darling! don't tease. Don't heed her, Sir Edwin. There is really nothing between John and Elsie. He was her father's ward, and spent his school holidays here. We all know what that amounts to."

Sir Edwin turned silently away. He was not passionately in love. Only in so cool and decorous a manner as was proper in a suitor of the future Lady Selwyn: but he had the instincts of a gentleman, and this gossip revolted him. "It makes a fellow look so damfoolish," he thought, as he gnawed the ends of his pale mustache.

In the drawing-room after dinner that night, a form in floating tulle and fluttering ribbons approached John Wilmot

as he sat looking on at the gay company—with them, but not of them. A vision that caused his heart to beat faster, for, cold and calm as he seemed, his breast held a very whirlpool of passion which circled round this unsuspecting girl who would soon be the wife of another.

"Dear John, I'm going to ask you a favor."

"I am honored and happy, Elsie," for so her old companion was privileged to call her.

"And it's to be a secret from Papa and Mamma, and, above all, from Edwin."

John shook his head, doubtfully.

"Can you lend me a hundred dollars until after I'm married?"

"Unquestionably. Will you have the cheque to-night?"

"Cheque? Oh! I'm afraid it must be cash."

"Then I'm afraid we must wait till to-morrow."

"That will do, nicely. Now, if anyone inquires for me, I'm gone to my room, and don't wish to be disturbed."

Mr. Wilmot feared some inadvertence on the part of innocent Elsie, so, after an ancient habit, he went out into the grounds with a cigar, for a moonlight stroll, and to think the matter over.

His disappearance, so soon after Elsie's, was noticed by those interested.

"James, are you looking for some one?" queried Miss Gertie, in the grounds next day.

"Yes'm, for Miss Elsie, 'm."

"I think she's in her room; so if you have a message or a—a note for her, give it to me, and I'll see that she gets it without delay."

So James, thinking it was all right, handed her an envelope.

Now John Wilmot ought to have given the envelope with the money to Elsie herself. It was just one of those little things on which the great tragedies of life sometimes hinge. It was hard to meet with Elsie apart from her persistent girl friends, and he disliked to inquire for her particularly, half suspecting latent jealousy on Sir Edwin's part.

"Sir Edwin," said Gertie, shortly after, "I've a note here from John Wilmot to Elsie. She's somewhere in the grounds with Mabel. I'm obliged to go

in. Will you kindly take charge of it and hand it to her?"

"Certainly; with pleasure," and he took it gingerly as though it were a tarantula.

His courtesy did not deceive Gertie, and having fired the train, she retired to await the explosion.

* * * *

"So, you refuse, Elsie?"

"I deny your right to question me, Edwin."

"What! the girl I am to marry? Who receives notes from gentlemen, and holds secret conferences in the evening?"

Her silence under this accusation confirmed his suspicion.

He alluded to her supposed meeting under the elm. She thought he meant the few words with John in the drawing-room. Another mistake fruitful of results.

"I shall speak to Mr. Wilmot," he said.

"Oh! John will tell you nothing," returned Elsie, defiantly.

"Dear me!" thought the shocked Sir Edwin. "How confidential they must be!"

He found after a somewhat stormy interview with John, that Elsie was right.

"I can say nothing," remarked Mr. Wilmot, "save that no blame attaches to Elsie."

"But, heaven, sir! let no one dare say blame attaches to Miss Renshaw—in my hearing. But it is the part of her friends to prevent her guilelessness from being imposed upon."

"You voice my sentiments, Sir Edwin."

"But—but, Mr. Wilmot, blood has been shed for less than this."

"I understand you, Sir Edwin; but duelling is out of fashion. If it were not, I would not fight you. Yet, I am no coward. I don't even fear misconception."

"Then I must appeal to her father. Hate to do it though," he muttered to himself. "Bull in a china-shop-sort of fellow."

John trembled for Elsie.

"You know Mr. Renshaw's temper," he said, "would you call down his anger on his daughter?"

"Ha! that hits you, does it?" sneered Sir Edwin. "Now I know my course."

Well, her father stormed at her, her mother wept at her; but the frightened little custodian of Mr. Renshaw's painful secrets only turned her eyes piteously upon them and sealed her lips still closer.

Then they tried John Wilmot, but he fought under the banner of his liege lady upon which he had inscribed, "No surrender." So it ended in his receiving an ignominious *congé* from Sunnyland.

Then Elsie, really ill, kept her room, the two "dearest friends" fled from the tempest they had raised, the marriage was broken off, and Sir Edwin, still a bachelor, sailed for England to the dismay of Gertie and Mabel, who had each hoped to win him.

But time soothed the troubles of this afflicted family. Elsie recovered her health, if not her spirits, and John with whom, and whose relations Mr. Ren-

shaw did much business, and could not afford to quarrel, soon regained his old footing.

One day he found Elsie in tears.

On tenderly inquiring the reason, she sobbed out: "I wish I were a child again. The world is changing somehow. Nobody cares for me now."

"Somebody does, Elsie, dear! I have always cared. Oh, darling! let me care for you always. Elsie, will you marry *me*?"

And he pleaded his cause so well that she presently smiled, then dropping her head on his shoulder with a happy sigh, she said:

"And you will never ask why I borrowed that hundred dollars?"

"Never, darling!"

"But I'm going to tell you all the same. When we are—married. I feel I can tell *you*. And because, John, dear, I shall want you to be very kind to—somebody—for my sake."

Mary J. Wells.

THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

Common with most literary men who mingle much with men of affairs, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has taken much to heart the indifference generally manifested in utilitarian circles for literary pursuits. As a representative literary man he resents this attitude, and defends the art of letters, and the culture essential to it, as an influence of vital importance to ordinary lives and to civilization, even in its material aspects. His recent book, "The Relation of Literature to Life," purposes to show not only the close relation of literature to ordinary life, but its eminent position in life, and its saving power in lives which do not suspect its influence or value. Mr. Warner tells us he is not sure that the Scotch peasant, the crofter in his Highland cabin, the operative in his squalid tenement-house, in the hopelessness of poverty, in the grime of a life

made twice as hard as that of the Arab by an inimical climate, does not owe more to literature than the man of culture, whose material surroundings are heaven in the imagination of the poor. Think what his wretched life would be, in its naked deformity, without popular ballads, without the romance of Scott, which have invested his land for him, as for us, with enduring charm; and especially without the songs of Burns, which keep alive in him the feeling that he is a man—which impart to his blunted sensibility the delicious throb of spring—songs, that enable him to hear the birds, to see the bits of blue sky—songs that make him tender of the wee bit daisy at his feet—songs that hearten him when his heart is fit to break with misery. To gain an adequate idea of the value of literature in comparison with other work, discovery or conquest, we need to

look back over the ages and note what remains—what is permanent. Out of Spain's illustrious sixteenth century, there is nothing of more value than "Don Quixote." The best heritage from any generation, the character of its great men, owes its transmission to the poet and the writer. After time has passed, will human life be more influenced by what Bismarck did, or by what Goethe said?

"A little page of literature, nothing more than a sheet of paper with a poem written on it, carried to the door of his London patron, for which the poet received a guinea, and perhaps a seat at the foot of my lord's table. What was that scrap compared to my lord's business, his great establishment, his equipages in the park, his position in society, his weight in the House of Lords, his influence in Europe? And yet that scrap of paper has gone the world over; it has been sung in the camp, wept over in the lonely cottage; it has gone with the marching regiments, with the explorers, with mankind—in short, on its way down the ages, brightening, consoling, elevating life; and my lord, who regarded as scarcely above a menial the poet to whom he tossed the guinea—my lord, with all his pageantry and power, has utterly gone and left no witness."

* * * *

And yet, to quote Mr. Warner, "Go out of your library, out of the small circle of people who talk about books," into places given up to commerce, or manufacturing, or politics, "and you will speedily be aware how completely apart from human life literature is held to be, how few people regard it seriously as a necessary element in life, as anything more than an amusement or a vexation." Few of us escape personal knowledge of the truth contained in Mr. Warner's statement of the case. To a group of travelling Americans a certain voyage of the *Majestic* is memorable, chiefly because of the literary catastrophes which occurred *en route*. Two Boston professors, a Southern journalist, and an Englishman were chatting together on deck. The talk turned upon American poets, and the Englishman, travelled, educated, well-connected, said:

"Poetry is not in my line, but I fancy I should enjoy reading Tennyson's. While in New Orleans last year during the cotton season, I chanced upon a copy of his poems in a friend's house. I was greatly surprised to find the book dedicated to the Queen, and could but admire the generous spirit which enabled an American writer to do that." Of the party addressed the journalist, being a woman, first recovered the powers of speech and, woman-like, threw out a life-line in the remark, "Oh, come now, you Englishmen must always have fun at America, but, as it happens, we are well aware that Tennyson is the pride of England, and Poet Laureate at that." But the Englishman was too honest and too dense to attempt an escape and only reiterated, "Well, well! Of course I'm glad to know he is one of us, but I must say, I have lived in Manchester all my life and never heard his name." The words had hardly died upon the air when the group was joined by a compatriot of the last speaker. The new arrival was flushed in face and perturbed in spirit and, according to his own account, had been roughly handled in argument by a Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose name graced the passenger list in the first cabin. After stating his grievance and giving due emphasis to the supercilious airs of his opponent, the irate Britisher ejaculated, "Who is this Matthew Arnold, anyhow? He is having at them all in the cabin, including the purser and the doctor, but, for myself, I have yet to be told the first thing about him."

The *Majestic* shook from stern to stern as the laughing waves slapped her on the back and raced away in glee, the Boston professors saw problems in infinite space, and the woman of the party looked yearningly out to sea and murmured:

. . . "Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

Upon reaching New York, Mr. Arnold began his lecture tour of the States. He was accompanied by Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters, and the agent, whom he elegantly called his "Impresario." They usually had railway passes given to them, and on several occasions when

presenting these to the conductor, he remarked in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold *troupe*, I suppose!"—"just as if we were a travelling circus," said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.

* * * * *

THE "Kailyard of Literature," as the new Scotch school of fiction has been labelled, is evidently to plant a few cabbages behind the footlights. Jerome K. Jerome has collaborated in a Scotch play entitled "*The MacHaggis*." To-day the romantic school of fiction holds the stage in thrall with its *Prisoners of Zenda*, its *Princes of Ruritania*, its Huguenot heroes and its three-and-twenty guardsmen of cloak and sword. To-morrow play-goers may be witnessing, in place of the swaggering heroes of romance, the idyllic doings of Thrums and Drumtochty.

* * * * *

THE officials in charge of the Juvenile Department of the Boston Public Library have noticed for the past two weeks an unusual demand for copies of Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*." This demand was so much in excess of anything they had ever known that they felt it necessary to investigate the causes of this unprecedented interest in Bunyan. Inquiry revealed the fact that the teacher

of history in a well-known school had reached the colonial events of the seventeenth century, and had recommended to her pupils the perusal of Bunyan's book as a part of the bibliography of the story of the Pilgrim Fathers.

* * * * *

THE way of the translator is hard. In Fenimore Cooper's tale, "*The Spy*," Mr. Wharton, one of the characters, lives at a place called, "*The Locusts*." This a French translator rendered "*Les Sauterelles*." Evidently he had not heard of a tree called the locust; hence his mistake. Presently the translator came to a passage in the story where it was stated that a visitor had tied his horse to a locust. We can imagine his perplexity over this, and the doubts about his previous rendering. If he turned once again to his dictionary, he evidently found no assistance; so he wrote with a bold hand that the rider had secured his steed to a *sauterelle*. Then, taking a fresh dip of ink, he clinched the matter by gravely informing the reader that in America these insects grow to an enormous size; and that in this case one of these—dead and stuffed, of course—had been stationed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback.

* * * * *





BY KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

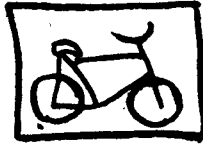
THE MISSING LINK.

A CERTAIN Egyptologist, whose hobby t'was to pore
O'er manuscripts Demotic and much heiroglyphic lore,
While searching in the Pyramids for Form and Scarabae,
After much tribulation made a grand discovery.
He found an old sarcophagus within a gruesome vault,
All carved and polished wondrously in black and blue basalt,
While, strange to say, the mummied form, enswathed in wrappings rude,
Was doubled forward in a most peculiar attitude;
Upon its face there yet remained, despite the lapse of years,
A look intent that spread unto its well developed ears.
Above it, on the granite wall, high as the height of man,
Encircled all with quirks and quirls, this strange inscription ran.



In haste the Egyptologist to Roll and Cartouche flew,
But these, alas, no characters of such an aspect knew,
He grubbed Semetic roots among, and volumes manifold,
But no gymnastics of the brain the mystic letters told.
Anubis knew the writing not, and Horus, too, was dumb,
While Isis grinned and Ra was mute, the mummy still was mum,
And from the Hall of Twofold Right where grim Osiris sat,
Great howls of laughter issued forth from Meaw, the Sacred Cat.
The wretched Egyptologist grew thin and white of head,
As ever up and down he raged those corridors of dead,
At length, despairing, forth he fared, all palsied, weak and ill,
While in the Hall of Twofold Right the Cat was laughing still.
But Fate pursued him on his way, where're his footsteps turned
The mystic Thing upon the tomb before his vision burned;
He saw its characters emblazed in darkness and in light,
He thought about it all the day and dreamed of it at night,
Until his friends and relatives, but cruel to be kind,
Transported him to Bedlam for Diseases of the Mind.

One morn while gazing through the bars upon a geatle hill,
 Our hero saw a summer youth upon a bicycle—
 He clapped his hands unto his brow, and burst his chains and fled—
 And in a month was rushing down those corridors of dead.
 The wierd inscription then he took, in ecstasy of bliss,
 And twisted it till he evolved, in perfect beauty, this—



He set the mummy in the seat, and dancing in his glee,
 Completed in a second's space his great discovery.
 He also found the Pyramids were built so smooth and wide
 So that the gay Egyptian sport could coast adown the slide;
 And lastly he can tell you why, if e'er you pass that way—
 The sandy Desert of the Nile is "scorching" to this day!

It is told of Kemble, that being much disturbed during one of his favorite parts by the crying of a child, he advanced to the footlights and exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, this child cannot possibly go on!"

HARD TO BEAT.

A HIBERNIAN admirer of Hook exclaimed, in delight at his wit, "Och, you're the Hook that nobody can bate!"



—BEATRICE SULLIVAN.



DRAWN BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.

MISS PROUDFOOT.—Now, honestly, Teddy, don't you admire the arch of my foot?
 TEDDY (*whose folks have recently returned from Europe*).—You bet. Reminds me of the "Bridge of Size."



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

HE.—When Bob goes to see Miss Flack he always stops at a certain point.

SHE.—Indeed! What's that?

HE.—So-fa and no father.

WHEN CUPID BROKE.

WHEN Cupid broke his little bow,
He straight to Chloris flew,
Compassion touched the maid, and she
Did make it firm and true.

Then Love to test his mended toy,
Straightway did fix a dart—
Which speeding struck that maiden kind,
And pierced her tender heart.

For she who most his ends doth serve,
And loveth Love will find,
'Tis in her breast the rogue will choose
To fix his dart unkind.

THOUGHTFUL.

MRS. WHALE.—Why Spouter, dear, how late you are! Have you been out on some work of charity?

MR. WHALE (wiping his mouth).—Yes, my pet, I've been tucking in the oyster beds.



CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

THE "NEW JOURNALISM." The crusade now going on in the United States against what is termed the "new journalism," or sensationalism among newspapers, reminds us that the daily press in Canada is by no means free from the charge of being sensational, and vulgar also. It is a deplorable fact that most of the newspapers of this country prefer to emulate their depraved contemporaries on the other side of the line to adopting the staid tone of the press of Great Britain. A comparison of the press of the two countries reveals at once the more desirable one to follow. On the one hand, take for example the *London Times*. "The Thunderer," as it is sometimes called, is conspicuous chiefly for the absence of that which constitutes the main portion of the average American daily, namely, that which deals with the latest murder, suicide, robbery or execution, and the publishing of which seems to be the primary excuse for the existence of the journal. In the *Times*, in place of sensationalism occupying the most conspicuous space, the first position is given to the news of the day, telegraphic reports, cables, special correspondence, etc., which can always be relied upon as being truthful and exact. The latest news is to be had from the Philippines, South Africa, India, Crete, the Soudan, etc.; not padded out in a sensational way, and highly colored to suit the political views of the paper, but the facts stated without a bias by correspondents who may be relied upon and who know that they will be called to account if any statements are made that are not correct. What is the result of this mode of conducting business? First of all there is a feeling of confidence established between the paper and its correspondents and between the correspondents and the paper, the one recognizing that the other can be relied upon to furnish only information that is reliable, and the other knowing that the greater value will be set by the public upon the

correspondence appearing in that paper, which is recognized as a reliable authority upon all public matters. Thus the public are gainers. The general reader is not long in determining which journal can be counted on for authenticated news and which cannot, and in the case of the *Times*, the public, years ago, learnt to accept the reports and despatches of that journal as having good foundation, so that to-day whatever the *Times* says, either editorially or in its news columns, is looked upon as gospel both in England and America, whereas its telegraphic and cable despatches are seized upon and used as pabulum by the newspaper press the world over. This is the result of discountenancing everything that savors of sensationalism, or, at least, of publishing only that which is known to be accurate. We do not wish it to be supposed that sensational journals do not exist in the old country, or unreliable ones, either, for that would be far from the truth; but the percentage of such journals is very much below what it is in America, and the weight they have with the public is next to *nil*, and in no way to be compared with the influence which the journals of this class exercise in the States. There are dozens of papers in England actuated by principles similar to those that move the *Times*, and the sensational sheet is the exception. In the United States, however, the great mass of the papers seem to vie with one another in being as vulgar and sensational as possible, without paying the least attention as to the authenticity of the matter published.

Take, for example, the news that comes from Cuba through American sources. Fiction more pure and unadulterated was never penned by any novelist with the most fervid imagination. It is a common thing to read of massacres of women and children in one paragraph and to have the entire statement contradicted in the next, to be told of the total defeat of General Weyler and the ex-

tion of his troops in one line and have them all resurrected in the next. The peculiar part of the affair is that these conflicting reports all appear to emanate from the same source, to have their origin in the brain of one man, or else how could they be contradicted so flatly and so completely in the same despatch, and how could they appear simultaneously in different parts of the country? It looks as though the American press is not only allowing a fraud to be perpetrated upon it but is encouraging those who are engaged in the work. Then again, anyone who picks up an American journal cannot but be impressed with the prominence given to such events as murders, hangings, prize-fights, lynchings, etc.—matter which reflects no credit upon anyone except upon the peculiar and apparently inexhaustible resources of those whose business it is to prepare such matter. A few weeks ago a prominent New York daily engaged the services of an ex-senator—a statesman, to represent it at a notable prize-fight and to report the proceedings in detail, a task that was duly performed. At the next prize-fight we shall expect to see the President of the United States reporting it for some “great” American daily. The humor of the thing is really very fine, and the paper in question deserves credit for that if for nothing else. Can anyone imagine the Marquis of Salisbury or Mr. Laurier reporting a prize-fight, round by round, for even the *Times*? Such a thing is possible only in the United States. Of course we do not mean to say that all American papers are sensational, unreliable and without honor, but the great bulk of them are. There are notable exceptions of very fine papers that would be a credit to any country, such as the New York *Herald*, but these are not frequently encountered and do not exercise the influence in the community that they should.

It is most distressing, therefore, to those Canadians who take a pride in the institutions of their country to find that the tendency among Canadian publications is towards sensationalism. That such a tendency prevails cannot be denied; the most cursory examination

discloses that fact. When a murderer is to be hanged or any noted criminal tried, illustrations are shown of his parents, his wife and family, his dog, his tools, his house, and the house he used to live in, etc., *ad infinitum*; and when a noted pugilist comes to town, the fact is heralded in flaring head lines, whole columns are devoted to him and his doings, and the first page of the paper decorated with his portrait two columns or so in width. More attention or consideration is not shown a new Governor-General when he arrives, nor could more honor or greater deference be extended to the Queen by these newspapers, were she to pay Canada a visit. Such a state of things is highly absurd and most deplorable. While we don't believe in the principle of a press censorship, we cannot help having a friendly feeling for those Americans who are moving for the expurgation of their press and the control of the cartoon which has been used for perverted purposes on the other side for some time.

* * * * *

GREECE
AND
TURKEY.

The breaking out of hostilities between Greece and Turkey may involve Europe in a general war after all. It is hardly likely that the European powers will interfere in behalf of either country until both have determined which is the master of the other; but when that has been established, and when Turkey has been declared the victor, which is the more likely hypothesis to form considering the tremendous odds in her favor in point of numbers and equipment, and the question of the acquisition of territory comes to be discussed, it is quite certain that if Germany and Russia should second Turkey in her claims upon Greece, the rest of the powers will oppose most strenuously the granting of any territorial claims made by the Sultan, and that if the Czar and Emperor William should insist that such claims be recognized—which is not unlikely, considering the insane way in which the latter has been behaving of late—England, at all events, would be inclined to resent such action, and to oppose it with force. The danger, therefore, of a general European conflagration is not yet removed, by any means.