SUMMER BOOKS 135. COLOURED FRONTISPIECE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JULY
1904

Vol. XXIII No. 3

PUBLISHED BY
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED.
TORONTO, CANADA.

AN OUTING ON BAY OF FUNDY, by F. C. Sears — Illustrated

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WHICH HOLDS ITS OWN AGAINST ALL RIVALS, IS THE MOST GENUINE PROOF OF ITS WORTH.

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GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES

PURE FOOD.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIII. No. 3

CONTENTS, JULY, 1904.

$2.50 *PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.*

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRADERS BANK BUILDING, 63 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

MIDSUMMER CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The August number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be the midsummer number and will be larger and more attractive than usual. The various features are too numerous to be all mentioned here. Some are as follows:

A Coloured Frontispiece done in four printings.

Japan in War Time—By Edward A. Wicher, a Canadian missionary at Kobe. This will be illustrated with twenty photographs direct from Japan. Photographs of royalty, high dignitaries, war vessels and soldiers are not for sale in Japan since the war began. Nevertheless, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has managed to secure the following:

THE EMPEROR
THE EMPRESS
THE CROWN PRINCE
THE CROWN PRINCESS
MARQUIS ITO
COUNT INOUYE
GENERAL TERANCHI
LIEUT.-GENERAL HASAGAWA
ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO
MAJ.-GENERAL YAMAGATA
ADMIRAL TOGO
ADMIRAL URIU
FOUR BATTLESHIPS
FOUR SCENES OF PROCESSIONS AND DEPARTING TROOPS

Such pictures as the last four are extremely rare and these will be found in no other publication in the world.

Conan Doyle—A sketch by Haldane MacFall, one of six literary portraits now being given in the current issues.

Short Stories by W. A. Fraser, Guy de Maupassant and others. Of late THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been peculiarly fortunate in securing good short stories, mostly by Canadians. The midsummer number will contain several very interesting tales, all of which will be found to be of good literary quality.

Herbert Brown Ames—By A. R. Carman, being No. 53 in the list of "Canadian Celebrities."

Photography of Flowers—By Harry L. Shepherd. An article of special interest to amateur photographers. Specially illustrated.

Illustrated Departments for men and women, covering the leading topics of the day. These are a permanent feature of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE
TORONTO, CANADA

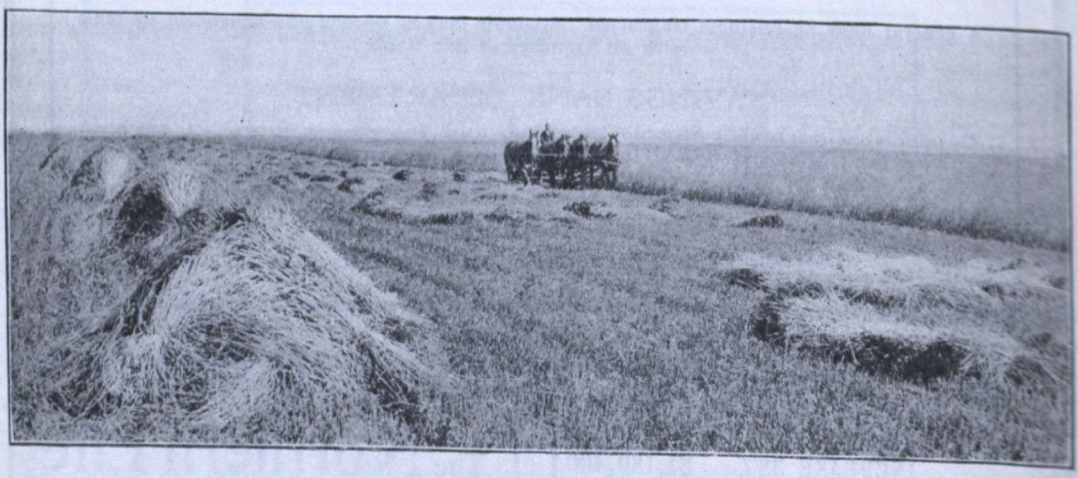
TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE A YEAR POSTPAID

WESTERN CANADA

Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of

GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

FREE HOMESTEADS may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

The matter of climate is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

Socially, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

Markets for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

Ranching is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

Wheat Districts. The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

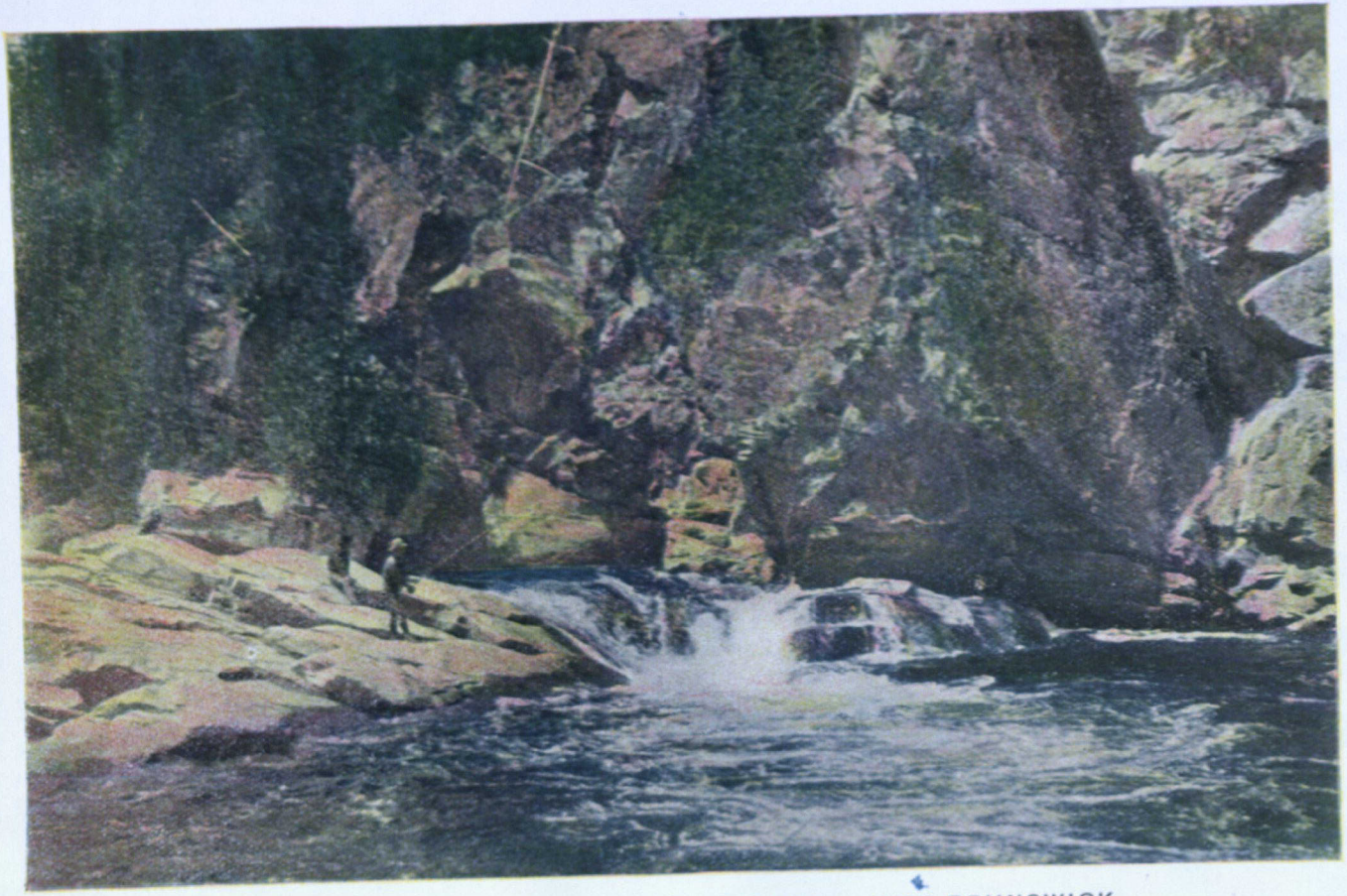
Mixed Farming. To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

Large Tracts Open for Settlement. New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,
Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,
Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA, CANADA.



TROUT FISHING, NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII TORONTO, JULY, 1904 No. 3

THE LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB OF LONDON

By LALLY BERNARD

DURING the season of 1902, made memorable by the festivities which attended the coronation of Edward the Seventh, the Ladies' Empire Club sprang into existence under the auspices of the Victoria League, an organization of well-known women in the British Isles who joined forces with the idea of furthering the Imperial ideal in social as well as political circles.

Lady Jersey, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (wife of the present Secretary for the Colonies), and Lady Mary Lygon, who is attached to the household of the Princess of Wales, were among those mainly instrumental in originating and carrying out the idea. During the summer of 1903 the Club quarters were situated in Whitehall Court, and it became a distinguished rendezvous where visitors from all parts of the Empire met in an easy and informal manner the members of the various committees connected with the League, and the guests they invited to their weekly at-homes.

So eminently successful was the result of the efforts made by those interested, that it was decided to establish the club on a permanent footing, and thanks to the untiring energy of Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain (formerly a Miss Williams, of Port Hope), to-day the beautiful club at 69 Grosvenor Street is the very centre of the social whirlpool of London life, and forms one of the most charming meeting grounds of all that is best in colonial and British society. Not ten minutes' walk from the town house of the High Commissioner for Canada, in Grosvenor Square, it is yet only a few yards from the fashionable shopping locality known to all Canadians, familiar with London, as Old Bond Street.

Formerly 69 Grosvenor Street was the residence of Lord Kensington, whose family name is Edwardes, but to-day the Duke of Westminster is the distinguished landlord of the club committee. A typical town house of the best possible design, the rooms are spacious and well proportioned, and have retained a distinctly home-like air. It is to be regretted that among the photographs reproduced there is not one of the fine entrance hall, with its broad curving staircase and its cheerful welcome of crimson-tinted carpets, which shed a warm glow over the ivory pannelling of the walls. The head porter has a snug little office to the right as you enter, and the telephone is not the least of the luxuries provided for the members. Opening off the hall on the ground floor is a well-proportioned dining-room, with soft green and ivory again for the scheme of decoration. Electroliers, softened by creamy silk shades, produce the mellow glow of candle light. Frequently one will find the round table in the dining-room set for a special dinner party, for several of the

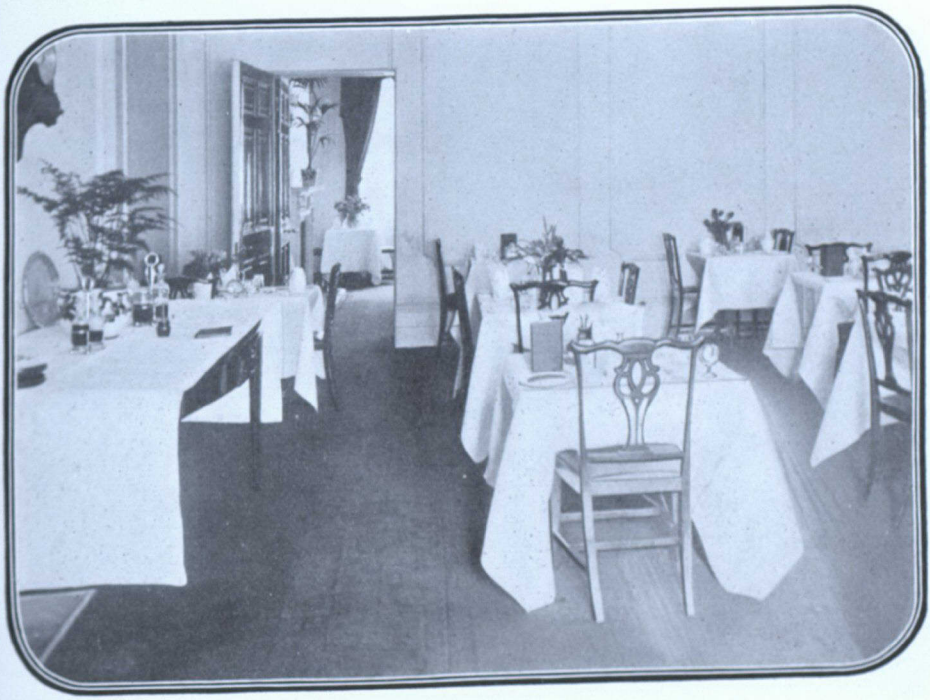
LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—READING-ROOM

habituées of the club, and especially its colonial members, rent this room for their dinner parties, as by paying the sum of one guinea can secure it for the evening.

Opening off the dining-room is the lunch-room; here, again, is the same effect of ivory and green, which harmonizes well with the glitter of perfectly-kept glass and silver, and the snowy cloths which cover the numerous little tables, at which four or six people can be comfortably accommodated. Maids in the freshest of caps and aprons move quietly to and fro, and the buffet at the end of the room is set exactly as it would be in a private house, with cold joints and the inevitable "game pastie" of an English luncheon table.

Between the hours of one and two one will generally find the lunch-room filled with the *habituées* of the club; among them are Lady Aberdeen, who is often accompanied by her husband; the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Edward Cecil, Mrs. Laurence Drummond, Mrs. Molson Macpherson, the Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe, Lady Brassey and the Hon. Mrs. Howard. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) and a lady who has lately arrived in London from Cape Town, are among the occupants of the club chambers at present. Strolling through the club drawing-room, of which a photograph is given, one will find groups of well-known people enjoying five o'clock tea in the pretty room with its comfortable furniture, covered with a rose-patterned glazed chintz, and its many dainty ectras, which give it the air of a room in a private residence.

The room is so large that half a dozen small tea parties can take place at one time without danger of overcrowding. Here, again, there is a glow of deep rose, ivory and green. Opening off the drawing is the members' reading-room, furnished much on the same lines as the drawing-room, for when it is necessary for special



LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON— LUNCHEON ROOM

entertainments these two rooms are thrown into one with excellent effect. However, on ordinary occasions you will find solitary members enjoying their tea in the quiet and seclusion which this room affords with its command of "Silence," which comes out so distinctly in the photograph. Tea is served in green earthenware sets, which contrast well with the dainty besprigged china, quite in keeping with the rose-patterned chintz of the furniture. On side-tables are to be found all the newspapers and periodicals of the hour and several colonial publications, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE conspicuous among them. The writing-tables are fitted with the most up-to-date appointments, and one hears the ceaseless scratch of the fashionable "quill," for members evidently find it difficult to keep up with the eternal rush of correspondence which assails one in London. At the end of the corridor, on the same floor as the drawing-room and reading-room, is the smoking and card-room, where members may take their friends for a quiet cup of tea, while they smoke a veritable "cigarette of peace" or make up a game of bridge. After luncheon coffee is often brought up to this southern sunlit room with its mass of delicately-tinted windows. There is not a suggestion of the masculine smoking den, but pale green chintz takes the place of the rose-patterned glory of the drawing-room, and there is an air of cleanly, cheerful, home-like comfort. Coal fires blaze all day in the open grates, and hot-water coils keep the corridors and rooms at a temperature which Canadians in this land of fog and chill appreciate fully.

The bedrooms, of which no photographs are procurable, are furnished, like the rest of the club, with an idea of absolute comfort as well as beauty. Electric light, open fires, plenty of bathrooms with the latest and most luxurious appointments, and the best attendance to be had in London, are some of the advantages offered to members. Twenty-five servants are

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—SMOKING AND CARD ROOMS

employed, and with the two secretaries, a manager and cashier, club chambers promise to be particularly comfortable.

Canada is represented in the list of members by about a hundred and thirty names, and the whole colonial list is over three hundred. The club committee which has to do with the entertainments decided to discontinue a series of lectures they proposed giving, as they found that the club had so many members who used it regularly that the disturbance caused by special entertainments was to be avoided.

There have been now and then observations made regarding the objects of the club, which should be fully discussed in an article such as this; for it is undoubtedly established with the idea of bringing into close contact visitors from the colonies with the wives and daughters of men of prominence and distinction in Great Britain.

There have been those who asserted that making it so much a "matter of business" is to take away the most pronounced charm of social intercourse. But those who raise this objection fail to grasp that in so vast a world as London the season has always been managed upon more or less business-like lines. Unless colonial women who come to London have the advantage of either great wealth or the social prestige which surrounds the wife of a Minister of the Crown, they have little chance of finding themselves brought into close touch with those whom doubtless they consider it a pleasure and profit to meet. People, especially women, might spend months in this vast metropolis within a stone's throw of someone with whom they might find they had much in common, were it not for such a medium of communication like the Ladies' Empire Club, where there is a sub-committee whose work it is to make known to each other members of society from all parts of the Empire.

The work of the Ladies' Empire Club is to draw together all that is best in colonial and British society circles without reference to political

LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—THE DRAWING-ROOM

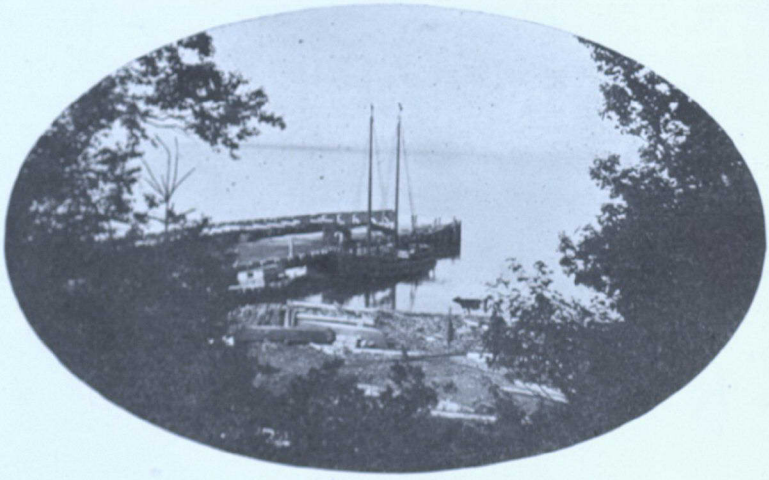
official prestige; and anyone who has had experience of life in the great self-governing colonies will admit that this is a work worthy of encouragement. Now comes the practical side of the question; what renders one eligible for membership in the Ladies' Empire Club and what expense does it entail? The answer to this is very simple. By writing to the secretary a list of members may be procured, and if the person desirous of becoming a member can find the names of two of her friends or acquaintances on the list she can apply to them to propose and second her as a member, one of them writing a note of introduction to the secretary. On receipt of the notice of her election she will receive a note of the amount of the entrance fee, which is one guinea, and two guineas annual fee if in England, and only ten shillings and sixpence while resident in the colonies.

That its existence in its present and permanent form is mainly due to the untiring energy and adminstrative ability of a Canadian by birth is one, and certainly not the least, of the reasons why the Ladies' Empire Club should receive the cordial support and excite the interest of all Canadians who have the welfare of the Empire at heart.

THE WHITE TRILLIUM

BY INA HAY

ARRAYED in glory, far surpassing king's,
Stately and pure, ye grace the woodland shade;
Toiling nor spinning, and all unafraid
Ye shame the folly of man's questionings.



"Occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood"

AN OUTING ON THE BAY OF FUNDY'S SHORE

*By F. C. SEARS**

I HARDLY know how we happened to decide on Morden as a summer resort, for we had been warned beforehand that the mattresses there were not of the Ostermoor variety, and that it was customary among housekeepers to boil tea for twenty minutes. But we were ready for some hardships, and I am sure that once we had seen the place not one in the party would have gone elsewhere. What we were looking for was not the comforts of civilization but rest, and there is more rest to the square inch in Morden than in any other place I have ever seen.

It used to do a thriving business in the days before the railroads, when packets came regularly from Boston and St. John, and when one or more schooners could always be found at the wharf loading with wood for American markets. But now, though there is still occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood, everything but the local trade has gone over the mountain to the railroad in "the Valley," and one walks along the grass-grown streets or looks in through the dusty windows of the old custom house and meditates upon the fluctuations of prosperity and the changefulness of human ways.

I called it a summer resort, but it isn't, and that is one of its chief charms. One can wander about its shores and through its woods and along its roads and never meet anyone except an occasional "native" till one comes to feel a proprietorship in its beauties and almost to resent the intrusion of the occasional picnics from the back country.

It has its historical side, too, for those who lean in that direction and who like to wander over the scenes of Nova Scotia's French tragedy. For here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning bands of French Acadians settled and set up a rude wooden cross to mark the spot of their landing and the scene of their sufferings. And when the original cross rotted away it

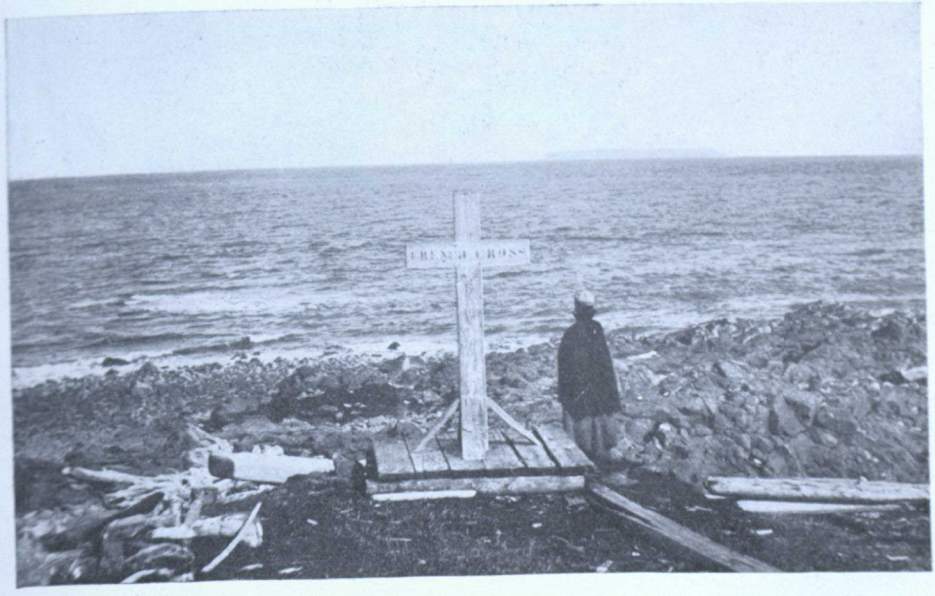
* Photographs by the author; see also Frontispiece in June number.

was replaced by another which still stands (the second generation only) and gives a quaint and melancholy interest to the place. For years the village was known as "French Cross," and only of late years has it received its present name.

The chief charm of Morden, aside from its restfulness and its exclusiveness, is its variety, its resourcefulness. It is not like the ordinary watering place where one has only the choice between roaming along the beach and going in bathing, or sitting by and noting the grotesque bathing costumes of his fellow-sufferers. Here one is scarcely obliged to do the same thing twice or to go a second time to the same place. Even the beach is variable. Most of it is rocky and rough, due to the rocky nature of the cliffs along the shore. But if one wants sand there are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor and as soft as a carpet, and here (if one is not made nervous by the newspaper stories of the fierce attacks by dog-fish upon innocent children and unfortunate men) one may wade or bathe to one's heart's content.

One day we would take our dinners and tramp a couple of miles down the shore to the "East Gorge," and then, following up a little brook which flows down the gorge, we would come to an ideal spot for a noon camp. The brook flows over immense ledges of flat rocks, many of which lie bare except during spring freshets, and here one can build his fire and make his coffee secure from any danger of setting fire to the neighbouring forest, and so secluded that it would seem one must be miles from a human habitation. And after dinner had been eaten and the birch-bark dishes had been thrown into the fire, if we felt like having a nap (and we generally did, having slept only nine hours the night before) we could wander down to the shore with a blanket and a cushion and, lying down upon the sand, fall asleep to the murmur of the waves and the sighing of the winds along the cliffs.

Another day, when we were not in the mood for the salt water, we would go off to the woods and revel in its shady nooks and its beautiful ferns. Some species of Aspidium and Osmun-



"Here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning band of Acadians settled and set up a rude cross to mark the spot . . . . and when the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another which still stands."

da I have never seen in greater profusion nor finer specimens. There is one path in particular through a fine stretch of birch and maple woods that was an endless delight to us with its borders of ferns, its beautiful banks of Linnæa borealis, its patches of bunchberry (Cornus Canadensis) and the countless other woodsy friends, some of them known to us by name, and others only by their faces.

a good view of the water, and read from the pages of "Kim" (it was the first year the book was out), or watch some schooner beating up the bay. Usually the schooner received more of our attention than "Kim," for what was the use of struggling with such passages as—"It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the law within

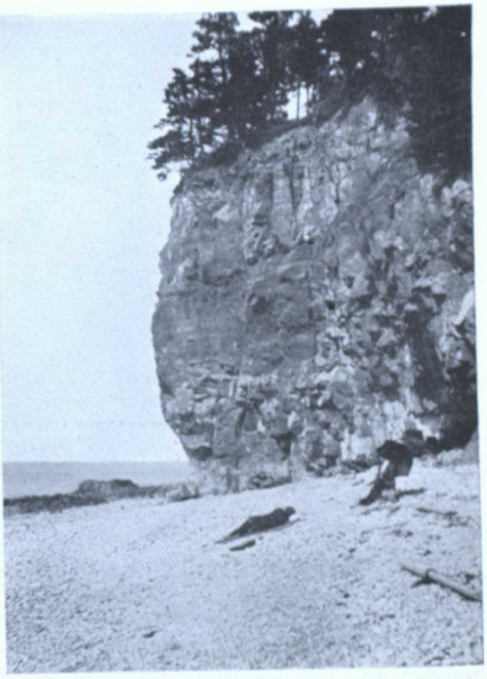
"An ideal spot for a noon camp"

And then there was the road! When other attractions failed it could always be relied upon. It skirts the shores for miles, never far from the water, and always beautiful; winding among tall spruce trees, passing over quaint old bridges, and giving one continual glimpses of the Bay of Fundy, with its gulls and its ships and its tides. If the day was warm we would sit down under some spruce tree where we had there," when one could lie down quietly and chew spruce gum while speculating on whether the particular schooner under observation had been to the other side of the world with some of our lumber, or was only up from New York with a cargo of high-priced anthracite coal.

But it was on the cool, crisp days of early autumn that we frequented the road most regularly and enjoyed it

most thoroughly. When the asters had begun to fade and the golden rod was in its prime; when the occasional maples among the spruces had lighted their beacon fires as a warning to the wood folks that winter was at hand, and when the winds off the Bay were strong and cold and bracing, then it was that we tramped along the road for hours, or sat down by its side in a sunny spot and read Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," or talked of home, or simply loafed in silence.

If one cares for fish one should go earlier than we did, for after the first of August the dog-fish take possession of the Bay, and all less bloodthirsty and more palatable fish retire. Sometimes one can get a small cod-fish, and occasionally one of the weirs along shore captures some "herrin'," but these are the exceptions, and the rule is that one eats *salt* fish, or none at all. On our first visit to the place, before we were fully initiated into the local piscatorial lore, we bought a small "hake," and boiled it for supper at our campfire on the shore. But after the meal was over we were strongly inclined to agree with our landlord, who remarked when he saw us bringing the fish up from the wharf—"What you got there, a hake? Why, they ain't no good 'cept to make boneless cod-fish of."



"Fall asleep to the sighing of the winds along the cliffs"

I don't know whether the sunsets at Morden are particularly fine, or whether it was only that our appreciation of all the beauties of Nature had been sharpened along with our appetites, but I *do* know that we never failed to be down at the shore when there was likely to be a sunset (I mean a spectacular one), and that we enjoyed them as we had never enjoyed sunsets before.

"Under a spruce tree where there was a good view of the water"

Another joy of the

"There are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor"

evening was our nightly bonfire. Bonfires were almost as frequent as the sunsets, quite as frequent as the beautiful ones, and we could have them with almost as little effort. The shore all about Morden is lined with driftwood varying in size from splintered shingles to broken masts, and we had only to pile it up, set it on fire, and then sit down and enjoy it. And as the sunset faded and the night shut down we piled more wood upon our fire, and told stories, or sang songs, or watched for the revolving light on the Isle of Haut.

But the day finally came when we had to leave it all, and after we had paid a last visit to the French Cross, and had watched the breakers for the last time; when for the last time we had

"Heard the wild gulls screaming at the turning of the tide,"

and had shaken hands with our motherly landlady, we climbed into our waggon and drove slowly and rather silently over the Mountain and down into "the Valley" to the railroad station. And as we looked back for the last time to the blue waters of the Bay and the little white lighthouse on the Isle of Haut we felt like children leaving home, and said that we must come again.

And what of the expense of it all? Well, it wasn't excessive, as I think you will agree when I say that the share of the two members of the party for whom I was personally responsible amounted to $16.83 for two weeks, and that included transportation charges to and from the railroad and the ten cents which we spent for that "hake."

THE RURAL CALENDAR

BY INGLIS MORSE

STAGE after stage, sweet flowers come and go
To fill some corner of the Calendar.
The pale anemone, the rose so fair,
Breathe out their glories with the season's flow.

Dear Nature's chronicler each passing day
Reveals some beauty in the leafy dell—
Some kindly thought of God would gladly tell
To him who chances passing by that way.

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AWAKE, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

*One of the earliest and most noted of Professor Roberts' poems.
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LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "The Masterfolk," "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," Etc.

III.—RICHARD WHITEING

A STRONG, sturdy figure of a man is Richard Whiteing at a hale sixty years; and his breezy belief in the innate dignity and eventual triumph of democracy is as hale as he.

To the world at large, Richard Whiteing came to life in 1899 with a novel, "No. 5, John Street;" but, though he began to exist on the eve of his sixtieth year for most of us, he was already a personage in upper journalism, and Paris knew him—as he knew Paris—wondrous well.

Richard Whiteing hopes to see the world as a vast garden for the average man. His shrewd eyes see through the pettiness of the claims, and the aims, and the habits, and the pretence of a mere privileged class to hold dominion over the state. He shews with genial statement but with dogged insistence, with calm utterance—and restrained emotion, yet nevertheless insistently, that the living of life is not for a class—that decency of life and enjoyment of life, and the right to live that life in a healthy, human way, are the absolute birthright of every human soul.

And with biting satire—for he is a master of satire rather than of humour—he shews the decadency that sets in, and the wholesale misery that results, from any one class shirking its responsibilities of labour, and filching the leisure from another class. For, be you sure of this, whether aristocrat or democrat, red-hot Nihilist or cloistral nun, what one class repudiates in labour, and filches in pleasure, by so much shall another class pay the debt of labour, and be filched of its pleasure.

There is world's work to be done; and every man's hand must do it if it shall be done sanely, and healthily in the doing. If an enriched class shirk its duties to the state, and live a life of pleasure, the class below must do its own work and the repudiated work of the class above; and the heel of the repudiated tyranny will grind the heaviest on the lowest class of all, the injustice being transmitted in ever-increasing violence. And the more populous the state the more cruel the harshness, until the labourer shall be worn out with excess of grey toil that knows no joy, and the mighty populace rots like a fœtid thing.

So a large people, robbed of vitality and a healthy day, becomes of less worth than a small people of vigorous life; for that people is the mightiest that breeds the strongest average man. And the law justifies itself utterly; for the privileged class becomes bored by its very excess of pleasure, by its tedious having nothing to do—the very thing for which it has striven turns to the ashes of Dead Sea fruit in its mouth. It does not even produce a fine virile upper class, which might be some source of comfort out of the cruel murk.

These things Whiteing set down in terms of art, and gave us "No. 5, John Street"—the millionaire's son wasting his years trying on suits of clothes, dawdling through a scented elaborate day, a day scented and elaborated to keep the pit of boredom from yawning at his feet, paying large sums for polo ponies to knock about a little ball on the grass at Hurlingham, sums that would keep a dozen families in health and in freedom from the ghastly overtoil that ruins the race—whilst, hard by, in filthy garret and noisome den, the sweated toiler grows blind and starved and puny and demoralized, in tragic and sordid days that are worse than death.

Thus justice dies, and the law be-

RICHARD WHITEING, AUTHOR OF "NO. 5, JOHN STREET"

comes the law of the rich; until at last some half-crazed fellow looks at the fantastic thing he has been calling life, looks up from the bench to which he has been a tied slave, shades his half-mad eyes with starved, lank fingers, and sees the coach of the rich dawdler go by, sees the bored shirker of toil yawn at his fantastic life; and, poor fool! he rises and sets what little peevish will remains to him to the making of a bomb, flings the bomb amongst innocent people, and jigs into eternity at the end of a gallows rope for the whim of his mad tomfoolery. And the dawdler rolls on and on, and yawns and yawns.

So Richard Whiteing, a big, burly man, thunders for a big, burly, healthy race. That large peoples shall set small peoples under their heels becomes every day more evident; and that the large people that breeds the healthy average man must overpower the large people of the less healthy average man goes also without proof; and that a large people who have self-respect will govern themselves and not be governed by a privileged class is a fact which has perhaps even less need for proof; therefore a great people must be a democracy.

And of a surety this man of large observation of men and peoples is right. He has watched the wondrous development of this England of ours during the last thirty years—he has been in close and intimate touch with the

enormous but silent revolution in France. He has seen England increase by her imperial instinct, logically blind, but vitally right; he has seen France healing herself and strengthening her shattered nerves by the reverse process, by her clean-cut, logical tact. And no man shall have seen these things and dread the people.

It is for this reason I detest the word Empire and prefer the word Commonwealth. And that Commonwealths must stand for the eventual mastery of the world who shall deny? If you would see these things in proportion you must look at man in the large—trace him from the beginning—and what is the tale that the years have to tell us?

Out of the mystic ways, the eager life that is at the core of all existing things, evolving from stage to stage, found its supremest habitation in the wondering creature that dropped from its ape-like habits in the trees, and, with ungainly straddle on the firm earth, took its upright stand upon tentative hind legs—falteringly, hesitatingly, bodying itself forth as Man—the Thinking Thing.

Life's cunning, with increasing cunning, is become reason in this blinking thing that thinks. It notes the hand's use, and the value of that wondrous thumb that is on the hand—to grip, to throw, to hold. That thumb that, with the brain's cunning for guidance, is to enable the hand to chip tools and weapons from the flint, and give confidence to this naked, defenceless, shivering being, and lead him from his lair in the thicket and the cave out into the open strife; that, for his body's welfare and sustenance, with pitfall and with gin, is to put to naught the lion's strength, the wolf's tooth, the wild boar's fury, so that he shall wrap the skins of these about him against the frost's nipping cold, and use their hides to protect his feet; that hand that is to strike fire from the chill flint and bring warmth into the chattering winter, and give rise to the potter's art; fire whereby also the earth's metals at last yielded their ductile strength to his enfranchisement; that hand that is to break the dog and horse to man's bidding, and gather together flocks and herds that he may roam the pastures of the world; and, his wander-years being done, that is to fashion the plough whereby he shall settle on the land and till the ruddy earth and gather in the harvest to his body's use; that is to invent the distaff and the loom to the weaving of cloth; that is to knit the fisher's net; that is to make the vast, wide world tributary to him—the elements and the brutes, the valley and the plain, and rock and stream and raging seas, so that the exquisite eye of man shall see the stars a myriad leagues beyond the eagle's utmost ken, his skill of transit make the swiftness of the antelope a sluggard's pace, his calculating hand cage the strength of many horses in the machinery's wheeled intricacies.

He increased his strength in the close-knit brotherhood of the clan. He foregathered into villages, uniting his skill and strength, and the trades and crafts arose to the mutual strengthening of the people. Power and increasing fulness of life passed from the wild fellow of the cavern to the wandering tribe—passed from the wandering tribe to the settled village—from them that were in villages to them that foregathered within the stout walls of the populous city—from the city to the state, whose might crumbled the city's walls, grown inadequate against the power of states—passed from the state to the mighty race that is fenced about to her uttermost frontiers solely by the majestic bulwarks of her daring spirits.

Kingship has passed to the Commonweal, and the sceptre is in the hands of the manhood of the people. And in our inmost hearts we know this thing to be true, be we Tory or Whig, socialist or individualist. We may sneer away ideals as fairy tales, but the godhood in man leads to an ideal, and they who fear to walk thereto must fall and be trodden under foot by a master race.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 52—RICHARD McBRIDE

THESE are the days of opportunity for the young man of ability and capacity, when occasion is certain to call him to commanding position. Perhaps there is no Province in Confederation where there is so much need of a strong man as leader of the people as in British Columbia, and at last, after waiting long, it is felt that the occasion has produced him. Since the days of the late Hon. John Robson that Province has languished under the confusion and uncertainties which must ever exist under, and seem to be inseparable from, non-party government, the members of which ignored the public and were not responsible to any party or principle, which might in itself have proved a curb upon careless or culpable action. The consequence was that the Province was despoiled in every way possible. There are those who extol non-party government, holding that it presents all the qualities that make for the general good, but it was tried in the Dominion, it was tried in Ontario in the early days, it is now under trial in the Northwest Territories, and it has but recently ceased in British Columbia. Everywhere a failure and a disappointment by its own operations, it was particularly disastrous in British Columbia where, under its wing, the public domain, which should now prove an invaluable asset of the Province, was sacrificed piecemeal to covetous and rapacious political hacks who were in public life evidently for what they could get out of it. Farming lands, timber lands, coal lands, mining lands were alienated from public use and became the private possession of individuals to exploit for their own profit. After Hon. John Turner, who honestly tried to carry on an upright Government, but was prevented by the faults of those about him, there was a brief spell of Hon. Mr. Semlin, who did no better, and then came Hon. Joseph Martin. It is said of Mr. Martin that the chief cause of his unpopularity was the firm hand he put forth to hold political cormorants in check, but however that may be, he left non-party government more chaotic than it had been before his coming.

Hon. James Dunsmuir was not able to improve matters, and it was during his administration that the people nearly lost the South Kootenay Pass coal fields, contiguous to the Crow's Nest Pass coal measures, and considered to be equally as valuable, the only piece of coal land of consequence that the public now own. Mr. Martin made very warm times for Mr. Dunsmuir from the other side of the House, and the latter, on the principle that if one cannot destroy his enemy the next best thing to do is to conciliate him, made a compact with Mr. Martin that hurt Mr. Dunsmuir far more in the public esteem than it could possibly benefit him had it been ever so popular.

Then came Col. Prior, formerly a representative of the city of Victoria in the Dominion Parliament. A strict parliamentarian, an upright and conscientious man, the people hailed in him one on whom they could reasonably repose hope to save them from those who were eager to grasp such of the public lands as were left, or to get any sort of a concession that might prove a marketable commodity. It was during Col. Prior's premiership that the granting of the South Kootenay coal lands to the C.P.R. by the Dunsmuir Government came up for decision. Col. Prior took high ground on that matter and insisted on certain members of the Cabinet resigning. Then someone went over to the Department of Public Works and secured a copy of an account showing that Col. Prior's firm had received public money for a cable supplied for a Government work, and with this and

RICHARD McBRIDE, PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

a copy of the contract his firm had made Col. Prior was confronted. This was clearly an infringement of the Independence of Parliament Act, and the Lieutenant-Governor called upon Col. Prior to resign, which that gentleman was forthwith constrained to do.

There sat in the Chamber for several sessions, a quiet observer of these many strange things and a ready speaker when occasion required, a young lawyer from New Westminster named Richard McBride, known to some as "Dick" McBride, for he was familiar to most and a favourite with all. Commanding in appearance, always faultlessly dressed, invariably engaging in manner, he was a striking figure in that House, which has seen many able and fine-looking men.

Mr. McBride is one of the native born, "native sons" they are called out there, the date of his nativity being Dec. 15, 1870, and the place New Westminster, where his father held office under the Crown, so that he is now in his thirty-fifth year. He was primarily educated in the public and high schools of his native place and finished at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., whence he graduated LL.B. in April, 1900. Returning to New Westminster he entered law, in due course was called to the bar and practised for some time. From his youth he inclined to politics as an attractive science worthy of mastery, and early he took part in the discussion of public questions, gaining considerable prominence, so that in 1896 he was looked upon as a promising man and was nominated for the Commons in the New Westminster district, but was defeated by Mr. Auley Morrison. However, he had had an opportunity to show his power and win widespread

good-will, so that when he came before the people again in 1898, as a candidate for the Provincial Legislature in the riding of Dewdney, he was easily elected, as he was again in 1900. In that year Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir saw in the good-looking and able young lawyer from the banks of the Fraser a supporter worthy of encouragement, and he was appointed a member of the Government, being assigned the portfolio of Minister of Mines. Hon Mr. Dunsmuir was inclined to conciliation of his foes rather than to fighting them, and when he called Mr. J. C. Brown, of Richmond, into his Cabinet, Mr. McBride objected, his protestation taking the form of resignation and he went into opposition. He also went over to Richmond and was instrumental in defeating Mr. Brown in his own constituency when, as a Cabinet minister, he went back for re-election. He continued to lead the opposition until the session of 1903, Col. Prior in the meantime having succeeded Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir. So that when Col. Prior retired from the House, Mr. McBride was by no means a novice. He was not exactly "an old Parliamentary hand," but he had the advantage of some experience and it was seen that he was on the way to the front benches. The opposition, made up of men of all parties, was not strong, but it contained some good debating talent and some likely politicians, of whom young "Billy" McInnes, of Alberni, was probably the brightest and cleverest. It is understood that when Col. Prior resigned he advised the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joli de Lotbiniere, to call a member of the House, who was a Conservative, to form a Ministry. Sir Henri is not a Conservative and did not incline that way. Under the circumstances he favoured the non-party plan of government, though its faults and weaknesses were plain and it had brought the Province to the verge of bankruptcy. The Lieutenant-Governor was intent on keeping out party politics, it was whispered, especially Conservative politics. But whom should he call? Now, there was young McBride, able, wise beyond his years, tactful and amiable, and these qualities appealed to the courtly Sir Henri, whom the Princess Louise complimented as the best gentleman in Canada. Mr. McBride led a non-party opposition, and if called would he not form his Cabinet from among those around him? Here was the man, then, to form the Government. So Mr. McBride was called and accepted the task. The way he went about it must have been a disappointment to Sir Henri. There was none who saw the defects of non-party government in the Province clearer than the young Premier did. He had seen men of honour and high purpose trying to do what was impossible under that system, premiers who had a working majority one day and through some quibble lost it the next. He had seen men for mere selfish ends pass from one side of the House to the other. He had passed from one side to the other himself, but that was on a matter of principle. Had he consulted selfish interests he would not have done so, but his duty to himself and to the people demanded that he should so protest against what he could not approve of. He also saw that the complications to which the system gave rise, in putting the First Minister at the mercy of a refractory majority that might make exactions the price of their support, paralyzed all efforts at good government, destroyed confidence in legislation, which to-day was and to-morrow was not, and rendered the Executive powerless to effect any lasting good. For years the Province had been the plaything and the prey of designing politicians ready to appropriate anything for themselves or to secure the profits of appropriating for others by act of Parliament. What would stop this brigandage, restore confidence in legislation, and serve to rehabilitate the decaying credit and diminishing honour of the Province, rich in everything but men great and courageous enough to fight the good fight without any regard to self? Party government would in a measure serve; federal party lines with a strong

government and a watchful opposition ready to see and resent any improprieties. Then members could not tumble from one side of the House to the other to further sordid ends. Representatives would not only be responsible to the House and to the people, but to the party to which they belonged, the conventions that nominated them, and particularly to the caucus, which would discipline them while in attendance at the House. And the result would be good and conscientious men in Parliament, consistent with its dignity and with the dignity of the Province. "Everything is on a colossal scale in this magnificent Province," said Mr. Edward Hewitt in an impassioned speech at a public gathering in Vancouver. "Everything great—great coal measures, great mineral deposits, great timber areas, great fisheries; but there is one thing lacking, gentlemen, and that is great men," a happy and accurate estimate of the condition of affairs.

Premier McBride found that public opinion was with him in declaring for party lines. Weary of Cabinet shuffles, weary of the handspring politicians who tumbled from one side to the other, weary of defeated governments, harassed by frequent elections that disturbed and disorganized everything and effected no change for the better, the people plainly saw that party government, whether Liberal or Conservative, would at least give something tangible to depend upon, and Premier McBride had their full sympathy in the course he had chosen. Any change would be better than the uncertainty and confusion that had hitherto existed.

So, after considering the matter in all its bearings, and after exhaustive conferences with his friends and even those opposed to him, Hon. Richard McBride publicly declared for federal party lines, being the first in the history of the Province to assay so bold a step. He was a Conservative and had always been so, but if the fortunes of war decreed that he should go into opposition, then into opposition he would go and bend all his energies to securing honest administration of affairs, so that the Province wherein he was born and bred and was dear to him should take the honourable position in Confederation that was hers, and be placed upon a stable basis that would restore confidence in her industries, revive those which through irksome and unwise legislation were dead of neglect or dormant through disuse, and make the land one to which the British and the Canadian investor could come with the surety that his undertakings would not be crippled by quibbling legislative enactment or his enterprise hampered by injurious imposts.

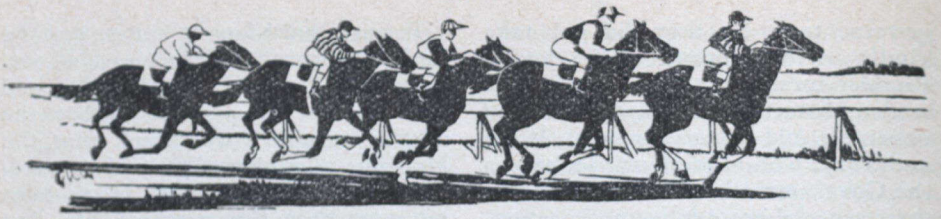
That the determination of the young Premier to take the important step his declaration foreshadowed should arouse considerable comment and criticism was to be expected. It disturbed the old-timers, who were content to jog along under the old arrangement, thinking it perfection, for was it not as in days past, and all change is suspicious, if not dangerous. Nescient and narrow is the old-timer, as a rule, wherever found. Apotheosis of the past is the chief tenet of his restricted creed. Modernity is intolerable to him, for nothing is equal to what was long ago. Even the seasons were better in the forties and the fifties, before weather experts began juggling with them. The suggestions and opinions of newcomers, always meaning change, are not to be tolerated. They "make him sick." It is difficult to grapple with this sort of prejudice, hard at any time to overcome it. Hon. Mr. McBride is no cheechahco (newcomer) himself, but he does not class with the grand old pioneers of the Province, the men who almost half a century before the stork left him at his father's door in New Westminster, were pounding the cheerless trails of the interior with slabs of pork and sacks of flour on their backs, opening up the country to enterprise and civilization. No, sir-ee. They were the men who made British Columbia. They know how much salæratus to put in their bread, and they knew how to

govern, too. So they did not take kindly to the innovation the young Premier sprang on them. Halo! And it also disturbed the happy family of venerable old somnambulists, Whig and Tory, who have always looked on the Government in all its branches as their especial prerogative and pasture. Hon. Joseph Martin shook them up in a dreadful way. No such ruthless hand had ever been laid upon them. But they got rid of him, the tormentor, after a time, and were just about sinking into repose and peace, when here comes this young innovator, a "native son," too, to throw them again into haste and hurry. He wanted "system." Why, wasn't there system already? Wasn't everything going on all right? What more did he want?

If any of these plaints ever reached the Premier he made no sign, but went steadily along with his preparations. Liberals and Conservatives organized throughout the country, held their conventions, nominated their candidates and went into the campaign with enthusiasm. The Premier stumped the country from the boundary line to Atlin, and as far in the interior as he could conveniently go. Throughout, his utterances were straightforward and manly, on the higher plane of politics, and containing no promises that might compromise him. He threw out no offers of material advantage to men or municipalities that were to be paid for in votes, but brought to them the old message of Conservatism made new by his eloquence, for he is a ready speaker, though with a hard ring sometimes in his voice. He is tall and massively built, an athletic figure. His face is full, but pale; his eyes dark and keen, though kindly, and his hair is quite perceptibly streaked with grey, which is the fashion nowadays; a young face, if it be comely, and grey hair being considered the most attractive combination possible, especially among the women. He resembles Sir John Macdonald and he resembles Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and it has been suggested that a composite picture of the two would be a picture of Mr. McBride.

It was a hard-fought battle, and the Socialists proved a disturbing element. Both sides had fair organization and worked hard for success. When the returns were in it was found that the McBride administration had a small majority. Victoria had long been regarded as a Conservative city, but on this occasion the electors returned four Liberals. Had Victoria gone with the Premier he would have had a clear working majority of ten or twelve, which would have strengthened his hands for what he has to do. As it is he must depend upon the votes of the Socialists, two in number, to carry any measure he has in view. The old "graft" may be still in evidence, and may be in a position to demand favours, but Premier McBride is a tactful man who can move warily, and no one doubts his ability to cope effectively with any designing element. He has declared his intention to guard the Treasury and protect the public domain, and it is the conviction of his many friends that he will do it or fall defending the principle of public honesty. Those who know him say that he is not so fond of office as to stoop to anything questionable to retain it and mar a future big with promise to him. The people, so far as can be learned, are satisfied that he stands for truth and uprightness in public life, and that he will be faithful to his ideals. The true man, knowing the emptiness and deceit of popularity, does not seek to conform in his acts to popular views, because he is well aware that the path of duty is not to please all men. Therefore he must expect to meet the detraction of the scornful and the misrepresentation of the malicious; and even if slander wag her ugly and evil jaws at him he must learn to suffer and be silent. No need to go to Epectitus for the lesson of resignation and fortitude; for One far greater than he said: "Beware when all men speak well of thee," because he that puts forth his hand to straighten the crooked ways of this life will not be spoken well of, but will be an offence to many.

T. A. Gregg



THE SCORING OF THE RAJA

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Brave Hearts," etc.

BURRAPARA was Raja of his own domain after a fashion. The domain of Burrapara was on the Madras side, two days' steady steaming from Calcutta.

His father, the old Raja, aided by a bull-necked *Dewan* (Prime Minister), had ground down the *ryots* (farmers) for tax-money until the whole Raj had become practically bankrupt.

Then the British *Sirdar* (Government) stepped in and platonically arranged things. That's the Sirdar's prerogative in India.

Under the new *régime* thirty-six lakhs a year flowed into the coffers, and the burden on the shoulders of the *ryots* was lighter than it had been in the memory of ten generations. The Raja was allowed twelve lakhs a year for himself and court, while the Sirdar took the other twenty-four for managing the country, and incidentals.

The Double X Hussars were stationed at Burrapara as part of the governing faculty. It was like sending a public school to a watering place for duty. There were white palaces, and leisure Brahmins, and horses without stint; a big polo ground, a fine race-course, and a proper oriental atmosphere as background.

The Double X contingent had everything in life to make them happy—except the Burrapara Cup. Each year, for three years, they had reached out with a "by-your-leave-gentlemen" for this bit of plate, but each year it had gone back to grace the sideboard of the Raja.

Burrapara himself was a sportsman from the first tinkle of the bell. He gathered leopards and kept them in a cage; and once a year turned them out on the plain for an improved pig-sticking bout. This was at Christmas time.

The Double X took themselves to horse and hunted "Spots" with their lances. In the three years only two fellows had been mauled with sufficient intentness to cause their death—that is, two European officers; perhaps a score of beaters and shikarries had also been mauled, but they were His Highness's subjects, and did not figure on the European side of the ledger; so it was good sport, and of a fair interest.

The polo was as fast as they played it in Tirhoot, which is like looking at polo from the topmost pinnacle; and not one of the Double X played a bit faster or closer on the ball than Burrapara himself.

From an earthly point of view it was almost a paradise for men whose lines were cast along that plane. As I have said, the only unreasoning thing was the Cup—they could not get that. Yearly it sat big in pride of place at the annual Race Meet. It was donated by the Raja for an open handicap steeplechase of three miles. It was a reactive donation, for his own stable always won it. That was why the Double X were sad.

Captain Woolson started it. "If you fellows will back me up," he said, "we'll land that mug this try."

"Going to ham-string the Raja's horses?" Devlin asked. But Devlin

had no head for deep plots, Woolson knew that; he was only a lieutenant who danced well.

"The Raja gets this crazy old plate back every time because he's got the best nags," Woolson observed with an air of conviction.

"There may be something in that," Devlin answered, setting his glass down with a sort of "hear! hear!" ring.

"Devlin, you're an imbecile. You make remarks that are not in the game. What I mean is that we haven't a gee-gee in the whole bally troop that Burrapara can't give pounds to, with, at least, a dozen Arabs."

"That's what's the matter, Woolson," one of the officers said; "we're beaten before the race starts—that's what's the matter with getting the Cup."

"It's a great discovery," said Devlin, sarcastically.

"Look here, youngster, shut up!" said Captain Lutyens, wearily; "it's too hot to blather. Woolson's got a scheme, or he wouldn't be talking—talking's all rot, anyway."

"Yes," continued Woolson, "the Raja is as slick as a Brahmin. He gets fifteen or twenty Arabs down from Abdul Rahman at Bombay, gallops them a bit—heaven knows where, we never see the trial—and the best of the lot is chucked into this handicap light, being a green one, and beats all our well-pounded nags out."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Devlin, impatiently; "all the fellows know that. Your discovery is like going to hear 'Pinafore'—it's antique. Besides, it's not the Raja at all; it's O'Neill that does the trick. You're an unsophisticated lot, and O'Neill knows just what your nags can do. What do you suppose the Raja keeps him for—his beauty? It's to play the English game against you Feringhis."

Lutyens threw a box of matches at Devlin's head by way of entreaty, and the latter went out on the verandah swearing there was a conspiracy to keep him out of the good thing.

"Go on, Woolson," said Lutyens; "tell us how to do up the Raja. That young ass is out of it now, so go on with the disclosure."

"Well, we'll have to get a horse down from up country on the quiet to do the trick. What do you think?"

"Where'll you get him?" asked Lutyens.

"Some of you fellows remember Captain Frank, don't you—Frank Johnson?"

"I do," said Lutyens, decisively. "I've had to live in retirement, financially, since I joined him in a big thing we were to pull off at Lucknow once. But he's always got a fast horse; generally—yes."

"Well, he's got one called Saladin now, that you simply couldn't handicap down to the form of the Raja's lot."

The others waited, and Woolson continued unravelling his brilliant plot.

"I saw a note in one of the Calcutta papers about this Saladin brute, and wrote up to Doyne. Doyne says he's dicky on his legs, but he'd stand a prep. for one race, especially in the soft going here. He's never won yet, because his legs wouldn't stand training on the Calcutta course. It's as hot and hard as a lime-kiln, as you fellows know. If we could buy him from Captain Frank, and play him a bit in polo here, he'd be sure to get in the handicap with a light weight, and we'd even up things with His Highness."

"I'm in it, if it's all on the square," said Lutyens. "The Raja's a good sort, and we must have it all straight."

"Gad! I'll tell him we're going to win with Saladin, if we get him," exclaimed Woolson. "But we mustn't let Captain Frank know about it; he'd never let any sort of a game go through unless he was Viceroy of it himself. We'll get Doyne to buy the horse, and Johnson can discover accidentally that he's being sent up to Tirhoot among the indigo sahibs, or to Heaven, or to almost any place but here."

"I'll stand doing Captain Frank up," said Lutyens with candour. "His hand is against every man, and, *pro tem*, we'll send a punitive expedition

against him. I don't mind that a bit."

The truth of the matter as concerning Woolson was, that there was a standing feud between him and Johnson over some brilliant *coup* at Lucknow, and he knew the Captain wouldn't sell him a horse at any price.

So that was the inception of the plot. Woolson was commissioned to acquire Saladin. He wrote his friend Captain Doyne to buy the horse as cheaply as he could—warned him against Captain Frank's rapacity, and explained that Saladin would be supposed to go to any part of the British Empire but Burrapara.

Doyne executed his commission with diplomatic enthusiasm. Johnson wanted three thousand rupees. Doyne offered two thousand and half the first purse the horse won, plate not to count. Theoretically that should have represented a considerable sum—in point of fact Doyne chuckled softly to himself over this commercial victory, for he knew that Saladin would win only the Cup at Burrapara and no prize money.

The horse was bought and shipped in a roundabout way to his new owners.

Woolson played him in polo just twice, then pretended to make a discovery. "I'm going to keep that chestnut brute for the races," he assured the Raja, "he can gallop a bit."

Burrapara smiled pensively, for he had Shahbaz in his stable, and it would take a rare good horse to beat him.

O'Neill was an ex-Hussar officer who had found the service too fast for his limited income. Influential friends had farmed him out to the Raja, and he was what might be called commander-in-chief of stables to His Highness. He also made a discovery, the Raja would never have found it out for himself.

"Look here, Your Highness," he said, "the Mess has got hold of a good thing at last. I don't know where they puckerowed that white-faced Arab, but he's a rare good one. He'll beat Shahbaz for the Cup."

"And—?" said the Raja, with oriental control.

"We must play the game too, Your Highness."

"You know best, O'Neill Sahib. It's in your department." The Raja liked to play at officialdom.

"Shall I get a horse to beat them, Your Highness?"

"What appropriation do you require?" asked Burrapara.

"Perhaps three or four thousand, Your Higness."

"I will command the treasurer," replied the Raja, laconically.

Now as it happened, O'Neill, before he left the service, had swung along in the racing game beside Captain Frank. "Frank knows every horse in India," he mused, "and if the rupees are forthcoming, he'll get just what I want." Though he had not the faintest idea that the Mess had got one from Frank.

So he wrote by the first mail steamer to Johnson:

"The fellows down here have picked up a horse somewhere called Saladin. Do you know anything about him? I saw them try him out, and he galloped like a wild boar. If you've got something in your stable to beat him I'll buy it or lease it. It's all about the Raja's Cup, three miles over timber, for Arabs and Countrybreds. Captain Woolson is at the bottom of it—I think you'll remember him."

Johnson puckered his thin lips and whistled long and softly to himself when he read the letter. "My aunt!" he ejaculated, "they played softly. Who the thunder told Woolson about Saladin?"

He shoved the letter into his pocket, lighted a cheroot, and played chess with this new thing for three days. Then he wrote to O'Neill:

"Woolson was born of commercial parents—he gets this thing from his father, who was a successful soap merchant. They bought Saladin from me to go up country. The Raja has my sympathy if he hopes to beat the chestnut with anything he's got there. I have nothing in my stable could look at him over three miles of country.

"But all the same, I think we can

beat out this joint stock company. I've got May Queen, and Saladin has always been worked with her. He's a sluggish devil, and has notions. He won't try a yard so long as the mare is galloping beside him; that's because they've worked together so much. He'll just plug along about a neck in front of her, and the more you hammer him the sulkier he gets.

"If you've got something fairish good in your stable, and the Raja will pay well for the expedition, I'll send the Queen down, and go myself later on to ride her, for the edification of our friend, the soap merchant's offspring. I'll guarantee you'll beat Saladin, only you must have something good enough to do up the others. Don't let them know where you've got the mare."

These affairs of state were duly laid before the Raja by O'Neill in a general way without too much attention to detail. Kings as a rule don't care for detail, they like to win, that's all. Burrapara simply gleaned that by the aid of a mare, a certain Captain Frank, and his own Shahbaz, he was to win once more his favourite toy; also triumph over the united ingenuity of the Double X Mess. The executive duties he left to O'Neill; also spoke the necessary word to the treasurer.

In two weeks May Queen was in the Raja's stables, and the wise men who had gone out of the West knew not of this back-wash in the tide of their affairs.

Two weeks later Frank Johnson sauntered into the Mess of the Double X with his *debonnaire* military swing, as though he had just returned from a week's shikarri, and lived there always.

"Great gattlings!" exclaimed Lutyens, "where in the name of all the Brahmins did you come from, Johnson? by all that's holy."

"Where's the balloon?" asked Devlin.

"Nobody ever come here any more?" asked Captain Frank, pitching into a big chair after solemnly grabbing each paw that was extended to him."

"Heaps of ordinary chaps," answered Lutyens.

"But visits like mine are like the cherubs, eh?"

"He's tons like a cherub," muttered Devlin; then aloud, "Here, boy, bring a peg, Captain Sahib's dry."

"Came down to the fair to pick up some smart polo ponies," Johnson volunteered. "Any racing at the fair?"

"Heaps," said Lutyens, thinking dismally of the accursed fate that had steered Captain Frank their way when they had got it all cut and dried for Saladin. "Make yourself at home, Johnson," he said, "I've got to make a call."

Then he posted down to Woolson's bungalow. "Guess who's here?" he said.

"Anybody big?"

"Size of an elephant."

"The C.C.?"

"No—Johnson."

"Great heavens! Not Captain Frank?"

Lutyens nodded; Woolson turned pale. "Does he know?" he asked dismally.

"Don't think it. It's a pure fluke, his coming; he's down after some polo *tats*.

Woolson's face showed that he was still mistrustful. "He'll stay for the races, sure."

"Uh-hu!" grunted Lutyens.

"And he'll spot Saladin; he's got devil-eyes, that chap."

"Uh-hu!" again assented Lutyens.

"We'll have to tell him, and beg him to keep quiet."

"I think so."

"You'll have to put him up, Lutyens, to keep him out of their hands."

"All right."

So that night Captain Frank learned to his great surprise that Saladin was in Burrapara. Gracious! but he *was* surprised. How had it happened—he had understood Doyne was sending him up country?

Woolson told the Captain a fairy tale about that part of it; but he had to be made free of the secret that they hoped to win the Cup with Saladin.

"Don't tell the Raja nor O'Neill," begged Lutyens. "The honour of the Double X demands that we win that Cup."

"I'll tell nobody," said Captain Frank. "Let everybody find out things for themselves—that's my way of working."

They cracked a bottle of champagne to this noble sentiment, and all that belonged to the Double X was placed at the disposal of Captain Frank during his sojourn amongst them. The Raja had a dozen bungalows splendidly furnished, always at the command of visitors; and Captain Frank assured Lutyens that one of these had already been placed at his disposal, so he declined the Double X Captain's hospitality. "Hang it!" he said to himself, "I can't eat his rations, and sleep in his bed, and play against him; that's too stiff an order."

As race day approached, events outlined themselves more clearly. The Raja had three horses entered for the Cup: Shahbaz, May Queen and Ishmael. Woolson had Saladin, and there were six other entries, not calculated to have much bearing on the history of the Cup.

"What's this May Queen thing?" asked Lutyens.

Nobody knew; not even where she had come from. She was a country-bred without a record, that's all that anybody could say. It didn't matter anyway, Shahbaz was what they had to beat, that was certain. O'Neill was riding this pick of the stable himself.

Two evenings before the race O'Neill came over to the Mess. He wanted somebody to take the mount on May Queen; the boy who was to have ridden her was ill, he explained.

"Johnson will ride for you," exclaimed Lutyens. "He'd get paralysis if he hadn't a mount at a meeting."

"Is she any good?" asked Captain Frank.

"We don't know much about her," answered O'Neill. "We'll declare to win with Shahbaz, but the mare may run well. The Raja'll be delighted if you'll pilot her."

"It'll be better," said Lutyens, "for an outsider to ride than one of our fellows."

"All right, I'll take the mount," exclaimed Captain Frank, "only I'd like to school her a bit to-morrow."

You will see that the tea set had been almost completed; because when Fate undertakes to arrange matters, there is seldom a hitch. Everybody works for Fate—everybody.

Of course there was a big lottery held at the Officers' Mess the night before the race; and the Burrapara Cup was the main medium for a plunge.

Woolson was suspicious. "I don't like it," he said to Lutyens. "Frank Johnson isn't down here for the benefit of his health; and I'll swear he hasn't bought a single gee-gee. We don't know anything about that mare; I've tried to find out where she comes from, but nobody knows."

"Do you suppose she's good enough to beat Saladin?" asked Lutyens, doubtingly.

"Well, Johnson rides her."

"I'm the cause of that," answered Lutyens.

"You may think so, but to me it looks like a job. O'Neill and Captain Frank knew each other in the old days. If they back the mare in the lotteries, I'm going to have a bit of it," asserted Woolson.

This little cloud of suspicion broadened out, until by the time the lotteries were on, there was a strong tip out that May Queen was a good thing for the Cup. The Mess ran Saladin up to a steep figure when his chances were sold in the lotteries.

Nobody but O'Neill wanted to back Shahbaz, and he went cheap. When May Queen was put up, Johnson laughingly made a bid, saying, "I'd back a mule if I rode him in a race."

"You're pretty slick, Mr. Frank," Woolson muttered; and he bid on the mare. This started it, and in the end May Queen fetched nearly as good a price as Saladin. It went that way all the evening; the Mess flattered themselves that they had stood by Saladin

pretty well—and they had. Of course Captain Frank couldn't well bid on Saladin, he explained; it was their preserve.

When they were finished at last, Captain Frank said to Woolson: "I've got that brute Shahbaz in two lotteries. You'd better take half to hedge your money; you're loaded up with Saladin."

"No, thanks," the other man said, with a clever glint in the corner of his eye, "I've also got May Queen, your mount; I've got enough."

"Do you want to part with a bit of May Queen?" the Captain asked carelessly.

"Not an anna of it. I'll stick to the lot. The Saladin money belongs to the Mess; we bought him together, but the May Queen business is nearly all my own."

He looked sideways at Johnson while he said this, watching the blonde-mustached face narrowly; then he spoke up with abrupt impetuousness, "Johnson, look here, you know all about that mare. Tell me whether it's all right or not."

"I think," answered Johnson, leisurely, pouring with judicious exactness half a bottle of soda into his peg glass, "that you fellows here are a bally lot of sharks. You've bought all of Saladin in the lotteries; the most of May Queen, and then want to know what's going to win. You'd better have half of Shahbaz now, and make a certainty."

"No, thanks, I'm filled up."

"Do you want to part with a bit of Saladin?"

"Can't do it. All the fellows are in it—all the Mess."

"I think you're missing it over Shahbaz. O'Neill thinks he'll win," drawled the Captain, appearing terribly solicitous for his enemy's welfare.

A little later Captain Frank rehearsed this scene to O'Neill. "I pretended to want a bit of Saladin or May Queen, but Woolson wouldn't part with any. Lord! but the father is big in the son. Stuck to his pound of flesh like a proper Ishmaelite. Then I offered him some of Shahbaz in the lottery, but he shut up like a knife; he was afraid I'd force it on him. Tomorrow after Shahbaz wins, I'll say to him: 'I wanted you to take a bit of the good thing;' and he'll scowl, because he'll be sick at his stomach. I'll teach them to get a good horse out of me to do up a fine chap like the Raja, and then pay for him out of stakes that are not to be had."

Woolson's version of the same thing to Lutyens was slightly different, which only goes to show that human nature is a complex machine.

"Johnson's got stuck with Shahbaz in the lottery, and he's been trying to unload on me. He wanted a piece of Saladin. That's Captain Frank all over; pokes his nose in here on our good thing, roots around until he finds out something, then wants a share."

"I wish he hadn't come," said Lutyens, abstractedly. "Heaven knows what he'll do; he's like a Hindoo juggler."

"He can only win out on May Queen," retorted Woolson, crabbedly; "and I've got the biggest part of her in the lotteries myself."

"Yes, but the other fellows are all down on Saladin, and it's the Cup we're really after, not the rupees."

Woolson said nothing to this. The Cup was all right as a Cup, but it would suit him to land his big *coup* over May Queen.

The next day at the race-course Lieutenant Devlin sauntered up to Captain Frank and said: "Little Erskine, who is in the Seventh, over in Colombo, is in a bit of a hole, and I'd like to help him out. What I've got's no good to him—'tisn't enough."

"Say, youngster," drawled Johnson, "are you one of the forty thieves that got Saladin down here to do up O'Neill and the Raja?"

"Oh, I think the fellows played fair enough," answered Devlin, "but whatever it was they didn't ask my advice; in fact they drummed me out."

"What are the bookies laying against Shahbaz?" queried Captain Frank.

"Five to one," answered Devlin.

"What does Erskine need?"

"Couple of thou., I fancy."

"Have you got four hundred?"

"Yes; but can Shahbaz—"

"Don't be a damn fool," interrupted Captain Frank, with profane brevity.

It was time to mount for the Burrapara Cup. As they jogged down to the post, Frank ranged alongside of Woolson who was riding Saladin, and said, "You'd better take half of Shahbaz still;" but Woolson tickled Saladin with the spur, and swerved to one side, pretending not to have heard.

O'Neill was riding Shahbaz, and to him Johnson said: "When we've gone half the journey, you slip up in front before Saladin gets his dander up. I'll keep close beside him and he'll never try a yard. But keep on in front, so as not to draw him out.

For a mile and a half half a dozen of the nine starters were pretty well up. As the pace increased and Shahbaz drew away in the lead, all of the others but Saladin and May Queen commenced to drop out of it. At two miles Shahbaz was six lengths in front; Saladin and May Queen were swinging along under a steady pull, neck and neck.

"He means to stick to me and beat me out," mused Woolson.

"The blasted idiot is kidding himself," thought Johnson. "He thinks he's got to hang to my coat-tails to win."

Saladin was keeping his eye on May Queen. He had been separated from his stable chum for weeks, and now he was galloping along beside her as in the old days. His soft Arab heart was glad. What a pity she couldn't gallop a bit faster though. The thrill of strength was in his muscles, and he would like to unstring his great tendons that soft warm day, and spurn the red, yielding earth. His leg wasn't a bit sore; ah, there was another horse on in front there. Why couldn't May Queen hurry up?

Soon his rider's legs commenced to hitch at his ribs, and Woolson was chirruping at him to move on. If they'd hurry his chum he would.

Woolson was getting anxious. There was only half a mile to go now, and Shahbaz was still well in the lead. He had ridden Saladin under a pull all the time, and fancied that his horse had a lot left in him; but now when he shook him up he didn't respond.

"Go on!" he shouted to Captain Frank. "We'll never catch Shahbaz."

"Go on yourself," answered the Captain, in schoolboy retort.

Woolson brought his whip down on Saladin's flank. Stung by it the Arab sprang forward, and for a second Woolson's heart jumped with joy. He felt the great muscles contract and spread under him, and fancied that he would soon overtake the dark bay in front. The mare struggled too; Saladin heard her labouring at his quarters, and waited patiently.

"Steady, you brute!" Captain Frank ejaculated to the mare, but Saladin knew the voice, and after that the man on his back amounted to very little in the forces governing the race.

With whip and spur, and profane appeals, Woolson laboured at his mount, throwing him out of his stride a dozen times. The mare struggled and strained every nerve to keep up with her stable companion. Saladin rebelled against the fool who was riding him, and sulked with Arab persistence; raced as he had always done at home with the mare, neck and neck.

Shahbaz was tiring badly. At the last fence he nearly fell; striking the top rail with his toes out of sheer weariness. There was only a short run in on the level now. Would he last out? If Saladin ever ranged alongside of him it would be all over, Johnson knew that. In the struggle he would forget about May Queen, and shoot by Shahbaz as though he were dead.

Woolson was in an agony of suspense. Shahbaz would certainly win, and he might have saved his money by taking Frank's offer. A sudden resolve seized him. Saladin was sulking and he was worse beaten than the

horse, he could not ride him out. He would take Frank's offer now.

Bending his face around toward Johnson he gasped "I'll—take—half —Shahbaz——" then he disappeared. That final grab had effectually settled the race. They were rising at the last jump, and his movement caused Saladin to swerve. The horse struck the rail heavily, and Woolson was shot out of the saddle, and planted inches deep in the soft earth on the outside of the course.

It had looked a close thing from the stand. "Saladin'll win in a walk," the Mess fellows said just before the fall, "Woolson's been waiting on O'Neill, and now he'll come away and win as he likes."

When Woolson vacated the saddle so energetically a groan went up from them. When Shahbaz slipped by the judge's stand, three lengths in front of May Queen, they groaned again; but with official politeness cheered lustily for the Raja.

His Highness sat complacently eyeing the excited people. It was a very small thing to get agitated about, for he had won, you see.

Captain Frank bought Saladin back for a thousand rupees; beaten horses go cheap.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE wild heart of the woods ! therein is rest.
Above me sways a sky of whisp'ring green,
Around me far the silent shadows lean
And listen to tree-music ; in their nest,
The fond birds mother their young brood, so blest;
The purling brooks quench Summer's thirst ; the sheen
And shimmer on the changing, Sylvan scene
Is glorious to me, glad Nature's guest.
A thousand happy mem'ries slumber here
Beneath these oaks ; a thousand happy hopes
Flutter upon the bending leaves in fear.
And O the press of the cool grass ! The slopes
Of Peace stretch wide before mine vision clear
And slowly God's white finger Heaven opes.

LA MERE SAUVAGE*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

I HAD not been at Virelogne for fifteen years. I went back there in the autumn, to shoot with my friend Serval, who had at last rebuilt his chateau, which had been destroyed by the Prussians.

I loved that district very much. It is one of those corners of the world which have a sensuous charm for the eyes. You love it with a bodily love. We whom the country seduces, we keep tender memories for certain springs, for certain woods, for certain pools, for certain hills, seen very often and which have stirred us like joyful events. Sometimes our thoughts turn back towards a corner in a forest, or the end of a bank, or an orchard powdered with flowers, seen but a single time on some gay day; yet remaining in our hearts like the images of certain women met in the street on a spring morning, with bright, transparent dresses; and leaving in soul and body an unappeased desire which is not to be forgotten, a feeling that you have just rubbed elbows with happiness.

At Virelogne I loved the whole countryside, dotted with little woods, and crossed by brooks which flashed in the sun and looked like veins carrying blood to the earth. You fished in them for crawfish, trout and eels! Divine happiness! You could bathe in places, and you often found snipe among the high grass which grew along the borders of these slender watercourses.

I was walking, lightly as a goat, watching my two dogs ranging before me. Serval, a hundred metres to my right, was beating a field of lucern. I turned the thicket which forms the boundary af the wood of Sandres, and I saw a cottage in ruins.

All of a sudden I remembered it as I had seen it the last time, in 1869, neat, covered with vines, with chickens before the door. What sadder than a dead house, with its skeleton standing upright, bare and sinister?

I also remembered that in it, one very tiring day, the good woman had given me a glass of wine to drink, and that Serval had then told me the history of its inhabitants. The father, an old poacher, had been killed by the gendarmes. The son, whom I had once seen, was a tall, dry fellow, who also passed for a ferocious destroyer of game. People called them "les Sauvage."

Was that a name or a nickname?

I hailed Serval. He came up with his long strides like a crane.

I asked him:

"What's become of those people?"

And he told me this story:

When war was declared, the son Sauvage, who was then thirty-three years old, enlisted, leaving his mother alone in the house. People did not pity the old woman very much, because she had money; they knew it.

But she remained quite alone in that isolated dwelling so far from the village, on the edge of the wood. She was not afraid, however, being of the same strain as her menfolk; a hardy old woman, tall and thin, who laughed seldom, and with whom one never jested. The women of the fields laugh but little in any case; that is men's business, that! But they themselves have sad and narrowed hearts, leading a melancholy, gloomy life. The peasants learn a little boisterous merriment at the tavern, but their helpmates remain grave, with countenances which are always severe. The muscles of their faces have never learned the movements of the laugh.

La Mere Sauvage continued her ordinary existence in her cottage, which was soon covered by the snows. She came to the village once a week to get bread and a little meat; then she returned into her house. As there was talk of wolves, she went out with a

gun upon her back—her son's gun, rusty, and with butt worn by the rubbing of the hand; and she was strange to see, the tall "Sauvage," a little bent, going with slow strides over the snow, the muzzle of the piece extending beyond the black head-dress, which pressed close to her head and imprisoned the white hair which no one had ever seen.

One day a Prussian force arrived. It was billeted upon the inhabitants according to the property and resources of each. Four were allotted to the old woman, who was known to be rich.

They were four great boys with blonde skin, with blonde beards, with blue eyes, who had remained stout notwithstanding the fatigues which they had endured already, and who, also, though in a conquered country, had remained kind and gentle. Alone with this aged woman, they showed themselves full of consideration, sparing her, as much as they could, all expenses and fatigue. They would be seen, all four of them, making their toilet round the well of a morning in their shirt sleeves, splashing with great swishes of water, under the crude daylight of the snowy weather, their pink-white Northman's flesh, while La Mere Sauvage went and came, making ready the soup. Then they could be seen cleaning the kitchen, rubbing the tiles, splitting the wood, peeling the potatoes, doing up all the house-work, like four good sons about their mother.

But the old woman thought always of her own, so tall and thin, with his hooked nose and his brown eyes, and his heavy moustache which made a roll of black hairs upon his lip. She asked each day of each of the soldiers who were installed beside her hearth:

"Do you know where the French Marching Regiment No. 23 was sent? My boy is in it."

They answered, "No, not know, not know at all." And, understanding her pain and her uneasiness—they who had mothers, too, there at home—they rendered her a thousand little services. She loved them well, moreover, her four enemies, since the peasantry feels no patriotic hatred; that belongs to the upper class alone. The humble, those who pay the most because they are poor, and because every new burden crushes them down; those who are killed in masses, who make the true cannon's meat, because they are so many; those, in fine, who suffer most cruelly the atrocious miseries of war, because they are the feeblest and offer least resistance—they hardly understand at all those bellicose ardours, that excitable sense of honour, or those pretended political combinations which in six months exhaust two nations, the conqueror with the conquered.

They said on the country-side, in speaking of the Germans of La Mere Sauvage:

"They are four who have found a soft place."

Now, one morning when the old woman was alone in the house, she perceived far off on the plain a man coming towards her dwelling. Soon she recognized him; it was the postman charged to distribute the letters. He gave her a folded paper, and she drew out of her case the spectacles which she used for sewing; then she read:

"Madame Sauvage,—The present letter is to tell you sad news. Your boy Victor was killed yesterday by a shell which near cut him in two. I was just by, seeing that we stood next each other in the company, and he would talk to me about you to let you know on the same day if anything happened to him.

"I took his watch, which was in his pocket, to bring it back to you when the war is done.

"I salute you very friendly,

"Cesaire Rivot,

"Soldier of the 2nd class, March. Reg. No. 23."

She did not cry at all. She remained motionless, so seized and stupefied that she did not even suffer as yet. She thought: "V'la Victor who is killed now." Then little by little the tears mounted to her eyes, and the

sorrow caught her heart. The ideas came to her one by one, dreadful, torturing. She would never kiss him again, her child, her big boy, never again! The gendarmes had killed the father, the Prussians had killed the son. He had been cut in two by a cannon ball. She seemed to see the thing, the horrible thing: the head falling, the eyes open, while he chewed the corner of his big moustache as he always did in moments of anger.

What had they done with his body afterwards? If they had only let her have her boy back as they had given her back her husband—with the bullet in the middle of his forehead!

But she heard a noise of voices. It was the Prussians returning from the village. She hid her letter very quickly in her pocket, and she received them quietly, with her ordinary face, having had time to wipe her eyes.

They were laughing, all four, delighted, since they brought with them a fine rabbit—stolen, doubtless, and they made signs to the old woman that there was to be something good to eat.

She set herself to work at once to prepare breakfast; but when it came to killing the rabbit, her heart failed her. And yet it was not the first. One of the soldiers struck it down with a blow of his fist behind the ears.

The beast once dead, she separated the red body from the skin; but the sight of the blood she was touching and which covered her hands, of the warm blood which she felt cooling and coagulating, made her tremble from head to foot; and she kept seeing her big boy cut in two, and quite red also, like this still palpitating animal.

She set herself at table with the Prussians, but she could not eat, not even a mouthful. They devoured the rabbit without troubling themselves about her. She looked at them askance without speaking, thought, and with a face so impassible that they perceived nothing.

All of a sudden she said: "I don't even know your names, and here's a whole month that we've been together." They understood, not without difficulty, what she wanted, and told their names. That was not sufficient; they had written them for her on a paper, with the addresses of their families, and resting her spectacles on her great nose, she considered that strange handwriting, then folded the sheet and put it in her pocket, on top of the letter which told her of the death of her son.

When the meal was ended she said to the men:

"I am going to work for you."

And she began to carry up hay into the loft where they slept.

They were astonished at her taking all this trouble; she explained to them that thus they would not be so cold, and they helped her. They heaped the trusses of hay as high as the straw roof; and in that manner they made a sort of great chamber with four walls of fodder, warm and perfumed, where they should sleep splendidly.

At dinner one of them was worried to see that La Mere Sauvage still ate nothing. She told him that she had the cramps. Then she kindled a good fire to warm herself up, and the four Germans mounted to their lodging place by the ladder which served them every night for this purpose.

As soon as they closed the trap the old woman removed the ladder, then opened the outside door noiselessly and went back to look for more bundles of straw, with which she filled her kitchen. She went barefoot in the snow so softly that no sound was heard. From time to time she listened to the sonorous and unequal snorings of the four soldiers who were fast asleep.

When she judged her preparations to be sufficient, she threw one of the bundles into the fireplace, and when it was alight she scattered it over all the others. Then she went outside again and looked.

In a few seconds the whole interior of the cottage was illumined with a violent brightness and became a dreadful brasier, a gigantic fiery furnace, whose brilliance spouted out of the

narrow window and threw a glittering beam upon the snow.

Then a great cry issued from the summit of the house; it was a clamour of human shriekings, heart-rending calls of anguish and of fear. At last, the trap having fallen in, a whirlwind of fire shot up into the loft, pierced the straw roof, rose to the sky like the immense flame of a torch, and all the cottage flared.

Nothing more was heard therein but the crackling of the fire, the crackling sound of the walls, the falling of the rafters. All of a sudden the roof fell in, and the burning carcass of the dwelling hurled a great plume of sparks into the air amid a cloud of smoke.

The country, all white, lit up by the fire, shone like a cloth of silver tinted with red.

A bell, far off, began to toll.

The old "Sauvage" remained standing before her ruined dwelling, armed with her gun, her son's gun, for fear lest one of those men might escape.

When she saw that it was ended she threw her weapon into the brasier. A loud report rang back.

People were coming, the peasants, Prussians.

They found the woman seated on the trunk of a tree, calm and satisfied.

A German officer, who spoke French like a son of France, demanded of her:

"Where are your soldiers?"

She extended her thin arm towards the red heap of fire which was gradually going out, and she answered with a strong voice:

"There."

They crowded round her. The Prussian asked:

"How did it take fire?"

She said:

"It was I who set it on fire."

They did not believe her, they thought that the sudden disaster had made her crazy, so while all pressed round and listened she told the thing from one end to the other, from the arrival of the letter to the last cry of the men who were burned with her house. She did not forget a detail of all which she had felt, nor of all which she had done.

When she had finished she drew two pieces of paper from her pocket, and to distinguish them by the last glimmers of the fire, she again adjusted her spectacles; then she said, showing one: "That, that is the death of Victor." Showing the other, she added, indicating the red ruins with a bend of the head: "That, that is their names, so that you can write home." She calmly held the white sheet out to the officer, who held her by the shoulders, and she continued:

"You must write how it happened, and you must say to their mothers that it was I who did that, Victoire Simon, la Sauvage! Do not forget."

The officer shouted some orders in German. They seized her, they threw her against the walls of the house, still hot. Then twelve men drew up quickly before her at twenty paces. She did not move. She had understood; she waited.

An order rang out, followed instantly by a long report. A belated shot went off by itself after the others.

The old woman did not fall. She sank as though they had mowed her off her legs.

The Prussian officer approached. She was almost cut in two, and in her withered hand she held her letter bathed in blood.

My friend Serval added:

"It was by way of reprisal that the Germans destroyed the chateau of the district, which belonged to me."

As for me, I thought of the mothers of those four gentle fellows burned in that house, and of the atrocious heroism of that other mother shot against the wall.

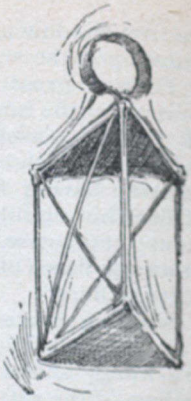
And I picked up a little stone, still blackened by the flames.

HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS LIVED;

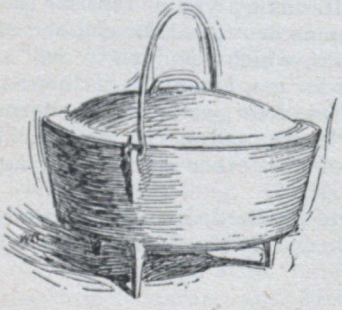
OR,

GLIMPSES OF CANADIAN PIONEER LIFE

By FRANK YEIGH



BUT a century has been required to revolutionize the way of living in the English-speaking part of Canada. Rural Quebec has felt the revolution to a much less degree, but in Ontario the change from the conditions of life of a hundred years ago has been a radical one. It is, indeed, difficult to realize in this age of rapid transportation, applied science and ready accessibility to the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, that these simpler times of our forbears are not more remote. Mr. Goldwin Smith —now an octogenarian—bridged his span of life when, in a reminiscent mood, he was able to say: "I have talked with a man who talked to the man who was Premier of England in 1801—to Addington about Pitt. I remember the rejoicing in England over the Reform Bill. I remember seeing the farm-buildings near my father's house burned by raiders who opposed the introduction of threshing machines. I recall, as a lad, seeing the servants light the fire with a tinder box. I have seen a man in the stocks. I have heard the curfew. I taught his present Majesty King Edward English History when he was a lad."



BAKE KETTLE

In like manner there are thousands still living in our own land who have passed through experiences similar to those here related; there are many more, of a later generation, who have had the domestic life of the early nineteenth century brought vividly to mind by these aged eye-witnesses.

The advantages in thus recalling some of the ways in which our grandfathers lived are obvious. The comparison will serve as a basis for estimating the distance we have advanced in little more than two generations. It should, moreover, lead us to recognize more fully the debt we owe to those valiant pioneers for the brave battles they fought under adverse conditions. If Canada should ever have a Hall of Fame or a Roll of Immortals, these humble foundation-builders would deserve a niche equally with the heroes of the battle-field or the leaders of State.

One may further realize the former days by recalling that Canadians of 1800 had no railways, no steamboats, no highways, in the modern sense, no telegraphs or telephones, no harnessed electricity, no "horseless horse cars," no automobiles (thank Heaven !). They were practically without clergymen,

doctors, judges or lawyers, and the schoolmaster was not yet abroad in the land. The abundant crop of parliamentary representatives of to-day (over 700 in all the legislative bodies of Canada) had not then begun to sprout in earnest. There was little money in circulation with which to carry on business; there were no stores to speak of, and consequently no bargain days! There was no gas and no such thing as a match; the flint and steel, or the brimstone-tipped pine stick was relied upon for starting the flame. There were no envelopes, no blotting-paper, no steel pens, and the sand box was in requisition to dry the ink; in fact, there was a sad lack of what we in this wiser generation regard as essentials.

But there were compensating advantages: a simplicity and wholesomeness of life that ensured health and length of days; so long a life that an old family record speaks of the "premature" death of a man of 84! There was a rational enjoyment of God's best blessings of nature, a hearty, unaffected social life, and a sound moral sense of right and justice. There was mutual self-help, a hospitality that was not measured by motive, a burdened table of good things where it was bad form to refuse what was offered, no matter what nature's penalty might be. In a word, a sane mode of life was lived that produced strong men and brave women.

Brave in truth were our grandmothers—brave in what they endured in the loneliness and isolation of pioneer life; in the dangers, too, when the weird howl of the hungry wolf was heard in the forest near the clearing, or when the stealthy-stepping Indian would glide like an apparition, unheralded and unannounced, into the log home. Brave were they in the spirit in which sorrows were borne and testing trials met.

The ladies of a century ago did not, fortunately, have to rely upon the fashion-plates of a daily paper. Native feminine talent transformed their limited material into serviceable garments. At first the hides of the fur-bearing animals, obtained from the Indians in barter, were the chief source of clothing supply. One can easily imagine that a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-built lassie of 1800 would, when clad in deerskin petticoats and skirts and squirrel-skin bonnet, break masculine hearts quite as disastrously as if she had worn creations of a modern modiste. And the utility of a deerskin petticoat, that could not be torn by a rough journey through the woods, or the turning of a deerskin suit into a warm bed-cover at night, will commend itself to every feminine descendant of our mothers' mothers.

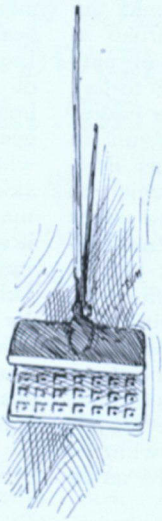
A MACHINE FOR BREAKING THE FLAX—USUALLY KNOWN AS A HACKLE.

No fancy-pointed patent shoes dressed their feet, for there were no tanners, and for many a year no shoemaker, until itinerant St. Crispins came on the scene—shoemakers on circuit, like the preacher and the schoolmaster of the early days. They were the days, indeed, when the settler was a many-sided character, for he was perforce carpenter and blacksmith and shoemaker and tailor if need be rolled in one.

Let us draw back the curtains of Time and peep into a pioneer log home. The rough-walled retreat is but rudely furnished and its floor is carpeted with skins or rag-carpets. A ladder leads

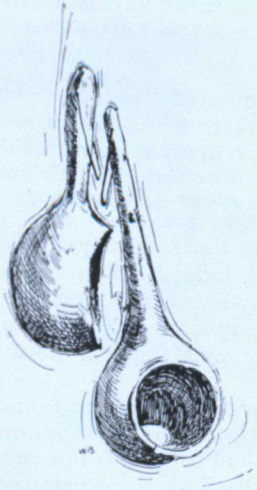
to the attic, where any number of men-folk can be stowed away at night-time. The hearthstone is the altar of the home, and seated in a semi-circle around it are its priestesses. Busy, busy, always busy are the women-folk, amid a buzz of talk that mingles with the hum of the distaff or the song of the spinning-wheel.

There sits Grandmother in front of the deeply recessed fireplace which glows cheerily red from the giant back log that required the strength of a horse to draw it to the cabin door. A benediction is in Grandmother's placid face, an inspiration in her smile, and evident peace of heart under her quaint starched cap. Stirring tales the dear old mother can tell—of the flight of her Loyalist family from the New England home to the shores of Quinte, involving hardships that show what stuff Grandmother was made of! Tales too of the trials of the first days in the new land, when a fresh start in life had to be made.



WAFFLE IRONS

There too sits the dear Mother in homespun, and even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so Mother, by the loadstone of love, attracts her brood to her skirts. All the bonny children are early taught to work. That we can see as we gaze into the interior, to spin and sew if they be girls; to fashion tools and implements if they be boys. To the right is a group of daughters, breaking, scutching and spinning flax from which will come the table linen and wearing apparel that will last a lifetime. Sewing and knitting machines are unknown, but Nature's deft hands are the implements that produce the best of goods. So work away the lassies.



GOURD DIPPERS

What a wonder-palace the log-ribbed room is! Who would ever dream that such an inventory of articles could be crowded in the little apartment! On the fireplace shelf are the heirlooms in crockery, travelled crockery mind you, for it has seen foreign lands and crossed the Atlantic in a clipper ship and afterwards heard the cannon of a Revolution. The light of the burning logs is added to by the tallow dips and the candles, and there, sure enough, is the candle box and the candle mould. The gourd dipper hangs from its nail, and the skimmer for use in the sugaring off is its neighbour. They have often worked together in the maple woods. Shining warming pans speak of warm feet. Waffle irons too, and I'll warrant the waffles tasted as good as the word suggests. And by the same token, I'll wager the hand-made tooth puller gave as much pain as its black outline and size indicate. Strong enough it appears to pull the molar of a mastodon.

Ah, what is this? Shocking, shocking,—a toddy ladle, as brazen in its boldness as the capacious punch bowl itself! Pewter plates, mugs and spoons are in a military line. Spoons of wood too and forks of iron and buck-handled knives that saw action three times a day. And there is a contrivance for cutting loaf sugar in the days when it was sold in large chunks.

All these utensils and many more are dignified by a place on the shelf. Above hang hand-made lanterns. Old guns that invariably kicked—and killed. Powder horns, discoloured with years of use. A tin dinner horn of prodigious length that has called many

a labourer from the stump-strewn fields to his meals. Axe heads, a score of them it seems, and the oldest boy over in the corner, whittling something, can sink the biggest axe of the lot up to its hilt in a soft elm or maple at one blow, for those were the days of muscle —applied muscle.

The apple-parer and bone gouge for coring the apples bring up visions of the days of the social bee—apple bees, husking bees, quilting bees, logging and clearing and barn raising bees—all of them times of social gayety, especially when the wandering fiddler could be waylaid for the events. Good old-fashioned fun did our grandfolks get out of life on these great occasions, even though the wag-at-the-wall clock solemnly ticked its disapproval.

The bushy-browed settler bends to stir up the slumbering fire with the long-handled poker, for a fierce heat is radiated from the deep bed of embers, and as the eye follows his movements it catches sight of the world of pots and pans and kettles that swing from the great cranes. If we are patient we will later have a glimpse of the sacred hour of cooking in the old log cabin palace of peace; we will see, too, how the mothers of the former time did without new fangled cooking stoves and gas ranges and patent ovens and cook books and ready-to-be-eaten mysteries. In this old bake kettle is being placed a big batch of dough, and kettle and contents are then buried in the red-hot ashes, and covered, lid and all, with the glowing embers.

What stores of goodies issue from the hearth! Cookies—what a world of meaning the word still holds! Cakes, corn and wheat and honey and pound cakes. Pies, deep, luscious, abiding! Pasties, meat pasties at that, the receipt for which came from Devon. And the pasties have the finest of browned juice on the curled-up edges of the paste. Honey in the comb. That implies bees and bee-keeping, and the blowing of horns and pounding of tin cans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. But there are more good things in this ancient menu, such as apple tarts and apple sauce, and dried-apple dishes in galore; pease puddings, sourkrout, ginger bread, fat fowl roasted on the turning spits, meats fried in the long-handled pans to a cheerful tune from the spluttering gravy, like unto the succulent sound that Tiny Tim must have heard when the pudding sang in its kettle on that mythical Christmas of long ago.

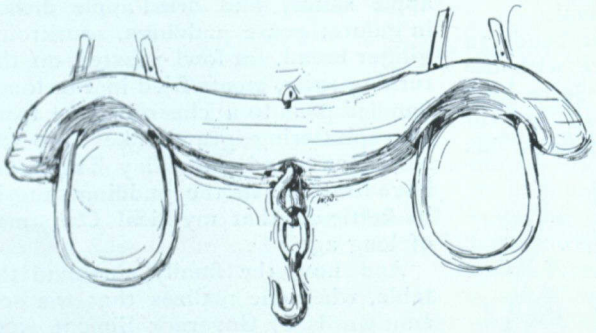
AN EARLY FRYING-PAN

And now the family surround the table, when one realizes that the solemn words of Governor Simcoe were true, "that the spirit of the young country seemed to be in favour of men who dined in common with their servants!" Poor Simcoe, and

"The world of pots and pans and kettles"

he trying to plant a modified aristocracy in the land by appointing military officers to government positions!

These early century menus sometimes meant sacrifice and cost, when the settler had to carry his limited store of wheat a hundred miles or more to the nearest mill in order to bring back a precious supply of flour. Nature, however, was often prodigal in her gifts of food when the wild fruits were in abundance, and game and fish abounded. But there was not always a full pantry. Terrible must have been the experiences of the Hungry Year of 1788 in Canada, when the frogs saved many a life from starvation, and the newly-planted potato had to be dug up and eaten. There were times, too, when the wheat froze in the head and wheat bread was in consequence an absent article of diet. On other occasions the government supply trains were overtaken by the winter and frozen up, as a result of which the settlers who were depending upon the expected stock were compelled to have recourse to the buds of basswood trees, and beef bones were loaned from neighbour to neighbour as stock for soup. Both the white men and the Indian relied much upon the animal and fish life. The waters teemed with fish as the air with birds, and the woods with small game as well as deer and moose. There was no limit to the wild ducks, especially along the water stretches of the Quinte shore. Famous sport had our grandfathers when they were young, shooting black squirrels, trapping wild pigeons, spearing salmon, or scooping them up in prodigious numbers. The skilful red man was wont to spear the fish by torchlight as he stood alert in the prow of his canoe. The hunting of the larger game and the attempt to exterminate the wolves also led to many an exciting adventure in the depths of a Canadian forest.



THE OX-BOW WHICH PLAYED SO LARGE A PART IN CLEARING THE FOREST LANDS OF EASTERN CANADA

Eating has ever gone with drinking, and the toddy ladle we saw in the cabin home forces the further truth to be chronicled that in the beginning days of Canada's life whisky drinking was not unknown; when, in fact, it was consumed by the bowl full, and when a man's standard of capacity was placed at two quarts. At twenty-five cents per quart the cost was not excessive. For years there was but one distillery between York and Kingston, and as an accessory to the stronger liquid, as soon as orchards began to bear, the cider jug was a feature of the capacious cellars, along with the barrels of winter apples and the bins of roots and vegetables.

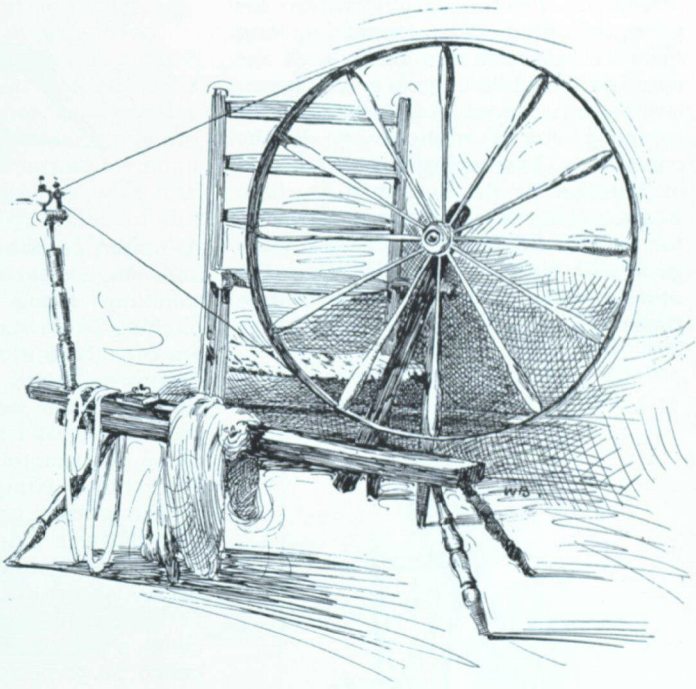
Drinking was a feature of the various "bees." On the occasion of a barn raising a man would mount the top plate of the skeleton structure, swing a bottle three times around his head and throw it in the air. If it fell unbroken it meant good luck, evidencing one of the many superstitions prevalent in the early times. Other forms of superstitions were the supposed sight of a winding sheet in a candle flame, or that the howling of a dog at the moon meant trouble for the inmates of the house, or when a sudden shudder came over one it foretold that an enemy was walking over the spot which would later be one's grave. May was regarded as an unlucky month in which to be married, and it was equally unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon.

Speaking of weddings reminds one that there was marrying and giving in marriage in the same pioneer times. The courting was sometimes carried on in Indian fashion, when the fair Hebe would run through the forest in a pretended effort to escape the pursuing lover, who invariably caught his victim. A kiss was the sign of victory, and the wedding soon after closed the romantic chapter.

There were difficulties innumerable in the way of these trusty hearts of old. For years there were scarce half a score of clergymen of the established church in Upper Canada authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. A few magistrates held the same power. To-day all that a modern lover needs is a two-dollar bill for a license—and a girl! But in 1800 and thereabouts the happy couples were sometimes compelled to travel long distances on foot or on horseback to wait on minister or magistrate. An interesting tale of early Canadian life records the fact that rings were as scarce as clergymen or magistrates. One official, rather than turn away an ardent couple that had walked twenty miles to his settlement, found on a primitive pair of skates a rough steel ring. Though a homely substitute the bride was told she must perforce wear it to make the ceremony binding, and wear it she did for many a long year thereafter, and the trophy is a highly-prized heirloom among her descendants to-day.

It is interesting to read in this connection of the dowries of our grandmothers. A generous one was a piece of land, a colt, a heifer, a yoke of steers, two sheep, some pigs, a linen chest with bed and bedding and feather ticks, crockery and cutlery and some hand-made furniture. The wedding fee stood for a long time at one dollar.

All the furniture of the time was perforce hand-made, such as chairs with elm-back seats, tables of rough hewn boards, and bedsteads—four posters—cut from the native lumber. Sometimes the baby's cradle was the sap trough of the sugar season, but lined with blankets and resting on rockers, our pioneer babies slept soundly and never did the trough hold a sweeter burden.

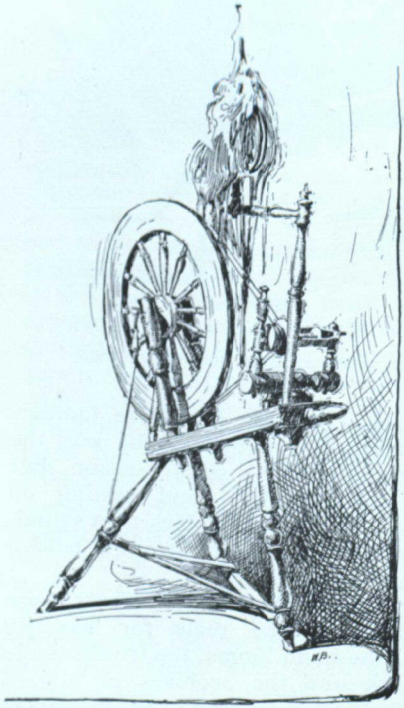


A SPINNING WHEEL USED BY OUR GRANDMOTHERS

Practically all the implements were hand-made — the reels for winding yarn, the hand looms, the trunks made of bark and the beehives of plaited straw, the plows with wooden frames and wrought iron mould boards, the

primitive harrows made of the butt end of a tree which the oxen hauled around the stumps in the process of "bushing in." Scythes, cradles and flails were the precursors of mowers, reapers and threshing machines. The wheat was sometimes ground at home by pounding or crushing it in the burnt-out hollow of a stump, a block of wood attached to a springing pole acting as a pestle in the mortar cavity.

The ways our grandfathers travelled is in interesting contrast with modern methods. The horseback way was for years the only means of covering long distances through the bush, with the oats in the saddle bags, a gun or tomahawk for weapons, and provision for camping out if night overtook the traveller. Journeying by water was in bateaux or flat-bottomed Durham boats. After a time, along with better roads, came the springless waggons with boxes resting directly on the axles and chairs for the use of the passengers in the body-racking journey.



A SMALLER-SIZED SPINNING WHEEL

A YARN REEL

A writer describes the old waggons and stage coaches "as rolling and tumbling along a detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm, with road knee-deep in mud and an impenetrable forest on either side." It of necessity took weeks of time to cover the distance, for example, between York and Kingston or Niagara.

The market prices for commodities also throw a suggestive light on the days of our grandfathers. An ancient price list of 1804, quoted by Canniff Haight, reads as follows: A gimlet 50 cents, a padlock $1.50, a jack knife $1, calico, $1.50 per yard; tea, eight to ten shillings a pound, Halifax currency; needles, a penny each; ball of cotton, 7d; board of pigs, $1 a week; an axe, $2.50; salt, 6d a lb.

The early store was a departmental store in miniature, and bartering was the chief feature of trade. An old lady of my acquintance has told of buying a farm with a saddle, and a yoke of oxen in another case was traded for 200 acres of land. Butter, cheese, homespun clothing, lumber, pork, ox hides, molasses, shingles and potash were a widely varied list of articles used in trading. In the Talbot Settlement in 1817 it took eighteen

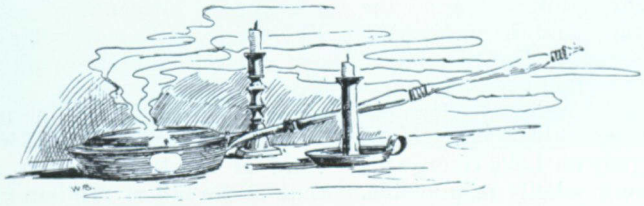
bushels of wheat to buy a barrel of salt and one bushel of wheat for a yard of cotton. The first clocks were $40 each. Before the clock days a line was cut in the floor, and when the sun's rays reached the meridian height they were cast along this mark through a crack in the door to indicate the noon hour.

Pens cost thirty cents each, but the easily secured quill long held its supremacy. Postage was payable according to distance—not exceeding sixty miles, 4d; 100 miles, 7d; 200 miles, 9d; and greater distances in proportion.

One should not forget in this picture of pioneer life the first church, with men and women sitting on opposite sides, when the circuit rider made his infrequent visits and preached sermons of a length commensurate with the rarity of their delivery. One of the humorous bits of the early Upper Canadian archives is the request sent to London that a "pious" missionary be sent out to the benighted settlers of Upper Canada. The first log school houses also deserve a word, with the huge box stove in the centre around which long wooden benches were ranged, too high for the feet of the toddlers to reach the floor. Tired and sleepy, the tiny students sometimes created a panic by tumbling off their uncomfortable perch!

The administration of justice was accomplished under arduous conditions. There were few gaols or courthouses; accommodation for jurors, lawyers and others was most limited, and many a trial was held under the trees or in a tent. Jurors were often compelled to journey fifty miles or more, and to take ten or more days before returning home. When the first gaol was built in York it was made large enough to hold debtors as well as criminals of a deeper dye, the gaoler receiving 5s. a day salary, and 1s. 3d daily for the maintenance of each prisoner.

Such are some of the glimpses of early Canadian days. All honour to our sturdy pioneers for the work they accomplished, the characters they evolved, and the rich heritage they passed on to their children. May we of the twentieth century be as true to our conscience and country as our grandfathers—and grandmothers!



WIND SONG

BY INGLIS MORSE

PLAY out thy song, O wind of Time,
O wind of a thousand years!
Life's solemn joys and falling tears
Are in thy voice sublime.

Play out, O wind, play out thy song,
To hopes that have forever fled
Into the land of the long lost dead,
Whither have passed earth's throng!

Play out thy song of olden days,
Of dreams that nevermore shall be:
In murmuring repose, both full and free,
Now haste thee on thy various ways!

CHAPTER VII—LOW EBB OF BRITISH FORTUNES—MILITARY APATHY IN MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN COLONIES—OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN CANADA—MAGNETIC INFLUENCE OF PITT ON BRITISH AFFAIRS—WOLFE AND AMHERST—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG—REJOICINGS IN ENGLAND—1757-1758.

LOUDON, it will be remembered, received the fateful news from Fort William Henry while yet upon the ocean, and it must have been a bitter moment when he realized how completely he had been outgeneralled. For the bloodless failure in Nova Scotia he could blame others; for the bloody tragedy on Lake George his own tactics were wholly responsible. He relieved his temper by vowing vengeance against Montcalm as an abettor of savages and murderers, and sent word by a fast-sailing craft to Webb to hold out at Fort Edward till he could send him reinforcements. It was the last of August when he landed his troops at New York. But the French, as we have seen, had, for urgent reasons, abandoned all attempts at an advance up the Hudson, and had returned in part to Canada to save the harvest, and in part to Ticonderoga to make that post secure. Loudon is supposed even now to have cherished thoughts of attacking the French fortress, but if so he soon abandoned them on a closer view of the situation. In intention he was the very soul of energy; in execution he remains, whether from his fault or his ill-fortune, the typical sluggard of the Seven Years' War in America.

Sir William Johnson had joined Webb at Fort Edward, with a small band of his Indians, just about the time of the fall of William Henry, and a day or two after, but all too late, raw militia had begun to pour in by the hundred. Their behaviour, however, was so mutinous, and their conduct so riotous, that Webb was glad enough to dispense with such troops and disband them, now that their services were no longer needed.

Only one incident of moment marked this depressing autumn of a year of disgrace and failure, and that of a kind by no means calculated to lighten the general gloom on the Mohawk River. Near those forts that Webb had, it will be remembered, destroyed in his panic after the fall of Oswego, was a

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

To whose energy and determination much of the later success of the war was due

colony of thrifty Palatine Germans. Far behind civilization, in this beautiful and fertile valley, these industrious settlers had been labouring for forty years, and were now a community of some three hundred souls, well situated in comfortable homesteads and tilling valuable farms. It was a popular creed among French-Canadians that the Germans of the British colonies were dissatisfied—a queer delusion in regard to people who revelled in an independence far more novel to them than to Englishmen. By way of encouraging other Germans to crave for the paternal government of France, one, De Bellaitre, was despatched by Vaudreuil with a hundred Canadians and two hundred Indians to read them a lesson. Paddling up the St. Lawrence from Montreal, past the now familiar Thousand Islands into Lake Ontario, they struck southward to Lake Oneida, crossed the portage of the Mohawk watershed, and fell suddenly upon the unhappy Teutons, killing every man that resisted, destroying their live stock, and carrying off

more than a hundred women and children into captivity. A small British detachment from Fort Herkimer hurried up, but they were too late, and in any case too weak. Lord Howe, commanding further down at Schenectady, was strong enough, but he arrived much too late and found nothing but the smoking ruins of homesteads and hundreds of slaughtered sheep and cattle.

In the meanwhile, the Indian heroes of Fort William Henry, who had been almost as great a curse to their friends as to their foes, paraded their wretched prisoners at Montreal, and by no means yielded them all up to the not very insistent overtures of Vaudreuil. One of these English captives, writes Bougainville who was just then on the spot, they killed in presence of the whole town and forced his miserable companions to devour. It is even asserted by French writers that mothers were compelled to eat portions of their own children. Bougainville shuddered at the horrors he saw, but was impotent, for Canadian public opinion was lenient to these little Indian vagaries so long as other people were the victims. Bigot the Intendant, no man of war but an expert in crooked contracts, calmly stated that the savages must be kept in good humour at any cost. Vaudreuil, for his part, was quite proud of his magnanimity in purchasing, with Government brandy, the lives of men who had surrendered to his troops under signed articles; while Indians reeled in crowds about the rude streets of Montreal, insolent, offensive, drunken and dangerous.

It was a gloomy enough winter, this one of 1757-58, in the British provinces. Loudon's troops had retired to isolated snowbound forts, or to their much-grudged but no longer disputed quarters in the principal cities. It was the lowest point ever touched by Anglo-Saxon fortunes in America. Oswego and William Henry were scenes of desolation; Louisbourg was contemptuous and defiant behind its bristling rows of cannon and massive ramparts; the colonists even of New England were disheartened and disillusioned as to the invincibility of British troops, and sore both with their generals and their officers. The frontiers of the more southern colonies still ran with blood, and the labours of a generation on a belt of country nearly four hundred miles in length had been swept away. Washington, struggling almost alone with provincial legislatures, as twenty years later he struggled quite alone with the continental congress, had patiently striven to mitigate the misery. He had now been over two years at the frontier village of Winchester, in the valley of Virginia, eating his heart out in vain endeavours to stem the hordes of Indians led by Frenchmen, who swarmed across the stricken borders of the middle colonies. "I have been posted," he wrote in the preceding spring, "for more than twenty months on our cold and barren frontiers to perform, I think I may say, an impossibility; that is, to protect from the cruel incursions of a crafty, savage enemy a line of inhabitants more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent, with a force inadequate to the task." He was still only twenty-five, but a head and shoulders above any colonial soldier outside New England. He had no chance of gain or glory with his thousand or so "poor whites," ill-paid and discontented, and recruited wilh infinite difficulty. His officers were often of no better discipline. One of them, he tells us, sent word on being ordered to his post, that he could not come, as his wife, his family and his corn crop all required his attention. "Such," says Washington, in a white heat, "is the example of the officers, such the behaviour of the men, and upon such circumstances the safety of this country depends." Three colonies, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, with some half-million whites, to say nothing of rude and populous North Carolina, could only wring from this large population a wretched, half-hearted militia of 2,000 men, recruited largely from the burnt-out victims of the frontier. Where, one may well ask, were the

squires of Virginia and Maryland, who swarmed along the eastern counties of both provinces, and whose comfortable homesteads reached to within a hundred miles of the scene of this bloody war, of their fellow-countrymen's long agony, and of the impudent invasion of their country? To mention a dozen or two young men of this class who rallied to Washington, would only be to aggravate the case, if such were possible, in the face of these statistics. Men of substance and education, accustomed to horse and gun, "outdoor" men in fact or nothing, were quietly staying at home by thousands unstirred by feelings of patriotism or vengeance, and apparently untouched by the clash of arms and the ordinary martial instincts of youth. Their grandfathers had fought; their sons were to fight; their descendants were in the last civil war to be among the bravest of the brave. What was this generation doing at such a moment? Washington, whose local patriotism no one will dispute, and whose example shone like a beacon light amid the gloom, cursed them often and soundly in his letters for doing nothing. It was fortunate for these colonies that Pitt came forward to save them. The people of Maryland and Virginia are more than most other Americans proud

SQUERRYES COURT, NEAR WESTERHAM, KENT—HERE A CENOTAPH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE WOLFE, A BOY OF FIFTEEN, PLAYING WITH HIS MATES, RECEIVED THE ENVELOPE CONTAINING HIS COMMISSION IN THE ARMY

GENERAL AMHERST
FROM REYNOLD'S STEEL ENGRAVING

of their ancestry—not because they were thrifty merchants, for they ignored commerce; not because they were famous navigators, for they were not sea-goers; not because they were thrifty farmers who made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, for they were sad economists in this respect. The sentiment is by way of being that which holds good in Europe, and regards ancestry in the accepted sense of the word as synonymous with an aptitude for arms. But the tobacco squires of the Seven Years' War were lamentably wanting in those generous and martial impulses which supply almost the only motive for pride of race, and quite the only one where high culture and learning are absent, as was here the case. There is no traversing the facts; they are bare and patent, and it has always seemed to us one of the most unaccountable incidents of American history. Think of South Africa to-day, and, indeed, the parallel is not an inapt one, save that in the racial struggle for North America the prize was greater. Think of the colonists of every class so lately crowding by thousands to the front, though none of their women, children or friends have been scalped and murdered. Indeed, for that matter, turn to Massachusetts at that day, who alone sent to the front ten or fifteen thousand close-fisted, industrious farmers, men whose labour was their daily bread, and whose absence from the homestead was, for the most part, a serious matter.

"Nothing," wrote Washington, "keeps me from resignation but the imminent danger to my country. The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

Washington was giving up a life of ease and comfort, neglecting an estate to whose management he was greatly attached, and those field sports which, next to fighting, were the passion of his life. Here, however, on this shaggy blood-stained frontier, without

means to fight effectively, neither glory nor even thanks were to be gained. He lost his temper more than once, and wrote incontrovertible but imprudent letters to the Virginian authorities at Williamsburg, falling thereby into the bad books of the gentlemen who regarded the state of the frontier with such prodigious equanimity. At one time an obscure Maryland captain of thirty men, who held a king's commission, had claimed precedence of the young colonel and commander of the Western Frontier. Washington had then ridden the whole way to Boston—four hundred miles—to put the matter straight with Shirley, then in chief authority, and ensure against its recurrence.

ADMIRAL EDWARD BOSCAWEN
AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. REYNOLDS

The Canadians, too, had suffered greatly this winter. The troops were reduced to small rations of horse flesh, and only the tact and ability of de Lévis averted a general mutiny. The small social circles of Quebec and Montreal, however, lacked for nothing, but danced and dined, and intrigued and sleighed in merry parties along the frozen river or through the silent pine woods white with their load of snow. The Bureaucracy, with Bigot at their head, followed with unabated ardour their career of fraud and trickery. Never were a king and his subjects more flagrantly cheated. They sold their provisions sent from France for the relief of the colony and pocketed the money. They fixed the price of grain by law, bought it all up, and then retailed it at famine prices. They sold Government supplies twice over in collusion with the officers who had to sign the receipts. They purchased supplies for the king's use through so many confederate hands, that the price was three or four times that originally paid for the articles. They intercepted food granted by the king to the hapless Acadian refugees, sold the larger part back to his Majesty at high prices, and half starved the miserable outcasts on what was left. The command of an outlying fort was regarded as equivalent to a small fortune, and bestowed accordingly on friends and relatives. The usual method was to give vouchers for twice or three times the amount of stores actually purchased, and to exchange the Government presents sent to the Indians for skins or furs. It may well be asked, What was Montcalm himself, the soul of honour, saying to all this? As a matter of fact, his position under de Vaudreuil, who was

himself mixed up in the frauds, was sufficiently delicate to make interference difficult. But Montcalm did take means to acquaint the home Government, already suspicious of the vast sums of money demanded, with the condition of affairs, and their eyes gradually opened. It is not perhaps wholly to be wondered that France lost some of her enthusiasm for an offspring that tugged so incessantly at the strings of her almost empty purse, and showed so little profit for the investment. The letters to Vaudreuil from his Government at last grew harsh and threatening, as the rascality of the whole business began to dawn on the hitherto credulous Ministers of Marine. But it was too late. Pitt was about to settle down to the greatest work ever achieved by a British Minister. The colony was now entering a death-struggle in which ledgers and vouchers would be for the time forgotten; and there is good reason to suppose that many a tell-tale document went to feed the flames which the British torch or shell fire had ignited. But the corruption of the Canadian civil officials, and a great number of the colony officers, did not interfere with the actual fighting power of the military machine, which was itself a hardy plant. Food and clothes and ammunition for men on active service were always forthcoming. If they had not been, Montcalm would have asked the reason why, with a forcible authority, such as in civil affairs he could not call to his aid.

It was at the opening of the ever-memorable year of 1758 that Pitt, free at last from the shackles of his predecessor's plans and his predecessor's generals, applied his great gifts to the task before him. Great Britain was sunk in despondency. Chesterfield declared we were "no longer a nation." If any man had asserted that in two or three years we should take our place at the head of all nations, never as a world-power to again relinquish it, he would have been accounted as fit only for Bedlam. Many, though they could not know what we do now of the then state of France and Canada, thought we should be stripped of all influence, if not of all foothold in America, while the fear in England of a French invasion returned as regularly as the summer leaves.

To free his mind of all paltry cares, Pitt had flung the sordid part of government to Newcastle, who revelled in it. It was part of his bargain that where the honour or the safety of the nation were at stake his word was law, his appointments indisputable; and he proceeded at once with fine audacity to make hay of privilege, of family interest, of seniority. The incapables were relegated to obscurity, and those who might have caused annoyance were soothed by Newcastle with pensions, compliments, or honours, which most of them perhaps preferred to service in America. Small pay and brevet rank for his servants seems to have been, too, a sop that Pitt felt it advisable, for the sake of peace, to throw to the long list of rejected generals, who seem therein to have found some strange consolation. Fortunately, Pitt's young men had, for the most part, souls above titles or lucre, though Wolfe was hard pushed for necessary money; and his widowed mother, after his death, made futile representations to the Government for some financial recognition of the work done by the conqueror of Quebec. Pitt's plans were not merely to reduce France to her legitimate sphere in America and make her harmless against Great Britain in Europe, but to drive her wholly from the western hemisphere, to wrest from her every possession she had outside her own borders, to leave her crushed, humiliated, and powerless for aggression.

To this end he appealed with impassioned fervour to the heart of England, and by a genius unequalled in our history, and that seems to us who have not seen or heard him, almost magical, brought an apparently half-moribund nation into an ecstasy of patriotic ardour. Every one who approached the great statesman caught the inspiration, and every man in Eng-

land who had a heart at all felt the blood coursing more briskly through it. Those whom Pitt called especially to serve him and maintain the nation's honour went to the camp or to the wilderness with an enthusiasm for their chief and country, and a sense of exhilaration that had for long been almost wholly lacking.

With Pitt's assistance in Europe to the gallant Frederick of Prussia we have nothing to do. It will be sufficient to say that the Duke of Cumberland's reverses were fully avenged, and the French repulsed at every point.

As for the American campaign, which constitutes our story, there was not much opening for strategic ingenuity. As I have endeavoured, with perhaps undue reiteration, to make clear, there were certain routes through the northern wilderness by which French and English could seriously attack each other, and none other. There was nothing new, therefore, in Pitt's American programme for 1758 but the men who were to carry it out and the kind of spirit which animated them. Above all, there was the enthusiasm with which the people of England—particularly of that substantial but unrepresented middle class to whom Pitt's personality appealed—supported him with heart and purse.

Loudon had abandoned the only true path of American warfare, probably because his predecessor, Shirley, a civilian, had planned it, and, as we have seen, left New York almost defenceless in a vain attempt to gather laurels upon distant shores. It was no thanks to him that the colony was still in British hands, and Pitt now recalled him with contemptuous brevity. It is only to be regretted that Abercromby did not sail in the same ship. The excuse put forward for making such concession to routine in the matter of this luckless officer is, that Pitt felt secure in the fact that the young Lord Howe, one of the most rising soldiers and most estimable characters in the British army, would be at his right hand; but, however probable, this is, after all, but a matter of conjecture.

Ticonderoga, Fort Duquesne and Louisbourg were to be the objects this year of three separate expeditions. Of the first, Abercromby, now in America, was to be in command; and of the second, Brigadier Forbes, a Scottish soldier of merit and energy. Louisbourg was made a matter of prime importance, as the fleet was to co-operate. Amherst, a colonel serving in Germany, was recalled to take command of the land force with the rank of General, and under him went three brigadiers—Lawrence, whom we have met before in Nova Scotia; Whitmore, of whom little was known, and lastly, in a good hour, James Wolfe.

As Wolfe's name is the most luminous by far in the annals of the war, a few words on the previous record of this illustrious young soldier will not be amiss. He was of that Anglo-Irish stock which has given to the nation so many leaders, though his particular branch of the family had been back in England again for two or three generations when the hero himself was born. His father was a general in the army, who in youth had seen service under Marlborough, and in advanced middle age, after Walpole's long peace, took the field again in South America and Scotland.* His mother was a Miss Thompson, daughter of a Yorkshire squire. The Wolfes had just taken a small but picturesque Tudor house which still stands in the outskirts of the little Kentish town of Westerham, where their eldest son, James, was born. There he and his brother, who died in his first campaign, spent their early youth. In the gardens of Squerryes Court, close by, an inscribed cenotaph marks the spot where the hero of the Plains of Abraham received the envelope containing his first commission while playing with his friends the Wardes, whose descendants still live there, and in the stately Queen Anne mansion are still treasured those hundred and seventy or so well written and characteristic

*Wolfe's father went north with Wade in the '45 as a General of Division, though very infirm and taking little part in the operations.

BURNING OF THE LAST TWO FRENCH SHIPS IN LOUISBOURG HARBOUR BY BRITISH SAILORS—JULY, 1758

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING IN TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

letters in which the young soldier unconsciously tells the story of his life.

There is an old Welsh legend relating how Owen Glyndwr, while still a babe in arms, if he caught sight of a sword or a spear, gave those in charge of him no peace till it was placed in his infant fingers. Wolfe, not in legendary lore, but in actual deed, was only less precocious in his martial ardour; for when his father, then commanding a regiment of marines, was waiting in camp to embark on the luckless expedition against Carthagena, the boy—then just thirteen—brushing aside his mother's tears and entreaties, and overcoming his father's less pronounced objections, actually succeeded in getting himself attached to the regiment as a volunteer. Happily they were not yet on board when he was seized with some childish malady and sent home again, and put to school.

At fifteen, however, Wolfe actually received his commission, and joined Duroure's, or the 12th regiment of foot. At sixteen he fought in the battle of Dettingen, acting as adjutant throughout the whole of that sanguinary day, which his boyish pen has graphically described. Proud of his profession and of his country, fearless in battle and ardent in his duties, he got plenty of the work that was in those days crowded on a willing horse. At the breaking out of the Jacobite rebellion of '45, though barely nineteen, he had won his way, without backing or interest, to be brigade-major. He fought through this campaign in Barrel's regiment (the 4th foot), and afterwards on the Continent, where he was wounded at Lauffeldt. He then had some ten years of home service in command of the 20th regiment, partly in Scotland doing police work among disaffected Highlanders, and partly in southern garrisons, chafing vehemently the while at such enforced inactivity. In such times, however, he never lost an opportunity of improving himself, studying mathematics and classics, as well as military history. He fished and shot when the chance offered with equal ardour. He was fond of society, both grave and gay, was a graceful and industrious dancer, and expected his subalterns to be the latter at any rate. All Wolfe could do in the years of peace between the two wars he did do in the path of professional duty, for he left his regiment the best disciplined of any in the British army, and one much sought after by ambitious youths and prudent parents. He was a singular blend of the dashing fighter, the strict disciplinarian, the ardent student, the keen sportsman, and society man. He was religious without ostentation, studious without any taint of the prig, and brave even to recklessness.

The long, gaunt figure, the pale, homely face and red hair, of which Wolfe himself was always so humorously conscious, are a familiar memory to most people, while his wretched health is also a matter of common notoriety. He loved as ardently and as faithfully as he fought, for being unsuccessful in his first attachment—a daughter of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson of that day being the object of it—he remained for years true to her memory, and proof against all other charmers till within a few months of his death. What kind of a son he was his correspondence shows. Almost the only thing he would not do for his mother was to marry any of the heiresses that excellent lady was in the habit of pressing upon his notice. In 1757 he had been sent as fourth in command of the luckless expedition against Rochelle, led by Sir John Mordaunt, and was the only man that came out of it with any credit. Even this consisted only of intentions which the supineness of his chief forbade him to carry out; and that so slight an incident caught Pitt's attention is characteristic of his genius. Wolfe's professional ardour in those dull times, together with his rather uncommon temperament, made him regarded in some quarters as eccentric. Some one told George II he was mad. "Mad, is he?" snarled out the old king, soured by the recent displays of British strat-

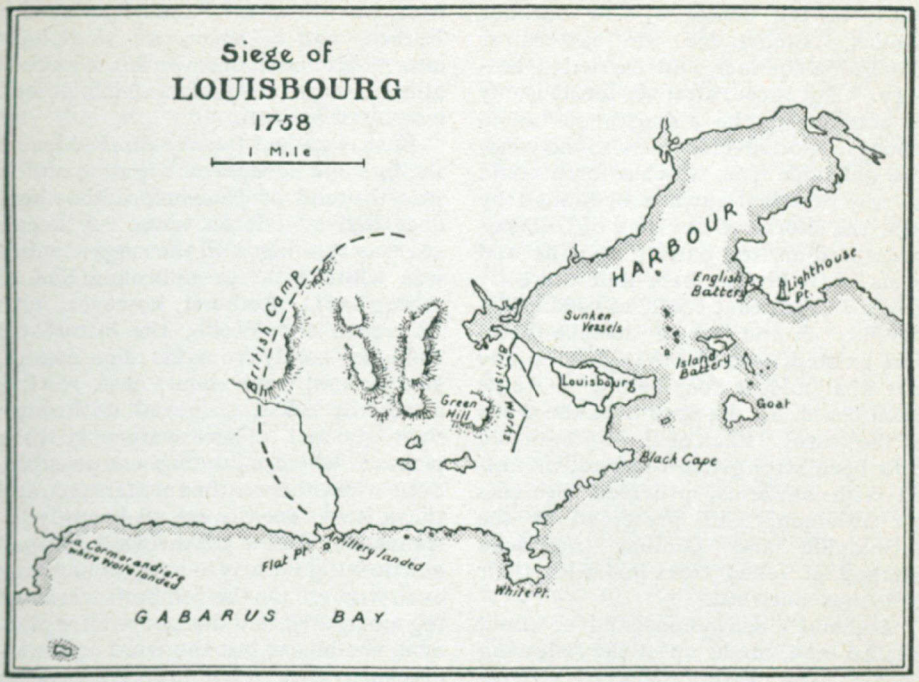
egy. "Then I only hope he'll bite some of my generals."

But Pitt's first care this year was to prevent, if possible, any men or provisions from crossing the ocean for the relief of Canada. Armaments for this purpose were known to be preparing in Rochefort and Toulon, so Hawke and Osborn were sent with sufficient ships to effectually thwart both enterprises. As a big fish chases a shoal of frightened fry on to the shallows, so Hawke drove the French fleet at Rochefort helter-skelter on to their own rocks and sandbanks, to their very great detriment, while Osborn guarded the Straits at Gibraltar, a position which the armament at Toulon did not venture to dispute.

Boscawen, who was to command the North American fleet and take Amherst's army to Louisbourg, was a son of Lord Falmouth and a grandson of that too-famous Arabella Churchill, who had married after her relationship with James II had ceased. He was therefore of the Marlborough blood; but Boscawen's nicknames of "Old Dreadnought" and "Wrynecked Dick" suggest rather the bluff seadog of the period than any flavour of coronets and courts. In any case he was known as a good sailor and, what at this moment was equally important, might be trusted to act cordially with Amherst, and not follow the too-prevalent fashion of thwarting the soldier because he himself was of the rival trade. For there was not much love lost in those days between the services, and they were both apt to show their feelings only too plainly for the public welfare when called upon to act together. The sailor, from the nature of his services on these occasions, was the greater sinner, and national enterprise, strange though it seems now, had suffered often and sorely from the friction. The naval officer of those days, as everybody knows, was, with some exceptions, a rough diamond. Taken as a class, he was not the social equal of the soldier, and this in part, no doubt, accounted for his unconciliatory attitude. But a change, both in the *personnel* and the sentiment of the navy, was now creeping in, and Boscawen amply proved his capacity for putting professional prejudice aside when the honour of his country was at stake.

It was the 19th of February, 1758, when the Admiral sailed out of the Solent with Wolfe on board and a fraction of the army which was to operate against Louisbourg. The rest of the force was to be made up by troops from Loudon's army of the previous year, which was waiting at Halifax. Amherst was to follow immediately. Buffeted by winds from the very outset, and forced for some days into Plymouth, it was nearly three months before the fleet appeared in Chebucto Bay and dropped anchor in Halifax harbour on May 10th. Quebec, of course, was in the mind of Pitt and of his generals, should fortune favour them, and that quickly, at Louisbourg; but in the matter of weather she had so far been the reverse of kind, and they had already lost a month out of their quite reasonable calculations. Amherst arrived a fortnight later, and with a fleet of nearly 200 ships of all kinds, and an army of 12,000 men, sailed out of Halifax harbour and bore away through heavy seas before a favouring wind to Louisbourg. On June 1st the soldiers had their first sight of "the Dunkirk of the North," lifting its formidable ramparts behind a white fringe of raging surf.

Louisbourg, as may perhaps have been already gathered, was no town such as Boston or New York, or even Quebec and Montreal, the focus, that is to say, of a surrounding civilization; but, on the contrary, it stood like a lone oasis between a shaggy wilderness and a grey sea, the sport of storms and fogs. It counted a population of 4,000 souls, some of whom were fish-merchants and some priests, but many were engaged in various pursuits connected with the trade of war. Louisbourg, indeed, scarcely professed to represent the interests of peace; it existed for war and for war alone. France, at the late treaty, had strained



MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT SUCCESSFUL SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE BRITISH IN JUNE AND JULY, 1758

every diplomatic nerve to recover the town from the grip of the New Englanders, who in the last war, with the help of a British fleet, had seized her in a moment of comparative weakness. England, deaf to the cries of her colonial subjects, had then yielded, and was now paying the price of her blindness. With her fine harbour, her natural defences, her commanding situation in the northern seas, Louisbourg only existed as a menace to the enemies of those who held her, a refuge to the hunted, a rallying-point for the hunters of the ocean; the scourge of Nova Scotia, the curse of the Newfoundland and New England coasts, and a name as familiar then in Europe as it is now forgotten. Since its restoration to France, a million sterling had been spent on the fortifications. Franquet, the eminent engineer, assisted by skilled artificers, had done the work, and from behind its two-mile circle of stone bastions and massive curtains of well-mortared masonry nearly 400 cannon frowned defiance upon all comers. Drucour was now governor, while about 4,000 men, mostly French or Canadian regulars, in addition to the same number of inhabitants, with a year's provisions, awaited Amherst behind the walls. But this was by no means all, for the *Sutherland*, of sixty guns, met the British fleet in the offing with the news that seven line-of-battle ships and five frigates, carrying 550 guns and 3,000 sailors, were at anchor in the harbour to assist in the defence.

Louisbourg harbour was some seven miles in circumference with an entry so blocked with reefs and islands that the actual passage was not half a mile in width. The town occupied the point of the promontory which guarded the western mouth of the harbour, and formed a triangle; one side being lashed by the breakers of the Atlantic, the other washed by the land-locked waters of the harbour, while the third, or base, facing the only approach by land, was the most strongly fortified. Goat Is-

land, in the centre of the harbour mouth, commanded the eastern or navigable channel, and carried a battery. But these, after all, formed only a portion of the strength of Louisbourg. For several miles to the west, the only side from which a force could to any practical purpose be landed by sea, the shores of the bay of Gabarus presented an iron barrier of cliffs and reefs, only broken here and there by narrow coves that could be readily defended. A first line of defence therefore existed, formidable in itself to any but the boldest foe, before a single shell could be dropped over the walls of the town. Each of these points had now been strongly intrenched, mounted with batteries, provided with pits for riflemen, and protected by the formidable and familiar American method of felled trees laid with their branches outward.

Amherst's army consisted of about 12,000 men, made up of the following corps: The 15th (Amherst's), 17th (Forbes'), 28th (Bragg's), 35th (Otway's), 40th (Hopson's), 47th (Lascelles'), 48th (Webb's), 58th (Anstruther's), the first and second battalions of the 60th or Royal Americans, and the 63rd (Fraser's Highlanders); there were also five companies of rangers and artillery, with about 140 guns of varying calibre. The Highland regiments had been recently raised by Pitt, to whom belongs the honour of converting the late enemies of the British Government into battalions that were to prove one of the most formidable of its weapons. The Royal Americans, too, whose acquaintance we have already made, were the origin of battalions no less famous in British annals. Most people, I fancy, would be surprised to hear that the 60th Rifles was first raised in America, and consisted not merely of colonists, but very largely of German colonists; so much so, indeed, that it was found advisable to procure a number of officers from Switzerland and Germany who could speak their language. Their chief, Colonel Bouquet, was a Swiss, an extremely able and accomplished officer, who was now in Pennsylvania with Forbes, and of whom we shall hear later. He has moreover left a journal of his doings in America which is well worthy of perusal.

Boscawen had twenty-three ships of the line and seventeen frigates, and it was the 2nd of June before his whole fleet arrived off the town. A heavy sea was running, and the rugged shore was white with an unbroken line of raging surf. Amherst, however, with Lawrence and Wolfe, the latter still suffering sorely from his dire enemy, seasickness, took boat, and rowing along the coast, surveyed it through their glasses. There were only three places at which a landing was possible, even when the weather moderated, and these, it was seen, were all strongly intrenched. On the 5th the wind dropped a little but gave way to a fog, which was even worse. On the 6th both wind and fog moderated, and the troops were placed in the boats, but the wind again increasing, they were ordered back to the ships. The sailors, with all the will in the world, thought gravely of any attempt to land. Boscawen sent for his captains one by one, and they were all inclined to shake their heads. A fine old sea-dog, however, one Ferguson, captain of a sixty-gun ship, the *Prince*, would have no halting, and by his vehemence turned the scale in favour of prompt action. On the evening of the 7th the wind fell slightly, the night proved clear, and soon after midnight the men were once more dropped into the boats. It had been arranged that the attack should be made in three divisions on three separate points. Lawrence and Whitmore were to threaten the two coves nearer the town, while Wolfe made the actual attack on Kennington Cove or Le Coromandiere, the farthest off, the most accessible, but also the most strongly defended, and some four miles distant from the city.

When morning broke upon the short summer night, all was ready for a start, and at sunrise the entire fleet opened such a furious cannonade as had never been heard even in those

dreary regions of strife and tempest. Under its cover the boats pushed for the shore, Wolfe and his division, as the chief actors in the scene, making for the left, where, in Kennington Cove, some twelve hundred French soldiers, with a strong battery of guns, lay securely intrenched just above the shore line and behind an abattis of fallen trees. As Wolfe's boats, rising and falling on the great Atlantic rollers, drew near the rocks, the thunder of Boscawen's guns ceased, and, the French upon shore still reserving their fire for closer quarters, there was for some time an ominous silence, broken only by the booming of the surf as it leapt up the cliffs or spouted in white columns above the sunken rocks. Heading for the narrow beach, the leading boats were within a hundred yards of it when the French batteries opened on them with a fierce hail of ball and round shot. Nothing but the heaving of the sea, say those who were there, could have saved them. Wolfe's flagstaff was shot away, and even that ardent soul shrank from leading his men further into such a murderous fire. He was just signalling to his flotilla to sheer off, when three boats on the flank, either unaware of or refusing to see the signal, were observed dashing for a rocky ledge at the corner of the cove. They were commanded by two lieutenants, Hopkins and Brown, and an ensign, Grant. These young gentlemen had caught sight of a possible landing-place at a spot protected by an angle of the cliff from the French batteries. Without waiting for orders, they sent their boats through the surf, and with little damage succeeded in landing on the slippery rocks and scrambling to temporary shelter from the French fire.

Wolfe, at once a disciplinarian and a creature of impulse, did not stand on ceremony. Feeling, no doubt, that he would himself have acted in precisely the same fashion as his gallant subalterns under like conditions, he signalled to the rest to follow their lead, setting the example himself with his own boat. The movement was successful, though not without much loss both in boats and men. The surf was strong and the rocks were sharp; many boats were smashed to pieces, many men were drowned, but the loss was not comparable to the advantage gained. Wolfe himself, cane in hand, was one of the first to leap into the surf. These were not the men of Oswego, of Lake George, of the Monongahela, of the Virginia frontier. The spirit of Pitt was already abroad, borne by the very breakers on these wild Acadian shores, and burning in the hearts of these fierce islanders, who, like their Norse ancestors of old, came out of the very surf to wrest dominion from their ancient foe. As the troops came straggling out upon the beach, full of ardour, soaked to the skin, and many of them badly bruised, Wolfe formed them rapidly in column, routed a detachment of Grenadiers, and fell immediately with the bayonet upon the French redoubts. The enemy, though picked and courageous troops, were taken aback and fled without much resistance. They had seen Amherst, too, with reinforcements, coming up behind Wolfe, and above all had noted the flotillas of Whitmore and Lawrence between them and the city, and were fearful of being cut off should these last effect a landing. The French were pursued over the rocks and through the scrubby pine-woods till the pursuers came within play of the guns of Louisbourg, which opened a heavy fire to cover the retreat. Over a hundred were killed or taken prisoners, while the loss of the British in landing was not much less.

Amherst now traced the lines of his camp along a shallow valley, watered by a small stream, which was not only out of range of the Louisbourg guns, but invisible from the walls. Here he proceeded to intrench himself, erecting blockhouses at extremities where an attack might be expected from Acadians and Micmac Indians, with which the wilderness beyond was thought to swarm. The sea, however, remained so rough that it was some days before the troops could get their tents, stores

and lighter guns on shore. It was not till about the 17th, when the weather moderated, that the siege guns could be brought from the fleet. Both services worked with a will, but their difficulties may be estimated from the fact that over a hundred boats were destroyed in the operation.

The French now drew all their men within the fortifications. A large battery of thirty guns on the opposite side of the harbour, with houses and fish stages, was destroyed by the garrison on the night of the British landing, and a great conflagration reddened both sky and sea. The guns were spiked, as were those of a smaller battery at the eastern point of the harbour's mouth. Wolfe had a large corps of light infantry, picked for their marksmanship from various regiments, and trained, so far as a week or two at Halifax could train them, in tactics that became familiar enough later on, but were regarded at the time as quite a strange innovation on the part of the vigorous and eccentric brigadier. It was merely a matter of advancing in loose formation, and using all the inequalities of the ground for protection, coupled with a light and easy costume for the men, namely a short jacket, small round hat, and a kind of light woollen trouser, cut moderately tight. A story goes that an officer who was regarded as somewhat learned among his fellows remarked to Wolfe that his new corps reminded him of the καρδοῦχοι alluded to by Xenophon. "That is exactly where I got the idea," replied Wolfe; "only these people never read anything, and consequently believe the idea to be a novel one."

Amherst's first move was to send Wolfe with his light infantry on a long, rough march of seven or eight miles around the harbour to erect some batteries upon the farther shore, the necessary guns being despatched by water. In this business, notwithstanding the scantiness of soil and the absence of suitable timber, he was so alert that by the 26th he had not only mounted his chief battery at Lighthouse Point, but had intrenched all his men in safety from the fire of the town and fleet, which had been fierce and continuous, and furthermore had effectually silenced the formidable French battery on Goat Island in the middle of the harbour entrance.

There was nothing now to prevent Boscawen, if he so chose, from sailing in with his whole fleet, so the French admiral, Desgouttes, rather than lose all his ships, prudently sunk four of them by night in the channel to protect the rest. Wolfe, in the meantime, had been writing cheery letters to Amherst, telling him of his progress, and greatly jubilant that the French fleet were now "in a confounded scrape." This was precisely what the French admiral and his officers had been thinking for some time, and Desgouttes had urged on the Governor the desirability of getting his ships off while there was yet time. Drucour, however, thought differently, as he wanted the ships and the sailors to prolong the defence, and so prevent the besieging army from either proceeding to Quebec that season, or from helping Abercromby against Montcalm at Lake George. For a fortnight an artillery fire had been steadily proceeding upon the harbour side, while to the westward, where the serious attack was contemplated, Amherst's dispositions were not quite ready, the engineering difficulties being considerable. Wolfe, having done his work, now hurried back to the main lines, which were henceforward to be the chief scene of action.

An extensive marsh stretched away from the walls of Louisbourg on the landward side. Beyond this rolled the rugged, broken ground in which the British intrenchments lay. On each side of the marsh, however, rocky knolls extended up close to the defences of the town. It was along these horns, as it were, that Amherst had to push his batteries under a heavy fire. With rocky hillocks and swampy flats to approach over, Amherst's task was no easy one ; but he was distinguished for patience and thoroughness. What he lacked in dash, Wolfe, who by the

27th was back at his side, most amply supplied. Thousands of men toiled night and day, while a hundred big guns roared with tireless throats from the massive works of masonry on the west of the town, and poured shot and shell upon the British working parties as they crept gradually nearer. But the pick, the shovel, and the axe proved as efficient in defence under the skilful eyes of those who directed them as they were to prove formidable in advance, and no serious loss was suffered. A French frigate, the *Aréthuse*, bravely manned and commanded, was stationed in a western angle of the harbour, where the northern wing of the approaching invaders could be reached, and proved herself extremely troublesome. She stood in her turn a vast deal of cannonading, till at last she was brought off, her shot holes plugged, and running the gauntlet of the British fleet in a fog, she bore safely away, and carried the news of the sore plight of Louisbourg across the Atlantic.

On both the right and left the English batteries were now pushed forward to within half a mile of the town, and, with Wolfe on one side and Lawrence on the other, began their deadly work. Two hundred big guns and mortars, plied upon both sides by skilled gunners, shook that desolate coast with such an uproar as no part of North America since its first discovery had ever felt. Twenty thousand disciplined troops, soldiers and sailors, led by skilful and energetic commanders, made a warlike tableau, the like of which had never yet been seen, with all the blood that had been spilled between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, while infinite valour animated both sides. On July 6th, a sortie was made upon the advanced trenches on the British left which was easily repulsed. Three days afterwards a much more serious effort was pressed by a thousand men, stimulated by brandy, the English accounts say, upon the right. The British Grenadiers were forced back out of the trenches, fighting desperately with the bayonet in the dark. Wolfe was here, revelling in the bloody *mêlee*, and the enemy was ultimately driven back into the town.

At this time, too, the long-threatened attack of Acadians and Indians, out of the wilderness on the left flank, was delivered. They were commanded by Boisherbert, a partisan leader of note, but were easily repulsed, and gave little further trouble.

On July 16th, Wolfe made a rush forward and fortified a small hill, locally famous as the spot where Louisbourg malefactors were executed. It was only three hundred yards from the ramparts of the town, and the artillery fire now waxed terrific.

On both wings, indeed, the British advance was pushed so close that gun after gun was dismounted on the Louisbourg ramparts, and the masonry itself began to crack and crumble in all directions, while British soldiers were pressing forward to the very foot of the glacis, and firing upon the covered way. On the 21st, one of the French ships in the harbour, the *Célèbre*, was ignited by a bomb, and the flames spread to two others. The British batteries on the extreme left commanded the scene, and rained such a hail of balls upon the flaming decks that the ships could not be saved, and all three were burnt to the water's edge. Shells, round shot and bombs were now falling in every part of the devoted town. Nearly all the sailors of the fleet were with the garrison, and all the townsmen who could bear arms helped to man the defences.

There had been a little earlier some friendly amenities between besiegers and besieged. Amherst had sent some West India pineapples to Madame Drucour, whom an uncertain French authority, that one would like to believe, declares took a personal part in the defence. Madame sent back a basket of wine, while Drucour himself offered the services of an exceptionally skilful physician to any of the wounded British officers who cared to avail themselves of them. But matters had got too serious now for such courte-

sies. On the 22nd the chief house of the citadel, where the Governor and other officials were living, was almost wholly destroyed by fire. A thousand of the garrison were sick or wounded, and were cowering in wretchedness and misery in the few sheltered spots and casements that remained.

The soldiers had no refuge whatever from the shot and shell. Night and day—for there was a bright moon—the pitiless rain of iron fell upon the town, which, being built mostly of wood, was continually igniting and demanding the incessant labours of a garrison weakened and worn out by the necessity of sleepless vigilance. The gallantry of the defence equalled the vigour of the attack, and was all the more praiseworthy seeing how hopeless it had become. Only two ships of war were left in the harbour, and the British bluejackets, who had been spectators of the siege, now thought they saw a chance of earning some distinction for their branch of the service. So five hundred sailors, in boats, running the gauntlet of the fire from the town upon the harbour side, dashed in upon the *Le Bienfaisant* and *Le Prudent*, overpowered their feeble crews, burnt the latter ship, and towed the other one into a corner of the harbour secured by British batteries. The harbour was now cleared of French shipping. Another great fire had just occurred in the town, destroying the barracks that had been an important point of shelter. The bastions on the land side were rapidly crumbling. On the 26th less than half a dozen guns were feebly replying to the uproar of 107 heavy pieces firing at close range from the British batteries, and more than one big breach in the walls warned the exhausted garrison of the imminence of an assault.

A council of war was now called, and the vote was unanimous that a white flag should be sent to Amherst with a request for terms. This was done, but when Amherst's answer came the opinion was equally unanimous against accepting what he offered, which was unconditional surrender within an hour. The officer was sent back again to urge a modification of such hard conditions, but Amherst, well knowing that he had Louisbourg at his mercy, refused even to see the envoy. With singular courage, seeing that no relief was possible, the French officers resolved to bear the brunt of the attack, and Franquet, the engineer who had constructed the fortifications, with de la Houlière, the commander of the troops, proceeded to select the ground for a last stand. But the townspeople had no mind to offer themselves up as victims to an infuriated soldiery, for they remembered Fort William Henry, and dreaded the result. The Commissary-General came to Drucour, and represented that whatever might be the feelings of the military with regard to their professional honour, it was not fair to subject 4,000 citizens, who had already suffered terribly, to the horrors of an assault upon that account alone. He pointed out, and with justice, that no stain, as it was, could rest on the garrison, who had acquitted themselves most bravely against a numerous and formidable foe, and his arguments had effect. The messenger, who for some cause or other had delayed in his mission, was overtaken and recalled, and Amherst's terms accepted. These last required that all the garrison should be delivered up as prisoners of war and transported to England. The non-combatants were at liberty to return to France, and the sick and wounded, numbering some 1,200, were to be looked after by Amherst. All Cape Breton and the adjacent island of Saint Jean (now the fertile province of Prince Edward), with any small garrisons or stores therein contained, were to be given up to the English.

On July the 27th the French troops were drawn up on parade before Whitmore, and, with gestures of rage and mortification, laid down their arms and filed gloomily off to the ships that were to take them to England; 5,637 prisoners, soldiers and sailors, were included in the surrender. About 240

sound pieces of cannon and mortars, with a large amount of ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The French fleet in attendance was totally destroyed, and French power upon the North Atlantic coast ceased to exist.

With Halifax so near, possessing, as it did, an even better harbour, an already firm British establishment and a good tributary country, there was evidently no need for such a place as Louisbourg. So to place it more entirely out of the reach of all enemies, the British Government decided upon its destruction. Two years after this, in 1760, a great crowd of workmen, navvies and soldiers, toiled continuously for six months at the task of demolition, and the busy, famous warlike town was in this strange fashion wiped out of existence. Never again could a short-sighted English Government, blind to its greater interests because these were not in the Mediterranean or the English Channel, reinstate by treaty a French garrison in Cape Breton. To-day a collection of fishermen's huts by the shore is nearly all that is left of this great stronghold of French power in the days when a mighty colonial future lay within her grasp. Short by comparison as is the story of the New World, he would be a dull soul who could stand unmoved by that deserted, unvisited, surf-beaten shore, where you may still trace upon the turf the dim lines of once busy streets, and mark the green mounds which hide the remains of the great bastions of Louisbourg. It has not been given in modern times to many centres of note and power to enjoy within the short space of a century and a half at once such world-wide fame and such profound oblivion.

TO BE CONTINUED

STAR-BLANKET

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

PRETTY-FACE had promised to behave herself once more. But this time she promised in a different way, and her husband, Star-blanket, was satisfied, which he had not always been before. Star-blanket wanted to be what his agent called "a good Indian." He wanted to have a new cooking stove, and a looking-glass. He already had cattle on loan, and was one of the best workers in the hay-fields. But it was disturbing that he should so often come back from his work to find his wife talking to Bad-young-man, who never did a stroke of work, who ranged off the reserve into Montana or Kootenay, scorning permits, and who made trouble wherever he came. Pretty-face would promise solemnly never to have a word with Bad-young-man again, but many times had she broken her promise, and Star-blanket would return to meet the rover on his pony, and hear his impudent hail as he passed him in his barbaric trappings, his hair full of brass pistol cartridges and the tin trademarks from tobacco plugs. But this last promise of Pretty-face was in something different, and Star-blanket was satisfied. So satisfied was he that he bought for her the medicine-pole-bag, which made her, without any question, the first lady on the reserve.

And Pretty-face kept her promise. It was true that Bad-young-man was away, no one knew where; but Star-blanket was infinitely satisfied to come home and find her looking after the

children, or preparing his supper herself, instead of leaving it to her mother, whose cookery his soul hated. He took a great satisfaction now in the prospect of his small shanty and his larger stable, with the three tepees grouped around them, and his verdant garden patches fenced to keep out the cattle. He took a greater pleasure out of his wife's social position than she did, and viewed the medicine-pole-bag with a sort of awe. With an infantine curiosity he wondered what were the sacred mysteries of the "Mow-to-kee" when the centre pole was raised. Pretty-face allowed him to see the contents of the parfleche bag, which had cost him so many good dollars; the snakeskin head-band into which the feathers were stuck; the little sacks of paint, red earth and grease; the shells in which the paint is mixed; the sweet grass to burn as incense during prayer-making; and the whistle to mark the rhythm for dancing.

More and more evident were the results of his toil and his obedience to his agent and his instructor. He began to see clearly that what they had told him was truth. He could trace every dollar of the twenty-five he had paid for the medicine-pole-bag to some good stroke of work he had done in the hay-fields. He did not know it, but the agent had asked the department for lumber to build him a new house, and his chief ambitions were forming solidly in the future. Verily, the white man's ways were the best.

So his feeling was all the more intense when he returned home one evening in October and found that Bad-young-man had been there. He did not see him, but there was no need of such crude evidence. There was no visible trace in the demeanour of Pretty-face nor in the bearing of the mother-in-law. His wife had even prepared his favourite dish for supper. But another date had been written down. Bad-young-man had come back.

Star-blanket ate his meal in silence, and Pretty-face was so frightened that she went away when he began to fill his pipe with tobacco and kinikinik. But he did not really care just then what she did. He wrapped a blanket around his shirt and went out to see his paternal grandfather, who lived in one of the tepees. He had been a mighty warrior in his day, but now he was old, and could only remember the time of his prowess which had gone by. He could talk, but he could not see, and his chief delight was in smoking and sleeping in the sun. That night when he smelt the kinikinik in Star-blanket's tobacco, his tongue was loosened, and he told many a story of violent deed and desperate death. Star-blanket was convinced that the old way was a good way, and he went out into the moonlight, unhobbled one of his ponies and rode away furiously, yelling every little while at the moon. When he came back he pulled Pretty-face out of one of the tepees where she was hiding. She thought he was going to kill her, but he only warned her that he would kill her and Bad-young-man if he ever heard of them being together again. Then he let her go, and went and got the medicine-pole-bag and gave it to his grandfather.

After a night's sleep he had forgotten his lapse to paganism, and again found himself wanting to be a "good" Indian. It was the end of October, and a ration day, and Star-blanket went up to the ration house himself, instead of sending one of his women. He rode his best pony, and took his rifle with him. The farther he got from home the more restless he felt, and he went down to his brother-in-law's camp and had dinner.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to his own place. There were the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs on the trail. They began after he had passed the coulee. He knew they were made by Bad-young-man's pony. He seemed to be thinking as he rode slowly along, but suddenly he fired. He did not himself hear the crack of his rifle. His pony stopped. Something fell out from the bushes, half way across the trail. It was Bad-young-man. The pony sniffed, then plunged and dashed by; but Star-

blanket never dropped his eyes. When he reached the house he went into the tepee to talk with his grandfather, and the women who had heard the shot rushed off to find Pretty-face.

After Star-blanket had heard what his grandfather had to say, he declared that the old way was the best, and he went out and made his "mark" to kill a white man. But he would take his time over that; no one would miss Bad-young-man for a long while. Pretty-face, remembering his warning, expected to be shot, and she kept out of sight for two days; but when he saw her he only scolded and called her the worst name he could in his own language, and nearly the worst he could in English, and because he had nothing to eat all that time except her mother's odious bannocks fried in rancid grease. Star-blanket's settlement was some distance from the main trail to Macleod, and there was little likelihood of any one coming up to his hill; so, for a week, Bad-young-man lay as he had fallen. No one went near him. For a day and a night his pony stood by him, but, wandering away looking for grass he was taken by one of the women and hobbled at night with the others.

Suddenly Star-blanket became restless. Watching from a small hill near his house, he saw the agent stop and look up at his place as if debating whether to visit him or not. He went on, but the next time he might come. That night it was dark, and a heavy cloud in the east threatened snow. Star-blanket deemed that this was a good time to do a little shooting, so when one of the farm instructors, moving about his house, came between the lamp and a window, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and saw a flower-pot jump off the window sill. He did not believe he was hit until the doctor, tracing the bullet from the point of his hip backward, produced it from somewhere near his spine. Another inch and he would not have seen the flower-pot jump off the window sill. Up came the cloud carrying and scattering snow, and away went Star-blanket with it.

In the morning the reserve was alive with excitement. The Northwest mounted police patrols were out scouring the country, but safely were the marks of Star-blanket's pony hidden in the obscurity of the snow. Star-blanket himself kept close to his place all day, but one of his women brought him up the news. The instructor was not even badly hurt; in a day or two he would be as well as ever. Star-blanket did not care very much; all white men were alike to him; only he made his mark to kill another, the agent this time. He would have done so had not Bad-young-man's pony broken away and gone straight to the lower camp. His appearance caused a commotion, and soon it was known everywhere that Bad-young-man's pony had come back without Bad-young-man, and the question naturally arose —what had become of that celebrated gambler and lady-killer. Every possible and probable cause of his disappearance was canvassed, when Medicine-pipe-crane-turning declared that he had been murdered. He had no evidence to offer, but he looked the pony all over and declared that he had been murdered.

Star-blanket was uneasy when he found that Bad-young-man's pony had strayed off, and later in the morning he saw a girl of Wolf-bull's band come out of the bushes near his trail. Something in the way this girl hurried along made him know that she had found Bad-young-man. Toward evening, when the police rode up with tramp and jangle, they found only Star-blanket's blind paternal grandfather huddled up in his tepee. Hours before Star-blanket and his whole menage, ponies, women, kids, kettles, blankets and all, had taken to the brush.

That night it was known over the whole reserve that Star-blanket had shot Bad-young man and had tried to kill an instructor. The word went out by runners to the farthest police posts, and while the fugitives were hidden in the bottom of some coulee under the stars and out of the wind, his fame had travelled from Macleod half-way

round the world. No one could understand how Star-blanket, who wanted to be a "good" Indian, had done this thing. He was a mild, big fellow, with sad eyes in a face rather emaciated. But, whatever reasons he had had, he was now to be caught and punished. It was once more civilization against barbarism. Against this one Indian who had dared to follow the old tradition was arrayed all organized law. The mounted police, the Indian agent, and the Bloods, the people of his own clan and totem, who had learned well the white man's treachery, were banded together to hunt him down.

Star-blanket resolved that, so far as he was able, he would make it a long and merry chase. To that end he began by discarding all the comforts of home; and one evening, about sundown, a squad of police were surprised to stumble on Star-blanket's women and the paraphernalia of his camp scurrying along the main trail. They gathered them in, but from them they could gain no clew to the whereabouts of the murderer. Now that he was free of his impediments Star-blanket began a flitting to and fro that puzzled the most cunning scouts and unsettled the most phlegmatic brave on the reserve. Knowing all the fleetest horses he stole them by night and used each one until it was played out. In vain the scouts followed tracks in the snow. Reports came in that he had been seen, mounted on a white horse, in the Belly River bottom; but it was found to be one of Cochrane's cowboys. Threebull's piebald racer, the fastest horse on the reserve was stolen, although his owner was watching all night, and the next morning he was found forty miles away completely exhausted. The Indians fell into a panic; no one did a stroke of work. Reports came in, which, if true, would mean that he had been seen on the same night in two different places thirty miles apart. The Indians believed that he had some "medicine," and that he would never be caught. Three weeks had been lost in the chase, and even the police were beginning to chaff one another. It looked probable that Star-blanket had retired to the wilds of the Kootenay, or had flitted over the line to Montana.

He could have done either of these things readily enough, but, with a sort of bravado he chose to circle like a hawk about his own reserve. He well knew what an excitement his escapade was causing, and his gratified vanity bore him through perils and hardships which he would for some reasons have shunned. All the nights of the late October were cold, as he sometimes lay next his horse in the bottom of a coulee, sheltered from the wind, with his single blanket for a covering, or riding in the teeth of a storm of snow or sleet to appear or disappear like a spirit. Hunger pursued him. The white man, with his cunning, had locked up his women, and they could not *cache* food for him. He distrusted his relatives, he knew that they would be bribed to hunt him down or lay a trap for him. Sometimes he stood under the stars so near their tepees that he could hear their breathing. Once he stole two days' rations from a mounted policeman who was sleeping by his hobbled horse. But always he was hungry. His face grew more emaciated and his eyes took on the glitter of ice under starlight. Sleepless by night and by day, he called on his gods to strike his enemies. They had taken his country from him, his manners and his garb, and when he rebelled against them, their hands were upon him. Sometimes he felt as if his head was on fire, and he held his hands up in the dark to see the reflection of the flames. Sometimes he reeled in his saddle when he looked off towards the foothills of the Rockies, shining silvery in the distance, like an uplifted land of promise.

He was getting tired of it all. A sort of contempt for his pursuers, for the hundreds of them that could not catch him, crept upon him. He grew more careless and more daring. They found his trail mingled with their own. One day after a storm, in which three

inches of snow had fallen, he struck the trail boldly at Bentley's, crossed the ford there without any attempt at concealment, worked his way down the river. Again he forded; then doubling on his tracks through thick brush, recrossed his own trail at Bentley's, and then followed the river bank up stream. Then, after a mile or so, he came out into the open. It was a clear morning after the storm; above, a lofty blue sky; below, the plain stretching away covered with the gleaming snow. He was riding leisurely, when suddenly, without turning around, he knew he was followed. Urging his horse and glancing over his shoulder, he saw three mounted men on his trail about a mile away. He dashed ahead, at first without eagerness, with an air of reckless contempt. The next time he looked he noticed that one of the horsemen had begun to draw away from his companions.

Star-blanket's pony was not fresh, he had ridden him many a mile in the night, and the beast showed signs of fatigue. He urged him to the top of his speed, but the next time he looked behind his pursuer had gained. He could see that he was mounted on a spirited horse which was perfectly fresh. He calculated that before he had gone another mile his enemy would be abreast of him. His own beast, instead of responding to his cries, seemed to lag, he had no life in him. When Star-blanket looked over his shoulder again he could almost distinguish the features of his pursuer. He had long, blonde moustaches and a ruddy face. Star-blanket knew who it was. It was Sergeant Wales of the Pincher Creek detachment. He was rapidly overhauling him. Star-blanket could hear him shout now and then. What would he do? His impulse was simply to surrender. Glancing once more behind him, he saw that Wales had drawn his pistol and he would soon be within its range. Again he urged his tired beast. He kept his eyes fixed for a while on the snow which the hoofs of his pony were tramping. Over the light, uneven sound of his hoofs and the movements of his trappings, Star-blanket began to hear the pounding of the approaching feet, regular and strong, and the jingle and rattle of the accoutrements. Every moment he expected to hear the whistle of a bullet past his ears.

Suddenly the thought flashed through him that Wales intended to take him alive and lead him back to barracks a captive. Once more, and for the last time, he looked behind him. Rushing splendidly, horse and rider moving as one, they thundered down upon him. Sun flashing from red tunic, from points of brass and steel, foam springing from nostril white as the snow into which it fell, on they came as if hurled from a catapult to overwhelm irresistibly this rickety pony with its starved rider. Star-blanket gazed for a moment; he could see the eye-balls of his captor gleam. He did not utter a sound; he merely smiled with the glorious excitement and triumph. I will make him shoot me, the Indian thought. His rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. Star-blanket turned away, and as he turned his rifle spoke. Now he will shoot me in the back, he thought. No. Thirty yards they went. Star-blanket heard a cry behind him. He turned in time to see the towering frame of Wales swerve in his saddle, bend backwards, swing from his horse. In a twinkling Star-blanket wheeled his pony. The horse, dragging its master's weight, rushed on for twenty yards, then stopped. Quickly, so quickly that the words of the story seem leaden, Star-blanket dismounted. A couple of bullets whistled far over his head from his other pursuers half a mile away. Then he did something inconceivably brave for an Indian. He ran close to the dead man, fired into him, grabbed his horse, leaped into the saddle and was off. From a mile distant he saw his pursuers stoop over the body of the sergeant, and then gaze after him where he made a blot upon the snow. Slowly he raised his arm and turned from them, making for Stand-Off and the mouth of the Kootenay.

Wolf-plume was Star-blanket's brother-in-law. He had a house with two stories, and one bed in which he never slept. Following the agent's directions, by day his house wore an inviting appearance; by night it was lighted as if prepared for feasting and tea drinking. The third night after the shooting of Wales, the snow had begun to fall near sundown, and fell silently, unmoved by wind, as the night deepened. Through the snow, an Indian, leading his horse, his face hidden in his blanket, approached Wolf-plume's house. He tapped softly at the door. When Wolf-plume came, the covering dropped a little from the face. It was Star-blanket. At first he would not come nearer. But, reassured by the words of his brother-in-law, and drawn powerfully by the odor of a stew that came out strongly into the snow, he threw the rein off his arm, left his horse standing, and entered. There was no danger in sight. A bench was placed for him. The stew tasted like nothing which had ever passed his lips before; and weariness overcame him, weariness and sleep. After weeks of privation, starved, frozen, jaded with the saddle, hunted for his life, he laid down in the house of his friends and slept.

He slept. Then Wolf-plume took the lamp out of the east window and from miles away started the policemen who had waited only for that signal. Soon they had surrounded the little house. They let him sleep as a free man, sleep as the snow fell and the clouds cleared off, and stars came out piercingly bright in the sky. He woke toward morning, and all about him was the stamping of horses and the movement of red tunics.

Many days after that, just before they hanged him, he thought of the medicine-pole-bag. He had often thought of Pretty-face, but he did not want to see her. He had thought of many things which he did not understand. He was to die in the white man's manner, in the way he killed the braves of his own race who had dealt mightily with their hands. He could not comprehend it all. They had driven away the buffalo, and made the Indian sad with flour and beef, and had put his muscles into harness. He had only shot a bad Indian, and they rose upon him. His gun had shot a big policeman, and when they had taught his brother-in-law their own morals he was taken in sleep, and now there was to be an end. He did not know what Père Pauquette meant by his prayers, and the presentation of the little crucifix worn bright with many salutations. It was all involved in mystery, dire and vast. Groping about for some solace he sent for the medicine-pole-bag, and when they brought it and he was left alone, he placed it in a corner of his cell and gazed for a long time upon the parfleche covering with its magical markings. When they had left him for his last sleep he gathered it to his breast, and all night he slept with it there, unutterably content. The next morning they took it away. It was very cold for early spring. He did not hear or understand what Père Pauquette murmured in his ear. His was the calm of a stoic. He breathed deeply the scent of the sweet grass with which the medicine-pole-bag was filled, which clung to his tunic and rose like incense about his face. And so Star-blanket died.

THE GRAVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAD*

BY VERNON NOTT

IN a burial ground by the rim of the sea, that fronts toward the crimson west,
'Mid gathering twilight, I sat alone where the dead were lying in rest;
And meseem'd that voices from far away with longing vainly cried—
For softly I heard, as it sang to the shore, the drone of the ceaseless tide.
As the moon uprose from the purple waves,
I looked on that garden of serried graves—
And sorrow crept to my side.

"These are such," I mused, "all sleeping here, as have chosen the peaceful life;
As have lived and died in their wave-girt home, unlured by the lust of strife;
They are such as humbled themselves to fate, choosing the minor pain—
Yet wrought as men of our English race—and here in their home are lain:
But what of the others—the heroes they!—
Who, true to their blood, have sail'd away—
And will never return again?

"Where do they lie, those dauntless ones, who in pride of their English birth
Carried the sword or the Word of God to uttermost parts of the earth;
Who, sharing the Christian's burden, have suffer'd and wrought and bled—
And stamp'd for ever, the wide world over, marks of their tireless tread?"
And lo! in a vision then wrought for me,
I saw in the lands beyond the sea
The graves of the English Dead.

I saw where the lonely legion lay, afar from their island home,
Like seed from the hand of a sower, like stars in the heavens' dome:
They lie in the five big continents; they are lull'd by every breeze;
Are tomb'd in the ice of antipodal Poles, or 'neath shade of the tamarind trees:
And such as were whelm'd by the vengeful waves
Are asleep in the dusk of coral caves
In the depths of the outer seas.

Where sunless the far-away circles gloom and the cold winds moan around
Are their footsteps lock'd in the icefloe, by Death their foeman bound;
'Mid the waterless deserts' dustblown drifts, by God and devil bann'd,
The tracks of our brothers who challenged Death are lost in the shifting sand.
Oh, bravely they lived and as bravely died,
These men that wrought, to their country's pride,
The works of heart and hand!

In the burial ground by the side of the sea, that fronts to the mystic west,
By light of the moon, I sat alone where the dead were taking their rest;
And meseem'd that a voice from over the world in a yearning whisper said,
"How long, how long, dear Lord, how long ere race to race be wed?"—
There's a voice in the ocean's muffled roar
Telling a tale to the English shore
Of the graves of the English Dead.

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*From "The Journey's End and Other Verses," by Vernon Nott. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Compare "The Chain of Empire," by Clive Phillipps-Wolley, CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xii, pp. 494-495.

SHAW'S COMEDY

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.

MR. WILLIS J. SHAW started guiltily away from Mrs. Willis J. Shaw at the sound of a sharp rap at the door. Mrs. Shaw looked up quickly with resentful apprehension, and her eyes said petulantly—"Who can it be?" Mr. Shaw had an annoyed and hesitant air as if he contemplated double-locking the door and pretending that they were dead, or had gone out, or something of that sort.

"You'll have to see who it is," whispered Mrs. Shaw.

At this, Mr. Shaw looked more savage than ever, and strode angrily to the door. He flung it open; and there stood the bell boy with his hand just raised to knock again. But, instead, he presented his silver tray.

"A card for you, sir."

Mr. Shaw took the card and read—

MISS ESTELLE STANLEY

"You are sure it is for me?" he demanded of the boy.

"It is for Mr. Shaw."

"Where is the lady?"

"In the Ladies' Parlour, sir."

"Um-m! Did she—wasn't it for Mrs. Shaw?"

"I was just told 'Mr. Shaw.'"

"Who is it—dear?" There was just a little hesitation before the "dear," and after it Mrs. Shaw looked defiantly at the bell boy; for she had been "Mrs. Shaw" for only about twenty-four hours, and it was still quite a feat for her to call Willis "dear" in public.

"I haven't an idea," said Willis. "Do *you* know a Miss Estelle Stanley?"

"No-o."

"There must be some mistake," said Willis, turning to the boy.

"I'll see, sir," said the boy; and, taking the card again, he backed away.

The newly married couple looked curiously at each other. "A mistake," said Willis, tossing his head as if to fling off the incident; and, smiling, he turned toward his bride. But she moved away. Until the intrusion of this other woman had passed, she felt that things were not quite as they had been.

Another rap at the door; and then the bell boy was saying—

"She says that she has an appointment with you, sir—and that she don't know anything about any other lady," looking significantly at Mrs. Willis.

Willis gasped and turned toward Mrs. Willis.

"You had better see her," Mrs. Willis was saying icily.

"But I don't know her," stormed Willis. "You—would you come down with me?" He seemed to doubt whether she would or not; and the doubt settled it. If he had taken it as a matter of course, she would have gone; but he clearly thought that the proper thing for her to do was to stay where she was—and she would stay.

"The card is not for me," she said with determination; and then seeing Willis still hesitate in painful doubt, she relented toward him and added kindly—"You will probably find it is a mistake when you get there."

"Very well," said Willis; and he brushed off the shoulders of his coat and smoothed his hair, and went. Curiosity had nearly driven annoyance out of the face that he turned to her in going; so that when the door was quite closed Mrs. Willis started to say—"I wonder—;" and then caught her breath and bravely refused to wonder.

II

There was only one lady in the parlour; and she wore an expectant air. She also wore a flaming hat and a costume which made the red plush furniture look dull.

"Miss Stanley?" said Willis, bowing.

"Yes," said the girl, getting up with

a bright smile that was almost startling in its sudden vivacity. "So you finally decided to see me?" There was challenge in her tones.

"I could not well do otherwise," replied Willis with wondering resentment.

The girl smiled confidently and said —"I should think not, after your promise."

"My promise?"—in open astonishment.

"Well, it was equivalent to a promise surely. You said that you would see me when you came to the city in connection with your wedding trip—"

"I—said—my—wedding trip?" Willis managed to get out.

"Yes, you really did. I know that you have so much to think of, but you really wrote me that or I would never have bothered you." The girl was quite serious now; and Willis noticed that she was a good deal older than she had seemed when he came in.

"But—" Willis began.

"Oh, I'll believe you if you say you have forgotten it," she broke in. "I dare say,"—a little sadly—"you have made the same promise to twenty other ladies—"

"But I haven't," burst out Willis.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," she said with apparent relief. "But you remember me?—Miss Stanley—Miss Estelle Stanley of the 'Night Off' Company?"

Willis stared at her with open mouth. Then, realizing how ridiculous he must look, he quickly recovered himself.

"I—I—have seen—'A Night Off,'" he said lamely.

A curious smile flitted across her face. "Really!" she said with obvious irony.

"Were you in it?" he asked.

"You never saw me in it," she replied coldly. "But, really, Mr. Shaw, if you have already chosen your bride for your wedding trip, there is no need of all these theatricals. I think I could fill the bill, and I wanted the chance; but I dare say I shall get on without it. I am sorry that I interrupted you. Good afternoon!" And she swept past him with a walk very suggestive of the footlights, and down the hotel corridor toward the elevator.

Instinctively, Willis stepped into the hall to watch that she did not try to jump down the shaft.

III

Mrs. Willis had hardly had time to wish that she had put her pride in her pocket and gone with Willis when there was a quick rap on the door of her room and the handle was instantly turned. The door opened, and a smooth-shaven, reddish, rather greasy countenance was thrust through the opening.

"Ah! beg pardon!" said a hoarse voice. "Isn't this Shaw's room?"

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Willis tremulously.

A part of a neatly dressed, stout figure followed the shining face through the aperture, and the smallish eyes looked quickly all around the apartment. "He's out, isn't he?" jerked out the pudgy lips.

"Yes—but just for a moment," said Mrs. Willis. She was getting quite frightened, and noted with horror that the bell button was right at the door.

"Ah! Perhaps you're the bride," cried the little man, now coming quite into the room and smiling tentatively.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willis. It was little more than a whisper now. "Are you a friend of Mr. Shaw's?" she managed to ask.

"An old crony,"—and the stout little man wiped his bald head with a handkerchief that gave off a wave of strong perfume which its appearance indicated that it needed.

Mrs. Willis's eyes indignantly denied the "old cronyship," but otherwise she preserved an armed neutrality toward her visitor.

"Yes," went on the oleaginous party reflectively, "Shaw and I have had some times together. He's a pretty game bird, I can tell you—though he don't look it! No, he don't look it. I'm not surprised that you're surprised—"

The indignation in Mrs. Willis's

eyes had now become so frantic that the little man thought it prudent to pause a moment, and try to make out the meaning of these signals.

"I am sure that you are entirely mistaken about Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Willis in a tone which she meant to be cold and firm; and it might have been, if her under lip had not been trembling and a new indignation filling her throat because Willis dared to stay so long away with that "strange woman," while she, his bride of a day, was being insulted by this odious creature.

The pig-like eyes of the fat little man moved restively, but he said nothing.

"Perhaps," went on Mrs. Willis, "you had better wait for Mr. Shaw down in the office."

At this the pig eyes flashed in a steely manner. "Perhaps," said their owner aggressively, "you do not know that I am the manager of the Booth Theatre?"

"I quite believe it," said Mrs. Willis with crushing contempt.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the little man, now thoroughly angry. "You may have cause, if you go on with Mr. Shaw, to learn that it is true." And he wagged his head warningly.

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Willis. It was all that she could get out. Then she pointed silently to the door.

"As you wish, Lady Macbeth," snapped out the pudgy lips from a face now purple with thoughts of vengeance; and he flustered out and slammed the door after himself.

IV

The little man was just in time to catch the elevator. A brightly dressed lady was in it already, and there was something familiar about her face. He looked at her enquiringly, when she smiled and bowed.

"You don't know me, Mr. Samson?" she said archly.

"Yes I do. Yes I do," he returned jocosely. "But I've just forgotten my cue. See!—don't I come on like this?"—and he held himself in what he thought was an imitation of the Irving manner—"and, say—'Beautiful day, Miss—Miss—'"

"Stanley?"

"Miss Stanley!—Sure! Why, you were at the Booth last fall?"

"Yes—'A Night Off.'"

"Yes, yes." They were walking by now across the office. "Well, I have to stay here," announced Mr. Samson, "to meet a good fellow gone wrong."

"Are you going the rest of the way with him?" asked Miss Stanley brightly.

Mr. Samson grew suddenly serious. "Not if the court knows itself," he declared emphatically. "It's a fool friend of mine who has written a play—a good play—a delicate piece of comedy—no 'knock-about,' no gallery 'make-up'—nothing of that sort. And then, what do you think he has gone and done?"

Miss Stanley shook a smiling face at him.

"He has picked out for his leading lady a sort of a sawed-off, weeping Lady Macbeth, who thinks it's a sin to joke, who talks like East Lynne all the time, who threatened to have hysterics when I mentioned that Shaw was 'one of the boys'—"

"Shaw?"

"Yes."

"So that was what he turned me down for," she shot out savagely, her face aging ten years in a breath, and green venom spitting from her eyes.

Mr. Samson turned and looked at her understandingly. He did not have to have things like this explained to him.

"When did you see him?" he asked quietly.

"Just now—upstairs. I had to tear him away from the lady who is to play in his play, because she loves him."

"Loves him?"

"Certainly. Can't you see that much from what you have told me yourself?"

Mr. Samson whistled. "And I'm to wait here—'in the office'—for him, until his lovey-dovey sends him down to me? Well, I'll—wait."

V

It was about half an hour before "Billy" Shaw came out of the smoking-room and crossed the office. Mr. Samson saw him, and diverted his walk so as to meet him.

"Tear yourself away?" Samson asked sarcastically.

"Hello, Morris! I've been wondering why you didn't turn up."

"Have you?"

"Sure. What's the matter? Been imbibing? Now, see here, you come right along up to my room, and—"

"No, you don't!"—emphatically.

"Why?"

"Been there."

"Oh!—well, I thought you'd sort of look for me in the smoking-room, you know. Very sorry, old chap, that you've been kept waiting. But—come and have a drink, anyway."

"No, I won't," said Samson bluntly. "See here, Billy, I just want to tell you one thing, and that is that you are the absolute limit in the way of a fool!"

Billy stared at him a moment, and then said "Thank you!" but there was more wonder than resentment in his face.

"The absolute limit!" insisted Samson, smashing one fist down on the other hand. "You've got an A1 play, and you have picked out a leading lady who ought to be on the nursing-bottle yet—who don't know—"

"Great Scott! Have you seen her?"

"Have I seen her? Has she not bidden me 'Be hence!' as if I were a three-act villain?"

"From where? Where did you see her?"

"In your room."

"Moly Hoses! How did she get there! Say, you simply must come and have a drink."

VI

When Willis and Mrs. Willis came out into the corridor to go down to dinner that night they had the look of people who thought that they were being "put upon." There were signs of weather on Mrs. Willis's face, and a storm still threatened from Willis's brow. But it was plain that all question as between them had been dismissed. Willis had indignantly denied that he had ever "had a time" with the "horrid, greasy little man," whom he did not even know; and Mrs. Willis had believed him. Then he had told her of the mysterious talk of the scarlet girl; and Mrs. Willis was convinced that they were in league to bring sorrow to the sweetest love-match the world had ever known. Just why they wished them ill the bride was not quite sure; but, in her innermost heart, she thought it was "envy." Now, when they stepped into the corridor, she could hardly keep from taking Willis's hand, simply to show that they were "one and indivisible," and that nothing could ever, ever separate them.

In the dining-room the considerate head-waiter gave them a table to themselves. They each ordered "soup" as a preliminary; and then fell to advising each other over the menu card.

Somewhere after the fish, their waiter approached Willis, and said—"There is a lady in the office asking for you, sir."

Instantly there was fight on Willis's face, and a despairing "Just as I expected," on that of Mrs. Willis.

"You tell the 'lady,'" said Willis firmly, "that I am at my dinner." Mrs. Willis looked her surprised admiration at him for this stern, and yet quite proper, reply.

"She knows that, sir—but she's scribbled something on her card here;" and he, rather unexpectedly, handed Willis the card.

Willis went white and red and black all at once as he read the name again—

MISS ESTELLE STANLEY

Under it was written, "Mr. S. says that you want to see me again, and I am leaving town in an hour."

Willis handed the card silently to Mrs. Willis. As she read the name her deep blue eyes flashed up at him again with a look that said here was corroboration of her darkest suspicions; and then she looked quickly back

to read the pencilling. As she did so her lips set. "I don't believe she is going to leave in an hour," she said decidedly, as if that were the chief point at issue.

Willis glanced warningly toward the waiter, and then asked—"What shall I do, dear?"

"I don't know," said the bride, desperately pushing the whole responsibility over on him; and then she quickly added—"I don't think you ought to see her," thus limiting his ability to carry the burden gracefully.

Willis sat back in perplexity; and just then he noticed a slick, plump little man carrying a shining silk hat in his hand, hurriedly following the head-waiter into the room. They seemed to be coming to the table next—no, to their table.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Shaw," announced the head-waiter blandly.

Willis stood up in stiff hauteur; the gentleman turned two pig-like eyes on him, and then said—

"I beg your pardon, I am sure; but this is a mistake, I think."

"I am sure of it," returned Willis.

Quick resentment crossed the puffy little face; then his eyes fell on Mrs. Willis. At this he turned with a new assurance to Willis, and said—

"When do you expect Mr. Shaw in to dinner?"

Willis opened his mouth to say something, but could hardly think what it ought to be. Mrs. Willis, now recognizing the voice, turned quickly and looked at Samson. Then a flash of triumph lit her face.

"So," she said over her shoulder, without thinking how it would sound, "you don't even know who Mr. Shaw is when you see him?"

Samson began to see a ray of light. "Is your name Shaw?" he asked of Willis.

"It is."

"Well, you are not the Mr. Shaw I'm looking for," he said; "and I beg your pardon—and this lady's, too."

"This lady is Mrs. Shaw," returned Willis, at which Mrs. Willis visibly stiffened with satisfaction.

"Glad to know you," said Samson, bowing with great politeness; a performance which was rather marred by his finding a heavy hand on his shoulder when he went to recover.

"Looking for me, Morris?" asked the owner of the hand

"That's what I am, Billy," said Samson, turning his fat neck around to see the newcomer. "And say," he burst out, "here's where the 'funny man' unravels the complication and lets the curtain get down. Let me make two Mr. Shaws known to each other—two; one"—putting his hand on Billy's shoulder—"the author of the very finest comedy ever written, entitled 'Their Wedding Trip,' and the other?"—and he waved an invitation to Willis to describe himself.

For a hot second Willis thought that he was being insulted. The only wedding trip he knew of was his; and these people certainly seemed to be trying to make a comedy of it. But the friendly, unsuspecting smile on the face of the two men made this theory appear impossible. So Willis resolved upon an adroit move.

"Have you your comedy with you?" he asked.

"Sure!" exclaimed Billy. "I sleep with it on my person." And he drew from somewhere about the skirts of his coat a large, flat book. "This is the first act," he went on gaily, handing it to Willis, who read on the outside

THEIR WEDDING TRIP:

A SOCIAL COMEDY

BY

WILLIAM B. SHAW.

"What I am up against now," said Billy, as Willis was awkwardly leafing it over, "is the selection of the right kind of a girl to play the 'bride.'"

Instinctively Willis looked toward Mrs. Willis, and she met his look with a corroborating smile. They both knew exactly what an ideal bride should be like. Samson tipped Billy a wink and cleared his throat.

"Now," he said, "if my friend could

get a lady like yours, whose acquaintance I formed under rather inauspicious circumstances to-day, he would be very fortunate."

"I should not think of going on the stage," said Mrs. Willis with decision, looking to Willis for commendation of her self-sacrifice.

Billy turned a reproachful eye on Samson, which reminded him of the things he had said of Mrs. Willis when he thought she was to be the "bride;" but Willis said nothing, for he was blushing again and wondering if the men suspected that Mrs. Willis was really a bride.

"Well, I am sure that I wish you success," said Willis at last, handing back the manuscript play.

"I only hope that it approaches yours," returned Billy politely; and then Willis was sure that they "knew."

Bowing, they withdrew to the door, where Miss Stanley's hat now loomed uneasily, like a sunset.

"So that was it," said Willis, with a sigh of relief, as he sat down again.

But Mrs. Willis was trying to see the face under the sunset. "To think of that woman," she muttered, "taking the part of a bride." And she assumed her expression of sweetest innocence that Willis might appreciate the contrast.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "OLD QUEBEC"*

By WILLIAM WOOD, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec

SIR GILBERT PARKER is a Canadian; he has made a special study of the older part of Canada; and he first came into vogue with a novel about Quebec in the time of Wolfe and Montcalm. These remarkable qualifications need to be pointed out at once; because they are all so modestly concealed beneath the many pages of his "Old Quebec" that, if they were not pointed out before beginning the book, no one—least of all a Quebecer—would even suspect their existence. His readers should also bear in mind that this book is not only the work of a specially qualified man, writing on his own special subject, but also the final result of a particularly long and careful preparation; for its appearance was heralded by announcements in the press during the two years before its actual publication. Naturally enough, all this aroused high expectations among the large and increasing public, which is becoming more and more interested in this fascinating subject.

But, somehow or other, in spite of all Sir Gilbert Parker's advantages, and in spite of his being so well-advertised an authority on all things Canadian, he has only succeeded in producing one of those very commonplace specimens of book-making which prove how many thousands of words can be written all round about a given subject, without once touching any of its vital issues, much less reaching the heart of it. Of course, the book may be popular enough with those who have an appetite for a *réchauffé* of dilettante details, sentimentalised to taste. And all this public needs is the time-honoured recommendation, that those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like. But, for the sake of those others who are a little more exacting, it might be worth while to examine this work a little more

* A review of "Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France." By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. London and New York, Macmillan, 1903. N.B.—This review was originally written in December, 1903; but circumstances delayed its appearance till the present time.

closely, both as literature and as history.

All novelists may be included in three great classes—the dramatic, the melodramatic, and the stagey. Those in vogue to-day generally hover about the borderland between the stagey and the melodramatic; and with these Sir Gilbert Parker, who is nothing if not fashionable, is perfectly at home. He shines as a star of the first magnitude upon that great world whose moon is Miss Marie Corelli and whose sun is Mr. Hall Caine. And though he once went astray into another solar system, where he and his "Donovan Pasha" became visible to the naked eye as sunspots on Mr. Kipling, he escaped with nothing worse than a singeing, and has now come back again to his proper place in literature with his "Old Quebec." For here is what he calls his own "assimilation" of "history"—to which he might have added "English and French folklore."

Some of his English, indeed, may have been made up expressly for the readers of his "Old Quebec." For instance, the "Lower Town" that "huddles in artistic chaos," and the "churches, convents and schools huddled together in the fairest city of the New World." He is also quite possibly original with his "*brave* Vaudreuil" and "*rugged* Pitt." Could all the *curiosa felicitas* of Mrs. Malaprop herself have made a "nicer derangement of epitaphs"? The term "*grisly* veterans" must come from that "assimilation" which has produced so many other new ways of treating old quotations. Edgar Allan Poe is "assimilated" when we are told how "the great continent of promise would renew in France the *glories* that *were* Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome;" and Wordsworth, when the authors meditate on "Old, *far-off*, *unhappy* things." These two changes can only be unconsidered trifles to the author of them; for they amount merely to the substitution of the plural for the singular in one case, and the transposition of adjectives in the other. Yet neither mistake could possibly be made by anyone with true poetic intuition. Both are of the same significant kind as this stray newspaper perversion—

> "Ah Love! in truth, half ice, half fire;
> And all a wonder and a *brave* desire!"—

where one incorrect vowel-sound makes all the difference between harmony and discord; except, of course, to tone-deaf ears. The crowning glory of "assimilation" is reached when a passage from the Bible is so much improved that it will actually bear comparison, on perfectly equal terms, with one taken from "The Seats of the Mighty." Here is the revised quotation from the Bible, as it appears in "Old Quebec": "The savage Indian with his reeking tomahawk might break through and steal, the moth and rust of evil administration might wear away the fortunes of New France . . ." And here is the revised version of the "Seats of the Mighty": "A vague melancholy marked the line of [Wolfe's] tall ungainly figure . . . and a chin, falling away from an affectionate sort of mouth, made, by an antic of nature, the almost grotesque setting of those twin furnaces (*Anglice* "eyes") of daring resolve; which, in the end, fulfilled the yearning hopes of England." Compare this with Thackeray's little incidental sketch, written long before Wolfe's life had been fully revealed by modern research! But Thackeray wrote literature.

"Assimilated" French is a thing to set one's teeth on edge. We would venture to suggest that Sir Gilbert Parker might save a great deal of very distressing trouble by imitating the ingenious undergraduate who headed his Greek paper with a neatly drawn pill-box, filled with accents, and labelled, "to be used at the discretion of the examiner." For he uses accents where they are quite right, as in *Récollet*, while leaving them out in such expressions as *Bois brûles*, where the want of them changes the meaning from "half-breeds" to what might be mistaken for an impatient apostrophe to the camp-fire! Of course, everyone in the French army is given a superabundance of

"acutes"—*Répentigny*, *Ramézay*, and so on. But such "foreigneering" things are carefully removed from the names of British officers like *Barré* and *Montrésor*. One poor *s* is all that is allowed for the *gentilhommes* who "gave themselves to pick and spade." And the innocent *coiffe poudre* (!) of the "seigneur's wife" is massacred in cold blood, with the most heartless indifference to the claims of the female sex. But it is in his transcription of the famous epitaph on Montcalm that Sir Gilbert Parker has surpassed even himself. "Honneur *a* Montcalm: le Destin, en lui derobant la Victoire, l'a récompensé par une *Morte* gorieuse!" We always used to think that Montcalm's great recompense was a glorious death; but this up-to-date authority assures us that it really consisted of a *splendid female corpse*!

As for Folklore, Sir Gilbert Parker seems to have no conception of the complete difference between the personal lyric and the impersonal folk-song. And as all folklore lives on longest in remote country places, and withers away in the unsympathetic atmosphere of towns, it is rather unfortunate that he invites us to listen for the old songs "down by St. Roch or up by Ville Marie," *i.e.*, in Quebec and Montreal, the two least likely spots in the whole of French Canada. What on earth does he mean by a "crude epic of some valiant atavar?" Are we to hail him as a second "coiner of a word unknown to Keats"—not to mention the great new Oxford dictionary? Or is *atavar* only his "assimilation" of *avatar*? In this case we might remind him that the crudest epic of the first avatar of Vishnu tells how the first man was saved by a fish during the Deluge. It is, in fact, the oldest fish-story in the world, and, as such, a most "valiant" prehistoric prototype of all that "Old Quebec" has to tell us about French-Canadian folklore at the present day.

These few examples will enable the reader to see whether Sir Gilbert Parker has been writing literature. So we may now turn to the purely historical side of his work.

The sub-title is "The Fortress of New France," and we might suppose that this would restrict the subject in hand, more or less, to an account of the city itself. Such an event as the battle of Ticonderoga is, of course, quite relevant; though, to be sure, it is a little disconcerting to find the gallant Lord Howe leading the attack there the day after he had been killed in a preliminary skirmish! But Prince Rupert, who lived and died three thousand miles to the east of Quebec, and Mackenzie, whose great discoveries were made as far away to the west, are rather too wide of the subject. Yet both of them, together with three other Hudson Bay worthies, are thrown in, apparently for the sole reason that cheap cuts of them were to be found with irresistible ease, and that equally cheap information could be "assimilated" from Mr. Beckles Willson's "Great Company." The worst of it is, that, while these and many more irrelevant characters are favoured with illustration, there are no portraits of any of the following:—Bigot, the last and most pre-eminently vile of all the Intendants; Vaudreuil, the last figure-head of the old régime; Murray, the first military chief of the new; Carleton, the first British Governor-General, and saviour of Canada in 1775; and Lord Monck, the first viceroy of the new Dominion!

When the book does deal with Quebec it shows so little local knowledge that an inhabitant can hardly believe the authors ever visited the place in person. How do they suppose that the Castle of St. Louis managed to climb up to the "summit of Cape Diamond" (!) after the age of miracles was past? Why do they forget one of the stock features of every guide-book—the lamp of Repentigny? How is it that they have never heard of Quebec's claim to having built the *Royal William*, the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic by the aid of steam alone? Why do they illustrate the Quebec of "to-day" by views taken many years ago, such as those of the Citadel from the Terrace, the Upper Town Market,

the Breakneck Steps, New St. John's Gate, and the Old French House?

However, a better idea of the real value of the book can be obtained by examining the account of Wolfe's campaign. Sir Gilbert Parker has made the Siege and Battle emphatically his own, in more senses of the word than one. Perhaps it is only because he thinks he has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own, that he favours some characters with undue attention, while others get little or none. Rodney is introduced with a full-page portrait, as Governor of Newfoundland in 1759; though he had left that station seven years before. While Saunders, who commanded at Quebec the largest squadron then afloat, is distinguished by a small cut in the text, and is described as *under Wolfe*; though both his junior admirals were themselves considerably senior to all the generals, and though his own "assimilated" expression of horror at hearing this news for the first time might well have deterred the authors from offering him such an indignity. Other mistakes, both small and great, abound. Wolfe's successor was never styled "Marquis *of* Townshend." "Major-General Sir Isaac Barre,, Paymaster to Wolfe's forces," is incorrect in rank, title, name, and appointment. While Anson, who planned the naval conquest of Canada from headquarters; Durell and Holmes, who were the two junior flag officers under Saunders; and Lord Colville, who commanded the fleet at the final surrender in 1760, are all crowded out by the other "profuse illustrations."

The account of the Battle of the Plains is no better than the rest, though this is the second book in which Sir Gilbert Parker has made it the central feature, and though he might have avoided all his present blunders by referring to a work which he himself praised, in 1902, as "a work of Imperial significance," *viz.*: Mr. Doughty's *Siege of Quebec.* The three brigadiers had nothing to do with Wolfe's final plan; as is proved by their joint letter to him at 8.30 p.m. on the eve of the battle, asking for information—"*particularly of the place or places we are to attack.*" Bourlamaque was not on the Heights, but two hundred miles away. The camp fires which are said to have "spotted" the banks of the river are as mythical as the stone walls which are said to have "girdled" Quebec. Wolfe could not have "eyed" his men in the boats at the turn of the tide, because neither boats nor men were there at the time, and it was a great deal too dark to have seen them in any case. Nor could he have seen Bougainville's bivouacs at Cap Rouge, because Bougainville was then some miles higher up. Nor could his boat have been challenged from Sillery *Heights*, two hundred feet sheer up and as many yards off as the crow flies, without his whole plan having been discovered. Nor did his forlorn hope of twenty-four take Vergor's post by themselves. Nor did he ever form line facing St. Louis Road. Nor did he court military suicide by cutting off his retreat. On the contrary, he had only 3,111 in the firing line, whilst 1,718 were close by in reserve, and a very strong naval brigade was at hand on the beach, to say nothing of all the men-of-war along the river. The first regiment described in the *white* French line wore *blue*. The "burghers" of Quebec and the Indians, quite regardless of the fact that by and by Sir Gilbert Parker would want them to pose in the open for his fancy sketch, all insisted on taking cover in every other part of the battlefield. The ridiculous "scarlet *columns*" destroy the very effect he wishes to produce, because the most notable military feature of the whole action was that Wolfe anticipated the Crimean "thin red *line*" by nearly a hundred years. And the British troops must indeed have been "silent as cats, precise as mathematicians," if their whole line of nearly half a mile fired one single simultaneous volley on Wolfe's own personal word of command!

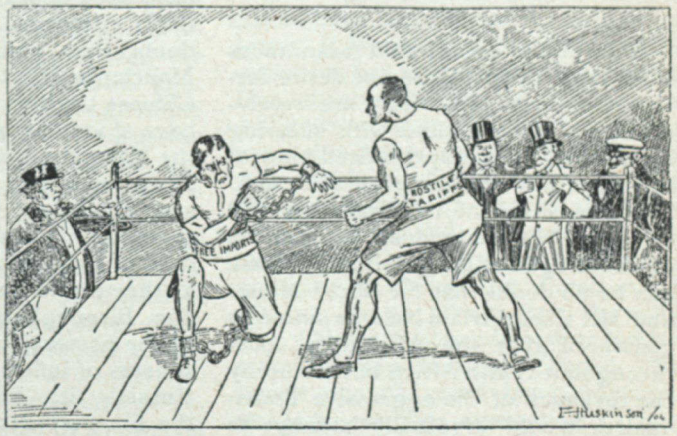
C'est magnifique—mais ce n'est pas la guerre!

Some one has blundered!

Current Events Abroad.

THE most that can be hoped for by pro-Russians is that each side may acknowledge itself unable to subdue the other. Even that would be a great triumph for Japan and a virtual defeat for Russia. It would compel the latter to recognize Japan as at least of collateral authority and importance in all far Eastern affairs. How can it be hoped that any better than a drawn battle can be looked for from the Russian standpoint. Even if with fearful sacrifice and effort they recover lost ground and drive their foe into the sea, that is as far as they can go. He is still triumphant on that element, and secure in his ocean-girt islands. However bitter the draught may be, the very best issue that Russia can now hope from the contest is a compromise settlement in which she will have to recede from the arrogant position at first assumed. Japan will have to be recognized as possessing, at least, an equal voice with any other power in Asia, and the knowledge that she will always be ready to fight for her interests will make her voice a potent one.

However matters go then, events have already proclaimed a profound revolution in the East. The powers who have had their eyes on the outlying provinces of China, and even those which now possess footholds in Asia are doubtless filled with some anxieties. What will be the policy of the new masters of the East? They have or will soon have behind them the force to give any of these powers notice to vacate, with possibly one exception. There can be little doubt, however, that Japan will consent to the status quo. What she will undoubtedly object to will be the strengthening by the European powers of their position in the East. Germany, for example, may retain the little circlet of land about Kiao-chau, but any attempt to increase the circlet would certainly be resented by China, backed up in all probability by Japan. The French in Indo-China would be in the same position. It can be affirmed with all sincerity that Great Britain has not shown a disposition to go far beyond the limits of Hong-Kong. A few years



FOUL PLAY

"If I saw a prize-fighter encountering a galley-slave in irons I should consider the combat equally as fair as to make England fight hostile Tariffs with Free Imports."—*Disraeli at Shrewsbury, 1843.*

And JOHN BULL has more money on than he can afford to lose

—*B. C. Review, London*

IN THE SQUEEZER—Minneapolis *Tribune*

ago when Germany planted herself at Kiao-chau the British slightly increased the radius of their control on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, but the reasons were military rather than those of territorial aggrandizement.

I am quite aware that assurances that Great Britain does not desire further accessions of territory are received by her sister nations with sneering incredulity. An unprejudiced view of the facts, however, supports the claim. The acquisition of the Transvaal and Orange Free State does not furnish evidence against this position. There can be no doubt that Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain became sincerely convinced that the Africander spirit throughout South Africa backed up by the revenues of the aggressive Transvaalers would eventually attempt to oust Britain from her South African colonies. The possession of a naval base on the route to Australia is a consideration of supreme importance, and if it was necessary to fight to retain it it was best to choose the time for fighting rather than let your enemy choose it. He would be likely to choose an opportunity which would be inconvenient for you. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain's critics may say no one who traversed the Boer settlements of Cape Colony would have any difficulty in believing that sooner or later Great Britain would have had to fight to retain her South African possessions. The extinction of the Transvaal should not be laid at Mr. Chamberlain's door; it should be laid at the door of the stubborn, implacable old man whose dislike of his British neighbours had become an unreasoning passion.

Trade has become a first consideration with nations, and all of them are prepared to go any lengths rather than have open doors suddenly closed upon their commerce. There can be no doubt that had Russia's action in Manchuria led to a general grab for Chinese territory, Great Britain would have stood out against the closing of the Yang-tse river to her commerce. The situation is most unequal. India and Egypt are as open to the merchants of Germany and France, or indeed of those of any part of the world, as they are to the merchants of London, Birmingham or Manchester. Not so the possessions or protectorates or spheres of influence of other countries. Russia's title to Newchwang was of the flimsiest description, and yet her occupation of the port was immediately signalized by an attempt to close it to the commerce of the world, an attempt against which the United States was firmly protesting when the war broke out. The first thing the Japan-

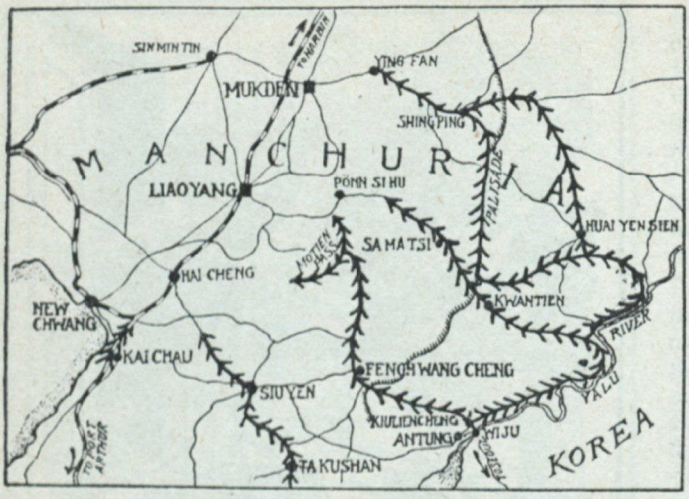
ese did after capturing it a week or two ago was to proclaim it open to the ships of the world. This type of civilization may not unnaturally be preferred to that illustrated by the Russian method.

IS IT COMING TO THIS?
CZAR—"For goodness sake, Pat, don't lure him in here!"
—Brooklyn *Eagle*

It may be asked what the present expedition towards Lhasa is if not an expedition of conquest. There is no chance that Tibet will be annexed to the British Empire, becoming another Indian Province. The British hold on India would be immensely weakened if once the idea gained currency among the tribes and peoples of that country that the Christian successor of the Great Mogul was unable to protect his subjects from the insult and oppression of a feeble folk like the Tibetans Indian merchants attempting to carry on a trade with the people of the great plateau have been maltreated and driven back. Yet this trade between the two peoples is of immemorial age. Lord Curzon and his advisers attribute these increased restrictions to Russian intrigue, and it is certainly the fact that while the Tibetans have shown growing distrust of everything coming from the direction of India, they have exhibited a tendency in quite a contrary direction so far as Russia is concerned. The day will never come when a great power will submit to this sort of treatment from a weaker nation whose conduct is suspected of being inspired and directed by a powerful rival. It may be affirmed with some confidence that Lord Curzon will prove that territorial aggrandizement was not his object by withdrawing from Tibet as soon as he is assured that British subjects, which in that case virtually means natives of Hindostan, are unmolested in their legitimate journeyings through Tibet.

It is urged in some quarters that it would have been better for British interests if Russia had been allowed an outlet for her energies in the far East. Denied access to the Yellow Sea, she will become more active in the countries along the borders of India. It may merely be said that what she was doing in Manchuria and on the Liaotung peninsula did not seem to subtract from the energy of her propaganda in the Balkans, in Persia or at Lhasa. At all events, over the collision which has now taken place British statesmanship had no control. No power on earth could have prevented the Japanese from attempting to stop the onward movement of the Muscovite steam roller. The world must just make up its accounts in view of facts which could not be avoided.

The possibility of mediation still crops up. A month ago, it will be



The above map from the London *Daily Mail* is an attempt to indicate the lines of advance of the various Japanese armies. General Kuroki himself has advanced from the Yalu through Feng-hwang-cheng to the Motien Pass, which he has avoided. On the right is an unknown army, and on the extreme left is the latest army. This latter body will probably soon see hard work as the Russians appear to be advancing to try to relieve Port Arthur. Important developments must occur before the month closes.

remembered, the Russian Foreign Office took pains to deny that any proposals had been made looking towards intervention. There are not unimportant differences between intervention and mediation. The one case seems to imply the interference of a third power with a certain suspicion of coercion behind it. Mediation would only occur where one or other of the combatants had by round-about methods given some friend to understand that his services in the interests of peace would be acceptable. It is a bitter thing for a powerful despot to acknowledge himself beaten by a despised people. But history is full of such cases. It was doubtless a terrible humiliation for Darius to retire across the Bosporus in face of a few disunited tribes of Greeks whom he accounted very lightly. It was undoubtedly an equally painful experience for Xerxes, his son, when he saw his navy worsted at Salamis and his hosts melt away on the plains of Thessaly. Rome paid tribute to the Goths and bowed to Brennus and Theodoric, and, big as Russia is, she will have to bow to Japan if the fortunes of war keep going against her. Needs must is an irresistible subduer, and despite the little reverses which Japan is suffering at the moment of writing it must still be judged that Russia has essayed an impossible task. To say that she will emerge from a war in which she has gathered no glory and immediately begin her career of activity in other directions is to leave a lot of things out of account. If she comes out of the war with discredit she will have plenty of matters to deal with to keep her quite busy at home. The modern spirit is penetrating Russia in spite of every effort to fence it out, and the collapse of the military reputation of the Empire will force such questions to the front beyond the possibility of the power of any minister to repress them. Domestic questions and the rehabilitation of the finances will keep Russian statesmen pretty well employed for the greater part of a generation at least.

The South African authorities have overcome all opposition, in order to introduce Chinese labour in the mines. They have gone far towards justifying those who said that the moneyed interests plotted to bring about the downfall of Boer Government because it took the side of labour rather than that of capital. Sir Alfred Milner's policy will have to justify itself. It is being followed in face of the protest of some of the colonies which helped to place him in power at Pretoria. It is said that what is now being done will be upset as soon as the Transvaal is granted self-government, which cannot be long delayed. If so it is a mistake to have ever thought of it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

ARE WE SNOBS AND TOADIES?

WE are reading just now a great deal in our Canadian papers of how the eyes of the Mother Country are turned towards Canada, and of how at last our British brothers are waking up to a sense of our importance. It is all pleasant reading and interesting, but I wonder if we are really any better understood by the mass of our brothers and sisters in the homeland than we were twenty-five years ago. Sometimes it seems to me we are not.

Only a few days ago I overheard a benighted Britisher (an educated man, and generally well informed in other respects, a man whom I afterwards learned had lived in Canada for twenty years), denouncing Canada and things Canadian in no measured terms. We were a lot of snobs and toadies, he politely informed us, fond of cheap notoriety, and eager to rush forward to touch the hems of the garments, so to speak, of any Tom, Dick or Harry in the way of nobility who happened to come to our land. After listening more or less patiently for a time, I took a hand in the merry game, and tried to persuade the old gentleman that he was quite mistaken —that we, as a nation, cared little for titles or "lang pedigrees"—that our training and environments tended to make us free and easy in our mode of life, and that we could have none of the sentimental regard and respect for high-sounding titles which people in the same class of life in the Old Country would naturally feel for them, having grown up with the fear of the nobility in their hearts. It was all to no purpose.

Why had our leading citizens a few days before put themselves to such trouble lunching, dining, and otherwise entertaining the Duke of S——, who happened to be touring in Canada at the time; and why were the columns of our daily papers filled with descriptions of Mrs. Sam Smith's and Mrs. Jack Robinson's "Pink" or "Green" or "Yellow" Teas? That was what he would like to know, if it was not because we were fond of cheap notoriety.

I meekly suggested with regard to the "Pink Teas," that as we had no Princesses of the Blood Royal, no Duchesses or Countesses or even "Honourables" as yet in this great and glorious West, we had to fall back for society leaders upon the wives of our respected and prosperous business-men—that in a very small and modest way our despised "Pink Teas" took the place of Royal Drawing-rooms, and so forth, the joys of the aristocratic world across the sea; and that in describing the same our worthy newspapers were only following the example set by the Old Country press. This amiable explanation, I may say, was received with merely a contemptuous snort. It was too flippant and childish to even come in for passing notice.

Having the floor, however, for the time being, I went on to say that

the Duke of S—— was supposed to be intimately associated with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and that our citizens in entertaining him were doubtless moved to do so largely in the hope of hearing from his own noble lips some of the details of Mr. Chamberlain's plans for Imperial Federation, just now the chief topic of the day.

"I saw nothing in your papers about the Duke being Mr. Chamberlain's spokesman," he retorted. "All that was lost sight of by you in the joy of having a real, live Duke in your midst; and if you only knew it, my dear young woman, these aristocratic visitors whom *ye* delight to entertain (he was growing excited) just go away and laugh at you for your pains. Take the Governors-General who are sent out to Canada. Do you not suppose they are utterly bored to death by your attentions? Indeed, one of them told me himself, on his return to England, how amusing, and even annoying, it had all been."

Talk of insular prejudice, and ignorance of colonial affairs in Great Britain! This was from a man who had lived for twenty years in our very midst. And yet, in spite of it all, we remain loyal; and when an opportunity offered gave of our dearest and best to fight and die for our Queen and country.

Argument with the dear man, I saw, was useless, and I retired from the fray with what dignity I could, remarking as I took my departure, by way of having the last word and leaving a parting shot behind, that, at any rate, I hadn't noticed any great commotion when the noble Duke took his walks abroad, nor had Main Street been blocked at any time during his visit as I had seen Princes Street, Edinburgh, blocked one afternoon when Lord Rosebery dropped into Jenner's to do a little shopping!! I left my choleric old friend speechless with wrath, and can only hope he did not have a seizure as a result of having encountered someone, and a woman at that, who dared to hold opposite views to his own. Probably he will alway regard me as one of the unfortunate products of this uncultured and unenlightened country.

Does this little incident, however, not go to show that we are still hopelessly misunderstood by our British brethren? *C. I. S.*

Winnipeg.

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A LULLABY

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea—"

THE words echo mournfully through the quiet room, and the rain that falls against the window seems to patter an accompaniment to the faltering voice. The clock ticks on, pointing with its gilded hands to the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the dim, dark figure of a woman, half kneeling, half crouching beside a child's cot.

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea—"

The firelight glints and gleams about the room, throwing now a streak of light, now a deep shadow in some corner, making the fair hair of the kneeling woman shine like threads of gold, and dancing in mocking playfulness over the fever-tossed figure of the child, lying with its little arms extended, and the fingers of each tiny hand curled inward. The door opens, and the doctor enters, accompanied by the nurse, but the child moves restlessly and the mother, with almost a passionate gesture, motions them back.

"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one—"

The child is still again, but the agony in the mother's voice pierces the watchers' hearts. The rain patters on the window, the clock ticks, ticks, and a faint sound of weeping from the adjoining room, are all that disturb the stillness.

While my pretty one—"

The voice is almost a whisper now and the golden head of the woman leans very near that of the child; the firelight playfully kisses them both and shows

for an instant the white agonized look of the one and the flushed baby face of the other.

"Sleeps"—the woman almost gasps, and then for a moment, with a moan of anguish, clasps the little form close, close in her loving arms. 'Tis only for a moment though, for the blue eyes open and look into hers, and the weak voice, with unconscious cruelty, says: "Don't stop, mother; lay me down and sing to me; the rest of it—about father." For an instant there is silence; even the very rain seems to fall more quietly, while from the mother's heart goes up a prayer for strength; then, as the little body in her arms stirs, she lays it tenderly down, and again resuming her crouching position, softly sings—

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon—"

The misery in the brown eyes and the clinging black robe she wears tell a tale too pitiful for words, and her lips grow white and seem to move stiffly as the last verse of Tennyson's beautiful lullaby quivers through the room.

"Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon—"

The blue eyes are still fastened on hers, and with the courage of despair she forces herself to smile into them with a shadow of the hopefulness she sees in them; the little hands clasp hers, and the child waits eagerly for the voice that falters on—

"Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon."

There is a little choking sound and the doctor and nurse start forward, but she waves them back (no one must share his last moments with her). She gathers the little twitching limbs into her loving arms and soothes him with the words that have so often lulled him to rest.

"Sleep my little one—"

The child's struggles grow fainter, the little hands begin to loosen their clasp, the doctor furtively wipes his eyes, and the nurse weeps freely, as the anguished voice of the young mother breathes the last words

"Sleep my pretty one—sleep."

Her task is over, the baby hands drop from hers, and the blue eyes close. The rain patters on the window pane, the clock ticks over the mantel, pointing with its gilded hands to five minutes after the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the broken heart of a woman and—a sleeping child.

Maud Beatrice Roberts

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THE FUNCTION OF MUSIC

THE community and the individual debarred from the privilege of frequently listening to music are not always aware of the loss they sustain. If it may be said not only that "what the eye doth not see," but what the ear doth not hear, "the heart doth not long after," it is as unfortunate in the latter as it is fortunate in the former. For the sense of hearing has never, like "the lust of the eye," been classified among the evil things of life. Is it a true indictment to state that the Anglo-Saxon is not a musical race, and that in this respect it is inferior to the Germans, the Italians, and other nationalities? In German towns, music at some centre where all may congregate is the regular evening recreation, not of the few but of the multitude. It is to places like Leipsic that our musical devotees resort to perfect their education in the divine art. It is safe to say that the musical development of the people, considered separately from the artists, is more conspicuous in all the continental nations than in England or the United States. The infancy of Canada must be its excuse for musical as well as literary limitations.

It may be stated broadly, but none the less truthfully, that music is a power for good. Admittedly there is a stimulus in intoxicating liquor, but in the gallant charge on the field of battle it is more often the martial music than any material stimulant which stirs

men's blood to brave deeds. If the average attendant at church were asked what part of the service made him feel a better man or more desirous of attaining higher ideals, he would answer the hymns and other devotional music.

It is not the elaborate anthem, not the magnificent oratorio, not the shivering scream of the prima donna that appeals to the heart of man. All this may be, as an American humorist remarked, "really very much better than it sounds!" But it is the spiritual fervour of the Christian hymn, the sustained elevation of the simple chant, the pathetic melody of the minor operas, or the robust beauty of Scottish song that influence and inspire the sympathetic listener.

Musical geniuses like those of poetic mould are sometimes regarded as eccentric and in ordinary matters, unreliable. But at the other extreme is "the man that hath no music in his soul." Shakespeare tells us that

"The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus."

A choral society, though its orbit and influence are limited, is, as far as its educative work extends, an excellent institution. But we want music in the home as well as in the churches and at social gatherings. Such melancholy tunes as "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" are more apt to set the unfortunate boy wandering than to keep him at home. But there is abundance of cheerful and inspiriting music for every day in the year. For the reflective mood, there are touching melodies in the hymnals and the operas whose effect is only mellowing and not depressing. The finest accomplishment which girls can acquire is that of playing the piano or some other musical instrument. Only a few are incapable of attaining fair proficiency. If their voices give any promise let them be cultivated also.

Music is infinite in its variety. Of making music as of making books there is no end. It can be fashioned to please every taste, to accord with every feeling, to banish many a useless worry, and solace many a care. It is a stimulant, but one "that cheers and not inebriates."

C. E. A. Simonds

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MELBA'S HARD WORK

MADAME MELBA, the great diva, has a splendid house in Great Cumberland-place, London, England, and in a recent interview she tells of the hard work she put into the learning of her recent opera. This was put on the stage for the first time in Monte Carlo, and ran for six weeks. The composer is Saint Saëns, and the title is Hélène. The piece is written in one act, and occupies an hour and a quarter. During the whole performance Madame Melba does not leave the stage. But even harder work than the acting was the trying task of learning the new opera while keeping her engagements in America and elsewhere. It required three months of persistent work rehearsing for four hours each day. Madame studied it during her train journeys of October, November and December last. Literally she learnt it on the road. She had no other opportunity. She had a piano put into her drawing-room car, and practised as the train rushed along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, in spite of all the rattle and the noise. This was determination with a vengeance. Speaking of it, Madame says: "I got used to it. But it is trying in the extreme. Day after day, week in and week out, always practising. Nevertheless, I could not live without it. It is my life."

After gleaning this remarkable information the interviewer asked one more question, Did Madame ever think of retiring? Melba, the great Melba, sprang to her feet. "My good fellow, I'm not forty yet. Retire? Retire? When I am forty-five, perhaps. But now. Never." And she laughed long and merrily. The idea of retirement was so ridiculous.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE months of May and June were rather important months in the history of this country. The people made some momentous decisions. That is, they didn't actually make the decisions themselves, but they looked on while their leaders came to certain conclusions.

For example, it was decided that Senator Wark was the oldest living legislator in the world. It appears that he was born near Londonderry, in Ireland, in February, 1804, emigrated to New Brunswick in 1824, and entered the Assembly there in 1843. Since then he has been engaged in the making and unmaking of laws, having never once changed his occupation. He did not desire to miss even the present session of the Dominion Senate, in which he has been since Confederation, and the Government sent a private car down to his home to transfer him to Ottawa. Then this centenarian legislator came up, had his photograph taken for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, sat for a painting, and deservedly received the congratulations of an assembled Parliament. A man who has lived so long must have taken great trouble to keep his health and mind in good condition—he is a noble example. But it shows that when a Member of Parliament complains that he cannot endure the stress of law-making, it is time to take a pinch of salt.

SENATOR WARK—THE OLDEST LIVING LEGISLATOR IN THE WORLD
HIS LATEST PHOTO, BY TOFLEY

The people who control the University of Ottawa have decided to build a new Arts building to replace the one burned down. There were some rumours of trouble as to whether it should be controlled by Canadians or

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ON MAY 24TH

Among those present were Cardinal Gibbons (who delivered the address), Mgr. Sbarretti (who officiated), the Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chief Justice Taschereau and the Hon. Richard Harcourt.

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

English-speaking Canadians also adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Apparently the rumour had little basis in fact. The corner-stone has been declared well and truly laid, and French and English, prelate, priest and people, parliamentarian and private citizen, joined to wish success to higher education and long life and usefulness to the University of Ottawa.

Again, it has been decided that government ownership of railways is advisable. Sir Wilfrid Laurier says that he advocates it—advocates it for the new transcontinental railway so far as is practicable. Just now he favours the Government owning the roadbed from Winnipeg to the Atlantic Ocean. A few years from now, say fifty or a hundred, he believes that it may be advisable to take over the operating of the road. Hence he has had a few paragraphs looking to that end inserted in the Bill which creates the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. After fifty-one days of consideration of the amended bargain, the House of Commons agreed with Sir Wilfrid by a vote of 105 to 59, and the Bill became law.

The leader of the opposing fifty-nine agreed with Sir Wilfrid that government ownership was a splendid ideal, but he thought that government ownership should cover roadbed, rolling stock and general operation. Mr. Borden is enthusiastic. He would buy everything and own everything, the rails, the ties, the cars, the engines, the stations, the new townsites, the telegraph lines, the express companies, the dining-rooms, and the right to issue passes. He has never worked in a railway office; he has never been Minister of Railways, nor even General Passenger Agent at Moncton, or perhaps he would not have been quite so enthusiastic. Think of all the people who would want passes and jobs if the Government owned and operated a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

The rivalry between the Ontario and the Federal Governments has become serious. The Ottawa people created a Railway Commission to rival the

OPENING OF THE NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE IN OTTAWA ON MAY 17TH
PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

Temiskaming Commission appointed by the Ontario Government. Mr. Ross thought a long time and he conceived another great idea. He would have a commission to investigate the taxation of railways and to travel over all the continent from Greenland to the Panama Canal looking for information—perhaps even to Europe if they happen to think of it. Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, M.P.P., Professor Adam Shortt and Judge Bell were chosen for the important work. It is said Sir Wilfrid was staggered for a moment until Mr. Fielding came to his aid and said "Let's have another Tariff Commission," and straightway there were sunny smiles in Ottawa once more. So Mr. Fielding made what is called a Budget Speech and announced a new tariff commission which will once more attempt to settle the question of who pays the duty, the producer or the consumer.

While he was making this annual address Mr. Fielding took opportunity incidentally to say something about the revenue of Jack Canuck & Co., Unltd. It appears that the revenue of the company increased from fifty-eight millions to sixty-six millions, while the expenditure increased only one million—a little less in fact. Now in 1901-2 the surplus was seven millions; therefore in 1902-3 the surplus was fourteen millions. And then he prophesied that the surplus in 1903-4 would be sixteen and a half millions. Jack Canuck & Co. are certainly prosperous.

In 1902 the national debt was $271,829,000. In two years it has been reduced to $257,412,000, or less than it was in 1896. In 1896 the debt was $50.61 per head; in 1904 it is only $46.69. He gave a great quantity of other figures, all of which went to show that Jack Canuck & Co. was one of the most prosperous firms in the world.

Mr. Fielding's speech was also the occasion of introducing a new principle into the customs tariff, a provision

against "dumping." This nefarious practice is defined to mean that where an article is sold at a lower price in Canada than it is in the country of production, it will be said to be "dumped." For example, if the steel rail makers of the United States sell rails in Canada at $22 which they sell in the United States at $28 they are "dumping" them. Mr. Fielding proposes to penalize this by adding a special duty equal to the difference between the "dumped" price and the regular price, which in the instance cited would be $6. This, however, is limited by a provision that the added duty shall not exceed one-half of the regular duty.

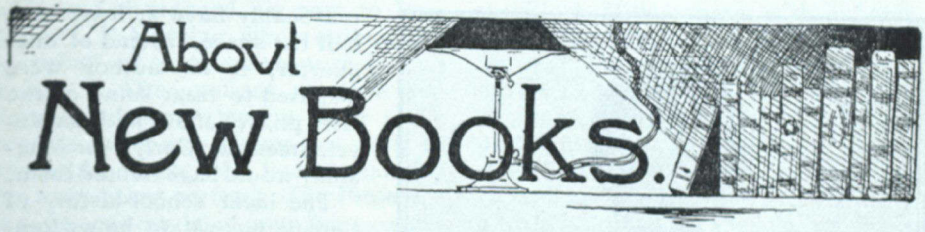
This provision is a concession to the manufacturers who claim that certain United States competitors seek to ruin Canadian producers in the same line by underselling them in this market. There is no doubt that the Canadian manufacturers have been much alarmed over the rapid growth of United States sales to Canada, but it is equally certain that this is not always due to a lower price. For example, there are certain lines of ladies' shoes manufactured in the United States and sold in Canada for other reasons. These shoes sell in the United States at $3.25 and in Canada at $3.75. Why? Because they are good shoes and better advertised than any similar shoe produced here. The Canadian manufacturer might take a leaf from the Australian book of customs duties, where they have imposed a duty of six cents per pound on all foreign periodicals containing more than 15 per cent. of advertising. It is time the Canadian manufacturer turned his attention to the ease with which the United States manufacturer can get his advertisement before the Canadian reader. Until that is rendered difficult, the United States manufacturer will maintain his position here.

A number of the journalists who have returned from St. Louis claim that Canada's exhibits are splendid. I am inclined to express a different opinion. In fact, I would almost go so far as to say that at St. Louis Canada has received a decidedly cold shoulder, both at the hands of the authorities of the Exhibition and at the hands of those who have had the Canadian exhibits in charge. The agricultural trophy in the Palace of Agriculture is splendid, but there the praise must end. The Canadian building is inadequate, and represents no particular idea. The German building is a replica of the Schloss Charlottenburg, the British building a reproduction of the Orangery at Kensington Palace, the French building a replica of the Grand Trianon at Versailles, and so with the other national buildings. Canada's building represents nothing in particular in architecture, and indicates nothing in particular in its furnishings. This, of course, is Canada's own fault, and an explanation is due from the Canadian commissioner or whoever authorized the plans.

There is to be no exhibit of Canadian manufactures, no exhibits of fruit, no exhibits of cattle, and no exhibits of dairy products of an official character. To a great extent this is the fault of the St. Louis directors, who refused to allow Canadian animals to be shown under favourable conditions, and to the consequent lukewarmness of the leaders in Canadian agriculture and kindred industries.

Knowing the United States people as we do, there need be no surprise at this attitude. Canada is the greatest competitor the United States has on this continent. For forty years it has been her policy to check us as far as possible, and for a time her efforts were fairly successful. Now that we are commencing to draw away some of her best citizens, it is but natural that she should refuse to assist our progress. That Canadians should be warmly received at St. Louis could hardly be expected, and any one who did expect it has been disappointed. As a Fair, however, I am free to confess that it is a great success, and well worth going to see. Every person who visits it will reap both pleasure and profit.

John A. Cooper



THE IMPERIALIST

NO young Canadian, though willing to go to Parliament to represent a constituency, and though well enough known to be a possible candidate, can be an imperialist and a successful candidate. That is the general proposition upon which Sara Jeanette Cotes has based her arguments in "The Imperialist."* Her definition of an imperialist is one who would not hesitate to put Canada to some material loss, or at least to postpone her development in various important directions, for the sake of the imperial connection. Having thus defined him, she carries him through a political contest to defeat.

Mrs. Cotes may or may not be right. I fancy Lieut.-Col. Denison would disagree and perhaps one or two others. There are many imperialists in the country, but most of these place their Canadianism first. This is especially true of the Canadians who speak French; they have steadily refused to sing "God Save the King." I recently attended a dinner at which about a score of French Canadian women were present; when the national anthem was being sung they contented themselves with a shrug and a smile. The Canadian who speaks English but who was born in this country usually sings the national anthem with vigour, but privately he believes the residents of the British Isles are members of a decadent race. He is willing to shout for the Empire, but does not believe in taxation without representation.

Whether Mrs. Cotes is right or wrong, the story is opportune. It comes at a time when imperialism is being calmly considered. The intense glorification of Wallingham, who is the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in thin disguise, is a fault in the story, perhaps. The Idea would have been just as forcible if less closely associated with one man. Again, the style of the author is extremely bad in many places, showing a lack of close revision. Ungrammatical constructions are common; the improper use of words shows a sad lack of dictionary and classical knowledge; the unnecessary chapters show a mercenary willingness to "pad." Yet, in spite of its glaring faults, one would hesitate to say that the book is not a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

* The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

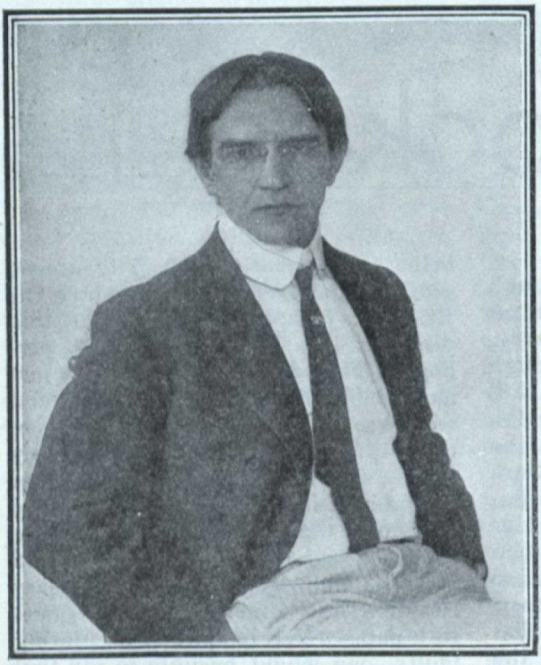
CLEMENT vs. ROBERTS

THE story goes that when the great conference took place a few years ago to settle upon a suitable Canadian history for use in all Canadian schools, that Roberts' book was not selected because Mr. Roberts would not consent to having the life edited out of it to suit certain religious bodies and other interests and whims.

Mr. Clement consented to have his book cut up, and his reputation has been steadily declining ever since. On the other hand, Roberts' history was published in an expensive edition and secured a few fond admirers. Now it has been published in a cheaper edition* with illustrations. The preface runs thus:

"This volume, originally issued in 1897, has been revised and brought down to date by Mr. Roberts. A chapter on the government of the country, federal, provincial, and

* A History of Canada for High Schools and Academies, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Morang & Co.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

municipal, has been added, as well as a list of important dates. A new and enlarged index completes the book."

While this book is much better than Clement's and is equal to any one-volume history of Canada in existence, it is still far from being ideal. There are a thousand facts and dates in it which might safely have been omitted. The pictures of each period are not broad enough, not bright enough, not as vivid as a novelist might make them. The War of 1812 alone, if told in all its detail, would easily occupy all the space any author, working on this line, can be given. Why then try to give the names of all the generals and all the battles? Better far a bright, vivid picture, such as an artist might paint on one canvas—a running commentary such as might be given by a lecturer who desired to keep his audience awake.

Then again the perspective is open to question. There are 353 pages devoted to Canada before Confederation, and 110 pages to the history since Confederation. The latter period might reasonably have at least one-half the space, instead of one-quarter, if an author were disposed to treat some of the later phases of our national development as Carlyle or Macaulay would have treated them.

The ideal school-history of Canada has yet to be written, but until that ideal day Roberts' brightly-written work will do very well. Any teacher of enthusiasm and broad reading may use it to advantage. The other kind of teacher could do little even with a more ideal book.

CANADIAN FICTION

CANADA has an increasing number of very fair public libraries, and the most striking feature in each is the absence of Canadian books. There are not ten libraries in the Dominion that have a department specially labelled "Canadian." Strange? No, not so. The people of this country have always been half-hearted in their opinions. Even in 1812 they hesitated a moment before they defended the country; and less than fifteen years ago some of our leading men were prepared to surrender our national existence.

There are some who stand firmly for national existence, and most of them recognize the value of studying and encouraging our native literature. Chief among these are the men who are gathered about Victoria College, Toronto. They encourage their students to know Canadian books; they invite Canadian writers to contribute to the College journal on purely native topics; they have issued a bibliography of Canadian poetry, and will shortly have a companion "Bibliography of Canadian (English) Fiction," which will be No. 2 of the publications of Victoria University Library. This bibliography was begun some years ago by Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Ottawa Civil Service, but he grew tired

of it, and abandoned his post to Professor L. E. Horning, whose enthusiasm in behalf of native literature is well known. After patient research and correspondence extending over many months, he is now giving the work to the public, though he knows that it is far from being perfect. The Professor is to be congratulated upon the measure of success which has attended his unselfish efforts in this connection, and Mr. Burpee deserves praise for having originated an important piece of work on behalf of our national literature.

Canada needs more professors with enthusiasm for native letters. During the past season Professor Horning delivered some fifteen university extension lectures at various points in Ontario, and, during the months of March and April, travelled twelve hundred miles, carrying with him his zeal on behalf of native prose, native poetry and a higher standard of literary culture among the people. It is a pleasing sign that the public should be anxious to hear about our native literature which, however imperfect, will not be improved by being ignored.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

STEWART EDWARD WHITE was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., March 12, 1873. He lived all his young boyhood in Grand Haven, where he used to spend much time with his father on the river and with the rivermen. Often, he used to accompany his father on long trips to the north woods, and so early acquired a taste for that sort of thing. At the age of ten he went to California and spent four years in that State, taking long hunting trips on horseback. During the next few years he visited various parts of the West, and did a good deal of work in ornithology. His first published book was on this subject—an annotated list of the birds of Mackinac Island, published in pamphlet form. He made a collection of about 1,400 birdskins. After graduation from the University of Michigan, desire for adventure led him to the gold camps of the Black Hills, where, with a horse, gun and about $100, he enjoyed life. He spent most of the time in a lawless, unsheriffed camp, about forty miles from anywhere, and made long horseback trips over the wild country in all directions. Once he was nearly lynched, and once he was shot at. He mined a little gold; staked some water rights, and got fooled by a washout; shot game for a living. During all this time he was gathering material for his two books, "The Claim Jumpers" and "The Westerners." Returning from the wilds, he entered the Columbia Law School and studied one winter. Then he went abroad for a year and a half, living in Paris and making many literary friends. From civilization he turned to the woods again, coming to Canada and penetrating far into the Hudson Bay region, where he gathered the material for his two books, "Conjuror's House" and "The

PROFESSOR HORNING

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Silent Places." Last summer he spent in the Sierra Nevada mountains, tramping the backbone of the ridge for over a thousand miles. On April 28th last he was married to Miss Elizabeth Grant, of Newport, R.I., and recently returned to California with his bride, where he will take up his residence in a little house of which he himself was the architect and builder, furniture and cabinet maker, which he has whimsically named "The Jumping Off Place."

His latest book, "The Silent Places,"* deals with the far northwest in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company and describes the pursuit of an Indian defaulter by two employees of the company. A man hunt under the most wonderful and most trying circumstances.

A MAN OF HORSES

TO write one must know. W. A. Fraser writes of horses because he knows them. He has owned racing horses in India and in Canada; he has lost money to the bookies in the East and the West, at Calcutta, at Saratoga, at Fort Erie, at Toronto. So have many others. Mr. Fraser differs from the others in that he sought the experience mainly that he might paint the picture, just as did that Russian painter of war scenes whose great genius was lost to the world the other day when a Russian battleship sank in the Yellow Sea. That is why "Brave Hearts"* will appeal to men who love horses and know the race-course, and to other men who love merely courage and breeding and strength.

In addition to telling twelve good short stories in this volume, Mr. Fraser has again shown that he has a style of his own. When his first work appeared, the critics said it smelled of Kipling. Fraser has lived that down and the critics have swallowed the slander. The excellences of his prose are his own; his artistic handling of words and phrases is mastery rather than imitation; the abrupt forcefulness of his phrases meets the general requirements of literary form, but yet has an individuality of its own. Nor is he merely a splendid transcriber; he infuses his imagination and humour into his writing, so that it is genuine fine art with a vocabulary, a composition, a manner, a feeling which reflects the writer and him alone.

TRAVEL

A NEW edition of "Here and There in the Home Land," by Canniff Haight, has been issued under the title "A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain." The only changes are the addition of a Frontispiece picture of the author, who died in 1901, and a biographical introduction by E. B. Biggar. This is an excellent work which should find many new admirers. It is printed on heavy paper, with a neat cover.†

The northern parts of Canada are coming in for greater attention. The central portion of British Columbia has been described for the first time by Rev. Father Morice, who has spent twenty years among the Indians of that

* Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated.

* Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, $1.25.
† Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, $2.25.

district. It is, as its title would indicate, more than a contribution to our history of the Indians. "The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia*" goes back to the days before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, when Stuart Lake was the seat of authority for that Province. The earliest trading posts were established by Simon Fraser, who in 1902 became a partner in the Northwest Fur Company, and in 1805 he founded Fort McLeod on Lake McLeod, the first permanent post erected within what we now call British Columbia. In 1806 he explored Stuart Lake, and built Fort St. James. Bancroft, Masson, Bryce, Macfie, and other historians, have improperly, says the author, described the situation of this fort and have called it the first fort in British Columbia, whereas it was the second. Fraser then explored Fraser Lake, where he built another fort. He named the whole district New Caledonia, taking possession of it in the name of his company. The subsequent history of this district fills out the interesting narrative which the author has given to the public.

Another work on the northern part of the Dominion is "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada," by David T. Hanbury,† who spent twenty months travelling in the district immediately north of Winnipeg. He travelled from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, and from there to Great Slave Lake, as a preliminary, but failed to find a way to the north. This was in 1899. Two years later he left Edmonton and proceeded to Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet. He returned to Buchanan River, and then went north to Pelly Lake, and pressed on to the Arctic Ocean; thence westerly across Kent Peninsula to Coronation Gulf, and along to the mouth of the Coppermine. He ascended this and the Dease River, and crossed Great Bear Lake to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie, one of the greatest trips ever taken by a white man. A more extended notice of this wonderful adventure will be given next month in this publication.

*Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, $2.50.

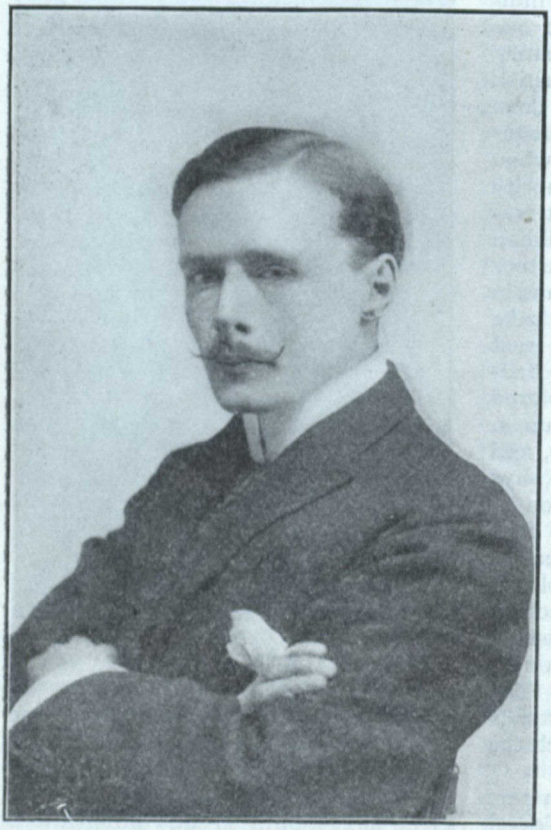
†New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 318 pp., illustrated, $4.50.

W. A. FRASER

A POOR BOOK

CASPAR WHITNEY is reputed to be a great authority on sport and he is editor of the American Sportsman's Library. The latest issue in this is "American Yachting,"* by W. P. Stephens. This volume entirely overlooks the greatest of all lake contests, that for the "Canada's" cup. This contest was inaugurated at Toledo in 1896 when the *Canada* won from the *Vencedor*. In 1899, the cup was taken back to the United States by the *Genesee* which defeated the *Defender*. In 1901, the *Invader* recovered it, defeating the *Cadillac* at Chicago. Last year the *Strathcona* was beaten by the *Irondequoit* and the Cup went to Rochester.

*New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Morang & Co.



VERNON NOTT, WHOSE SECOND VOLUME OF VERSE HAS JUST APPEARED.—PHOTO BY KILE

This omission and the general make-up of the book rob it of any permanent value. In fact, it is a discredit to the sport which it is supposed to represent.

SUMMER READING

The Editor recommends the following list of books for summer reading.

FICTION

The Bright Face of Danger, by Robert Neilson Stephens. Romance of the Renaissance. Copp.

The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. United States Historical Romance. Copp.

The Watchers of the Trails, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Animal Stories. Copp.

Strong Mac, by S. R. Crockett. Strong Galloway Tale. Copp.

The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Canadian Political Story. Copp.

The Heart of Rome, by F. Marion Crawford. Modern Romance. Copp.

Follow the Gleam, by Joseph Hocking. Story of Cromwell's Time. Copp.

Over the Border, by Robert Barr. Cromwell Story. Copp.

The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White. Canadian Northwest. Morang.

The Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewlett. Mary Queen of Scots. Morang.

Brave Hearts, by W. A. Fraser. Racing Stories. Morang.

The Merry Ann, by Samuel Merwin. Smuggling on the Great Lakes. Morang.

The Faith of Men, by Jack London. Short Klondike Stories. Morang.

The American Prisoner, by Eden Phillpotts. Dartmoor Prison Tale. Morang.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Child Story. Briggs.

My Friend Prospero. Henry Harland. An Italian Idyl. Briggs.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Lovey Mary. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son. Geo. C. Lorimer. Briggs.

Place and Power. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Political. Briggs.

Tales of the St. John River. E. S. Kirkpatrick. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

The Mystic Spring and other Stories. Hon. D. W. Higgins. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

GENERAL

Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, by Daniel Williams Harmon. Reprint. Morang.

The Fat of The Land, by John Williams Streeter. The Story of a Farm. Morang.

Getting Acquainted with the Trees, by J. Horace McFarland. Morang.

History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia. A. G. Morice. Briggs.

By the Fireside. Charles Wagner. Briggs.

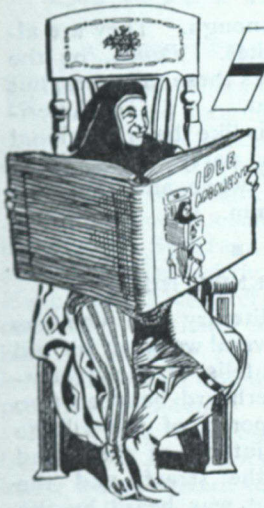
Working with the Hands. Booker T. Washington. Briggs.

Handbook of Modern Japan. Ernest P. Clement. Briggs.

Canada in the Twentieth Century, by A. G. Bradley. Constable.

Quebec Under Two Flags, by Doughty and Dionne. Quebec News Co.

The Journey's End and other Verses, by Vernon Nott. Chapman.



IDLE MOMENTS

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S THROAT LOTION

DURING one of Sir Charles Tupper's stumping tours he was troubled with an irritation of the throat, says a writer in the Clinton *New Era*. He had prepared a simple remedy for the irritation in the shape of plain barley water (not fermented at all) and had instructed his Private Secretary to remain at the rear of the platform until he should require the flask containing the lotion, when he was to hand it to him. It was at Hamilton, and the audience was somewhat boisterous. When his throat began to trouble him, he poured out a copious drink. Instantly the audience assumed that it was liquor, and began to chaff him, asking to be taken in on the treat, and all sorts of similar guying. Sir Charles protested that he was not in the habit of using intoxicants, saying that if they did not believe his version about it being non-intoxicating, he would call upon his Private Secretary to come forward and verify his assertion. This person came to the front, rather embarrassed, which was not lessened when he had made his explanation by the audience good-naturedly crying out: "Oh, Sir Charles, your Private Secretary is drunk, and you will be, too, if you drink much of that." It took some time to restore order, but Sir Charles managed to finish his speech without further difficulty.

PHILOSOPHY AT DRILL

Drill sergeant, who is just initiating his men into the mysteries of presenting arms, to recruit who has just left the university: "Muller, do you know what an idea is?" "Certainly," responds the son of the Muses; "the word 'idea' had its origin with Plato, who assumed that in a higher intelligible world higher concepts actually existed, and were recognisable, though imperfectly expressed in the sensible world, by the human psyche which had experienced them in a previous existence." Drill sergeant: "Very well, if you know that, would you oblige me by shifting your rifle just an idea more to the left."—*Sachsenstimme.*

MR. TREE'S EXPERIENCES

Mr. Harold Begbie, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, presents Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "the master juggler in personality," and tells two interesting stories of the way in which Mr. Tree absorbs himself in his parts. When he was acting Hamlet, he found himself in that scene on the ramparts where he awaits the approach of the ghost, gasping for breath and drenched with the dew of apprehension.

"What a fool I am!" he cried to himself. "My back is to the audience, my face is hidden, the scene is in darkness. Why should I waste so much mental force? Why not stand at rest, with detached mind, awaiting my cue with a cool pulse?"

But a trial to this end convinced

him of its folly. He had a difficulty to get back into the character of Hamlet; and, moreover, he discovered that the scene did not grip the audience with the same intensity. What was the effect of this terror on the ramparts but a telepathic effect from the stage to the audience? It was, in other words, a brain-wave from the actor to the men and women filling the silent house.

The second story told by Mr. Begbie supports the same mystical thesis. When Mr. Tree was playing Mark Antony he was so lost in the part that his grief for the murdered Cæsar affected the actors gathered round the bier, and from them flowed into the house. But towards the end of the piece, at a time when he was feeling unwell and worn out, he checked something of his fervour, and spoke with quieter pulse and with intenser self-consciousness.

"What was the result?" he exclaimed. "The crowd on the stage was unmoved, and the crowd in front was unmoved also. I could feel the loss of sympathy between my fellow-actors, my audience, and myself."

■

PRONUNCIATION

The London *Globe* publishes the following study in pronunciation:

There was a young lady named
Strachan,
Who wished she had never been bachan;
For her sweetheart, Colquhoun,
Ran away—shot the Mquhoun,
And left her completely forlachan.

■

WHY ENGLISHMEN LIKE PUNCH

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, of May 28, gives some of the reasons why *Punch* has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public, and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of *Punch*, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. *Punch*, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, but is a critical journal. . . . The American comic paper is like the professional funny-man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him.

■

THEY KNEW HIM

A well-known literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. . . . "Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."—*Harper's Weekly.*

■

AN UNDERESTIMATE

The decorator had just made his estimate. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the householder. "You go ahead and decorate the house, and then I'll give it to you in payment of your bill."

"No," replied the decorator. "I couldn't afford to take the house for more than half payment."—Chicago *Evening Post.*

■

FOILED

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. "Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"—*Argonaut.*

■

ISN'T IT QUEER?

"It's mighty queer about families. There's Mrs. O'Shaugnessy—she has no children, an' if I raymimber corrictly, it was the same with her mother."—*Life.*

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

A WONDERFUL HORSE

HOW many different pieces of luck and good judgment are required to make a great success is well illustrated by the following story:

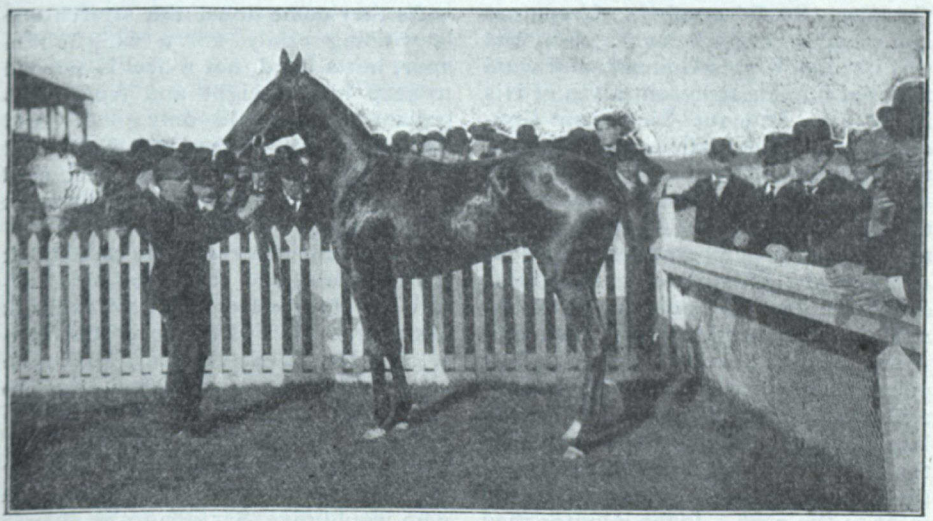
Some six years ago, a Mr. Wells, of Aurora, attended a sale of horses, held by Mr. Jos. Seagram, M.P., the well-known distiller and race-horse breeder. He bought a cast-off mare that had once been a winner and still showed her blue-blood. The price paid was less than what would be paid for an ordinary roadster.

Mr. Wells took the mare home, for he loves a good horse and he once knew what it meant to see his horses win and lose on the race-track. Three years ago this mare had a colt from Courtown, a splendid horse owned by Mr. N. Dyment, of Barrie, another admirer of good running stock. And they called this black colt Sapper.

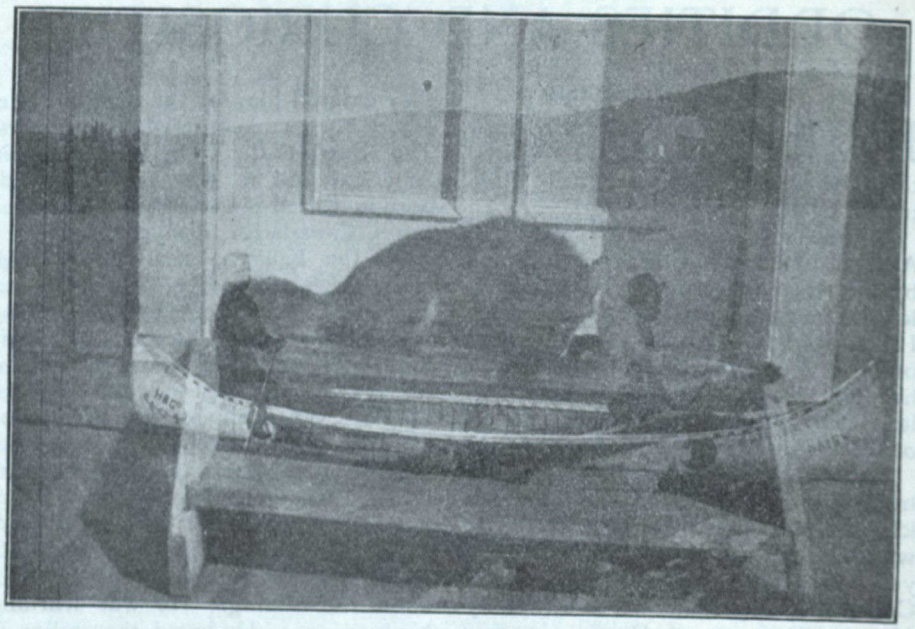
Now, when Sapper grew into a long-limbed, ugly yearling, Mr. Dyment fancied him, and he bought him from Mr. Wells for $125. Mr. Wells wished him well, and said to Mr. Dyment, "Take care of him and you may win something with him." So they entered him for the King's Plate, where horses are entered when babies. The King's Plate is the oldest race in America, and is for three-year-olds born and bred in Canada. It has been run in Canada for fifty years.

So the King's Plate of 1904 approached, and the date, May 21st, was set. Not many people knew anything about this horse Sapper, and any money that was put on him in the winter books was put on the Dyment Stable. When Sapper was brought to Toronto to be trained, it began to be whispered about that he was a good horse. The public fancied War Whoop, however, and Sapper was neglected. The Son of Courtown and poor old Kate Hardcastle was not worried about the betting. He was learning his business. He loved the gallop in the muddy track as a kitten loves to play and jump, as a boy loves to climb fences and trees, as a man loves to gain success in the world.

And the day came when the great race, the greatest Canadian race of the year was to be run. And the people filled the Toronto street-cars to overflowing as they crowded down to the



SAPPER—WINNER OF THE KING'S PLATE OF 1904.—PHOTO BY GALBRAITH



A DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Some years ago a H. B. Co. factor took a picture of two men in a canoe as they were returning from visiting some traps. The men brought a fox, and he was fixed up on a doorstep to be photographed. Inadvertently both exposures were on the same plate with the above result.—By kindness T. A. Reynolds, Brockville.

Woodbine. The Governor-General and Lady Eileen Elliott and their friends came up from Ottawa. So did Lord Dundonald, the Major-General commanding His Majesty's forces in Canada. So did numbers of senators and members of parliament. For, was this not the King's Guineas, and were they not humble representatives of His Majesty? And the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justices, the K.C.'s, the humbler citizens of His Majesty crowded in also. And the crowd on the green sward that stretches along the mud track numbered ten thousand.

It was the fifth race, but the greatest of the day. The distance was one and a quarter miles. The men and women made their bets and their hat-pools. The horses were warmed up and walked around the paddock. The bugle blew, the blankets were stripped, the jockeys mounted and they paraded up the track by the judges' stand. They went to the post. In ten minutes they are off. Two black horses go to the front, leaving the other twelve in a helpless, struggling bunch. Which black will win?

$23\frac{1}{2}$, $49\frac{1}{2}$, $1.02\frac{1}{2}$, $1.15\frac{1}{4}$, 1.30, 1.44, $1.57\frac{1}{2}$, 2.12—record.

As they come down the stretch one is winning easily, not a whip, not a spur, not a hand, not a heel is needed to keep him straight and true. His gallant courage is his only goad. And Sapper, whose mother had been sold for a song, who himself had been sold for a few dollars, won the greatest race of 1904. Sapper was a hero.

The people cheered as he came back to the stand, and they took this picture for the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Then Mr. Dyment, the owner, and Mr. A. E. Dyment, M.P., the son, went up into the judges' stand to receive the congratulations of His Excellency, the certificate and the cup. The prize money was only a paltry $2,000, but there are men in Canada who would give $25,000 to be able to see a horse of theirs do what Sapper did that day at the Woodbine.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

CANADA AND THE CAPE

THE trade between Canada and South Africa has not been developing as fast as is desirable. Sir Alfred Jones, head of the Elder-Dempster Steamship Line, has decided to encourage that trade more generously. He has announced that the steamer *Monarch*, which will leave Montreal on July 25th, will take representatives of Canadian manufacturers and samples free. This will practically convert the vessel into a floating exhibition, and will enable the manufacturer to show his wares at each of the ports touched at by the *Monarch* in South Africa. It is hoped thus to bring about a more speedy development of the Canada-Cape direct trade.

FAST ILLUSTRATING

THE London *Daily Chronicle* has an engraving department for the purpose of helping to illustrate that metropolitan journal. It is a British publication, but not so slow as some colonials and a few United Statesers would have us believe British business men generally usually are. It tells this story: "A few nights ago several artists were sent by the *Daily Chronicle* to Portsmouth to draw the sad scenes of the burial of the Submarine A1 victims. We received their finished sketches at 11.15 p.m. We were ready; all decks cleared for action. For, as mentioned elsewhere, our way of taking time is to take time by the forelock. In one hour and twenty minutes the chief in person hurried over to the *Daily Chronicle* office with plates equal to about three-quarters of a full page size; all perfectly finished; thoroughly, deeply etched; clear and clean at all points. Thus Portsmouth and other readers had fine illustrations of the historic scenes on their breakfast table, a record which secured the warm congratulations of the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.

"What a far cry to the days of forty years ago, when in publishing the news of Lord Palmerston's death, a leading illustrated journal announced that in a few weeks it hoped to present a portrait of his lordship."

THE MAPLE LEAF AT ST. LOUIS

THE maple leaf badge of the Canadian Press Association attracted much notice at St. Louis from May 15th to 20th, when one hundred and ninety Canadian journalists visited the World's Fair. Every Canadian visitor to the Fair should wear a little maple leaf, as it leads to many pleasant conversations. Mr. Cliffe, of Carleton Place, describing the incidents during his stay, tells the following story:

"One day a gentleman from Chicago and his wife were at our table in the Inside Inn. We discoursed pleasantly, I opening by remarking on the speed with which American people dashed through their menus, he assenting to the fidelity of the indictment and lamenting the rapid march of the people to premature decay. Suddenly wheeling around at me, not noting my maple leaf, he said: 'What State are you from?' I think Divinity shaped my answer, for with suave boldness I instantly replied: 'I am from Greater America.' 'From where?' he said, his knife and fork suspended in mid-air, his face a map of surprise. 'I am from Greater America,' I said

over again, positively but pleasantly. I wasn't going to lose the opportunity of licking all creation over there when but a phrase could do it, and so I stuck to my gun. As he comprehended my meaning, his countenance tipped over and fell off. But his appreciation of my claim to a vaster birthright than has been was soon apparent and we discussed the fishing and shooting of Canada till the sherbet separated us and I saw him no more."

CANADA AND ITALY

A NEW steamship line is contemplated between Canadian and Italian and other Mediterranean ports, says the *B. C. Review* of London, England. The project is feasible, and should prove remunerative, especially for Italy, which sends large quantities of oranges and lemons to Montreal. It is supposed that the Dominion Government will grant a subsidy to the proposed new line, also that a preferential duty may be allowed on Italian wines and products in exchange for a preference on coal and flour, lumber, wood pulp, petroleum, agricultural implements, and other products exported from Canada to Italy.

A large Italian shipping firm, possessing, it is said, upwards of 100 vessels, is originating a scheme for an Italian colony in the North-West Territories.

One point which these people advance as important is the division of fruit cargoes, which would mean a steadier market and better fruit, instead of a glut once a year, with large waste, due to keeping the fruit for such long periods.

Official reports show that during the past two years the immigration from Italy has represented the largest additional incoming to the United States, and also it is pointed out that Italian emigration to other parts of the world has almost entirely fallen off, and that for the present the tide is setting towards the United States and Canada, with constantly growing dimensions. Upwards of 200,000 people so emigrated in the last fiscal year, and as the tide of people is continually increasing, it is proposed to operate a direct line of steamers from Sicily and other Mediterranean ports to Montreal next season. Some years ago the Argentine was a favourite point for emigrants, but owing to political unrest and lack of business many of the lines running to these ports had been obliged to abandon the River Plate.

The total population of Italy is now estimated to be 31,000,000. The annual emigration is fully 500,000 men, women and children; yet notwithstanding this tremendous drain there is a steady annual increase in the population of the country of between 6 and 7 per cent. More than two million Italians have gone to the United States in the past thirty years, of whom about one million have remained permanently in their adopted home.

TARIFFS THAT PROHIBIT

A NOTABLE example of how a tariff may turn the stream of trade into a new channel is the change in our sugar trade caused by the surtax levied during the past year on Canadian importations from Germany. During the nine months ending March 31st, 1904, the importations of sugar from Germany dropped from 150 million pounds to a half million; while the imports from the British West Indies and Guiana increased from forty million pounds to 162 million.

The total imports from Germany show a remarkable decrease. Whereas for the nine months ending March 31st, 1903, the total dutiable goods entering Canada from Germany amounted to $7,776,205, they had sunk for a similar period, terminating March 31st last, to $5,076,383, a falling off of $2,699,822. No wonder the man with the mailed fist is calling for a halt in the war of tariffs. In March, 1903, Canada took $928,831 worth of German dutiable goods. Last March this country bought only $491,440. In view of these facts, Germany seems to be getting more than she bargained for when she raised the duties against Canada because of the preference given to Great Britain.

First Discovery of Coffee

About 15 centuries ago an Arab herder of goats driving the flock through some new country was alarmed at the antics of the animals and thought they were "possessed of the devil."

Each day the same thing occurred after the goats had eaten of a certain kind of berry. The goatherd thought he would eat a few to try the effect.

That was the discovery of coffee.

Arabs learned to brown the berries and boil them, drinking the liquor which was then and now recognized as a stimulant with direct action on the heart, and of course the reaction and depression later on.

Coffee sets up a partial congestion of the liver in many people as shown by the coated tongue, yellow skin and general lethargy. If continued, fixed and chronic disease sets up in some organs most easily affected. Some people are strong enough in digestion to get along well with coffee for years, but great numbers are not.

It is often stated by physicians that coffee is the one greatest of all causes of disease to Americans.

Anyone can easily prove whether it be coffee that causes the periodical headaches, sick stomach, bowel troubles, weak heart, kidney complaint, weak eyes, neuralgia, rheumatism or nervous prostration.

Simply leave it off entirely for 10 days, and that's easy when you can have a piping hot rich cup of POSTUM with the coffee color and a crisp coffee snap (if well made according to the directions on the package.)

If you find, in a day or two, that you are getting better, that's your cue, follow it straight back to health, comfort and the power to do things.

POSTUM FOOD COFFEE, 10 days, **"There's a Reason."**

Seal Brand Coffee

makes breakfast a success, by making the coffee for breakfast a success.

Most men would rather have a cup of rich, delicious coffee in the morning than anything else.

Good cooks rely on SEAL BRAND to insure their breakfast coffee being always just right.

In 1 and 2 lb. airtight tin cans—ground or in the bean.

Chase & Sanborn

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FOR SALE BY LEADING GROCERS

After many years of crucial examination and severest testing, the

UNDERWOOD

has been conceded first place among all writing and tabulating machines because of absolute superiority and durability. Of course much time is saved by visible writing, and the Underwood is the only machine giving this great convenience. We have second-hand machines from $25.00 up.

Write us for special price list of new and second-hand typewriters.

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CORSETS

MODEL "CREST" 400

Straight Front

This is a patented corset which is unequalled in fit, wear and durability. It is the only corset which **Cannot Break at the Waist Line.**

This model, made in drab only, of the nicest coutille, has a 10½ inch clasp, 5 hooks with dips for hose supporter. It is also trimmed with wide high-grade lace, with an insertion of baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Retails at **$1.25**
Extra sizes, 31 to 36, ... **$1.50**

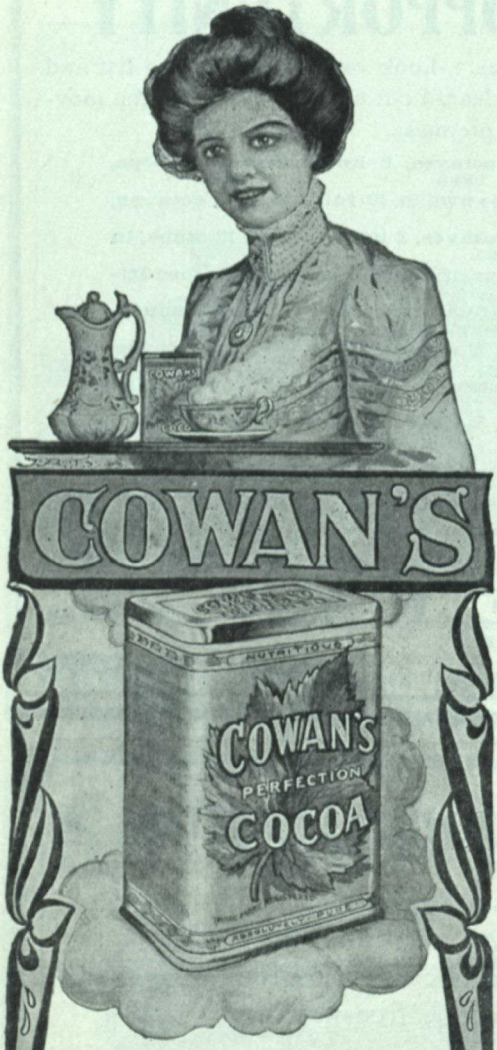
OLD OSTRICH FEATHERS

You only think them old. By the addition of new tops and our improved methods of dyeing, cleaning and curling ostrich plumes we make them new again. No matter in what part of Canada you reside you can send your feathers here by express or post and have them cleaned, dyed or curled in up-to-date style and returned promptly.

R. PARKER & CO.

Works and Head Office

787-791 Yonge Street, TORONTO, CANADA



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE, CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS, CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

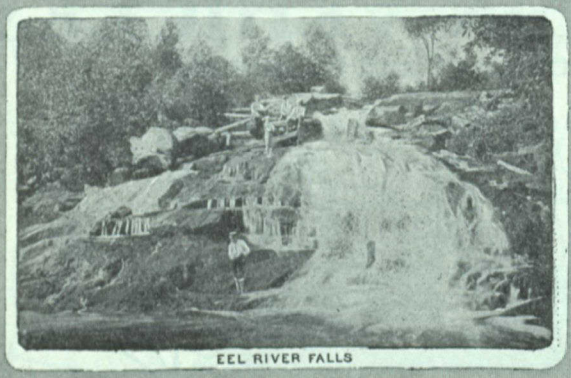
ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

The Epicure knows full well the merits of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

and those who wish to enjoy fish, fowl, game or meat at their full delicacy of flavor, must use a few drops of "the Sauce that has absolutely no equal. Try it.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS



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HEAD OF LAKE JOSEPH—MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT

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AMERICA'S FAIREST
SUMMER RESORT DISTRICTS

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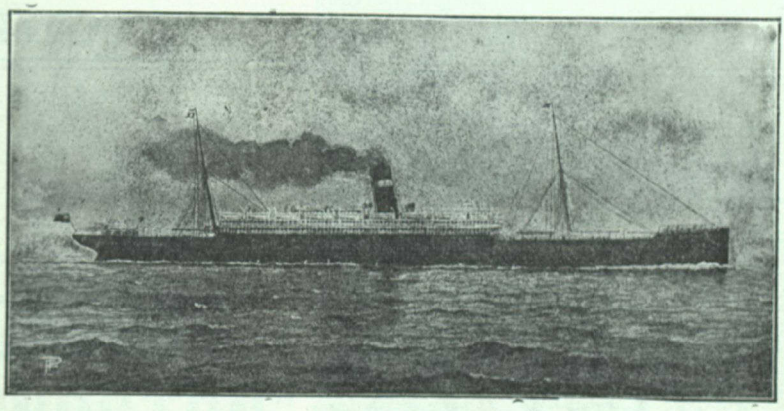

The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS BUILDING

VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons **VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS**

NEW STEAMERS

TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws **BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws**

IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws

These fine new steamers sail **every Friday** to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and all above the main deck, thus securing perfect light and ventilation. Bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

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

1904 **PROPOSED SAILINGS** **1904**

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
2 June,	BAVARIAN	Fri., 17 June, 4.00 a.m.	Fri., 17 June, 3.00 p.m.
9 "	PARISIAN	" 24 " 9.00 "	" 24 " 10.00 "
16 "	TUNISIAN	" 1 July, 4.00 "	" 1 July, 3.00 "
23 "	IONIAN	" 8 " 9.00 "	" 8 " 9.00 "
30 "	BAVARIAN	" 15 " 3.00 "	" 15 " 2.30 "
7 July,	PARISIAN	" 22 " 9.00 "	" 22 " 8.00 "
14 "	TUNISIAN	" 29 " 3.00 "	" 29 " 2.00 "
21 "	IONIAN	" 5 Aug., 8.00 "	" 5 Aug., 7.00 "
28 "	BAVARIAN	" 12 " 4.00 "	" 12 " 2.00 "

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race, which is the fastest on record over this course

IONIAN—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer, on her five passages between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 12 hours, 27 minutes. (Sept. 18th to 24th, 1903.)

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
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Over the WABASH to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

COME with us and see this the greatest Exposition in the history of the world. New and elegant palace sleepers, built specially for this traffic, are now running daily between Montreal, Toronto and St. Louis, over the Canadian Pacific Wabash short line. The shortest, best, quickest and only true route from Canada to St. Louis. Tickets good via Wabash short line or via Chicago, with stop over at Detroit or Chicago without extra cost. Passengers leaving via evening trains arrive in St. Louis next day at noon. For rates, time-tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

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The well and favorably known

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1,700 tons, lighted by Electricity, and with all modern comforts, leaves MONTREAL on Mondays at 2 p.m., 20th June; 4th and 18th July; 1st, 15th and 29th August, and QUEBEC the day following at noon for GASPE, PERCE, GRAND RIVER, SUMMERSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN and PICTOU.

The finest trip of the season for health and comfort.

BERMUDA LINE

Improved service next season with the new twin-screw, 16 knots, up-to-date S. S. "BERMUDIAN," 5,000 tons.

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Special cruises to the Tropics, January, February and March, 1905.

A. F. WEBSTER, Ticket Agent - King and Yonge Streets, Toronto
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ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec

Wherever You May Be This Summer

On the lake side or on the mountain —afloat or afield—canoeing, camping or enjoying the cool breeze on the balcony of your summer home—you will find the Berliner Gram-o-phone a delightful companion, a source of constant amusement and pleasure to old and young. If you want to dance, indoors or out, it will play any music you wish in perfect time and never tire. The strains of the Coldstream or Grenadiers' band on the water must be heard to be appreciated—no other instrument can approach the Gram-o-phone. Berliner Gram-o-phone Records are made of a hard substance that never burns nor goes "flat" like the cheap, trashy imitations—especially the "celluloid" records, which are liable to explode at more than ordinary heat—the public is warned against these imitations. Berliner Gram-o-phone Records are maroon colored and have the "dog on the back."

Berliner Records will wear ten times as long as any others. More than two thousand different selections to choose from—everything worth hearing in Music, Song and Story.

Berliner Gram-o-phones and Records are sold the world over, but those sold in Canada are made in Canada. Gram-o-phones guaranteed for 5 years.

Price $15 to $45, at any of our 1,800 agents in Canada, also on easy payment trial plan. If no agent convenient, write for catalogue list of over 2,000 records and full particulars to us direct.

Ask for coupon, which, when filled, entitles you to advantage of the dozen price on the single record.

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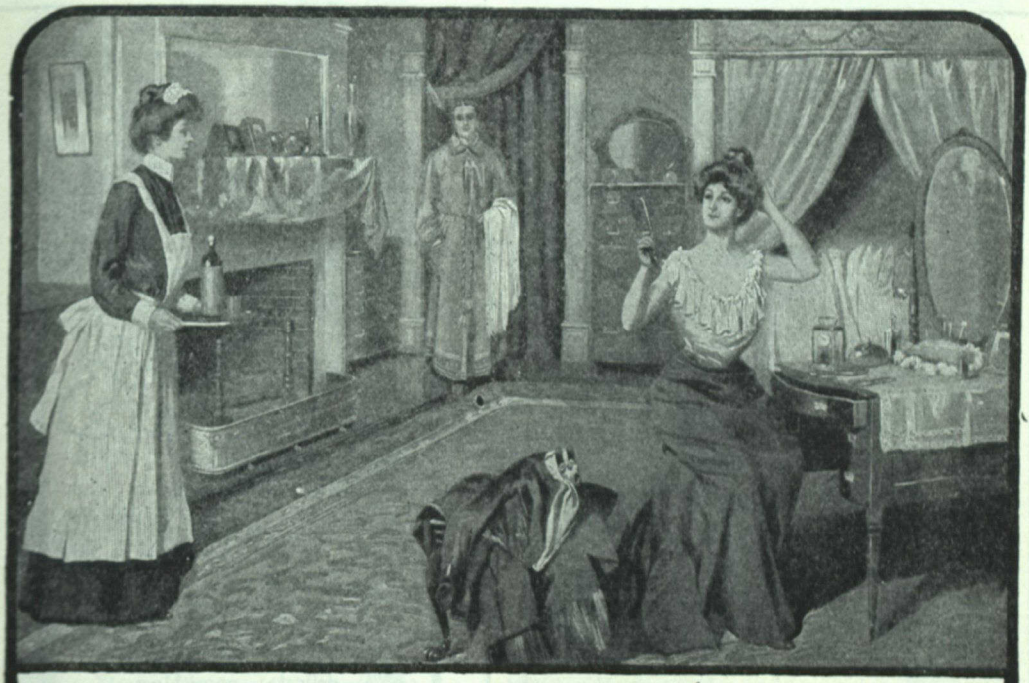
MONTREAL, P.Q.



Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi János. Always be sure to get **Hunyadi János** (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of **Constipation** as it does me of biliousness.

A PEASE WINTER

All this nonsense about "Canada's chilled realm" is to be charged up against the makers of poor furnaces. There is such a thing as a pleasant winter—a PEASE winter—and it is to be had in the pleasant degree of warmth that radiates from a PEASE ECONOMY heating apparatus. It is available for buildings of all structures in the

Pease Economy Hot Water Boiler

For years this boiler has been the generous purveyor of winter comforts to Canadians. It provides a pure, warmed, evenly distributed indoor atmosphere, and it is so easily controlled and economical in its working that it is said to exercise an intelligent supervision over the coal account.

If you do not like the ordinary kind of winter, try a Pease winter. The Economy Boiler makes a solid comfort of the season that is commonly associated with discontent.

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"WE MAKE IT WARM."

Tints rather than colors, subdued effects rather than pronounced contrasts, these are what constitute the charm of stained shingles, and make even the low-cost house a thing of beauty.

No house, no matter how cheap or ordinary in architecture, can justly be regarded as commonplace if the shingles are stained to match the woodwork or general coloring tone of the building.

Shingletint is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote oils and the necessary drying agents, and produce the most artistic and durable color effects known on shingles.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon application.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

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DREWRY'S "REFINED" ALE

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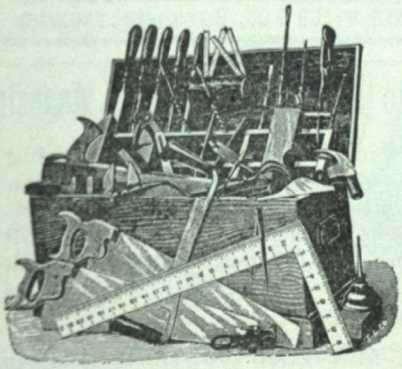
The favorite Ale of Western Canada

Pure and well matured

E. L. DREWRY, Winnipeg



TOOL CHESTS
From $3.00 to $25.00

TOOLS AND TOOL CHESTS

These goods will be found very useful for the home.
We have a large assortment of Chests and Cabinets,
also Work Benches from $9.00 to $20.00 each.

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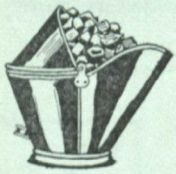
"The World's Best Family Flour"
ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



Fuel economy is an important feature in a range. Almost as important as good cooking facilities. Every house-wife wants to do good cooking but she doesn't want it to cost her too much in fuel. The good cooking qualities of the

Imperial Oxford Range

are enhanced by its great fuel economy. The big scuttle of coal of other style ranges is replaced in Imperial Oxford homes by a smaller scuttle less often used. The fire-box is evenly proportioned to the size of the oven, so there is no more fire needed than the size of range demands—no waste heat. The arrangement of flues and drafts concentrate the heat in the stove—it doesn't lose itself up the chimney.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.
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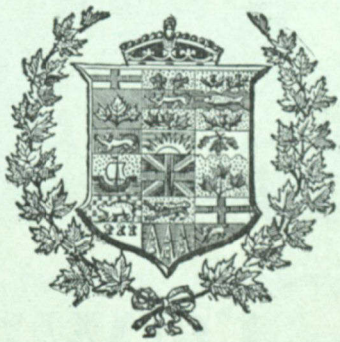
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

1904—TORONTO—1904



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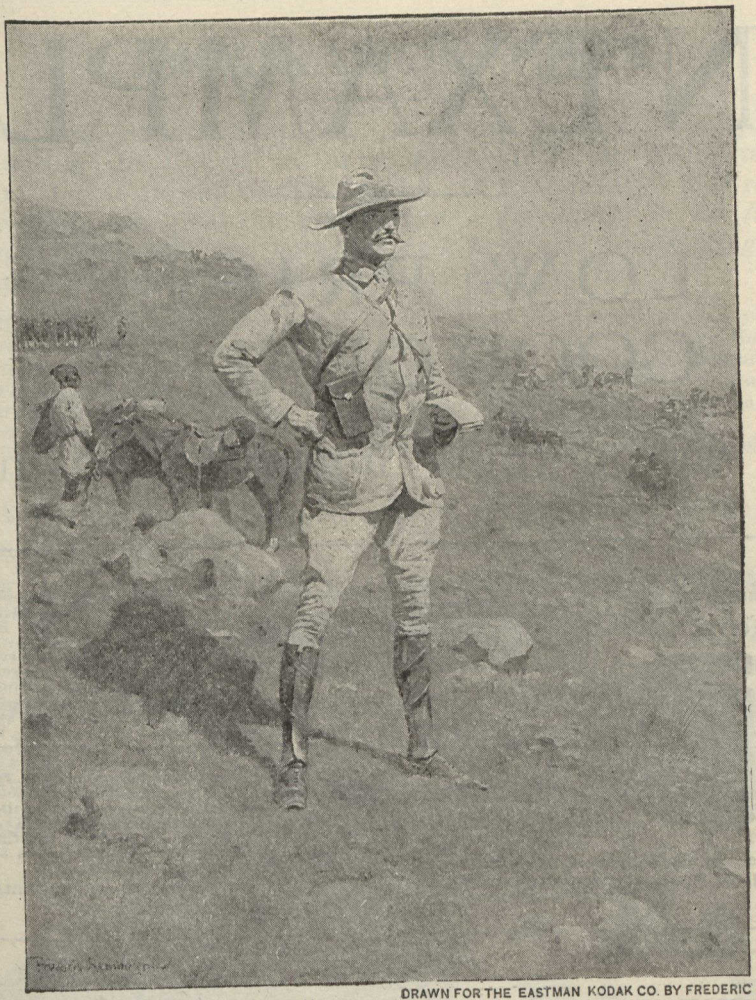

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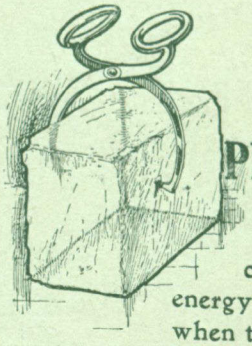

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