

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EASTER  
NUMBER

DRAWN BY G. BUTLER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

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THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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**PUBLISHERS' TALK**

THIS week's issue of the "Canadian Courier" is essentially of Eastertide in story, article and picture. The cover design which represents the season's more playful aspect is the work of a Canadian artist, the description of the "Car-burning Festival" at Florence is by a Canadian writer and the exquisite French-Canadian idyl, "The Soul of the Child," is by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, a young Toronto writer whose poetry and fiction have already won recognition from the best journals. The *Atlantic Monthly*, the foremost literary publication on the continent, recently published "La Tristesse," a story by Miss Pickthall which is closely akin to that written for this Easter number.

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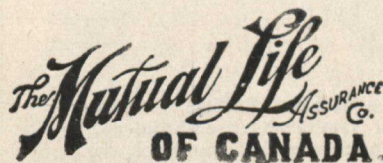
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

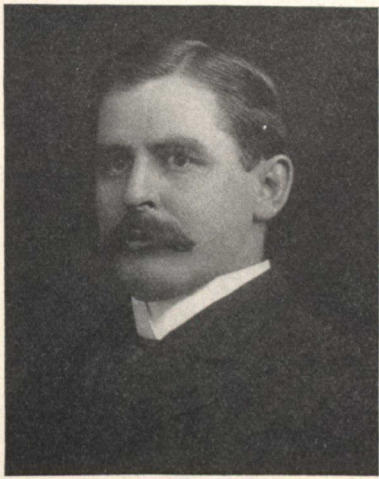
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Vol. III.

Toronto, April 18th, 1908.

No. 20

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. A. Kelly Evans,  
Sec.-Treas. Ontario Fish and Game Protective  
Association.

**M**R. KELLY EVANS, secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, is to enter politics. He will run as a Conservative candidate in South Toronto for the express purpose of impressing upon the Ontario Legislature that the Provincial Government has a duty to perform towards the fish. For a long while now the fisheries on the Great Lakes that front Ontario have been in need of some attention. The deep water fishing in pounds is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The great shoals of herring and whitefish that used to get into the great pound nets along the shores by hundreds of tons in a season are being sadly depleted. In fact an old fisherman on Lake

Erie last summer alleged that the fish were becoming so scarce that it had become necessary for the herring to cross-breed with the whitefish—and for proof he had a huge fish that was neither whitefish nor herring, but a good deal of both. Mr. Kelly Evans will see that this is no longer necessary. He is one of the best authorities on fish and game conservation in Canada. At the end of this month he will go to New Brunswick and deliver addresses on this subject; he will also assist in the formation of branches of the New Brunswick Fish and Game Protective Association.

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most noted and practical Imperialists ever known is dead—Sir Howard Vincent, the celebrated authority on Preferential Trade, who was well known in this country. Sir Howard was a genial, kindly gentleman; one of the finest of the type that ever visited Canada. He was a whole-souled enthusiast who had studied the Empire at first hand by a good deal of globe-trotting. Whenever he hung up his hat at a room in a hotel and began to unpack his trunks he was sure to be a splendid subject for the interviewer, to whom he talked on Imperial politics as genially as though the reporter were an old friend. Sir Howard was an author, one of his best-known books being "Russia's Advance Eastward." He was an ardent protectionist of the Chamberlain school and was regarded as Mr. Chamberlain's first lieutenant. He was last in Canada in 1906 and had paid a former visit in 1905. Born in 1849, Sir Howard entered politics in 1885 as member for Central Sheffield; had been called to the bar in 1876; was for seven years member of the London County Council, and in 1891 he founded the United Empire Trade League. He was an expert and enthusiastic cricketer.

\* \* \*

**T**HE first play that ever had for its chief aim an attack on the Church has just been brought out by Mr. O. Rann Kennedy, husband of the well-known actress, Gwynne Matthison, recently leading lady to the late Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Kennedy has been in Canada with his accomplished wife; for several seasons they played together in open-air Shakespeare under Ben Greet, visiting both Montreal and

Toronto. Mr. Kennedy has an engaging personality; one of the most effervescent and cultivated talkers that ever wore a make-up. Off the stage he was a great deal happier than when on; he said of himself that he was but an indifferent actor but was content to leave the honours in that connection to his wife, who is one of the best living exponents of Shakespeare and has won recognition on three continents. Mr. Kennedy likes writing; plays better than acting them. He is an eminent Shakespearean scholar and a Shakespearean author; is descended from a long line of famous Oxford scholars and was educated for the Church at Oxford. In conversation in Toronto a few years ago he demonstrated how far he had wandered from the orthodox church doctrines by the statement: "God is a great comedian." The play, "The Servant in the House," which has been given its first production in Baltimore, is a logical deduction. The United States papers speak highly of the play.



The late Col. F. W. Cumberland,  
See page 12

\* \* \*

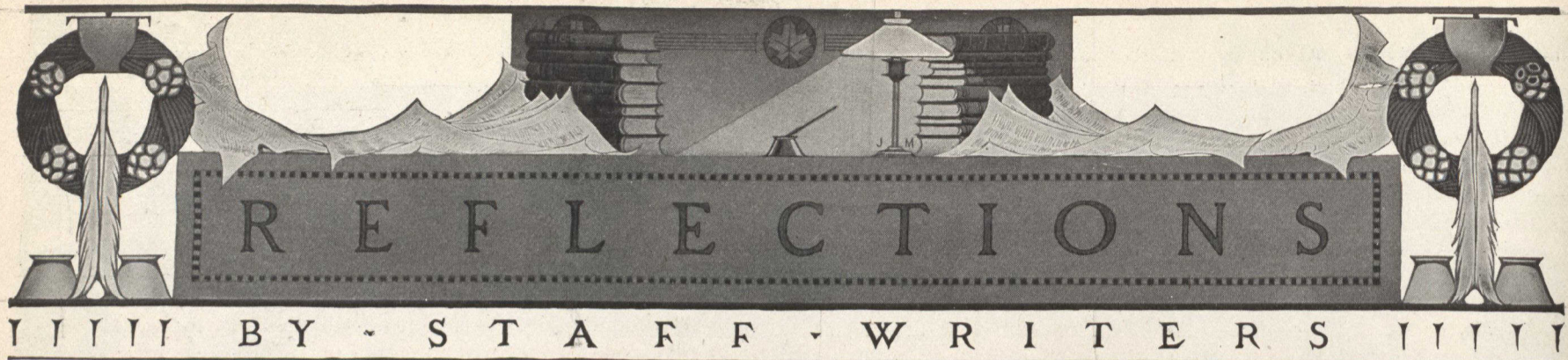
**M**R. R. L. RICHARDSON is again into politics. The independent editor and proprietor of the Winnipeg "Tribune" was not able to resist the temptation to take another hand in the great game that the West is learning to play as large as the East. He is remembered as the lone independent in the House of Commons as member for Lisgar in the days when Frank Oliver left the ranks of the fighting independents from the West and became a true Liberal. Mr. Richardson went into politics as member for Lisgar in 1896. In 1904 he went out; went back to Winnipeg to run the "Tribune" as his chief aim in life. He is an old-timer in Winnipeg and one of its most remarkable citizens. In his office—if you can manage to drag him away from an absorbing hot editorial—he becomes a bustling man of affairs and of ideas—mainly the latter if he has time to get into the full swing. He is a strenuous believer in what he calls ideals and is quite convinced that the West needs ideals; that there is a wholesale decadence of ideals in that land; people, he says, are too much after the dollar and not enough after Carlyle and Ruskin and the poets. He says he is one of those poor men who neglected to take the tide when it was rising—the tide in the affairs of men when real estate began to go to four thousand dollars a foot in Winnipeg and left a lot of the old-timers high and dry on the rocks and the sands. Mr. Richardson is an able man.

\* \* \*

**P**ROFESSOR BARKER, head of the Johns Hopkins medical faculty in Baltimore, has been made an LL.D. of Queen's University. Dr. Barker is one of the ablest medical authorities in the world and is a Canadian born, bred and educated. He got his medical education in the old Toronto Medical School and at Toronto University. On his last visit to this country he spoke at the Toronto University Convocation, where he was given the degree of Doctor of Laws on his accession to the post occupied so long and eminently by Dr. Osler. Dr. Barker's career in medicine stamps him as one of the ablest recruits in the grand army of educated Canadians.



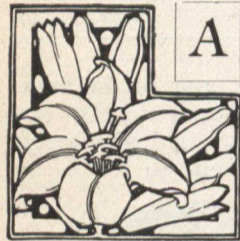
The Prince and Princess of Wales leaving Dover for Germany. Their latest photograph



# REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

## THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUNNEL



ACCORDING to current gossip, the Dominion Government will shortly announce that it will soon undertake two great pieces of work. To please the West, it will promise to build a railway to Hudson Bay. To please Prince Edward Island it will promise to get plans and estimates for the much-talked-of tunnel. The West is determined and so is Prince Edward Island, and the Government facing a general election will yield.

A prominent Charlottetowner writes to protest against some of our statements about the tunnel proposition. Instead of the tunnel being twelve miles long, he states that the breadth of the Straits at "The Capes" where the tunnel must be built is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  nautical miles. In 1904 and 1905, the Government ice-crushing steamers were stuck continuously for two months in each year, besides stops of one to three weeks in these and other years. The regular steamers never run more than eight months in the year and seldom more than seven.

## A NEW CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL

FOR a long time, the Conservative Province of Ontario has been without a strong Conservative daily paper. The *Toronto Mail and Empire* while an excellent newspaper has never been a supreme political influence. Perhaps its proprietors did not deem it best that it should be. In any case, it never became the Tories' "Bible," as the *Globe* has been and remains the "Grit Bible." The *World* is the personal organ of Mr. W. F. Maclean, and has never been a reliable party newspaper, though Mr. Maclean is usually classed as a Conservative. There was thus a curious situation. The *Globe* and *Star* are full-fledged party organs as well as excellent newspapers; the *Mail and Empire* and *World* were sort of half-raters on the Conservative side, while the *News* and *Telegram* were independent. Since the failure of the *Empire* and its absorption by the *Mail*, the Conservatives have always chafed under what they considered a disadvantage. Now, if report is to be believed, the *News* is to become an out-and-out Conservative newspaper. Independent journalism loses; party journalism gains.

Mr. J. S. Willison is to remain as editor and there will be few if any changes in the staff. Mr. Willison was bred and raised in Conservative principles, but by accident became managing editor of the *Globe*, a position which he filled with distinction and ability. Under his guidance the *Globe* came back more nearly to the leading position which it held under the Hon. George Brown. Now, Mr. Willison goes back to the party of his early manhood and will henceforth fight on the Conservative side. Just whether he can make the *News* the leading Conservative organ, as he kept the *Globe* the leading Liberal organ, remains to be seen. If he does, he will be entitled to much credit as a skilful journalist and a forcible publicist. Nevertheless, it seems a strange turn of fate that the Conservatives should turn to the historian of the Liberal Party and the biographer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as their chief journalistic advocate in the largest province in the Dominion.

## THE EVILS OF LOBBYING

THE lobbyist is usually described as a man who, for a stated sum of money, will undertake to influence votes in a legislature or parliament. It is probably true that certain lawyers, some of whom are members of our legislative bodies, might at times come within this definition. When they accept fees from private individuals or corporations for piloting legislation through the House, they are doing something which was never expected to fall within the purview of an elected member.

The word lobbyist is, however, much too widely used. Each of the larger railways has a representative at Ottawa, not a member, who

attends to the legislation of his company, appears before the Railway and other committees and explains by maps and speeches, what his company intends or desires to do, and why it is seeking certain legislation. These officials are not lobbyists, because their employers are known and they are not working for any other corporation or person. Being known in this way, any argument they present is accepted as an official statement from the corporation which they represent.

Again, when a committee of a city council or a deputation of local capitalists visit Ottawa and explain their requests for legislation or their opposition to certain proposed legislation, they are not lobbyists. Their purpose is clear, their service is single and there can be no doubt as to their character.

When, however, as occurred last week in Toronto, a city employs two men, one a Conservative and one a Liberal politician, neither being an official or a member of the City Council, to move about among the members and influence them in favour of certain legislation, that city is resorting to lobbying of a distinct character. A mayor, an alderman or a city solicitor would not be a lobbyist; these specially employed politicians are. The distinction is fine but clear. Mr. Whitney was quite right when he objected to lobbying, but he and the public must be careful to distinguish between the objectionable lobbyist who is working in the dark and the recognised official who is working in broad daylight; between the man who is using political influence and the man who is depending upon fair argument. Of course, if either man resorts to undue or improper forms of influence, he should be exposed and punished. Fortunately, we have little if any of that kind of work in our legislative corridors.

## THE WORRIES WITHOUT END

OUR national worries continue to flourish as the psalmist's green bay tree. For years we worried because our trade was not developing and our population was stationary. We worried because our young men and our young women went in large numbers to the United States. It is said that there are as many Canadians, counting their wives and children no matter where born, in the United States as in Canada.

During the past ten years, development here has been so rapid that the natural increase in our population has found ample opportunity without going abroad. Some of those who had previously gone abroad have returned home. With them have come many settlers from the United States, many from Great Britain and many from Europe. And now the quality of the new arrival is our only worry. The Jap and the Hindu in British Columbia, the Doukhobor and the Galician in the prairie provinces, and the feeble-bodied European in Ontario and the East—these are all giving trouble.

Some of the "Douks" have settled in Fort William and because they object to wearing clothes they are being put in jail. Once there they refuse to eat the jail fare and will take only fruit. At the conclusion of a murder trial in Ontario the other day, Chief Justice Sir William Meredith inveighed most strongly against the criminally-minded Britisher, who was encouraged to come here. The Hon. Mr. Hanna states that, of the 1,163 people admitted to Ontario asylums in 1907, 346 were foreign-born. The foreigners resident in the province were but twenty per cent. of the population, yet they contributed thirty per cent. of the asylum inmates and thirty-eight per cent. of the commitments to jail.

Some have advocated the abolition of bonuses in order to remedy this state of affairs. It is questionable if this would have the desired effect. What is needed is closer inspection at European and Canadian ports. The task of discovering the mental, moral and physical weaknesses in all people coming this way is one which will require a larger staff than the immigration department employs at present. Nevertheless it would probably be a paying investment to have experts

stationed in the larger European ports so that the number of undesirables heading for this country would be reduced to a minimum.

With less than one-tenth of our land under cultivation, it is impossible and it would be unwise to limit the immigration. Yet it would be equally unwise to allow the scum of Europe to float this way. Close inspection might mean fewer immigrants, but it would mean better immigrants, and quality is just as important as quantity.

#### SASKATCHEWAN AS IT IS

**W**E have received two letters from Saskatchewan which are worthy of some attention. Mr. F. W. Tobey, of Meota, writes to protest against the Dominion Government's action in buying seed grain in Prince Edward Island and sending it west. He declares that there was plenty of first-class seed grain in Saskatchewan for all local needs and that the farmers would have been glad to sell it at 90 cents while the Prince Edward Island grain cost \$1.15 laid down at Western stations. The farmers of various districts sent representatives to Regina to see the Government agent there and to ask him to buy local grain. The answer was that under the regulations the grain could be bought only in car-load lots and that it must be inspected and cleaned in Winnipeg. This condition prevented grain being collected from one set of farmers and sold to another set in the same province. Mr. Tobey characterises the handling of the seed grain problem as a "supreme blunder" because it gave the West a bad reputation and because it put the Westerner's money in circulation in other provinces when it was badly needed at home. It was a case of sending coals to Newcastle. Mr. Tobey ought to know of what he speaks as he is secretary-treasurer of his Local Improvement District. He advocates more farmer-members in both provincial and Dominion Houses in order to prevent a repetition of these unfortunate circumstances.

Mr. Wesley D. Watson, of Daneville, writes to protest against an over-enthusiastic editorial which appeared in our issue of March 21st which stated: "Already the sun is warming up the soil in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and seeding will commence in a few days." He says that on March 31st, the country was still covered with one and a half feet of snow and that the spring thaw had not commenced. He also states that the winter has been most delightful all through, with one blizzard in February and none in March. He believes, moreover, that the spring will be early and that the prospects for the harvest of 1908 are excellent.

It is only fair to ourselves to say that in certain districts "disking" was done during the last few days in March. In some of these, further falls of snow occurred.

We have pleasure in distributing this information received from such reliable sources. The farmers of the West are usually considered to be excellent "boomsters," but these gentlemen desire only that the truth shall be known. We regret exceedingly that we have not found space to print their excellent letters at length. The spirit of these and other communications received from the West is that in spite of the slightly reduced harvest of last year, those who have lived there for some time are more confident than ever that the prairie provinces will continue to afford agriculturists a greater return for the same investment of capital and labour than any other part of North America.

#### A PRACTICAL PREMIER

**T**HE First Minister of the Dominion has seldom showed greater adroitness than he displayed last week in his treatment of the Anti-Cigarette Bill. Sir Wilfrid was in a position to speak disinterestedly on the question, since he avoids the use of tobacco and knows nothing of the joy of blowing "rings" in his few idle moments. Many estimable Canadian women were interested in the anti-cigarette legislation and it is always far from our courteous Premier's intentions to offend the voteless section of the community. But, with a neatness which no mere Anglo-Saxon could emulate, Sir Wilfrid declared that it is the small boy who is harmed by the cigarette, while to the mature man it is comfort and solace. Wherefore, the cigarette is a matter for domestic, not for parliamentary legislation, and it is the duty of the mothers to see that their small sons abstain from the "sly cigarette." Mothers, not M. P.'s should cope with this evil, said the Head of the Government, with, of course, the graceful insinuation that maternal influence is unbounded. The tables were thus most effectually turned, the Premier showing the feminine petitioners in favour of this bill that the responsibility lies upon their fair shoulders.

The Premier also gave advice which would shock the tender heart of Inspector James L. Hughes, who is averse to corporal punishment and believes in the dear little ones developing their selfhood—whatever that may be. Sir Wilfrid expressed himself as decidedly in

favour of a sound thrashing being administered to the small boy who toys with the dusky charms of My Lady Nicotine. In this age of allowing the servant and the child to rule, it is cheerfully wholesome to have the Premier of the country place himself on the side of old-fashioned discipline and refuse to make a matter of legislation what should be a feature of home training.

#### THE TEMPERANCE WAVE EXTENDING

**M**ANITOBA and Ontario have held the centre of the Prohibition Stage for some time. While the United States is still struggling with its saloons, these Canadian provinces which had no saloons to fight have gone farther than any other portion of the continent and are trying to extinguish the hotel bar. It is an advanced stage of the temperance fight which has spread northward from the Gulf of Mexico. In this movement, Manitoba and Ontario are now joined by Quebec.

One hundred thousand names have been signed to petitions in favour of Dr. Lemieux's temperance measure now before the Quebec Legislature. These include the signatures of all the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, leading Protestant ministers, and many prominent social reformers. This same bill is causing much trouble in government circles in the city of Champlain. The Gouin Cabinet must soon appeal to the country and it finds it difficult to estimate the force which this temperance wave may exercise.

Mr. Lawrence A. Wilson, who has spoken for the wholesale liquor trade of Montreal, says that legislation should not be hasty and pleads for delay. A system of credit has grown up which in these dull times could not be suddenly overturned without disastrous consequences. He advocates, as a preliminary step, that the present laws should be more strictly enforced and that the objectionable men in the business should be gradually eliminated. He would follow the Ontario precedent and make people "keep hotel."

There is hardly any doubt that Montreal is over-stocked with drinking places. Toronto has 146 licenses and Montreal 400, while there is no such proportional difference in their populations.

#### THE PAYMENT OF TEACHERS

**T**HE Senate at Albany, New York, passed a bill last month providing for the equal pay of men and women school teachers in New York City. This measure is in accordance with the most enlightened thought on the subject of women's work and remuneration and it is to be hoped that such liberal thinking will spread to Canada, where unfair discrimination is yet made in favour of men teachers. The question as to whether there are too many women teachers in the schools of the continent is not pertinent to the matter of payment. When a woman is doing the same amount of work as a man, in as capable a fashion, the scale of payment should be as high. In the rural districts of Canada there still exists a kind of belief that the ravens should contribute to a teacher's or a pastor's bodily needs. There are many country districts where a teacher's work is grudgingly regarded, as if it were something to which the community had a natural right. There is no narrow-sighted policy which more surely and swiftly brings its own punishment than parsimony in educational affairs. In Western Canada, the new provinces have begun well and are showing a determination to have the best school equipment available. In Quebec province, the payment of teachers is not up to the modern standard. There are two countries which, above all others in modern days, have honoured the school-teacher's calling. Germany and Scotland have taken pains to encourage "the scholar of the Glen" and the faithful teacher and their reward is found in the dominance of the Scottish "boss" and the wide market for "made-in-Germany" goods. Make the qualifications for teaching more exacting, if desirable, but make the salary such that ambitious and buoyant natures will not be discouraged from entering the profession.

#### AMATEUR vs. PROFESSIONAL

**P**ROFESSIONAL lacrosse and hockey have not yet proved their fitness in this country. Mr. J. D. Pratt of the Winnipeg Rowing Club went so far in a speech the other evening as to state that some of the professional hockey matches in Winnipeg during the past season were decided before they were played. The same accusation has been made in most places where professionalism has found a lodging-place.

The Victoria Hockey Club of Montreal, an amateur organisation, has shown an entirely different spirit and one which puts professionalism in a class by itself. This club has had a most successful and profitable season, and has donated \$1,700 to the hospitals of the city. This is an example which might be kept in mind by all ambitious amateur sporting organisations. It is almost ideal in its conception and reflects great credit on the executive officers of the Victoria Hockey Club.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

I SHOULD like to hear one good sensible reason why we should not have fixed dates for our elections in Canada. The only thing which saves us this year from suffering a staggering blow to our still delicate, though rapidly recovering, business situation, from the prolonged uncertainty as to whether we are going to have elections or not, is the fact that it does not make much difference, commercially or industrially, when we have them or how they go. We have lived all spring under the threat of three elections in the central part of Canada—the Federal, the Ontario and the Quebec. This menace has not disturbed us; for there is not a great deal at stake. No party in any one of the three fields is talking of revolutionary measures if it should get in. In the United States, however, business is visibly waiting for the situation to settle down after the Presidential elections of the autumn. What would they say over there if it were to be proposed now to put off their Presidential election until next year, and so extend the uncertainty for another six or twelve months?

\* \* \*

SOME time we are going to approach an election in this country with an important stake on the table; and then we are going to see business tied up here for possibly two years while the party leaders manœuvre for a start. An unsettling election is bad enough when we know exactly the date of its arrival; but when it may descend upon us at any time during two or even three years, it becomes a positive curse. Should the Tariff Reformers show signs of winning the next British elections, you will see business in the British Isles suffering severely from the time that the elections are pending until they actually happen. The longer that period lasts, the greater will be the suffering. In Canada, we have chloroformed politics and gently removed every issue which matters, with the result that only the men who make the almanacs and the chaps who want jobs on the Civil Service would know that there had been a change in the parties at either of our Capitals, Federal or Provincial; but it will not always be so. The spell of unconsciousness will pass from the public mind some day.

\* \* \*

THE reasons given for the perpetuation of this system of uncertainty think more of the constitution than of the constituencies, and place precedent above practice. One is that it enables the Crown to dissolve Parliament at will. When has "the Crown"—apart from the Cabinet—dissolved the Canadian Parliament? When has it dissolved a Provincial Legislature? Under what conceivable circumstances is it likely to do either? Let us be sensible. Then we are told that it gives more elasticity to our system—that Parliament can get rid of a Government it does not like at a moment's notice. I can hardly keep my monocle in place for a desire to grin. Can't you imagine the sort of Parliaments we have voting the Government composed of the leaders of its majority out of office—out of reach of the loaves and fishes? Why, in our day, Parliaments no longer govern Cabinets; Cabinets govern Parliaments—and make them walk a pretty straight mark at times, too. Again, we are informed that this hoary system enables a Government to appeal from an obdurate Parliament to the people without delay. Let us see!—how often has this been done since Confederation?

\* \* \*

THE bald truth is that this power of arbitrary dissolution is now nothing more than a loaded set of dice in the possession of the Government. They have one weapon for the party fight—to change the figure—which they can use most unfairly against their opponents, if they are so inclined. They can prepare in secret for a contest whose date they know, and then surprise the Opposition with a challenge when there is no time for the Opposition to get ready. This is neither fair party "sport" nor in the public interest. The public are always best served when both parties have an equal chance to put their cases before them; and this power of dissolution can be employed to prevent this even balance of preparations. It may be that we should not swing quite over to the fixed system of our American neighbours; but we should certainly have settled dates for our elections, and then compel a Government to give an exceedingly good reason for calling the contest at another time.

\* \* \*

A NEW BRUNSWICK correspondent curiously misunderstands the reference which I made some time ago to the absence of the Federal party system from provincial affairs in his province. I did

not mean to infer that I thought they had no local alignment when they went to the polls to elect a Legislature; but only that they did not follow the Federal alignment, as we do in most of the other provinces. This crossing of the Federal party lines has had the effect in the past of making "deals" after an election much easier in New Brunswick than they are with us, and thus introducing evils from which we are free. They have most, if not all, of the evils of partyism—as my correspondent insists—and they have in addition these special evils caused by a loose party division, from which I deduced—and still deduce—the inference that the partial weakening of the "party system," as we understand it in the West, had not benefited but rather injured the province. To this state of affairs, I ventured to call the attention of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who favours the dissolution of the parties without enquiring too closely what would take their places.

N'IMPORTE



COURAGE DEFERRED

Mr. Asquith: "That's right, my beauty, have a look at it. But we're not taking it just now. We're going round by the gate to-day."—Punch.

### AN ENGLISH-CANADIAN CRITIC

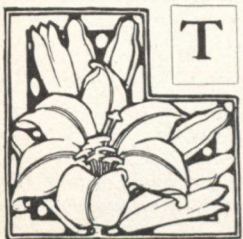
IN the Nineteenth Century for April, Mr. Arthur Hawkes writes of "The British Trader in Canada" and makes some pointed remarks. In speaking of the attitude of British manufacturers towards their colonial agents (when they have any), Mr. Hawkes says: "It seems a part of the English make-up to act towards our countrymen who have widened their English experience by experience over-seas, as though they had contracted their wisdom when they had expanded their knowledge." He asserts that the English manufacturer talks to the Colonial in the tone of voice which is characteristic of the official in Downing Street. It must be because Mr. Hawkes lives in Toronto that he is so bold; when he revisits Manchester he may find it necessary to apologise for stating these simple truths.

He affirms Mr. Grigg's position, that the British manufacturer who would hold Canadian trade for ever must establish branch factories here. Trade independence must come to Canada as it came to Great Britain, to Germany and to the United States. Canada will grow up. "The most affectionate preference could never suppress an ambition to become a manufacturing nation." He pokes fun at the Britisher who sends a bright young son or nephew, not long from school, on a trip to Canada for pleasure, education and business. These young chaps may mean well, and they may learn something, but they make the British business methods seem a little ridiculous. He commends Mr. Bryce for being "the first British ambassador at Washington to take the trouble to gather on the spot his own impressions of Canadian sentiment."



## Tommy Wiggins' Easter Egg

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



TOMMY WIGGINS had a splendid appetite for Easter. He was a hired boy on the farm of Hiram Badger in one of the rural parts of Ontario, of which there are not so many now as there were then. Hired boys usually have monopolistic appetites. Tommy had been

doing his best for two weeks to get a corner on Mrs. Badger's eggs, and he had succeeded in decorating an obscure corner of the hay-mow with three dozen—much to the wonderment of Mrs. Badger, who had never understood hired boys because she never had one previous to Tommy. Her own family were expected to account for at least four dozen eggs on Easter morning; but in order to eke out the four dozen left by Tommy, she had to take out the nest-eggs which is not considered politic with a hen unless you have a door-knob to put in place.

No one seemed to suspect Tommy, who arrived at breakfast as vaguely as usual in the low-ceiled kitchen with its family clock, and its huge cupboard and long table garnished with egg-cups. There were eggs boiled and poached and fried, at least six for each, including Tommy, but the hired boy seemed rather unenthusiastic. After his second egg he went for the cider apple sauce.

"Reach over to the aigs, Tom," said the boss.

"No, thanks—I got plenty." Tommy got a trifle red at the ears and the farmer reckoned he knew why, but kept silent.

"Ain't you well, boy?" inquired Mrs. Badger.

"Yes, mum—tiptop. I am."

"I declare—you're way off yer feed, then. Something's wrong."

The farmer winked at the wife and two of the children started to giggle. Mr. Badger had been a hired boy himself and he had calculated just about what Tommy intended to do; but he said nothing to "the missis," who might have raised a fuss.

It was not long till Tommy pushed back his chair and said he guessed he would go and water the horses.

"Want 'em harnessed for church, don't yeh, Mr. Badger?"

"Yes; curry 'em off, too, boy. I'll grease the democrat. We'll all go."

"Hgh!" muttered Tommy when he got outside the door, "I know one that ain't going to no church; and the best 'v it is they ain't got but three aigs left for dinner."

For the children had done away with the eggs left by Tommy, who was conjuring in his imagination blessed pictures of a certain secluded spot back in the bush on a dry knoll with five other boys who were with him in a general conspiracy to defraud old folks that Easter morning.

"George!" he said to one of the horses at the trough, "I'd been a chump to stall myself on six aigs in the morning and then not have any appetite fer twelve apiece at noon. Pshaw! when they're at church—I reckon we'll be having a whale of a time

with the aigs—if Billy Lambert don't furgit that brass kittle."

Tommy harnessed up and helped the farmer hitch the team; saw Mrs. Badger with her Easter bonnet and all the children in their Sunday best crowd into the three seats of the rig. Such an elegant morning!

"Well, Tom, you going to stay round the place?"

"Ahem!—yes, probly. I won't be fur away, anyhow, Mr. Badger."

"Hope you have a good time, then. Don't git lonesome. If yeh do, take a whirl at the dulcimer, er yeh might read Pilgrim's Progress—it's on the centre-table."

"There's the stereoscope, too, Tommy," ventured Mrs. Badger, who began to see that the boy was into some sort of conspiracy. "Keep the fire on, will yeh?"

"Beautiful morning, Tommy, ain't it?" said the farmer as he drove out of the lane.

"You bet!" replied Tommy. "Yaas—" very scornfully, "I'll read old Bunyan and fool with the stereoscope—now wouldn't I be a jay!"

"I'll keep the fire in, though," he added knavishly. "I sure will—but not in that blamed old kitchen."

Chirpily the lad climbed up on the strawstack and peered out over the greening fall wheat and the rail fences—to see if he could spot the other boys gathering in the neighbour's lane.

"By jiminy! there's Tyke and Billy all hunkadory." He waved his cap and two caps went up in a lane towards the woods.

"Good! Now I'll git them aigs, I guess—the aigs by jiminy! that the boss and the missis and all the young ones never got on to. I'm wise!"

So he climbed to the dusty hay-mow and he crawled back over the hay and down the cracks of the boards till he came to a girth in a huge nest on which he had stowed three dozen eggs—for the gang intended to make a day of it.

"Golly! Guess some one's been takin' a few," he said jealously as he counted them—only twenty eggs. "Hgh! now it couldn't have been the boss er he'd have took the hull jing-bang. No—must have been rats—er a weasel, mebbe. Well," as he loaded his red handkerchief, "I guess the other lads 'll have enough extry."

Soon this shrewd lad was on the way back the lane and across the fields to the next lane where under a little scrub oak he came up with the other three boys.

"H'lo fellas! Say," as he climbed the fence, "guess the rats got ahead o' me some. All I got's twenty. See yeh got that brass kittle all right. That's bully!"

"The doose!" This from the boy with the kettle.

"How many you got, Tyke?"

"Jingo! my ol' man got on to me—he tuk 'em all!"

"Shucks!" said Tommy. "You're a crawfish. Come on fellas. We'll have to make one feast 'v it I guess. Alick's got three dozen, anyhow. Hurrah!"

They went as fast as eggs would permit, back the lane to the edge of a scrub piece of woods. A warm sunlit knoll, a heap of dry twigs and a kettle of water from the creek—and Bennie was as hungry for eggs as any boy that ever celebrated Easter, for he had eaten only two for breakfast and he was growing like a weed.

Soon they had the first dozen—from Tommy's lot—into the kettle.

"Hope you fellas fetched some salt."

"Sure—spuns, too!" said the others.

Everything was complete, and while the kettle boiled Tommy listened to the tale of the boy whose dad had robbed his cache of eggs in the strawstack.

"Pshaw!" said Tommy. "You ought'a put'm in the mow. That's where I had mine—right down on the girth. I fooled boss Badger all right."

Tommy passed as a wise one. Time was called and the eggs scooped out and the salt opened on a paper in the midst about the smoking fire and the brass kettle.

The first egg Tommy opened made him jump six feet with a howl. The first opened by each of the others fetched the gang up with a roar of disgust.

"Rotten!" gasped Tommy. "Rotten!" echoed the rest. "Say—?"

After a long silence Tommy read the riddle.

"Fellas," he said slowly, "I know what's it. Old boss Badger found my cache and he's took out most the good aigs and he's dumped in a hull nest o' bad ones—an old hen that w's setting half time behind the barn."

## Capital and Labour

Extracts from Cy Warman's Speech, Canadian Club, Guelph.

I am independently poor.

Kill capital and labour will starve.

No man who is fit to live likes to live on charity.

A private knocker is a public nuisance.

The discouragement of capital, if a crime, is a crime against labour.

The extra hazard of honest enterprise is driving capital to Wall Street, and labour to the benches in the park.

The political trust-buster and professional muck-raker, firing at capital hits labour nine times in ten.

The same hand (or mouth) that raises the bank rate reduces the day's wage of the workingman, by the same movement and at the same time.

It is as important for capital to earn a living as it is for labour to earn a living, because when the dollar quits the workman's day's work is done.

Labour should be protected—from its fool friends; the socialist should be screened off from the anarchist; the anarchist from high explosives, and gin.

Cheap labour is always expensive. In China they pay ten cents a day, and move freight at ten cents a ton-mile. On this continent we pay from ten to twenty times ten cents a day, and move freight for seven-tenths of a cent a mile.

Unjust legislation, which cripples the railway and renders it incapable of earning interest, destroys its ability to pay good wages to its employees.

I protest against the growing tendency upon the part of the political uppercrust and the social undercrust to rate railway officials as a semi-official class who are happiest when hunting along the line which separates the land of lawful things from the land of things unlawful.

I should not care to be as rich as Mr. Rockefeller, but I'd like to live in the house halfway between him and the man with the hoe.

## SOME RESULTS OF LAKE ONTARIO'S FURY



Along the Shore of Toronto Island, showing how the beaches are strewn with wreckage.



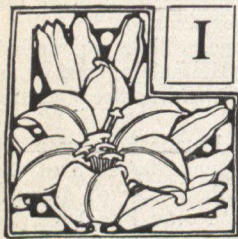
Telephone Poles undermined along the Shore of Humber Bay.

Photos by Pringle & Booth.

# LO SCOPPIO DEL CARRO

A Quaint Easter Celebration in Florence

By MYRA MITCHELL



**I**F one wishes to feel all the Old-World charm of Italy, let him spend Easter in Florence, for, of all the semi-religious festivals which take place on the Continent, there one may see the most interesting. We began our appreciation of the great event by being there some days before Easter, when four pure

white oxen were chosen among a great number brought in from the country and offered for the honour of this festivity.

Aroused by these preparations to an avid curiosity, we discovered where the car was housed which plays so important a part in the ceremony and learned some of its interesting past. Early one morning we sought out the Via del Prato between the Palazzo Corsini and the Palazzo Sonnino where stands a three-storeyed house, the whole front converted into a huge doorway. The present car is large enough to require this space although away back at the time of the Crusaders, when it originated, a smaller one was used. There it stands, a massive square structure of wood on four low wheels and to reach the top an ascent has to be made from the inside by a rope ladder, a performance not to be lightly undertaken unless one has sailed on the high seas. The outside of the car had once been decorated by an artist of some merit, perhaps Gozzoli — who knows? — setting forth the doings and splendour of the Pazzi family. Now, however, all these are almost covered by plebeian but preserving coats of paint and varnish. On the very top of the structure is a mural crown supported by four inverted dolphins descriptive of honours conferred on Pazzo.

As the Scoppio del Carro (explosion of the car) was not to take place until noon on the Saturday before Easter, we possessed our souls in patience and employed the interval learning some of the history and quaint legends in connection with the event. In all the varying traditions it is undoubtedly true that a prince of the powerful Pazzi family, on a crusade to Jerusalem, brought back a light, or three small stones by which to strike a light, from the Holy Sepulchre. These were doubtless of flint and besides having brought great honour to the young Pazzo who carried them from Jerusalem, have been preserved until the present day.

Letters of introduction penetrated sufficiently into high places that we were allowed to see the three sacred stones which are about the size of large almonds. They are carefully preserved in a little bag of gold brocade, rose-embroidered and fastened with gold cord, which in its turn is enclosed in a small brocade box and these all rest in the custody of the Prior of the Church of the SS. Apostoli, in the dear old Piazzetta del Limbo. Even as far back as the eighth century the Prior can trace their use to strike fire on the morning of Holy Latin day, for in the Christian Church it has been a practice from the earliest date to extinguish all lights on the vigil of Easter and to rekindle them with solemn ceremonies and various rituals.

So it was to the rekindling of the altar lights that we were looking forward to the quaint ceremony on Saturday, the Duomo, a unique dove, and the Scoppio del Carro supplying the *mise en scene*.

At last the momentous day arrived and necessitated a very early rising, for service begins at SS. Apostoli at six and a bright blue Italian sky was scarcely needed to keep our resolution to the sticking point of rising betimes. Place was found for us near the altar in the dawning light, just then beginning to stream in through eastern stained glass windows. After a long mass of nearly two hours, the crowning ceremony begins by the bringing in, on a plate, of the three small stones. These are brought by the celebrant down close to the congregation which crowds around him, watching breathlessly while he strikes the stone on the steel held in his other hand. From the ensuing spark tinder is lighted, then a taper, then a candle in the *porta*

square in front of the cathedral and far down into the side streets is one dense black throng. Windows and balconies overlooking the square have their quota and in a little open space directly in front of the main entrance of the Duomo is the Carro decorated lavishly in the national red, white and green and literally bristling with fireworks in preparation for the ceremony. The old car had left the Via del Prato at seven in the morning and by slow stages with many creakings and groanings and protestations had arrived before the Duomo at nine o'clock accompanied by the fire brigade and drawn by the four milk-white oxen.

What we next see is the throwing open of the great doors and the carrying of a wire from the car through the entrance up to the very altar of the cathedral. A vast throng is also in the Duomo attending the service which follows on the lighting of the altar fire from the *porta fuoco*. Although very interesting in the cathedral, we prefer to follow the ceremony outside among the dense crowds of people. What is to take place within is the lighting at the altar of a small wooden dove carrying within it a slow fuse, this to travel along the wire out through the cathedral door to the car standing in front, where the fuse must ignite the fireworks. Just the mere possibility that this may not go off without a hitch strikes consternation to the *contadini* heart as well as to the man who is intrusted with the arranging of all the mechanical device. This man merely receives no pay if he fails but to the superstitious *contadino* (peasant) its success means the success of his year's crops. So it is not to be wondered at that when the hour of noon approaches the very air is charged with suspense.

Inside the church is the soft droning sound of service proceeding and outside an almost motionless

mass of people, breathless with expectancy. The whole gathering is black in colour but for the gay holiday costumes of the pretty *contadini*. Every window, every door, is full of watching faces. So quiet is it that a few tame pigeons fly low over the crowd. One hears the hot hum of insects in the noonday sun. A few white clouds float lazily across the blue above the square and the exquisite campanile of Giotto seems gently toppling in the opposite direction. As if in a day dream, one hears the *Gloria in Excelsis* chanted sweetly inside. Then with startling suddenness the mid-day gun booms out, the great bell overhead in the campanile clangs followed by all the other church bells in a wild, joyous clamour. Almost in the same moment a little sputtering dove followed by a light trail of smoke darts out of the cathedral on its wire and in the breathless silence of the watching multitude ignites the car. Explosion follows explosion as the festooned sides of the car leap into flame, drowning even the clamour of the bells and swelled by the happy shouts of thousands of peasants wild with delight over the success of the showering fireworks.

Now gradually the square empties, the peasants go back in their gay costumes to happily work, for has not the day been auspicious? The merchant's black gown disappears in his shop, he is once more ready for business. The oxen are brought out of the side street to heavily drag their dismantled burden back to its house in the Via del Prato, there to silently wait another year as it has already waited for hundreds of Easters in the past.



The famous "Carro" of Florence is a massive square structure of wood on four low wheels. On the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday it is decorated lavishly in the national colours.

*fuoco*. Now, the *porta fuoco*, as its name signifies, is a sort of little brazier which is used to carry the fire from the church of SS. Apostoli to the great cathedral in Florence called the Duomo. The *porta fuoco* is a beautiful piece of copper-work of the fourteenth century formed of the arms of the Guelph party, surmounted by a large dove with outstretched wings. Fastened somehow at the back of the dove is a little gilt lantern containing the candle just lighted.

Now starts a little procession to the cathedral bearing the sacred fire escorted by municipal guards, flag-bearers representing the Pazzi family, the city's banner with its red lily of Florence, the church's banner, a red cross on white ground and two knights wearing costumes of red with white jerkins and hose. All along the route are little stoppings that those in charge of street shrines may have their tapers lighted at the freshly burning sacred fire.

So great a hold has this custom taken on the hearts of citizens and peasants alike, that numerous popular superstitions are attached to this light. Many Florentines cook their breakfasts over a fire obtained from this light, babies are bathed in water heated from it or made to take their earliest steps that the little legs may be stronger for being first used at this time.

The procession after many delays, having travelled along a prescribed route, finally arrives at the Duomo to be received by the clergy and to kindle the altar lights there also. By this time the scene at the Duomo is almost indescribable. The great



A Market of Morocco

PHOTOGRAPH FROM "TOPICAL"

Such a picture presents a scene almost entirely Oriental in Character.

## In Modern Morocco

THE north-west extremity of Africa has claimed a large share of European attention during the last two years. France, Germany and Spain are financially interested in this territory which is just across the straits from King Alfonso's dominions. The Sultan of Morocco, called by the natives *Emir-ul-numenia*, is practically a despot and is consequently in hourly peril of assassination. The most interesting "public man" for the last five years in Moroccan affairs has been the bandit Raisuli, who, thanks to the many spurs of the Atlas Mountains, is able to play an exciting game of battledore and shuttlecock with such laws as the powers of Morocco endeavour to enforce for the safety of travellers and merchants.

The world is familiar with the career of Sir Harry Maclean, the famous Scottish soldier whose services were enlisted by the Sultan of Morocco many years ago and who has made the modern forces of that troubled state a disciplined body. Europe heard with a mixture of dismay and amusement that this valiant general, seeking to capture Raisuli had fallen into the hands of the lawless "dime-novel" hero. For months, Sir Harry or the

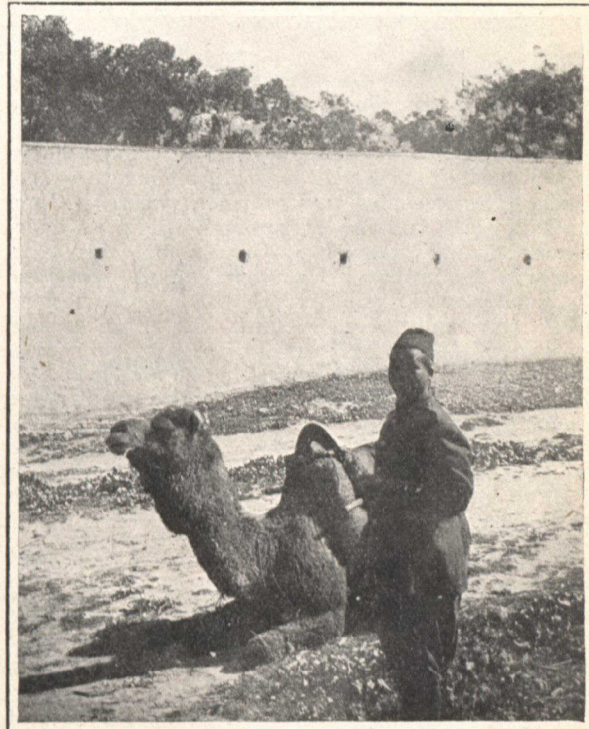
Kaid, to give him his adopted title, suffered the mortification of an ensnared leader, to say nothing of the physical torture of a filthy Oriental imprisonment. Finally, Great Britain, remembering that the Kaid is a Scot by birth and also that her services as ransom might be of future use in diplomatic conferences, came to the rescue and Kaid Maclean once more enjoys the comforts of home life.

Morocco, with its millions of Moors, Berbers, Arabs, negroes and Jews, is a country centuries behind what Northern Europe calls civilisation. Only its coast towns are known to European or American tourists but the interior affords tempting territory to the British sportsman, who is indifferent to the discomforts and even perils attendant upon hunting Barbary sheep. But it is inevitable that a country, so close to a continent where the automobile speeds along the highway, shall soon be open to modern development.

The prevailing religion is Mahommedan and the rules regarding woman's seclusion are strictly in force. Consequently the ubiquitous photographer finds it somewhat difficult to obtain even a passing "shot" at a domestic scene. The dwellings are

miserable, whether from the standpoint of aesthetics or sanitation. Moorish palaces, such as exist in a few favoured cities and in the poems of Thomas Moore, are not often seen in the interior. However, in the cities the traveller is sometimes delighted with remains of the old delicate tracery and noble harmony which made the Moorish halls of long ago veritable dreams in marble.

The French interest in Morocco has naturally been stimulated by the development of the French colony of Algiers. The recent establishment of a French system of military training along the Atlantic coast of Morocco has been watched with interest, probably with some misgiving, by German authorities. The markets of Morocco, however, as yet show small evidence of European influence and are far removed from the shops of the bustling Western world. Morocco has a charm, not only for the student of the remains of an ancient civilisation, but for the shrewd financier and the far-seeing statesman who can foresee the importance of this north-



A Unique Sentry

The guard at the British Legation, Tangier.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM "TOPICAL"

west corner of a continent in the busy days to be, when the Cape to Cairo Railroad will be an accomplished undertaking and all Northern Africa will be open to European and American speculators and empire-manufacturers.

## The Pleasures of Sucker Fishing



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLEASON, TORONTO

The "sucker" is a good edible fish in the early spring when the cold water has made its flesh firm; and during the early days of April, the streams of Ontario are filled with suckers running up from the lakes to deposit their spawn in warm, shallow water. These pictures were taken on a small stream near Toronto.

The sucker is caught with a net, a copper "snare," or a spear. He is not a "game" fish.

# THE SPORTS OF THE DAY

And their Relation to the Past

By H. J. P. GOOD

ALTHOUGH the late Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski is generally chronicled as the first president of the Ontario Jockey Club, the late Colonel Cumberland then managing director of the Northern Railway, was really the earliest occupant of the position. Colonel Gzowski presided at the organisation meeting in the Queen's Hotel in 1881 and was the first to sign the stock-book, putting down his name for \$500 with the remark, "I suppose that is all that is wanted of me," and then leaving the chair and the room. Colonel Cumberland unhappily was too ill to attend the inaugural meeting, but although he knew he was dying he insisted upon members of his family attending so that on their return they could tell him all about it. His eldest son, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, was present and was closely questioned by his father on his return as to how the racing went off. The way the Colonel came to take to horses is worth relating. As some eminent railroad men of to-day are reputed to be, he had a liking for a game of cards, but not for gambling, to which, indeed, he was always very much opposed. On a certain occasion, however, Sir Francis Hincks, afterwards finance minister of Canada, but then temporarily sojourning in Hamilton, Ontario, made one of a playing party into which Colonel Cumberland had reluctantly been drawn. Sir Francis had lost all his ready cash and proposed to play for a handsome pair of black ponies that he possessed. He lost them. He then said that as the ponies were gone he had no use for the carriage and groom. They might as well play for them. Colonel Cumberland again won. Barlow Cumberland learned to ride on those ponies and the groom or footman remained with the Cumberland family 26 years.

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It is perhaps natural that, with an Indian once more making fame for himself as a runner memory should revert back to between forty and fifty years ago, when another red man was "doing things," in pretty well the same way. "Deerfoot," however, made no pretence at amateurism, as his present emulator does, but went in for making all the money he could and that in the most open, flaring and glaring way. He decked himself in paint, feathers and bells and paraded towns, and grounds, covered with wolf skins, now yelling, whooping and jumping, and now with stately tread and erect head in silence. In short for the sake of advertising he indulged in all the mannerisms and tricks that his kind in ancient days were supposed to go in for. His mentor and manager, for a time, was John or "Jack" Macdonald, a backer of prize-fighters and a second to John Carmel Heenan, "the Benicia Boy," when he fought "Tom" Sayers. Like Longboat, "Deerfoot," whose real name was Bennett, was on the long and tall side, while, after the fashion of Alfred Shrubbs, all his rivals were on the short side. Before going to England in 1861, "Deerfoot"—who was given his name there, a predecessor having been called "The American Deer," although English-born—had no great reputation on this continent. In other words he was no prophet in his own country. Just before leaving the shores of this continent he was thrice beaten over the old Fashion Course, Long Island, where Flora Temple, George M. Patchen, Dexter and other trotters made their fame, by John White, of Gateshead, champion of England. With White, who stood rather less than 5 ft. 4 in., while Deerfoot was 5 ft. 11 1-2 in., the latter crossed the seas. His first essay—against Edwin Mills, who stood 5 ft. 4 1-2 in., was a failure, Mills beating Deerfoot by 12 yards in a six-mile race. In his next race White tried to give him 50 yards in 4 miles, but the Indian won by 10 yards. After that he had a succession of victories, beating Mills, Barker, Brighton, Lang, "The American Deer," "Jack" Levett, who stood 5 ft. 2 in., and others of prominence in those days. But the newspapers were bitter against him, charging him with being "hippodromed" and his rivals with lying down before, or rather "after" him. Here is the way an English correspondent of an American paper put it: "That Red Indian, Deerfoot, is running matches and drawing money, at no end of places; the 'gals' all go to see 'the red nigger.' He has hitherto done nothing marvelous. Mills gives him fifty yards start (a fib); Charlie Westhall or Bill Shepherd are far better men. I should, perhaps, say 'were,' for Shepherd has retired some time. He could do his 12 miles

an hour like a man! (No one has ever done it. Deerfoot's own 1 hr 2 m. 2 1-4 sec., accomplished in 1863, being actually the best to date). Shepherd's action was clockwork." It will be noted that Englishmen died as hard in those days as they have ever done. Deerfoot's action, it might be observed, was not graceful, being loose and shambling. At the close of 1861, at Hackney Wick, Mills ran him an eight-mile race to a deadheat and Mills, who was thought to have won, ran the last three miles with one shoe off.

\* \* \*

London Field, as it is to-day of Longboat's pretensions, was Deerfoot's severest critic. "Jem" Mace, the prize-fighter published an alleged "exposure," declaring the Indian's races were all "fixed" beforehand. The Field supported Mace, saying his competitors were hired to run and paid to lose. But what most aroused The Field's wrath was a little incident that occurred at Cambridge following Deerfoot's win of a six-mile race by 4 yards from the man Brighton before the Prince of Wales (the present king), who had but recently returned from Canada, and a distinguished assemblage. The Sunday following this exhibition, a fellow of Trinity College took Deerfoot to dine at the Vice Master's table in the College Hall. Dr. Whewell, who was termed "the proudest Don in England," presided, and among those present were the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar. Seeing Deerfoot enter and take a seat at the table, Prince Edward mockingly asked his illustrious cousin if it were customary for acrobats to dine at the Fellows' table. The Fellow in question, one W. J. Beamont, subsequently apologized, but pleaded that the runner was a religious man because he attended church in the morning and corresponded regularly with the missionary who instructed him in his own country. Truly might The Field say people like to be gulled and P. T. Barnum that they liked to be humbugged! Still Deerfoot's performances show that he was a wonderful runner. It is very much to be doubted if Longboat can do, as his predecessor did, 11 miles in 56.52, or 12 miles in 1.02 02 1-2, and roads and tracks were not so good in those days. Possibly, also, timing was not so accurate.

\* \* \*

I have been looking over some old sporting publications in my possession and have been surprised to see the wonderful interest that was taken in pugilism in the early sixties, British and otherwise, despite the war between the Northern and Southern States that was in progress at the time. It was in the days of the fight between Sayers and Heenan and the ascendancy of Mace and King. Canada was then the choice battle ground, its unprotected frontier adjacent to the States making it safe for the marauders as well as being easy of access. Heenan, for instance, after his experience with Sayers and the crowd at Farnboro' wanted to fight Mace or King for the championship and \$10,000 a side in Canada. Long Point at Port Dover was the favourite battle ground. Well do I remember being present at the last important contest that took place there. It was between "Jim" Elliott, afterwards killed by Jere. Dunn, and Frank Dwyer. Crossing from

Erie, Pa., on the bright May morning, a steamer was seen to put out from Port Dover. The cook had some red petticoats hanging out to dry that from the distance were taken to be the red-coats of soldiers. "Supposing they are," was asked of Joseph Goss, Elliott's second, "what shall we do?" "Sheer off and find another place," was the answer. "No, let's stay and fight it out," was Elliott's response. "You may, but I have no appetite for bullets," Goss replied. The steamer merely had as passengers a couple of belated Toronto admirers of the "manly art." Perhaps, after all, the fact most significant of the interest taken in that art forty and fifty years ago is that at a school near London comprising between 250 and 300 boys, the master in charge at breakfast sent out and bought a hundred copies of the Daily Telegraph so that his charges might read about the Sayers-Heenan fight in the intervals between eating. And the master's name was the gentle one of Lamb and he gave the boys extra latitude at that meal before he called "time." By the way, Heenan and Sayers both died at the same age, namely 39, but the latter crossed "the great divide" ten years before the former. Sayers after the fight went into the circus business and defeated Mace in a bar-room set-to. Heenan issued challenges, hitched up with Adah Isaacs Menken and finally, in a match for \$10,000 a side, took a licking from "Tom" King, who had been in retirement for a year after beating Mace, and who subsequently turned bookmaker but failed, like one of his great predecessors, John Gully, to run for parliament and to have his grandson made "speaker" of the "foremost club on earth."

## Downing Street seen through French Glasses

THE British Cabinet is without exception the most extraordinary Ministerial organisation that has ever existed; there has never been anything at all comparable to it but the Venetian Council of Ten. Like the latter, the British Cabinet is absolutely secret, its meetings being considered to be but the occasional coming together of certain members of the Privy Council. There is no fixed place of assembly and no regular periodicity; it has neither office, secretary, nor established rules; no formal record is kept of its proceedings, and, in principle, not even the Ministers who are present have the right to make any notes!

Formerly the Sovereign was present at the meetings of the Cabinet, and to-day there is no formal rule forbidding the attendance of the King; yet the custom has disappeared, and could hardly again be re-established. The cause of the change is curious and essentially British, there being few countries where small causes lead to more important consequences.

When King George I., Elector of Hanover, consented to abandon his beloved Germany to come and reign over England, he was absolutely ignorant of the English language. This being the case, he looked upon it as useless—as, indeed, it was—to be present at deliberations not a word of which he understood, and he therefore abstained from putting in an appearance at the Cabinet Councils. Ever since that time no English sovereign has attended the meetings. This modification of the British Constitution is, therefore, due simply to the chance that at the beginning of the eighteenth century Great Britain had for a king a German who did not understand English.—*Le Petit Journal*.

## A Notable Irishman

THE Chinese Government has granted two years leave of absence to Sir Robert Hart, after repeated application for permission to get "one more sight of home and friends before the final adieu must be said," as he wrote recently to a friend. Sir Robert Hart is seventy-three years of age and few men have received such world-wide homage. He has been decorated by Belgium, Austria, Italy, Holland, Prussia, Portugal, and England, while China, of course, has loaded him with her peculiar favours in the forms of buttons and feathers. Speaking of his much-desired leave of absence, Sir Robert Hart wrote: "The months and years are slipping away and both youth and middle age are things of the past. I am now an old—a very old man."

## IN HER ABSENCE

BY ANDREW BRAID

If I had charge of Father Time,

I'll tell what I would plan to do—

I'd rush the old man on until

We reached the day that brings back you;

So swiftly would I make him go,

The flashing lightning would seem slow.

And, having thus outstripped the world,

Until it came we two would wait;

Then once more onward with it hie,

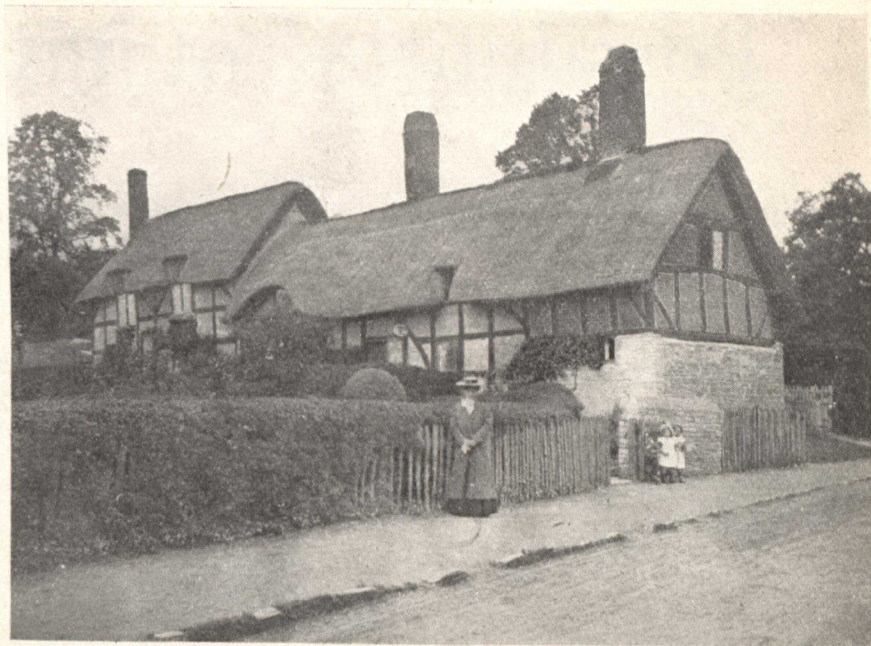
And Time resume his plodding gait.

But, waiting there, content I'd be,

For you are all the world to me.



The Historic Shakespeare House, Stratford-on-Avon



The Famous Anne Hathaway Cottage, Shottery

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. E. VAN ZANT, TORONTO

## SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

IT is a coincidence which appeals to the popular imagination that April 23rd, known as St. George's Day, should also be the day of Shakespeare's birth and death. Every year sees a greater commemorative interest in the anniversary, while the historic tomb in the old church at Stratford is surrounded by the fragrant tributes to the honour of England's greatest genius.

It is remarkable that nearly every citizen of the United States who crosses to England finds time to visit the beautiful Warwickshire town where Shakespeare was born. The naive remark of the native landlady to a London journalist: "We never knowed much o' Shakespeare. It's the Americans as have made him wot he is," has been quoted in evidence of the appreciation shown by Transatlantic visitors. The American visitor, indeed, appears to claim Shakespeare as a literary forebear and is proud of the lineage. Some of the most enthusiastic of modern Shakespearean annotators and students belong to the great republic, of which Sir Walter Raleigh, the poet's adventurous friend and the founder of Virginia, could hardly have dreamed.

The Shakespeare Festival, now established as a fortnight's annual affair at Stratford, has, for more than ten years, been steadily growing in artistic merit and attractive qualities. The festival opens on April 23rd, the Shakespeare anniversary, amid the fragrant glories of a Warwickshire spring, when the old town on the peaceful little river blooms in primrose yellow. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson, who have recently been appearing in repertoire at the Coronet Theatre, London, are practically managers of the Festival at Stratford and add to its picturesqueness year by year. The England of Shakespeare, or what John Richard Green would call the England of Elizabeth, is reproduced in song and dance, the Shakespeare Ball affording such revelry as would have rejoiced the youthful Will. The best dramatic talent of the kingdom is gathered in Stratford during that fortnight and the audiences are gathered from the British Isles and even from the colonies. Mrs. Scott Raff of Toronto, who was the only representative from Canada to attend last year's Festival, speaks with enthusiasm of the dramatic work presented there and of the educative influence of such acting upon students of dramatic art.

By 1916, the tercentenary of the poet's death, it is hoped that the proposed Shakespeare memorial in London will be completed. The site now chosen is a semicircular section of the garden of Park Crescent on its south side, with a diameter of 126 feet, facing Portland Place. The statue will there form the end of a fine vista up the broad thoroughfare. The offer of this site involves the removal of the existing statue of the Duke of Kent but King Edward has graciously assented to the transference of the statue of his grandfather to another adjoining spot.

Several difficulties presented themselves in connection with the selection of a site but the present interest, as the *Times* states, arises in connection with the memorial itself. "The site being now

selected," says the London authority, "the conditions for a competition for the design, between architects and sculptors working in collaboration, have been drawn up and it is to be proceeded with at once; and when the winning design has been selected (shortly after March 1, 1909), it is intended to organise a world-wide appeal for not less than £200,000, half to go to the monument, and the remainder to be administered by an international committee for the furtherance of Shakespearean interests. In collecting the bulk of this money it is contemplated to get comparatively small contributions from as large a number of people as possible, whose association with the memorial will, however, be commemorated in each case in a tangible form."

All the world's players will be invited to join



From Menzel's Great Picture of Shakespeare: The Man

in a unique series of festivals in honour of the "myriad-minded" dramatist and the benefit performances already appear to be a practical move towards the funds for the memorial. The month of April, 1916, will probably see the most extraordinary dramatic performances ever witnessed.

The curious extravagances of the Baconian theory attracted some attention when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly wrote his rambling notes which might have proved anything. Probably the best lecture on the subject given in Canada was that by the late Mr. Pope, United States Consul, whose address, "Shakespeare, Bacon and Donnelly: or Poetry, Philosophy and Fraud," was a vigorous treatment

of the question. Leaving aside all historic testimony, the reader who can believe that the essay on "Marriage" and the play, "Romeo and Juliet," came from the same creative genius is to be convinced that Thomas Carlyle wrote "Alice in Wonderland." Dr. Goldwin Smith at the close of his volume, "Shakespeare: The Man" remarks:

"Among the absurdities of the Baconian theory, not one is greater than the idea that Bacon could have passed, in changing his kind of composition, from the scientific orthodoxy of his acknowledged works to the frame of mind characteristic of the Shakespearean drama."

There have been libraries written on the works of the great dramatist. Clubs without number have studied and performed his plays. Magazines have been devoted solely to his characters and the ancient chronicles have been ransacked for the sources of his plots. The Shakespearean symmetry and repose have nowhere found more poetic tribute than in the sonnet by the late Matthew Arnold:

"Others abide our question, Thou art free,  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty  
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foil'd Searching of mortality:  
And Thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scanned, self-honour'd, self-secure  
Didst tread on earth unguessed at—Better so!  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

### The City of Champlain.

MR. SIDNEY SAMSON owes his inspiration of *The Taking of Quebec*, says a book reviewer in the English *Outlook*, partly to a recent visit to the parish church of St. Alphege, Greenwich, where a stained-glass window was placed in 1896 to the memory of General Wolfe who is buried there, and partly to the forthcoming centenary of the foundation of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain. The three stanzas which we quote from the above are a fair example of the poetry:

Queen of the New World, wondrous fair,  
Surviving siege and wreck,  
What city can with thee compare?—  
The stately, proud Quebec!

The site o'er which rude Indians ranged  
Thy stately buildings deck;  
Since Stadacona's name was changed  
To world-renowned Quebec.

Three hundred years have passed away;  
Yet shalt thou never wane,  
Till earth like garment old decay,  
Proud City of Champlain!

# Possibilities of Power in Fundy Tides

By F. D. PARKER

THE extraordinary tides of the Bay of Fundy, for generations past, have been a source of interest and speculative inquiry to those who have viewed from points in the Annapolis Valley or along the northern shores of the Bay, the vast body of restless, surging water as it is forced twice daily by the Atlantic, far inland through straits and bays terminating in rivers.

To the summer tourist, the phenomenon—oh! well, he has paid for his ticket, and it's "a point of interest" that fades with his footfall in the autumn: "While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

This huge arm of the Atlantic Ocean extends into the land between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the State of Maine, and terminates in smaller bays, Chignecto Bay, Minas Basin and Cobequid Bay. Emptying into these bays are numerous rivers of no small proportions, as they are navigable, for the most part, to vessels of 1,200 tons. And in the vicinity of Chignecto Cape, which lies mid-way between the two larger bays, the neap range of tide under ordinary conditions is approximately 59.3-4 feet. With a prevailing west wind during the spring tides it often rises to the height of 62 feet.

Such extreme conditions as these are rare, however, yet the immense range of tide, accompanied by the vast body of water, is not equalled in any other part of the world. The precipitous walls of rock on either shore and the ever varying whirlpools and shifting currents render navigation dangerous to the most skilful, while annually scores of vessels are left high and dry at low water, resting peacefully on the soft mud—in some instances the headwaters baring the shores for two miles. Ridiculous as these truths appear, it is a most common thing to see a huge vessel warped alongside a towering pier depending on the strength of hawsers to keep her from toppling broadside into the mud; calmly loading or discharging a cargo, and the water which only a few hours before floated her serenely to her berth, being now a mile or more away.

Several theories have been set forth as to the explanation of these phenomenal movements of the tide, and the certainty of the immediate action of the Gulf Stream has not been verified. The formation of the land, the depth of water, and various conditions present during the lunital intervals, must be considered in determining the specific cause. The most practical theory relating to this tidal wave is one of deduction and comparison, wherein lies the main issue.

The average range of the tidal wave the world over is about 6.2 feet, and along prominent coast lines on the north and south of the equator, it rarely exceeds 5 feet. This being the case, we apply the well-known instance of a shallow tidal river whose range of tide is a considerable fraction of its depth, and we find that as the wave progresses, the duration of the rise will be shortened, and that of the fall lengthened. An extreme case results in the phenomenon called a *bore*—an advancing wave of water which may be several feet in height, flowing up the bed of a river. This bore is a striking feature of some rivers emptying into the headwaters of Chignecto Bay and Minas Basin.

In application, what is the Bay of Fundy, 140 miles in extreme length and in many places reaching 45 miles in breadth, but a tidal river on an enormous scale? Are we not able to apply the self-evident truth that a common law is applicable in either case? It may appear odd to those who have not been eye-witnesses to the millions upon millions of tons of water flowing through channels at an average rate of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, to talk of power even surpassing that furnished by Niagara. Yet, why not? Competent estimates place the potentiality of Niagara at 7,000,000 horse-power, and what is behind this? Why, the Great Lakes (including Lake Ontario, which has no significance at all in the Niagara power scheme) could be placed in the Gulf of Mexico almost eight times, while Fundy has the reinforcement of the Atlantic Ocean at its beck and call.

The perpetual sources of energy have not been wholly unrecognised. Mr. George H. Cove, of Halifax, was perhaps the first to make any practical demonstration, and as the promoter of the Cove Hydro-Electric Company of Boston, with a capital

of \$2,000,000, he and others established on the Tantramar River, New Brunswick, a plant consisting of reservoirs, dams, turbines and other devices developing a continuous power of more than 7,500 horse-power. Mr. Cove's ideas of development have proved wonderfully successful, while his plant is capable of being reproduced a few odd thousand times. Here is potential power that dwarfs Niagara. There are other men in Nova Scotia who see the enormous possibilities of harnessing these laws of nature. I refer to Mr. George Whitman, of Annapolis, and Mr. Robert W. Starr, of Wolfville. Both have written a good deal on the subject, while Mr. Whitman has patented a unique tidal motor which derives its energy from a system of reservoirs, water-wheels and sluices.

The facility with which electricity is transmitted at the present day places most water-power propositions on the basis of "cheap power." The consumers of power in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and elsewhere, therefore, would joyfully rise en masse and embrace a scheme for the development of these extraordinary tides to their own ends. The unlimited advantages of industrial activity are apparent.

The crying need of Canada to-day is that it

should hold its own people, and especially its young men. The Canadian Government should place a firm veto on this indiscriminate immigration which of late has compelled so many of us to put out hands deep in our pockets and support the undesirables of European races. This is the charity through which our cleverest men are driven out of the country, and while they are filling high positions abroad, the home-land must be content with their inferiors. We need our sons in our own country, and we cannot afford to exile many more. Surely our fair Canada is not infidel; "for if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, the well-known Canadian poet, is familiar with the existing conditions of the Fundy tides, and in a prophecy of their future application to energy, he is in no wise reticent. The day is coming when marvellous engineering accomplishments will provide a harness for Nature; and who can deny the possibility of Canada receiving all her mechanical power from Niagara, with similar sources in the interior, and from the waiting energy of the tides that beat along her coasts?

## A Nation's Second Breath

By CHARLES HERBERT HUESTIS

THERE is a physical phenomenon well known to athletes commonly called "second breath." When one runs, skates, dances, works, the breath is short and the next effort seems impossible. If the worker persists a point is reached when all sense of fatigue has passed away, and there is perhaps a greater freshness than at first. The same is true of studying late at night beyond the usual hour of sleep. At a certain point sleepiness ceases and there is an increased clearness and facility.

Professor James has recently called attention to this experience of discovering that beneath the first stratum of energy, and the layer of weariness that bounds it and checks exertion, there is another stratum of power on which, if they only persist, men may draw. He suggests that it is possible to form a habit of breaking through the weariness stratum and drawing upon these deeper sources of power.

This may be true, but like the habit of taking pains, which some tell us is the secret of genius, it requires more will energy than the average man finds it convenient to exert. The strong, forceful men who have surprised the world by their capacity for continued exertion are those who have learned the value of the gift of second breath.

What is true of men may also be true of nations. The Babylonians, for instance, after a long period of power and conquest, suddenly declined, and were mastered by the Assyrians. They were able, however, to regain their power and overcome their conquerors, and to push their empire to the confines of the known world. Other nations, like the Romans and the Greeks, did not seem to be able to regain their strength, but when they declined it was for all time.

In modern times the Japanese are an instance of a people who have acquired the gift of second breath. Their old traditional activity was succeeded by a period of sleepiness and inertia out of which they have awakened with an influx of energy which has excited the surprise and admiration of the world.

There are certain reasons why Canada should be especially interested in casting the horoscope of Japan. Where shall the Japanese find a field for the employment of their energies? Every great people in the past has been forced by an inner impulse, as well as by the force of circumstances, to colonise other parts of the world. This impulse is manifesting itself in Japan to-day. But whither shall she move? Westward the course of empire makes its way, but in this case the Japanese are shut off from movement along historic lines. Both China and Korea are now densely populated countries. The face of Japan must then turn from the setting to the rising sun. From the United States she must be shut off for years to come owing

to the intense irritation manifested by that country in the presence of the question of Asiatic immigration. Canada remains, and it is to Canada that Japan will eventually move, in the opinion of the present writer. The seemingly undue resentment displayed by British Columbia against the encroachment of the Japanese labouring classes is but the instinctive action of a people in the presence of a danger that menaces its very existence.

What I mean is that Canada is attempting a feat that has never yet been successfully performed in the history of the world—to colonise a sunny country with a white-faced people. History pronounces upon no question with greater assurance than upon this. As we read the history of the sunny southern portions of Asia and Europe from the earliest periods, the same story is told over and over, and it is the story of the invasion of sunny southern lands by hardy northern tribes of fair complexion, who founded great civilisations, but succumbed at last to climatic influences due to excessive sunshine. Studies in anthropology and archaeology seem to indicate clearly that Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome were all colonised by fair-faced peoples who went down under climatic influences, leaving nothing behind but the precious heritage of the Aryan tongue and Aryan thought.

The aborigines of this continent were a dark-skinned race. The people who now occupy it have come from Europe, the more aggressive from the northern parts of Europe, which are cloudy and the home of blonds. Under the sunnier skies of America there has been developed an aggressive force almost without parallel—so much for the stimulus of sunshine. There has also at the same time been developed a new disease, or rather a new phase of an old one, namely "Americanitis." So much for too great stimulus of sunshine. Ask the western doctor to-day what kinds of diseases he finds most numerous in his practice, and he will tell you they are diseases and conditions due to nervous exhaustion. Yet it is not hard work that breaks down the westerner; as a matter of fact the westerner takes more leisure than his eastern brother. Besides, hard work is wholesome—most people do not have enough of it. It is nervous exhaustion due to the excessive stimulation of sunshine.

To thrive upon the western prairies one should have the complexion of a Cree or a Stoney. Such a complexion the Japanese has, as a gift of nature. Where he got it is another question, but the fact that he has it makes it possible for him to live and flourish beneath skies such as look down upon the west of Canada.

The writer shall be glad if his thesis can be proved unsound. It is forced upon him by considerations historical and ethnological which seem to him undeniable.

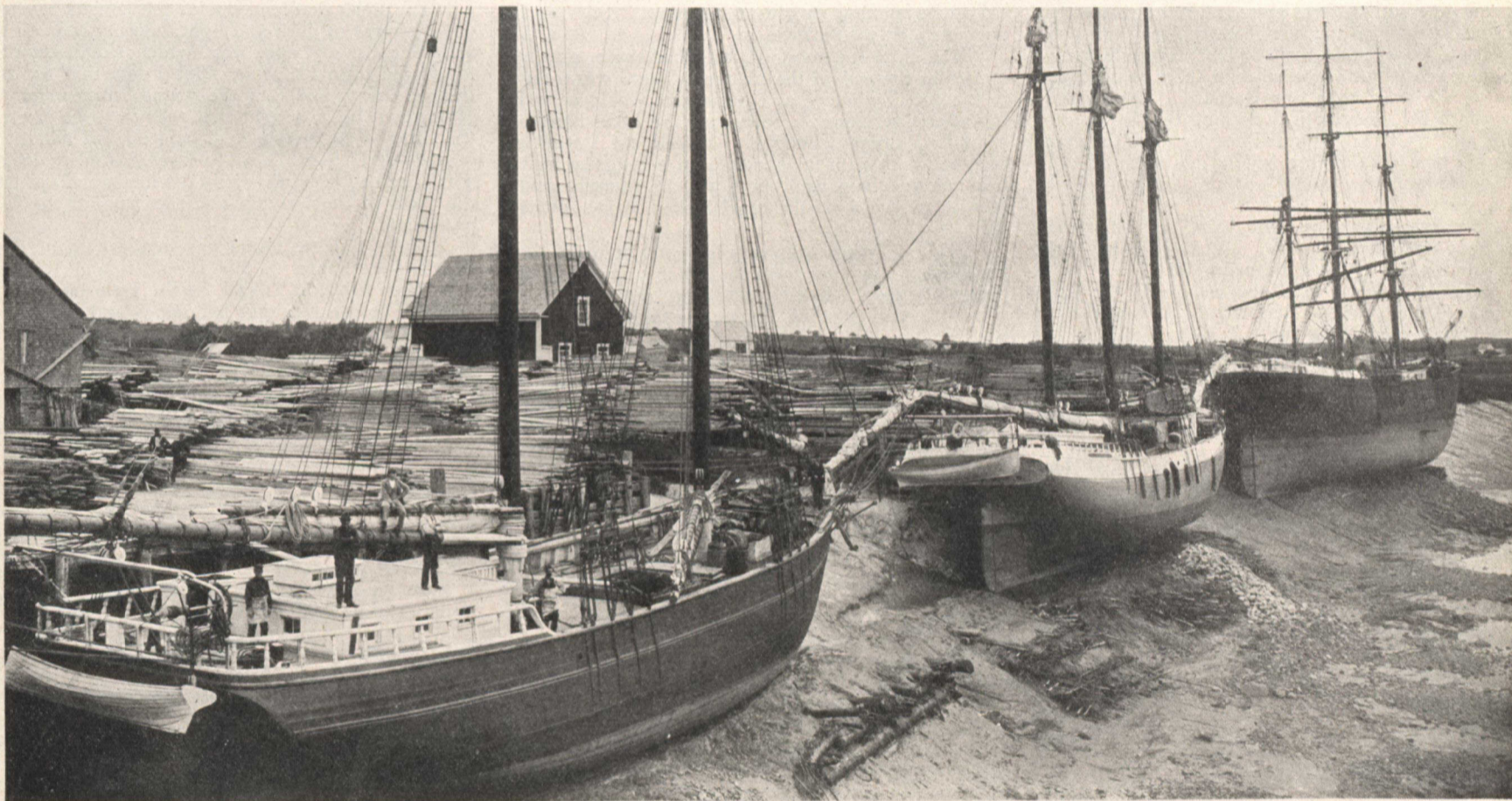
# The Wonderful Tides of Fundy



Wolfville Harbour at High Water



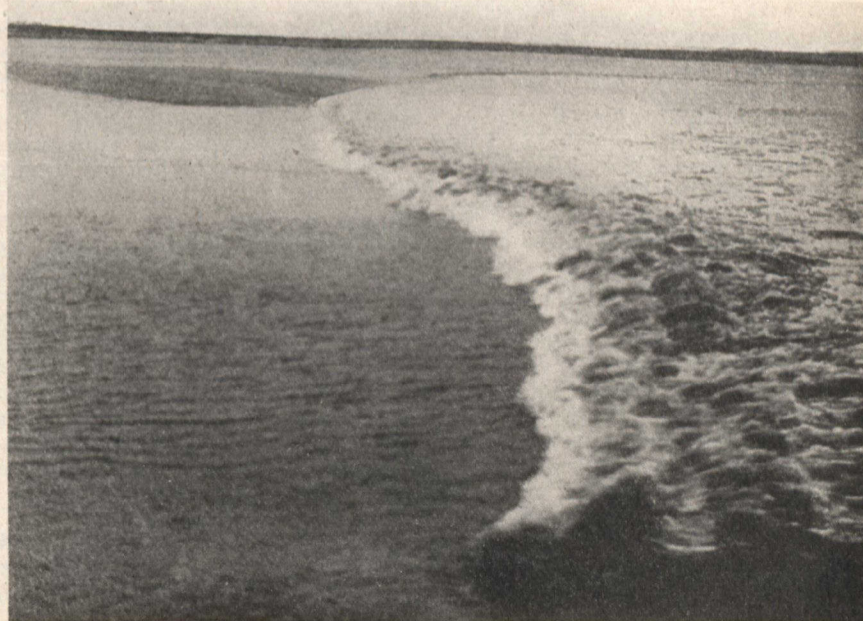
Wolfville Harbour at Low Water



Low Water at Port William, N.S.—The Schooners are resting on the River Bottom



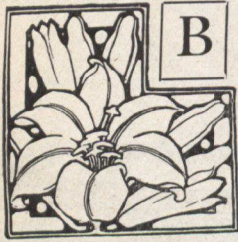
Low Water at Windsor, N.S.—The Avon River



The "Bore" on the Petitcodiac River, N.B.

# The Soul of the Child

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



**B**ABETTE welcomed me with open arms, and a dress of such splendour, I felt bound to remark on it. "Yes," said old Louis, nodding his white head, "that was the gift of Hypolite, our eldest. A good son is Hypolite, though he does live in Montreal. His wife chose it, and it is of material the most excellent,

and in colour cheerful as the sun on young leaves. And to talk of leaves—see, the vine leaves are almost out, and the lilies are high on the sunny side of the garden."

Later, in the grayish-golden glow of a soft spring twilight, Louis smoked on the porch, and told of the happenings of a peaceful year. "When Celeste Blanche died—though old Mere Vendangeuse came twenty miles to see her, and what she does not know of cows may go under an acorn-cup—Georges and young Louis, they put together their little savings and bought another. She is a good milker, but not so soft of the eye as our poor Celeste. And look you this pipe with a silver plate and red tassels—that is from Gaspard on my last fete. O, they are good boys, good boys, none better. Our Hypolite grows rich, and yet is not forgetful, and there is no better man on the river than our Gaspard. The mother, they adore her, and there is nothing they would not do for me." Old Louis puffed heavily upon the great pipe, his blue eyes gazing beyond his poor fields to the woods and the young spring skies and three white stars.

"They are good boys, good boys," he murmured, "and have done much for me. But not one has done as much for me as little Francois did.

"You, my friend, have not known of the little Francois? He was the first of all, a flower of a child, blooming a little like a white rose in the world, and, like a rose, dying out of it again. We were young, very young, my Babette and I, but I took it most hardly. O, I was so young! I had not learned patience, I had not learned faith. I could only suffer and rebel.

"We had been so happy, and happier still when the child came. I was happy to go in the morning, and Babette hushing me for fear I should wake him. I was happy to come home in the evening, and Babette singing to him in the dusk. This was for one summer, a little summer. With the winter he began to fail, like a rose that cannot live in the frost. There was one of these behind the lilies, a golden rose that grew one summer, and though I covered it with straw and cared for it more than any other of my flowers, it died of the cold.

"So young we were! I saw that the little Francois was not as he had been, I saw sometimes the great fear in my Babette's eyes, but I could not believe our happiness could ever pass. I grew used to the child's weakness, to the eyes that were great and strange in the white face—the white rose face—. Presently it became so that Babette was scarcely ever away from the side of the cradle, and women, old wise women, said in my hearing he would die. I feared, and with my brain I think I believed. But the heart, the too hopeful heart would not believe. I could not think that even this suspense might change to greater grief.

"I cannot tell how long this lasted. But I know it was spring, that evening when I came home, and saw through the window that there were women in the room, and that Babette had left the side of the cradle, and knelt under the little brown crucifix on the wall there. I wondered only if the child were worse. But Babette, she saw me through the window, and turned, holding out her empty hands to me with a great cry.

"So that then the too hopeful heart understood also and believed, and believing and losing hope, turned in a moment against all hope, all good, even against the good God Himself. I cannot describe to you that rage and despair that came upon me, that overwhelmed me. I could hear Babette weeping within, but I did not go and comfort her. The child was dead, and it seemed the end of all things. My friend, the kind, pitiful heavens seemed to turn into black nothing, empty of God, the pretty world was hateful, and I alone in it. The very saints seemed to jeer at me, because I had trusted Le Bon Dieu to save the little Francois. I raised this hand against the brown cross on the wall, and ran away

like a wild man into the dark, at war with Le Bon Dieu—my faith, just so!

"I ran like a madman, raging against God and His saints—yes. But even then He had a care for me. For, out in the dark, the soul of the child was waiting for me.

"I had just said to myself, 'There is no more a little Francois, and the kindness of God is a lie,' when there the child was, under the boughs that yet had no leaves, white as the blossom that would be there presently, and holding out his hands as if I should follow."

Louis says he was not at all afraid. He saw the likeness of his child who was dead as plainly as he had seen him living—his child, looking at him with clear appealing eyes and beckoning, and so followed as if he had no choice. He followed, and his grief was the greater because the child's face was sad.

"If there is a hope beyond this life for the pure, you must be happy in it, my son!" cried Louis. But the child looked sadly at him, and his voice seemed to fall back upon himself—"As a voice does when one shouts in an empty room with thick walls," said old Louis, puffing slowly at his pipe. "So I spoke no more; only followed.

"The child led me down the road there, past the houses at the end of the village. There was a light in the cure's window, and I knew he would be writing at his sermon. I, following the little Francois as if in a dream, thought to myself, 'If I went to the good man with my sorrow and my sin, he would heal me and help me,' but I put the thought aside. And it seemed as if the child looked at me sorrowfully."

Old Louis' voice was very low, and he never took his dreamy blue eyes from the silver stars above the buckwheat field. Everywhere was the colour and scent of sweet growing things, the thrill of renewed life.

"It was just such another evening as this," said old Louis, "just such another evening, darkening towards a night of the quietest, with a little sweet wind blowing, soft as feathers on my face. I could not see where my Francois really was, whether near or far, only that he was ahead of me. He paused again at my mother's house—it stood by the bridge, and was pulled down fourteen, no, sixteen years past—and I thought, 'If I went to her and laid my head on her shoulder and wept the tears that must be in my heart, as if I was little again, this hardness of soul would go.' But I would not yield to any softening, and again I seemed to see Francois look at me sadly as I hardened my heart against God.

"The trees then cut the village in two, so that the houses near the river were separated from these. The child led me through these shadowed woods, slowly and often looking round." Louis said that spring lay upon these woods like a shining dress; that every spray, every bud, held a message of resurrection. He saw the ground underfoot like a green embroidery on brown, beautiful with red fern-fronds, and little starry flowers that shone from the dusk. "The little brooks, the restless birds, the tiny life of leaf and blade of grass, all the wonderful small creatures seemed to be singing, 'Winter is only a sleep, a sleep.' And what was death but a winter of the soul? Here, too, I had walked with Babette before we were married, and now I had left her uncomfited. Under that very tree I had touched her hand, here I had gathered her flowers, and she had put them in her bodice on Sunday. I stooped and picked a leaf from the place, and the child seemed to smile at me.

"I tell it to you, my friend, quietly, so quietly. That is because I am old and have grown to think of it so. But then, though I was not afraid, the air came cold and thin to my lungs, and my body seemed a clod that would have held me back from following the child—my child, and yet mine no more. And I would not yield him to Le Bon Dieu. He shone through the trees like a star—no, rather as a soft cloud shows in starlight—and I followed, every tree and glade so familiar, so dear, that they struck upon my hard heart until it was ready to break for the memory of past things."

"You would have thought, is it not so, that I should have been eager to touch, to clasp, to hold that likeness of Francois? Yet all the time I knew Francois, the Francois I had held and swung on my arm, was lying behind me in that sad house, and that this, though Francois still, was not for my

hands to touch. I would have laid hold of a light or an air as readily. Yet the face was the face I had known for its short life, and the eyes gazed sadly upon me.

"In the thick dark of the pine branches many little birds were sleeping, and as I passed they awoke with frightened flutters and pipings, and settled again, crooning to one another. It seemed as if someone said 'they are sleeping in the care of God and theirs, and will you not let the child who had grown tired sleep in His care also?' So plain, it was, so plain. 'Your little Francois would sleep well,' it went on, 'folded in the arms of God as the birds in the branches,' the wind seemed to move in the boughs with music, and the words were like a song,—'As the birds in the branches, as the birds in the branches.'

"'He slept well in mine,' I cried, 'he slept well in mine.' For I was jealous, you see, and would not let him go."

That is how old Louis told it, his worn face with its fierce feature and peaceful eyes, turned towards the darkening fields and the lilac skies of spring. "I was jealous and I would not let him go.

"The music that moved with the boughs beat over me in surges of dark and light, and my body seemed weighing heavily upon that which would have followed the little Francois. But I saw that the trees thinned away, and that the young white moon was giving soft light, a light that seemed to be one with the child as he turned, and, held out his hands, and passed—ah! mon Dieu! passed. And I looking where he had been, saw only the moon and the trees, the cross of the Calvary and the arms of the Compassionate.

"There Babette found me, in the chill of dawn. She laid her hand on my shoulder, and I think I said 'Our Francois is safe as the little birds in the boughs,' before I caught her hands and cried like a boy. And then,—then it was morning, and spring had told the dead lands to awake, and there was great sorrow in the world, but not despair."

So old Louis told it, half to himself and half to me. You to whom I tell it, what do you think? You may smile unbelievably, or you may say that the French-Canadian temperament has much to answer for. Louis, however, does not tell it to you. As he says, it is a matter between himself and Le Bon Dieu.

## The Call of Home.

I'm the old tired woman now, for all that work is done,  
I sit here in me daughter's house as any lady might;  
It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," from each and every one,  
And willin' hands to wait on mine from morning until night.

But I have the longing on me that is heavier than tears,  
(Though themselves could never know it from any word I say).  
It's half the way across the world that I would be the day  
And back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years.

\* \* \* \* \*

And to think I left it laughin' with a true lad's hand in mine!  
The lips that kissed me goin', oh, 'tis long that they've been cold!  
And little was the grief I had that never gave me sign  
That need of it would tear the heart the day that saw me old.

But I have the longing on me—oh, 'tis well me own time nears,  
Since I'm waiting like a stranger here with those I love the best.  
It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," but oh, 'tis there I'd rest—  
Once back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years!

—Theodosia Garrison, in McClure's Magazine.





THE

# YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

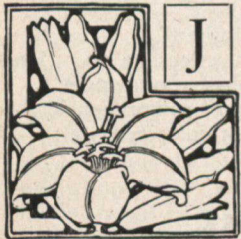
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES".

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Changers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Changers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Changers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DAWN.



JEKI looked up and down the river, and saw that in the centre of it, about half a mile away, there was an island, on which grew some trees.

"Little Bonsa will camp yonder," he said. "Go, make her house ready, light fire and bring canoe to paddle us across. Now leave us, all of you, for if you look

too long upon the face of The Yellow God, she will ask a sacrifice, and it is not lawful that you should see where she hides herself away.

At this saying the cannibals departed like one man and at top speed, some to their canoes, and others to warn their fellows who were engaged in the congenial work of hunting and killing the dwarfs, not to dare to approach the white man and his companion. A third party ran to the bank of the river that was opposite to the island, to make ready as they had been bidden, so that presently Alan and Jeeki were left quite alone.

"Ah!" said Jeeki, with a gasp of satisfaction. "that all right, everything arranged quite comfortable. Thought Little Bonsa come out top somehow and score off dirty dwarf monkeys. They never get home to tea any way; stay and dine with Ogula."

"Stop chattering, Jeeki, and untie this infernal mask, I am almost choked," broke in Alan in a hollow voice.

"Not say 'infernal mask,' Major say 'face of angel.' Little Bonsa woman, and like it better also true, if on this occasion only, for she save our skins," said Jeeki as he unknotted the throngs and reverently replaced the fetish in its tin box. "My!" he added, contemplating his master's perspiring countenance, "you blush like garden carrot; well, gold hot wear in afternoon sun beneath Tropic of Cancer. Now we walk on quietly and I tell you all I arrange for night's lodging and future progress of joint expedition."

So gathering together what remained of their few possessions, they started leisurely down the

slope towards the island, and as they went Jeeki explained all that had happened, since Ogula was not one of the African languages with which Alan was acquainted, and he had only been able to understand a word here and there.

"Look," said Jeeki when he had finished and turning, he pointed to the cannibals, who were driving the few survivors of the dwarfs before them to the spot where their canoes were beached. "Those dwarfs done for, capital business, forest road quite safe to travel home by; Ogula best friends in world; very remarkable escape from delicate situation."

"Very remarkable indeed," said Alan, "I shall soon begin to believe in the luck of Little Bonsa."

"Yes, Major, you see she is anxious to get home and make path clear. But," he added gloomily, "how she behave when she reach there, can't say."

"Nor can I, Jeeki but, meanwhile I hope she will provide us with some dinner, for my meat is lost."

"Food," repeated Jeeki. "Yes, necessity for human stomach, which unhappily built that way, so Ogula find out, and so dwarfs find out presently." Then he looked about him, and in a kind of aimless manner lifted his gun and fired. "There we are," he said, "Little Bonsa understand bodily needs," and he pointed to fat buck of the sort that in South Africa is called Duiker, which his keen eyes had discovered in its form against a stone, where it now lay shot through the head and dying. "No further trouble on that score of grub for next three days," he added. "Come on to camp, Major. I send one savage skin and bring that buck."

So on they went to the river bank, Alan so tired, now that the excitement was over, that he was not sorry to lean upon Jeeki's arm. Reaching the stream, they drank deep of its water, and finding that it was shallow at this spot, waded through it to the island without waiting for a canoe to ferry them over. Here they found a party of the cannibals already at work, clearing reeds with their large, curved knives, in order to make a site for the hut. Another party, under the command of the chief himself, had gone to the top end of the island, a hundred yards or so away, to cut the stems of a willow-like shrub to serve as uprights. These people stared at Alan, which was not strange, as they had never before seen the face of a white man, and were wondering, doubtless, what had become of the ancient and terrible fetish that he had worn. Without entering into explanation Jeeki in a great voice ordered two of them to fetch the buck which the white man, whom he described as "husband of the goddess," had "slain by thunder." When these had departed upon their errand, leaving Jeeki to superintend the building operations, Alan sat upon a fallen tree, watching one of the savages making fire with a pointed stick and some tinder.

Just then from the head of the island where the willows were being cut, rose the sound of loud roarings and of men crying out in affright. Seizing his gun Alan ran towards the spot whence the noise came. Forcing his way through a brake of reeds, he saw a curious sight. The Ogula in cutting the willows which grew about some tumbled rocks, had disturbed a lioness that had her lair there, and being fearless savages, had tried to kill her with their spears. The brute rendered desperate by wounds and the impossibility of escape, for here the surrounding water was deep, had charged them boldly, and as it chanced, felled to the ground their chief, that yellow-toothed man to whom Jeeki gave his orders. Now she was standing over him looking round her royally, her great paw upon his breast which it seemed almost to cover, while the Ogula ran round and round shouting, for they feared that if they tried to attack her she would kill the chief.

This indeed she seemed about to do, for just as Alan arrived she dropped her head as though to tear out the man's throat. Instantly he fired. It was a snap shot, but, as it chanced, a good one, for the bullet struck the lioness in the back of the neck forward of and between the shoulders, severing the spine, so that without a sound or any further movement she sank stone dead upon the prostrate cannibal. For a while his followers stood astonished. They might have heard of guns from the coast people, but living as they did in the interior where white folk did not dare to travel, they had never seen their terrible effects.

"Magic," they cried, "Magic."

"Of course," exclaimed Jeeki, who by now had arrived upon the scene. "What else did you expect from the lord of Little Bonsa? Magic, the greatest of magic. Go, roll that beast away before your chief is crushed to death."

They obeyed and the man sat up, a fearful spectacle, for he was smothered with the blood of the lion and somewhat cut by her claws, though otherwise unhurt. Then feeling that the life was still whole in him, he crept on his hands and knees to where Alan stood and kissed his feet.

"Aha!" said Jeeki, "Little Bonsa score again. Cannibal tribe our slave henceforth for evermore. Yes, till kingdom come. Come on, Major, and cook supper in perfect peace."

The supper was cooked and eaten with gratitude, for seldom had two men needed a square meal more, and never did venison taste better. By the time that it was finished darkness had fallen, and before they turned into sleep in the neat reed hut that the Ogula had built, Alan and Jeeki walked up the island to see if the lioness had been skinned as they directed. This they found was done! even the carcass itself had been removed to serve as meat for these foul-feeding people. They climbed on to the pile of rocks in which the beast had made her lair and looked down the river to where two hundred yards away, the Ogula were encamped. From this camp there rose a sound of revelry, and by the light of the great fires that burned there, they perceived that the hungry savages were busy feasting, for some of them sat in circles, whilst others, their naked forms looking at that distance like those of imps in the infernal regions, flitted to and fro against the glowing background of the fires, bearing strange looking joints on prongs of wood.

"I suppose they are eating the lioness," said Alan doubtfully.

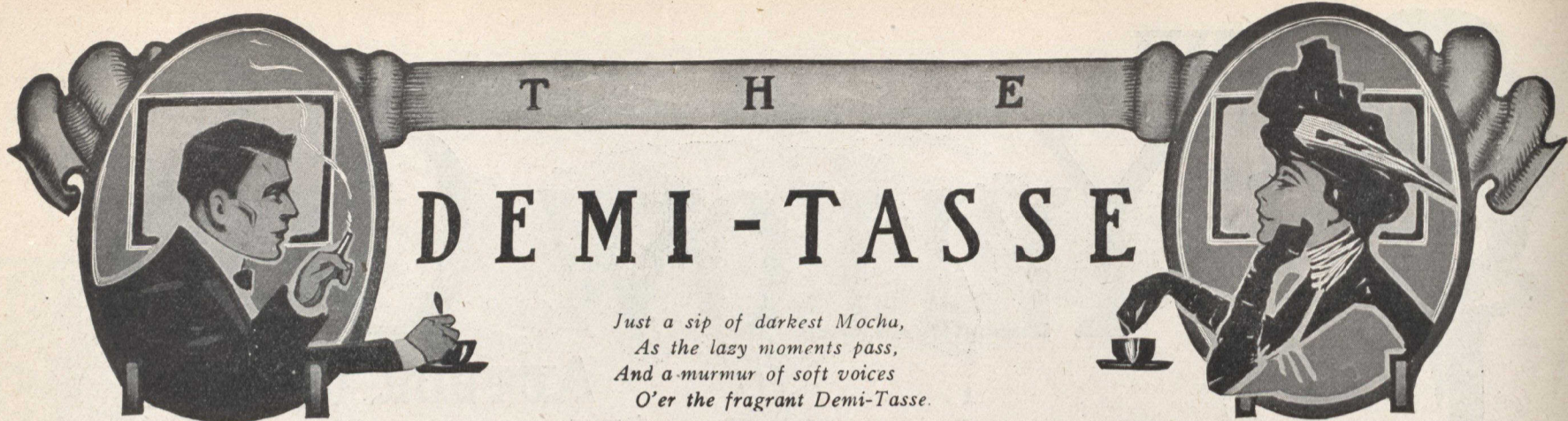
"No, no, Major, not lioness; eat dwarf by dozen, just like oysters at seaside. But for Little Bonsa we sit on those forks now and look uncommon small."

"Beasts!" said Alan in disgust, "they make me feel uncommon sick. Let us go to bed. I suppose they won't murder us in our sleep, will they?"

"Not they, Major, too much afraid. Also we their blood brothers now, because we bring them good dinner and save chief from lion's fury. No blame them too much, Major, good fellows really with gentle heart, but grub like that from generation to generation. Every mother's son of them have many men inside, that why they so big and strong. Ogula people cover great multitude—like Charity in Book. No doubt sent by Providence to keep down extra population. Not right to think too hard of poor fellows who, as I say, very kind and gentle at heart and most loving family relation, except to old women whom they eat also, so that they no get bored with too long life."

Weary and disgusted by this abominable sight though he was, Alan burst out laughing at his re-

(Continued on page 24)



Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

ENTERPRISING CANADIANS.

A CANADIAN is telling this joke on himself. When visiting in Detroit lately, he indulged in injudicious boasting regarding Canadians who have gone to the United States and become fairly prominent. He mentioned Mr. J. J. Hill, President Schurman and others. Finally a Detroit friend quietly remarked:

"But you must admit that many of these Canadians needed a wider field than they found in the Dominion. Take Cassie Chadwick and Harry Orchard, for instance! They wouldn't have amounted to much at graft or murder if they'd stayed at home. However, I'll admit that when you Canadians attempt to teach us a few fancy things in the way of crime, you certainly do set the pace."

\* \* \*

ON EASTER SUNDAY.

The wind blows briskly from the lake,  
My lady's cheeks are blue,  
And likewise are the violets  
Which peep beneath her choux.  
The snowflakes flutter softly down,  
My Lady's nose is red,  
And likewise is the mammoth rose  
Which nods above her head.

\* \* \*

WHAT HER FRIENDS SAID.

"Why did Daisy Roberts marry that horrid old widower?"

"Well, you know, Daisy just loves bargain-hunting and he's a very fascinating remnant."

\* \* \*

A SAD DEFEAT.

MR. JOHN SMITH of Peel arose in the Ontario Legislature last week to move a bill granting the legislative franchise to spinsters and widows but



Publican. "And how do you like being married, John?"  
John. "Don't like it at all."  
Publican. "Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?"  
John. "Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!"  
Publican. "Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?"  
John. "I dunno. I ain't given her any yet."

Mr. Allan Studholme, the champion monologue artist of the Ontario Assembly, was the only other member to rally to the cause. Honest John brings this noble bill forward, year by year, and sincerely expects that some day the widows and spinsters of the Premier Province will win the right to dispose of their votes at bargain figures.

There was a tall statesman from Peel  
Who wanted to get a square deal.  
But dear Studholme talked,  
So the measure was balked,  
While Whitney set down his firm heel.

\* \* \*

THINK OF IT.

Oh, when Ontario votes again,  
We'd surely have a fit  
Should Oxford go all Tory  
Or Carleton send a Grit.

\* \* \*



The Easter Parade

—Life

\* \* \*

THOSE WICKED TORIES.

THERE was an enthusiastic meeting held by a certain Liberal association of Toronto the other evening. A speaker who was more ardent than accurate arose to protest against Mr. Whitney's pet Redistribution Bill and, in the course of his criticism, declared:

"What's this Ontario Government tryin' to do? To keep itself in power—to *perpetrate* itself forever and ever."

\* \* \*

HIS VICTIMS.

THE late King of Portugal was a sportsman and a good shot as well, and once at a dinner the rather inferior shooting of an English visitor was praised and some one said: "And Lord Gadabout, you know, sends everything he shoots to the hospitals."

The king laughed, and taking the long black cigar from his lips, he said: "Naturally, since he never shoots anything but gamekeepers."

\* \* \*

LEGAL ADVISERS.

THERE is a mission Sunday-School in the slum districts of Toronto in which the children have lately been studying the Book of Psalms. A teacher asked the young hopefuls in her class:

"What is meant by 'the counsels of the Ungodly'?" There was a pause of five seconds and then a small voice said with confidence: "Robinette and Curry."

\* \* \*

WHISTLER'S SALES.

IN a recent volume on "Famous Painters of America," by J. Walker McSpadden, the author tells an interesting story about Whistler the Inimitable.

Those who knew Whistler best say that he never had the intention to defraud the patron, but that he always assumed a proprietorship over his pictures, even after they had passed into another's possession. He felt that they were *his*, to do with as he pleased,

and in one of his catalogues he spoke of a "small collection kindly lent their owners."

Chase tells an amusing instance in point. One day a certain Lady B—drove up to the studio and engaged Whistler in earnest conversation at the door, the artist replying in his suavest tones.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. Now, to-day, I have my carriage with me and I would like to take it home with me."

"Dear lady, you ask the impossible," he replied. "I will send it to you at the earliest possible moment; but there are a few final touches—" here his voice trailed off entreatingly.

The lady drove away disappointed without her picture. When Whistler returned to the studio, Chase heard him muttering to himself:

"How absurd of people to believe that just because they pay two or three hundred pounds for a picture they really own it."

\* \* \*

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

"I did," admitted the portly person calmly. — *Harper's Weekly*.

\* \* \*

HIS FATHER.

Town Visitor (to small applicant for a holiday) — "What is your father?"

Small Applicant—"E's me father."

T. V.—"Yes, but what is he?"

S. A.—"Oh, 'e's me stepfather."

T. V.—"Yes, yes. But what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive busses, or what?"

S. A. (with a dawning light of comprehension)— "O-o-w! No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im." — *Home Herald*.

\* \* \*

HIS FUTURE.

"What does you reckon yer'll like ter do w'en you gits ter glory?"

"Well," said Brother Dickey, "since you put de question ter me, I'll make answer ter it: Ef dey lets me have my way, I'll de lay back on a white cloud, an' let de heavenly winds blow me fum star to star." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

\* \* \*

A CURIOUS COFFIN.

ONE morning recently a man in New Jersey looked over his fence and said to his neighbour:

"Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted the first man angrily. "It looks like one of my hens."

"Oh, that's all right," the other returned. "The seeds are inside."

\* \* \*

MISUNDERSTOOD.

A BENEVOLENT New York woman was visiting a lower East Side Sunday School. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils she took the class in hand to question them. "Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?" Not one answered. "Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?" A grimy fist went up. "Well, what am I doing, little boy?" "Buttin' in!" — *Short Stories*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

ANOTHER Prince Rupert has got into print. One George Kane, a clever political opportunist, has staked off a new townsite in the far north along the route of the G. T. P. and has taken out papers registering it in the name of the town which is the terminus of the trans-continental. He is selling town lots and having a good time playing with the big name which cost the company money to get but which they never thought to register.

\* \* \*

A SUPREME court sitting on a heap of sawdust is the spectacle recently exhibited in Vancouver when the whole of that body left the regular court-room and adjourned, wigs, gowns and briefs, to the mill-yard, where a man had got his fingers cut off and was suing for damages. The jury rode in hacks. The judge walked.

\* \* \*

THE "Kensington" brought one thousand immigrants to Halifax the other day. These were Salvation Army settlers; a fine lot of people; half of them for Ontario to help settle the hired man problem on the farm, the rest for the West and the Maritime Provinces.

\* \* \*

NOW Newfoundland, that prosperous colony, is beginning to lament over the exodus; the call to the West that seems to be fatal to some parts of the East at this season of the year; the call of the wild in some cases, but always of the dollar. Thus weeps a Newfoundland paper over the prospect:

"The sight that presented itself to the people assembled at the railway station on Thursday evening when the express took its departure for Sydney, was one which could hardly fail to afford much food for serious reflection. There in the cars stood scores of our finest young men, the real bone and sinew of the colony, bound to the United States and Canada, where they hope to find employment and permanent homes. Newfoundland will be made poorer by their absence and the United States and Canada made richer by their presence. Those fine young fellows who are leaving us by every train possess all the vigour and ambition necessary to success in life, and they will succeed, as thousands of others who have preceded them, are succeeding in almost every state of the American Republic and province of the Canadian Dominion."

\* \* \*

TWO men and their wives will float down the Arctic rivers this summer in the search for gold. A big strike has been reported around Herschell Island at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The departure of these prospectors from Edmonton the other day recalls the great Klondike trek which began at that town in 1897. One of the party is an old-time "musher" from the Edmonton trail, and he knows enough of the route not to expect to reach the mouth of the Mackenzie till the summer of 1909. The outfit is now at Athabasca Landing, north of Edmonton. News of the strike was fetched by the police to Dawson.

\* \* \*

THE king of safe crackers, wanted in Paris for all sorts of safe crackings and things that would give

pointers to Raffles, has just been let out of Kingston Penitentiary—not to crack safes in Canada, but to go back to Paris and get into prison for his fine work a few years ago in the Rue Scribe when he cracked a vault, escaped and crossed the sea and came to Canada to do a little shopbreaking in 1902.

\* \* \*

WHEN the Rideau breaks there may be folks drowned; and it was just the other day that three teamsters nearly found a grave in the water by trying to cross a swollen tributary which by the ice jams below had become a part of the main stream.

\* \* \*

A LADY 106 years old has just died across the St. Lawrence from Cornwall, Ontario. Her death at so early an age is attributed to smoking. She had been a disciple of the pipe most of her life. She leaves twenty-four great-great-grandchildren.

\* \* \*

STEAMSHIP "Turcoman," of the Dominion Line, made a thrilling rescue of the French steamer "Bretagne" the other day off the coast of Portland. Billows mountains high were rolling at the time, and but for the timely arrival of the Dominion liner the French fishing barque would have been a floating lot of little spars and ropes and people.

\* \* \*

WALKERVILLE is out against solar time. The citizens of that border town, celebrated for its whiskey, want it understood that they are not running their time-table according to the shadow on the dial, but according to standard time, which in that part of the Dominion means almost anything. In fact, there are just three times for a Walkerville man to keep track of. If he works in Detroit, he has to go to work an hour later than he would if he worked in Windsor. If he leaves Detroit at six o'clock he lands in Walkerville at seven-twenty by the town clock, and if he wants to go to Windsor for the evening he discovers that according to Windsor time he arrives at about half-past nine, whereas he may have left home at eight o'clock by the time according to which he goes to work.


\* \* \*

THEY are still talking of a new province in New Ontario. The other day six hundred voters gathered at Sturgeon Falls to talk over this matter, which has been in the air now for about two years. Colonel Gordon was one of the chief speakers. Historically he reverted to the day when Lake Nipissing was a dotted line on the maps marking a place that was regarded as a "terra incognita" and an "Ultima Thule," and everything else that was vague and shadowy and frightfully remote. Now in contrast—towns and cities and railways and steamships and great mines. Mr. McKee, of Sturgeon Falls, administered a bad beating to the T. & N. O. Railway, which he said was ill-advised, badly built, and built not in the interests of Nipissing and the north, but of Toronto and the south. All the speakers were warm secessionists and they all had a good time, besides saying many things that appealed strongly to the men who live up in that country and know what the hinterland means.



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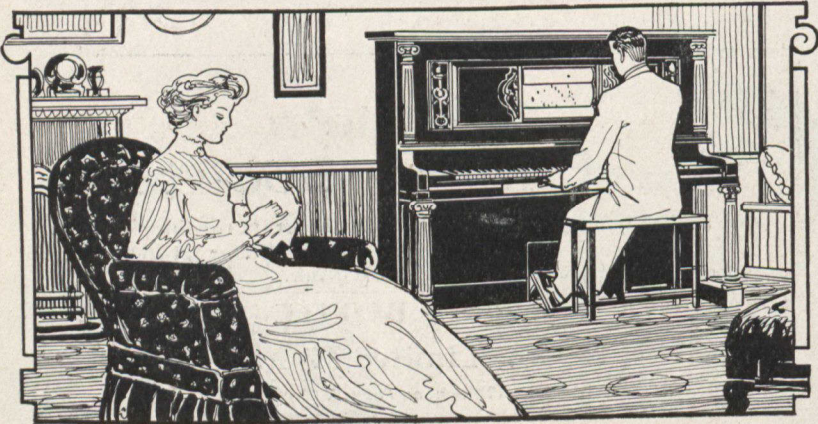
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### THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE orchestra problem in Toronto may be considered as good as settled now that Frank Welsman's Orchestra has given its third concert in Massey Hall. This interesting event took place in Massey Hall on Thursday, the 9th of April; was attended by a large, fashionable and discriminating audience; the best kind of audience to appreciate the fact that not only was this a programme that for artistic selection could not be greatly improved upon, but also that the Conservatory Orchestra is in line with the performance of the very best works extant for the orchestra. Mr. Welsman did wisely in eliminating Beethoven for this once; very wisely in substituting Mendelssohn and Goetz and German and Chopin. All the works given were of that descriptive and not too introspective character that made the audience feel rather than understand that they had spent as delightful an evening in music as they could wish for from any orchestra. Minor defects there were, of course—particularly in the wood-winds and the brass, the French horns being somewhat at fault in the latter. But—why dilate upon defects? The main absorbing fact is that the orchestra as a whole has improved in one year since Mr. Welsman's first concert by just about one hundred per cent. The conductor got a swing and a snap and a general responsive "elan" from that body of players which made even the most sceptical admit that here at least was the real thing in orchestral music done by native-born players. Mr. Welsman has much advanced in his style of conducting; he has got away from the rather hard lines of his earlier efforts and has now acquired a freedom and a rhythmical elasticity that evoke results from his players quite in line with some of the big things got by the conductors who come here regularly with highly paid aggregations from across the border. This is in one year only. Another year and another—with money enough spent to import a few extra players—should accomplish wonders in this body of players. In nothing, perhaps, was Mr. Welsman's leadership better shown than in the Concerto in F Minor played by the pianist De Pachmann and accompanied by the orchestra. This number in spite of its eccentricities from the piano end of the performance was a masterpiece of control and responsiveness. De Pachmann was delightful; legitimately poetic and technically satisfying. He did the sort of playing of Schubert and Chopin and other of the less severe composers that no teacher can ever teach; the sort of piano music that is as native as the song of a bird on a bough. The orchestra, the conductor and the management are to be congratulated on this event; likewise the public.

\* \* \*

### "LE CŒUR N'A PAS D'AGE."

ON Wednesday evening, the 18th March, at the "Theatre des Nouveautes" in Montreal, after a very smart French play, "Vingt jours a l'Ombre," a short new piece was given called "Le Cœur n'a pas d'Age." This little Comedie de Salon was thoroughly enjoyed by a select audience, being a light and clever sketch of Canadian life. Although the first work of the author—a Canadian girl, Mademoiselle Mathilde Casgrain—it shows a great facility, is well written in an easy, witty style. The author pos-

sesses a keen sense of the comical sides of real life.

The plot runs thus: A widow, Mrs. Dumesnil, makes up her mind to find a husband for a spinster friend of hers and succeeds in securing the notary of the place, who is an admirer of the widow herself; but she explains to him that she wishes to be a model widow because she cares more for her dead husband than she ever did when he was alive. The notary, seeing his suit rejected, decides to take the old maid with her well-filled purse. Ozone Toutin's joy at that news is quite refreshing; she is so happy that, even as we laugh at her ridiculous infatuation, we cannot help liking her, for being so naively delighted. So the wedding takes place, after which a typical comical scene occurs where the elderly bride is simply brimming over with happiness. Meanwhile the widow's brother, Doctor Bernard, is left sole guardian of a girl of nineteen, whose mother he dearly loved when a young man. The little orphan he decides to wed and falls desperately in love with his juvenile bride. An exquisitely tender scene follows between these two in which the doctor asks her not to laugh



Mlle. Mathilde Casgrain

at his love; her answer itself would make the play worth hearing. She says: "Laugh at you because you love me—because you have become fond of the little stray bird you gathered in your arms? What kind of a woman would I be? I was all alone—a stupid little 'pensionnaire,' having only my heart to give it went straight to you naturally like a butterfly seeking light and sunshine."

And thus the little play ends, proving the truth of the title chosen—"The Heart Hath no Age"; although it seems to sleep at times, it wakes up when least expected, and, even after the ideal features we once loved have vanished away, our hearts revive at the recollection of the once fresh romance, in spite of gray hairs and wrinkles.

\* \* \*

### THE COMING OF CARUSO.

ON the 4th of May the great Italian tenor, Caruso, is to sing in Massey Hall, Toronto. Caruso is entering upon his first concert tour, after which he is to appear at the Covent Garden Opera, London.

For the Toronto programme he has chosen selections from *Aida*, *Faust* and *I Pagliacci*. The programme will conclude with the famous quartette from *Rigoletto*, with Caruso leading. Miss Guila Allen, soprano, Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto, and Mr. H. G. Scott, bass, will assist in the concert, also a young violinist prodigy, Kowlarski, and Signor Tullio, pianist.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

EASTERTIDE.

NOT even the fact that it has been made a "fashionable" season can destroy the influence and fragrance of Easter. Whatever of pagan custom has been associated with its observance has gradually become regarded as an Easter essential. It is strange how a certain verse may be held in memory by a scene or a story. The great Resurrection truth, surely the mightiest words which have ever been uttered, are linked for many of us with the scene of sacrifice which closes Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." As poor, debauched Sidney Carton, who nobly redeemed his life at the last, went to the guillotine to save another, the sublime words of hope echoed in his ears: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." The tendency to make Easter an excuse for holiday festivities and trivial gifts is not one of the most pleasing features of our modern social life. Fashion has done its best to spoil Christmas and to vulgarise also the commemoration of the most solemn event in sacred history.

\* \* \*

THE MATTER OF MOURNING.

IT is remarkable how the custom of wearing black in sign of mourning has been modified in recent years. The heavy veils, the lavish crape trimmings have almost disappeared and the awful black roses and sable poppies are no longer among popular millinery adornments. To some, no doubt, the wearing of what is called "mourning" may be a kind of relief, a mode of expression which brings a certain sad satisfaction; but to many it means depression and intensified gloom and such natures should never adopt it. Convention has changed much in this regard and the period for wearing black is now rarely discussed. The very phrase, "wearing mourning," has a mechanical insincerity about it which jars upon the sensitive ear. It is a comfort to many that the growing common-sense of the community now regards such a matter as of individual choice rather than conventional rule. Ruskin, who loved bright colours so passionately, said in his later days: "Let there be no black in your memory of me." It was becoming, then, that when he died, the pall covering the bier was of soft, rich crimson, worked in lilies by the Kensington pupils who loved him, with his own motto, "Unto This Last."

\* \* \*

A BIT OF WISDOM.

DISCUSSIONS involving the feminine temperament are eternal. One of the most interesting of these is introduced in Mr. Jerome Hart's new serial in the *Argonaut*. Yarrow and Mrs. Lyndon, who is chaperoning a pretty girl whom the former admires, are philosophising—as a young man and an elderly woman may. The latter says:

"To use your gambling phrase, you may always bet on a woman who is a favourite with other women. But the woman who is avoided by her own sex and is a favourite only with men—well, she may be all right, but I have not always found her so."

"Your theories tally with those entertained by men," replied Yarrow. "The social standing of a man in men's circles is not affected by his standing in what is called 'society'

which women control. When two men become acquainted through the introduction of a woman, they rarely become friends—sometimes they regard it so lightly that they forget to bow. A popular 'society man' may be ruthlessly blackballed at the clubs."

"We women have our own conduct code, and you men have yours. Your code sometimes seems absurd to us, but ours must often seem absurd to you. Still I think it is wisest to take the judgment of each sex on the qualities of its own members. But dear me! How very serious we have become. And how long I am lingering at table!"

\* \* \*

THE SPANISH FASHIONS.

JUST at present there is said to be a fashion for Spanish costumes and fancies in Paris, London and New York. The fashion started with the Spanish doll given by Queen Victoria of Spain to the Novelists' Bazaar in London last December. Dolls in Spanish dress at once became the "rage" and the fashion spread to human attire. Spanish lace, with all its graceful designs and uses is freely displayed, while the castanets are revived in the theatres. Touches of coquettish carnation in the hair and trimmings of velvet ribbon lattice-work on the skirts are also suggestive of the lazy land of Spain. But, above all characteristics of Spanish femininity, is the fan and be it remarked that the fan of Spain is an entirely different weapon from the fan of flowery Japan. The latter is airy, light and diaphanous, as frail as the petals of the chrysanthemum or the cherry-blossom which bestrew the Island-Empire of the Mikado. But the fan of Spain is a more stately affair, whether of ivory or ebony tints. Its slow, subtle movement belongs to a historic race with old-world gardens and crumbling palaces. Other fashions may come and go in the land where Queen Isabella once ruled; but the fan is the Senora's inalienable property.

\* \* \*

THE APRON AGAIN.

NOW that aprons are "in" again, it looks as if we might hope for pockets to bloom once more. The apron of 1908, in its daintiest form, is a marvel of "fluffy ruffles." Of course there is the common or garden variety of apron which is of black-and-white checks and of great usefulness. But woman is never content with the merely useful. She revels in the superfine apron of magnified handkerchief size with frills, lace and pink ribbons. It is even rumoured that the old-fashioned silk apron with the fringe of many years ago is to return to adorn, if not to protect our gowns.

CANADIENNE.

EASTER DAWN.

Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn  
Flames softly over Olivet,  
The night of pain and death has gone,  
The air is full of fragrance drawn  
From blossoms of the thorn, dew-wet.

Awake, O earth! awake and greet  
The day and all it brings to thee—  
Love's crowning triumph, full, complete;

Awake and sing with rapture sweet  
Thy song of Immortality!  
Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn  
Flames softly over Olivet.

—Jean Blewett, in *The Canadian Magazine*.

The Electric Washer and Wringer



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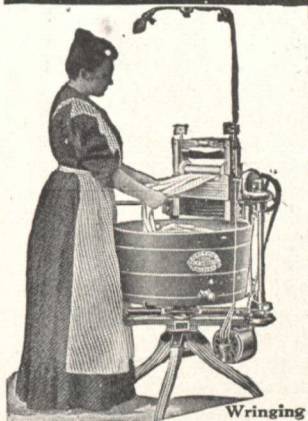
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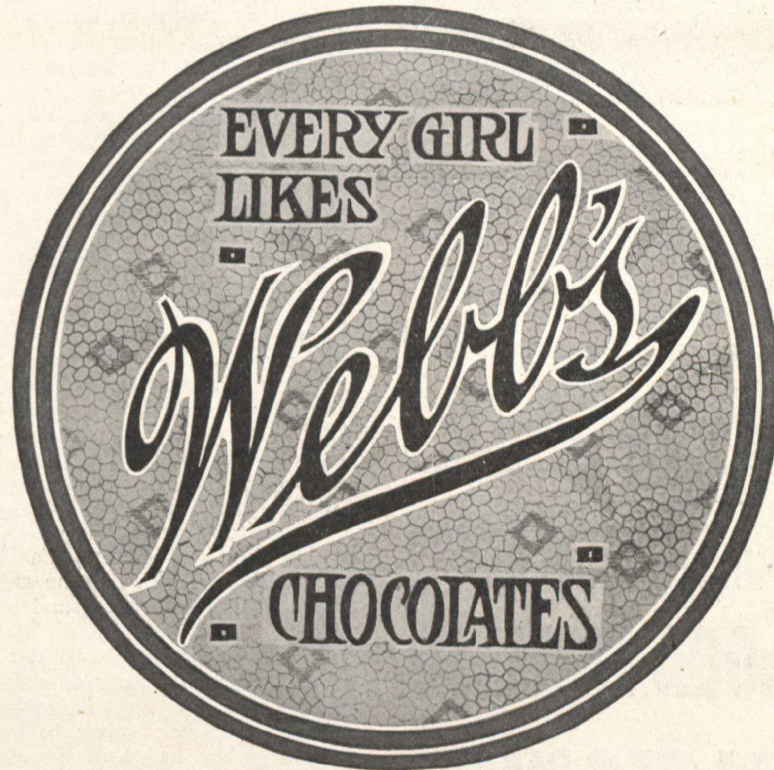
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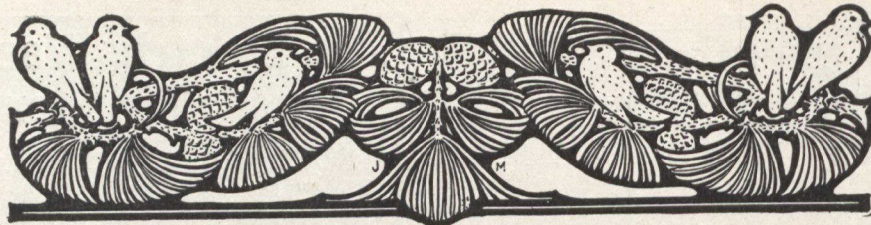
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**CARL'S EASTER EGGS.**

"OH, just a baker's dozen apiece!" murmured grandma, softly, as she looked down at the three baskets in a row, and thirteen white and brown eggs in each basket. She was thinking of the three little Witherspoons, whose eyes would snap at the sight of so many eggs for Easter. "Bless their dear little souls!" she said aloud, with the very same look in her dear wrinkled face that was always there when she kissed them, one by one.

Old Dolly's hoofs sounded on the drive, and grandpa appeared in the market waggon. He was going to carry the basket of eggs into the city, to the three little Witherspoons.

"Now, father, don't trot old Dolly—mercy, no! She'd 'scramble' those eggs in a hurry. You keep her down to a walk, father."

Grandma's voice was anxious, but how grandfather laughed! And—in her way—Old Dolly joined in. She saw the joke at once. As if there was any danger of her trotting!

An hour later three little Witherspoons' three pairs of eyes were snapping and dancing over the safe, unscrambled eggs.

"I shall colour mine red and gold and green!" Jack shouted.

"I shall colour mine red, white and blue—three cheers for the red, white and blue!" sang laughing Nan. But Carl said never a word. He counted his treasures over and over, and arranger them tenderly in rows in the soft grass. His little freckled face was serenely happy.

"Carl'll do something funny with his eggs—now you see!" cried Jack. "He always does funny things."

And what do you suppose was the funny thing little, freckled, sober Carl did?

Just wait a minute; laughing Nan and Jack waited a good deal longer than that.

They waited three whole weeks. By that time they had forgotten Carl ever had any Easter eggs that he carried off and hid somewhere and never "told."

But if they forgot, Carl did not. Three weeks after Easter he suddenly appeared one day with his basket in one hand, the very same basket in which grandma had sent his Easter eggs.

It was covered mysteriously, and mysterious little chirpy sounds came from under the cover. Something scratched along the bottom softly.

"What you got inside o' that basket, Carl Witherspoon?" Jack cried.

"Don't you wish you could see? Well, look! They're my Easter eggs—that's what!" Carl answered, triumphantly.

And under the cover, rubbing against each other and tumbling over each other, were—yes, you've guessed—nine little gold-yellow chicks!

"I carried them over to Mr. Brown's old speckled hen, and coloured my Easter eggs yellow!" laughed Carl.—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

**IN LONDON.**

THERE is a very old school for boys in London, called Christ's Hospital. Its pupils still follow an ancient custom. On the day after Easter they march to the house of the

Lord Mayor, who is awaiting them behind a long table on which are several piles of money. Each Grecian, a student of the highest rank, receives a sovereign. The others are rewarded with coins of lesser value, according to their standing. Then each boy is given a glass of lemonade and two buns, and back they all march to school again, as happy as can be.—The Delineator.

\* \* \*

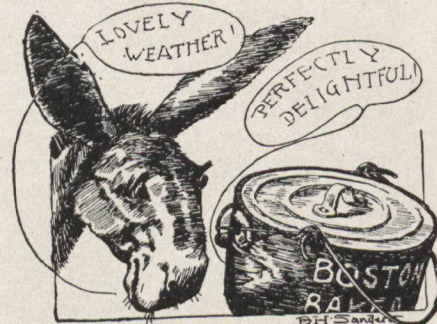
**A SUNDAY GAME.**

HELEN, who is but three years old, is devoted to her building blocks. Her mother has told her that they are not to be used on the Sabbath. One Sunday, recently, Helen was discovered enjoying herself with the attractive playthings.

"Why, Baby, don't you know you should not play with your blocks on the Sabbath?" said her mother.

"But, mamma," came the quick reply, "this is all right—I am building a Sunday school for my dolls."—Lippincott's Magazine.

\* \* \*



**A Fairy Tale**

Jack and the Beans talk —Life

\* \* \*

**CATCHING TURTLES WITH A FISH.**

OFF the coast of China and other countries turtles are sometimes captured by means of living fishes, kept and trained for the purpose. The fish used is the remora, or sucking fish, so named from the sucker on the top of its head, which enables it to stick to ships, whales and fishes. The remora are taken in tubs to the spot where the turtles are peacefully reposing on the surface of the water, dreaming of everything but the Lord Mayor's banquets. The tail of each fish carries a ring, to which is fastened a long, fine, strong line. The remora, having been slipped quietly out of the tub into the sea, no sooner sees the turtle than it rises up below the basking beauty and fixes on to it by its sucker. Both are then drawn to the boat, where the fish is easily detached by pushing its head forward, an action that sets the sucker free.—Little Folks.

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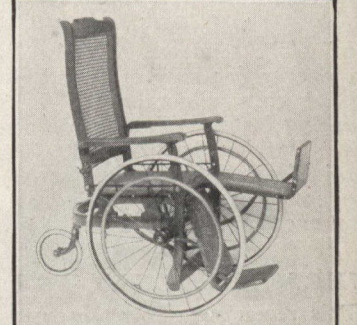
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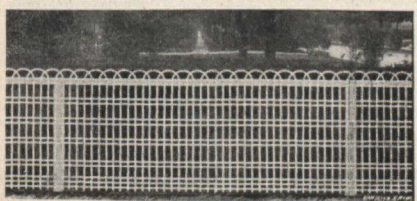
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**LITERARY NOTES**

**SOME COLONIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.**

THE *Windsor Magazine* continues to publish much material of interest to Canadians. In the April number, there is a Western story, "George's Wife," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Mr. Barr continues his story of Lord Stranleigh's adventures, while poems by Mr. C. G. D. Roberts and Lloyd Roberts show that the "Maritime Muse" is still at work. Mr. Lloyd Roberts is the talented son of the older Roberts and it is interesting to note that while the father writes a youthful spring song, "With April Here," the son turns to more stirring themes and writes a dashing cavalier lay, "The Victory."

Rupert called his troopers up,  
(Strong hearts and light hearts, singing for the fray).  
"Gentlemen, your blades I want,  
Fling your sheaths away.  
Your voices ring  
For God and king;  
For we will guard the throne of each  
Before the close of day!"

Rupert led them to the foe—  
(Prince and lord and commoner, true to cross and crown);  
From the heathered hills and locks,  
From the sea and town,  
Rode to their lord  
With hand on sword;  
But lived to taste the joy of war  
Before their plumes went down.

We are cavaliers to-day—  
(Gallant-hearted gentlemen whose naked blades are bright);  
We have flung our sheaths away  
For what we know is right.  
And singing go  
Against the foe—  
For triumph's in the sweep of steel,  
Though death is in the fight!

Among colonial short story writers none has promise of stronger work than G. B. Lancaster, a New Zealand woman who has published two volumes and whose story of the "rim of the Beyond"—"When Duty Calls"—is as good as any other feature in the April *Windsor*.

**A PHILOSOPHER IN TATTERS.**

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S novels are so rapidly made into plays that it is difficult to remember their original form. "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and "The Beloved Vagabond" will be published in Canada by Henry Frowde, Toronto. Their charm of unconventional freshness united to literary finish of expression places them among the most delightful modern works of fiction. "The Beloved Vagabond" is the best novel Mr. Locke has given us and its dramatization was a foregone conclusion, as no playwright could resist the desire to send *Paragot* on the stage. He is a very prince of wanderers, whose final resting-place seems a curious abode for one versed in all the philosophies. *Paragot* is a sulphite indeed, to whom the Obvious is unknown.

**FIRST NOVEL COMPETITIONS.**

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN, the English publisher, who has had two "first novel" competitions, has a faithful follower in the Literary Agency, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, which has announced a prize of 250 guineas for the best first novel. Several weeks ago, the *Author* stated that more than twelve hundred circulars had been sent out by the Agency to intending competitors, while "another sixty would have

been despatched had stamps been enclosed with the applications." It is curious how some literary aspirants always will forget a simple little thing like stamps.

Here is an opportunity for the Canadian publisher! Why should not one of our flourishing firms offer a prize to mute, inglorious novelists who need nothing but encouragement? Every Canadian politician grows hoarse when dwelling upon the development and resources of the Dominion, yet little is done to stimulate artistic or literary competition. It is true that the Government has done something towards buying pictures but, as yet, it has refrained from recognising the claims of the novelist or the poet. The publisher, who knows that nothing succeeds like a novel, should take the English firm's example into serious consideration and offer a substantial prize for a worthy "first novel."

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PRODUCTIONS.**

THE last six months have seen a great mass of writing on the subject of Christian Science. Some years ago, the humourists had their fling at the creed, the harrowing story by Mark Twain being the most memorable effort of that sort. However, the more recent writings are more serious in nature and indicate a growing popular interest in the subject. *McClure's Magazine* has turned its attention from Standard Oil and the Shame of the Cities to the consideration of Mrs. Baker G. Eddy. Miss Georgine Milmine is "writing up" the remarkable founder of the sect in a thorough if not altogether convincing fashion in a series of articles which have provoked much discussion.

A second edition of "The Seamless Robe: A XXth Century Imprint of the Ideal," by A. Channel (Ada Carter), has been issued by Mr. T. Werner Laurie of London. The book dilates upon the effect of Christian Science upon the health and religion of mankind. To those who are not bored by a narrative with a purpose, the book will be of some interest. (Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company.)

**BRANCH BANKS.**

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, which belongs to the front rank of literary publications, has devoted some attention in recent numbers to commercial subjects. The recent panic was fully discussed in the autumn issues, in December, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, a well-known Canadian writer, contributed a graphic description of Canada's great wheat district and the April issue has an article by Mr. H. M. P. Eckardt, a member of the head office staff of the Merchants' Bank of Canada in Montreal, on the subject, "If the United States had Branch Banks?" Mr. Eckardt presents a masterly consideration of the condition he contemplates and points out in conclusion how the branch banks would have handled the panic.

"There would not have been the enormous sum of fifteen hundred millions of bank and trust company balances held by the national banks. . . . Under the branch system the panic-stricken interior bankers would not have had this dangerous control over the resources in the big centres. That control had probably more to do than any other factor in bringing about the suspension of payments and in delaying resumption."

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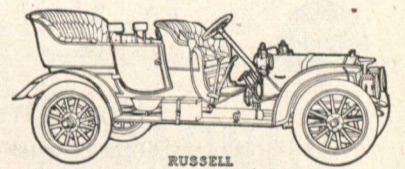
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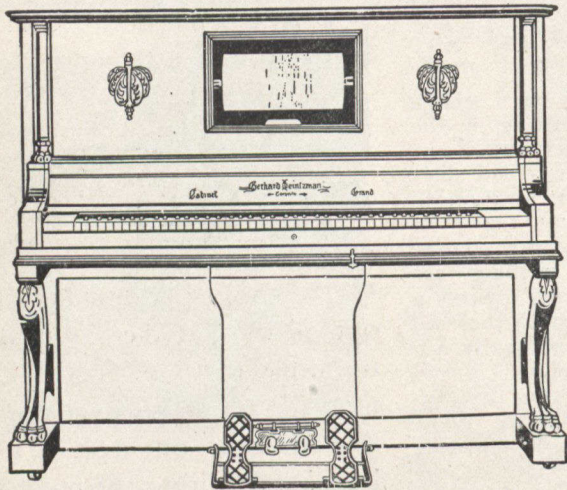
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## The Yellow God

(Continued from page 17)

tainer's apology for the sweet-natured Ogula, who struck him as the most repulsive blackguards that he had ever met or heard of in all his experience of African savages.

Then wishing to see and hear no more of them that night, he retreated rapidly to the hut, and was soon fast asleep with his head pillowed on the box that hid the charms of Little Bonsa.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. Rising, he went down to the river to wash, and never had a bath been more welcome, for during all their journey through the forest no such thing was obtainable. On his return he found his garments well brushed with dry reeds, and set upon a rock in the hot sun to air, while Jeeki in cheerful mood was engaged cooking breakfast in the frying pan to which he had clung through all the vicissitudes of their flight.

"No coffee, Major," he said regretfully, "that stop in forest. But never mind, hot water better for nerve. Ogula messengers gone in little canoe to Asiki at break of day. Travel slow till they work of dwarf, but afterwards go quick. I send lion skin with them as present from you to great high priestess Asika, also claws for necklace. No lions there, and she think much of that. Also it make her love mighty man who can kill fierce lion like Samson in Book. Love of head woman very valuable ally among beastly savage peoples.

"I am sure I hope it won't," said Alan with earnestness, "but no doubt it is as well to keep on the soft side of the good lady if we can. What time do we start?"

"In one hour, Major. I been to camp already, chosen boat canoe and finest men for rowers. Chief—he called Fanny—so grateful that he come with them himself."

"Indeed, that is very kind of him; but I say, Jeeki, what are these fellows going to live on? I can't stand what you call their 'favourite chop.'"

"No, no, Major, that all right. I tell them that when they travel with Little Bonsa, must keep lent like pious Roman Catholic family that live near Yarleys. They catch plenty fish in river, and perhaps we shoot game, or rich 'potamus, which they like 'cause he fat."

Evidently the Ogula chief, Fahni by name, not Fanny, as Jeeki called him, was a man of his word, for before the hour was up he appeared at the island in command of a large canoe manned by twelve splendid looking savages. Springing to land, he prostrated himself before Alan, kissing his feet as he had done on the previous night, and making a long speech.

"That very good spirit," exclaimed Jeeki. "Like to see heathen in his darkness lick white gentleman's boot. He say you his lord and great magician who save his life, and know all Little Bonsa's secrets, which many and not repeatable. He say he die for you twice a day and go on dying to-morrow and all next year. He say he take you safe till you meet Asiki, and for your sake, though he hungry, eat no man for one whole month, or perhaps longer. Now we start at once."

So they started up the river that was called Katsena, Alan and Jeeki seated in a lordly fashion near the stern of the canoe beneath an awning made out of some sticks and a grass mat. In truth, after their severe toil and adventures in the forest, this method of journeying proved quite luxurious. Except for a rapid here and there over or round which the

canoe must be dragged, the river was broad and the scenery on its banks parklike and beautiful. Moreover the country, perhaps owing to the unholy appetites of the Ogula, appeared to be practically uninhabited except by vast herds of every sort of game.

All day they sat in the canoe which the stalwart rowers propelled, in silence for the most part, since they were terribly afraid of the white man, and still more so of the renowned fetish which they knew he carried with him. Then when evening came they moored their craft to the bank and camped till the following morning. Nor did they lack food, since game being so plentiful, it was only necessary for Alan to walk a few hundred yards and shoot a fat eland or harte-beest, or other buck which in its ignorance would allow him to approach quite close. Elephants, rhinoceros and buffalo were also common, while great herds of giraffe might be seen wandering between the scattered trees, but as they were not upon a hunting trip and their ammunition was very limited, with these they did not interfere.

Having their daily fill of meat which their souls loved, the Ogula oarsmen remained in an excellent mood; indeed, the chief Fahni, informed Alan that if only they had such magic tubes wherewith to slaughter game, he and his tribe would gladly give up cannibalism except on feast days. He added sadly that soon they would be obliged to do so, or die, since in those parts there were now few people left to eat, and they hated vegetables. Moreover, they kept no cattle, it was not the custom of that tribe, except a very few for milk. Alan advised them to increase their herds, take to the growing of corn, and leave men alone, since, as he pointed out to them, "dog should not eat dog," or the human being his own kind.

The chief answered that there was a great deal in what he said, which on his return he would lay before his head men. Indeed Alan, to his astonishment, discovered that Jeeki had been quite right when he alleged that these men, so terrible in their mode of life were yet "kind and gentle at heart."

So the days went on, while they paddled leisurely up the river, Alan employing the time by taking lessons in the Asiki tongue from Jeeki, a language which he had been studying ever since he left England. The task was not easy, as he had no books, and Jeeki himself after some thirty years absence, was doubtful as to many of its details. Still, being a linguist by nature and education, and finding in the tongue similarities to other African dialects which he knew, he was able to speak it a little, if in a halting fashion.

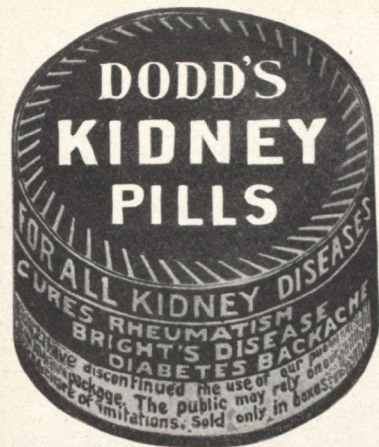
On the fifth day of their ascent of the river they came to a tributary that flowed into it from the north, up which Ogula said they must proceed to reach Asikiland. This stream was narrow and sluggish, widening out here and there into great swamps through which it was not easy to find a channel. Also it was so unhealthy that even several of the Ogula contracted fever, of which Alan cured them by heavy doses of quinine, for fortunately his travelling medicine chest remained to him.

The long journey through that swamp was very trying, since in this wet season often they could find no place on which to sleep at night, but must stay in the canoe tormented by mosquitoes, and in constant danger of being upset by the hippopotami that lived there. Moreover as no game was now available, they were obliged to live on these beasts, fish when they could catch them, and wildfowl, which sometimes they were unable to cook

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for lack of fuel. This did not trouble the Ogula, who ate them raw, as did Jeeki when he was hungry. But Alan was obliged to starve until they could make a fire. That it was only possible to do when they found drift or other wood, since at that season the rank vegetation was in full growth. Also the fearful thunderstorms which broke continually, and in a few minutes half filled their canoe with water, made the reeds and the soil on which they grew sodden with wet. As Jeeki said:

"This time of year only fit for duck and crocodile. Human should remember uncontrollable forces of nature and wait till winter come in due course, when quagmire bear sole of his foot."

This remark he made to Alan during the progress of a particular fearful tempest. The lightning blazed in the black sky and seemed to strike all about them like stabbing swords of fire, the thunder crashed and belled as it might be supposed to do on that day when the great earth, worn out at last, shall reel and stagger to its doom. The tall reeds waved confusedly like millions of dim arms, and while they waved uttered a vast and groaning noise; the scared wild-fowl in their terror, with screams and the sough of wings, rushed past them in flocks a thousand strong, now seen and now lost in the vapours. To keep their canoe afloat the poor naked Ogula oarsmen, shivering with cold and fear baled furiously with hands or bowls of hollowed wood, and called back to Alan to save them as though he were master of the elements. Even Jeeki was depressed and appeared to be offering up petitions, though whether these were directed to Little Bansa or elsewhere it was impossible to know.

As for Alan, the heart was out of him. It is true that so far he had escaped fever or other sickness, which in itself was wonderful, but he was chilled through and through, and practically had eaten nothing for two days, and very little for a week, since his stomach turned from half-cooked hippopotamus fat and wild-fowl. Moreover, they had lost the channel and seemed to be wandering aimlessly through a wilderness of reeds broken here and there by lines of deeper water.

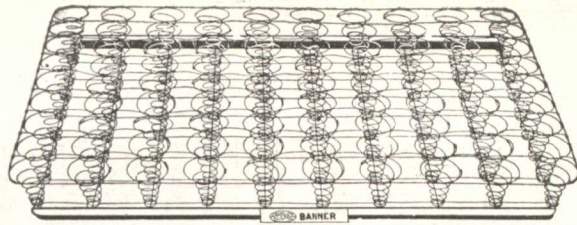
According to the Ogula they should have reached the confines of the great lake several days before, and landed on the healthy rising ground that was part of the Asiki territory. But this had not happened, and now he doubted whether it ever would happen. It was more likely that they would come to their deaths there in the marsh, especially as the few ball and shot cartridges which they had saved in their flight were now exhausted. Not one was left; nothing was left except their revolvers with a few charges, which, of course, were quite useless for the killing of game.

There came a lull in the tempest, and the boatmen began to get the better of the water, which was now up to their knees. Alan asked Jeeki if he thought it was over, but that worthy shook his head mournfully, causing the spray to fly as from a twirling mop, and replied:

"Can't say, cats and dogs not tumble so many at present, only pups and kittens left, so to speak; but think there plenty more up there," and he nodded at a portentous fire-laced cloud which seemed to be spreading over them, its black edges visible even through the gloom.

"Bad business, I am afraid, Jeeki. Shouldn't have brought you here, or those poor beggars either," and he looked at the scared, frozen Ogula. "I begin to wonder—"

"Never wonder, Major," broke in



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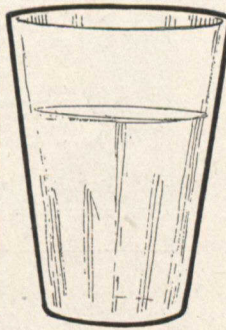
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Jeeki in alarm. "If wonder, not live, if wonder not be born, too much wonder about everywhere. Can't understand nothing so give it up. Say, Right O! and devil take hindermost!" Very good motto for biped tight place. Better drown here than in City Bucket-shop. But no drown. Should be dead long ago, but Little Balsa play the game, she not want to sink in stinking swamp when so near her happy home. Come out all right somehow, as from dwarf. Every cloud have silver lining, Major, even that black chap up there, Oh! my golly!"

This last exclamation was rung from Jeeki's lips by a sudden development of "forces of Nature" which astonished even him. Instead of a silver lining the "black chap" exhibited one of gold. In an instant it seemed to turn to acres of flame; it was as though the heaven had taken fire. A flash or a thunderbolt struck the water within ten yards of their canoe, causing the boatmen to throw themselves upon their faces through shock or terror. Then came the hurricane, which fortunately, was so strong that it permitted no rain to fall. The tall reeds were beaten flat beneath its breath; the canoe was seized in its grip and whirled round and round, then driven forward like an arrow. Only the weight of the men and the water in it prevented it from overturning. Dense darkness fell upon them, and although they could see no star, they knew that it must be night. On they rushed, driven by that shrieking gale, and all about and around them this wall of darkness. No one spoke, for hope was abandoned, and if they had, their voices could not have been heard. The last thing that Alan remembered was feeling Jeeki dragging a grass mat over him to protect him a little if he could. Then his senses wavered, as does a dying lamp. He thought he was back in what Jeeki had rudely called a "City bucket shop," bargaining across the telephone wire, up which came all the sounds of the infernal regions, with a financial paper for an article on a Little Balsa Syndicate that he proposed to float. He thought he was in the Court woods with Barbara, only the birds in the trees sang so unnaturally loud that he could not hear her voice, and she wore Little Balsa on her head as a bonnet. Then she departed in flame, leaving him and Death alone in the world.




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Alan awoke. Above the sun shone hotly, warming him back to life, but in front was a thick wall of mist, and rising beyond it in the distance he saw the rugged swelling forms of mountains. Doubtless these had been visible for days, but the tall reeds through which they travelled had hid the sight of them. He looked behind him, and there in a heap lay the Ogula around their chief, insensible or sleeping. He counted them and found that two were gone, lost in the tempest, how or where no man ever learned. He looked forward, and saw a peculiar sight, for in the prow of the drifting canoe stood Jeeki, clad in the remains of his white robe, and wearing on his head the battered helmet and about his shoulders the torn fragments of green mosquito net. While Alan was wondering vaguely why he had adopted this ceremonial garb, from out of the mist there came a sound of singing, of wild solemn singing. Jeeki seemed to listen to it; then he lifted up his great musical voice and sang as though in answer. What he sang Alan could not understand, but he recognised that the language which he used was that of the Asiki people.

A pause and a confused murmuring, and now again the wild song rose and again Jeeki answered.

(To be continued.)

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American Plan, \$3.50 up.  
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

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American Plan, \$3.00 up.  
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GLACIER, B. C.  
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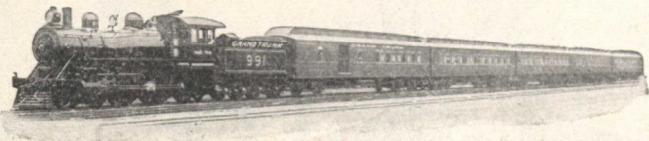
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☐ The new railway to the Muskokas, the Canadian Northern Ontario, last summer gave the best service over the best route to the Muskoka Lakes. This summer the Lake Shore Expresses will be better than last.

☐ A delightful holiday country north of Parry Sound will be opened this year by the extension of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway to Key Harbor on Georgian Bay and to Moose Mountain beyond Sudbury.

☐ This is Quebec's greatest year. The Champlain Tercentenary will attract many people to the French province. The Canadian Northern Quebec, and the Quebec and Lake St. John railways are over five hundred miles long, and reach all the delightful country between Ottawa and the Saguenay.

☐ Seven hundred miles of the Ocean Shore of Nova Scotia are now accessible by the Halifax and South Western Railway. Western Cape Breton has been opened up by the Inverness Railway.

☐ The Canadian Northern Main Line from Port Arthur to the Lake of the Woods follows the wonderful Dawson Canoe Route to the West. And in the prairie provinces the railway and its branches, besides intersecting the most remarkable wheat-growing areas on the continent, reach the frontiers of the real North West.

☐ The Information Bureau, CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM, Toronto, will answer all inquirers.



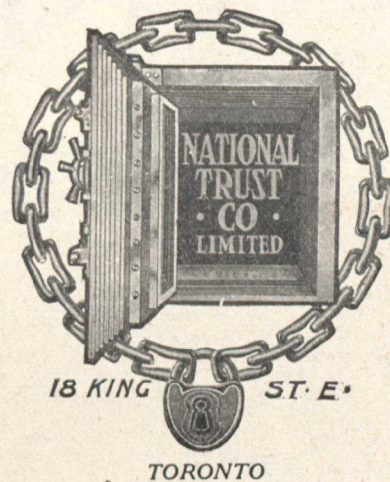
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