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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 5.

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**Premiers of Prince Edward Island Since Confederation**, by W. L. Cotton, of the Charlottetown *Examiner*; with portraits of Hon. L. C. Owen, Hon. J. C. Pope, Hon. (now Chief Justice) W. W. Sullivan, Sir L. H. Davies, K.C.M.G., Hon. (now Judge) Neil McLeod and Premier Peters. This is an instalment of Canadian history which no person should miss.

**The Royal Society of Canada: Its History and Work**, by the Honorary Secretary. This valuable article will be illustrated from photographs of the Marquis of Lorne, Sir J. W. Dawson, Monsignor Hamel, Archbishop O'Brien, Hon. F. G. Marchand and others. There is no more illustrious society in Canada than this, and its history is an interesting chapter in our higher national life.

**Bret Harte, Henry James, Miss Wilkins, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope**—all these writers will be weighed and estimated by David Christie Murray in the last of his magnificent series of articles on his Contemporaries in Fiction—a series which has attracted attention in every quarter of the English literary world.

**Hagar of the Pawnshop.** Every chapter of this story of Great Britain's metropolis is complete in itself, is in fact a short story; together, the twelve stories will comprise Fergus Hume's greatest novel.

**The Universities of Nova Scotia** will be profusely illustrated, and will be worth some attention. It will be especially interesting to readers in the Maritime Provinces.

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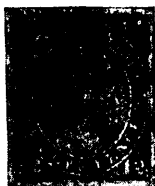
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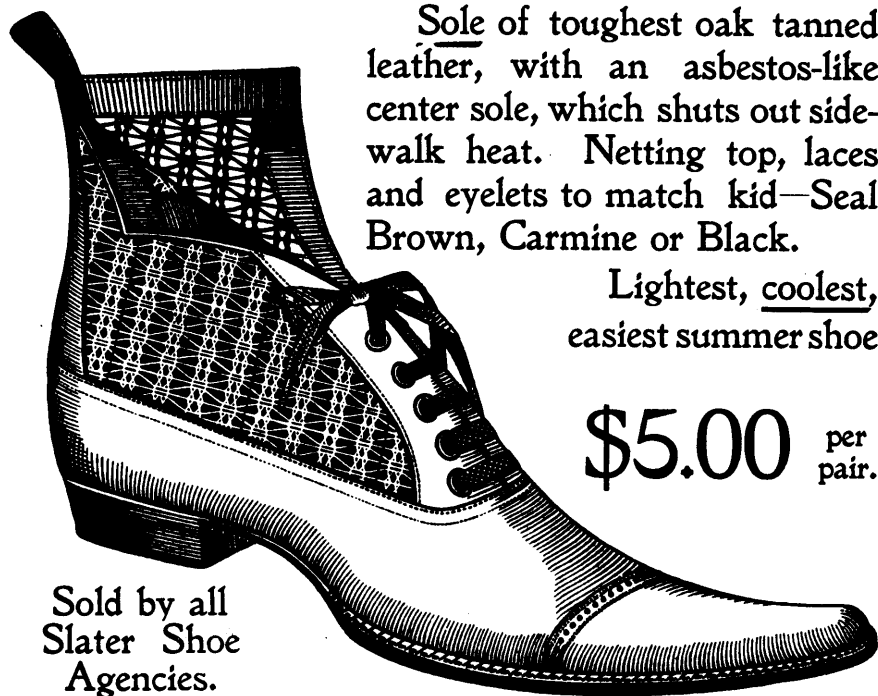
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SHAKESPEARE OR BACON ?

*The proof (partly from a just discovered anagram) that the real Author of the so-called "Shakespeare" drama was Francis Bacon.*

IT is now just fifty years since Delia Bacon published her "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," in which work she sought to show that Lear, Hamlet and the rest were not written by the actor whose name they bear, but by the author of the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*. From that day until now the subject has been debated with ever-increasing warmth and interest. Upon it a library has been written, and year by year this is added to. It may be said, too, that by dint of constant digging the writers get deeper into the subject. Superficial resemblances between the plays and Bacon's prose are being almost lost sight of in the deeper and more vital connections which are constantly being unearthed, until something like proof of the Baconian authorship had been reached, when only a few weeks ago a friend of the present writer made a discovery which, taken in conjunction with prior arguments, may be fairly considered to close the case in favour of the great prose writer.

It will not be expected that within the limits of a magazine article anything like justice can be done to this immense subject; still, I believe I can show the impartial reader that justification exists for the title which I have

been bold enough to apply to the following condensed review.

We know that the plays were written towards the end of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century. We know that though published anonymously until 1598, they mostly bore on their title pages after that date the name of William Shakespeare. We know that they were collected and published in a large folio volume in 1623, and that this volume was entitled "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies." We know that there was an actor and theatre manager of that name in London at that time, and that he has been supposed by nearly all the world since then to have been their author. But we know also that many other plays were printed in London during the time that the folio plays were coming out bearing the same name, William Shakespeare, on their title pages, and that no one pretends to-day that these were written by the man who wrote *Macbeth*. Did this William Shakespeare, this actor, this theatre manager, write the folio plays? And if not, who did write them?

There was another man living in London during all the time that Shakespeare lived there who is known to have

been one of the greatest, if not the greatest man, that England has produced. He was a student, a scientist, a philosopher, an orator, a statesman, a wit, and we are told by himself a concealed poet. The man I refer to was called Francis Bacon, and it has been suggested that he and not the actor was the author of the works in question.

Taking it for granted, for the moment, that one or other of these two men wrote the plays, our business is to ask which of the two it was.

On the side of Shakespeare we have the undisputed fact that his name appears on most of the title pages of the works in question. On the side of Bacon we have an enormous mass of evidence of which I will try to give some idea.

But first let us glance for a moment at the two men, so as to set before ourselves the most salient points in their lives and characters. As regards Shakespeare, I will give you all the facts positively known, which I can do in a few minutes. As regards Bacon, the known facts could only be given in an immense book, and I shall have to content myself here with a very bare outline of his history.

Shakespeare (we do not know exactly when he was born) was baptised at Stratford-on-Avon 26th April, 1564; was licensed to marry Mary Ann Hathaway 28th November, 1582. His daughter Susanna was baptised 26th May, 1583. His children, Hamnet and Judith, twins, were baptised 2nd Feb., 1584. In 1592 his name was parodied in London as "Shake-scene" in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. On 11th August, 1596, his son Hamnet was buried at Stratford. In 1597 he built New Place. In 1598 he was returned on the rolls of Stratford as the holder (during a famine) of ten quarters of corn. The same year he sold one load of stone to the town of Stratford for 10d. On 4th Feb., 1598, Richard Quiney addresses a letter to him, asking a loan of £30 on security. This is the only letter to him extant; it is not positively known that he ever

wrote a letter himself to any one. In 1599 he applied for a grant of coat armour to his father. In 1600 he sues John Clayton for £7, and obtains verdict. In 1602 he buys two parcels of land and a cottage in Stratford. In 1603 he is appointed one of Her Majesty's servants for theatrical performances. In 1604 he sues Philip Rogers at Stratford for £1 15s. 10d. for malt delivered, including 2s. for money loaned. In 1605 he purchases a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe, for £440. On 5th June, 1607, his daughter Susanna marries Dr. John Hall at Stratford. In 1608 he sues John Addenbrake of Stratford for £6, together with £1 4s. costs; obtained judgment, but Addenbroke not being found sues his bondsman, Hornby. Same year he was present as sponsor at the baptism of Henry Walker in Stratford. In 1610 he purchased 20 acres of pasture land in Stratford. In 1612 he brings suit to protect his interest in the tithes of corn, grain, hay, wool, lambs, etc., of Stratford. On 10th March, 1613, he purchases a house in London for £140, next day mortgages same for £60. In June same year Mrs. Hall brings suit against John Lane for slander. On 28th October, 1614, he was guaranteed by William Replingham against loss by enclosure of commons at Stratford; 16th Nov., 1614, he comes to London, and the next day he explains to Thomas Greene how far the enclosure at Welcombe will extend. On 11th Feb., 1616, his daughter marries Thomas Quiney without a license; the bridesroom and bride are arraigned at Worcester before the Ecclesiastical Court for violation of law. On 25th March, 1616, makes his will, and in doing so omits his wife's name entirely, but has it written in by interlineation afterwards. On 23rd April, 1616, he died.

After nearly three hundred years of rigorous search this is all that has been discovered of this man whose writings, or supposed writings, have exalted him by the united suffrages of civilized men to the position almost of a demigod.

Is it strange that, considering the man and considering the plays—the one apparently so uncouth, so unlearned, so commonplace, the other so full of erudition, of wisdom, of tenderness, of wit, of pathos, of insight, of qualities which in their co-existence and combination seem almost superhuman—is it strange that Emerson should say: “I cannot marry the facts of this man’s life to his verse; other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought, but this man in wide contrast”?

For all I know, Shakespeare may have been the noblest man who ever lived, but nothing noble is known of him. He may have been the ablest man the race has produced, but unless we ascribe the plays to him nothing is known of him that indicates any ability. He may have been a learned man, if so we know nothing of it; no scrap of his writing, with the exception of five very badly written signatures, has ever been seen, as far as we know. It may be, for all we know of the matter, that these five, and probably other signatures, was the only manuscript he ever penned. It is possible that, like many other persons who have never learned to write, he acquired the art of tracing his signature, and that this was the limit of his education in this direction.

Francis Bacon was born on 22nd January, 1561, and was therefore probably some three years older than Shakespeare. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, an able woman and most accomplished scholar. At the age of twelve years and three months Francis Bacon entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He remained there until the age of fourteen and a half years, by which time, it is said, he had learned all that Cambridge had to teach. While still at college, and therefore while still a boy under fifteen years of age, he saw that the Aristotelian method of study then in use was erroneous, and planned, of course only in outline, the new method which he later taught to

men, and by means of which modern science has been created. In September, 1576, when not yet sixteen, he went with the Ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet, to France, and remained there a year and a half, chiefly at Paris, Blois, Tours and Poitiers. Early in 1578 he was recalled to England by the sudden death of his father. When he was in his eighteenth year Hilliard painted a miniature of him, and around it inscribed the words: “*Si tabula daretur digna, animum mallem.*” (If one could but paint his mind!) The picture shows his head almost abnormal in its magnificent development, and the Latin words express the feelings of those who knew him, that his intellect, even at that age, was beyond that of ordinary men.

The provision which his father had intended making for Francis was prevented by his sudden and unexpected death, and when the young man returned to England he found himself unprovided for. He then studied law at Gray’s Inn, and was admitted Utter Barrister 27th June, 1582. In 1584, in his twenty-fourth year, he was elected to Parliament, and by successive re-elections remained a member of the House of Commons for something like thirty years.

Now, the plays began to be published in 1591. For some years before and after that date, Bacon, possessed at the time of some six languages and of all the learning and science of his time, was doing comparatively little. So true is this that his indefatigable biographer, Spedding, who spent his life studying Bacon, can give no account of what he was doing at this time. It is known, however, that he kept himself very close at Gray’s Inn and at Twickenham, and that at times it was difficult to gain access to him. A note by himself, a brief diary jotting made in the early nineties, and which has by chance come down to us, seems significant. It is: “Law at Twickenham for the Merry Tales.” It is supposed by some to mean that he was engaged then and at that place in studying law for the purpose of the comedies,

and perhaps histories, in which so much legal learning is embedded.

At this time where was Shakespeare, and what was he doing? We do not know. He was probably in London. In 1591, when the first play was published, he was twenty-seven years old, a raw countryman, uneducated; yet he had written *King John*. And two years later he prints *Venus and Adonis*, a poem full of classical learning, and the next year *Taming the Shrew*, *Henry V.*, 2nd part *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.* and *Lucrece*. He, being at this time in his thirtieth year, has done, without any of the usual helps such as education, means to live, friends, leisure, preliminary travel and observation, such work that it would place an additional crown on the head of the greatest poet our planet has ever produced. From this time until 1609 the plays flow from their divine source, whether this was in Shakespeare or Bacon, in a steady stream of one, two or more a year, and then suddenly the flow is arrested. In 1609 were published the *Sonnets*, *Troilus and Cressida* and Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*. After that absolute silence on the part of Bacon for eleven years, or until the *Novum Organum* was issued in 1620; and on the part of Shakespeare (who meantime had died) silence for thirteen years. Then all at once, in 1623, the flood-gate was opened and out poured from the hands of Bacon the *History of Henry VII.*, the *History of the Winds* and the *History of life and Death*; and from the hands of the dead Shakespeare eight or ten new and twelve re-written plays. What does this mean? Well, perhaps it simply means this: That from 1590 to 1605 Bacon had ample leisure, and wrote and issued under a pen-name twenty-one plays, and under his own name two small prose works. That from 1606 to 1621, being in office and his time fully taken up, he wrote and published almost nothing either in his own or any other name. That after his fall in 1621 he, having nothing else to do and being then in the plenitude of his powers, had set to work in good earnest to finish

what he had on hand or what was partly thought out—to put all in shape preparatory to his necessarily near exit from life. And so he passed through the press in the four years, 1622-25, the enlarged edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, some five other books with his own name on their title-pages and the new and enlarged plays as said above. And what makes the Shakespeare-Bacon publications of these years look still more like work projected and carried through by one mind is the fact that the Shakespeare Folio Edition of 1623 is in exactly the same form as Bacon's *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, published the same year, and as the Frankfort Edition of Bacon's Works, published 1665—that is, they are all printed on foolscap measuring eight and a quarter by thirteen inches, and I believe on paper of similar quality and in similar type.

Suppose now we arrange the thirty-six plays in their order of production as accurately as that can be done: shall we find in the subjects successively treated any relation between them and the life of the poet? If the poet is supposed to be William Shakespeare, the actor, the answer is emphatically, No! But then we know so little of the actor's life. However, it is almost certain that he never was in France or Italy, and it is certain that the man who wrote the plays had seen many of the streets, houses, towns, and country places described more or less in detail in those dramas whose scenes are laid in the countries in question. Francis Bacon, as we have seen, knew France from residence there, he may never have been in Italy, but his brother Anthony lived there for years while the plays were being written, and they kept up an elaborate and intimate correspondence, so that Francis could easily have obtained from him any detailed descriptions he wanted to use. Then as to other aspects of Bacon's life—his debts and money difficulties and his relief therefrom by his brother Anthony—mirrored in the *Merchant of Venice* by the relief of Bassanio by Antonio (even the names almost the

same); the madness in the plays, as in *Lear* and *Hamlet*, reflecting the madness of Bacon's mother and his observations and studies that sprung from that; the relations of Bacon, through the Virginia Company, with the Bermudas (called then the Isle of Devils), from which probably sprang suggestions for *The Tempest*; but especially the intimate connection between the natural science of many of the comedies, *Macbeth*, etc., and Bacon's natural history studies, going on at the same time.

Another point in the geography of the plays seems significant: Bacon's home, St. Albans, is named in the plays twenty-three times; Stratford, Shakespeare's native place, not once. Many scenes in the historical plays are laid at St. Albans—Ancient St. Albans is the scene of *Cymbeline*; no scene is laid at or near Stratford. So York Place, in London, where Bacon was born, is tenderly referred to in *Henry VIII*; but there is no mention in the plays of any house or place that we know to have been dear to Shakespeare. So Bacon's fall in 1621 is mirrored in Wolsey's fall in *Henry VIII.*, and Wolsey addressing the King is made to use words actually written by Bacon to James, but omitted from the letter as finished and sent.

Shakespeare left London about 1610, and no one pretends that he took with him to Stratford any library, or that he wrote any plays after his retirement into the country.

Now, in the first place, imagine a man capable of producing such works, and who had formed habits of study and of composition, cutting himself off voluntarily and absolutely from science and literature while still in good health and only forty-six years of age—scarcely, in fact, at mental maturity! Imagine Goethe doing so, or Milton, or Tennyson, or Whitman, Longfellow or Lowell! For my part, I confess the proposition is to me inconceivable.

The next point is: If the plays were all written before, say, the end of 1611, where were those of them which were not printed until 1623, during the inter-

vening twelve years? And why should they be so long unprinted when the sale of those that had been published proved that there was a market for them?

The Shakespeare argument is: Shakespeare left London and ceased to produce plays in 1611. Shakespeare wrote the plays; therefore all the plays were written before the end of 1611.

But let us look a little more closely at this point, and for this purpose let us use the last edition of the plays that has been published; namely, *The Temple Shakespeare*. According to the editor of this edition, who certainly has no Baconian leanings, the following are a few of the facts:

- (a) *Timon of Athens*—first printed in 1623—no record of it before that year.
- (b) *Cymbeline*—first printed in 1623—no record of it before that year.
- (c) *Anthony and Cleopatra*—first printed in 1623—"not formerly entered to other men"—a play on same subject entered 1608, but no evidence that it was this work or related to it.
- (d) *Macbeth*—first printed 1623—"not formerly entered to other men"—said to have been acted at Globe Theatre, 1610, but impossible to say whether it existed then as printed in 1623.
- (e) *Julius Cæsar*—first printed in 1623—never heard of before that year.
- (f) *Henry VIII.*—first printed 1623—"undoubtedly acted as a new play," 29th June, 1613—but no evidence that the play then acted corresponded in text with that printed in 1623.
- (g) 1st part *Henry VI.*—first printed in 1623—no evidence of earlier existence.
- (h) *Winter's Tale*—first printed 1623—never heard of earlier.
- (i) *Twelfth Night*—first printed in 1623—probably in existence in 1601, though perhaps not completed then as printed in 1623.
- (j) *All's Well That Ends Well*—first printed in 1623—probably exist-

ed earlier and rewritten for folio of 1623.

- (k) *As You Like It*—first printed in 1623—"not formerly entered to other men."  
 (l) *Measure for Measure*—first printed in 1623—never heard of before.  
 (m) *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—first printed in 1623—but probably is an earlier play rewritten for the 1623 folio.  
 (n) *The Tempest*—first printed in 1623—said to have been played 1613, but impossible to say, even if the same work, whether finished then as printed in folio of 1623.

Not only this, but when the plays were printed in the folio in 1623, important changes, additions and improvements were made in the following old plays: "*King John*," "*Taming of the Shrew*," "*Henry V.*," 2nd and 3rd "*Henry VI.*," "*Comedy of Errors*," 1st and 2nd "*Henry IV.*," "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Merry Wives*," and "*Lear*."

It is about certain that the earlier dramas were written and played some time, probably some years, before they were printed; then we must allow a little time for thinking them out and preparing them. All things considered, I submit that the evidence is as good as conclusive that work on the early plays was done long before Shakespeare could have done it, and that much work on the later plays and editions was done after Shakespeare's death in 1616.

But it is time we came to the more specific arguments which seem to demonstrate a connection, and a close one, between the Shakespeare drama and Francis Bacon. These may be enumerated as follows: 1. The Promus Argument. 2. The Argument from Words. 3. From Language. 4. From Style. 5. From Expressions. 6. Identity of Opinions. 7. Similar Studies. 8. From Bacon's *Henry VII.* 9. From the *Northumberland House MS.* 10. From *Ben Jonson's Testimony.* 11. From Bacon's Words and Those of Cotemporaries.

12. From the Anagram. And there are plenty of others, but these are more than can be properly set forth here.

#### I.—THE PROMUS ARGUMENT:

About 1594 Francis Bacon made a collection of words, sayings, notes, proverbs, and suggestive phrases from the Bible, from Virgil, from Erasmus, from many other sources, and from his own thoughts, which he called "*The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies.*" It is written on some eighty odd large folio sheets. We know it is Bacon's since it is mostly in his hand, and besides that contains notes used in his book, "*Colours of Good and Evil.*" Besides the use made by Bacon of these comparatively few notes in his *Good and Evil*, hardly one of the Promus entries has been used by him in his acknowledged works. The number of entries in the Promus is nearly 1,700. Now these notes, words, phrases, thoughts, are scattered through the plays as thick as grains of wheat through the surface of a fresh sown field; the total number of times they individually occur (for many of them are used more than once) being several thousand. Among other things in the Promus are quite a number of forms of salutation, as: good morning, good evening, good morrow, and so on. Some of these are used nearly a hundred times each in the plays. These forms of salutation were not in use in England before Bacon's time, and it was his entry of them in the Promus and use of them in the plays that makes them current coin day by day with us of the 19th century. Now, as said, these Promus notes are not used by Bacon in his acknowledged works, and indeed very few of them are applicable for such writings, but far more for conversational works such as the plays. Well, since Bacon did not use them what did he make them for? It costs no slight labour to collect some 1,700 passages in six languages, from all sorts of books and on all sorts of subjects, but each of them of course having a bearing on some scheme in the collector's mind. I repeat, What

did Bacon make this collection for? And suppose that question answered, then comes the other: How did these proverbs, notes, texts, passages, turns of expressions, become worked into Shakespeare's works as thick as currants in a cake? What had the actor to do with Bacon's private MSS.? The literature of England immediately preceding the issue of the Shakespeare plays has been almost exhaustively examined, and it appears that in almost every instance the expressions and thoughts found in the *Promus* and transferred from it to the plays are new in the language.

#### II.—THE ARGUMENTS FROM WORDS

may be briefly stated. The author of the Shakespeare drama introduced into the English language about five hundred new words, mostly from Latin. Its second clause is that Bacon in his prose uses practically the same language that is found in the plays. To be exact, it has been found by actual count that Bacon uses 98.5 per cent. of the words of the plays.

The first remark we have to make upon this fact is: The man who introduced these five hundred words into English must have lived in an atmosphere of Latin, read that language habitually, and almost, or quite, thought in it. This we know was true of Bacon; but was it of Shakespeare? The second is: Suppose Shakespeare wrote the plays, and introduced into them these new words, is it not curious that Bacon should have imported into English the same new words?

#### III.—THE ARGUMENT FROM LANGUAGE.

Neither is it the mere words of the two men, but still more the way these words are used that draw as it were these two writers into one. One or the other of them (it must have been Bacon, because we see the work of creation in actual progress in the *Promus*) originated an immense number of new expressions, such as:

“What will you? For the rest, Is it possible? All this while, Of grace, Let it not displease you, All will not

serve, Where stay we? I find that strange, Not unlike, If that be so, It comes to that, Well remembered, I arrest you there, See them how, I cannot tell, O, the——, O, my! Believe it, Believe it not.”

And so on. And they both use them, or some of them, on every page of Baconian prose and Shakespearean poetry.

#### IV.—THE ARGUMENT FROM STYLE.

The average man who has read a little will tell you, with full assurance that he is ending the argument, “Oh! Bacon could not possibly have written the plays, if for no other reason, for the one that his style is entirely different from Shakespeare's.” Is it? Let us see. I will introduce this subject with a short story of Walt Whitman's. He said that one evening, in a company of literary men, a gentleman recited quite a long passage which sounded like blank verse. He then asked who wrote it. Several guessed. Most thought the lines Shakespeare's. Whitman said that he felt sure the quotation was from one of the plays and wondered he could not place it, as it seemed very familiar, and at that time he knew the drama almost by heart. The passage was from Bacon.

It is not generally known, but it is true, that Bacon's prose is full of blank verse, as if he was in the habit of writing it and constantly kept lapsing into it. To illustrate I will quote a few lines picked out by myself in an hour or two reading. I have no doubt I could pick out a small volume if I took time to it. Every line quoted is from Bacon's so-called prose. The following are from his history of Henry VII.:

A great observer of religious forms.  
The law of nature and descent of blood.  
Both knee and heart did truly bow before him.  
The coronation followed two days after.  
At which time Innocent the Eighth was Pope.  
His royal proclamation, offering pardon.  
So long expected and so much desired.  
But his aversion toward the house of York  
Found place not only in his wars and counsels.  
The dregs and leaven of the northern people.  
And none could hold the book so well to prompt.  
Their great devotion to the house of York.  
To change the inward troubles and seditions



Into an honourable foreign war.  
But by the favour of Almighty God,  
And from that land to the wide wilderness.  
He that is born to a great kingdom hath.

The next three lines are from the Essays :

Lord, thou hast formed us in our mothers' wombs.

No passion in the mind of man so weak.  
He breathed light into the face of man.

The remainder are from "The Wisdom of the Ancients" :

And first he struck him with a thunderbolt  
Which made a wound the blood whereof  
Engendered Serpents.

A just and honourable cause of war.

Innumerable thoughts  
Which prick and know and corrode the liver.

Heroes may therefore stand unshaken.

Even in the steep-down paths of pleasure.

Consider for a moment that word "steep-down." It was, I believe, along with almost innumerable others, confined, down to that date, to the Bacon-Shakespeare writings. It occurs in Othello, in the line :

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.

Afterwards Beaumont uses it in his *Psyche*, in the line :

You see Him till into the steep-down west.

But this poem was published in 1648, and its author was no doubt familiar with both Othello and the "Wisdom of the Ancients."

But there is a closer relation between the style of Bacon and that of Shakespeare even than this; it consists in the triplex form of that of both men. I mean a tendency to run into sentences with triple clauses. For instance, take the following from Bacon :

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.

2. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.

3. Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse.

4. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

5. Give ears to precept, to laws, to religion.

6. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution.

7. Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.

8. It is heaven upon earth to have man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

Then these from Shakespeare :

1. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

2. It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

3. One draught above heat makes him a fool, a second mads him, and a third drowns him.

4. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

5. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast.

6. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

7. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised.

8. Like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled.

9. Who is here so base as would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended.

#### V.—IDENTICAL OR SIMILAR EXPRESSIONS.

We come now to The Argument From Identical or Similar Expressions found in the two authors. Of these over a thousand have been picked out and recorded. I will give a few just as a sample, and I want to say that those I give are no more striking than are the immensely greater number that I cannot give.

(a) Bacon misquotes Aristotle as follows: "Young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy."—(Advancement of Learning.) Shakespeare misquotes the same passage as follows:

"Young men whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

—Troilus and Cressida.

In the passage in question Aristotle speaks of political and not moral philosophy.

(b) Bacon writes: "Be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others."—(Essay, Friendship.) Shakespeare writes:

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

(c) Bacon writes: "We say that a blister will rise on one's tongue that tells a lie."—(Essay.) Shakespeare writes:

"I'll take it upon me,  
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue  
blister."—A Winter's Tale.

(d) Shakespeare writes:

"O, Heaven! a beast that wants *discourse of reason*  
Would have mourned longer."—Hamlet.

The italicized expression was unknown down to the time of Shakespeare and Bacon. So true is this that critics have thought that Shakespeare must have written "discourse and reason." However, very strangely, Bacon writes: "Martin Luther but in discourse of reason, finding." (Advancement of Learning.) Again, speaking of Elizabeth: "God has done great things by her past discourse of reason." Once more: "True fortitude is not given to man by nature, but must grow out of discourse of reason."—(Bacon to Rutland.)

(e) Shakespeare writes: "What a piece of work is man! The paragon of animals; *the beauty of the world.*"—(Hamlet.) Bacon writes: "The souls of the living are *the beauty of the world.*"—(Essay.)

(f) Shakespeare writes:

"You know *that love*  
*Must creep in service where it cannot go.*"  
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Bacon writes: "Considering *that love must creep where it cannot go.*"—(Letter to King James.)

(g) Both use "disclose" for "hatch," a very unusual form. Shakespeare writes:

"The female dove  
When that her golden couplets are  
disclosed."—(Hamlet.)

Bacon writes: "The ostrich layeth her eggs upon the sand, where the heat of the sun discloseth them."—(Natural History.)

(h) Both are admirable anatomists and use the language of that science as freely as if they both had been surgeons, not forced, but as their natural speech.

Note in illustration these references to the Vena Porta. Bacon says: "He could not endure to have trade sick, nor any obstruction to continue in the gate vein which disperseth that blood." And Shakespeare: "The natural gates and alleys of the body."

(i) They both had the notion that the sea swells before a storm. Bacon writes: "It is everywhere taken notice of that waters do somewhat swell and rise before tempests."—(Natural History of Winds.) And again: "As there are certain hollow blasts of wind secret swelling of seas before a tempest, so are there in states."—(Essay Sedition.) And in Shakespeare we have the same thought expressed in the same language:

"Before the days of change, still is it so;  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm."  
—Richard III.

(j) Bacon writes: "Your life is nothing but a continual acting on the stage."—(Mask for Essex.) Shakespeare writes:

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players."—(As You Like It.)

(k) Bacon says of the stars: "The question whether the stars are real fires."—(Int. Globe.) Again: Another question is, "Are the stares true fires?"—(Ibid.) Shakespeare writes: "Doubt thou the stars are fire," etc.—(Hamlet.) Again:

"The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,  
They are all fire."—(Julius Cæsar.)

(l) Lastly, Bacon writes: "Suspicious among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight."—(Essay, Suspicion.) And Shakespeare:

"The ornament of beauty is suspect  
(suspicion),  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest  
air (the twilight)."  
—Sonnet LXX.

In Bacon's apothegms the following story is told:

Sir Nicholas Bacon had, as judge, to sentence a criminal. When all his

pleadings were in vain the condemned man appealed to the mercy of Sir Nicholas on account of kindred. "Pri-thee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

The pun is repeated in "The Merry Wives." The Welsh schoolmaster, Evans, says:

Evans.—Nominative hig, hæg, hog; pray you marke: genetivo huius; well; what is your Accusative case?

William.—Accusativo hinc.

Evans.—I pray you have your remembrance (childe) Accusative hing, hang, hog.

Quickly.—Hang-hog is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

#### VI.—IDENTITY OF OPINION.

The next clause of my thesis is the identity of opinion of the two men. I have not space to develop this point, and will merely say that while Bacon and Shakespeare touch upon the same subjects hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times, they never disagree; in the most minute points, as well as in all greater ones, their minds are always (as far as I know) in accord. In fact, the more I know of the two sets of books the more I am persuaded and convinced that almost throughout Bacon's prose is simply a storehouse of facts and thoughts for the use of the Shakespeare drama. The Essays are a study of human passions (as envy, jealousy, hatred, cunning, ambition) and conditions (such as bastardy, deformity, death, fortune, etc.) in the abstract; while in the plays we have the same subjects treated much more in extenso in concrete. But between the (supposed) two authors there is never a contradiction, a disagreement, or even a diversity of opinion. Then again, in Bacon's Natural History books we have such subjects treated as

the Winds, Light, Heat, Color, Sound; and many of the plays (as *The Tempest*, *L.L.L.*, etc.) are simply crammed full of the same matter. But there is never the slightest disagreement, the subjects are often treated almost in the same words, and, curiously enough, when Bacon's thought is in advance of his age (as it frequently is) so in the same subject and in the same way will Shakespeare's be. As an example of this take the idea of the indestructibility of matter, a new thought in that age as the conservation of energy is in our own. Bacon says in his "History of Life and Death": "There is no consumption unless that which is lost by one body passes into another;" and in "The Tempest" (first printed in the same year as "Life and Death"—1623,) Ferdinand says of his father:

"Nothing in him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

Again, in "The Wood of Woods," Bacon presents in scientific gradation:

- Unmusical sounds—noises,
- Musical separate sounds—tunes,
- Musical sequences—melody,
- Musical combinations—harmony,
- Instrumental music,
- Vocal music;

And in "The Tempest," Caliban, in merry, rippling verse, speaks of the various sounds heard on the enchanted island, under the same gradation, as follows:

"Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and  
hurt not;  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about my ears, and sometimes  
voices."

So, again, Bacon says: "The heavens turn about in most rapid motion, without noise to us perceived; though in some dreams they have been said to make excellent music." And the following from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is doubtless one of the dreams referred to:

"There's not the smallest orb that thou  
beholdest  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

But there is no end to this subject of parallelism, whether it be in words, turns of expression, speculations, or opinions—it is simply endless. As a recent profound writer on the subject says: "These coincidences are so numerous, pointed, special, coherent, and systematic that it would violate all the doctrine of chances to consider them casual." And the same author in seven hundred closely printed pages points out that the plays minutely follow and illustrate the rules and doctrines laid down in Bacon's "De Augmentis." The truth is, the prose of Bacon and the plays are parallel throughout.

#### VII.—IDENTITY OF STUDIES.

The next point is The Argument from Identity of Studies of the two men—if they are two. They are both deeply versed in natural history, in the physical sciences, astronomy, witchcraft, music, gardening, medicine, oratory, law, statecraft, and in their works they each invariably approach these subjects from the same point of view. They are both among the supreme masters of language and of style. They both knew and used Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French. The books most read and most constantly quoted by one are those most read and quoted by the other. Prominent among these books are the Bible (especially the Proverbs), Seneca, Tacitus, Plautus, Plutarch, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Cvid. Also, they both quote and refer to Plato, Sophocles, Euripides, Catullus, Lucretius, Statius, Tibullus, Pliny and many others.

#### VIII.—BACON'S HENRY VII.

I pass now to a brief consideration of the position occupied by Bacon's Henry VII., in relation to the historical plays. Shakespeare wrote John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III. and Henry VIII. Between the last two is a gap which is filled up by Bacon's Henry VII. Let us study for a moment this interesting juxtaposition. The first thing we notice is that the play of Richard III. ends 22nd August, 1485, on Bosworth field, and that Bacon's Henry

VII. begins the same day on the same field. The one ends abruptly, the other, without a word of the usual preface, begins just as abruptly. Then, the Henry VII. ends with the king's death (as it must), 21st April, 1509. But the play of Henry VIII. does not open until eleven years later, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520. To fill this gap between Bacon's Henry VII. and Shakespeare's Henry VIII. we find that Bacon writes a fragment of the reign of Henry VIII. in prose, and so the whole chasm, left (evidently on purpose) in the series of the historical plays, is bridged. But this is not all. A study of the end of Shakespeare's Richard III., and of the beginning of Bacon's Henry VII., will reveal the fact that these two works are welded together by special, and evidently intentional, mention of the same things in the same manner, and even in the same words. So, also, is the end of Bacon's Henry VII. by the same devices (by glances forward from the one and backward from the other) welded on to the beginning of Shakespeare's Henry VIII. Want of space prohibits here proof of this by quoting passages, but each can easily verify the fact for himself. There is another point I must touch upon: I have shown what a quantity of blank verse there is in the Henry VII.; it seems as if in writing it either Bacon half fancied he was writing another play, or else that he wanted to call up in the mind of the reader an image of the historical plays allied to this history; for not only is his language (as I have shown) highly suggestive of blank verse, but he alludes in the history to plays and acting no less than thirty times. I cannot quote all these references, but give a few to show how pointed they are:

"To instruct his player, either in gesture and fashions."

"And none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could."

"He thought good (after the manner of scenes in stage-plays and masks) to show it afar off."

"Whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy."

"The part he was to play."

"The stage where a base counterfeit should play the part of a King of England."

"Therefore, now, like the end of a play, a great number came upon the stage at once."

"His first appearance upon the stage in his new person."

#### IX.—NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE MS.

I pass now to the argument drawn from a certain old document called The Northumberland House Manuscript. No MS. of any Shakespeare play has come down to us. In fact, the MSS. disappeared in the lifetime of the generation in which they were written. Now, it must seem a curious thing to a Shakespearean that the only place known in which did once exist such a MS. is in a MS. book of Bacon's. This old book was discovered in a private library in London, in a box of old papers in the year 1867. On the front leaf is a list of contents, and in that list occur the titles Richard II. and Richard III. The rest of the contents of the old book are works of Bacon. The MSS. of the two Shakespeare plays have been removed from the book. On the front leaf of the volume is written the name of Francis Bacon, as author; and lower down, the words Shakespeare and William Shakespeare are scribbled half-a-dozen times. The experts date this MS. in the time of Elizabeth. What, now, is or can be the meaning of this intimate association of the works and names of these two men, *i.e.*: if they were really two? If they were not two, but one, no difficulty exists.

#### X.—BEN JONSON'S TESTIMONY.

This writer was, at one time, and perhaps for a long time, private secretary to Bacon. He was a fine Latinist, and it is supposed had a good deal to do with translating the *Novum Organum*, the *Advancement of Learning* and other of Bacon's books into Latin. There cannot be a doubt that Jonson knew where the plays came from—at least, he knew beyond a peradventure whether or not Bacon wrote them. In the preface to the great *Folio*, Jonson (in a most elaborate eulogy) pronounced the works of Shakespeare superior to "all that insolent Greece or haughty

Rome had sent forth." A few years afterwards, in his "Discoveries," he applied the same language to certain works by Bacon, saying that they were to be preferred to those "of insolent Greece and haughty Rome." In the same connection he tells us that Bacon "had filled up all numbers," that is, that he was a great poet.

Jonson therefore used the same language in praising Bacon that he had used in praising Shakespeare, which last would seem to have been a pen name for Bacon. Not only so, but he tells us explicitly that Bacon was a great poet. But if Bacon did not write the plays, what else did he write which would justify Jonson in bestowing upon him this title? To "fill up all numbers" is to be not only a poet but a supreme poet. If Bacon wrote the plays he was that—if he did not write the plays it is an absurd misnomer. But this is not a subject in which Jonson would or could speak carelessly—his feeling toward Bacon was far too deep for that. To show this I will quote a passage from his "Discoveries," as follows: "My conceit of his (Bacon's) person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue but rather help to make it manifest." This shows how deeply Jonson revered Bacon's character and memory, and also, I think, how impossible it would be to him to write hastily or recklessly about him. But if, as I think, we are right in supposing that Jonson knew who wrote the plays—and if, further, we do right to give his words in this connection their full meaning, then I claim we have a right to say: Jonson knew who wrote the plays and he says that their author was Francis Bacon.

## XI.—BACON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

But what do Bacon's intimate friends, and what does Bacon himself, say upon the point? If Bacon wrote the plays others besides Jonson must have known it, and the fact must have been ever present in his own mind. Did not these friends or himself let drop, intentionally or unintentionally, expressions more or less directly implying that he was the real author? Let us see:

John Aubrey, a friend of Milton's, born the year Bacon died, a man who knew well some of Bacon's closest friends, said that Bacon "was a good poet, but concealed."

Florio, an intimate friend of Bacon's, speaks of him as "loving better to be a poet than to be counted so."

Then upon the death of Queen Elizabeth John Davies, the poet, went to Scotland to meet James I. He was a close friend of Bacon's, who wrote him to use his kind offices for him with the new king, and in closing his letter he asks Davies "to be good to concealed poets." That is, to himself, Bacon.

These casually-dropped words might help to raise a doubt, but we do not need to rest upon them—we have infinitely stronger expressions to the same effect. And I claim that in at least two of these Bacon distinctly claims that the plays proceeded from him. In one of these places the claim is as dropped by accident—perhaps indeed quite unintentionally. The phrase to which I allude is in Bacon's great prayer, written just after his fall from power in 1621—of which Addison said that it was more like the devotion of an angel than of a man. I would like to quote the whole of it, but space is limited. Beginning then in the middle, Bacon says to God: "Remember how thy servant hath walked before thee; and remember what I have first sought and what has been principal in mine intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee

that it might have the first and latter rain; and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in my eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men." This last clause has never been explained, and I say boldly that it cannot be explained except on the supposition that it refers to the plays. It is something immense of which he is speaking: "The good of all men;" something that is to benefit the race. Now it could be said of Bacon's prose that it has done that—that it has infused into the common mind elements which in their operation have more or less ameliorated man's lot. But it would be absurd to say that this was ever in a despised dress or weed. It is all most nobly composed, is put into the best Latin and published in the best manner; nobody ever dreamed of despising any of it from any point of view. The plays, again, have done ten times more for the race than have the prose works, and they have probably only now begun their divine mission; also, they are (or at least were in Bacon's time) distinctly and unmistakably in a "despised weed." Whoever will look into the matter may very easily satisfy himself that the plays, and the plays alone, fulfil the conditions—they were in a "despised weed," and they are calculated to procure "the good of all men."

The next clause of the argument is much more serious; so important, indeed, do I feel it to be that I doubt if I can do it justice, and I invite all those who feel any interest in this great question to carefully study it for themselves. Just as the synthesis philosophy was the life-work of Herbert Spencer, planned when young and ended forty years afterwards; just as "The Leaves of Grass" was the life-work of Whitman, planned in youth and finished forty years afterwards, so Bacon also had a life work, also planned in youth. The name of it was the "Instauratio Magna;" it was divided,

he tells us, into six parts. In 1620, when Bacon was in his 60th year, more than forty years after he had planned and begun his life-work, he published the "Novum Organum," and with it a preface to the "Instauratio." In this preface he describes these six parts, and intimates that they are all written; or if each one is not finished it is at least well advanced. Let us now try to see what these six parts are, and where they are. Part I. Bacon calls: "The Divisions of the Sciences." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "De Augmentis Scientiarum." Part II. he calls "Directions for the Interpretation of Nature." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "Novum Organum." Part III. is named "Description of the Phenomena of the Universe." It is represented in Bacon's works by the "Silva Silvarum," "Dense and Rare," "Life and Death," "The Winds," and the other natural history books. Thus these three parts exhaust Bacon's known philosophical works; and still we have only got to the foot of the tower which he set out to build, and which he tells us he did build. Where is the tower? Now, the tower itself was to be in three parts. One (Part IV. of "The Instauratio") is described as: "The Ladder of the Intellect." Bacon says of it that it is not composed of precepts and rules; that is, it is not in the form of a philosophic treatise, but that it consists of "actual types and models." "For," he says, "I remember that in the mathematics it is easy to follow the demonstration when you have a machine beside you." It seems clear to me, and for many and for strong reasons besides those given here, that this fourth part of "The Instauratio" is the first part of the great folio, *i.e.*, the Comedies. The fifth part of "The Instauratio" is described as: "Forerunners or Anticipations of the New Philosophy." Bacon says it is for temporary use only, and that it contains "such things as he has himself discovered, proved or added," and these given "not according to the rules and methods of interpretation,

but by the ordinary use of the understanding in inquiring and discovering." This fifth part, which is described in a veiled, mystical way, is represented, as it seems to me, by the historical plays. As to the sixth part of "The Instauratio," which he calls "Active Science," Bacon says it is by him "developed and established," but he does not expect to complete it. And he says that in the present condition of men's minds the perfected work would not be easy either to conceive or to imagine. He says that this the crowning section of "The Instauratio" "is no mere felicity of speculation, but is the real business and fortunes of the human race." And speaking further of this sixth part he says: "God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world; rather may He graciously grant to us to write an apocalypse or true vision of the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on His creatures." This sixth part, I feel satisfied, is constituted by the tragedies. If, however, Bacon had nothing to do either with the Shakespeare quartos, or with the great folio of 1623, then, would some reader kindly look up his preface to "The Instauratio Magna" and explain to us if he can what works Bacon there referred to as parts four, five and six of that work.

#### XII.—THE ANAGRAM.

We come now to The Argument from the Anagram, discovered only the other day by Dr. Platt, of Lakewood, New Jersey, a discovery, it seems to me, of extraordinary importance and destined to keep the Doctor's name in remembrance for many ages. If I have driven my nail straight and true this fortunately discovered anagram ought to clinch it.

In "Love's Labour Lost" quite a number of Latin words and sentences are scattered in what seems to be a somewhat haphazard manner through the dialogue. Beginning at the commencement of the fifth act we meet one after another the following: *Satis quod sufficit* (that which suffices is enough). *Novi hominem tanquam te* (I know the man as well as I know

you). Ne intelligis, domine (do you understand me, sir?). Laus Deo, bene intelligo (praise God, I understand well). Videsne quis venit? (Do you see who comes?). Video, et Gaudeo (I see and rejoice). Quare (wherefore?). Then, a few lines further on, the word Honorificabilitudinitatibus, is (as it were) flung into the text. Immediately afterwards one says: "Are you not lettered." The answer is: "Yes, he teaches boys the horn-book." "What is a b spelt backward, with the horn on his head?" The answer to that, of course, is: "Ba, with a horn added." Now, Ba with a horn added is Bacornu, which is not, but suggests, and was probably meant to suggest, Bacon. But whence is derived the a b which is to be spelt backward? In the middle of the long word we find these letters in that order—a b. Begin now at the b and spell backward as you are told. You get baci-fironoh. From these letters it is not hard to pick out Fr. Bacon. Now take the other half of the word spelt forward: ilitudinitatibus. It is not hard to pick out from it ludi (the plays), tuiti (protected or guarded), nati (produced). These words (with those we had before) give us: Ludi tuiti Fr. Bacono nati. The remaining letters are Hiiibs, which are easily read as hi sibi. Now put the words together in grammatical order and you have: Hi ludi, tuiti sibi, Fr. Bacono nati. (These plays entrusted to themselves proceeded from Fr. Bacon). It is a perfect anagram. Each letter is used once and once only. The form of the long word is Latin and it is read in Latin. The sense of the infolded words correspond with the sense, as far as it has any (Compare Honorificare, Honorifico—see Century Dict.) of the infolding word. The infolded Latin is grammatical. The intention is fully declared and plain. There is no flaw.

But where now does the long word come from, and can a connection be traced between it and the actual man, Francis Bacon? To answer this turn back to the Northumberland House MS. mentioned above. That MS. be-

longed to Bacon, and could never have been seen by the actor, Shakespeare. On the outer leaf is written the word: Honorificabilitudino. This also is an anagram. It infolds the words: In-itiu hi ludi Fr. Bacono (in the beginning these plays from Fr. Bacon). It seems to have been a first thought. The Latin words do not form a complete sentence—they suggest a meaning, but do not actually contain one. The anagram in this form was not considered satisfactory, and was amended into the form found in L.L.L.

Thus we have before us the making of the word by Bacon. The sense of the word and its history correspond. The case seems to be complete.

Dr. Platt points out that a somewhat similar word (onorificabilitudinate) was used by Dante in his "De Vulgari Eliquio." I do not see that this fact has any bearing one way or other upon the anagram. Nash, I believe, uses the exact word Honorificabilitudinitatibus in "Lenten Stuff," and so also, I believe, does Marston in his "Dutch Courtezan," but the first of these was printed 1599, and the second 1605, while L.L.L. was printed 1598, and Nash and Marston doubtless took the word, as being long and senseless (they saw no sense in it), from that play.

But people often say, what does it matter who wrote the plays? we have them, and they are the same to us whether they were written by Bacon or Shakespeare. No greater mistake than this can be made; they are not the same. As read to-day each play is merely the combination of a story, with more or less poetry used in the telling. But if the plays are Bacon's, they contain far more than this. They contain great ore lodes of science and philosophy of which scarcely any one to-day dreams. Read in the light shed upon them by Bacon's natural history books, by his *Novum Organum*, by his *De Augmentis* (see especially the thirteenth chapter of the second book or this last), the plays take on an enormously enhanced value and meaning. Let any one who doubts this, study the admirable treatises on the subject by



Bormann and Ruggles, written quite independently the one of the other, but agreeing (as could not be avoided) throughout.

Then, too, read as the work of Francis Bacon, the concealed author of the plays, the intention and meaning of the Sonnets (those little lakes of purest, most ethereal beauty, those exquisite psalms of the most profound spirituality), will for the first time—as if they had just been printed—dawn upon us. And through the revelation of the true meaning of these and of the plays, the intellectual world will pass into an experience comparable to a fresh created and divine sunrise. More than all, a new and most majestic figure will appear before the eye of the world—Francis Bacon! Not as labelled by Pope or misrepresented by Macaulay, or com-

monly imagined by the casual reader, but the almost godlike and inspired man reported to us by Raleigh, Johnson, Boener, Mathews and Beaumont, who knew him personally; the man set forth by Spedding, after a lifetime's study, as being both intellectually and morally a supreme personality. This man, restored to his full proportions, will step for the first time upon the stage of the world and will become the friend, the teacher—yes, even the saviour, of thousands. For we shall see him as he lived, and lives, and his life will pass into the life of each one of us who is worthy. And this, perhaps the greatest intellectual force, the most potent individuality that our planet has produced, will become and continue a deathless source of the purest and most exalted inspiration.

London, Ont.

*R. M. Bucke.*

## SLUMBER SONGS.

### I.

SLEEP, little eyes  
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,  
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh  
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

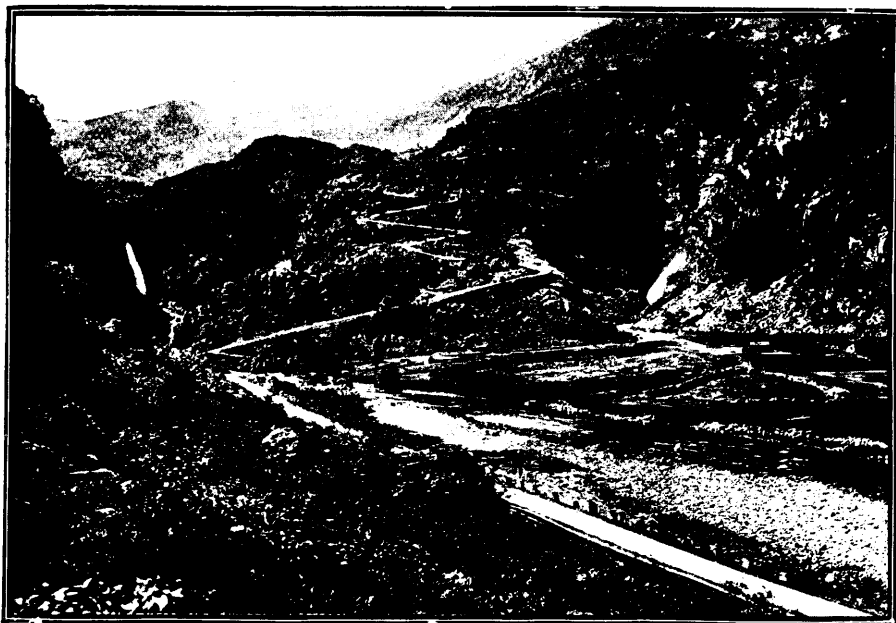
Sleep, little heart!  
There is no place in Slumberland for tears:  
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears  
And sorrows that will dim the after years.  
Sleep, little heart!

### II.

Ah, little eyes!  
Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago  
That life's storm crushed, and left to lie below  
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart,  
That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!  
The years that come and go with silent feet  
Have naught to tell save this,—that rest is sweet.  
Dear little heart!

*John McCrae.*



THE FAMOUS NAERODAL VALLEY AND ITS TWO WATERFALLS.

## A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

*The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.*

### III.—VOSSEVANGEN, THE NAERODAL VALLEY AND THE SEVEN SISTERS WATERFALL.

WE were at Vossevangen. Within that quaint hotel, which was very much like our summer ones at home, we found neat bedrooms where the linen was trimmed with beautiful crochet work, while lengthwise through the centre of the pillowslip ran a band of insertion and under it a red ribbon. The effect was pretty, and we admired the women's patience in doing so much fine needlework. They doubtless while away the long winter days making pretty designs for trimming their linen.

A small lake was just across the road from us, and that evening we had a row in an odd boat, the steering apparatus of which was a long pole which slanted crosswise, reaching almost two-thirds the length of the boat.

Awkward the boat was to manage, but we rowed about admiring the hills until a shower came on. As we hurried ashore we remembered a church that had not been visited; so, passing through the village, we were guided to the edifice by the steeples, which consisted of four little ones and a high one in the centre. In the graveyard quaint headstones bore the dates of long ago, with quaint figures and designs which remained a puzzle to us.

Next morning it was pouring rain, but the *stolkjaerres* awaited us as usual. We chose the driest and jolted off into the mists and clouds which hung among the mountains. Noon found us at Stalkheim, on what appeared to be a ledge of rock. What were

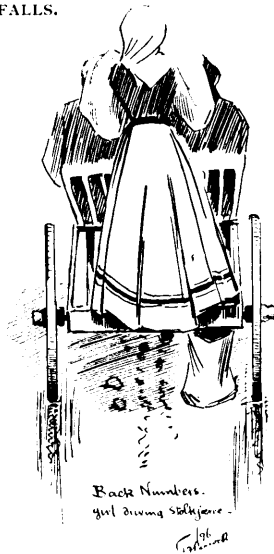


ONE OF THE NAERODAL WATERFALLS.

the people leaning over the parapet looking at? We joined them, to see; when, lo! a thousand feet below lay the famous Naerodal, with its two waterfalls leaping into it at one bound. The green fields, the winding road, the fall, the great mountains raising their snow-capped heads into the blue above us, held us spellbound. Away at the further end, standing sentinel over this enchanted land, was a great white marble mountain, formed like an immense thimble. Over all this beauty, the clouds floated amongst the mountain tops, softening their rugged peaks. Adjectives were in demand, and in my case ran out before I had risen to the occasion. A Scotchman beside me actually pronounced it "gran'!" That

was his utmost extravagance of speech; in fact, he rarely got beyond "no' bad," so you may imagine the sublimity of the scene before us when Sandy pronounced it "gran'." However, luncheon had its attractions too, so we turned reluctantly to the great hotel behind us.

Here, a surprise awaited us. Instead of the usual white floors, in the large square hall was a peacock blue rug and settee, while curtains of the same shade draped the archways leading to the various rooms. The dining-room was the centre of attraction; we passed up a flight of broad stairs and found ourselves in a large room that would seat hundreds. Its wooden walls were decorated with bright green and red, which seem to be the favourite colours with Norwegians. The waitresses were, if possible, sweeter and fairer than ever, while, as a last attraction, we were served with wild straw-

Back Number.  
gul driving stolkjone.

C. J. G. R.

berries in whipped cream. This, by the way, was the only glimpse of fruit we ever had while in Norway. The drawing-room windows showed us a beautiful view as we sipped our coffee and admired the odd articles about us. That drawing-room was a curiosity in itself, where we could have spent an extra half-hour most happily.

As we wandered about, a shop was discovered at one corner of the hotel where bits of all kinds of Norwegian curiosities tempted us. We girls lingered for a last look into the vale below,

we just then, so I relieved my mind in blissful unconsciousness that he understood never a word. However, it relieved my feelings, and I for one felt decidedly cooler though perhaps not as happy as might have been desired as we jolted along to catch up with the party.

In the sunniest corner of this valley were hay fields, and we examined the methods of the Norwegian farmers with much interest. For the purposes of haymaking, stakes, about six feet high, were driven into the ground about four

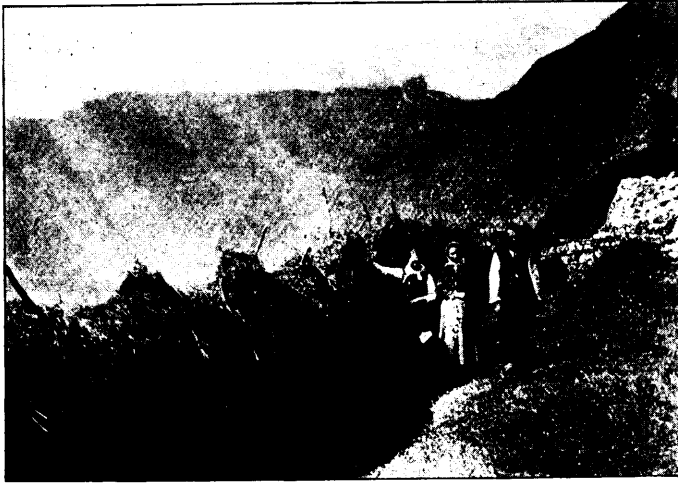


THE RAMSDALHORN.

but finally had to follow with the others down the steep zigzag road. Imagine our distress on finding that our stolkærre, pony, man, baggage and all had disappeared from view. Unfortunately, I grew rather warm, and began to run down this steep incline, but found to my grief it was easier to begin than to stop running into the Nærodal. Arrived at the wee bridge a thousand feet below, we discovered the pony and man looking as meek as heart could desire. Truth to tell, meekness was not a predominating quality with

feet apart. Cord or wire was stretched from pole to pole, and on these racks the hay was laid in armsful to dry. When the rack is covered it looks like an immense caterpillar crawling across the fields. Another method of drying the hay was tying bundles of it on the ends of short sticks driven into the ground. These, standing thick in the valley, had a grotesque appearance, and gave us many a laugh.

Our drive to the Ramsdalthorn was through a fertile valley. Before us, rising higher and higher amongst the



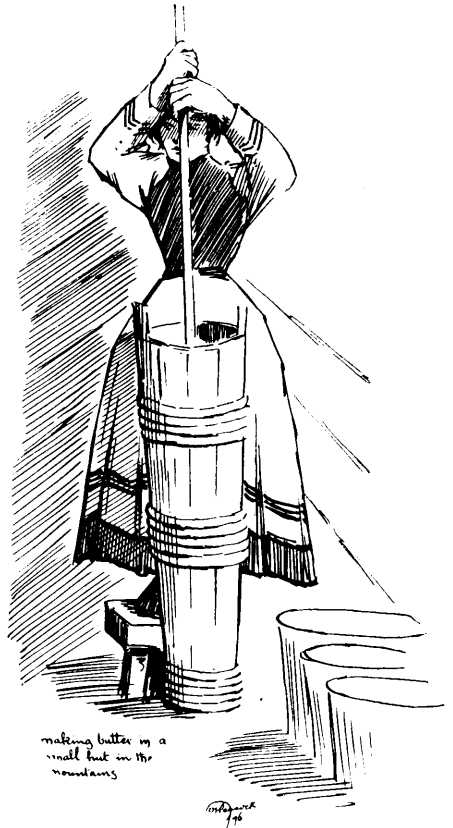
A HAYMAKING SCENE.

clouds, was the rugged peak. There it stood, bare and gaunt, with its sharp summit high above the fleecy cloud, seeming to pierce the blue dome of heaven. On either side were two huge mountains of rock, one, the Venge-tinder, rising 6,000 feet, the other, the Trolltinderne, rising 5,600 feet. As we rounded the base of the Ramsdahlorn a patch of snow was seen, and a discussion arose as to whether it was snow or not, so to settle the dispute half-a-dozen of us set off to explore. We soon found the mountain, at least, to be a reality. Caps and coats were dispensed with as we clambered over fences and rocks, ever upwards, till our patch of snow grew to a great snow cave where dozens of people could stand upright. The roof was formed like that of a human mouth and was as hard as stone. While down the middle of its rocky floor a stream trickled which helped to irrigate the green valley below. Year by year the snows gather in this secluded corner, while the sun peeps in only on a few days.

Amongst the odd costumes worn by the Norwegian women was a woven dress. To the waist it was knit like a jersey, with a purple band around the neck and waist that relieved the black. From the waist down

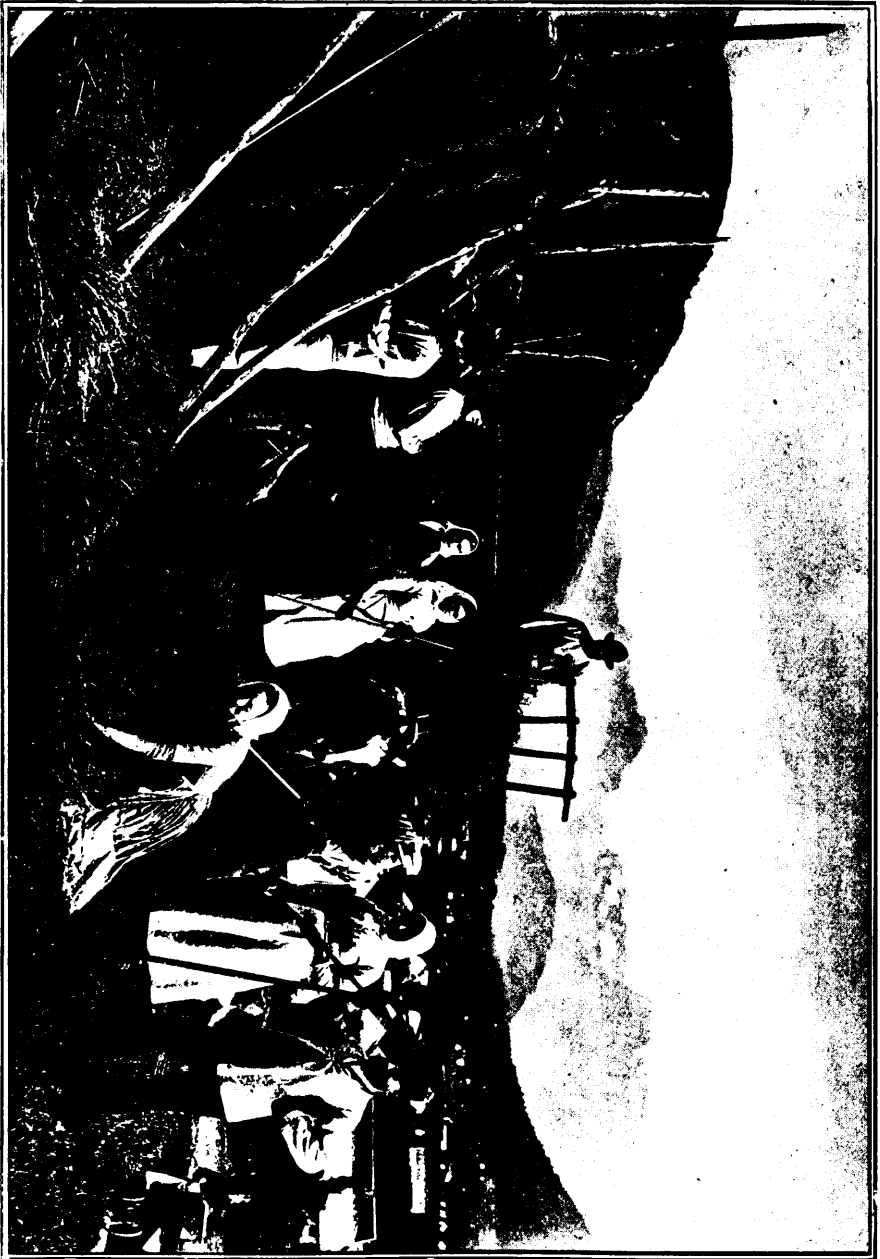
the knitting was coarser and hung in accordinian pleats, while three or four stripes of purple were brought in close to the foot. The head-dress was pure white linen, square in shape, with long tails behind. What the different shapes in the clean white linen caps meant I did not discover. Perhaps it was personal taste, each wearing what she considered most becoming.

A happy day was spent in the Hjoring, Stor and Gieranger Fiords,



making butter in a small hut in the mountains

NORWEGIANS MAKING HAY.



where the scenery was surpassingly beautiful. Rocks of different shapes and colours followed each other in quick succession, while the dark green waters and silvery waterfalls added their charm. The little "Gaarda," or farms, high up upon these rocky mountains were an endless source of amusement to some of our party, who declared the children were tied to the doorposts as the only way to prevent them from going headlong into the green waters below. How the people ever reached those wee houses on the rocky ledges is still a mystery, and what they lived on an

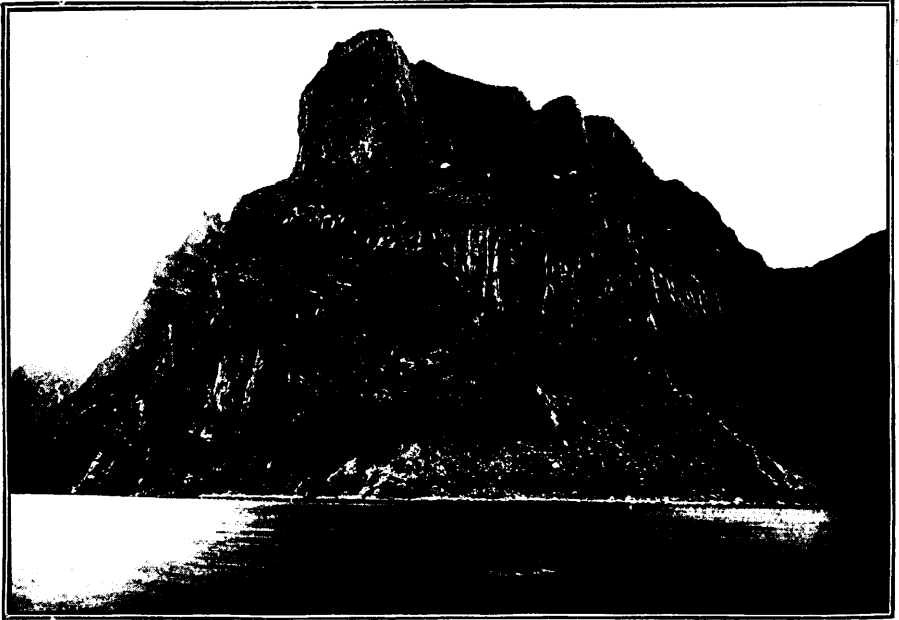
unsolved problem. The rocks were bare and the little plots of ground so small that the yearly supply drawn from them must have been bare indeed.

Amongst the other sights of Norway was the Hornelen, the highest sea cliff in Europe, which, gaunt and black, rears itself 3,000 feet from the water's edge. It is reported that King Olaf scaled its steep sides to rescue a favourite attendant. How his attendant got there, or how they both reached the fiord again, is not told us, but all we saw on its rocky sides were a few goats, and even they did not seem very sure of their footing.

Yet another fair sight was the even Sisters' Waterfall; though we concluded two must be off on their vacation like ourselves, for count as we would, only five were visible. The "Bride's Veil," which swayed in the evening breeze like a mist against the black rock behind, was a lovely sight, and made up for the remissness of the two absent sisters. As the evening approached we reached the head of the fiord, where the rocks were covered with flowers; here we were rowed ashore for a climb towards the silver cascades that deck the hillsides. Backwards, forwards we climbed, with the blue bells of Scotland, heather, wee pink flowers and tall yellow ones all about us. Close to the water's edge was a tiny



THE SEVEN SISTERS' WATERFALL.



THE HORNELEN—THE HIGHEST SEA-CLIFF IN EUROPE.

octogan-shaped church, whose white wall and red roof made a picture against the bank of flowers. A little behind the church we rested, amid the calm of the mighty hill, and listened to the music of the waterfalls as they dashed down to the beautiful fiord. The evening was perfection, the scene beautiful, and all too soon the summons came, "All aboard." Others who had

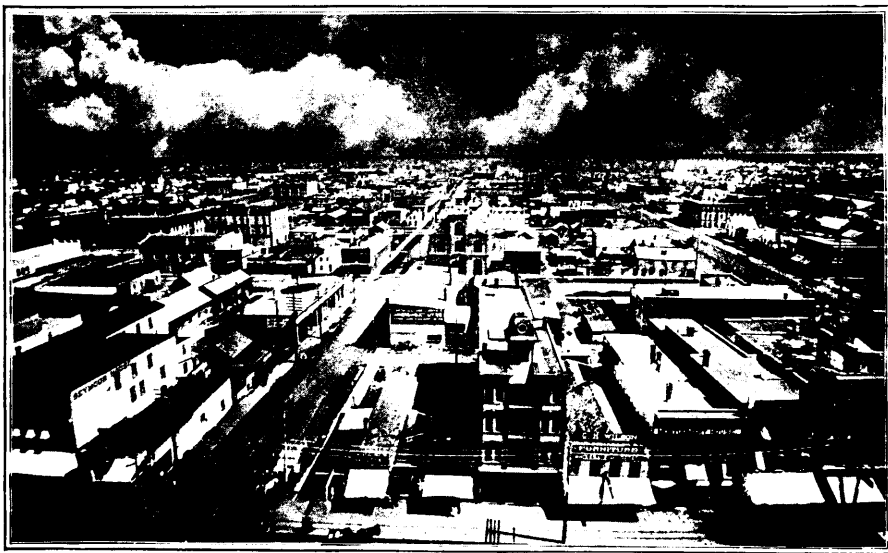
climbed higher were rewarded by seeing a girl standing on a stool operating a tall churn to make the delicious Norwegian butter, and by receiving a refreshing drink of buttermilk; but they, too, had to leave the pretty picture. Linger as we would, the wharf was finally reached, and a last look, which shall not soon be forgotten, taken of Maraak.

*Winnifred Wilton.*

*(To be concluded in October.)*







FROM A SPECIAL PHOTO.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG, THE CAPITAL OF MANITOBA.

## THE PREMIERS OF MANITOBA.

*With Nine Special Illustrations.*

ALTHOUGH Manitoba was nominally admitted into the Canadian Confederacy on July 15th, 1870, as one of the provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada, it was not until some years afterwards that she came to enjoy that degree of self-management which is comprised in the term "Responsible Government."

The late Sir Adams Archibald was appointed Governor on the 20th May, 1870, and reached Fort Garry on the 2nd September following. Some ten days earlier Colonel Wolseley's expedition had arrived and had taken possession of the country in the name of Her Majesty the Queen. Riel and the members of his Provisional Council had retired from the scene. Mr. Thomas Spence's proposed Republic, with its capital at Portage la Prairie, had died at an embryonic stage of its existence, and Governor Archibald's advent met with no opposition, but, on the contrary, with a hearty welcome from all classes of the population, who were

wearry of the turbulence, unrest and uncertainty of the past eighteen months. Governor Archibald at first associated with him as advisers in carrying on the affairs of the Government, Judge Johnston, Sir Donald A. Smith, and Mr. Pascal Breland. Later on, he called upon Mr. Alfred Boyd as Provincial Secretary, and the late Senator Girard as Treasurer, to assist him in the administration of the Government, until such time as elections could be held, and representative Government formally established.

The first general elections were held on December 20th, 1870, and the Lieutenant-Governor, on the 10th January, 1871, called upon the following gentlemen to form his Cabinet :

Hon. James MacKay, President of the Council.

Hon. M. A. Girard, Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. Alfred Boyd, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

Hon. H. J. Clark, Attorney-General.

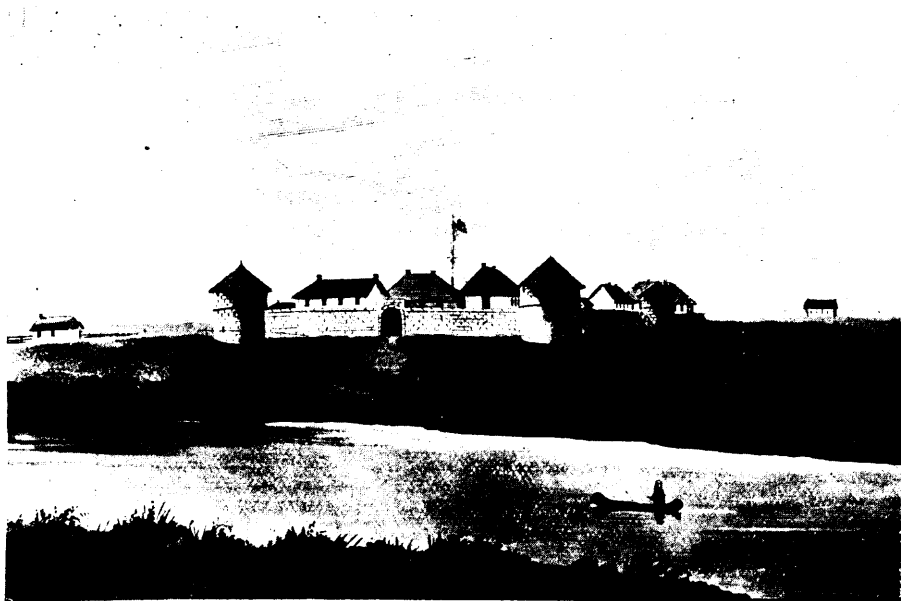
Hon. Thomas Howard, Provincial Secretary.

The Governor acted in a truly paternal fashion. He appointed no Premier, but each member of the Cabinet took office at his request, and was directly responsible to him. As the members of the first Legislature, and indeed the members of the Cabinet, were without any experience in the routine of Executive and Legislative work, they submitted with what grace they could to the active, but well meant, interference of the Governor. He assisted in drawing their statutes, and presumably their Orders-in-Council, dictated their appointments, and re-organized his Cabinet as emergency required. In December, 1871, the late Mr. Norquay waited upon the Governor as one of a deputation who had grievances to ventilate, whereupon the Governor, recognizing that some change had to be made, and wishing to strengthen his Government, and to conciliate the Opposition, at once effected a re-adjustment of the Government, Mr. Alfred Boyd retiring, and Mr. Norquay becoming a member of the Cabinet. Shortly afterwards the

Governor took in Mr. Joseph Royal instead of Senator Girard. All these appointments and changes were made by the Governor of his own motion, and as seemed to him most expedient. But in excuse for his paternalism, it must be remembered that he had to deal with what may be called the chaotic period of Manitoba's history, and to educate the Legislature and his Executive Council in the simplest details of Parliamentary and Departmental routine. The Governor was a man of large experience in public life. His clear-mindedness and his executive capacity did much to bring order out of confusion. He was an able, cautious, and conscientious Governor. He retired in 1872, and was for a few months on the Bench in Nova Scotia, being afterwards appointed Governor of his native province, a position which he occupied for ten years.

He was succeeded as Governor by the Honourable Alexander Morris, who was sworn in on the 2nd October, 1872, and who retained as his advisers the Cabinet of his predecessor, but still without any recognized Premier.

This Administration retained office



FROM A PAINTING.

FORT GARRY IN 1870—WINNIPEG HAS SINCE BEEN BUILT ON THIS SITE.

until the 3rd July, 1874, when they were defeated in the Legislative Assembly on a vote of want of confidence, moved by Mr. Hay, and seconded by the Hon. Mr. Dubuc. Lieutenant-Governor Morris accepted their resignations, and called upon Senator Girard to form a Government, which he succeeded in doing, being himself the first Premier of Manitoba. This Government consisted of :

Hon. M. A. Girard, Premier and Provincial Secretary.

Hon. Joseph Dubuc, Attorney-General.

Hon. R. A. Davis, Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. E. H. G. G. Hay, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

Hon. F. Ogletree, without office.

Senator Girard was a son of the late Amable Girard, of Varennes, in the Province of Quebec, where he was born on the 25th April, 1822. He was a notary of the Province of Quebec, and an unsuccessful candidate for constituencies in that province in 1858 and 1862. He represented St. Boniface in the Manitoba Assembly from 1870 to 1878, and Baie St. Paul from 1879 until 1883, when he retired from provincial public life, upon the abolition of the dual system of representation. He was a member of the Executive Council and treasurer of Manitoba from September, 1870, till March, 1872, and was Premier of the province with the office of Provincial Secretary from the 8th July to the 2nd December, 1874, when he, with the members of his Government, resigned office. Mr. Hay gets the credit of being the stormy petrel who brought about the retirement of the Administration of which he was a member. The story goes that quite to the surprise of his colleagues he announced one afternoon in council, shortly before the contemplated appeal to the country, that he felt called upon to resign, as he could not carry his constituency under existing circumstances. Being pressed for a fuller explanation, he stated that the French influence was too predominant in the Cabinet, the most important offices

being held by Frenchmen; and that he could not carry his constituency nor could the Government be sustained at the approaching elections. Although pressed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Dubuc to reconsider his determination, and in spite of their assurances that he was mistaken as to the feeling throughout the province, Mr. Hay remained obstinate. With characteristic self-abnegation, Premier Girard proved himself equal to the occasion. He declared that if the sentiment of the English-speaking electors was correctly voiced by Mr. Hay, he would not stand in the way of their wishes, but would hand in his resignation, and recommend an English-speaking Premier to the Lieutenant-Governor in the person of his colleague, Mr. Davis. The event proved that Mr. Dubuc and Mr. Davis were right, as at the general elections their friends triumphed at the polls, all their late colleagues being re-elected, and Mr. Hay himself alone suffering defeat. Mr. Dubuc, now the Hon. Mr. Justice Dubuc, was elected Speaker of the new House, and shortly afterwards left the Provincial for the larger Federal field of politics at Ottawa.

Upon the reconstruction of the Norquay Government in 1879, Mr. Girard again took office as Provincial Secretary, and subsequently became Minister of Agriculture and President of the Council. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council for the North-West Territories in December, 1872, and was called to the Senate of the Dominion of Canada on the 13th December, 1871.

Mr. Girard was a typical specimen of the French-Canadian *habitant*—genial, kindly, affable, courteous to all, tenacious of the rights of his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, but tolerant in the broadest sense, and prepared to grant to the other nationalities in the province the same rights which he sought to guard for those whom he considered himself specially called upon to represent. He was highly conservative by temperament, lacking that initiative faculty so requisite in one upon whom is imposed

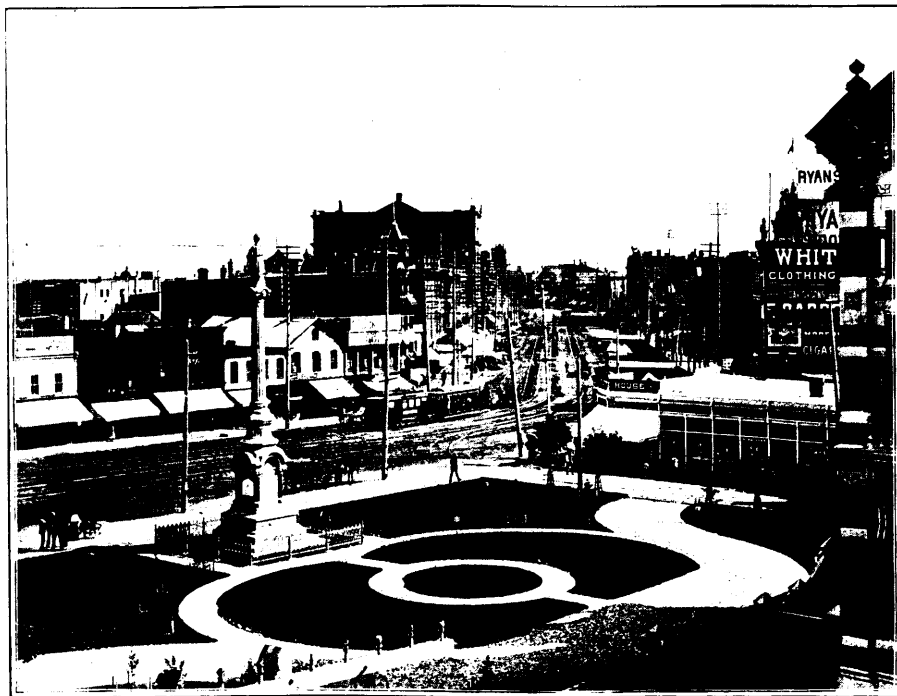
the task of government of a new country, but was thoroughly honest in his intentions, anxious to do what was right, and open to the advice of his friends and colleagues. His career as Premier, lasting as it did barely five months, did not afford much scope for a display of legislative ability or constructive statesmanship, especially as he had no opportunity of meeting the Legislature, which was prorogued within a few days after his acceptance of the Premiership, and dissolved immediately after his resig-

Hon. R. A. Davis, Premier and Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. Joseph Royal, Provincial Secretary.

Hon. Colin Inkster, President of the Council.

Some three months later, shortly before the meeting of the Legislature, Hon. John Norquay joined the Government as Minister of Public Works, and in the following November the Hon. James MacKay became Minister of Agriculture.



FROM A PHOTO.

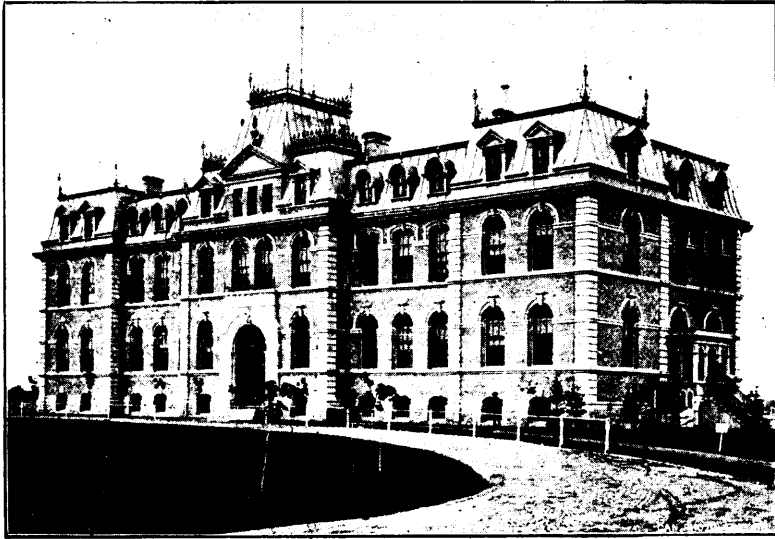
WINNIPEG, FROM THE CITY HALL.

nation. He died on the 12th September, 1892.

Upon the retirement of Senator Girard, Lieutenant-Governor Morris, upon his recommendation, called on Mr. R. A. Davis, M.P.P. for Winnipeg, to form an Administration. This he succeeded in doing, and on the 3rd December, 1874, he and his colleagues were sworn into office.

The members of the Davis Cabinet were :—

Mr. Davis was born at Dudswell in the Province of Quebec, on the 9th March, 1840. He was educated at St. Francis College, Richmond, in that province. He first entered public life at a bye-election in April, 1874, as member for Winnipeg, and on the 8th July following was invited by Senator Girard to join his Administration as Provincial Treasurer. This position he occupied until December 2nd of the same year, when he was called upon



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, WINNIPEG.

by the Governor to form a new Administration, in which he still retained his position as Provincial Treasurer. Mr. Davis was a practical, working Premier. He had been a successful man in his private affairs, and it was in this capacity as a business man that he won the confidence of the people of Winnipeg, who twice elected him as their representative. He was a blunt, frank, outspoken style of man, with no pretence to oratory. He had the reputation, so desirable in a public man, of keeping his promises, and those who had public or private affairs to transact with him found that they could rely upon his word. He secured better financial terms for the province from the Dominion Government during the Administration of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, upon, among other conditions, the understanding that the Legislative Council would be abolished, the machinery of legislation simplified, and expenses diminished. He succeeded in carrying a statute giving effect to this agreement in the Provincial Session of 1876, wherein it was among other things enacted that: "From and after the passing of this Act, the Legislative Council of Manitoba shall cease to exist, and the officers as Legislative

Lieutenant-Governor on the 4th day of February, 1876.

During his term as Premier, among other useful legislative enactments, were the acts establishing a Provincial University; simplifying the registration of deeds; amending the acts relative to the Medical and Legal Professions, and the Municipal Acts.

Mr. Davis does not appear to have been very greatly enamoured of public life, for at the expiration of that Parliamentary term, in the autumn of 1878, he voluntarily resigned office, and retired from public life, recommending to the Lieutenant-Governor, as his successor, the Hon. John Norquay.

Mr. Norquay, who was called upon to form an Administration upon the retirement of Mr. Davis, had many elements of strength combined in his person which made him an exceptionally powerful man in provincial affairs. He was a native of the province, having been born in the Red River Settlement on the 8th May, 1841, being a son of a native of the old Red River Colony. He had a strain of Indian blood in him, which endeared him to the half-breeds of both races. He was educated at St. John's College, where he distinguished himself, and was a favourite

Councillors of the present members thereof and of each and everyone of them, shall absolutely cease and determine."

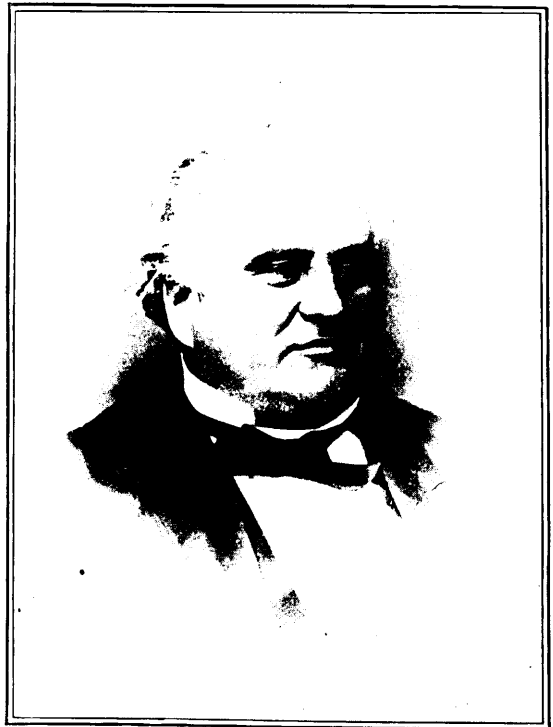
This Act was carried by the casting vote of the Speaker of the Legislative Council, and was assented to by the

pupil of the late Bishop Anderson. He was elected to the Provincial Assembly at the first General Election, held on the 20th December, 1870, and sat continuously until his death on the 5th July, 1889. He was invited by Governor Archibald to join the Administration on the 14th December, 1871, and, with a brief exception of a few months, was continuously a member of the Government of Manitoba until the 26th December, 1887, having been, during nine years of that time, Premier of his native province.

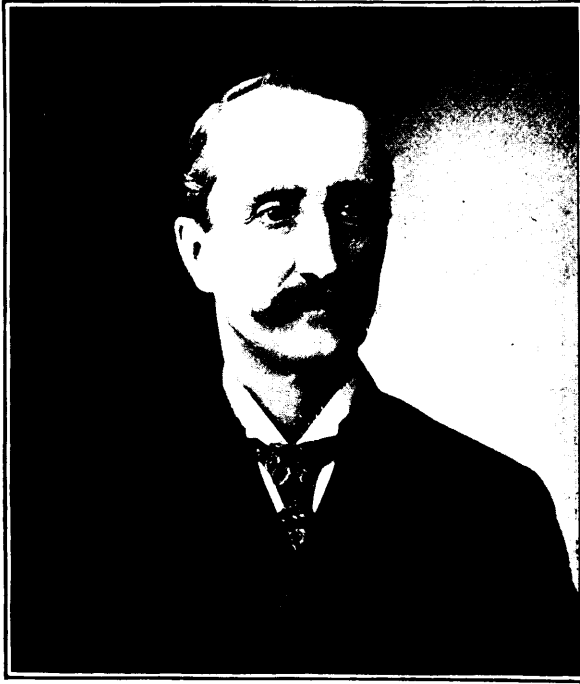
His personal popularity had much to do with his long retention of power, although the same kindly qualities which led to his successes led also to his reverses. In the earlier years of his public life he was a close student, and spent nearly the whole of his leisure time in study, being an omnivorous reader, and stretching out in every direction for the acquisition of useful information, especially on questions of public interest, and such as could be applied to the development and advancement of his province. He was identified with every public improvement in Manitoba during the first eighteen years of its existence, and was a constant and unceasing advocate of the claims of his province to greater consideration at the hands of the Federal Government. From time to time, on the occasions of his numerous visits to Ottawa, he secured concessions for his province which, though they may not have been commensurate with its necessities and its rights, as compared with the privileges enjoyed under Confederation by the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion, were yet of much importance, especially from a financial point of view; and it must be remembered that they were secured in spite of the fact that the people of the Eastern Provinces, ignorant alike of the

exceptional position and requirements of Manitoba, were somewhat prejudiced against what they considered to be unceasing and possibly unreasonable demands.

Although in the earlier years of his Administration, party politics, as understood in the other provinces, were not clearly defined, still Mr. Norquay was a warm supporter of the Ottawa Administration of that day, and it was keenly felt by his friends that his retirement from the Administration was forced upon him by the unfriendly action of the Federal Government, on the question of the policies of Disallowance and Railway Monopoly. Owing to his party loyalty in Dominion affairs, he had allowed himself to be outstripped in the provincial arena by rivals who availed themselves of local feeling to arouse the people of the province against the Federal Government, while his spasmodic intervals of independence, and championship of provincial



HON. M. A. GIRARD.



FROM A RECENT PHOTO.

HON. R. A. DAVIS.

rights, had estranged the authorities at Ottawa. His action in retiring from the Premiership was inspired by the hope that his party might be rallied under one of his colleagues, and he was willing to sacrifice himself for his political friends. Eventually it proved that the sacrifice came too late, but it should be credited to him that he made it, uninspired by selfish ends. There were still upwards of two years of that Parliament to run, and had the Federal Government at Ottawa made the same concessions to him, or to his successor, as were made within a few months afterwards to his and their political opponents, the later chapters of his life would have been written differently, and the results to Canadian public men and parties would have been far-reaching.

During Mr. Norquay's Premiership the boundaries of Manitoba were enlarged, and to his Government fell the work of developing and opening up the new territory. He had a large and

varied experience in the Administration of the affairs of the province. In the several Governments of which he had been a member, he had from time to time occupied the positions of Provincial Secretary, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Agriculture, Provincial Treasurer, President of the Council, and Railway Commissioner. He was a great, big, large-hearted, genial man, who never allowed his political contests to interfere with his personal friendships. He was a capable administrator, and a man of much oratorical ability. During the last year and a half of his life he occupied the position of Leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly. As the only native who has come to the front in the administration of the affairs of

Manitoba in a very prominent manner, and having been for so long a period identified with the Government, he came to be regarded by the older settlers, and by many of the younger accessions to the ranks of Manitobans, as one of the fathers of the province. His premature death, in the very prime of his life, added a touch of pathos to his career, and caused people, even those who had opposed him politically, to feel that in his death they sustained a personal loss.

Upon the resignation of the Premiership by Mr. Norquay in December, 1887, Governor Aikins sent for Dr. Harrison to form an Administration. Hon. David Howard Harrison, M.D., is an Englishman by descent, and was born in the township of London, Ontario, on the 1st June, 1843. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at McGill College, Montreal. He practised his profession for some years at St. Mary's, Ontario. Coming to Manitoba in 1882, he was first returned

to the Provincial Legislature at the general elections in 1883, and was invited by Mr. Norquay to join his Administration in August, 1886. He was sworn in as a member of the Executive Council, and appointed Minister of Agriculture, Statistics and Health, and held that office until his appointment to the Premiership. Dr. Harrison invited Hon. D. H. Wilson and Hon. C. E. Hamilton, both of whom had been his colleagues in the late Government, to join his Administration, and also Mr. Joseph Burke. Owing to the agitation consequent upon the Disallowance question, the following of the late Administration had been greatly weakened in the Legislature, and still more so in the country. Mr. Burke, the only member of the Administration who required to go back to his constituents for re-election, was defeated at the polls on the 16th January, 1888, and Dr. Harrison resigned the Premiership in consequence. He had made a brave attempt to rally the fallen fortunes of his party, but the persistent action of the Federal Government on the questions of Disallowance and Railway Monopoly had alienated the sympathies of the people, and there was an evident desire for a complete change of Administration.

The Governor then sent for Mr. Thomas Greenway, the leader of the regular Opposition in the Provincial Parliament, and that gentleman succeeded in forming an Administration on the 19th January, 1888.

In Canadian public life, for several years past at least, few names have been more widely mentioned than that of Premier Greenway, and the cause is to be found in the prominent position he occupies as First Minister of the rapidly growing Province of Manitoba, by

virtue of which he has been held responsible for the passage of the Public Schools Act of 1890, which provides for the province a system of national unsectarian schools, and has opened up discussion beyond the limits of the Dominion upon the Manitoba school question.

Mr. Greenway is a firm believer in the wonderful natural capacity and richness of the prairie province, and its adaptability for successful farming. A farmer himself, he is never so happy as when on his farm at Crystal City in Southwestern Manitoba, a practical proof that he is specially interested in the chief industry of the country, and one of the causes, no doubt, of his great popularity among the farmers of the province.

The Honourable Thomas Greenway was born in Cornwall, England, on the 25th March, 1838, and came to Canada with his parents when he was but six years old. He was educated in the Township of Darlington, Durham County, Ontario, and



HON. JOHN NORQUAY.



subsequently engaged in business near Exeter in that province, until he removed to Manitoba in 1878. While in Ontario he was Reeve of the Township of Stephen ten years, and in 1872 and 1874 unsuccessfully contested the constituency of South Huron, and when the member-elect was unseated in 1875, he was elected by acclamation. The abilities of Mr. Greenway were speedily recognized in his new home, and at the general elections for the Manitoba Legislature in 1879, he was elected for the Electoral Division of Mountain, and against strong opposition, upon several occasions, has continued to represent that constituency until now.

Mr. Greenway is a Liberal in politics, and in opposition was admitted to be a strong, though courteous, opponent of the then leader of the Manitoba Government, the late Honourable Mr. Norquay, for whom Mr. Greenway always entertained the greatest personal esteem; and on the resignation of the Honourable D. H. Harrison (who succeeded Mr. Norquay as Premier), in

January, 1888, he was called upon to form a Government, he himself taking the offices of President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, and subsequently, in addition, the office of Railway Commissioner for the province. These offices he has continued to fill up to the present time.

For some years prior to his accession to office the veto of provincial railway charters by the Dominion Government in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway had raised a burning question which overshadowed all others in Manitoba. After his re-election, upon assuming office, Mr. Greenway and Attorney-General Martin proceeded to Ottawa to secure settlement of the question. The determined attitude of Mr. Greenway and his colleague at length impressed Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government that the veto could no longer be safely exercised, and a dangerous question was solved by a compromise advantageous to the Canadian Pacific Railway and beneficial to the province. Negotiations

with the Northern Pacific Railway Company during the same year ended in the construction of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba system in Manitoba, thus affording a long desired competition.

No one who has had an opportunity of observing the life of the Premier, and particularly his leadership in the Legislature, can doubt that he possesses legislative and administrative talents of a high order. As a parliamentarian he has not had a peer in the Assembly for years; his knowledge of procedure is thorough, and his retentive memory places him in possession of a full knowledge of the position taken by every member on questions of importance since he entered the House in 1879. For many years Mr.



HON. D. H. HARRISON.

Greenway has been Premier of a province in which there have arisen most important questions for discussion and solution, and his utterances upon such matters have been eagerly telegraphed from one end of the Dominion to the other. This would naturally make any prominent public man careful in the choice, and sparing in the use of his words, and Mr. Greenway has consequently acquired a reputation for taciturnity which his more intimate friends know is undeserved. Mr. Greenway speaks with much deliberation, but is prompt and effective in answering interruptions.

As a debater his lucid and deliberate style of speaking, coupled with the solidity of his arguments, makes him most effective and telling. As a platform speaker it is doubtful if he is excelled in any part of the Dominion. In Manitoba joint political meetings are usual, and though he has spoken at hundreds of them he has yet to meet with a reverse.

Notwithstanding his retiring disposition and quiet exterior the Premier is a keen observer and hard worker. He makes an ideal leader of the House, not only by reason of his long experience and his knowledge of parliamentary procedure, but also because of his ideas of the proper dignity due to every occasion. Whatever others may do, the Premier is always careful of observing the parliamentary proprieties, and should any member transgressing the rules deem he is unnoticed, he is quick-



HON. THOMAS GREENWAY.  
*Present Premier of Manitoba.*

ly undeceived should his case prove serious enough to require correction.

Mr. Greenway's advocacy of the abolition of the dual language and of the establishment of a national school system is now part of our Canadian history. His political views are those of advanced and enlightened Liberalism. He favours governmental control (through the medium of a commission or otherwise) of freight rates—a question of very serious importance to Manitoba and the North-West. Upon the vexed question of the tariff he takes strong ground, holding that the interest of the farmer, which is the basis of our prosperity, should be the foremost consideration.

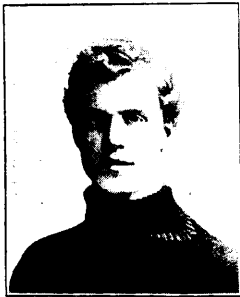
*Ronald B. C. Montgomery.*





## UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.

BY GEORGE W. ORTON, Ph.D., CHAMPION MILE-RUNNER OF AMERICA.



G. W. ORTON.

THE widespread importance of athletics in the Universities of our neighbours to the south of us, the great interest which is taken in them by the people and especially by the alumni and students of the several institutions, has often been a source of comment and surprise to us, their northern rivals. We cannot understand the exaggerated enthusiasm and importance which is attached to the outcome of a meeting between two such institutions as Yale and Harvard or Princeton and Pennsylvania. We read of the desperation with which two rival football teams will fight to the last ditch, of the heartrending finish of some athlete in a dual race, of the daring manner in which an oarsman with a broken blade has immediately dived overboard rather than remain a further incubus upon his mates' success. We hear of a defeated team, though having fought as fiercely, bravely and stubbornly to the last inch as their strong wills and powerful physiques would permit, yet so pierced by the sting of defeat and its (to them) attendant disgrace that they have left the field with gloom and sorrow depicted on their countenances, shedding bitter tears of disappointment. We hear of all this,

and our admiration is aroused; for who does not admire bravery and grit under any form and for any cause? We at once recognize a familiar quality in the grit and courage displayed by the American athletes; for this we see exemplified every day in our own Canadian contests on field and water. What we do not fully comprehend is the desperation, both mental and physical, with which our United States cousin goes into a contest and the supreme importance which he attaches to a victory. We involuntarily ask ourselves if any sport is worthy of such an important place in our thoughts. We ask ourselves if this is the correct attitude towards athletics, and whether this position will not of necessity eliminate a great deal of its essential quality, viz., the element of pleasure. Lastly, we cannot understand at all why defeat should necessarily mean disgrace, and we uphold the view that recreation and exercise should be the end striven for in all our games.

In fact, this inordinate desire to win is and has been the cause of many bitter quarrels, unfounded suspicions and deep-rooted enmities which the several colleges have at times past indulged in, and which unfortunately are still too common among them. We miss that spirit of friendliness and good fellowship which is almost invariably the rule between Canadian colleges and teams. Still, a careful observer must have noticed that things are gradually changing for the better, and that many of the

prejudices and bitter feelings are being broken down.

This has been brought about in great measure through the system of faculty supervision now in vogue at many of the colleges. This system is best seen in any of the larger eastern Universities, Pennsylvania leading the way. Here the athlete is restricted in many ways. He cannot engage in athletics—(1) if he is not up in his college work; this guarantees good scholarship; (2) if he comes from another college until he has passed a full year's work; (3) if he enters a professional school until he has passed a full year's work; (4) if he is not a strict amateur; (5) if he cannot pass a good physical examination; (6) he can not play longer than four years on college teams, *e.g.*, if he enters Pennsylvania from another college where he has played two years, then he can play for Pennsylvania but two more years; (7) he must have special permission and show especial qualifications in his studies before he is allowed to engage in two branches of sport during the same college year; (8) if a dropped student, he must pass up a full year's work before he can represent his University in athletics.

Such rules as these enforced by the faculties of the different institutions have stood as guarantees of good faith. They have thus been instrumental in doing away with the suspicions of sister institutions concerning the amateurism, standard in scholarship, etc., of the members of the rival teams. In this way, the faculties have not only placed athletics in their proper place in college life, viz., secondary to scholarship, but indirectly they are doing good work in fostering a spirit of trust and friendliness between the different institutions. Even-

tually this will bear fruit, and the result will be that participation in sport for the love of the sport, that friendly rivalry and generous spirit which is the charm and characteristic of Canadian athletics.

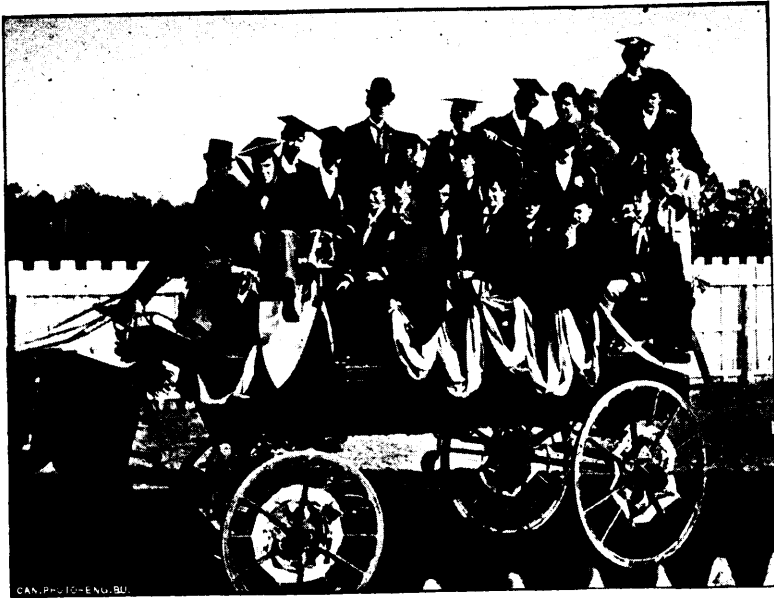
These faculty rules have also done away with a great deal of the professionalism which may formerly have existed. This is strictly true of all the larger eastern Universities. In some of the smaller colleges, athletes may yet be found whose amateur status and college standing might be seriously questioned. Even there, the example of the larger colleges is being followed, and the evil promises to die out in the near future.

Another benefit of these rules has been the advance in scholarship among the athletes. Recent statistics prove that the average standard of scholarship among the representatives on track, field and water, of Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell, is higher than that of any other



PHOTO. TAKEN MAY 16TH, 1894.

Orton running in the mile race at the University of Pennsylvania games in 1894. He now holds the Inter-Collegiate record of 4 m. 23½ sec. made in 1895.



A DRAG AT THE ANNUAL SPORTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

class of students in these institutions. This is noteworthy, as a false impression on this point is very current throughout Canada. Of course, the above is not strictly true of some of the smaller eastern colleges and many of the western Universities where simpler rules and more lax methods may be seen. But, at the five representative colleges named above, it is an established fact; and this is the ideal aimed at by the other Universities throughout the land.

Before taking up the different sports practised across the border, there is another point which is a natural result of the conditions hinted at above, especially the great desire to win; the point is that training is carried on much more systematically than is the case in our Canadian Universities. All the teams are provided with capable trainers and rubbers. Medical assistants look after the health of the men. A training-house, where the athletes pay the usual boarding-house prices, guarantees that the diet and daily regimen of the men are according to the trainer's orders. In no country are such well-trained teams and athletes to be

and older Universities.

Indeed, the influence which this college spirit has on the athletics of the Universities is all pervading, and explains in great measure the desperate manner in which two teams from the larger institutions will contest with each other. When the beneficent influence of intelligent faculty rules and the increasing intimacy between the men of the different colleges have borne their fruit, this college spirit will, we trust, be all the deeper and nobler; the contests will be fought out none the less stubbornly and courageously, but with a spirit of friendly rivalry and true sportsmanship now wanting in many cases.

Coming to the games played, we find that football, baseball, rowing, track athletics, cricket, basketball, tennis, golf, hockey, lacrosse, and gymnastics are all found. Football is the most popular, and creates the greatest general interest. Baseball and rowing are next in importance, closely followed by track athletics. These four are the main sports in vogue, but all the others have their exponents in the various colleges.

found. Nor must we conclude that training is made a hardship. The athlete freely undergoes the inconveniences of strict training for the sake of his college. He is encouraged in this by the interest of his college mates and the deep college spirit which is best seen in the larger

Football, as played in United States Universities, is unlike both the English and Canadian Rugby games. It is a development of the English game, but on lines slightly different from that to be seen in the history of Canadian Rugby. The United States game has developed in a scientific way, if one may be allowed to use scientific in this sense. Strategy and good generalship are all important, and thus team play is given the greatest attention. Two opposing United States football teams are like two armies facing each other, where a Napoleon, with new plays, unexpected attacks and concerted defensive tactics, may prove the victor even in the face of overwhelming odds. The above development has been responsible for the flying wedges, mass and tandem plays, so much heard of in United States football. Indeed, the game developed so far in this direction that it was found that these mass plays were too hard on the men and too uninteresting to the spectators. Thus, for the past two years, a reaction has set in, and more open play has been seen.

In a short article such as this it would be unfair to both Canadian and United States football to draw a comparison. We shall merely state that from a spectator's standpoint the Canadian game is probably the more exciting and inspiring, but considered from a purely technical point of view, the United States game, in being more elaborate and scientific, offers greater advantages to team play and strategy, a desideratum in all games in which teams participate.

This game is played during the fall at all the United States colleges, and is very popular. Immense crowds turn out to see a match between teams from the larger institutions, and great enthusiasm is shown. The students attend in

a body, sing songs to popular airs with words especially suited to the occasion, recounting victories won in the past, their team's prowess, and foretelling the victory sure to be theirs. They shout in unison their resonant and picturesque college yells, and in every way add to the enthusiasm of the day.

There is no way of finding out the champion college teams of the country, as there is no national college league. This inevitably leads to several applicants for the position. If we divide the country into east, middle-west and west, we would say that Leland Stanford University in California leads in the west, the University of Wisconsin in the middle-west, and Pennsylvania and Princeton in the east. Princeton and Pennsylvania did not meet last year, although the last named college declared her willingness to do so, and are thus the technical champions of the east. If the east and west were to play off for the championship, it is generally conceded that the eastern team would prove the victor.

Baseball is of course the same every-



POLE JUMPER PARKER AT UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SPORTS IN 1895.



"MAN HURT" AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

where. In the matter of team play and training, the United States college teams are the best in the world. A year never passes without some of the players from the larger Universities receiving flattering offers from some of the national league teams. This proves the high standard of ball played.

As in football, the championship remains undecided. To be sure, a so-called championship league does exist between Yale, Harvard and Princeton, but it cannot aspire to national importance, as many excellent teams are thereby left out. Last year the Brown University team was avowedly the superior of any of the above. This year, however, after a careful survey of the games played, we must conclude that Princeton has had the best team in the country, with Brown University close up for second place. Either of these teams is the superior of the University of Chicago, the best team in the middle-west, or of the University of California, the champions of the far west.

For the first time in twenty years the college championship in rowing has been won in a way to leave no room for doubt. In 1875, Cornell met Yale in the Intercollegiate Regatta, and won. Yale attributed her defeat to the interference of other crews. From then on Yale refused to row Cornell,

stating that the latter crew was not in their class. Yale and Harvard rowed yearly together, and the winning crew proclaimed itself the champion. This year, to the delight of the public, Yale, Harvard and Cornell came together. The result proved indeed that Yale was right in saying that Cornell was not in her class, for the latter crew won with such ridiculous ease, that at present she seems to have a crew in a class by itself. Cornell further strengthened her position to the title of the champion crew by easily defeating Columbia and Pennsylvania a week after her victory over Yale and Harvard. As Yale's crew won from the University of Wisconsin by about 15 lengths, the west can of course lay no claim to premier position.

Great interest is taken in these college races by the general public, and the alumni of the different institutions. Right here may I not be allowed to express the hope that ere long Toronto University will put a crew upon the water. With such a beautiful bay and wealth of material, Toronto should be able to send out a college crew such as would be a credit to Canada and Canadian oarsmen. McGill University should also try the experiment.

A great and increasing interest is being taken in Track Athletics in the United States Universities. From the Atlantic to the Pacific dual college contests, state leagues and intercollegiate championships make the spring a busy time for the devotee of this branch of sport. The Intercollegiate Amateur

stating that the latter crew was not in their class. Yale and Harvard rowed yearly together, and the winning crew proclaimed itself the champion. This year, to the delight of the public, Yale, Harvard and

Athletic Association of America is the parent body, overshadowing all the other minor associations. At these championships last May Pennsylvania won the team championship, scoring 34 points; Yale second with 26 points.

The University of Wisconsin

won the championship for the middle-west, and the Leland Sanford University the championship of the Pacific slope. Pennsylvania, however, holds undisputed claim to the championship of the country not only through having won this title at the meeting of the National Association, but also because a comparison of the records of her athletes with those of her western rivals will show a marked advantage in her favour.

The standard in this sport across the border is very high. For instance, the intercollegiate championships brought together 6 high-jumpers with records better than 6 feet, three having cleared 6 ft. 2 in. or better; 7 pole-vaulters who had cleared 11 feet or over; 10 quarter-milers with records at 50 sec., four having done a fraction better; 9 milers with records under 4 min. 32 sec., 4 having done under 4 min. 27 sec.; and 6 sprinters credited with even time at either the 100 yds. or 220 yds.

The four great sports mentioned above are all popular at all the Universities. The others which follow enjoy a varying popularity at the different institutions, some because of the restricted class to which they appeal,



HARVARD ATHLETIC FIELD.

such as cricket, tennis and golf, others, *e.g.* hockey and lacrosse, through their recent introduction into the circle of college athletics.

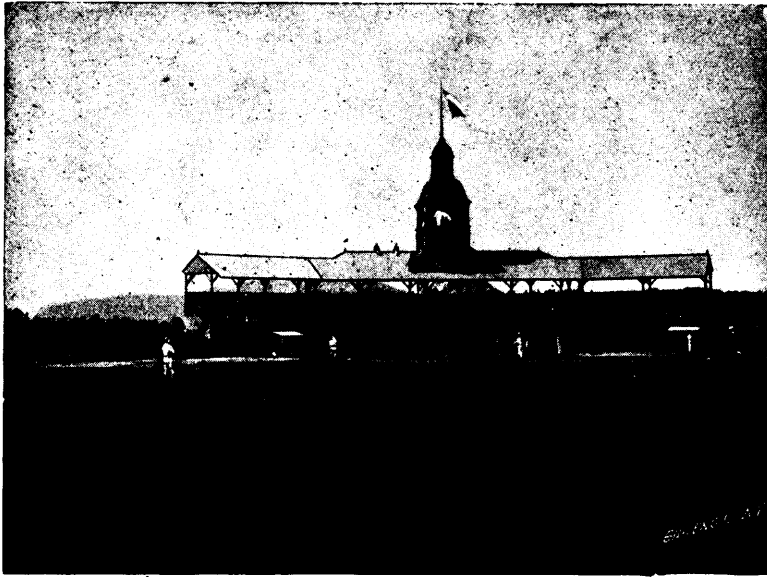
Cricket has been at a standstill for several years, and is making no appreciable headway. Pennsylvania, Harvard and Haverford College are the only college teams, and form the Intercollegiate Association. The standard of play is, however, very good, but little interest is taken in the game. This year the championship contest proved a draw, each team winning and losing a game.

Tennis cannot be called a popular game, although it seems to be played by more Universities than formerly. Yale and Harvard have been most prominent for many years past, the championship resting between them. Yale is the present holder.

An Intercollegiate Golf Championship was held for the first time this year, Yale proving the victor. This game seems to be restricted to a few devotees at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia, and does not seem as yet to have made its way westward.

Basket-ball, a winter game played in





YALE ATHLETIC FIELD.

the gymnasiums, has made great strides the past two years in the United States colleges, and promises to become quite popular. The standard of game played is as yet only mediocre, but this will improve with experience.

Lacrosse has been played for several years across the border, but it does not seem to progress as fast as the real merits of this glorious game should demand. However, it is advancing slowly but surely. The Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association now numbers in its ranks about 12 colleges, Lehigh University, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and New York University being the most important. Lehigh University is the present champion. The quality of the game played is improving every year, but is still below the Canadian standard, as is evidenced by the ease with which the Toronto University team with little or no practice defeats the best United States aggregations every spring.

Hockey made a great advance last winter. The Canadian rules were recognized everywhere. This of itself raised the standard of the game immensely, as the United States game placed little premium on team play and

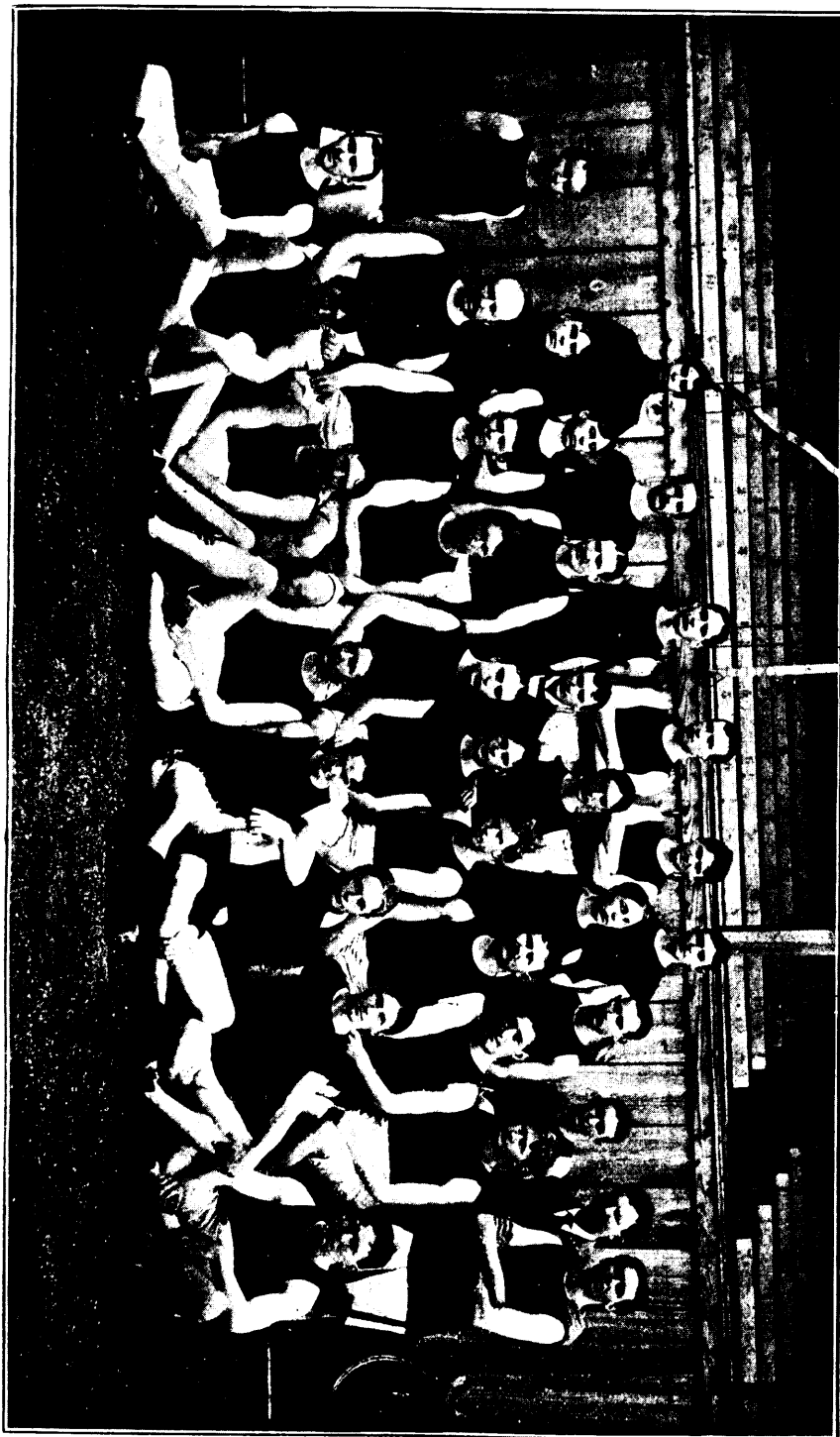
combination. The best University teams were those from Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Johns Hopkins. The game has a bright future before it, as great interest was taken last winter in the matches. Being so new to the college men,

the game is necessarily in an elementary condition, but United States energy and enthusiasm will doubtless soon raise the standard to a high point of excellence.

The different Universities have their gymnasiums and instructors, but as yet no Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association has been formed. The teams are uniformly of a high class. The work at Princeton, Yale and Pennsylvania would do credit to even professional gymnasts.

The above, with the addition of yachting at Yale and Harvard, and gunning at most of the large institutions, are the sports in which the American college athletes engage.

Despite the great interest which the United States Universities take in athletics, we must not hastily conclude that the United States student is of a frivolous and light nature. Far from it; the United States colleges are filled with hard students and steady workers, and the amount of genuine, honest work which underlies all this interest in sport and games is far greater than the casual observer would admit. From personal observation, I would say that when the national traits of the two countries are



FROM A SPECIAL PHOTO.

TRACK TEAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

considered, the United States students as a class are nearly, if not quite, as hard workers as their Canadian brothers.

Surveying the whole field of United States collegiate athletics, we find that the different games are generally in a very flourishing condition, that the standard of play in the sports is of a high class, and that the interest of the public and alumni is very encouraging. Nowhere in the world do we find so many sturdy college athletes of such high calibre.

Through the influence of closer relations, impartial faculty rules and the deep college spirit so general among our sister Universities, we can look forward to the time when a friendly spirit of rivalry will be the universal rule. Then United States collegiate athletics will be wholly pleasureable, and will do boundless credit not only to the Universities, but to the country in which these institutions form an ever-increasing source of mental power and high cultivation.

At present, the condition of collegiate athletics in Canada is not such as to necessitate such strict laws and eligibility rules as are in vogue at the representative Universities across the line. This, of itself, is high praise. But we see signs, which become yearly more apparent, that such legislation may be necessary in the future. Canadian sport is not as pure as formerly. The semi-professional spirit which is to be seen in lacrosse will spread if left to its unbridled way. This cancerous growth, if not speedily attended to, will reach forth its harmful branches and do injury to other branches of sport, and in time contaminate even collegiate athletics.

The faculties of our Universities now have it in their power to forever check any such tendencies. These are bound to arise in the future through the increasing popularity of collegiate athletics, the two often resulting, extreme desire to win and the increased revenues; the latter, also, a not unmixed blessing. If the faculties will take a greater and more friendly interest in the athletics of their Universities, remembering that a University which aims wholly at the development of the mind is not fulfilling its entire duty or producing a complete man, if they, with a firm hand, will gently guide the bark of athletics through the many shallows and quicksands of the sea of amateurism, then Canadian collegiate athletics will never have to pass through the tempering process which our neighbours have experienced. Then, athletics will remain as now, fair and pure, a credit to Canada and its Universities and an honour to the athletes representing these institutions.

But while the temper of college athletics in Canada cannot be criticized, much might be said of the meagre encouragement which the University faculties have extended to rowing, which should be a prominent University sport. It is a gentlemanly pastime, and specially suited to our climate and country. As intimated above, can we not hope that ere long a dual contest on the water between Toronto and McGill Universities will be instituted and thus aquatics will take their place as a Canadian college sport? Surely this is not expecting too much from a country which has brought out the best oarsmen and crews in the world.

*George W. Orton.*





THE HARBOUR OF ERIEAU ON RONDEAU BAY, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

## RONDEAU BAY.

Glories of east in the morning  
Kiss her ; and at waning day  
Lights of the west shed their glow on her breast,  
Gem of Canada,—“ Rondeau Bay.”

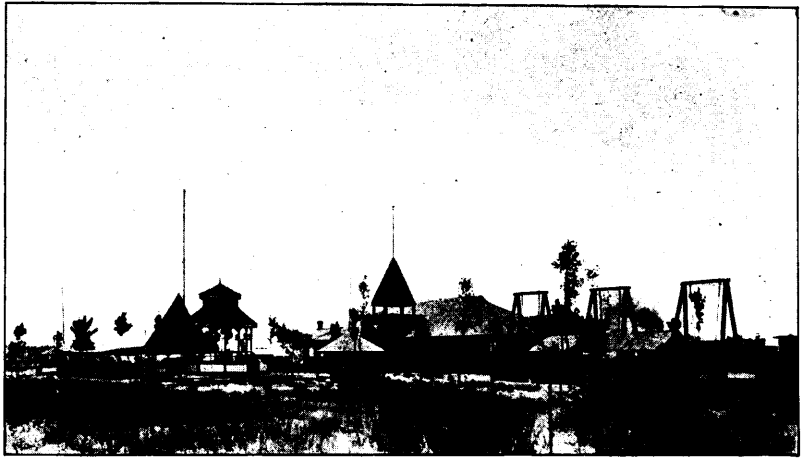
IN no part of our grand Dominion can be found a more peaceful, a more picturesque spot than the little bay that nestles under the waving plumes of the green pine forest at Point Aux Pins on Lake Erie. A strange, deep quietude pervades the place, and Nature, peerless fashioner of the beautiful, has been careful to erect a wooded barrier about her, enhancing her charm and protecting her from impetuous winds seeking to ruffle her calm surface. Ages ago the dusky Indian huntsman launched his frail canoe upon her bosom, and crossing her with deft paddle-stroke named her *the silver thread between darkness and gloom*. Forests were on her every side,—dense, dark forests in which herds of deer roamed at will, drinking at eventide from her cool waters and sleeping unmolested under her border of spreading oaks.

Later on the sharp crack of the rifle awoke the stillness of ages to life as the whirr of deadly arrows had never done, and the dusky Indians crept away silently as shadows, swiftly as mist before light ; and the white man held dominion.

Then it was that the stroke of axes echoed through these gloomy woods ; huge trees were relentlessly hewn down and burned. Grand white oaks and black walnut were felled across each other in heaps and consumed to ashes. Thus it was that the north-western boundary of Rondeau grew to be something more than a picturesque wilderness. Little by little, under the indefatigable efforts of the early settler, small plots of ground were cleared, until to-day this portion of land is known as one of the most fertile spots in the garden of our Dominion.

Rondeau Bay is ten miles long and

varies from one and a half to four miles in breadth. The Bay is an almost perfect oval in shape, being wide at the centre and tapering at both ends. The Governm e n t



SOME ATTRACTIONS AT RONDEAU.

Park, better known as Point aux Pins, of which I shall speak later, forms the south-eastern boundary. At its head, where is situated the harbour and lighthouse, the Bay is some two miles wide, and is separated from the deep, blue waters of Lake Erie by a peninsular stretch of land varying in breadth from an eighth to a quarter of a mile. This peninsula forms the south-western boundary of the Bay and is called the bar.

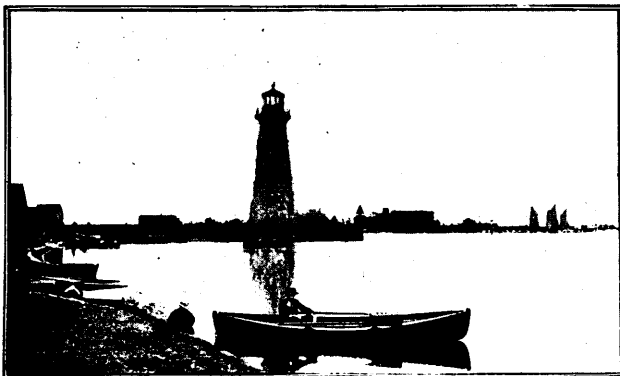
Some few years ago the Erie and Huron Railway Co., observing that this stretch of land offered a splendid site for a summer resort, and that the Bay afforded excellent resources to pleasure-seekers and sportsmen, bought that portion of the land best

suited for building purposes and extended the line, the southern terminus of which was Blenheim, through to the harbour. As a result of this, where once was barren waste, to-day may be seen a village of picturesque cottages bearing the poetical name of Erieau.

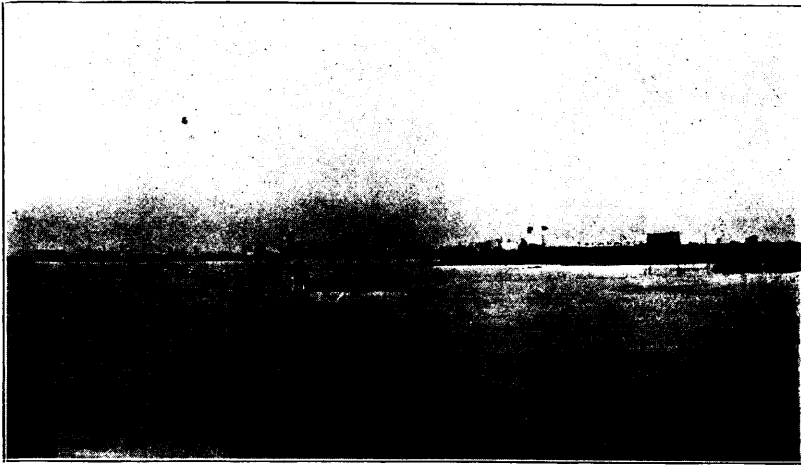
As a summer resort Rondeau is rapidly becoming noted; the Bay affords splendid facilities for boating and fishing, the spreading trees along her border offer an inviting shade to those wearied with the city's bustle and heat. Here and there along her shores are deep, still creeks so clear that one looking down can easily count the pebbles on the bottom. These tranquil waters are havens of rest and comfort in themselves. Broad and deep as

they are, the groves of beach and maple on their margin throw them a protecting shade, so that no matter how close and sultry is the day here one can always find shade and solitude.

Wood-duck make these streams their summer home; here they nest unmolested in the marshy woodland, teaching their downy progeny all the arts



RONDEAU LIGHTHOUSE.



OFF THE PIERS IN RONDEAU BAY.

in extent. These bays are known as the Duck-Ponds, deriving their name from the fact that they are the special rendezvous for wild duck of every variety. In the

they themselves have learned so well.

Deep down among the tangled lily-roots of these creeks dwell specimens of the finny tribe the very sight of which would make a true angler's heart throb wildly. On a still, clear day one can see them nestling among the roots six feet below the surface, or lazily swimming to and fro in search of a morsel with which to appease their ever-craving appetite.

These creeks are on the north-western boundary of Rondeau. Her opposite and more southern boundary consists of a broad expanse of marsh-land. Although low and marshy this place is not un-beautiful, for Nature has singularly studded it with minute bays from one to five acres

spring these ponds literally swarm with them, the wild rice growing therein affording them a splendid feeding ground.

Back of these marsh lands stands the upper part of the Government land known as the Rondeau Park. This park is also peninsular in shape. It is nine miles long and varies in breadth from one to two and a half miles. It comprises some six thousand acres of sandy land, the most of which is heavily timbered. It is beautifully situated, and since the Government has taken it



BATHING IN RONDEAU BAY.



IN THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT PARK AT RONDEAU.

in charge it will without doubt spare no pains to make this one of the finest natural parks on the continent. The lower and most picturesque portion of the park has been set aside for a bird and deer enclosure. Acting under the instructions of the Ontario Government, the chief ranger of the park and his assistants are at present engaged in raising wild fowl of various kinds, which, when they have reached a certain size, are set at liberty in the woods. Some three hundred English and Mongolian pheasants are at present being reared in the enclosure. These birds are very shy of strangers, but will immediately run from their hiding places to meet the keeper whenever he presents himself. Owing to the wild nature of these game-birds strangers are not allowed inside the enclosure; even the keeper has to exercise the greatest precaution, being careful to wear the same clothing each and every time he enters. A number of deer are now on their way to the park, and will be put in a three-acre enclosure as soon as they arrive.

The wooded ridges of the park for many years have been the home of the swift-winged partridge and the quail. In the more marshy parts the gamey woodcock is always to be found, and in the fall of the year hundreds of snipe and plover flock to the low-lying grounds. The hand of man has made little or

no change in this grand, picturesque wilderness. To-day it stands as it stood ages ago. Gigantic pine trees lift their cone-tipped heads high in air, and sigh the same sad lullaby that hushed the tired Indian hunter to rest, as, wearied out with the chase, he reclined under their sheltering boughs. Here and there, in some mossy, open spot, grassy mounds, that time has rudely mis-fashioned, mark the place where these dusky hunters are taking their last, long rest. The hardy beech and oak trees, about which they played when little boys together, stand there still, and throw their protecting shadow over those quiet graves. Indian skeletons have been unearthed here; and, having examined them, scientific men tell us that these people were of gigantic stature. Some of these skeletons measure from seven to seven and a half feet in length, and are perfectly proportioned.

The land near the foot of the park and along the bay has been set apart for building purposes. Already quite a village of pretty summer dwellings has been erected there, which, when seen from the bay, forms a pleasant picture to the eye. The steamer *Jubilee* makes daily trips between Erieau and the park, affording passengers a perfect view of the bay and the natural scenery along her sides.

A. P. McKishnie.



## “ÆLFTHRYTH.”

(A Study.)

### I.

**K**ING EDGAR'S penance for his mad passion for Wulfthryth, the fair but unhappy novice of Wilton Abbey, had been faithfully performed. In obedience to Dunstan's penitential imposition, the royal crown had never touched his brow for seven long years ; twice in the week had he maintained a rigorous fast ; he had granted to his subjects a new and excellent code of laws ; and everywhere throughout the land which he was the first monarch to call England, he had distributed copies of the Scriptures. Seeing that his offence was one which nowadays in criminal law ranks next to murder and is punished with stripes, the penance was light enough.

But there is a time for everything ; and summer flowers succeed the winter's snow. So, in the moral order, a time of rigid self-repression is, oft as not, followed by a period of unbridled license. At any rate, the heart of a young man, and a king to boot, is not to be counted as a thing dead to the world.

Upon a mossy bank in a sunlit glade of Wherwell Forest, with their panting hounds and steaming horses breathing by, rested Edgar and Athelwald, his friend and favourite thane. The former, in his green-embroidered hunting costume, appeared thin and short in stature, yet displayed in his countenance

the intellectual stamp of the great Alfred. Athelwald, from his sunny locks with their band of gold, to his buskined feet, was the perfect embodiment of Saxon manly beauty. Laughter danced in his eyes like sunshine upon rippling water ; his complexion, fair as that of a maid, was warmed by exercise to the tint of a delicate rose, whilst the smile upon his lips made his face singularly winsome and lovable. Yet, beneath all this gentle fairness and effeminate seeming, beat a heart as brave as any in England ; whilst the hand that was toying with a favourite hound was also strong and sure to smite—no stronger or surer in the kingdom.

“And so my lord, the king, would wed again?” said Athelwald lightly, smilingly ; for Edgar, as he was wont to do when alone with his favourite courtier, had, for the nonce, laid low the barriers that do hedge a prince around.

“And the maiden?”

“As yet do I know her only by report,” replied the king, “which bespeaketh her as being the fairest maiden in the land.”

“A king hath but to take ; he needeth not to sue,” remarked Athelwald, sententiously.

The king's face flushed hotly, and his eyes flashed dangerously, as he exclaimed :

“Now, by the rood, thou art over-



wise in thy judgment, as thou art rash in speech."

"Nay, pardon me, my dear master," pleaded the courtier, seeing his mistake. "I meant no ill. But it was a light and thoughtless word."

"Say no more, Athelwald," said the king. "Yet, surely, though my sin is repented of, did I love the maid—even to our mutual undoing."

"My lord's noble example hath been like incense in the land," returned the courtier, seizing the opportunity to mollify his offended sovereign; "it hath made the air of England purer and sweeter, and hath won the affection of his subjects."

"Thou hast a fair tongue, Athelwald," said Edgar, gently, "and I believe thee honest, else would I not entrust thee with this delicate mission that hath come to my mind. Thou shalt go to Ælfthryth, daughter of the wealthy Ordgar, and report to me if fame speaketh truly."

"Ælfthryth, daughter of the Earl of Devon?" inquired Athelwald, his blue eyes opening wide with surprise.

"Even she, my brave Athelwald. Thou art good judge of a maiden's looks, and thou shalt tell me if she be fitting mate for the King of England."

"My good lord, I like not the task. Send other courtier, I pray you," pleaded Athelwald, earnestly.

"I have chosen thee because thou art the goodliest man of all my court, and most pleasing to maiden's eye," said Edgar, smiling.

"For that very reason should I not be chosen, my good lord," Athelwald replied seriously.

"But I would have the fair Ælfthryth wonder what manner of man must be the king who commands so noble a follower," Edgar persisted.

"It is not vanity in me, my lord," returned Athelwald, "but the maid may fancy the courtier, or the courtier the maid; and my heart, as you know, is like wax before the eye of beauty."

"Thou wilt anger me again, Athelwald," said Edgar. "Canst thou not be serious and do thy royal master's bidding?"

"It is because I love my master that I pray to be relieved of this duty," Athelwald persisted. "Send honest Byrthnot. He is wise and wedded man."

"By my halidom!" exclaimed Edgar. "If ever king had to do with such an obstinate servant! Send Byrthnot—honest Byrthnot, sayest thou? As lief send a swineherd to choose a hound or a hawk. What knoweth he about a maiden's charms?"

"Doth my lord remember," said he, "what time we subdued Idwal, the rebellious king of Wales, how a minstrel named Gryffyd fell into our hands? Many a brave story did he sing to his harp, but none braver or sadder than that of their greatest king, Arthur, who fought so long and valiantly against our own stout ancestors."

"Arthur, the king, was to wed a maiden fair, called Guiniver, and despatched a gallant and comely knight, the flower of his table round, to conduct her in becoming state from her home in the southern land. And all against their will—for love knoweth none save its own sweet laws—the unhappy pair saw and loved each other. But the king and Guiniver were wed, which wrought sad mischief, for though the maid gave her own sweet self to Arthur, her heart for aye was Lancelot's. And so the twain fell, and brought dishonour upon a goodly kingdom, which ne'er had been, had the king done his own wooing."

"And the king will do his own wooing," replied the unmoved Edgar, "and that right blithely, if the maid be fair and worthy of his love. Thy task will be to see, to judge, and to report."

"Three tasks instead of one," Athelwald remarked, "and each, my good lord, harder than the other to perform. For what sayeth the Scripture: 'Gaze not upon a maiden, lest her beauty be a stumbling-block to thee; for many have perished by the beauty of a woman.' And Dunstan, the great Archbishop preacheth: 'To look upon the beauty of a woman is to play with fire.'"

Again, to gauge a woman's mind is more dangerous than to appraise her beauty; for mind must then meet mind, and soul touch soul; whilst to report truly might prove the hardest task of all.”

“A pretty homily, indeed, from a courtier,” said Edgar; “were it not that I require thy services in this love affair, I would e'en counsel a monk's cowl for that wise head of thine. 'Twere pity that so much rede should run to waste. Methinks I could not do better than ask thee to do my wooing too, and bring the maiden to her lord, as did the brave but weak knight, Lancelot.”

What Athelwald's rejoinder would have been is a matter of conjecture; for, as the king finished speaking, there was a crashing sound amongst the brake, and a wild boar leaped into the open glade at some distance from the hunters, who sprang to their steeds, and dashed after the eager hounds.

## II.

Three days later, obedient to his master's wish, Athelwald, accompanied by two of his own faithful retainers, set forth upon his secret mission from the royal city of Winchester. For two days he journeyed through the peaceful land, and came, at nightfall, to Earl Ordgar's castle down by the southern sea. There he was received with the lavish honour due to a distinguished court noble, who travelled in the king's service. And in the morning, with the sunlight streaming on her brown tresses encircled by a fillet of gold set with precious stones, her cheeks glowing with health, and her eyes like violets bathed in morning dew, the beautiful Ælfthryth met Athelwald. Clad in a rich, embroidered robe, bound at the waist by a golden belt, and flowing in graceful folds to the floor, she advanced and offered the honoured guest, seated by her father's side, the cup of hospitality. Half unconsciously he rose to take the goblet from her fair hand, and their eyes for a moment met. Then the dark lashes drooped upon Ælfthryth's rosy cheeks, whilst all the

colour fled from Athelwald's face, and his hand trembled as he raised the draught to his lips. Truly they were a matchless pair. So thought the earl and all the earl's retainers seated at the long table running down the middle of the hall.

For a week Athelwald abode at Ordgar's castle, and the silken bonds, spun around his heart by the maiden's beauty, grew stronger and firmer, as the bright days passed all too quickly. Forgotten were the purpose of his mission and his duty to his royal master. Under the spell of Ælfthryth's charms, he drifted into a delicious dream, from which he wished never to awake. And Ælfthryth, reared in a secluded part of England, drew from him the stories of the splendour and gaiety of the court of Edgar the Peaceable, and longed to mingle in the gay scenes the courtier so admirably depicted.

They were strolling on the yellow beach below the castle walls, and it was the day before that fixed for Athelwald's departure, but never a word of love had as yet been spoken. Both were silent, the courtier thinking bitterly of Ælfthryth as the proud bride of the king, and Ælfthryth probably thinking more of the royal court than of the courtier; for, presently, she asked with a blush:

“And does my lord, the king, intend to wed no more?”

Her companion started as if rudely awakened from a trance, and answered with a hollow laugh:

“Fair Ælfthryth, I am not the keeper of the king's mind; but, mayhap, he would wed once again, if chanced he upon a fitting bride.” The maiden's eyes sank beneath the courtier's searching look.

“Ah, me!” she sighed. “How goodly a thing it is to be a queen—and queen to such a mighty and noble prince as is King Edgar!”

“Experience, fair Ælfthryth,” said Athelwald, “teaches otherwise. No woman upon whom the king's eye hath fallen hath known happiness, and his queen, who is dead, least of all. My royal master, though noble in his re-

penitance, hath been most unhappy in his loves."

"Doth his heart still cling to—to her of Wilton Abbey?" asked Ælfthryth, and turned her face towards the sea.

Athelwald's eyes followed hers, and his heart beat with jealous pain.

"Of nobody but the king;—she loveth me not," he said to himself; but aloud he asked with quivering voice:

"Could no lower dignity than that of queen please thee, fair Ælfthryth?"

The glorious eyes of the maiden opened wide with surprise as she strove to read the expression on her companion's features, upon which the feelings of his heart were all too plainly stamped. "I love thee, Ælfthryth," he continued, bending and taking her hand, which he passionately kissed. "Canst thou not return my love?"

She did not immediately withdraw her hand, and her eyes scanned the handsome, passionate face upturned to her own.

"I do not love thee yet, Athelwald," she replied with honest feeling; "but, methinks, in time I could learn to love thee well; for never have my eyes beheld man more comely and winsome." And thus Athelwald, like Lancelot, fell, and in the glamour of a maiden's loveliness forgot his duty to the king who loved and trusted him above all other men.

The next day he departed for Winchester, pleading with Ælfthryth that he might, at no distant day, return to win the heart which, as yet, was not wholly his.

To Edgar, the false friend stated that, though Ælfthryth was rich in worldly goods, report had over-rated her beauty both of mind and person; that her complexion lacked fairness and her manners were uncouth; in fine, that she was not a fitting bride for the king of England. And Edgar, never having seen Ælfthryth, accepted the report of his courtier without question and without a sigh. Yet did he wonder at a certain subtle change observable in Athelwald's manner. The old, calm,

fearless look and the gay spirit of the man seemed to have vanished.

Then Athelwald absented himself at intervals from the court, and a coldness and reserve wrapped him round, so that the former friendly relations between king and courtier were strained almost to breaking; for the latter, being unskilled in deceit, could no longer endure the king's presence. Believing that the king would soon seek another bride, he waited with what patience he could command. But when Edgar showed no signs of marrying, Athelwald's passion overcame his prudence. He returned to Ordgar's castle, wooed and won Ælfthryth, and took her to his own stately home in East Anglia, and there they abode.

The news of these events quickly reached the king, who ceased to marvel at the conduct of Athelwald. Wonder gave place to doubt, and doubt to suspicion. One fact stood out with startling distinctness—Ælfthryth, though no mate for the king, was meet bride for the fastidious courtier, who, moreover, had entirely withdrawn himself from the court, ostensibly to devote himself to his young wife.

To do the king justice, it must be recorded that at first he had no more hostile feelings against his favourite courtier than those engendered by the lack of confidence so plainly evinced. It is more than possible that, had Athelwald, pleading his love and temptation, made a clean breast of it, all would have been forgiven him; for the king's intentions towards Ælfthryth had been kept secret, and his affections were in no way involved. Besides, the pernicious results of his ill-starred passion for Wulfthryth, the veiled lady of Wilton Abbey, had been a lesson to him against his propensity to illicit love.

Finally, tormented with doubt and goaded into anger by Athelwald's altered behaviour and continued absence, he resolved to see for himself and put his suspicions to the test. Accordingly, he sent messengers in advance to announce to Athelwald that on the morrow the king, whilst hunting, would honour him with a visit.

III.

It was with consternation that Athelwald received the intelligence of the king's intended visit. The first glamour of passion had subsided, and his perfidy was ever before him. He lived like Damocles beneath the hair-suspended sword. For if the king should once behold the beauty of Ælfthryth, he felt that his life would pay the penalty of his treachery. In his misery and fear—for conscience had made a coward of him—the gay, handsome courtier had grown pale and hollow-eyed, and every day had added a year to his life. He loved Ælfthryth passionately, and would willingly have parted with life sooner than have lost her; yet, could he not believe that he had wholly won her heart. But she was his wife—irrevocably his. That was his only consolation. Surely she would cling to him in his hour of need. To send her away would but aggravate matters, for Ælfthryth, tired of a life of seclusion, had frequently besought him to take her to the court, that she might see the king; whilst the king, by her absence, would only be the more convinced of the truth of his suspicions. There was only one way out of the dangerous difficulty. Athelwald's mind was made up, and he sought his wife's presence.

Never had Ælfthryth appeared more beautiful to his eyes than she did that morning, whilst at work among her handmaidens making preparations for the royal visit. He drew her tenderly from the hall and they passed into a rustic arbour in the garden.

“Ælfthryth,” he began, “dost thou truly love me?” She turned her beautiful face towards him in wonder; for his voice quivered with emotion and the arm around her waist trembled.

“Art thou not my husband, Athelwald?” she questioned in reply.

“Ay,” answered Athelwald, “but if thy heart cleave not closely to me I may have done thee grievous wrong by wooing and wedding thee. But thou shalt hear and judge.

“I was sent to thy father's house to

see and report if thou wert fitting bride for the king, who had heard of thy great beauty. I loved thee, and lied to the king.”

Ælfthryth's eyes were riveted on her husband's troubled face, and her form trembled in his loving clasp.

“And thou didst not report me fair?” she inquired.

“God pity me!” exclaimed Athelwald; “in my jealous love I denied thy charms and turned the king's mind from thee.”

“Thou didst me wrong, Athelwald,” said Ælfthryth, reproachfully. “Thou shouldst have known that a maiden's beauty is nature's dower, the one thing she prizes above all other gifts. And to the king!—Oh, Athelwald. I could not have believed it had any tongue but thine told me. I know that I am fair, and I could wish that the proud dames of the court should know me to be fair.”

Her beautiful eyes flashed with resentment, and Athelwald's heart sank within him.

“The king cometh here to-morrow,” he continued, painfully, not heeding his wife's reproaches, “and if he behold how beautiful thou art I am lost—lost, Ælfthryth.”

The wife's face softened, and the tears welled in her eyes. Her husband's distress moved her to pity.

“What then wouldst thou have me do, Athelwald?” she asked.

“To make thyself uncomely and undesirable before the king, and so save thy husband from his master's displeasure,” Athelwald answered, but he could not look his wife in the face.

“That will I never do;—and before the king!” Ælfthryth replied decisively.

“Then am I doomed,” said Athelwald. “I know Edgar well, and never will he forgive my duplicity and perfidy.”

Ælfthryth, again shaken by her husband's words, placed her hands tenderly upon his shoulders, and said pleadingly:

“Ask me anything but this. I will go away. The king shall not see me.

But if he do see me, then must he see me as I am."

"It is to see thee that he cometh here," said Athelwald.

"Then shall he behold me as thy faithful wife," returned Ælfthryth, "standing fearlessly by thy side, arrayed as becometh my dignity—in all my fairness. What care I for the king? Thou art my husband, and not the king. If need be I will kneel at his feet and my loveliness shall be thy excuse for thy sinning."

Had Athelwald been wise he would have clasped the fearless woman to his breast and applauded her loyalty and love; but he feared the king. Failing to respond to his young wife's heroic spirit, he made his final and falsest step, and exclaimed despairingly:

"Thou doomest me to death, Ælfthryth; thou lovest me not."

For a few moments the proud woman stood in silence before him, her eyes fixed upon his drooping countenance, her red lips parted, and her features betraying the conflicting emotions of her soul. Anger, pity, resentment, scorn struggled for the mastery; but there was no love there.

Finally she asked coldly and scornfully, "What then would my lord have me do?"

"I would have thee stain thy complexion for the time, don an unbecoming robe and act the shrew or the fool—anything to hoodwink the king."

The weak, pitiless reply stung Ælfthryth to the soul, and killed the tender bud of early wedded love just as it was ready to burst into the fragrance and beauty of maturity.

So Edgar, king of England, with a goodly company of his courtiers came and was received by Athelwald, who, now that the chance of discovery was evaded or minimized, met his royal master with a smile of welcome and a mind comparatively at rest.

Up the great hall, filled with the brilliant throng, king and courtier advanced and stepped upon the dais at the upper end. Scarcely had Edgar reached the royal chair, when a door at the side of the hall opened, and

Ælfthryth entered. Clad in a richly embroidered robe, bound at the waist with a golden cincture, her nut-brown tresses encircled with a fillet of gold set with precious stones, which brought out the contour of her shapely head, her long, dark lashes drooping upon her glowing cheeks, she advanced with queenly grace and, bending at the king's feet, raised her lovely eyes to his.

Thus they regarded each other for a brief space; then the king, taking her by the hand, gracefully raised her to her feet, turning to Athelwald, who stood with blanched cheeks and down-cast eyes, said:

"I perceive thou hast won the loveliest lady in all the land. Mayest thou be truer to her than thou hast been to thy king."

Athelwald, without raising his eyes, knelt at the king's feet and murmured brokenly, "Pardon, my gracious lord."

The words were heard distinctly only by Ælfthryth and the king, who, it was remarked, did not offer the suppliant his hand.

In the feasting and revelry that ensued, the susceptible Edgar fell a victim to Ælfthryth's beauty.

And Ælfthryth? No woman, in spite of Eve's curse, is born bad; but many a woman is made wicked by the selfishness or brutality of men. She was proud, too proud to be deemed vain, clever and ambitious; but she was a woman. All her pride and womanhood had revolted against her husband's selfish and unreasonable demands. Had she loved him with all the force of her strong and ardent nature, she might, at his word, have sacrificed her own dignity and self-respect; but her senses only, and not her heart, had been captivated by his graces of person. Young and untried in artful worldliness, longing to shine at court yet forced to a life of seclusion by her husband's dread of the royal displeasure, was it to be wondered at that her proud spirit rose in rebellion against an act that would cast a dark and undeserved cloud over her life, blotting out the sweet sunshine of con-

quest and worldly honour? Then, little knowing what passion and deadly purpose could lurk behind the calm mask of royalty, she contrasted the king's dignity and magnanimity with the weakness and deceit of her husband, who lost terribly in the comparison. Her keen perception informed her that, had Athelwald been faithful to his trust, she might have been the first lady in the land. On the other hand, her daring spirit and pride, if matched and sustained by a husband's determination to have and to hold against the world, might have proved sufficient to keep her within the lines of duty, and even of affection. For even a proud woman loves to own a man's sway; but it must be that of a nature equal or superior to her own.

"Alas!" said Athelwald reproachfully, "thy folly and perverseness have undone me. The king will never forgive. Thou lovest me not, Ælfthryth."

"Thou speakest truly, Athelwald," she replied bitterly, "I love thee not. Hadst thou stood by my side fearless-

ly, as I wished, I could have died with thee. It is no great sin to sin through loving, and I believed in thy love's loyalty. But when thou condemnedst me to be a poor tool in thine own deceit, methinks the first warm flush of wifely love in my heart was frozen dead."

"The king loves thee, Ælfthryth," Athelwald said jealously, "I saw it in his eyes, and I could have stricken him dead."

"The king hath little to dread from one who feared to confess a fault," was the relentless reply.

And so the bitter interview ended, and a few months later, life, too, ended for Athelwald. He was found murdered in Wherwell Forest, and legends tell how he was done to death by the hand or command of the king.

Be this as it may, the chronicles record that Edgar married Ælfthryth, and clung to her in spite of the church's denunciation; and that she, whose life had given such fair promise, lived to be the most wicked and detested woman that ever shared the throne in England before the Conquest.

*Thomas Swift.*

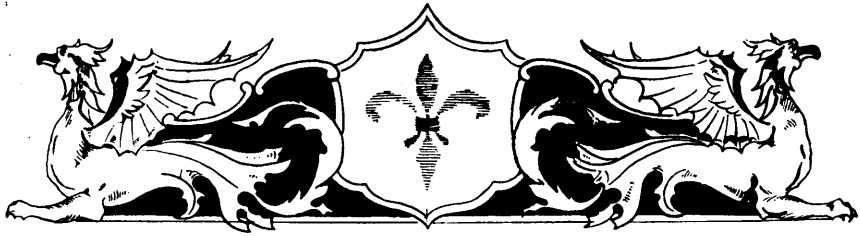
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## BLOMIDON

WHETHER o'erlaid with marble fogs like snows,  
 Or wrapt in dewy ones like silver hair,  
 Or chiselled naked in the vital air—  
 Full-summéd strength in purposeful repose!  
 The breathless stars lead on the ebbs and flows,  
 And the unresting waters wash and wear  
 The deep-set bases of thy presence there,  
 To force the secret thy calm lips enclose.

O sleepless sentinel and from of old,  
 I guess thy mystery deep and consecrate,  
 Yet open to the loving heart and bold:  
*The shadow of God is laid upon thy sight,  
 In His own mirror at thy feet, and straight  
 Transfixes thee in vigil day and night!*

*Theodore H. Rand.*



## HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.\*

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judus," "The Clock Struck One," Etc.*

### II.—THE FIRST CUSTOMER AND THE FLORENTINE DANTE.

IT has been already explained how Hagar Stanley, against her own interests, took charge of the pawnshop and property of Jacob Dix during the absence of the rightful heir. She had full control of everything by the terms of the will. Jacob had made many good bargains in his life, but none better than that which had brought him Hagar for a slave—Hagar with her strict sense of duty, her upright nature, and her determination to act honestly even when her own interests were at stake. Such a character was almost unknown among the denizens of Carby's Crescent.

Vark, the lawyer, thought her a fool. Firstly because she refused to make a nest-egg for herself out of the estate. Secondly, because she had surrendered a fine fortune to benefit a man she hated. Thirdly, because she declined to become Mrs. Vark. Otherwise she was sharp enough—too sharp, the lawyer thought; for with her keen business instinct and her faculty for organizing and administering and understanding, he found it impossible to trick her in any way. Out of the Dix estate Vark received his due fees and no more, which position was humiliating to a man of his intelligence.

Hagar, however, minded neither Vark nor anyone else. She advertised

for the absent heir, she administered the estate and carried on the business of the pawnshop; living in the back-parlour meanwhile, after the penurious fashion of her late master. It had been a shock to her to learn that the heir of the old pawnbroker was none other than Goliath, the red-haired suitor who had forced her to leave the gipsy camp. Still, her honesty would not permit her to rob him of his heritage; and she attended to his interests as though they were those of the man she loved best in the world. When Jimmy Dix, alias Goliath, appeared to claim the property, Hagar intended to render an account of her stewardship, and to leave her city of refuge as poor as when she entered it. In the meantime, as the months went by and brought no claimant, Hagar attended to the shop, transacted business and drove bargains. As a result, she became the heroine of several adventures.

During a June twilight she was summoned to the shop by a sharp rapping, and on entering she found a young man waiting to pawn a book which he held in his hand. He was tall, slim, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a clever and intellectual face, lighted by rather dreamy eyes. Quick at reading physiognomies, Hagar liked his appearance at the first glance, and, moreover, admired his good looks.

"I—I wish to get some money on

\*Copyright. This story will run through twelve issues, a complete chapter being given in each number.

this book," said the stranger in a hesitating manner, a flush invading his fair complexion; "could you—that is, will you——" He paused in confusion, and held out the book, which Hagar took in silence.

It was an old and costly book, over which a bibliomaniac would have gloated.

The date was that of the fourteenth century, the printer a famous Florentine publisher of that epoch: and the author was none other than one Dante Alighieri, a poet not unknown to fame. In short, the volume was a second edition of "*La Divina Comedia*," extremely rare, and worth much money. Hagar, who had learnt many things under the able tuition of Jacob, at once recognized the value of the book; but with keen business instinct—notwithstanding her prepossession concerning the young man—she began promptly to disparage it.

"I don't care for old books," she said, offering it back to him. "Why not take it to a second-hand book-seller?"

"Because I don't want to part with it. At the present moment I need money, as you can see from my appearance. Let me have five pounds on the book until I can redeem it."

Hagar, who already had noted the haggard looks of this customer, and the threadbare quality of his apparel, laid down the Dante with a bang. "I can't give five pounds," she said bluntly. "The book isn't worth it!"

"Shows how much you know of such things, my girl! It is a rare edition of a celebrated Italian poet, and it is worth over a hundred pounds."

"Really?" said Hagar drily. "In that case, why not sell it?"

"Because I don't want to. Give me five pounds."

"No; four is all that I can advance."

"Four ten," pleaded the customer.

"Four," retorted the inexorable Hagar. "Or else——"

She pushed the book towards him with one finger. Seeing that he could get nothing more out of her, the young man sighed and relented. "Give me

the four pounds," he said gloomily. "I might have guessed that a Jewess would grind me down to the lowest."

"I am not a Jew, but a gipsy," replied Hagar, making out the ticket.

"A gipsy!" said the other, peering into her face. "And what is a Romany lass doing in this Levitical tabernacle?"

"That's my business!" retorted Hagar curtly. "Name and address?"

"Eustace Lorn, 42, Castle Road," said the young man, giving an address near at hand. "But I say—if you are true Romany, you can talk the calo jib."

"I talk it with my kind, young man; not with the Gentiles."

"But I am a Romany Rye."

"I'm not a fool, young man! Romany Ryes don't live in cities for choice."

"Nor do gipsy girls dwell in pawnshops, my lass!"

"Four pounds," said Hagar, taking no notice of this remark; "there it is, in gold; your ticket also—number eight hundred and twenty. You can redeem the book whenever you like, on paying six per cent. interest. Good night."

"But I say," cried Lorn, as he slipped money and ticket into his pocket, "I want to speak to you, and ——"

"Good-night, sir," said Hagar sharply, and vanished into the darkness of the shop. Lorn was annoyed by her curt manner and his sudden dismissal; but as there was no help for it, he walked out into the street.

"What a handsome girl!" was his first thought; and "What a spitfire!" was his second.

After his departure, Hagar put away the Dante, and, as it was late, shut up the shop. Then she retired to the back-parlour to eat her supper—dry bread-and-cheese with cold water—and to think over the young man. As a rule, Hagar was far too self-possessed to be impressionable; but there was something about Eustace Lorn—she had the name pat—which attracted her not a little. From the short inter-



view she had not learnt much of his character. He was poor, proud, rather absent-minded; and—from the fact of his yielding to her on the question of price—rather weak in character. Yet she liked his face, the kindly expression of his eyes, and the sweetness of his mouth. But after all he was only a chance customer; and—unless he returned to redeem the Dante—she might not see him again. On this thought occurring to her, Hagar called commonsense to her aid and strove to banish the young man's image from her mind. The task was more difficult than she thought.

A week later, Lorn and his pawning of the book were recalled to her mind by a stranger who entered the shop shortly after midday. This man was short, stout, elderly and vulgar. He was much excited, and spoke badly, as Hagar noted when he laid a pawn-ticket number eight hundred and twenty on the counter.

"'Ere girl," said he in rough tones, "gimme the book this ticket's for."

"You come from Mr. Lorn?" asked Hagar, remembering the Dante.

"Yes; he wants that book. There's the brass. Sharp, now, young woman!"

Hagar made no move to get the volume, or even to take the money. Instead of doing either, she asked a question: "Is Mr. Lorn ill, that he could not come himself?" she demanded, looking keenly at the man's coarse face.

"No; but I've bought the pawn-ticket off him. 'Ere, gimme the book!"

"I cannot at present," replied Hagar, who did not trust the looks of this man, and who wished, moreover, to see Eustace again.

"Dash yer imprence! Why not?"

"Because you did not pawn the Dante; and as it is a valuable book, I might get into trouble if I gave it into other hands than Mr. Lorn's."

"Well, I'm blest! There's the ticket!"

"So I see; but how do I know how you got it?"

"Lorn gave it me," said the man sulkily, "and I want the Dante!"

"I'm sorry for that," retorted Hagar, certain that all was not right, "for no one but Mr. Lorn shall get it. If he isn't ill, let him come and receive it personally."

The man swore and completely lost his temper—a fact which did not disturb Hagar in the least. "You may as well clear out," she said coldly. "I have said that you shan't have the book, and that closes the question."

"I'll call in the police!"

"Do so; there's a station five minutes' walk from here."

Confounded by her coolness the man snatched up the pawn-ticket and stamped out of the shop in a rage. Hagar took down the Dante, looked at it carefully, and considered the position. Clearly there was something wrong, and Eustace was in trouble, else why should he send a stranger to redeem the book which he set such store on? In an ordinary case Hagar might have received the ticket and money without a qualm, so long as she was acting rightly in a legal sense; but Eustace Lorn interested her strangely—why, she could not guess—and she was anxious to guard his interests. Moreover, the emissary possessed an untrustworthy face, and looked a man capable, if not of crime, at least of treachery. How he had obtained the ticket could only be explained by its owner; so, after some cogitation, Hagar sent a message to Lorn. The gist of this was that he should come to the pawnshop after closing time.

All the evening Hagar anxiously waited for her visitor, and—such is the inconsequence of maids—she was angered with herself for this very anxiety. She tried to think that it was sheer curiosity to know the truth of the matter that made her impatient for the arrival of Lorn; but deep in her heart there lurked a perception of the actual state of things. It was not curiosity so much as a wish to see the young man's face again, to hear him speak, and feel that he was beside her.

Though without a chaperon, though not brought up under parental government, Hagar had her own social code, and that a strict one. In this instance she thought that her mental attitude was unmaidenly and unworthy of an unmarried girl. Hence, when Eustace made his appearance at nine o'clock she was brusque to the verge of rudeness.

"Who was that man you sent for your book?" she demanded abruptly, when Lorn was seated in the back-parlour.

"Jabez Treadle. I could not come myself, so I sent him with the ticket. Why did you not give him the Dante?"

"Because I did not like his face, and I thought he might have stolen the ticket from you. Besides I"—here Hagar hesitated, for she was not anxious to admit that her real reason had been a desire to see him again—"besides, I don't think he is your friend," she finished lamely.

"Very probably he is not," replied Lorn, shrugging his shoulders. "I have no friends."

"That is a pity," said Hagar, casting a searching glance at his irresolute face. "I think you need friends, or, at all events, one staunch one."

"May that staunch one be of your own sex," said Lorn, rather surprised at the interest this strange girl displayed in his welfare—"yourself, for instance?"

"If that could be so, I might give you unpalatable advice, Mr. Lorn."

"Such as—what?"

"Don't trust the man you sent here, Mr. Treadle. See, here is your Dante, young man. Pay me the money, and take it away."

"I can't pay you the money, as I have none. I am as poor as Job, but hardly so patient."

"But you offered the money through that Treadle creature."

"Indeed no!" explained Eustace frankly. "I gave him the ticket, and he wished to redeem the book with his own money."

"Did he really?" said Hagar

thoughtfully. "He does not look like a student, as you do. Why does he want this book?"

"To find out a secret."

"A secret, young man—contained in the Dante?"

"Yes. There is a secret in the book which means money."

"To you or Mr. Treadle?" demanded Hagar.

Eustace shrugged his shoulders. "To either one of us who discovers the secret," he said carelessly. "Though indeed I don't think it will ever be found out—at all events, by me. Treadle may be more fortunate."

"If crafty ways can bring fortune. your man will succeed," said Hagar calmly. "He is a dangerous friend for you, that Treadle. There is evidently some story about this Dante of yours which he knows, and which he desires to turn to his own advantage. If the story means money, tell it to me, and I may be able to help you to the wealth. I am a young girl, it is true, Mr. Lorn; still, I am old in experience, and I may succeed where you fail."

"I doubt it," replied Lorn gloomily; "still, it is kind of you to take this interest in a stranger. I am much obliged to you, Miss—"

"Call me Hagar," she interrupted hastily. "I am not used to fine titles."

"Well, then, Hagar, said he with a kindly glance, "I'll tell you the story of my Uncle Ben and his strange will."

Hagar smiled to herself. It seemed to be her fate to have dealings with wills—first with that of Jacob; now with this of Lorn's uncle. However, she knew when to hold her tongue, and, saying nothing, she waited for Eustace to explain. This he did forthwith.

"My uncle, Benjamin Gurth, died six months ago at the age of fifty-eight," said he slowly. "In his early days he had lived a roving life, and ten years ago he came home with a fortune from the West Indies."

"How much fortune?" demanded Hagar, always interested in financial matters.

"That is the odd part about it," continued Eustace; nobody ever knew the amount of his wealth, for he was a grumpy old curmudgeon who confided in no one. He bought a little house and garden at Woking, and there lived for the ten years he was in England. His great luxury was books, and as he knew many languages—Italian among others—he collected quite a polyglot library."

"Where is it now?"

"It was sold after his death along with the house and land. A man in the City claimed the money and obtained it."

"A creditor. What about the fortune?"

"I'm telling you, Hagar, if you'll only listen!" said Eustace impatiently.

"Well, Uncle Ben, as I have said, was a miser. He hoarded up his moneys and kept them in the house, trusting neither to banks nor investments. My mother was his sister, and very poor; but he never gave her a penny, and to me nothing but the Dante, which he presented in an unusual fit of generosity."

"But from what you said before," remarked Hagar shrewdly, "it seems to me that he had some motive in giving you the Dante."

"No doubt," assented Eustace, admiring her sharpness. "The secret of the hidden money is contained in that Dante."

"Then you may be sure, Mr. Lorn, that he intended to make you his heir. But what has your friend Treadle to do with the matter?"

"Oh, Treadle is a grocer in Woking," responded Lorn. "He is greedy for money, and knowing that Uncle Ben was rich, he tried to get the cash left to him. He wheedled and flattered the old man; he made him presents, and poisoned his mind against me, his nephew, his only surviving relative."

"Didn't I say the man was your enemy? Well, go on."

"There is little more to tell, Hagar. Uncle Ben hid his money away, and left a will which gave it all to the person who should find out where it was

concealed. The testament said the secret was contained in the Dante. You may be sure that Treadle came to me at once and asked to see the book. I showed it to him, but neither of us could find any sign in its pages likely to lead us to discover the hidden treasure. The other day Treadle came to see the Dante again. I told him that I had pawned it, so he volunteered to redeem it if I gave him the ticket. I did so, and he called on you. The result you know."

"Yes; I refused to give it to him," said Hagar, "and I now see that I was quite right to do so, as the man is your enemy. Well, Mr. Lorn, it seems from your story that a fortune is waiting for you—if you can find it."

"Very true; but I can't find it. There isn't a single sign in the Dante by which I can trace the hiding-place."

"Do you know Italian?"

"Very well. Uncle Ben taught it to me."

"That's one point gained," said Hagar, placing the Dante on the table and lighting another candle. "The secret may be contained in the poem itself. However, we shall see. Is there any mark in the book—a marginal mark I mean?"

"Not one. Look for yourself."

The two comely young heads, one so fair, the other so dark, were bent over the book in that dismal and tenebrous atmosphere. Eustace, the weaker character of the twain, yielded in all things to Hagar. She turned over page after page of the old Florentine edition, but not one pencil or pen-mark marred its pure white surface from beginning to end. From "L'Inferno" to "Il Paradiso" no hint betrayed the secret of the hidden money. At the last page, Eustace, with a sigh, threw himself back in his chair.

"You see, Hagar, there is nothing. What are you frowning at?"

"I am not frowning, but thinking, young man," was her reply. "If the secret is in this book, there must be some trace of it. Now, nothing appears at present, but later on——"

"Well," said Eustace impatiently, "later on?"

"Invisible ink."

"Invisible ink!" he repeated vaguely. "I don't quite understand."

"My late master," said Hagar, without emotion, "was accustomed to deal with thieves, rogues and vagabonds. Naturally, he had many secrets, and sometimes, by force of circumstances, he had to entrust these secrets to the post. Naturally, also, he did not wish to risk discovery, so, when he sent a letter, about stolen goods for instance, he always wrote it in lemon juice."

"In lemon juice! And what good was that?"

"It was good for invisible writing. When the letter was written, it looked like a blank page. No one, you understand, could read what was set out, for to the ordinary eye there was no writing at all."

"And to the cultured eye?" asked Eustace, in ironical tones.

"It appeared the same—a blank sheet," retorted Hagar. "But then the cultured mind came in, young man. The person to whom the letter was sent warmed the seeming blank page over the fire, when at once the writing appeared, black and legible."

"The deuce!" Eustace jumped up in his excitement. "And you think

"I think that your late uncle may have adopted the same plan," interrupted Hagar coolly, "but I am not sure. However, we shall soon see." She turned over a page or two of the Dante. "It is impossible to heat these over the fire," she added, "as the book is valuable and we must not spoil it; but I know of a plan."

With a confident smile she left the room and returned shortly with a flat-iron which she placed on the fire. While it was heating, Eustace looked at this quick-witted woman with admiration. Not only had she brains, but beauty also; and, man-like, he was attracted by this last in no small degree. Shortly he began to think that this strange and unexpected friendship between himself and the pawnbroking

gipsy beauty might develop into something stronger and more intimate. But here he sighed; both of them were poor, so it would be impossible to—

"We will not begin at the beginning of the book," said Hagar, taking the iron off the fire, and thereby interrupting his thoughts, "but at the end."

"Why?" asked Eustace, who could see no good reason for this decision.

"Well," said Hagar, poisoning the heated iron over the book, "when I search for an article I find it always at the bottom of a heap of things I don't want. As we began with the first page of this book and found nothing, let us start this time from the end, and perhaps we shall learn your uncle's secret the sooner. It is only a whim of mine, but I should like to gratify it, by way of experiment."

Eustace nodded and laughed, while Hagar placed a sheet of brown paper over the last page of the Dante to preserve the book from being scorched. In a minute she lifted the iron and paper, but the page still showed no mark. With a cheerful air the girl shook her head, and repeated the operation on the second page from the end. This time, when she took away the brown paper, Eustace, who had been watching her actions with much interest, bent forward with an ejaculation of surprise. Hagar echoed it with one of delight; for there was a mark and date on the page, half-way down, as thus:

Oh, abbondante grazia, ond' io presumi  
Ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna | 27.12.38.  
Tanto, che la veduta vi consumi!

"There, Mr. Lorn!" cried Hagar joyously—"there is the secret! My fancy for beginning at the end was right. I was right also about the invisible ink!"

"You are a wonder!" said Eustace, with sincere admiration; "but I am as much in the dark as ever. I see a marked line, and a date, the twenty-seventh of December, in the year, I presume, one thousand eight hundred and

thirty-eight. We can't make any sense out of that simplicity."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Hagar soothingly; "we have found out so much, we may learn more. First of all, please to translate those three lines."

"Roughly," said Eustace, reading them, "they run thus: 'O, abundant grace, with whom I tried to look through the eternal light so much that I lost my sight.'" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see how that transcendentalism can help us."

"What about the date?"

"One thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight," said Lorn thoughtfully; "and this is ninety-six. Take one from the other, it leaves fifty-eight, the age at which—as I told you before—my uncle died. Evidently this is the date of his birth."

"A date of birth—a line of Dante!" muttered Hagar. "I must say that it is difficult to make sense out of it. Yet, in figures and letters, I am sure the place where the money is concealed is told."

"Well," remarked Eustace, giving up the solution of this problem in despair, "if you can make out the riddle it is more than I can."

"Patience, patience!" replied Hagar, with a nod. "Sooner or later we shall discover the meaning. Could you take me to see your uncle's house at Woking?"

"Oh, yes; it is not yet let, so we can easily go over it. But will you trouble about coming all that way with me?"

"Certainly! I am anxious to know the meaning of this line and date. There may be something about your uncle's house likely to give a clue to its reading. I shall keep the Dante, and puzzle over the riddle; you can call for me on Sunday, when the shop is closed, and we will go to Woking together."

"O Hagar! how can I ever thank —"

"Thank me when you get the money, and rid yourself of Mr. Treadle!" said Hagar, cutting him short. "Besides, I am doing this only to satisfy my own curiosity."

"You are an angel!"

"And you a fool, who talks nonsense!" said Hagar sharply. "Here is your hat and cane. Come out this way by the back. I have an ill enough name already, without desiring a fresh scandal. Good-night."

"But may I say——"

"Nothing, nothing!" retorted Hagar, pushing him out of the door. "Good-night."

The door snapped to sharply, and Lorn went out into the hot July night with his heart beating and his blood aflame. He had seen this girl only twice, yet, with the inconsiderate rashness of youth, he was already in love with her. The beauty and kindness and brilliant mind of Hagar attracted him strongly; and she had shown him such favour that he felt content she loved him in return. But a girl out of a pawnshop! He had neither birth nor money, yet he drew back from mating himself with such a one. True, his mother was dead, and he was quite alone in the world—alone and poor. Still, if he found his uncle's fortune, he would be rich enough to marry. Hagar, did she aid him to get the money, might expect reward in the shape of marriage. And she was so beautiful, so clever! By the time he reached his poor lodging Eustace had put all scruples out of his head, and had settled to marry the gipsy as soon as the lost treasure came into his possession. In no other way could he thank her for the interest she was taking in him. This may seem a hasty decision; but young blood is soon aflame; young hearts are soon filled with love. Youth and beauty drawn together are as flint and tinder to light the torch of Hymen.

Punctual to the appointed hour Eustace, as smart as he could make himself with the poor means at his command, appeared at the door of the pawnshop. Hagar was already waiting for him, with the Dante in her hand. She wore a black dress, a black cloak, and a hat of the same sombre hue—such clothes being the mourning she had worn, and was wearing, for

Jacob. Averse as she was to using Goliath's money, she thought he would hardly grudge her these garments of woe for his father. Besides, as manageress of the shop, she deserved some salary.

"Why are you taking the Dante?" asked Eustace, when they set out for Waterloo Station.

"It may be useful to read the riddle," said Hagar.

"Have you solved it?"

"I don't know; I am not sure," she said meditatively. "I tried by counting the lines on that page up and down. You understand—twenty-seven, twelve, thirty-eight; but the lines I lighted on gave me no clue."

"You didn't understand them?"

"Yes, I did," replied Hagar coolly. "I got a second-hand copy of a translation from the old bookseller in Carby's Crescent, and by counting the lines to correspond with those in the Florentine edition I arrived at the sense."

"And none of them point to the solution of the problem?"

"Not one. Then I tried by pages. I counted twenty-seven pages, but could find no clue; I reckoned twelve pages; also thirty-eight; still the same result. Then I took the twelfth, the twenty-seventh, and the thirty-eighth page by numbers, but found nothing. The riddle is hard to read."

"Impossible, I should say," said Eustace in despair.

"No; I think I have found out the meaning."

"How? how? Tell me quick!"

"Not now. I found a word, but it seems nonsense, as I could not find it in the Italian dictionary which I borrowed."

"What is the word?"

"I'll tell you when I've seen the house."

In vain Eustace tried to move her from this determination. Hagar was stubborn when she took an idea into her strong brain; so she simply declined to explain until she arrived at Woking—at the house of Uncle Ben. Weak himself, Eustace could not understand how she could hold out so long against

his persuasions. Finally he decided in his own mind that she did not care about him. In this way he was wrong. Hagar liked him—loved him; but she deemed it her duty to teach him patience—a quality he lacked sadly. Hence her closed mouth.

When they arrived at Woking, Eustace led the way to his late uncle's house, which was some distance out of the town. He addressed Hagar after a long silence, when they were crossing a piece of waste land and saw the cottage in the distance.

"If you find this money for me," he said abruptly, "what service am I to do for you in return?"

"I have thought of that," replied Hagar promptly. "Find Goliath—otherwise James Dix."

"Who is he?" asked Lorn, flushing. "Someone you are fond of!"

"Someone I hate with all my soul!" she flashed out; "but he is the son of my late master, and heir to the pawnshop. I look after it only because he is absent; and on the day he returns I shall walk out of it, and never set eyes on it or him again."

"Why don't you advertise?"

"I have done so for months; so has Vark, the lawyer; but Jimmy Dix never replies. He was with my tribe in the New Forest, and it was because I hated him that I left the Romany. Since then he has gone away, and I don't know where he is. Find him if you wish to thank me, and let me get away from the pawnshop."

"Very good," replied Eustace quietly. "I shall find him. In the meantime, here is the hermitage of my late uncle."

It was a bare little cottage, small and shabby, set at the end of a square of ground fenced in from the barren moor. Within the quadrangle there were fruit trees—cherry, apple, plum and pear; also a large fig tree in the centre of the unshaven lawn facing the house. All was desolate and neglected; the fruit-trees were unpruned, the grass was growing in the paths, and the flowers were straggling here and there, rich masses of ragged colour. Desolate certainly, this deserted her-

mitage, but not lonely, for as Hagar and her companion turned in at the little gate a figure rose from a stooping position under an apple tree. It was that of a man with a spade in his hand, who had been digging for some time, as was testified by the heap of freshly-turned earth at his feet.

"Mr. Treadle!" cried Lorn indignantly. "What are you doing here?"

"Lookin' fur the old 'un's cash!" retorted Mr. Treadle, with a scowl directed equally at the young man and Hagar. "An' if I gets it, I keeps it. Lord! to think as 'ow I pampered that old sinner with figs and such like—to say nothing of French brandy, which he drank by the quart!"

"You have no business here!"

"No more 'ave you!" snapped the irate grocer. "If I ain't, you ain't, fur till the 'ouse is let, it's public property. I s'pose you've come 'ere with that Jezebel to look fur the money?"

Hagar, hearing herself called names, stepped up promptly to Mr. Treadle, and boxed his red ears. "Now, then," she said, when the grocer fell back in dismay at this onslaught, "perhaps you'll be civil! Mr. Lorn, sit down on this seat, and I'll explain the riddle."

"The Dante!" cried Mr. Treadle, recognising the book which lay on Hagar's lap—"an' she'll explain the riddle—swindling me out of my rightful cash!"

"The cash belongs to Mr. Lorn, as his uncle's heir," said Hagar wrathfully. "Be quiet, sir, or you'll get another box on the ears!"

"Never mind him," said Eustace impatiently; "tell me the riddle."

"I don't know if I have guessed it correctly," answered Hagar, opening the book, "but I've tried by line and page and number, all of which revealed nothing. Now I try by letters, and you will see if the word they make is a proper Italian one."

She read out the marked line and the date. "'Ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna, 27th December, '38.' Now," said Hagar slowly, "if you run all the figures together they stand as 271238."

"Yes, yes!" said Eustace impatiently, "I see. Go on, please."

Hagar continued: "Take the second letter of the word 'Ficcar.'"

"'I.'"

"Also the seventh letter from the beginning of the line."

Eustace counted "'L.' I see," he went on eagerly. "Also the first letter 'F,' the second again, 'i,' the fourth and the eighth, 'c' and 'o.'"

"Good!" said Hagar, writing these down. "Now, the whole make up the word 'Ilfico.' Is that an Italian word?"

"I'm not sure," said Eustace thoughtfully. "'Ilfico.' No."

"Shows what eddication 'e's got!" growled Mr. Treadle, who was leaning on his spade.

Eustace raised his eyes to dart a withering glance at the grocer, and in doing so his vision passed on to the tree looming up behind the man. At once the meaning of the word flashed on his brain.

"Il fico!" he cried, rising. "Two words instead of one! You've found it, Hagar! It means the fig-tree—the one yonder. I believe the money is buried under it."

Before he could advance a step Treadle had leaped forward, and was slashing away like a madman at the tangled grass around the fig-tree.

"If 'tis there, 'tis mine," he shouted. "Don't come nigh me, young Lorn, or I'll brain you with my spade! I fed up that old uncle of yours like a fighting cock, and now I'm going to have his cash to pay me!"

Eustace leaped forward in the like manner as Treadle had done, and would have wrenched the spade out of his grip, but that Hagar laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Let him dig," she said coolly. "The money is yours; I can prove it. He'll have the work and you the fortune."

"Hagar! Hagar! how can I thank you!"

The girl stepped back, and a blush overspread her cheeks. "Find Goliath," she said, "and let me get rid of the pawnshop."

At this moment Treadle gave a shout of glee, and with both arms wrenched a goodly-sized tin box out of the hole he had dug.

"Mine! mine!" he cried, plumping this down on the grass. "This will pay for the dinners I gave him, the presents I've made him. I've been castin' my bread on the waters, and here it's back again."

He began forcing the lid of the box with the edge of the spade, all the time laughing and crying like one demented. Lorn and Hagar drew near, in the expectation of seeing a shower of gold pieces rain on the ground when the lid was opened. As Treadle gave a final wrench, it flew wide, and they saw—an empty box.

"Why—what," stammered Treadle, thunderstruck—"what does it mean!"

Eustace, equally taken aback, bent down and looked in. There was absolutely nothing in the box but a piece of folded paper. Unable to make a remark, he held it out to the amazed Hagar.

"What the d—l does it mean?" said Treadle again.

"This explains," said Hagar, running her eye over the writing. "It seems that your wealthy Uncle Ben was a pauper."

"A pauper!" cried Eustace and Treadle together.

"Listen!" said Hagar, and read out from the page: "'When I returned to England I was thought to be wealthy, so all my friends and relations fawned on me for the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. But I had just enough money to rent the cottage

for a term of years, and to purchase an annuity barely sufficient for the necessities of life. But, owing to the report of my wealth, the luxuries have been supplied by those who hoped for legacies. This is my legacy to one and all—these golden words, which I have proved true: "It is better to be thought rich than to be rich."'"

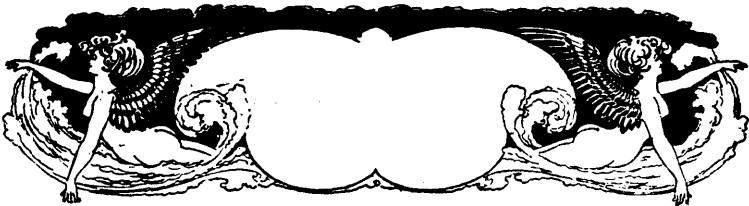
The paper fell from the hand of Eustace, and Treadle, with a howl of rage, threw himself on the grass, loading the memory of the deceased with opprobrious names. Seeing that all was over, that the expected fortune had vanished into the air, Hagar left the disappointed grocer weeping with rage over the deceptive tin box, and led Eustace away. He followed her in a dream, and all the time during their sad journey back to town he spoke hardly a word. What they did say—how Eustace bewailed his fate and Hagar comforted him—is not to the point. But on arriving at the door of the pawnshop Hagar gave the copy of Dante to the young man. "I give this back to you," she said, pressing his hand. "Sell it, and with the proceeds build up your own fortune."

"But shall I not see you again?" he asked piteously.

"Yes, Mr. Lorn; you shall see me—when you bring back Goliath."

Then she entered the pawnshop and shut the door. Left alone in the deserted crescent, Eustace sighed and walked slowly away. Hugging to his breast the Florentine Dante, he departed to make his fortune, to find Goliath, and—although he did not know it at the time—to marry Hagar.

(To be continued.)





## THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

### III.—THE SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

THE superannuated preacher who is worn out, mind and body, and goes to a quiet place to rest for the remainder of his days, is one kind. The old minister who is embittered in soul, feeble in body, and too active in mind, is likely to be meddlesome. He will want to preach oftener than the people are willing to hear him. He will advise more than is consistent with his position, and he will make as much trouble in the church as a soprano who is jealous of the alto and has her eye on another organist.

Preaching is an engrossing business. There are preachers who are so busy preaching that they have n't time to live well at home, which, of course, can be made to apply to others than those who wear the black coat and white tie. Human beings in every business in life are liable to err just there. After a man has preached for forty years he is not very much good at anything else. He is like an old horse, unshod and turned into the meadow to end his days, only, the man frequently finds fault with the pasture and the horse does n't.

Our superannuated preacher was not of the ordinary type. He had a history, and no one could find anything to tell about it, and he was a born worker. His throat gave out after years of bronchitis and catarrh, and he bought a little fruit farm just outside the village and worked hard on the land. He was a short man, bony and squat-figured, and his yellow skin was stretched tight over his cheeks and head. His beard was iron gray, and the little bit of hair he had left matched it.

Our minister told us he had lived in a good many places, and had come from a sort of mission station to settle amongst us, that he had lost his wife not long before, and he hoped we'd go

down and see his daughter, poor young thing, and make her feel at home.

Well, most of the mothers of Israel, and their daughters, found their way down to call on Miss Crance, and they all wondered how it was the Crances had so little furniture. None of the farm houses, or the village ones either, were furnished handsomely, but they mostly had things for comfort, and poor Miss Crance had n't. She did every bit of the work, washing and all, and she had only one tub and a wash-board that was like a saw, it was so worn out. They did n't seem to have silver things either. Now, most ministers have presentation pieces from one place and another—not that they're ever much good to use, but they do to set on the sideboard or the centre table. Well, the Crances' sideboard was bare, and as for a centre table—they hadn't any.

The daughter was very nice, but a poor, pale-looking thing, and she had a frightened way with her. She had no mourning either, which was considered outrageous in those days, and when some one said something about her "dear ma," she cried so much that no one else ventured to do anything but pat her hand a little, like you do when you feel sorry for folks and words won't express it. There was a son, too, but we did n't see him more than once or twice. He was a young lawyer, and country people are always suspicious of that tribe young or old. The old man and his daughter both looked upset in their feelings all the time, worried and harassed and blue, and, of course, we laid it to the son, and thought he was wild or something, being a minister's boy.

The only time the old preacher looked real happy was on Sundays. He seemed to lay off every weight then,



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

“He found him picking apples.”

and his yellow old face shone with happiness till it looked almost like gold. We used to say that he felt more as if he was living then. Sometimes when our minister gave out the text his face would light up and his eyes grow bright and misty with excitement. It might have been it was one of his old texts, and the old days would come back. It was almost pitiful to see him sitting there in his old black alapaca coat, with his hard brown hands folded across his chest. He had n't been used to poor clothes, nor to rough hands either. Nature nor education had not cut him out to work the land and barter berries for sugar and tea, and flannel and shoes. It was hard for him, but he was made of soldier-stuff, and I don't think he ever whispered a murmur even to himself.

As time went on we could see very plainly that the old preacher was not prospering. Both he and his daughter wore their clothes as long after they were threadbare as before the nap came off. They put coppers on the collection plate. The old gray mare's harness was mended with wire. It would not have been safe with some horses, but old Polly was not the runaway kind. They lived plain at meals, as those who had been asked in to tea could aver. The farm was paid for. Luke Morris got cash for it, and every one knew it—that's the kind of man Luke is. The taxes were light, being so far out. They had made no improvements. They hired no help. His last congregation had paid his moving expenses and he had the fund, which was n't much, goodness knows, but must help some. Besides that, he had all the fruit off the farm, and the vegetables and hay and oats and turnips for Polly and the cow. We had expected him to live well and be a help to the church—sort of gentleman farmer—with time to do some preaching, and able to do some giving and be a great man among us. To say the church was disappointed was mild. We felt badly treated that he did n't get along, almost as if we thought he did it on purpose to upset our calculations.

Where does the money go we asked one another. Many a man lived well and brought up a family on less land than the preacher's and of course we blamed the boy, especially after young Tommy Perkins told how there was a letter from the Crances to the son that had to have a registered stamp put on. We had n't much feeling for the young lawyer-son. In the nature of things we could n't, for there was the poor old father slaving himself to death, and the daughter dragging herself from the washboard to the churn, and that fellow getting their money while they lived almost like beggars.

Some one asked Mr. Crance one day how his son was getting along, and he shook his head and said he'd been "unlucky in some real estate deals, poor boy." Most of us thought that was the kind old father's way of saying he was a scamp.

One day not long after, the news went like wildfire through the village that the poor old preacher had mortgaged his little farm to get his son on his feet again. The congregation was against it. Other fathers had mortgaged farms and no good had ever come of it, and the puritan way of looking at it was that the tree should lie as it fell. Jacob Parks went down to reason with the preacher and he told us all about it. He found him picking apples, leaning on a high ladder and handling them as if they were eggs, though the whole lot had been bought standing, and he would n't have lost anything by bruising them a little.

He listened patiently to Jacob, and that is pretty hard to do; for Jacob, though he has his good points, is a born arguer, and he has a nasty way of telling you that you don't know a quarter as much as he does, and then nagging at you because you don't see things his way. He had never had a good chance to show off before the superannuated preacher, and it's likely he talked a good deal before the old man had a place to say anything. And when he got the chance, all he said was: "I'm sure you mean well, brother; but this was a piece of business

for me to settle, and I've settled it." And he climbed up and went on picking apples.

For once Jacob Parks was too mad to argue. He went home and had one of his sick spells, which Dr. Jordan told him one time was just temper and could n't be cured with medicine. They always have Dr. Lumpkins now.

Six or eight weeks after that, young Crance died, and he had willed his life insurance to his father, and it was two thousand dollars. They said the old man cried when he got the money, and then went right over to Norris and paid the mortgage off and put the balance in the bank.

After what had happened we were all glad he had helped his son. His old face could never have looked so peaceful if he had sent a hard letter to his boy and let him fight it out alone, and him sick even then. On the other hand, the boys who want farms mortgaged don't always have life insurance, and if they have, they are n't willing to bequeath it to their fathers. It's a very mixed world.

Not long after, John Stubbs, who is a notary public and all that, went down to Crance's farm to tell the old preacher he had a splendid investment for his money. It was safe as could be and brought six per cent., and the bank only gave four. He said the old man looked worried for a minute, and then said he had n't any money to invest. Then Stubbs was angry, and explained that he had put himself out considerably by coming down there; but he was so anxious the minister's money should be well placed that he just put himself aside and did his duty by his neighbour. Then the old man's mouth twitched and his face quivered, and he said: "You're very kind to think of me, brother, but I have no money in the bank."

"No money in the bank!" John Stubbs fairly screamed the words.

"No!"

Stubbs was startled. He has false upper teeth, and when he opens his mouth very wide they drop. Well, he

owned that on this particular day they dropped right out on the floor.

The old minister seemed not to see him. His eyes were dreamy, and his eyelids crowded up around them as if he was thinking hard of something. Presently he said: "I've a secret I've tried to keep, but it's no use. I'll tell you, for the people have suspected my poor boy, and now they will think harsh things of me. I'm an old man. It can make little difference, now she's dead."

He paused a little, and Stubbs had the chance to soothe him and say, "Don't tell anything you'd rather not, sir," and then to go away and keep quiet about it. But Stubbs was not that kind of a man. He just fixed his teeth in and waited, and this is the story he heard:

"Years ago I married a sweet girl up west. She was the daughter of a grand old farmer, but she had a strain of bad blood in her, though no one knew where it came from it was so far back. We had pretty hard work to get along, but she was plucky, and we loved each other, and we both felt that the church was the Lord's work, and that made everything easier. We moved to the city when the children were twelve and fourteen, and one dreadful day I was sent word to come down to the police station. My wife had been arrested for stealing things from a shop. I thought it would crush me, and I loathed her, poor thing, but she could not help it. We watched her and had her watched, and it was no use. She would slip away and come back with things she had stolen. When I talked to her she would wring her hands and cry and wish she was dead. She couldn't help it, she was possessed of a devil. In soul she was still the sweet, good wife who bore me my children and brightened my home. Her poor head was wrong and her hands sinned for it, that was all. The shop people got to know her and I paid for everything. It took all our little savings and the money her father left her, and more. Then the Conference sent me out

among the Indians, for I thought perhaps she would get better in a strange place. But she grew worse and then grew violent, and I had to put her away in an asylum. Then I tried to preach again down here, and I could n't, so they superannuated me, and I've come here to work and—to hide away. We sold all we could spare when we left the city, and still there were debts. A diamond ring she had taken had been lost in the street. Nurses, detectives, asylum fees ate into our pocket books. Johnnie spared all he could, and the insurance—his life money—has cleared off the last of the debts and paid the funeral expenses, and cut her name in the grave-stone beneath her old father's and mother's names.

"She died two months ago, just before Johnnie died."

"Nobody knew of it at all," said John Stubbs, gently, for him, and the wan-faced old preacher said sadly: "Then your pastor is my good friend. I told him all about it when I came down here to hide away and save

money. The last debt is paid now. Poor Mary is in her right mind in Heaven, and we have yet much to be thankful for. That is why I have no money to invest, but I am not a spendthrift, brother, nor niggardly with what is my own to give. Poor Johnnie, how he worked to help me through it all, and then it was his money that cleaned his dead mother's hands."

He wiped his eyes and went on heading up the apple barrels, and John Stubbs came up to the village and told it all over before sundown.

And we pitied him and grew fonder of him after that. It seems as if you can feel for folks more when you know what the trouble is. But that is for even the ungodly, and our minister says we Christians and church members ought to trust one another like real brothers and sisters; but we don't. He gave us a powerful sermon on judging, and if each one wasn't too busy making the things, he said, fit other people, it will keep us from hurting human beings with suspicions. But we are that contrary!

*Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).*



#### DAY.

ROSE-COLOURED sails soared near  
the skies, and day  
Swept 'cross a world of beauty on her  
way;  
Day fresh from out glad heaven's perfect  
mould,  
Day with her tints of purple-blue and  
gold,  
Bright angel kisses lingered on her face;  
And waking blossoms, from their mossy  
place  
Beneath her, glowed, and shadows dull  
and grey  
Before her smile, crept stealthily away.

*A. P. McKishnie.*

#### HER SMILE.

AS the last bright ray from the sunk-  
en day  
Kindles some wintery wild,  
Till the pale, pure snow takes a rosy  
glow,  
As if it blushed and smiled.

So her pale, pure face, with its lily  
grace,  
Shines with a light divine,  
When, with eyes whose smile would a  
god beguile,  
It lingers close to mine.

*Bradford K. Daniels.*



## MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

### XI.—MISS MARIE CORELLI.

IN an article intended for this series and set under this lady's name (an article now suppressed, and therefore to be re-written) I fell into an error which appears to have been shared by several of the critics who dealt with what was then the latest of her books, "The Sorrows of Satan." I assumed Miss Corelli to have drawn her own portrait, as she sees things, in the character of "Mavis Clare." This belief has been expressed—so it turns out—by other people, and I learn that Miss Corelli has authoritatively denied it. "She objects very strongly," so says an inspired defender, "to a notion which was started by one of the most distinguished of her interviewers, and absolutely denies the assertion that she described herself as 'Mavis Clare' in 'The Sorrows of Satan.'" Miss Corelli, of course, knows the truth about this matter, and nobody else can possibly know it, but it is at least permissible to examine the evidence which led so many to a false conclusion. "Mavis Clare" and Marie Corelli own the same initials, and until the fact that this was a mere fortuitous chance was made clear by Miss Corelli herself it seemed natural to suppose that an identity was coyly hinted at. "Mavis Clare" is a novelist, and so is Miss Corelli. "Mavis Clare" is *mignonne* and fair, "is pretty, and knows how to dress besides," is a "most inde-

pendent creature, too; quite indifferent to opinions." All these things, as we learn from many sources, are true of Miss Corelli also. It is said of Miss Corelli herself that "dauntless courage, a clear head, and a tremendous power of working hard without hurting herself have helped her to make a successful use of her great gift. She is not afraid of anything. She 'insists on herself,' and is unique." It is to be noted that all this is said by Miss Corelli of "Mavis Clare." Miss Corelli is at war with the reviewers. So is "Mavis Clare." Miss Corelli's books circulate by the thousand. So do "Mavis Clare's." "Mavis Clare" is utterly indifferent to outside opinion. So is Miss Corelli. In point of fact, if anybody thought Miss Corelli a woman of astonishing genius, and wrote an honest account of her, he would describe her precisely as Miss Corelli has described "Mavis Clare."

There is, in fact, a point up to which "Mavis Clare" and Miss Corelli are not to be separated. There are a score of things in any description of the one which are indubitably true of the other. But when Miss Corelli writes of "Mavis Clare" in such terms as are now to be quoted, we begin to see that she is and must be indignant at the supposition that she is still writing of herself: "She is too popular to need reviews. Besides, a large number of the critics—the 'log-rollers' especially—are mad

against her for her success, and the public know it. Clearness of thought, brilliancy of style, beauty of diction—all these are hers, united to consummate ease of expression and artistic skill,—the potent, resistless, unpurchasable quality of Genius. She wrote what she had to say with a gracious charm, freedom, and innate consciousness of strength. She won fame without the aid of money, and was crowned so brightly and visibly before the world that she was beyond criticism."

But is it not just within the bounds of possibility that Miss Corelli began with some idea of depicting herself, and, discarding that idea, took too little care to obliterate resemblances? Even here she trenches too closely upon the truth to escape the calumnious supposition that she is writing of herself. She is too popular to need reviews. She is at war with the critics, and she has induced a very large portion of the public to believe that "a number of the critics—the 'log-rollers' especially—are mad against her for her success."

Were I, the present writer, to invent a fictional character, to give him for the initials of his name the letters D.C.M., to describe him as awkward and burly, with an untidy head of grey hair, to make him a novelist, a Bohemian and a wanderer, and then to paint him as a man of genius and an astonishing fine fellow, I should expect to be told that I had been guilty of a grave insolence. If I could honestly say that the resemblance had never struck me, and that the egregious vanity of the picture was a wholly imaginary thing, I should, of course, desire to be believed, and I should, of course, deserve to be believed. But I should encounter doubt, and I should not be disposed to wonder at it. If I were annoyed with anybody I should be annoyed with myself for having given such a handle to the world's ill-nature.

Accepting Miss Corelli's disclaimer, one is still forced to the conclusion that she has fallen into a serious indiscretion.

Miss Corelli has hit the taste of a large portion of the public. It is the self-imposed task of the present writer to find out, as far as in him lies, why and how she has done this. Miss Corelli's force is hysteric, but it is sometimes very real. A self-approving hysteria can do fine things under given conditions. It has been the motive power in some work which the world has rightly accepted as great. In the execution of certain forms of emotional art it is a positive essential. Much genuine poetry has been produced under its influence. It is, if I may permit myself an approach to the style of the writer whose work is now under discussion, a sort of spiritual wind, which, rushing through the harp-strings of the soul, *may* make an extraordinary music. But the sounds produced depend not upon the impulse conveyed to the instrument, but on the quality and condition of the instrument itself. Without the impulse a large and various mind may lie quiescent. With the impulse a small and disordered spirit may make a very considerable sound. In the very loftiest flights of genius we discern a sort of glorious dementia. All readers have found it in the last splendid verse of "Adonais." It proclaims itself in Keats in the wild *naïveté* of the inquiry, "Muse of my native land, am I inspired?" The faculty of the very greatest among the great lies in the existence of this inrush of emotion, in strict subordination to the intellectual powers. To be without it precludes greatness; to be wholly subject to its influence is to be insane. Miss Corelli experiences the inrush of emotion in great force, but, unfortunately for her work, and for herself, the sense of power which it inspires is not co-ordinate with the strength of intellect which is absolutely essential to its control.

Miss Corelli has ventured freely into the domain of spiritual things, and has dealt, with more daring than knowledge, with esoteric mysteries. The great reading public knows little of these matters, because, as a rule, they have been expressed by writers whose

works are too abstruse to catch the popular ear. It is only when they are handled by writers of imaginative fiction that they become popularly known at all. In "The Sorrows of Satan," Miss Corelli has earned a reputation for originality by advancing a theory which is older than many of the hills. It has been for countless ages a rooted religious belief, but it is wholly in conflict with the theological ideas which are taught in our churches and chapels, and has, therefore, a startling air of strangeness to the average church and chapel-goer.

The theory is thus expressed in Mr. C. G. Harrison's lectures on "The Transcendental Universe:" "It is generally supposed that Satan is the enemy of spirituality in man; that he delights in his degradation, and views with diabolical satisfaction the development of his lower nature and all its evil consequences. The wide, and almost universal, prevalence of this mediæval superstition only makes it all the more necessary to protest against it as a grotesque error. . . . It would probably be much nearer the truth to say that the degradation and suffering of mankind, for which the adversary of God is responsible, so far from affording him any satisfaction, afflict him with a sense of failure and deepen his despair of ultimate victory."

This is, of course, the root idea of "The Sorrows of Satan," and if the theme had been handled with reserve and dignity a very noble book indeed might without doubt have been built upon it. But Miss Corelli has not had the power to confine herself within the limits of the severe and lofty conception of the old Theosophists. Her sorrowful Satan grows first melodramatic and then absurd. The notion that the great sad adversary of Almighty Goodness is settled in a modern London hotel, with a private cook of his own, and a privately engaged bath of his own, carries the reader away from the original conception to the burlesque—vulgar and flagrant—of the mystery-plays of the Middle Ages; and the devotion of supernatural power to

the preparations for a suburban garden party is purely ludicrous. Miss Corelli has seized the Theosophic thought, which in itself is far nobler and more poetic than the Miltonic, but she has not been strong enough to use it. She has fallen under the weight of her chosen theme, and the result is that her demoniac hero is at one time presented as a majestic and suffering spirit, and at another as a mere Merry Andrew.

The curious and instructive part of all this is that, if Miss Corelli had been gifted with any power of self-criticism, her ardour would have been damped, and any work she might have done would have suffered proportionally. Her work has hit the public hard, and it has done so because, of its kind, her inspiration has been genuine. The wind does not blow through the strings of a well-ordered instrument, but *it blows*, and however grotesque the sound produced may sometimes be, it is of a kind which is not to be produced by any mere mechanism of the mind. To the critical ear the tunes played in "Wormwood" and "The Sorrows of Satan" are not, and cannot be, agreeable. The writer, to speak in plain English, and without the obscurity of symbols, is the owner of genius on the emotional side, and is not the owner of genius, or anything approaching to it, even from afar, on the intellectual side. The result of this disproportion between impulse and power is, to the critical mind, disastrous; but it does not so make itself felt with the ordinary reader. It is rather an unusual thing with him to come into contact with a real force in books. He has not read or thought enough to know that the ideas offered to him with such transcendental pomp are old and commonplace. It is enough for him to feel that the writer understands herself to be a personage.

She succeeds in imposing herself upon the public because she has first been convinced of her own authority. Her inward conviction of the authority of her own message and her own power to deliver it is the one qualification



which makes her different from the mob of writing ladies. Even when she deals with purely social themes the same air of overwhelming earnestness sits upon her brow. In a little trifle published in the November of 1896, and entitled "Jane," she goes to work with a quite prophetic ardour to tell a story almost identical with that related in a scrap of Thackeray's "Cox's Diary." The reader may find the tale in the second chapter of that brief work, where it is headed "First Rout." Thackeray tells his version of it with a sense of fun and humour. Miss Corelli tells hers with the voice and manners of a Boanerges. Nothing is to be done without the divine afflatus, and plenty of it.

The incident she relates is known to have happened not so very long ago, though it had a very different termination. But the temperamental difference between the real satirist and the scold is well illustrated by a great handling and a little handling of the same theme.

The point upon which it seems worth while to insist is this: That the mass of the reading public is always ready to submit itself to the influence of sincerity. It does not seem much to matter what inner characteristics the sincerity may have. In the case now under analysis the quality seems to resolve itself into pure self-confidence. Miss Corelli's method of capturing the public mind is not a trick which anybody else might copy. It is the result of a real, though perilous, gift of nature—a gift which she possesses in something of a superlative degree. Nobody could pretend to such a gift and succeed by virtue of the pretence. Miss Corelli is, at least, quite serious in the belief that she is a woman of genius. She is only very faintly touched with doubt when she thinks that the people who are laughing at her are writhing with envy. She speaks, therefore, with precisely that air of authority to which she would have a right if her

ideas with regard to her own mental powers were based on solid fact.

So far we arrive at little more than the long-established truth that the unthinking portion of the public is not only longing for a moral guide, but it is ready to accept anybody who is conscious of authority. It would be well if we could leave Miss Corelli here; but something remains to be said which is not altogether pleasant to say. In "The Sorrows of Satan" many pages are devoted to the bitter (and merited) abuse of certain female writers who deal coarsely with the sexual problem. But Miss Corelli appears to think that she may be as frankly disagreeable as she pleases so long as she is conscious of a moral purpose. Whatever she may feel, and whatever estimable purpose may guide her, she has published many things which run side by side with her denunciation of her sister writers, and are as offensive as anything to be found in the work of any living woman. Take, as a solitary example, the following passage:

"I soon found that Lucio did not intend to marry, and I concluded that he preferred to be the lover of many women, instead of the husband of one. I did not love him any the less for this; I only resolved that I would at least be one of those who were happy enough to share his passion. I married the man Tempest, feeling that, like many women I knew, I should, when safely wedded, have greater liberty of action. I was aware that most modern men prefer an amour with a married woman to any other kind of *liaison*, and I thought Lucio would have readily yielded to the plan I had pre-conceived."

I do not know of any passage in any of the works so savagely assaulted by Miss Corelli which goes beyond this; and I think it the more, and not the less objectional because the lady who wrote it can see so very plainly how sinful her offence is when it is committed by other people.

(To be concluded in October.)

## THE CRUSHED VIOLET.

PALE, weird lights were speckling the shadows that fell from the evening hours. One by one they flashed from street to street. A heavy veil was hung across the sky, and grey mists spread their magic drapery from the skirting hills and settled like a pall of gloom upon the city walls. It was a lonely night for a lonely heart.

In her loneliness, a young girl wandered out into the streets. The way of the golden day seemed never so far away. No friend was near, and strangers seemed stranger than ever before as they came in the gloomy way and passed to the shadows behind her. On and on to the busy streets she passed. The shop lights cast a dazzling glare as the buyers and sellers bartered with the zeal of gain. In the battle of the world she had borne with hunger and with want till she fell beneath the crushing wheels, giving more than gold could buy, or love restore. The horror of a happy day remembered was in her heart; the horror of the days of deepening gloom more horrid grew.

Vice has no friends, only companions. Virtue turns to virtue; it bears no love, nor thought of pardon or forgiving.

It is a fearful thing to be at rest. There are hearts too sad to cry aloud; they are knocking at the door of the fair all unheard, unknown, unloved. The seal of the guard is unbroken; the latchet is never unloosed except to the rustle of silken robes and the jingle of merry bells.

She wandered on. A dog came running to her side and licked her hand. Its warm touch was the first token that anything in all the world could turn in kindness unto her again. The rumble of the steeple chimes was dying away as she crept into the shadow of a sacred pile. Gay lights shone through the pious pane, a picture of the Cross was painted in the varied light; a sufferer was bending low beneath its

weight. The organ pealed forth glorious song; glad voices bore the hymns of praise. The fashion of the world was there, and critics of the Holy World. It was carnival of sensuous joy. Against the cold grey stones she pressed her aching heart. No rest, no light, an hungered and alone. "Oh God!" she cried, as she sank upon the ground and sobbed through weariness to rest; "I am so poor, there is no place for me." She was like a bird with broken wing voicing sorrow in a starless night, till sleep fell gently on her tear-stained eyes.

Once again she was in the little flowered home by the riverside. The valley stretched back to the larch-crowned hills. Bird voices came and twittered in the vine that trailed beneath her window. The dew drops glistened on the glowing bells as the sun first kissed the summer morn. The simple ways of the country glen became the innocence of nature's day. Her mother spoke soft words of love and drew her gently to enfolding arms. She was home again, and singing with the joyousness of the beautiful. But the day ended; her journey was begun.

At first it seemed unending spring, and all was flowerland; but roughened roads confronted her and night hung low. She braved the storm that wore upon her way. The clouds could not affrighten, for her heart was brave, but the lightnings flashed around her, and the rain fell in torrents. She must seek for shelter, and gain the food required. A voice spoke unto her: "Here is joy the blind can never see, and peace and plenty; tarry in this promise land." Unknowing wrong, unthinking harm, she picked the red buds from the thorns; the poison flew to her startled heart, her brain was all on fire. She dashed out in the storm again, and the voice that had charmed her laughed her tears to scorn. On where the torrent raged she rushed, but the

hollow laugh still whistled on the wind. Drenched and bruised and torn she beat against the rocks as a fluttered bird in its prison cage, but all was cold and dark and drear. She was in the land of death, still mindful of the flower land where sunbeams fell.

Alone, forgotten, desolate, almost blind, almost undone, a voice said, "Come." She looked. A hand, far up the way, seemed beckoning her, and tender eyes—they were once beneath the Cross—shone down into her soul. Her answer was a smile. Its joy awoke her.

Wearily, with fright and chill, she wandered back to her attic room. The steps creaked aloud as she groped her way in the dark. The dews of sleep were long in coming, but at last her eyes were closed with a smile upon her brow. On the morrow she would wander home and lay her heart on her mother's heart and tell her all.

The grey dawn came, and the stars went out, and the sun came up from the gold-fleeced waves and chased away the shadows from the valley fields. A stray beam crept into an attic window and rested on the brow of a restless sleeper. Though the harvest day was at its height, it was winter's night to her. The chilling damp had gathered strength and claimed a right to stay. It wove itself into her life, and fetters clasped her heart. She knew not of the many days she lay and wore her strength away. A kind old soul attended her and gave the best a scanty storehouse could afford. The worst seemed past, and thoughts were cast that she would rise again, but weeks went by and still the hope of life was bounded by a silken cord. The day would rise and night would fall, the sunlight and the shadow come and pass away. Now she could not wander

home. Would they come to her? Just for a little while. Oh, if they would smile on her again she could gladly breast the sullen stream. There are times when the gloom of earth is deeper than the unveiled future!

A leaden day followed a leaden night. A peaceful sleep, a peaceful light, and the end of the journey was near. Bending to catch her waking gaze a heart of love was kneeling. I do not know, and I would not tell, what all was said; I only know a mother's love is deeper than any stain and reaches high as the throne of God. And it must have been near to the brow of the hill she bore her willing child as she murmured low the secret of her fading life.

"Oh, mother, I have heard the word 'Forgiven' sweetly whispered in my ear through many nights of pain. It seemed to come down from the stars and through the little broken pane at break of day. Your voice came to me on the breeze and every sunbeam wore your smile, but a cloud hung dark across the sky and I could not die until you kissed the gloom away. Now I can rest."

An unseen charm was stealing to her heart as tenderly as dew drops touch the drooping flowers, while she crept unto her mother's breast—a little child again within the folds of love—and hand was clasped in hand, and heart was hushed to heart as the heavy folding clouds unveiled the evening sky. The sun hovering for a moment at the portal gates looked back with tender glance and cast a straying ray into the quiet room. It rested on the raven hair that fell from a snow white brow. Again her answer was a smile, and all was still. There was but the beating of a wing as the golden sunlight passed from the childish face of Lila Steen.

*Anton Rethal.*





BY THE EDITOR.

HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO HER  
PEOPLE.

“Windsor Castle, July 15, 1897.

“I have frequently expressed my personal feelings to my people, and though on this memorable occasion there have been many official expressions of my deep sense of the unbounded loyalty evinced, I cannot rest satisfied without personally giving utterance to these sentiments.

“It is difficult for me on this occasion to say how truly touched and grateful I am for the spontaneous and universal outburst of loyal attachment and real affection which I have experienced on the completion of the Sixtieth year of my Reign.

“During my progress through London on the 22nd of June this great enthusiasm was shown in the most striking manner, and can never be effaced from my heart.

“It is indeed deeply gratifying, after so many years of labour and anxiety for the good of my beloved country, to find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my vast Empire.

“In weal and woe I have ever had the true sympathy of all my people, which has been warmly reciprocated by myself.

“It has given me unbounded pleasure to see so many of my Subjects from all parts of the world assembled here, and to find them joining in the acclamations of loyal devotion to myself; and I would wish to thank them all from the depth of my grateful heart.

“I shall ever pray God to bless them and to enable me still to discharge my duties for their welfare as long as life lasts.

“*Victoria, R.I.*”

CANADIANS AS BOOK-BUYERS.

When some person tells me that Canadians are great buyers and readers of books I am forced to say that I do not believe it, for my experience of average Canadians is that they do not buy books, and know very little about them. A publisher remarked to me the other day that publishing Canadian books was exceedingly discouraging, and supplied me with facts which made me feel somewhat ashamed of our reading public. They do buy three classes of books: first, cheap paper-covered novels by such writers as Bertha M. Clay and Mrs. Southworth; second, cheap cloth-bound books, such as the Pansy, Elsie, and Swan books; third, high-priced subscription books. Those who purchase the first class have neither taste in regard to the appearance of a book, nor judgment as to literary value. Those who invest in the second class are those who cannot see any virtue in a book which does not depict the life of either a saint or a devil. The persons who purchase subscription books are those who judge a book by its size, and do not know that it is more profitable to print a large book on poor paper than a small book on good paper.

Our people do not seem to prefer a

native publication to a foreign, and consequently five hundred copies are about all that can be sold of any Canadian book, however great its merit. Some editions run up to a thousand, but this is only occasionally.

Moreover, Canadians do not seem to know anything about uncut, rough-edged books. A wholesale book firm recently sent out to a library, among some other books, a few with uncut, rough edges, and were surprised at being asked for a rebate on "those unfinished books." A Toronto bookseller had a similar experience recently, one of his customers returning a book because the leaves were uncut. A subscriber to "The Canadian Magazine" recently ordered his magazine to be discontinued because it came to him uncut. To my mind a book or magazine that has its edges cut straight is like a lady's hat without trimming, and I am no Quaker. I find as much enjoyment in the appearance of a book or magazine as in its contents—and why shouldn't I, when both are expressions of artistic taste? One of my greatest pleasures is to pick up a new magazine or a new book and stroll leisurely through, exploring each article or chapter with the pleasure of a discoverer.

I asked the publishers of the Canadian edition of Du Maurier's "The Martian" why they had not left the leaves untrimmed, and was informed that if they had done so they could not have sold their edition. Every lover of the artistic and the beautiful will agree with me that this is lamentable. Perhaps we will soon have Canadians petitioning the Maker of the maple leaves to have them all grown the one size and shape. The fact that no two of them are alike in size and contour is the basis of their beauty in summer; and because no two of them are coloured alike when the frost turns them yellow and crimson, they add to the grandeur of our "golden autumn."

Why should not the works of man, even our books and our magazines, imitate nature's art?

#### THE CITIZEN.

Just what makes a resident of any country a citizen is not always clear. The extension of the suffrage to an individual is perhaps the truest test of citizen, because when he attains to that privilege he commences to bear a share in the legislating and in the administration of justice in his country. He then possesses the power to vote on all public issues as presented in municipal, provincial and federal elections, or in by-laws and plebiscites. This privilege distinguishes him from the Chinaman, the Italian, the Galician and others of foreign birth and education who are unable to understand or take an interest in issues which appear to him to be vital.

Yet even among voters, there are many who can scarcely be called citizens, or if they are so named are unworthy of the title. The Indians may possess the right to exercise the suffrage, but very few of them have sufficient political and economic education to enable them to do so intelligently. Hence the extension of the suffrage to them would seem to be a farce. But the more intelligent Indians are certainly as much entitled to possess this privilege as the uneducated and uncultured "pale-faces." There are white men who are exercising the "manhood suffrage" of Canada to-day who have no more right to such a distinction than the uneducated Indian or the newly-imported Chinaman. Canada, like the United States, has erred very grievously in the unjustifiable extension of the suffrage to the uneducated.

Leaving aside the citizen who can neither read nor write, or does neither of these, the general body of citizens may be examined with a view to ascertaining their general characteristics and their strength and weakness. One class of citizens comprises those who believe that their country and their countrymen are their natural prey. They are clever, shrewd, and possessed of much knowledge. They desire to be possessed of either a government contract or a government situation. They are "party men" of the purest

type—although not overly particular about the name or principles of the party to which they belong. They begin by acting as a ward-heeler or party-worker in some constituency. If they are newspaper men they fawn upon the party, day and night; if they are not, they study the voters' lists and the weak voters. They become acquainted with the leaders of the party, and this acquaintance is almost everything. Sooner or later their rewards come—for party allegiance is the only open sesame to a government contract or a government situation. It may be necessary to do something more than is here indicated. A man may be required to represent or be a defeated candidate in some constituency for a time; or he may be required, if he be able, to contribute liberally to the campaign funds. But there is no royal road to governmental preferment in Canada; every man who desires to live on the government of his beloved country must either himself or through his father, brother or other relative, have served some party long and faithfully.

Then there is the class of citizens comprising all those who, having neither desire nor hope of a bonus from the government. Out of their narrowness of mind and their excitability of temper they serve the party just as faithfully, working and talking for it in season and out of season. These men know neither right nor wrong, their moral natures having never been developed. They know only party-right and party-wrong. In this class are the bulk of Canadian citizens—the mechanics, the farmers, the lawyers, the teachers, the doctors, the merchants, and the journalists. If the party to which they belong is in power, it is their King, and "The King can do no wrong." If their party is in opposition the King is a usurper, an interloper, a being without virtue of any kind.

There is a third class, and in it are those who see good and evil in both government and opposition. They condemn the King when he does wrong and applaud him when he does right.

If they believe that the wrong predominates in his conduct, they desire to have him deposed. If he does right, he has their undivided support. On all questions public and semi-public, they endeavour to sift the evidence which comes before them and to decide every question on its merits, according to their views of what is best for the national life in which they bear a part. This class of Canadians is not large.

There are signs that the last of the three classes is growing in number. Never was there so much quiet, sturdy independence among the adherents of both great political parties as there is to-day, although the party-worker is still reaping his yearly harvest. The general welfare of the country is being placed above party welfare and special legislation; the discussion of political principles is being more and more considered of much more importance than party supremacy and advantage. There is a prospect—not a great one, it must be acknowledged—that the average of Canadian citizenship is rising, although the progress towards a political millennium is almost as slow in Canada as in the United States, where "To the Victor, belong the Spoils" is written on every political banner.



#### THE EFFECT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

Professor Adam Shortt presents a novel view of the effect of the War of 1812 in an article in the "Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association" for July. In dealing with the issue of army bills—Canada's earliest paper money, except the French card money—he says:

As a matter of fact, the war proved a veritable godsend to the people of Canada. A few of the militia were killed, and some of those in the track of the invading enemy suffered loss of property, but in most cases this was afterwards made more than good. People generally, however, enjoyed an era of prosperity unknown since the similar conditions of the revolutionary war, and they were now in a better condition to appreciate it. French-Canadians replenished and added to their hoards, the merchants gathered in their large outstanding debts, and greatly profited

by new trade. The settlers were offered war prices for more provisions than they could furnish. After the first alarm was over the greater part of the country engaged in making money and enjoying life. The long and difficult system of transportation from Kingston to Montreal, which it was expected the enemy would at once close, remained open, much to the joy and surprise of the people, during the greater part of the period. Little passed down the river save bills of exchange, army bills and, latterly, specie, but everything came up from ships of war for the lakes, to many forms of luxury hitherto unknown in the woods of Canada.

In consequence of all this an important change came over the economic life of the people of Canada, except the rural French element. The system of barter was broken up, as also that close interdependence of the settlers which had prevailed up to this time. Everywhere the more flexible cash nexus was being introduced. People became accustomed to the use of paper money, and not recognizing the radical difference between the army bills and bank notes, when the bills were withdrawn and banks organized, they experienced no great difficulty in circulating their notes among the English element at least.

Professor Shortt is a political economist, and views affairs from a special standpoint; but perhaps he is not far wrong, and perhaps there are worse evils than war.



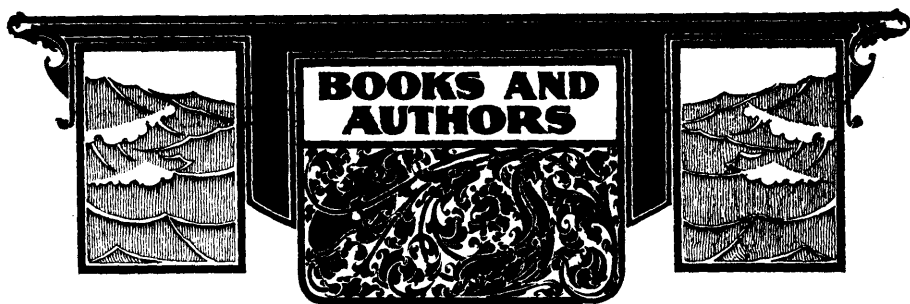
#### OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBOURS.

For thirty years Canadians have been telling the world that their country was as rich, as prosperous, as full of possibilities as any other country in the world; that the climate of this country was, in one half of our enormous territory, suited for agriculture, and that in the other half was boundless mineral and timber wealth awaiting exploitation. These thirty years of quiet assertiveness have borne fruit, and now the United States and Great Britain are recognizing that our claims are founded in reason and fact. To-day Canada has a foreign trade which is double as much per head of her population as that of the United States; her railroads are numerous; her canals and waterways magnificent; her government much above the average, and her national prospects are among the brightest.

Great Britain, by her denouncement of the Belgian and German treaties containing the objectionable most-favoured nation clauses, has shown that she appreciates our trade and our preferential treatment of her products. In addition her statesmen have honoured Canada's representatives above all other Colonial visitors, and have shown us courtesy as only British statesmen can.

On the other hand, the United States has assumed a hostile attitude. The Dingley Bill excludes, except under a heavy tax, the importation of Canada's chief exports. Regulations have been adopted at Washington which will deprive our railroads of some of the business which they by extra diligence had been able to secure. The people of the United States, moreover, are looking with envious eyes on the rich mineral regions of British Columbia and the Klondyke, and threaten to take by force whatever of our natural wealth they may desire. All these attempts to injure us may possibly cause a collision which would be disastrous to both countries.

There must, however, be no hesitancy on the part of the Canadian Government and people. Secure in the conviction that we have always acted within our rights, we must resist the aggressor. Our brain and muscle and skill are our defence, and having put our hand to the building of a great nation on this part of the American continent, we cannot recede one inch nor yield up one piece of timber from our national structure. All aggressions must be resisted, and the task we have entered upon must be completed despite all and any character of opposition. The grim determination of the men who left wealth and friends to settle here in the closing years of last century, the spirit which distinguished the men who kept this territory in 1812, 1813 and 1814, the strength displayed by the Fathers of Confederation—these are the qualities which must predominate in us at this the critical moment of our nation's existence.



“AWAY FROM NEWSPAPERDOM.”\*

TIME was when art and literature were well-nigh inaccessible to all but the few whose aspirations were the yearnings of especial ability, if not of genius. To-day, art and literature, as these terms are popularly understood, have lost their meaning by reason of their degradation, and this as the result of a general effort to vulgarize something which in its very nature is essentially uncommon—the creative faculty. Much of the “art” which accosts one in the market-place is of the sort similar to the culture of the superficially-educated “gentleman,” who talks with the approved accent, whose pronunciation is correct and syntax faultless, and yet who says nothing of any consequence. Art in literature is good; art as literature is a nonentity. The purpose of a book is its mind; the subject is its body; the literary execution is its clothes, and if it be so fortunate as to possess something more than these, that is its soul.

“Away from Newspaperdom” has a soul, and this it is which seems to differentiate it from the verbiage which too often masquerades as poetry. Grammar plus jingle minus sense and soul equals a failure so far as poetry is concerned. Nor is this book lacking a mind, for the purpose is never absent to point a moral or adorn the tale. It has, too, a tolerably well-favoured, sprightly and prepossessing body, such as we like to meet between-times in the hurly-burly, if only to be reminded that dollars-per-cent. are not the only desiderata of life. And as to its clothes, it is simply superb; and in speaking of its clothes, the pre-eminently poetical illustrations by that distinguished artist, Mr. G. A. Reid (who will, of course, be at once recognized as the painter of the two famous Canadian pictures, “Mortgaging the Homestead,” and “Foreclosure of the Mortgage”), must be included. Taking these into account, as well as its artistic typography and binding, it may truly be said to be one of the best, perhaps the best-dressed book that has been produced in the Dominion.

While the good points are being discussed, it may be said that Mr. McEvoy does not show himself to be a slave to conventionality. His metre seems to have been governed more by the mood than by the rule. In several instances, perhaps, the pieces have suffered by their radical treatment; but, on the whole, the poetic instinct has determined aright the metre best suited to the theme and the purpose. He does not indulge in the re-vamping of dead and moribund themes—the Muse be praised for that! He has slyly peeped into the nooks of our hearts and seen the little fairies and bogies which disport themselves among our feelings, and these he has evoked to do his bidding. We know them as they are introduced; and, having heard their say, we feel constrained to murmur, “Ah! yes; that’s so!” The sympathetic side of life is brought prominently before us without any affectation or feigned emotion. Nowhere do we read aught that suggests straining for effect; we have preaching without sermonizing; tears without whining; meditation without prosiness; humour without clownishness; quiet sympathy that consoles; affection that does not “slop over.”

\* “Away from Newspaperdom, and other Poems,” by Bernard McEvoy, with decorations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A. George N. Morang, Toronto. \$1.



In a stanza towards the end of the book, he says :

"Not for the few, but for the crowd I write :  
For those who, like myself, have weary trod  
The road mired by the feet of multitudes.  
Let idle people shun these simple lays."

This is the author's own appraisal of his work, and it is not far wrong. His feelings are not subordinated to ambitious flights of ambiguous rhetoric. He does not stalk up Parnassus on stilts, but takes the reader by the hand, and by common ways and through familiar fields leads him to the beautiful, the true and the pure. Thus it is the crowd would go, and he is a true poet who knows best how to lead them.

Of the forty-nine poems comprised in the contents, "Away from Newspaperdom" is by far the best. As the name implies, it is a representation of the idyllic aspects of the author's home surroundings. Removed from the anxiety and strain of professional life in the city (Mr. McEvoy is a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*), he tells us of nature as she may be found in the homeliness, the unruffled, peaceful conditions of simple village life. Not even in the chaffering of the farmer at the local store does our poet see anything prosaic; what we usually regard as the hum-drum monotony of a vegetative existence, the author of "Away from Newspaperdom" presents before us in a most interesting manner :

"The farmer's work

Being over for the day, they stood in groups—  
Slow talking; sometimes silent. Curling  
smoke

Rose from their pipes. The touch of quiet  
night

Seemed sweet to them after the glare of sun,  
Patiently borne throughout the live-long day.  
And now and then a dainty fitting form—  
Some young Canadian beauty—passed along  
With bird-like step and such a pair of eyes  
As well might set a rustic's heart on fire  
(For everywhere is told the tale of love);  
And maidens fair as the Dominion knows  
Uphold our standard of fair womanhood.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Still, in the stores, by blinking oil lamps' light,  
Business went gravely on till bed-time came,  
And one by one the echoing footsteps died,  
And o'er the street fell dark and peaceful  
night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The time of fruitage came,  
When, rounding on the trees, the blushing  
spheres  
Grew bigger while we slept, and the wind's  
hand  
Plucked here and there and strewed them on  
the turf;

"Anselmo and Bernadine : a Dramatic Romance," in five scenes, has an interesting plot, cleverly handled, and compounded of the staples of the playwright's stock-in-trade, viz : 1 artist, 1 lovely girl, 1 courtship, money *ad. lib.* (belonging to the artist! We have already said that Mr. McEvoy is not a slave to conventionality), 1 madrigal, 1 duke (lovely girl's uncle and mercenary guardian), 1 rival, 2 shipwrecks, 2 hair-breadth escapes, 1 reconciliation, 1 marriage, with trimmings to suit.

It is for genius to portray the unfamiliar side of common men and things—to mould old materials into new shapes. Trite though some of the characters and situations may be, they are bodied forth life-like and natural, eloquent with

And sometimes in the night, when all was  
still,

We heard them fall upon the grassy earth,  
Attracted by the mother whence they sprang;  
Then silence : and the mystery of night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"[The settler] built here his humble hut  
And, midst green silences, began to toil.  
This bush is but an island midst the tilth  
Of well-worked fields; but in those patient  
days

A sea of forest hemmed the settler in—  
His clearing was an island—steady, slow,  
He drove the rolling sea of forest back.  
Ere dawn he was astir, and when the day  
Broke o'er the serried, immemorial pines,  
It lighted his stern toil.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But, O my friends, who know this home of  
mine,

Think of me gently when in time to come  
You call to mind how we have sat beneath  
These spreading trees. If I have passed  
Into the spaces of the unknown night,  
Remember me with kindness; say that I  
Was one to whom sweet Nature kindly spoke  
And told her joys and sorrows—sometimes  
breathed

Her fondest love, in words I could not tell."

the changing emotions of mood and scene, and full of interest for the reader. The technique is admirable, and the poetry fully equal to that of "Lucile," though in blank verse. As a dramatic production "Anselmo and Bernardine" will occupy a unique place in Canadian letters, one which it should hold with credit to its author, for his highly successful attempt at play-writing.

Among the minor poems "The End of the Day" is tenderly sweet and pathetic—the yearning of paternal affection voicing its unpremeditated plaint for the absence of a child whose daily life in heaven is imagined. "Hope" is very good, and "To some who wrote verses on Tennyson's Death," is scathing in its censure. "Two Visitors," which we remember reading in the New York *Independent*, has a very appreciable moral. "Materials" shows what may be wrought by gifted hands from crude resources, and is a poetical gem. "Saviours" discriminates between mere talk and practical altruism; "At a Lecture on Lunacy," "To C. and M.," "A Song of Life," and "Farewell to Summer," are each worthy to be classed as poetry. "Alas! Alas! for Mortal Change," is thoughtful as a reverie as it is beautiful as a poem. "Imagines Vitae" is worthy of mention, and "The Lesson of Life" is exceptionally good. "Piety and Horse-flesh" is a clever satire on the farmer who abuses his horse in the cause of religion.

As a combination of literature and art, this book will endure as a lasting monument to two artistic souls, whom the Dominion has ample cause to remember with pride.



William T. James.

#### THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

There are in literature two general methods of criticism. In following the first, the critic applies the methods of the evolutionist, and endeavours to explain each author according to the time (*Fr-moment*) and the circumstances (*Fr-milieu*) in which the author lived. A recent example of this method is Professor Edward Dowden's "The French Revolution and English Literature,"\* in which this great student of letters presents "some important figures on a background of history—history of ideas rather than of events." He examines such writers as Johnson, Wesley, Hannah More, Thomas Day (author of "Sanford and Merton"), Cowper, Godwin ("Enquiry concerning Political Justice"), Mary Wollstonecraft ("A Vindication of the Rights of Woman"), Burke, Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth, and explains the writings of each according to the time and the circumstances. They were, according to Professor Dowden, precursors of the Revolution, theorists of the Revolution, anti-Revolutionists, or reactionists. He traces the development of ideas as exhibited in the writings of these men and exhibits them as products of their age.

The second method—and the newer method—of criticism takes each man as an individual, as a spirit, and studies his message. By it the critic does not look for common characteristics, but endeavours to interpret each writer, to understand his message. The first method is similar to the one which discovers and sets down the ornithological pedigree of the lark or the robin; while the second is more like the interpretation of the effect of the lyrics which these sweet singers shower upon mankind. One writer on this subject says, in favour of the second method: "For man is a spirit, and literature, the supreme form of his self-manifestation, must be interpreted spiritually. . . . The utmost that the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author. I shall agree with him according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his."—(William Roscoe Thayer, in *Atlantic Monthly*.)

Whatever may be thought of the relative value of the two methods, praise cannot be withheld from Professor Dowden's book. He sets out by dealing

\* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Princeton Lectures. Cloth, 285 pp., \$1.25.

with the period in England just before the French Revolution, and showing that at its basis, "under the affectations of the sentimentalists, lay a real refining of human sympathy," which, in its robustness, exhibited itself in the new philanthropy. This led finally to the abolition of the slave trade and the amelioration of the condition of persons confined in jails and prisons. The idea of progress and human perfectibility was made more prominent. Luxury of all kinds was attacked, and there arose the cry, "Back to nature." He states that Cowper's writings embody most of this revolutionary sentiment in the days before the Revolution, and explains the grounds for this statement. Passing on to the theorists of the Revolution, he deals at great length with Godwin's writings.

"His influence with young and ardent spirits was great. He seemed to provide a comprehensive theory of conduct—a doctrine embracing both private and public duties. This doctrine was one which gave unbounded freedom to the individual reason; the law was a proclamation of liberty; moral anarchy was exhibited as the highest moral order; . . . by degrees he arrived at the conclusion that government, by its very nature, counteracts the improvement of the individual mind; . . . the misery of the many is aggravated by the ostentatious luxury, the magnificence, the usurpation, the insolence of the fortunate few. . . . The principle of justice is this: that each individual should do to others all that good that is in his power, and that society should do everything for its members that can contribute to their welfare."

After dealing with these theorists, Prof. Dowden treats of the anti-Revolutionists, Early Revolutionary Group and Antagonists, Recovery and Reaction, Renewed Revolutionary Advance. Under the last heading he deals with the works of Landor, Byron and Shelley. Byron was the great light of the new Revolution—against everything that tends to obstruct the growth of individual liberty—the spirit of Liberalism.



#### DU MAURIER'S LAST BOOK.

George Du Maurier was England's greatest pencil artist, and he was nearly sixty years of age before he wrote Peter Ibbetson, his first book; he then wrote Trilby and The Martian, and before he was sixty-four his pen was laid by forever. His career as an author was thus meteoric, and a set of Du Maurier's complete works will never consist of more than three volumes. The Martian\* has just appeared, and will be the great English novel of the next few months, greatest, perhaps, of the year. It derives its title from a spirit, "Martia," the guardian angel of Barty Josselin, the hero of the book, and of whom the original is supposed to be Du Maurier himself. Barty had one peculiar faculty of knowing "by an infallible instinct *where the north was*, to a point. . . . It was often tried at school by blindfolding him, and turning him round and round till he was giddy, and asking him to point out where the north pole was, or the north star, and seven or eight times out of ten the answer was unerringly right." Martia is a development or embodiment of this sense; as she wrote to him, using his own hand to do it:

"Whenever the north is in you, there am I; seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling with your five splendid wits by day—sleeping your lonely sleep at night; but only able to think with *your* brain, it seems, and then only when you are fast asleep. I only found it out just now, and saved your earthly life, *mon beau somnambule!* It was a great surprise to me."

William Dean Howells writes of the book as follows:

"I say, or I have hinted, that I would willingly have had more of the Martians in the romance, but there is enough of the mystical element to qualify the whole story, and to lift it out of the common air which the common breath sometimes makes a little thick. The impossible, if it is the impossible, is very frankly supposed, and very simply asserted, so that it has a charming effect of reality. In turn the reality of the book puts on a bewitching aspect of illusion. It is all scrupulously dated and located: but it seems without actuality, especially in the retrospect, and I think that the art of *The Martian*, to be judged fairly, must, beyond that of most other books, be looked at retrospectively. As one reads on through it, the story is for a long while without much coherence of any apparent intention. But after the first interven-

tion of Martia, the consulting spirit, at the time when Barty Josselin thinks of taking his life in despair for his failing sight, until the last when she has incarnated herself in his daughter who dies, and whom he cannot survive, there is an increasing purpose in the mystery which gives unity and significance to the whole story.

"The atmosphere of the book is that which Du Maurier has shown that he loves best ; it is much the same as that of Peter Ibbetson and of Trilby ; it is a blend of both ; it is the air of a refined rather than a moralized Bohemia ; it is all in art-land, love-land, comrade-land. People stand about and talk ; they dream, and ache and thrill ; but they do not act a great deal, and many of them do not arrive anywhere. The social philosophy is that of Thackeray's novels, and is much averse to snobs, which it is assumed we all are, but need not be if we were very brave, and above the mean motives that actuate people in society."



#### AN ECONOMIC NOVEL.

Unwin's Colonial Library contains some excellent books, such as Buchanan's "Diana's Hunting ;" W. Clark Russel's "The Honour of the Flag." The latest addition is an economic novel by Ouida, entitled "An Altruist." Wilfrid Bertram, a rather well-bred young Londoner, has imbibed modern socialistic ideas, and being an ardent thinker, becomes convinced with slight reasoning that the modern construction of society is decidedly wrong. He cries out, as does Edward Bellamy, for equality and a general levelling-up of all classes. Class and property distinctions are an abomination and an outrage. He attempts to spread these ideas through a paper which he publishes and by means of lectures to his friends. He decides that he will marry the daughter of a washerwoman, and thus set an example to the benighted inheritors of wealth and position in the class to which he has the misfortune to belong. His experiences are briefly and pointedly told, and the whole makes up a serio-comic tale of much interest. Some of the situations are decidedly funny, and Ouida's cleverness is apparent throughout the story.



#### SAINTS, SINNERS AND QUEER PEOPLE.

Marie Edith Benyon is the author of a volume\* of short stories, entitled "Saints, Sinners and Queer People." Some of the stories are located in Canada, but many of the expressions and ideas would indicate that the author is a resident of the United States. For instance, she makes a Canadian say, "all-fired stubborn." However, the stories are exceedingly good as a rule, although some of them lack gentleness, grace and artistic value. They are strong, forceful and vigorous, but do not always create the necessary sympathy in the reader's mind and heart. The analysis of some of the over-religious citizens of this country is exceedingly well done—better than I have ever before seen.



#### THE SELKIRK SETTLERS.

In "The Selkirk Settlers,"† a descendant of one of the early members of the group of sturdy men and men who between 1813 and 1870 made the history of that portion of Canada now known as Manitoba. The book is not a dry collection of details, but an interesting account of the settlement, the difficulties which these sturdy Scotchman faced, and the manner and character of their life in the country which they created. These experiences are unique, the author recognizing this when he says :

"There is no spot left, upon our continent at least, where for well-nigh half a century a colony practically untouched by the rest of the world, unvexed by its artificial troubles, and unspoiled by its mad racing after material greatness. . . . From that date downward for nearly fifty years that little band of Highlanders remained shut out from the rest of the world, till through freer communication with the United States to the south, and Canada to the east, the tide of a larger life rolled up against us, and prepared the way for our entry, not without tumult, into confederation."

\* "Saints, Sinners and Queer People." By M. E. Benyon. Robert Lewis Reed Co., 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
 † The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life, by R. G. MacBeth. Toronto : Wm. Briggs ; cloth, 118 pp.

Mr. MacBeth is to be congratulated on his book, despite the fact that his religious manner of thought has affected his literary work. Sir Donald A. Smith has written a very pleasing introduction.

\* \* \*

HALL CAINE'S CRITICISM OF THE CHURCH.\*

Hall Caine has given us another tragedy of absorbing interest. The two chief characters—the one a young girl who desires to become a great actress, and the other a man who desires to assist in the reformation of the world—come from the Isle of Man to London, that greatest and most wicked of all cities. Glory sets out to gain fame for herself and is insulted and tempted and tried as all working women are in London and in all large cities where rich and callous men are seeking amusement and pleasure. John Storm enters the church, becomes disgusted with its hypocrisy and worldliness, and leaves it to enter a monastic brotherhood. But prayer and piety and pure living are not sufficient and he returns to the world to work for the redemption of fallen women and their children. Those who know Hall Caine's power, his mastery of dramatic feeling and expressions can guess how he would treat such subjects as these, and no person can read the book without being profoundly stirred.

The thought which stands most prominent is that Christian nations such as Great Britain interpret Christianity to suit their love of pleasure and sensuality, and that as is the nation so are the leading men who form its best society and control its wealth, its churches and its government. These individual Christians regard women as toys and playthings, and do not know or believe that

“To succor a weaker brother, or protect a fallen woman, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth. . . . He who wrongs the child commits a crime against the State. However low a woman has fallen, she is a subject of the Crown, and if she is a mother she is the Crown's creditor. These are my principles.”

“If men want women to be good they *will* be good, for women dance to the tune that men like best, and always have done so since the days of Adam.”

“Upon the well-being of women, especially of working women, the whole welfare of society rests. Think of it—their dependence on man, their temptations, their rewards, their punishments. . . . Ruin lay in wait for them, and was beckoning and enticing them in the shape of dancing houses and music halls and rich and selfish men.”

The book is literary and artistic; it is dramatic and romantic; it is forceful and original; it is Hall Caine's greatest work.

\* \* \*

MISCELLANEOUS.

All kinds of people are writing on economic and social subjects, and many of these writers are lacking in the education which would enable them to treat their subjects clearly. Perhaps this fault is covered by the good intentions of the authors. Henry B. Ashplant, of London, Ont., has issued a pamphlet entitled “Heterodox Economics vs. Orthodox Profits,” in which he attempts to prove that if a manufacturer, jobber or retailer gets more than actual cost for his goods he is absorbing the capital of his customers.

Rozelle V. Myers-Funnell, M.D., of Ottawa, has issued a “Booklet of Verse” as a Jubilee offering, and the quality of the verse amply justifies the publication. The poems vary in character, but are mostly introspective musings, clothed in musical wordings.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, have issued nearly all Henry J. Savage's novels in 25-cent editions. They are now bringing out some of Hall Caine's earliest books in the same form.

London is the greatest of all European cities, and Darlington's “London and Environs” is the greatest guide to the metropolis. Its convenient form, its excellent maps, its well-arranged information, and its charming descriptions and illustrations make it an invaluable guide and help to the tourist. The price is three and sixpence.

\* The Christian, by Hall Caine. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth and paper; 539 pp.

# DANS LE MONDE LITTÉRAIRE FRANÇAIS.

PAR HECTOR GARNEAU, LL.B.

UN LIVRE SUR FRONTENAC.

**F**RONTENAC! Comme ce nom résonne glorieusement à une oreille Canadienne! En vingt ans, que d'immenses projets réalisés, que de belles découvertes, que d'exploits inouis sur terre et sur mer! Que de héros à la fois: Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonty, du Shut, Nicolas Perrot, La Mothe Cadillac, François de Bienville, d'Iberville, et cent autres encore!

Il y avait un livre attachant à faire sur l'homme de talent et d'énergie qui a présidé à ces choses sublimes, et c'est un Français. M. Henri Lorin qui l'a tenté dans un volume intitulé: *Le Comte de Frontenac*, étude sur le Canada français à la fin du 17<sup>e</sup> siècle. J'ai hâte d'ajouter que cet ouvrage a été dernièrement couronné par l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques.

M. Henri Lorin, normalien et docteur-ès-lettres, est un narrateur exact et bien informé. Peindre les hommes, décrire les faits uniquement d'après des documents irrécusables, sans aucune recherche de style, sans passion, sans fiel et avec la plus scrupuleuse conscience, voilà, je pense, la manière de M. Lorin. Rien d'étonnant alors à ce qu'il possède parfaitement son sujet. Et je lui dois ce compliment, qu'en ce qui concerne le Canada, M. Lorin me paraît connaître à fond notre histoire nationale. Il nous a donné, en conséquence, un travail considérable, d'une lecture solide et d'un extrême intérêt pour les amis de l'histoire de notre pays.

M. Lorin, certes, admire profondément son héros: "Le comte de Frontenac, dit-il, est une très haute et noble figure: nous devons le placer, en France, au même rang que Dupleix, car aussi bien que cet homme de génie, copié par les Anglais avant d'être compris de ses compatriotes, il a montré ces qualités d'audace loyale, d'entente des conditions locales et de séduction personnelle auprès des indigènes qui sont éminemment celles des col-

onisateurs français." Devant ce fier et ressemblant portrait, M. Lorin reste pourtant impartial. Il ne conteste nullement les défauts et les fautes—si minces en regard de ses qualités and de ses succès—de notre ancien gouverneur. Mais il met en lumière tout ce qui milite en sa faveur. Frontenac, assurément, était un patriote éclairé, un administrateur aux idées larges et hautes. Il avait ce don rare: l'initiative. Il voyait plus vite et plus loin que les autres. Malgré des prétentions respectables, on doit croire qu'il n'en voulait pas aux prêtres. "Il était hostile, non point aux idées religieuses dont lui-même fit toujours profession, mais à la prépondérance du clergé dans le domaine temporel." Et M. Lorin ajoute: "dans ses relations avec les indigènes, c'est avant tout l'influence française qu'il entend propager."

Et puis, ne l'oublions point, Frontenac avait à combattre des ennemis au dehors et au dedans. Et ce furent ces derniers qui lui firent le plus de tort. Presque continuellement, les intendants Duchesneau et Champigny, aidés des Jésuites and de l'évêque qu'ils ne cessèrent de flatter, se soulevaient contre ses décisions et contrecarraient sa politique. La sage et féconde politique, en effet? Coloniser et étendre le domaine de la Nouvelle France; se concilier, à cette fin, les populations sauvages, s'en faire des alliés et au besoin des défenseurs de la colonie. C'est pour ces nobles motifs que Frontenac encourageait la traite—un moyen et non un but—même contre les ordres du roi, même contre les plaintes des Laval et des Saint-Vallier. Par la traite encore, il faisait concurrence au commerce des Anglais de Boston et de New York et empêchait ainsi ces derniers de s'allier avec les Iroquois et les nations de l'ouest contre les Français. Quel malheur qu'on ne l'ait pas mieux compris! Les Jésuites, au contraire, et l'évêque, leur créature, condamnaient absolument la traite et cherchaient à isoler les sauvages des

Français, parce que, disaient-ils, "la communication des Français corrompt les sauvages."

Il convient de remarquer qu'en tout cela le gouverneur suivait à la lettre les recommandations de Colbert. Celui-ci ne lui ordonnait il pas, précisément à propos de la traite, "d'empêcher que l'épiscopale n'entreprene rien en dehors de l'Eglise sur une matière qui est purement de police"? Il n'en faut pas davantage, n'est-ce pas, pour justifier Frontenac. Et d'ailleurs, en résistant aux excès de zèle—mal entendu—de certains religieux, il obéissait docilement encore à Colbert qui avait dit à Talon "de maintenir dans une juste balance l'autorité temporelle et la spirituelle de manière toutefois que celle-ci soit inférieure à l'autre."

En somme, ce qui ressort du livre si nourri et si lucide de M. Lorin, c'est que Frontenac, dans chacun des actes de sa longue administration, s'est appliqué avec toute son âme à servir les intérêts vitaux de la Nouvelle France; et que, pour cela, il a dû désobéir à cette maladroite cour de France qui a si longtemps ignoré les véritables besoins et si ingratement méconnu les droits urgents de ses sujets d'ou tremmer.

A mon très vif regret, je dois m'arrêter là. M. Lorin nous dit lui-même que nos cousins de France ne savent pas encore que, durant deux siècles, nos pères ont versé le plus pur de leur sang pour leur conserver la possession du Canada. Qu'ils apprennent maintenant que, depuis, nous luttons sans cesse pour notre nationalité et que, restant fidèles à nous-mêmes, selon le conseil de notre historien national, nous gardons, à l'ombre du grand drapeau britannique, notre langue et notre foi!

#### UN NOUVEAU LAURÉAT CANADIEN.

L'Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, a également couronné le travail d'un des nôtres, M. A. D. De Celles qui a pour titre: *Les Etats-Unis*. Cela nous fait maintenant, avec M. Louis Fréchette, notre grand poète lyrique et M. l'abbé Casgrain, l'auteur du *Pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*, trois lauréats canadiens. M. De Celles, on le sait, est membre de la Société Royale du Canada

et conservateur de la Bibliothèque Fédérale.

Son livre est le fruit de trente années d'études. M. De Celles prend les Etats-Unis à leurs origines et les conduit jusqu'à nos jours. Dans un style sobre et clair, il nous donne en 400 pages un tableau rapide et précis de la grande république américaine. Que de considérations élevées y abondent, et comme l'auteur, quoique fervent admirateur de la constitution des Etats-Unis, saisit bien les abus et les vices de leur politique et décrit sûrement le gouffre effroyable où certains ploutocrates, chefs de *trusts* et de *combines* vout peut-être jeter leur pays. Pourtout, à mon humble avis, le beau chapitre et qui met le mieux en relief le sens pénétrant de M. De Celles est celui qui contient une comparaison entre la Nouvelle France et les Colonies Anglo-Saxonnes sous l'ancien régime.

Ancien journaliste, maître en droit constitutionnel écrivain loyal et courtois, M. De Celles reste, dans notre monde littéraire, le type parfait du gentilhomme de lettres.

#### MORT D'UN IMMORTEL.

L'Académie française a perdu, au mois de juillet, en M. Henri Meilhac, un auteur dramatique justement connu. M. Meilhac avait afordé tous les genres, en prose et en vers, depuis la scénette jusqu'au grand drame comme *Frou-Frou*, en passant par les comédies de moeurs et les libretti d'opérettes et d'opéras. Mais il excellait particulièrement dans le vaudeville (*Le Réveillon et Gotte*) et les à-propos en un acte (*La Petite Marquise, Toto chez Tata, l'Été de la St. Martin*). C'est là que sa gracieuse fantaisie et sa gaieté fine se jouaient avec un charme exquis. On peut dire qu'il a été, par excellence, le peintre de la vie parisienne. Nul mieux que lui n'a mis sur la scène les demi-mondaines spirituelles et folles, nul n'a représenté plus fidèlement les gens du cercle et des boulevards. Seul on en collaboration avec M. Ludovic Halévy, il a composé des libretti d'opérettes (*Le Petit Duc, la Périchole, la Grande Duchesse*) et d'opéras-comiques (*Carmen, Monon*) qui lui assurent longtemps une enviable popularité en France et à l'étranger.

## NATIONAL SPORT.

### ROWING.

Canada has certainly done very well in the rowing competitions of 1897, and the professional championship of the world still remains with Jake Gaudaur who won it last year. The Winnipeg four did well at Henley, even though they did not win the senior championship of two continents. At the annual races of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held this year on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, the Canadians made a good showing. In the International fours the Argonauts, of Toronto, won the straight mile race in 8 : 52, beating the best fours in the United States. Wright and Thompson of this crew also won the International pair-oared shell race. At lesser regattas, at Detroit and other places, the Canadians have also done exceedingly well.

As Geo. W. Orton points out in his article in this issue, we should have more rowing at our universities. Queen's has the facilities for training a crew, as Kingston is situated at the junction of the Rideau Canal and the St. Lawrence. McGill has a splendid chance to develop a crew in the waters about Montreal. The University of Toronto has the same chance as the Argonauts of that city. And yet not one of these universities has an eight-oared crew, or, so far as I know, has ever tried to encourage aquatics. I believe that one of the Argonaut junior fours is composed of undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and there is a prospect of an eight being got together next spring. This will not occur, however, unless the alumni and the faculty of the University take the matter up, and devise some plan whereby the embryo crew shall be properly developed. It is hoped that Mr. Orton's article will awaken the graduates and faculties of each of the three universities to their duty in this matter. Our young men should not be developed mentally at the expense of their physical nature. Athletics are just as important to a nation, and to the individuals of a nation, as classics and ethics and economics. We need brawn, muscle, self-control, physical endurance, energy just as much as we require cleverness, mental culture, and learning. The Canadian race of the future will be of no account if it is not developed in the body as well as in the mind.

### RIFLE SHOOTING.

The Canadian Bisley team for 1897 were not quite so successful in winning prize money as in previous years, because there was more colonial competition; but, nevertheless, they gave a good account of themselves on their visit to England. A Canadian stood fourth, and another sixth, in the competition for the

Queen's Prize. The Province of Quebec matches have been held and the competitors present were less numerous than on previous occasions. The Ontario Rifle Association matches are now being held, and the Dominion R. A. will hold its annual competition at Ottawa during the first week in September. While Canada has some excellent shots, they are to be found principally among the city battalions, little shooting being indulged in among the rural corps. This is an unsatisfactory feature of our militia systems and should be eliminated in some way. The day of the deadly bullet has not yet gone by, and shooting should be encouraged, not only as a sport but as a part of our preparations for national defence. There is a strong movement afoot to provide a naval reserve force in Canada, but it is an open question whether it would not be better to spend our extra energies and money on what we are now doing, rather than attempt something which would in all probability be only half done. If Canada is ever involved in war, a great many Canadians will wish that they knew something more about rifles which are sure death at 1,000 yards.

### BICYCLING.

I doubt if there is as much interest in bicycle racing this year as last, and if it will ever again attain the prominence it once had. The bicycle is coming more and more to be regarded as a means of pleasure and as an accessory to business. The business man and the wage-earner find it a useful and convenient vehicle of locomotion to and from the scene of daily labour, and a splendid means of pleasure on special holidays, vacations, and Saturday afternoons—and even on Sundays. Bicycle racing has come to require so much skill, and to be permeated with so much professionalism, that its attractiveness as a sport is declining. It may never pass away altogether and may always rank with horse-racing, but it is not likely to retain the prominence it once possessed. Large manufacturers are not employing so many fast riders as they once did, for the profits are not so large now and sales are much more easily made. Track racing will probably dwindle to a pleasant feature of large county and city fairs, where it will be an agreeable change and where professionalism is less likely to be rampant.

Bicycling has come to be essentially a family sport. Fathers and mothers and children have their wheels, and all they aim at is the gaining of exercise and pleasure. The public is more concerned about a comfortable and easy-riding saddle than one specially suited for racing purposes.

In spite of this, Loughheed, the speedy Canadian professional, is attracting much



attention in the United States and on many occasions has used his cleverness and ability to great advantage.

#### A BOOK ON ATHLETICS.

In Scribner's "Out of Door Library" has appeared a new volume entitled "Athletic Sports." It contains "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," by D. A. Sargent, M. D.; "Physical Characteristics of the Athlete," by the same writer; "Golf," by H. J. Whigham, amateur champion of the U. S. in 1896; "Lawn Tennis," by Robert D. Wrenn, amateur champion of the U. S. in 1896; three articles on Bicycling, by P. G. Hubert, Marguerite Merington and J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; "Surf and Surf Bathing," by Duffield Osborne; and "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America," by Edward S. Martin. The name of the book is somewhat broader than the contents warrant, but nevertheless the volume is valuable and admirable. The illustrations are numerous and pointed, while the general typography is pleasing. Every person interested in athletics will find the work a valuable addition to his library, each writer having something to say and having said it in an interesting way. The articles on golf and lawn tennis are especially useful.

#### LAWN TENNIS.

The ex-Canadian tennis champion, Mr. R. D. Wrenn, has proved in the two great tennis tournaments in the United States that he has lost none of his superiority, and that, if he had not been compelled by the press of business to absent himself from the July championship tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake he would surely have retained his last year's title, now held by Mr. Ware. He has shown up remarkably well against the three great English players, Messrs. H. A. Nisbitt, W. V. Eaves and H. S. Mahoney, in both the Longwood and Western tournaments, and is now inferior only to Mr. Larned, the American Champion. However, Canadians are not jubilant over his success, for although he has held the Canadian championship, he is a thoroughbred Yankee. It is a crying shame that such a state of affairs exists. Canadians in nearly every sport have proved their superiority both on United States and Canadian tracks and fields, so that it is lamentable that there is not a Canadian in the higher ranks of tennis, where endurance and skill are so much required. It is to be hoped that some sort of stimulus to the interests of tennis will be received at the tournament about to be held at Niagara.

#### YACHTING.

Last year Canada won two international yacht races with the *Glencairn* and the

*Canada*. The former won at New York and the latter at Toledo. This year an international race of some importance has just been finished at Montreal. This was a race between two challengers, one representing the Sewanhaka-Corinthian Club of New York and the other the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal. Mr. C. H. Crane's *Momo* was the one selected to represent the United States, and Mr. G. H. Duggan's *Glencairn II.* to represent Canada. The race was sailed without time allowance, and with sails limited to mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The course was a straightaway course on the St. Lawrence; a heat of two miles to windward and return, to be sailed over three times, so as to make a twelve-mile race. The *Glencairn II.* is about three feet shorter than the *Momo*, draws five feet, and is about two hundred pounds lighter. The *Momo* is fitted with a shifting keel, and draws about five feet six inches of water.

The first of the five races was sailed on Saturday, August 14th, and was won by the *Momo* in very fine weather. Time: *Momo*, 2 hrs. 26 min. 25 sec.; *Glencairn II.*, 2 hrs. 30 min. 40 sec. In the second and third races the *Glencairn* won in a heavy wind, beating the United States boat several minutes. The same result occurred in the fourth race, and the cup remains in Canada.

#### LACROSSE.

The senior lacrosse teams of Canada should become professionals in name as well as in reality. The men comprising these teams are for the most part professionals, and the whole series of contests is managed so as to give somebody a profit. Such deception will kill any sport, and if lacrosse is to live as Canada's National game, it must be raised above petty deceit and disguised professionalism.

Moreover, it must be kept free from the taint of blackguardism and ruffianism which at present is characterizing both players and management. If the men who engage in any particular form of athletics do not conduct themselves as gentlemen in all their actions, then that sport is doomed, and properly so. Our sport must be kept on the highest level for the same reasons that we maintain a high standard in business, education and morality.

Amateur baseball has fallen in many places to a low position in the estimation of our best citizens because it has been marked by ruffianism—or at least ungentlemanly conduct. It is sincerely to be hoped that amateur lacrosse will not share the same fate. To prevent it doing so, it would at present seem necessary that the Senior Lacrosse League be recognized as a combination of professional teams.

# BUILT Upon The Granite ROCKS of EXPERIENCE

## For Fifty-Four Years

our stoves have been very largely used. Scarcely a hamlet in this broad Dominion but traffics in our wares. Unequalled experience, large facilities and special opportunities, make great results possible. We claim for

# Souvenir Ranges

that they have reached perfection, that is so far as perfection is known in the science and art of stove building of to-day. ❀ ❀ If you are interested in AERATED OVENS ask us for further information.



**THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited,**  
HAMILTON, ONT.

AGENCIES:—TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG.



**BOVRIL** gives increased vitality to the healthy,  
and is relished and retained by invalids  
when ordinary foods are rejected.

**Bovril, Limited, 30 Farringdon St., London, Ont.**

Canadian Branch—27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

# AN OXYGEN HOME REMEDY WITHOUT MEDICINE



Often ..... Cures Cases Pro-nounced "Incurable"

**"How?"** By its New Method of Introducing Oxygen Directly Into the Entire Circulation.

### Rheumatism.

ST. JOHN'S, Que., Feb. 21, 1895.

GENTLEMEN,—The wonderful properties of your Electropoise having been brought to my notice, I was induced to give it a trial on a member of my family who suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, and for the short time that I have used it I think it has afforded much relief to the patient. Yours very truly, JAMES O'CAIN (Mayor of St. Johns).

### Rheumatism and Paralysis.

MINNEDOSA, Man., Jan. 28, 1897.

I commenced using the Electropoise last November for rheumatism and paralysis. My experience with it since then enables me to say now that the Electropoise is the one only remedy worth trying for the above maladies. I have tried everything else and find the Electropoise the only genuine and grand success. Gratefully yours, ALFRED H. RACEY.

### Heart Trouble.

MAXWELL, Ont., Jan. 6, 1897.

I commenced using one of your Electropoises in June, 1895, for valvular heart trouble and neuralgia of the same organ. I realized improvement from the first, and in several letters to you my sister stated the great benefit derived from its use. My heart does not trouble me now, except when I over-exert myself, then I feel a slight pain in it. I only wish we had heard of it sooner as it would have saved us a great deal of useless expense. We would not part with it for any amount of money if we could not replace it. Very truly, J. D. STERLING.

### A Remarkable Case.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Mar. 28, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I have been intending writing you for some time in testimony of the good effects derived

Price by Express, - \$10.00

from the Electropoise. I am 57 years of age, and when I began treatment 14 months ago my weight was 107 pounds; now I weigh 127.

I have been troubled all my life with weak lungs and throat; in my younger days had frequent attacks of hemorrhage, latterly more like bronchitis. I think I can safely say that for 20 years I have never been entirely free of sore throat. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of la grippe, which left me very weak and ailing; my principal trouble was with my throat, stomach, liver and bowels. The sickness in my stomach and pain in the bowels was something terrible; for weeks I never left my bed, and when I did it was only days of pain and suffering for weeks and months. The greatest trouble seemed what the doctors called paralysis of the lower bowels. For two years I never had a movement without taking enemas, besides almost constant suffering from gas in the stomach. The doctors said it was caused by inaction of the liver.

Finally, in the winter of 1894, a niece of mine in East Aurora sent me one of your Electropoises, with request that I give it a trial. I looked at it, and thought if a half-dozen doctors cannot help me I do not see what good that little instrument is going to do. I will say that I had no faith whatever in the thing—I merely used it to please others. To my astonishment, before I had finished the first course my bowels moved by themselves, and I have had no more trouble in that way. I continued the treatment, following the same formula, for six months, which ended in July 1894. In treating for the bowel trouble the other bad symptoms vanished.

Sometimes I get a cold and sore throat, but I go right to treating with the Electropoise, and it is soon better. I have not taken one drop of medicine since I began the treatment with the Electropoise, and must say I am more than pleased with the benefits derived. The Electropoise has done for me what the medical fraternity could not or did not do.

Yours respectfully, MISS MARY A. DICK.

Price by Mail, - - \$10.25

Reduced from \$25.00

DELIVERED IN CANADA FREE OF DUTY.

Our 112 page illustrated booklet, mailed free to any address, tells all about the Electropoise, and contains reports from 250 people cured by it.

## ELECTROLIBRATION COMPANY,

1122 Broadway,

(Room 35)

New York.

## "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

It is easier to prevent than to cure disease! To accomplish the former will cost you a little faith and a little cash. To accomplish the latter may involve much pain and much cash.

**TAKE A HINT!** If you awake in the morning with a pain across your eyes, a sense of dullness in your head, a furred and discoloured tongue, be Warned! Get a bottle of

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

put a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, and drink while it effervesces, and, if necessary, repeat in about two hours.

**IT WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF** and you will be its best advertising medium, for you will desire to extend its blessings to other sufferers. In combination with a little **LIME FRUIT SYRUP** it forms the most perfect thirst-quencher known to science, and is simply invaluable in all feverish attacks. Subjoined are a few out of thousands of Testimonials:—

"Madame Marie Roze was advised by Dr. Barnes, of London, to take your Saline with her, and we took several dozen bottles, and I really believe it saved our lives."—H. MAPLESON, Col.

Dr. W. STEVENS says:—"Since its introduction the fatal West India fevers are deprived of half their terror."

Dr. ALEX. MILNE:—"Its utility as a remedy in fevers, and as a cooling drink in diseases of Children, such as Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc., has been testified to by the leading members of the profession. I prescribe it frequently," etc.

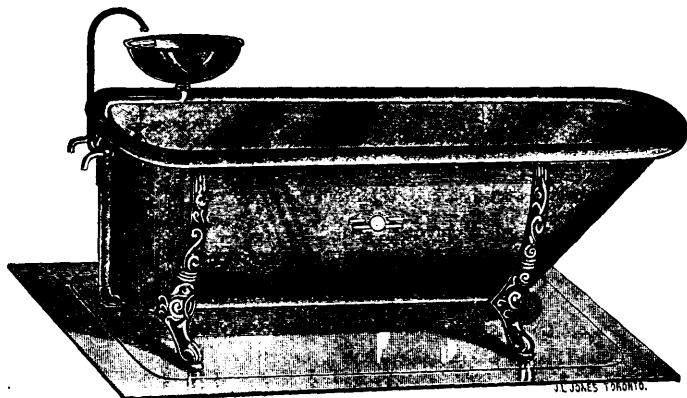
CAPTAIN STEWART STEPHENS, Gold Coast Houssa Force:—"I have used your Saline with undoubtedly good effect in India, Natal and Zululand, where I have found its constant use as nearly as possible the only preventive against the malarious fever, which probably is the worst in the world."

DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE, but get LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE from your Chemist, failing which send 7/6 to H. Lamplough, Ltd., 113 Holborn, London, E.C., and they will send you three bottles paid to your address by return.

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are all "FIRSTS"

We make NOR sell any "SECONDS."



The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co., Limited

125 and 127 Queen Street East, TORONTO.

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Entire success has crowned our efforts with our beautiful Range. It is a Perfect Baker, being even, quick and economical.

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is strikingly handsome in appearance. Has aerated oven, Duplex Grate, large drawn-out hearth, long fire-box for wood, and is modern in every respect.

**EVERY RANGE SOLD FULLY WARRANTED.**

If your Dealer has not got it write us direct.

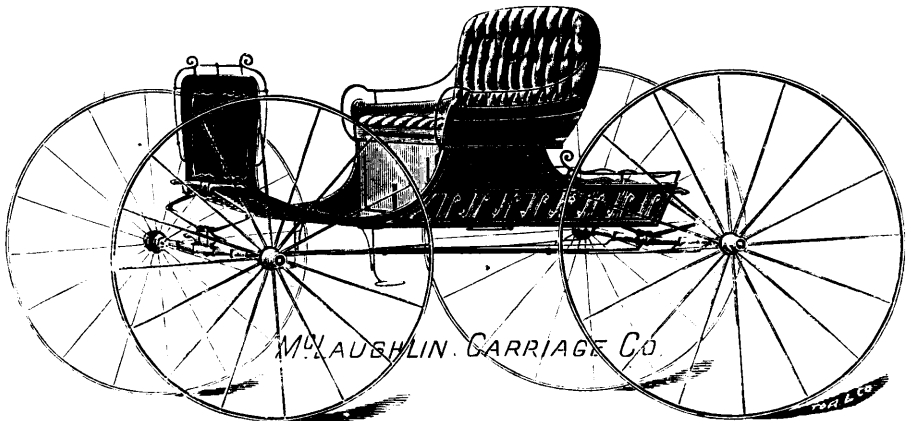
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HAMILTON.**

**Toronto Branch, - - - 18 Richmond Street West.**

**McLaughlin Carriages are Good Carriages**

You can buy a McLaughlin Carriage in British Columbia, or in Cape Breton, or any place between, and rest assured that you are getting a good Carriage, because we make


**"One Grade only, and that the Best."**



**There's our No. 110 Newport. Have you seen one of these in your town?** Let us send you our latest Catalogue showing the finest and best lines of Carriages made in Canada.

**Tried! Trusted! Thoroughly Reliable! Strictly Up-to-date!**

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MAKE ELEGANT

**NOTE PAPER**  
and ENVELOPES to match.

Plashwater, Cream and White,  
Smooth and Kid  
Surface.

Vellum, Wove and Laid.

Good taste demands these excellent goods.

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CANADA'S

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**25c.**  
**BROOMS**  
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more than inferior makes—  
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quality and value—you get  
more for your money in  
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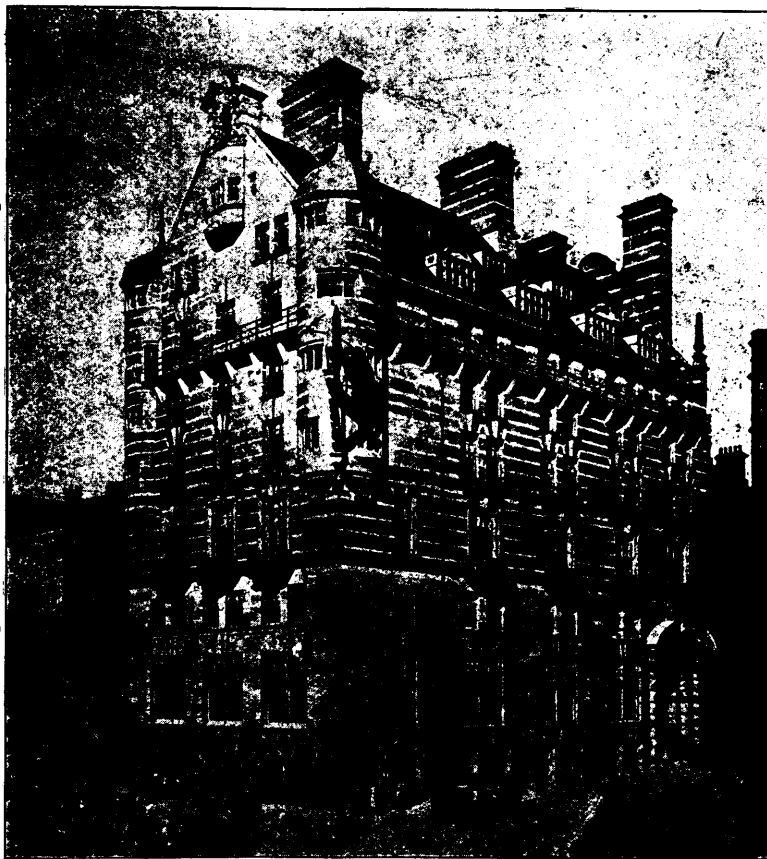
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NEW OFFICE BUILDING,

(As represented below)

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## OXFORD DUET RADIATORS

Which together with **OXFORD BOILERS**

Have a world-wide reputation, and are acknowledged to be the  
STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.




Manufactured by

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.**

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Those who Attended the  
**QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE**  
and used  
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found them more satisfactory than  
**LETTERS OF CREDIT**

Absolutely Safe. Payable in Gold. May be used anywhere and everywhere in the entire world — from Iceland to South Africa. May be procured of our agents throughout the country, or at the chief office,

40-42 Wall St., New York  
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BORATED TALCUM  
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AFTER BATHING

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**Delightful After Shaving**  
A Positive Relief for Prickly Heat and All Affections of the Skin.

Get **MENNEN'S** (the only genuine)  
REFUSE ALL OTHER POWDERS WHICH ARE LIABLE TO DO HARM.

Approved by the Medical Profession and Trained Nurses, for the use of Infants and Adults.  
Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)  
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

**JUST AS GOOD**  
**AS THE "E. & D."**



When manufacturers and dealers tell you this you can safely rely on it being their reluctant testimony that the E. & D. is the Standard of the World, and that they cannot compete with it in quality. And, after all, quality counts.

The 4-point bearings in this wheel are pronounced by expert mechanics to be a proper conception successfully carried to completion. With these in a wheel, long life, ease of propulsion and entire satisfaction are assured.

**\$100.00 to all. No Cut Price.**

Manufactured by the **Canadian Typograph Co., Limited,** WINDSOR, ONT.

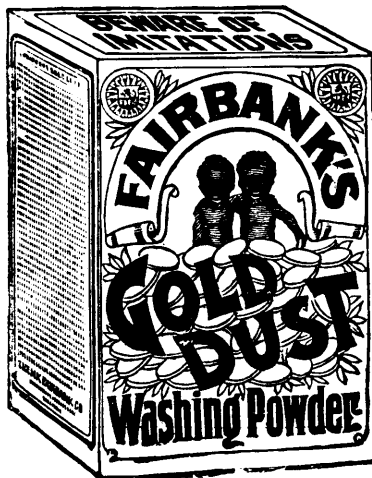
# The Road to Klondike

is a long and hard one.  
It's much easier to get

## GOLD DUST

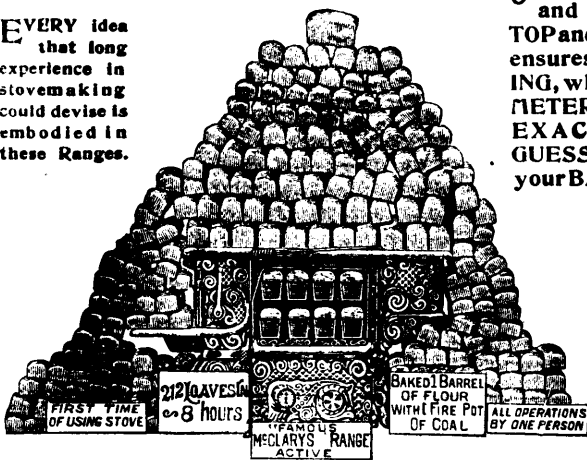
from your grocer. Sold everywhere and cleans everything.

MADE ONLY BY  
**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.**  
Montreal. Chicago. St. Louis.  
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## The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range

EVERY idea that long experience in stovemaking could devise is embodied in these Ranges.



Cut shows 8 hours' work by one woman, using only one fire-pot of coal.

OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM - this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT - NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT.

Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.....

Quick Working!  
Easily Handled!  
Sparing on Fuel!

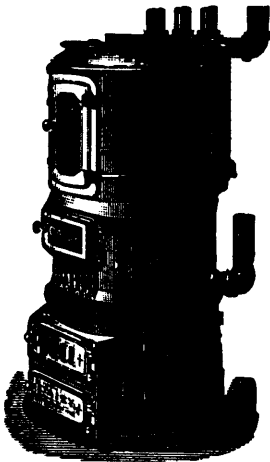
# The McClary Mfg. Co.,

London, Toronto,  
Montreal, Winnipeg,  
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If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

The  
"DAISY"



THE "DAISY" Hot Water Heater gives the best results for all classes of work where hot water is used for heating purposes.

The Daisy is now in use in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Made in 12 Sizes and with twin connections for large institutions.

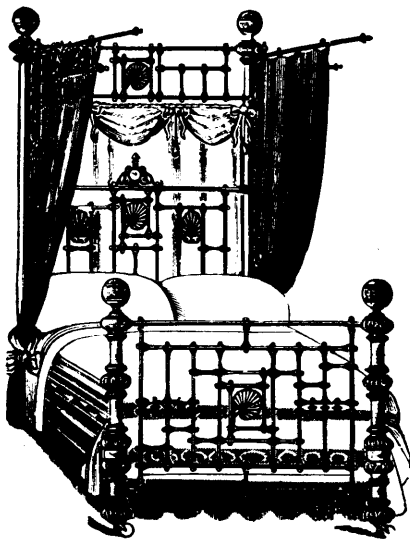
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Toronto Radiator Co., - - Toronto

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BRASS and  
IRON  
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TILES for

Hearths, Vestibules,  
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To Purify the System and  
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**“STOWER’S”  
 Lime Juice Cordial**

Stands unsurpassed. It has no musty flavor,  
 and is free from all impurities.

Protection against weak, musty flavors is found in every bottle of

**CROWN BRAND**   
**FLAVORING EXTRACTS**

THEIR purity makes them strong.  
 Their strength causes a little to go a long way and give a rich, delicious flavor. ❀ ❀ If your grocer does not sell them, let us know.

Manufactured by ROBERT GREIG & CO., MONTREAL.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier**

**PURIFIES**  
 AS WELL AS  
**BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 46 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the

hutton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop's, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.  
 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe

Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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**NEW & 2<sup>ND</sup> MACHINERY**  
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Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odoroma.** You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odoroma.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odoroma.**

**'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.** Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

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Only make with **Ball-Bearing** type-bars, protecting the joints on which durable alignment depends.

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**CAN YOU TRY ONE FREE?**  
**CERTAINLY.** Deliver it at your door, in our own wagon, upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the world.

**EITHER LOCK-STITCH OR CHAIN-STITCH.**  
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Sold for Cash, or Leased.  
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Intended for the special benefit of invalids for whom recovery is possible only under most favorable conditions, including the constant care and observation of skilful physicians. It offers, also,

THE HIGHEST SURGICAL SKILL;  
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 EVERY FORM OF BATH;

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Sufferers from chronic diseases who need the means and appliances the general practitioner does not possess, are earnestly invited to investigate its merits, addressing the Superintendent,

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# Webb's Wedding Cakes

a necessity at fashionable weddings. They are made in all the modern styles and shapes, and are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed.

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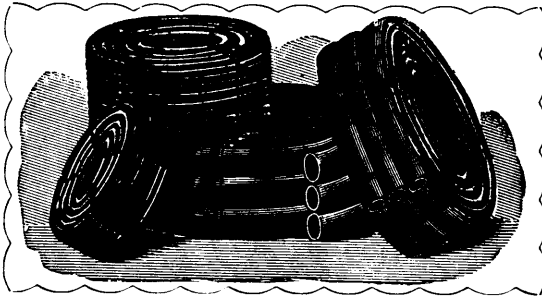
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CAPITAL, - - - \$2,000 000.00.

Manufacture  
First Quality

**RUBBER  
BOOTS**



**RUBBER  
SHOES**



All Kinds of **RUBBER HOSE**  
Made with Our Patent Process  
Seamless Tube.

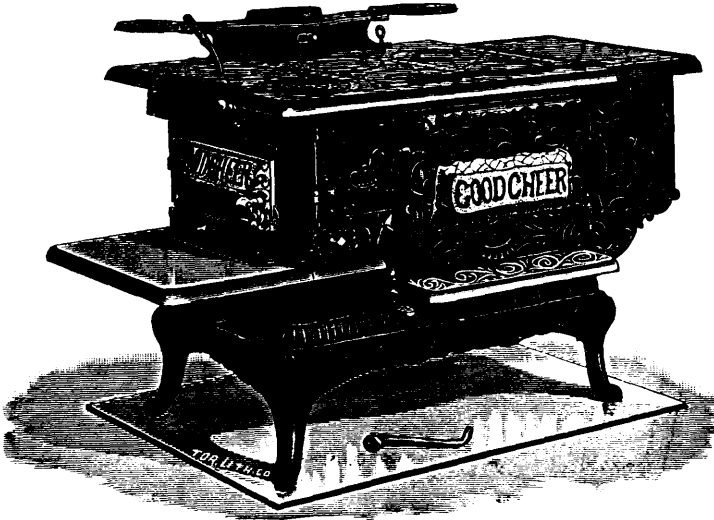
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Superior Quality **RUBBER BELTING**

The following Grades:  
Extra Star. Extra Heavy Star.  
Fine Para, C. R. Co. Stitched.  
Forsyth Patent Seamless.

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" Good  
Cheer " Steel  
Oven  
Ranges  
for  
Coal and  
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## " GOOD CHEER."

The handsomest, most economical and the best full sized, evenly heated, and perfectly ventilated steel plate oven Range in Canada—without any exception. We guarantee every one sold. See it before placing your order. The very name, "Good Cheer," is suggestive of better cooking, and, of course, better husbands and more cheerful homes.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

THE JAS. STEWART MFG CO., Limited, - - Woodstock, Ont.

RAISE YOUR HOT BISCUITS, CAKES, ETC., WITH

# Dunn's Malted Leaven

IT IMPARTS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

EVERYONE CAN DICEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

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# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

WHEN THEY GO TO THE -

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WEST,  
PACIFIC  
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# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

AND POPULAR

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TO  
MUSKOKA LAKES  
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SEA BATHING RESORTS  
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159 Bloor Street East,  
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(Late Toronto Nursing Home  
and Cottage Hospital, on  
Montague Place.)

Patients both Male and  
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Massage, Superheated  
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Rooms from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day in Advance.

Patients may be attended by their own Medical Men.

All information can be obtained from Dr. Lowe or Miss Dover, 159 Bloor Street East, Toronto, or from the Secretary of the Company, Rooms 81 and 82 Canada Life Building, Toronto.

**The Montague Private Hospital Co. of Toronto**  
(LIMITED).



## RAM LAL'S TEA

is pure. It has to pass the standard under the English Food Law, which is known to be the strictest in the world. It is delivered in lead packets, fresh and strong, all the aroma being retained. Follow the directions in each package.

Cold Label, 50c. Lavender Label, 60c. Green Label, 75c.

JAMES TURNER & CO.,  
HAMILTON,  
Western Ontario.

ROSE & LAFLAMME,  
MONTREAL,  
Toronto Eastern District and Maritime Provinces.



Dinners that delight you with their full, rich, appetizing flavours, can't be cooked in poor dishes. That's why you should look for Kemp's

**"GRANITE"**  
or  
**"DIAMOND"**

Label on each piece of Enamelled Ware you buy. These goods are perfectly pure and wholesome—we guarantee every piece—they will last longer than other ware, keeping their smooth, handsome finish.

They don't cost more, but will please you more—so for your own sake furnish your kitchen with reliable pans and kettles by asking your dealer for Kemp's goods.

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto.



# Sozodont

FOR THE  
**TEETH  
AND BREATH**



**The Opinion of a Practising Dentist**

"The popular dentifrice known as **Van Buskirk's Sozodont** contains ingredients that will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth."

G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D. S.,  
Author of "Popular Dentistry."

He might have added with equal truth: "It has invaluable antiseptic properties."

A sample for three cents.  
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**Sterling**  $\frac{925}{1000}$



Silverware stamped with the above mark is warranted to be  $\frac{925}{1000}$  fine—that is to say, almost pure silver.

Purchasers of Silverware will consult their interest by giving preference to goods bearing this stamp, and thus warranted by a reliable firm.

**Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.**

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager.

1764 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

USE SOMETHING GOOD.

**ROGERS' PEERLESS MACHINE**



For FARMERS' MACHINERY

It's a prize winner, which is better than a prize loser. 12 gold medals mean something to every farmer that buys PEERLESS OIL. Be sure you ask for PEERLESS OIL. Hardware, Drug and General Stores sell it to their best trade. It will cost you no more than the substitutes. It lubricates more, wears longer, does more work, and will not run thin in July nor freeze in January. It's a good general purpose oil—it pays to use it.

**The QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, Limited**

Sole Proprietors. **SAMUEL ROGERS, President. TORONTO.**

Many Writers prefer a fine hard Pen like

**ESTERBROOK'S INFLEXIBLE No. 322**

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

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**Are You Satisfied**

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

....You will save money by putting in our

**"BOSTON HOT BLAST" Apparatus**

**GEO. W. REED & CO., - Montreal.**

ESTABLISHED 1856

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R. SCOTT & SON, PROPRIETORS, MANUFACTURERS OF

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HUBS, SPOKES, RIMS, SHAFTS, ETC.

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Superior Cut and Wire Nails



ASK FOR THE GRAHAM BLUED AND COATED WIRE NAILS.

COMPARATIVELY NO WASTE IN THE GRAHAM NAILS.

All our Nails are put up in Red End Kegs.

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## FINE VARNISHES

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In the Klondike Region Ink will freeze and become worthless. Take with you

### BLAIR'S INK-MAKING SECURITY FOUNTAIN PENS.

They produce a permanent black, violet or red copying ink, by merely filling the holders with water, insuring ink of a uniform quality at all times or places.

The ink-making properties will last a year, and can be renewed at a trifling cost, saving the price of the pen in a short time.

Non-Leakable. No weak internal mechanism. Regular shape 14 carat Gold Pens. They cost no more, even considerably less, than the old makes. More than 12,000 sold in six weeks.

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Invaluable in the office, study or college.

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Blair's Hand Letter Copying Books. No Press Required.



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After September 1st we invite our patrons and the public to visit us in our new store at

**114 Yonge Street,**

where we will be pleased to show the newest styles and finest goods in footwear for every member of the family, at lowest possible prices.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD,**

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ESTABLISHED 1793.  
THE BEST IN THE  
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Saw Steel, all Kinds.  
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Manufactory, Sheffield, Eng.—**WM. JESSOP & SONS, Limited.**—Chief American Depot, 91 John St., New York.

### Yarmouth Duck and Yarn Co., Limited

Manufacturers of Cotton Sail Duck, Wide Duck,  
Ounce Ducks, Sail and Wrapping Twines,  
Dryers for Paper Mills, etc.

Send all orders and enquiries to the Company at

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High-Class Machinists' Tools.  
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*Grand Pré is noted as the home of Evangeline.*

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AS USED IN TURKEY.

GUARANTEED TO BE  
OF THE FINEST QUALITY  
GROWN IN  
CENTRAL COFFEE  
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THIS COFFEE  
IS SOLD ONLY  
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THE ONLY MARK  
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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT



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Our Mineral Baths Cure  
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Fully Illustrated Treatise M,  
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Cents, Silver.



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Refer to CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



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THE OUTWARD SIGN OF INWARD  
HEALTH.

**LOVELY FACES**  
Beautiful Necks, White  
Arms and Hands . . . .

**DR. CAMPBELL'S**  
Safe Arsenic Complexion  
Wafers and . . . .

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Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap will give  
you all these.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles,  
Blotches, Moth, Flesh Worms, Eczema, or any blemish  
on the skin, call or send for a box of **Dr. Campbell's  
Wafers** and a cake of **Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap**,  
the only genuine beautifiers in the world. Wafers by mail,  
\$1; 6 large boxes, \$5; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to  
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA.

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**Malleable Iron Castings**

PURCHASE THEM FROM THE

**Smith's Falls Malleable Iron Works,**  
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MANUFACTURERS OF  
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**BROOMS AND BRUSHES**

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Limited,

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Tub-Sized and  
Fine Writing  
Litho. and  
Book . . . .

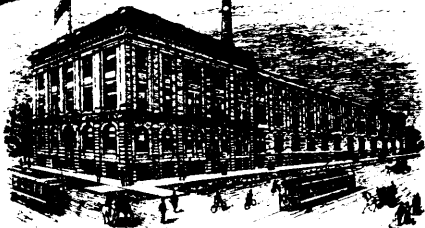


Cover Papers  
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Samples and Quotations Promptly Sent on  
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You will realize that  
"They live well who live  
cleanly," if you use

**SAPOLIO**



Artistic  
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AND  
EXCELLENCE



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Processes.

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BICYCLE POSTERS  
RACE POSTERS  
DIPLOMAS

AND

High Art Advertising Novelties always in stock.





## The spectre

of housecleaning needn't trouble you a moment. The person that dreads housecleaning knows nothing of Pearline—of its easy work, its quickness and comfort, its saving of paint and of rubbing.

Go over everything with Pearline—floors, doors, windows, woodwork, paint, marble, stone, glass, carpets, bric-

a-brac—and you'll get through any

cleaning job in the shortest time, and with the least labor and fuss. You don't need any other help. Pearline is meant to wash everything that water won't hurt,

538

## Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

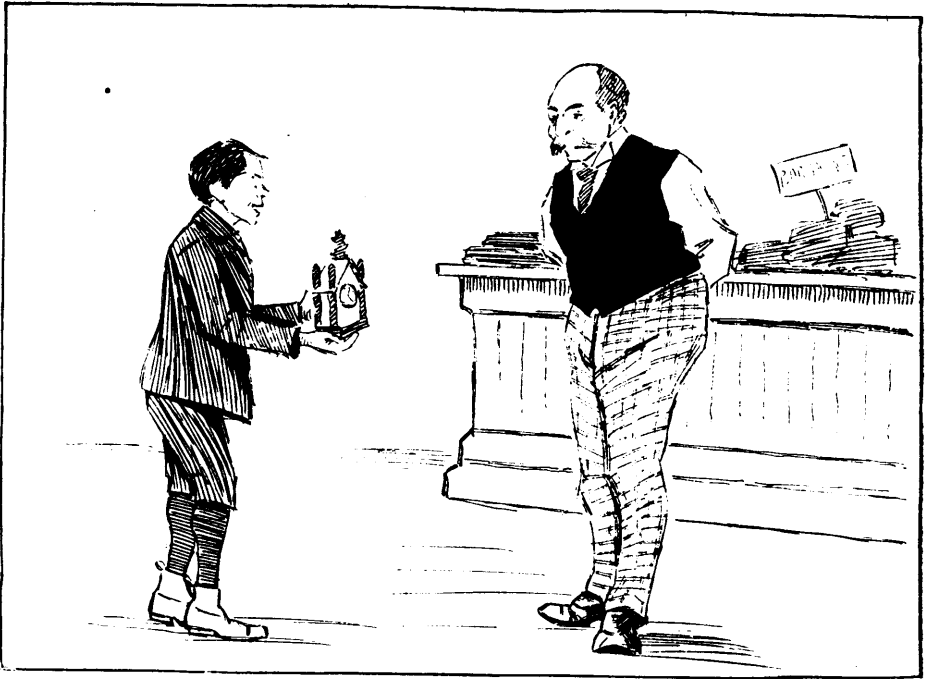
JAMES PYLE, New York.

# Millions NOW USE Pearline

THE **GRIP** PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING 26-28 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO.



Our Imprint "Goes all over Canada and is becoming known across the Line."



I.—As it was Uncle John's birthday to-morrow, Brown thought it would be a good joke to give him a \$5.00 bargain clock and put a \$50.00 ticket on it. So he told the cash boy to wrap one up.

**WRIGHT'S**  
**GENUINE HEALTH**

TRADE MARKS

BRANDED

THESE GARMENTS

WRIGHT'S  
**INTERSTICE**

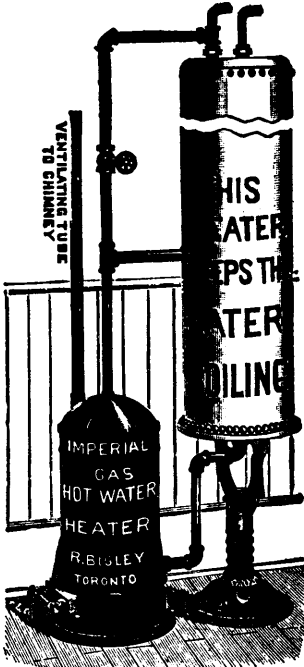
**UNDERWEAR**

## Pure Selected Undyed Wool

Exclusively enters into the manufacture of **WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR**. There are many grades of underwear. Our goods contain only the pure natural wool (no dyes to irritate sensitive skins) and are highly recommended as a sanitary underwear. Will not shrink in washing. Our Trade Mark is on all our goods. Be sure you see it.

For Sale by all first-class Canadian Dealers.

# "Imperial" Gas Hot Water Heater



The accompanying cut shows how the heater is attached to a kitchen boiler. It also can be attached in connection with range or furnace to a kitchen boiler. It will boil sufficient water for a bath in 15 minutes, at an expense of less than 1/2 a cent. The heaters are strong and durable, being tested to 150 lbs. pressure. Manufactured in 3 sizes.

**No. 0, \$18. No. 1, \$22. No. 2, \$30.**

Call and see them in operation, or send for Catalogue. . . . .

Manufactured by

## R. BIGLEY,

96 to 98 QUEEN ST. EAST, - TORONTO, ONT.

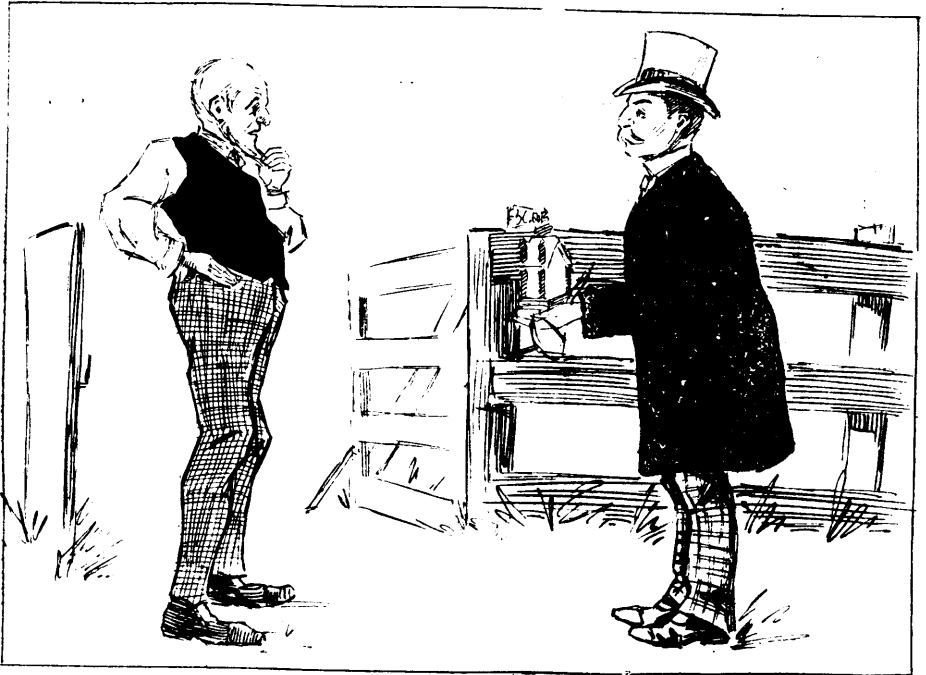


THE NEW  
BARNES  
BICYCLE

AS WHITE AS SNOW  
AS GOOD AS GOLD

LEE & CO.

SOLE SELLING AGENTS  
WOODSTOCK ONT.

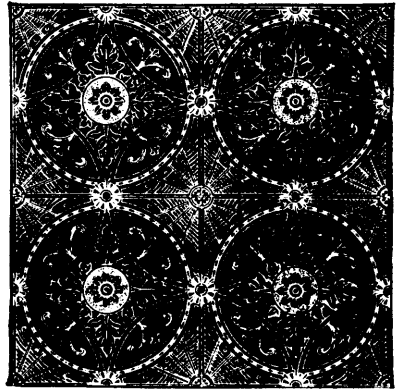


II.—Poor old Uncle John was quite overcome.

## Embossed Metallic Ceilings

These ceilings are made from mild annealed metallic plates, in a great variety of designs, suitable for every description of buildings including **Hospitals, Churches, Schools, Convents, Opera Houses, Asylums, Offices, Stores, Residences, etc.**

The many advantages of their use as a substitute for wood and plaster lies in the fact that they are light in weight, will not crack nor drop off, consequently no danger of falling plaster; are unquestionably durable, have air-tight joints, are easily applied, are practically fire-proof, are highly artistic, do not harbor vermin or the germs of disease, and possess splendid acoustic properties, in addition to many other points of excellence over any other form of interior decoration.



ONE OF OUR DESIGNS

**THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. LIMITED,**

1191 King Street West,

**TORONTO, - ONT.**

Sole Manufacturers.....

'Phone 5481.

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PAINTED  
OR  
GALVAN-  
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OR POWER  
AND  
PUMPING.

Increased Sales of the  
**Canadian Steel  
Airmotor**

Speak louder than words.  
By its merits has won its  
way throughout Canada.

**No Complicated Parts**

to get out of repair and  
cause endless trouble.

For Farm, Dairy, Irrigation,  
Water Works Systems, etc., etc.  
Steel Towers, Tanks, Rams.

Water Supply Appliances our Specialty.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Limited,  
359 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Fire-Proof Safes  
Fire and Burglar-Proof  
Safes  
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Vault Doors  
Steel Vaults, for Banks and  
Deposit Companies.  
Jail and Prison Work  
All kinds of Iron Work

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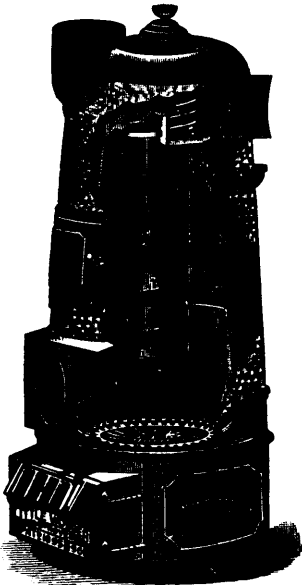
**J. & J. TAYLOR**

TORONTO SAFE WORKS

145 and 147 Front St. East

TORONTO, CANADA

# The Little Wonder



## HOT WATER HEATERS

ARE THE MOST

Simple, Efficient, Economical,  
Durable and Healthful,

AND AFFORD AN

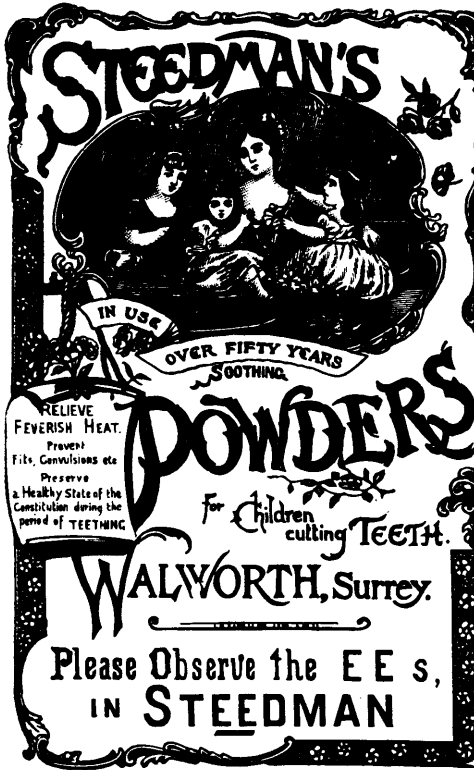
Excellent Ventilating System.

First cost and cost of running much lower than  
any other system of Hot Water Heating.

**THE McEACHREN**

Heating and Ventilating Co.,  
GALT, ONT.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



**STEEDMAN'S**

IN USE  
OVER FIFTY YEARS  
SOOTHING.

RELIEVE  
FEVERISH HEAT.  
Prevent  
Fits, Convulsions etc  
Preserve  
a Healthy State of the  
Constitution during the  
period of TEETHING.

**POWDERS**

For Children  
cutting TEETH.

**WALWORTH, Surrey.**

Please Observe the E E S,  
IN **STEEDMAN**

**The Imperial Hair Regenerator . .**



NO matter how gray  
your hair, or bleached,  
or dyed, it makes it  
beautiful, glossy . . . . .

**GRAY RESTORED**  
To its original color.

**Bleached Hair . .**  
To any shade desired.

BY the use of the *Regenerator* once in every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful and natural.

- NO. 1. — BLACK.
- NO. 2. — DARK BROWN.
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- NO. 4. — CHESTNUT.
- NO. 5. — LIGHT CHESTNUT.
- NO. 6. — GOLD BLOND.
- NO. 7. — ASH BLOND.

Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

**Imperial Chem. Mfg. Co.**



292 Fifth Ave., — NEW YORK,  
Between 30th and 31st Sts

We make application a specialty and assure privacy.

Samples of Hair Colored Free.

For Sale by Druggists and Hairdressers.

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**That Goods shipped from the WEST SHORE RAILROAD Station, at foot of Franklin Street, New York City, reach Grand Trunk Station at Toronto, the second morning (36 hours), from New York, with the regularity of passenger service.** This is no experiment, it has been carried out for three years, and scores of Toronto merchants will substantiate this statement. Merchants at Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, Detroit, etc., will testify that our service is proportionately quick to those points.

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**On East-Bound Freight** to the States or for Export via New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, our facilities are the best.

For rates and detailed information, call on or write,

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37 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

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DIVISION FREIGHT AGENT,  
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**FRANCIS LABAU,**  
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# CALIFORNIA

## Arizona, New Mexico and Oregon

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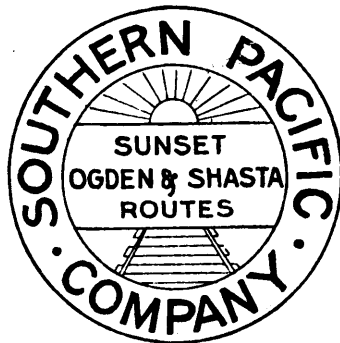
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Three  
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First  
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Tourist  
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Best First and Second Class Service to  
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Royal Mail  Steamers

**PASSENGER SERVICE.**

OCEANIC—Building at Belfast, 704 feet long.  
 MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons.  
 TEUTONIC, 10,000 "  
 GERMANIC, 5,000 "  
 BRITANNIC, 5,000 "  
 ADRIATIC, 3,600 "

**CARGO SERVICE.**

GEORGIC, 10,000 Tons.  
 CEVIC, - 8,300 "  
 BOVIC, - - 6,580 "  
 NOMADIC, 5,750 "  
 TAURIC, - 5,725 "  
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## WANTED.

Rare Canadian Books and Stamps.

ECON,  
 Canadian Magazine Office,  
 TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

8,906,200 Copies of Average Circulation :  
 The DAILY GLOBE : DAILY, - 28,650  
 were sold in the year : SATURDAY, 35,018  
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## The Globe

TORONTO, CANADA

The Leading Newspaper  
 in Canada

First in News. First in Influence. First in  
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THE MOST LIBERALLY  
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 IN THE DOMINION.

It reaches the money spending people. It brings  
 results to the advertiser. DO YOU WANT  
 MORE BUSINESS? Send for rates;  
 give it a fair trial, and THE GLOBE  
 will have another regular  
 ADVERTISER.

THE GLOBE

TORONTO, CANADA



# ECLIPSE SOAP



SAVE THE WRAPPERS

JOHN TAYLOR & CO  
 TORONTO



# Lehigh Valley Railroad System



THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM AND BUFFET  
**SLEEPING CAR SERVICE**

BETWEEN

**Toronto, Hamilton and New York  
via Niagara Falls.**  
Fastest Time Toronto to New York.  
The new route between all CANADIAN POINTS  
and BUFFALO.

DIRECT LINE TO AND FROM

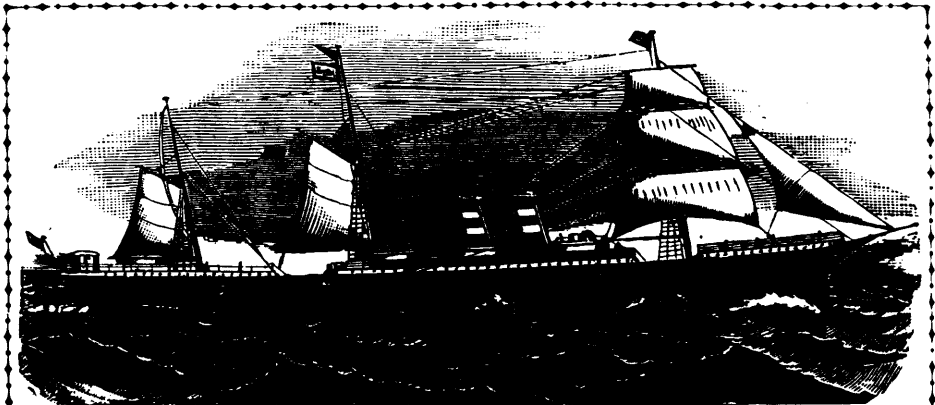
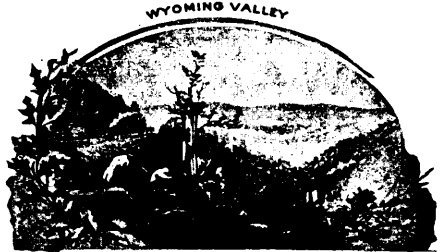
**New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wash-  
ington, via Niagara Falls and Buffalo.**  
AND  
**Toronto, all points in Canada and Chicago.**

Solid Vestibule Trains through.  
Dining Cars a la Carte attached to Day Express Trains.  
Route of the **BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.**  
Handsome trains in the world.

For Tickets, Time of Trains, etc., apply to Agents of  
Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

- R. S. LEWIS,**  
Canadian Passenger Agent,  
33 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.
- A. A. HEARD,**  
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223 Main St., BUFFALO.
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NEW YORK OFFICES—355-7 and 273 Broadway.  
DEPOTS—Foot of West 23rd, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Sts.



## BEAVER LINE STEAMERS

| From Liverpool. | STEAMERS.     | From Montreal. | From Liverpool. | STEAMERS.     | From Montreal. |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| Sat., Aug. 14   | LAKE HURON    | Wed., Sept. 1  | Sat., Oct. 2    | LAKE SUPERIOR | Wed., Oct. 20  |
| " " 21          | LAKE ONTARIO  | " " 8          | " " 16          | LAKE WINNIPEG | " Nov. 3       |
| " " 28          | LAKE SUPERIOR | " " 15         | " " 23          | LAKE HURON    | " " 10         |
| " Sept. 11      | LAKE WINNIPEG | " " 29         | " " 30          | LAKE ONTARIO  | " " 17         |
| " " 18          | LAKE HURON    | " Oct. 6       | Fri., Nov. :    | LAKE SUPERIOR | Sat., " 20     |
| " " 25          | LAKE ONTARIO  | " " 13         |                 |               |                |

Steamers sail from Montreal at daybreak on the advertised date, passengers embarking evening previous, after 8 o'clock.

The above arrangement is subject to change, notice of which will be promptly given to agents, and passengers who may have been booked accordingly.

D. W. CAMPBELL, General Manager,  
18 Hospital Street, MONTREAL.

D. & C. McIVER,  
22 Water Street, LIVERPOOL.



III.—But Brown laughed to another tune when Uncle John next day brought back the clock and wanted to change it for \$50.00 worth of goods.



BABY'S OWN SOAP adds greatly to the pleasure of Baby's Bath. It leaves the skin soft, fresh and sweet-smelling, and helps to soothe irritations caused by the heat. But be sure you get "BABY'S OWN" and not one of its many imitations, which are often dangerous to use on infants.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

**A LETTER**

**The Franco-American Chemical Co.,**  
Sole Proprietors of the  
**Famous Dr. Coderre Remedies.**

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., May 1st, 1897.

Publisher of "LA PRESSE,"  
Montreal, Canada.

DEAR SIR,—We think the following statement may interest you :

"Since we began advertising Dr. Coderre's Remedies in Canada, our first appearance was in your issue of Nov. 24th, 1896, our advertising has produced more enquiry that can be traced to "LA PRESSE," and sold more goods than has resulted from the same space used in any other paper since the establishment of our business.

We are of the opinion that "LA PRESSE" is the best medium in Canada, giving the largest returns for the money."

We are, yours very respectfully,

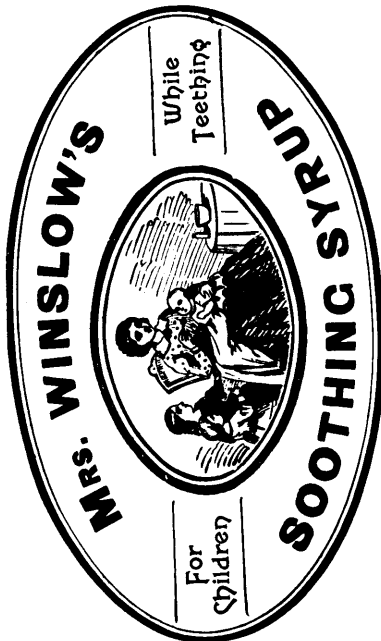
THE FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.

Dict. G. A. S.

GEO. A. SIMOND.

"La Presse"—Montreal—Largest daily circulation in  
Canada—Write for rates.

ARTHUR LAFALICE,  
Advertising Manager.



**Risk & Edwards,**  
*Dentists,*

S. E. Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

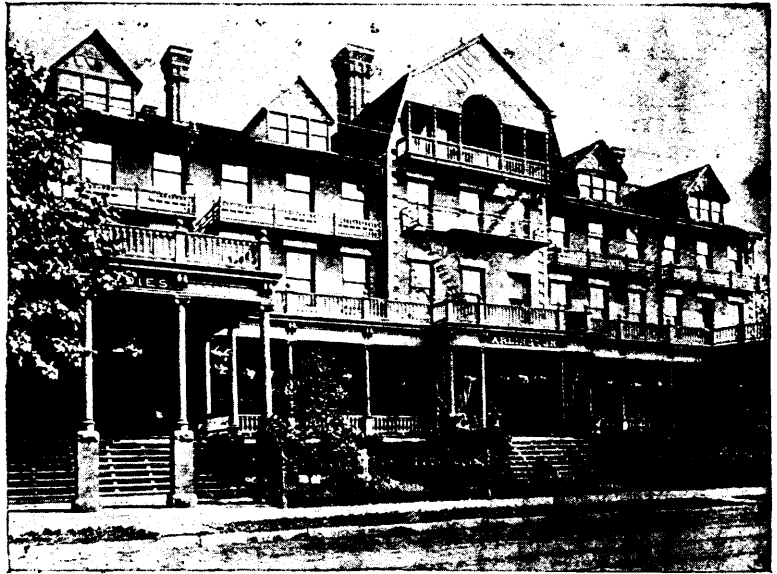
Specialty  
Crown and Bridge Work.

**Toronto**

**DEAF**NESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED  
at home. Tubular Cushions help when  
all else fails, as glasses help eyes.  
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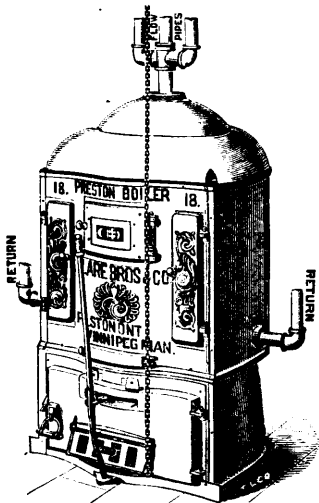
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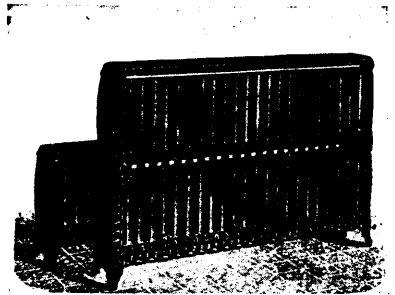
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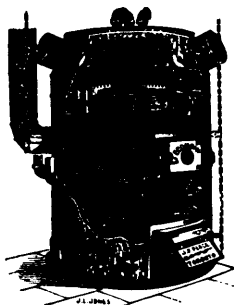
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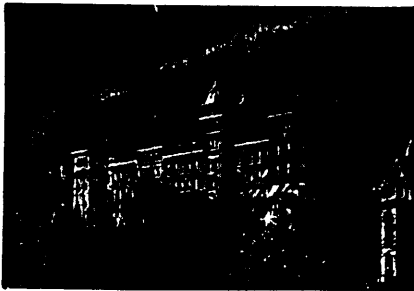
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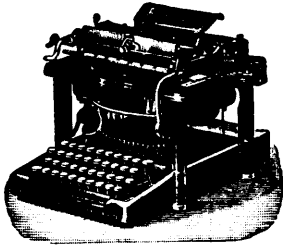
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**SECOND PRIZES—  
25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.**

**HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.** Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

**NAME OF DISTRICT.**

- 1 Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of these.
- 2 Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka and all Counties E. and N. of these.
- 3 Province of Quebec.
- 4 Province of New Brunswick.
- 5 Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

SEND THIS TOP PORTION

**\$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.**

The bicycles are the celebrated Stearns, manufactured by E. O. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

**LEVER BROS., LTD.,  
23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.**

**RULES.** 1. Every month during 1897, in each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

The two competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value \$25.

2. The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

# RADNOR

Improved  
Table Waters.

BRANIFORD  
SOAP  
WORKS  
CO., Ltd.

USE IVORY BAR SOAP

## IMPERIAL

Cream



Tartar

# BAKING POWDER

**PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.**

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime,  
Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

ABC D 5

Established 1780.

## WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and  
Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

# COCOAS

AND

# CHOCOLATES



on this Continent. No Chemi-  
cals are used in their manufact-  
ures. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure,  
delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent  
a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the  
best plain chocolate in the market for family  
use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to  
eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious  
and healthful; a great favorite with children.

Consumers should ask for and be sure that  
they get the genuine

Walter Baker & Co.'s

goods, made at

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

## CANADIAN HOUSE,

6 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.



**Genuine Fibre Chamois Interlining**

Gives the dressmaker unlimited latitude in which to  
make the most pleasing fashionable effects, supplies tone  
to the finish and shape to the form. It not only drapes  
and shapes the folds to the same perfection as they are  
pictured in the fashion plates, but keeps them in perfect  
shape, FREE FROM CREASES AND CRUSHING WHEN PACKED,  
SAT ON OR OTHERWISE CRUSHED, AND THOROUGHLY PRO-  
TECTS AND PRESERVES THE MATERIAL AT ALL TIMES  
UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

Dressmakers who have had experience using all the  
different interlinings now use only **GENUINE FIBRE  
CHAMOIS** for all their skirts, puff, butterfly wing sleeves,  
interlinings, etc., and now enjoy the happy dream of peace  
and quietness, with the full knowledge that all garments  
which they have interlined with the **Genuine Fibre  
Chamois** can absolutely be depended on, and that all  
their labor, skill and material have not been ruined by  
some poor imitation which has been palmed off on them  
for the sake of the saving of a few cents.

Latest Parisian Skirt Pattern will be mailed  
free to Dressmakers sending their business  
cards to Selling Agents or to the Company.

The Canadian Fibre Chamois Company, Limited  
MONTREAL



Mothers Appreciate

## Ferris' Waist

FOR BOYS

Constructed on new principles. Button's won't  
pull off. Button holes won't tear out. Elastic  
suspenders, readily removed, simple, durable.  
Hose support with each waist. Best material  
throughout. 50c. each. For sale by leading retailers.

TO TONE ENTIRE SYSTEM, BODY AND BRAIN, USE THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

Endorsed by  
eminent  
Physicians  
everywhere

# VIN MARIANI

Used in  
Hospitals  
and Religious  
Institutions

SENT GRATIS: 33 portraits, autographs, original sketches, of celebrities, selected from many  
thousands who testify to uniform excellence of "VIN MARIANI." Address:



THE STANDARD AMERICAN  
Made in Birmingham, England.  
Established 1890  
Samples of the leading numbers for all styles of writing sent on receipt  
of return postage in Canadian or United States stamps.

