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THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

JULY, 1896.



PUBLISHED BY
THE
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TORONTO

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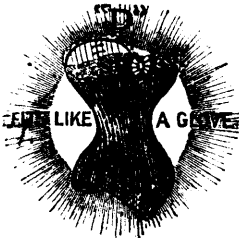
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VOL. VII.

JULY, 1896.

No. 3

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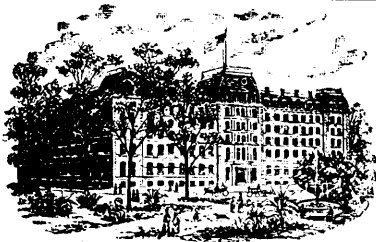
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The income from all sources shows a gain for the year of \$631,541.97, and amounts to \$5,575,281.56.

Death claims to the amount of \$4,084,074.92 were paid during the year.

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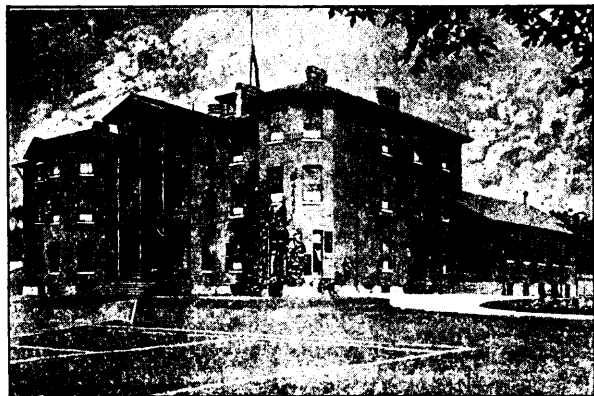
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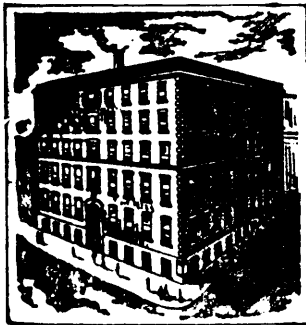
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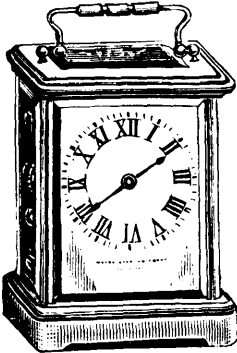


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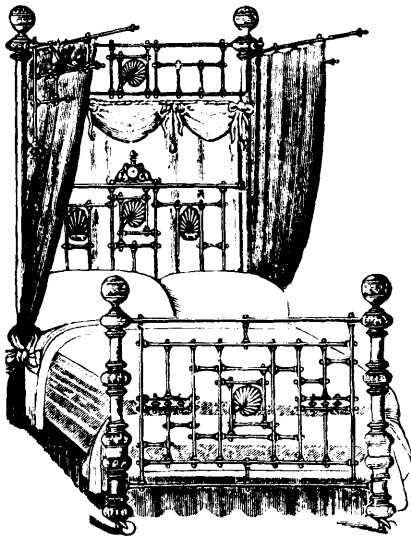
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1896.

No. 3.

THE COMMUNISTIC GELIBATES OF "ECONOMY."

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

TO the students of Sociology, no place can be more rich in material, or more abundant in truth, than the quaint old town of Economy, in Beaver Co., Pennsylvania, the home of the Harmony Society, one of the most unique and picturesque communistic organizations of its day.

Its history begins in 1805, when one George Rapp, a native of that prolific nursery of German pietism, Wurtemberg, came to the United States as the leader of a band of immigrants, 800 strong. They were in search of a place where they could escape religious persecution, and worship God according to their understanding of His word. Their first settlement was made in Butler Co., Pa., and was called "Harmony," since in harmony they had pledged themselves to dwell, and members of the society became known as "Harmonites." After a ten years' residence there, during which they had much sickness and many deaths, the place was condemned as unhealthy, and the colony migrated to the State of Indiana, where upon the malarial banks of the Wabash they unwisely built up another settlement, which they called New Harmony, to distinguish it from the first town. They remained there during a second decenary, and then in 1825, having sold their estate to Robert Owen, the Socialist, for the neat sum of \$150,000, they

removed to their final home at Economy, where they secured a tract of 3,000 acres, part of it being purchased from the grandfather of the late Hon. James G. Blaine.

This site, which is 18 miles below Pittsburg, along the line of the Fort Wayne and Chicago R.R., proved to have been well selected, for here the Commune has prospered beyond the most fanciful expectations of their courageous leader. They were aided by cheap water communications with Pittsburg and New Orleans, and all forces seemed to conspire to stimulate their various industries. In addition to their large farming industries, they built cotton, woollen and silk factories, and all the shops necessary to produce everything they consumed, as well as large quantities for sale. In the manufacture of silks they were particularly successful, and the Sunday dress of men, as well as of the women, was of silk or velvet, grown, reeled, spun and woven by themselves. This was the first silk made in the United States. They had also a large and successful distillery, a saw-mill, and a brick yard, and much attention was given to grape culture.

A community of goods was the main plank in the society's platform. "One for all, and all for one," was their motto, and as a result of their co-operation, the Commune to-day is in

possession of the water works at South Pittsburg, steel works at Beaver Falls, stock in coal mines, the fee simple in oil lands, preferred stock in the Lake Shore and Fort Wayne railroads, bonds in any number of incorporated companies, and the land of the entire township of Economy, their wealth being estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Economy is a modern Acadia—a dream of peace and plenty. Although the trains of the great Pennsylvania Railroad System carry the travelling world past it many times each day, yet little is known of the religio-commercial Commune within its gates. The stranger, who walks through the quaint place for the first time, feels that he has passed the bounds of modern commercial life. The glare from the furnaces near Pittsburg, and the passing trains are all there is to remind him that Economy is touching elbows with the great centre of civilization. The town is typically German. The architecture is curious, and it is safe to say that there is no other town like it in America. The situation is one of the loveliest imaginable. It begins on the very edge of the bluff, overlooking the Ohio river. The streets are at right angles with the river's course, and all bordered with cherry trees. Back of these rows of trees sit the 300 prim, two-storied brick houses, all as much alike as eggs in a nest. Each house is decorated with grape-vines, that have been trained to espaliers, to fill the space between the bottom ledge of the upper windows and top ledge of the lower windows. In using the grape-vine for ornamentation, and the cherry trees for shade, it will be noticed that these people carried out the idea of "economy" to the very letter of the law. This blending of the useful and the ornamental is one idea that can be understood, but why they should have built their houses without front doors, and the town clock with but one hand, are economic mysteries still unsolved.

Single-handed the old clock in the quaint church ticks off the sun time it was first made to tick. Like the people for whom it tells the hour, it is not to be switched by any new fangled ways. Only the hours are told, minutes not being worth recording in a place where time passes so slumbrously. The Economites do not have to catch trains, nor to lift notes at the bank, nor to hurry to offices and a few minutes more or less can make no difference. Nothing hurries in Economy, not even death. These people, show the fruit of right-living, of regular habits, undisturbed nerves, unimpaired digestion and ease of conscience, by living to extreme old age.

The place might fitly be called the Silent Village for not a sound is heard more disturbing than the rustle of the leafless branches of the trees, the slow clanging ring of the bell that tells the hour, the rumble of a passing train, the puffing of the locomotive under the bluff, or the Sunday-like crow of the so numerous rooster which has the freedom of the burg.

The President's house is the hub of the little community. It is to Economy what Rideau Hall is to Canada or the White House is to the United States—the "Executive Mansion," though to the Economites it has always been known by the name of "The Great House." This house and the one hotel are the only houses that have front-doors. All other dwellings can only be entered by passing through the yard at the side of the house. The Great House stands face to face with the church, from the prim pulpit of which has been preached, for nearly three-quarters of a century, the hard law of celibacy.

"Father Rapp," as he was always called, was regarded by the Harmonites as in a special sense the vice regent of the Deity; and the doctrines he taught were acknowledged as inspirations. Although ignorant of scholastic theology and a stranger to the training of the University, this rustic vine-dresser of Germany became, by

his eloquence, enthusiasm and an accompaniment of mysticism, transfigured to the mind of his superstitious followers and stood before them endorsed with the credentials of a prophet.

Michael Han, the Swabian theosophist was his close friend and teacher; and he had been also a student of Vetinger and the eccentric Jung Sterling. To these writers has been given the credit for the tinge of mysticism prevailing his theology. From the rituals of the Catholic and Lutheran churches he formed a ritual exclusively his own, compelling his followers to separate themselves from all other denominations. From this, came the name of "Separatists," by which name they were known in the Fatherland.

Among other queer religious opinions, Father Rapp held that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and his teachings were accordingly intended to aid himself and his followers to be fit to meet the Messiah. To this end they must practice self-denial of the lusts, pleasures and distractions of the world, and celibacy was enjoined. But celibacy was not one of the fundamental principles, for the majority of the original "Separatists" were married people. Father Rapp himself had been married, and was the father of several children. It only illustrates the almost perfect subjection to which he had brought his people, that when he made the statement that in order to attain perfection in life, all members of the society must become celibates, there was not a dissenting voice; and when the article of agreement was passed round for signatures every name went down and straightway every man put away his wife, and every woman her husband; and every Hans and Gretchen in the village was made to understand that hereafter Economy was to be much like heaven inasmuch as there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Hard lines! for certainly no more fascinating place could be

found in which to weave the unstable fabric of love's young dream; no more romantic place for moonlight walks or thrilling appointments and never anywhere such a "Lover's Lane," a mile long and dense with shade; and yet after the law of celibacy went into effect, "they say" Lover's Lane was deserted.

But Economy has not been without its romances. Even Father Rapp was credited with having more than a fatherly interest in pretty Hildegarde Mutchleer, a girl who made her home at the Great House; for this reason it is supposed, he obliged the council or board of elders, to pardon her and the village doctor with whom she eloped, take them back into the folds of the society and allow them to live as man and wife. This is the only exception ever made to the law of celibacy, and it occasioned a dissatisfaction that came nearly disrupting the society and was never wholly outlived.

The cardinal principle of the harmony society outside of religion was entire community of property; and their adherence to this principle has been steadfast. In order to make all things free and equal for the new start at Economy, Father Rapp appointed a committee to gather together all the goods and wearing apparel of the members, and to publicly burn the collection. Then all the money was thrown in a common fund, no one being permitted to know how much another put in. A new outfit was provided, and the life upon the co-operative plan began anew. There was now no possible chance for one individual to get ahead of another, and as each labored for all, there was no jealousy. Each one was only entitled to what he could eat and wear, but all must work: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," was the law.

In those days the flourishing factories, breweries, planing mills and brick yards furnished work for all hands. In addition, there were the vine-

yards and harvest fields. The scene in haying season must have been particularly attractive, for women as well as men worked in the fields. In return for their services, each person secured every necessity of life from the common fund. All dry goods and groceries were supplied from the co-operative store; the village shoemaker made their new shoes and kept the old ones in order; the village tailor did the same for their clothes. Every family had its cow and was entitled to keep as much milk as was needed, but the surplus was given to the driver of the little blue milk-wagon, when he called morning and night. This residue was taken to the butter and cheese factory, from which place each family got its supply. There was a common bakery where, from the rosy-cheeked baker, each one received his measure of bread. When a beef was killed, the announcement was made to the brethren and a representative from each family came for its portion. Everything that man or woman needed, or thought they needed, was to be had for the asking, except tobacco. Fore-swearing the weed had been considered another step toward purification, and when the vow of celibacy had been taken, all tobacco then in stock had been taken to the church yard and there publicly burnt. "A little wine for the stomach's sake" was not considered harmful, so the Economites continued to make it and to drink it, each family being entitled to so much daily; and every one could use it freely when working in the harvest field; and on their feast days it was placed on the tables in pitchers, the same as water. Their wine cellar, built at the same time they built the town, is still one of the quaint town's show places. There one sees casks having a holding capacity of 1,000 gallons each, and one may sample whiskey and wine made half a century ago.

Another curiosity is the co-operative

laundry, which is exactly as it was in those pioneer days, except that it is now fully equipped with modern machinery, and there each family in the village does its washing once in two weeks. If any one is sick the society doctor attends him, and if he die he is sure of a decent, though by no means elaborate burial. The village cooper makes the coffins, and it is against the law to give them further embellishment than one coat of black paint on the outside, and one layer of thin muslin, without any upholstering, on the inside. The coffin is of pine wood and shaved as thin as possible, the idea being to allow the body to return to the original elements as quickly as possible.

The Harmonites do not wear black for their dead. They bury in an orchard, and in the order in which they die, regardless of sex. There are no marble shafts, nor so much as painted boards to mark the graves. Not even the founder was so honored. Neither are the mounds kept in shape, nor a flower planted to distinguish one grave from another. "By their deeds alone we shall remember them" will be the answer, when one inquires after their idea in not marking the graves.

One grave there is, however, that has a rose-bush planted upon it, and thereby hangs another romance too good not to be included in this story; the hero and heroine being Jacob Henrici, afterwards leader of the Society, and Gertrude Rapp, granddaughter of Father Rapp. These young people lived under the same roof at the "Great House," had many tastes in common, but particularly that of music. To this day their respective pianos stand in the Great House parlor just where they left them: and the two organs, upon which they played together at Sunday services, still stand in the church, but played by other hands, for both "Father Henrici," as he was afterwards called, and his Gertrude lie in the orchard; she at the end of one row of graves, he at the beginning of an-

other. She died one Xmas day and he followed her one Xmas day two years later. All their days this pair were in love with each other, as everybody knew, but no one was ever heard to say he doubted that they had kept the faith. The law which to them meant their hope of heaven, stood between them, and neither thought seriously of tampering with it. He loved her too truly to ask her to do violence to her conscience; and she was too sincere in her religious faith to commit transgression at the call of mortal passion. Only two courses were open to them, either to quit the community, get married and live without the pale, or discipline their souls to the chastity of a spiritual affection. They chose the latter.

There have been just four Presidents, or Senior Trustees, as they are called in the society. Father Henrici was the third, Julius Baker, who succeeded Father Rapp, seems to have added nothing to the romantic history of the town, though under his preaching and financial management the organization continued to flourish.

The present leader, John S. Duss, will likely never be called "Father Duss" being such a young man—only 36 at this time. Both he and Mrs. Duss were for the most part raised in this platonic Eden, their widowed mothers having united with the "Harmonites" when they were small children. But, in spite of early and continuous teaching to the contrary, their hearts proved as unmanageable as are hearts the world over, and their attachments for each other becoming known, they were more than once publicly reprimanded by Father Henrici, from whom it would seem they had the right to expect more sympathy, since he himself had a like experience.

This couple followed the example of Hildegard Mutchler and the doctor, inasmuch as they were married, and lived outside of Economy until two children had been born to them. Then Father Henrici, who found it hard to

get along without these helpful young people, sent for them to return and with their young blood infuse new life into the dying Harmony Society. They decided to accept the proposition so they returned, joined the commune, agreeing to abide by all the hard conditions. John Duss four years ago succeeded Father Henrici, as the head of the order, but he has never preached the cruel law of celibacy, for in that measure he recognizes the death warrant of the society. By all odds Mr. Duss has been the strongest leader they have had. Not one of the others would have been able to contend against the financial difficulties that have beset him. Father Henrici had left things in a perfect tangle owing to his having kept no accounts, and to his having given away money most recklessly.

The association proper is composed of Catholics, infidels, agnostics and all shades of Protestants. These are to be preached to twice each Sunday, visited when sick, buried when dead, and their wants while living attended to, all by their leader or spiritual head. It goes without saying that to fill these several roles to the satisfaction of such a conglomerate congregation would be a most arduous task even for such a versatile and diplomatic mentality as that of Mr. Duss. Since he took the reins the society has witnessed legal storms that would have wrecked less substantial organizations, but his people have stood by him and have not faltered in their faith, and therefore through his wonderful courage and level-headedness he has been able to baffle the skill of the most talented lawyers in their attempts to disrupt the society or separate its interests to satisfy claims made by heirs of dead members.

The Economites by their accumulation of wealth, at least, have done much to prove the success that could be made of a co-operative society with religious fanaticism left out. Had not the idea of celibacy crept in, the

Harmony Society would have been, nearly 1,000, to less than two dozen, not only the wealthiest commune in the world, but it in all probability would have been the largest. As it is the membership has dwindled from

nearly 1,000, to less than two dozen, in ages ranging, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Duss, from 75 to 90 years. And each is worth over a million dollars!

KINGSHIP.

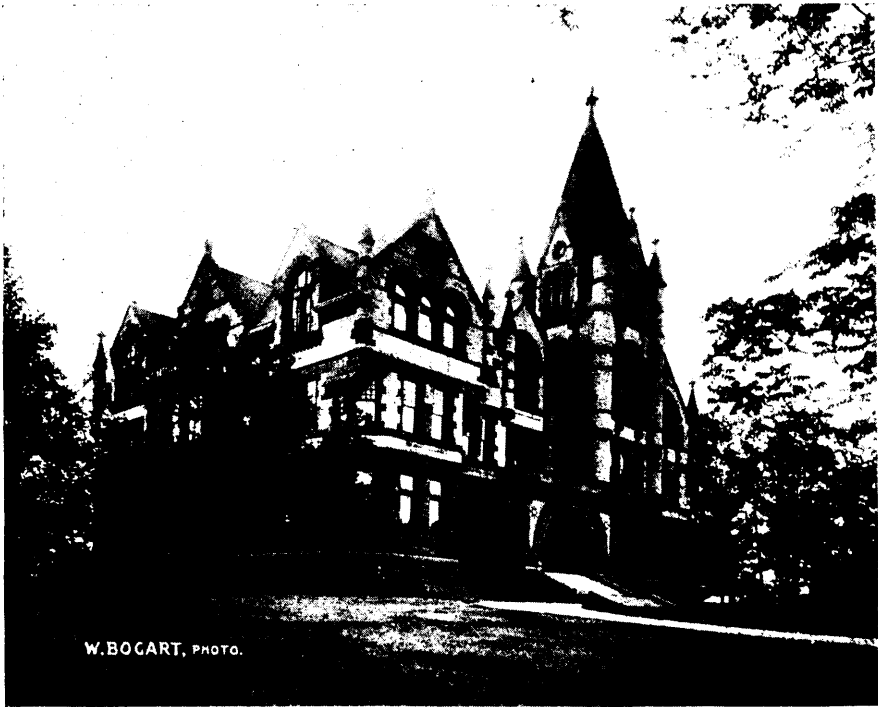
YOU are my king !
 And therefore must I do, unquestioning,
 The tasks you bid me do,
 And of my best make my poor offering.
 Why should I not, who have lived for love of you
 These long years through ?

You are my king !
 And, therefore, if you ever choose to wring
 My heart with your mistrust,
 I doubt not I have been an evil thing ;
 For I know well that you are right and just,—
 I, less than dust.

You are my king !
 And so, each cherished dream you bade me fling
 To the winds, I must forget ;—
 Yea, utterly ! although (God knows) the sting
 Of all the old imperious regret
 Abides even yet.

You are my king !
 And so, whatever change the seasons bring,
 I must be glad to praise,—
 Summer and autumn, winter-time and spring,
 I must believe I travel still the ways
 Of the ancient days.

You are my king !
 And so I must not weary of worshipping,
 Nor must I wait for death ;
 But the old songs must still seem good to sing,
 And still must your words seem (in my great faith)
 The words God saith.



VICTORIA COLLEGE, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY—ITS HISTORY AND EDUCATIONAL WORK.

BY H. HOUGH, M.A., LL.D., TORONTO.

THE educational system of our country is a many-sided and successful one. It is like a beautiful and well-supported temple, each buttress holding up its own portion of the edifice, and all combining and contributing to the general effect. Some good people look with mistrustful glances at denominational institutions. They do not follow this course necessarily from want of confidence in their fellow-men, but rather because they suspect that the denominational may indicate the sectarian. And yet, what a wonderful influence such institutions have exercised, and still exercise, as factors of our grand educational result!

Thousands of young men, belonging to church-going families in the various denominations, have been drawn by the fact of their church interest in a particular college, and have fallen in with the natural suggestion, the social attraction, and the denominational sympathy, which, but for that church interest, might have been entirely absent. Thus was college work suggested. And as the denominations are the people, it seems to me a fair thing to say that an institution which attracts its own friends, and provides for their educational equipment, thus supplies this advantage to that number of the people as a whole, and should

be recognized as a public benefactor, —even if these were the only participants in its benefits.

Victoria University certainly takes its rank among these. Based on the broad general proposition of maintaining "sound and useful learning in connection with Christian principles," it had its beginning under denominational control; but from the first threw open its doors in cordial welcome to all. And though, naturally, the majority of its students and graduates have been connected with the denomination which controls it, yet very many, ministers as well as laymen, whose communion altars are elsewhere, rejoice to call it *alma mater*, and to bear testimony to the greatness of its educational advantages. The word "sectarian," indeed, never had a place in its vocabulary. So general has been the character of its educational work, that though, on securing its

university powers, it established the department of Arts, following this as it could with those of Medicine and Law, it was not until thirty years after acquiring such status that it established its chair in Theology. It afterwards added the department of Science: and continued its operations in all of these departments until, accepting the Federation project, it merged the greater portion of its work in the common Provincial University. Under this arrangement, it now confines its attention, as to Arts, to the subjects allotted to the federating colleges by the

Act, and to its work in its Theological department.

It was in the year 1829 that the authorities of the newly organized Canadian Methodist Church decided to establish a seminary of learning under its own control. One of the first matters to determine was that of location. To a capable committee was this question referred; and after careful consideration, there being keen competition, the place selected was what was then the village of Cobourg, —afterwards, and now, the beautiful town of that name, "on the old Ontario strand." This selection was approved: and what has ever since been admitted as one of the most suitable and charming sites in the country for such an institution was secured for the buildings. It was a little to the north and east of the village, on a delightful spot of rising ground; and there was erected "the old college," which for



THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

fifty-six years was the classic home of thousands of men who, in after years, filled important positions among their fellow Canadians.

But the promotion of the work was not so easy as the choice of location. There were no millionaires in those days. Nor had the thoughts of men been widened by the process of that "extending purpose" which warms and qualifies the public mind to-day. The efforts of the distinguished Rev. Dr. Ryerson, who championed the cause of the Methodist proposition, in securing a charter for the institution,

read like a romance of the days before liberality had its birth. In his capacity as editor of the newly-established *Christian Guardian*, Dr. Ryerson declared :—

institution. No system of divinity shall be taught therein, but all students shall be free to embrace and pursue such religious creed, and attend such place of religious worship, as their parents or guardians may direct.”

The subsequent contentions on the



CHANCELLOR SELLES, D.D., LL.D.

“This academy is designed to be a purely literary institution. The establishment of it is not contemplated to educate young men for the ministry, but it is designed for the education of youth generally, for any pursuit or profession which their inclinations or circumstances may dictate. The first article of the constitution of the academy is— This shall be a purely literary

petition for incorporation, the unseemly reply of Sir John Colborne, then Governor of the colony, to the request of the Methodist Conference that he transmit to the king (William IV.) their memorial relating to King’s Col-

lege and its methods, are all matters of early Canadian educational history. A full account of these proceedings is given in that invaluable work, in three volumes, of Dr. J. George Hodgins, of Toronto, "Documentary History: Education in Upper Canada." This work in a most masterly manner records the stirring discussions of a period when men were seeking for freedom from the educational trammels which they believed injurious to the general cause, and gives the original documents, from the beginning of the struggle till the shackles fell off. Sir John Colborne did not sympathize with these aspirations. He expressed his kindly opinion that the leaders of the movement, who were trying through him to approach the throne, had "neither experience nor judgment to appreciate the value or advantages of a liberal education." The Methodist Church has long since forgiven the churlishness of the man who so feebly understood the possibilities of his position, and forgotten his harmless narrowness of soul. And if he could now be permitted to look abroad upon the educational status of this fair "colony," and see the results of the efforts of the various denominations, with the cheerful and enthusiastic co-operation of the one whose interests he thought himself called upon to champion, he would awake to the realization of the wonderful widening of men's thoughts through the "process of the suns" of only five and sixty years.

The long and able discussions, the voluminous correspondence, the personal appeals of Dr. Ryerson to the colonial and home authorities, his visits to England, where, with indefatigable diligence and courage, he prosecuted his efforts, and the final rewarding of these efforts in the granting of a Royal Charter, dated 12th October, 1836, as well as a royal grant of money, cannot be referred to at greater length in an article like this. They are all given, however, with copies of the original documents, in Dr. Hodgins' valuable

work. This charter bestowed full corporate powers upon the new institution, provided for its management without requirement of any religious test or qualification upon student or teacher, and authorized its establishment under the name of "The Upper Canada Academy." While this struggle was going on, the building operations had been pushed forward—a great army of devoted Methodist ministers and laymen energetically promoting the work; and on the 18th of June, 1836, a few months before the promised charter arrived, the new institution threw open its doors for the admission of students, the Rev. Matthew Ritchie, M. A., being the first Principal.

The wisdom of the movement was at once apparent. During the first year of operations, 127 students were enrolled, of whom a goodly number were ladies. The course of study was an extensive and practical one, and the principal and teachers proved themselves both worthy and efficient. The new academy made satisfactory progress; and many names of men afterwards well known in Canadian affairs were on its roll of students. On the retirement of Mr. Ritchie, in 1839, the Board selected Rev. Jesse Hurlburt, M. A., a graduate of Middletown, Conn., to fill the position. Like his predecessor, Mr. Hurlburt was an able manager and efficient teacher, and the institution continued to flourish. With him was associated the Rev. D. C. Van Norman, M. A., who also proved himself a workman who needed not to be ashamed. The academy continued to flourish, though it had to contend with that peculiar experience which seems to fall to the lot of all such causes,—a tendency to shortness of funds. Noble things were done in those days, however. Both the church and the public came fully to grasp the importance of the work which was being accomplished; and it was not very long after Mr. Hurlburt's assumption of the principalship that the bold proposition was

made to seek for university powers. These were granted in 1841,—only five years after the doors of the academy were opened. In that year, adopting the Royal Charter of 1836 as a preamble, the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, by an Act passed 27th August, conferred these university powers, changed the name of the institution to Victoria College, made a money grant of £500, and ex-

session, though Dr. Ryerson delivered an elaborate and able address at the opening meeting. Being relieved of his other work, he at once took full charge in 1842, and on June 21st of that year the formal opening under his management took place. On that occasion Dr. Ryerson delivered an address which stands as one of the earliest and most profound educational utterances of this country. The first



THE FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING, COBOURG; OPENED 1836.

tended the application of all former privileges, powers, and interests, to the institution under its new status.

Victoria College thus had its origin. In the following October the College opened its doors, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson having been appointed the first President. As he was very much engaged with other work, however, the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt took charge for the first

faculty consisted of Dr. Ryerson, Principal, with the department of Moral Philosophy; Rev. J. Hurlburt, M.A., and Rev. D. C. Van Norman, M.A., professors, respectively, of the Natural Sciences and the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Wm. Kingston, M. A., who then began his thirty years' career as the accurate, thorough, and faithful professor in Mathematics;

while Rev. James Spencer, who was afterwards laureated in Arts, and held for years the distinguished position of editor of the *Guardian*, was teacher in the English department. The Board was composed of many of the well-known names in early Canadian Methodism, both clerical and lay,—men whose zeal and energy and limited means were unspared in their efforts to sustain this rising institution, and most of whom long since passed away. With them were associated, in the Senate and Board, by virtue of the public grant to the College, the President of the Executive Council, the Speakers of the Council and Assembly and the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Canada West.

It was but two or three years later that the call of the country came to Dr. Ryerson, and as Chief Superintendent of Education, he began his great life-work of establishing and maturing the public school system of our Province. Here we must take leave of him, as working in another field. His country, however enjoyed his services for nearly thirty years longer, and then erected his monument in enduring bronze on the site of his official labors, as a partial return for his enduring work, which is by far the greater monument of the two.

Dr. Ryerson's successor was Rev. Dr. Alexander McNab, who conducted the affairs of the college with varying success for four years. The attendance was good, and satisfactory work was accomplished. More than that, the country began to appreciate the importance of that work. The institution was writing its own history. Even in those early days of its career, men like Hon. Senator Brouse, Rev. Dr. Wm. Ormiston, Hon. Wm. Macdougall, C.B., Hon. Senator Aikins, Judge Springer, Dr. J. George Hodgins, Rev. Prof. Wright, Dr. Cameron, Hart A. Massey, James L. Biggar, and hundreds of others, had attended its classes, many of them being graduates,

and were already making their marks as well-equipped men, in achieving the distinction which they afterwards enjoyed. And thus the country came to believe that many more were to come—as, indeed, they did come.

At the close of these four years, Dr. McNab resigned the office of President, and was followed by the man whose name is interwoven with the great history of Victoria College—whose guiding hand, whose unwearied patience, and whose prodigious energy and skill, directed its affairs through the struggles and triumphs of thirty-seven years, and whose memory is precious to hundreds of devoted sons of Victoria, who crowded the old Cobourg halls during the long period of his administration.

Rev. S. S. Nelles, M. A., (afterwards D.D., LL.D.) was a young man in 1850, but one well-equipped for the work to which his church then called him. He had been a former student of Victoria, but had finally taken his degree in Arts at Middletown. On his assumption of office, Dr. Nelles at once set himself to the task of building up. Steps were taken to secure an endowment, the interest from which should supplement the provincial grant and the givings of the church. The curriculum in Arts was also extended and improved, and a more positive university character given to all the college operations. In this connection should be mentioned the acquisitions which, from time to time, were made to the teaching faculty. Professor Kingston continued his successful work in Mathematics; Prof. John Wilson, M. A., (afterwards LL.D.), a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was secured in the department of the Latin and Greek Languages, and certainly no accurate scholar or pains-taking teacher ever more firmly secured the confidence and esteem of his admiring students. Dr. John Beatty, of Cobourg, a son of one of the founders of the institution, was appointed Professor of the Natural Sciences, and a sharp,

energetic, well-informed and faithful teacher he was. Prof. Kingston went to his rest about ten years ago; but the latter two are still in life, and residents of the good old town. During the presidency of Dr. Nelles several other efficient professors were secured, and to these we may now refer. In 1856, Rev. Dr. Whitlock, before that of Genesee College, N.Y., took the chair of Science. This man was not only an enthusiastic scientist, but a profound philosopher, as well as an author in Higher Mathematics. Dr. Harris, who brought to Canada from a German university one of its earliest degrees of Ph.D., became professor in Modern Languages. He was an earnest and methodical teacher—characteristics which still distinguish him in a most important chair in Amherst College. One of his sons, born in the old College residence in Cobourg, is professor in another department in the same institution. Prof. A. R. Bain, who had pursued post-graduate work in Mathematics in Europe, succeeded Prof. Kingston in that chair, while Prof. A. H. Reynar, some years later, was appointed to a new chair of English Literature. These last-named two professors are still in the service of Victoria, and doing most efficient work—Dr. Bain in the chair of Ancient History, and Rev. Dr. Reynar as Dean of the Faculty of Arts and professor of English Literature.

Thus, under Dr. Nelles' guidance, was the College widening its work. In 1873, a new impetus was given to the Science department by the securing of Dr. Haanel (Breslau), who had, before his work in Germany, been connected with Albion College, Michigan. Here was a natural "born" scientist, a man who conjured with the secrets of nature, and who seemed to be impelled by a species of nervous storage-battery, fitted up for his special use, and moved by some impelling power of enthusiasm, which vied in constant friendly rivalry with his love for his subject. He was a genius, who

made his own machines, and coaxed Nature to help him to show the men how to work them. No wonder, then, that in the twelve or fifteen years of his professorship, Victoria turned out so many thorough students, enthusiastic, like their teacher, in the cause of science. In this department, Dr. Haanel was ably assisted by Prof. A. P. Coleman, M.A., whose services were rendered necessary by the expanding character of the researches and the work. It was at this period that Faraday Hall, the new Science building of the university, was erected—its equipment being placed under the superintendence of Dr. Haanel. The two departments of Science and Mathematics were transferred to this building, and continued to occupy it till the removal in 1892. Dr. Haanel was afterwards called to Syracuse, N.Y., in the university at which city his services are engaged in a similar department, while Dr. Coleman (Breslau) is now Hon. professor of Natural History and Geology in Victoria, and professor of Metallurgy and Assaying in the School of Practical Science.

Dr. Nelles was himself a hard-working and successful teacher. His department was that of Mental Philosophy, with Logic, Ethics, and Evidences. He never failed to enlist the interest of the student in his work. In addition to his manifold duties at the head of the College, he was its general representative abroad. He took a leading part in the discussions of the "University Reform," "University Consolidation," "The U. C. College," the "Superior Education," and other vitally important educational questions, which agitated the country from thirty to forty years ago, and in which Victoria and Queen's stood shoulder to shoulder with a common cause. It was his, also, to bear the chief burden of anxiety as to finances, and to inaugurate a system for the removal of a pressing debt. This scheme was laid before the country by the late Rev. Dr. Aylsworth as its chief agent,



FARADY HALL, COBOURG ; OPENED 1837.

who filled a similar office to that now so efficiently filled by Rev. Dr. Potts, as Secretary of Endowment, though he had a smaller and less liberal constituency. The withdrawal of the Government grant in 1868 was a most serious blow to Victoria,—her sister University of Queen's also suffering the same deprivation. But it did not dishearten President Nelles, or his thousands of friends in the Methodist Church. The late Rev. Dr. Punshon, who had taken up his residence in Canada, threw his energies into the scheme to raise an endowment. The result was that such endowment, the interest on which exceeded the amount of the old grant, was soon in possession of the Board. Some bequests were also made, among others being those of the late Edward Jackson and Dennis Moore, which together amounted to about \$50,000. It was thus decided that Victoria should not die, but live.

Four years after the accession of Dr.

Victoria College never had. In 1871 was established the Faculty of Theology, the Rev. Dr. N. Burwash, the present Chancellor of the university, being appointed the first Dean.

During the later years of Dr. Nelles' administration, in 1883, the General Conference decided upon the consolidation of Victoria College and Albert College, Belleville, the latter institution being the college of the late M. E. Church, which had become united with the general body. The new corporation then took the name of Victoria University; Dr. Nelles being Chancellor, and William Kerr, Q.C., LL.D., then and ever since elected by the graduates, Vice-Chancellor. Rev. Dr. Badgley, from Albert, at that time joined the professorial staff, taking the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, which he yet holds. Other professors who were added subsequently were Dr. A. J. Bell (Breslau), who succeeded Dr. Wilson in the chair

Nelles, the Faculty of Medicine was founded; the first Dean being the late celebrated Hon. Dr. Rolph. In 1860, the Faculty of Law was established, — the first Dean in this department being the late Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C. After him, and while the department remained, the office was filled by William Kerr, Q.C., LL.D., of Cobourg, now Vice-Chancellor, and a newly-elected Bencher; and a more faithful friend or efficient helper Vic-

of Latin Language and Literature ; Victoria : and with them more recently added—as I may as well now finish the list of the teaching staff—are Dr. L. E. Horning (Göttingen), who became professor in German and Old English ; Rev. Dr. John Burwash, professor in Chemistry ; Rev. Dr. F. Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, M.A., professor in Oriental Languages and Literature ;



CHANCELLOR BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

H. Wallace, professor of Biblical Greek ; and John Petch, M.A., professor in the French Language and Literature. All of these men are still doing thorough and efficient work for and Messrs. A. L. Langford, M.A., W. Fick, Ph. D., J. C. Robertson, B.A., and M. Masson, lecturers in Greek, German and French. I come now to record an event

which excited the affectionate sorrow of the great body of graduates and old students of Victoria, as well as of the church and the public, who had watched his long and brilliant career at the head of this institution,—the death of Rev. Chancellor Nelles. This occurred on the 17th of October, 1887, after a very short illness. Attacking a not too vigorous constitution, the insidious typhoid soon laid him low; and the prolific brain, the kindly heart, and the busy hand, lay still together.

His body rests in the beautiful cemetery at Cobourg, within a mile of the scene of his long and unwearied labors; and for all the rest, as to the cause of higher education in Canada, his works do follow him.

His successor, naturally and almost by hereditary selection, was the Rev. Dr. N. Burwash, the present Chancellor. For years, even before the establishment of the chair of Theology, Dr. Burwash had been associated with Dr. Nelles on the teaching staff; and there was no difficulty in finding a successor on the spot. The appointment was at once made by the Board of Regents; and the skill and devotion which Chancellor Burwash has brought to his work amply prove the wisdom of the choice. If I did not suspect that my space was running short, or that he might sometime scan these sentences, I would like to refer at greater length to this worthy and successful man, to whom, as sustaining a most important relationship to the cause of education in this his native country, history will be both generous and just. Suffice it to say that he is a most efficient educator as well as a most skilful administrator, and that he holds most firmly, because most deservedly, the affectionate regard of his students, and the warm consideration and esteem of his colleagues in both educational and ministerial life.

Of the question of Federation, which materially changed the character and work of Victoria University, I need

not say much, because, being a modern movement, most of my readers know as much about it as myself. The question began to be agitated about the year 1883, both the late Chancellor Nelles and Dr. Burwash being very strong in its advocacy. Afterwards, chiefly by reason of the fact that Queen's and Trinity declined to enter the proposed federation, Dr. Nelles changed his views, and at the first carrying of the measure by General Conference in 1886 was one of its strongest opponents. On this important question, the Church and the great army of graduates and old students were keenly and veritably divided—those favoring the project holding that Victoria, having done a satisfactory work in its separate capacity, should fall in with the provincial system; while those opposed as zealously urged that the Methodist Church was able, and should continue, to possess its own independent University, which had been the instrument of such a wonderful educational work, and which had given its Church such an important position among the educational forces of the country. It was a seven years war, calculated, as the danger sometimes appeared, to "separate chief friends." But it did not do that, though it made manifest the possession of pretty keen powers of controversy by many of them. And when the fight was all over and the project sustained, those who were opposed, after a sob or two, bowed as gracefully as possible to the will of the majority in Conference, and turned in to make the best of the new order of things. They would not have been men had they refused to do this, any more than they would have been men had they not valiantly stood for their convictions.

The result was the removal to Toronto. This involved the abandonment of the buildings where, for fifty-six years, this great work had been conducted, and which, though deserted, still hold up to passers-by, on the face of the original one, the time-honored

and victorious name of "Upper Canada Academy." The new college building in Queen's Park, Toronto, is one of the best for such a purpose on the continent. It was built with a special view to its work, and is a credit to the late architect, Mr. W. G. Storm, who died before its opening, as well as to the denomination which controls it. The property is entirely free from debt—the bequest of the late William Gooderham providing sufficient funds for its erection and equipment. Besides this fact there is an interest-bearing endowment of over a quarter of a million of dollars, to which may be added the amount expected to accrue to the institution in the administration of the will of the late H. A. Massey. In this building, Victoria is doing its special theological work for the Church, as well as teaching thoroughly the subjects allotted to federating Colleges under the statute. The balance of the course in Arts is secured from the Professoriate department of the University of Toronto, to which its students have full access. To the Senate of the University, also, Victoria and its graduates send their representatives, who have full privileges as delegates from one of the federating members. Those representing the graduates of Victoria at present are: Rev. Dr. Reynar, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, and the writer. Besides these, seats in the Senate are also occupied by several members of Victoria's Senate: Rev. Chancellor Burwash, *ex-officio*; Rev. Dr. Dewart, nominee of the Government of Ontario; Dr. Bain, representing the Senate of Victoria; Dr. James Mills, Principal of the Ontario School of Agriculture, who represents that institution; W. R. Riddell, M.A., LL.B., representing the graduates in Law of both Universities; and Dr. J. E. Graham, re-

presenting the graduates in Medicine.

Under the charter, several colleges are affiliated with Victoria University. These are, Albert College, Belleville, (Rev. Dr. Dyer); Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, (Rev. Dr. Burns); Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby (Rev. Dr. Hare); Alma College, St. Thomas (Rev. Dr. Austin), and Columbia Wesleyan College, New Westminster, B.C. (Rev. R. Whittington, M.A.)

During the period of its university powers, Victoria University graduated about six hundred men in the Faculty of Arts, of whom two hundred and thirty-two received the Master's Degree; in the Faculty of Medicine, nine hundred and sixty-three; in the Faculty of Law, it bestowed the degree of LL.B. on one hundred and twenty-five; and that of LL.D. on forty-one. These graduates are all admitted by the Federation Act to the same status and privileges in the University of Toronto. I intended to refer to a host of Victoria's graduates, who are a body of men—and ladies—of whom to speak in an article like this would be an honor to anybody. They fill most important positions in life in this and other lands, in Ministerial work, in Law, in Medicine, in Journalism, in the Teaching profession, and in the great world of business. On glancing over the list, with a view to such reference, however, I do not know whom to leave out; and I am not invited to write a catalogue. I will, therefore, close my remarks with this host of brothers last in my mind. I have tried to set forth the work as well as the history of Victoria; and if any one denies that such a work is a satisfactory illustration of what a denominational college may do for its country, I can only reply that what he and I have failed to apprehend as fact and history would fill a very large volume.



CHAPTER IV.

VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

"THERE'S nane so queer as folk," was an uncommonly wise remark of the canny Scot, and the more I see of life, the more I am convinced of its wisdom.

While insinuating nothing personal, I may suggest, *en passant*, that human nature is an absorbing study, in the cause of which you sometimes climb to giddy heights and come down with a run that is surprising, and sometimes descend into the depths which have a spice of excitement about them—the olives of existence; again, in pursuit of your favorite hobby, you may flounder into a quagmire of mediocrity, and struggle vainly in the midst, till uncertain whether you are not tarred with the same brush.

Vesuvius was on my mind. I had no heart for anything until the "doing" of Vesuvius was an accomplished fact. With eagerness and respect, I approached those who had been up, and promptly received a douche of cold water. "It is really not worth the trouble when you get there." "There is nothing to see," remarked Madam

Blasé. "A dreadful bore," said one dear soul, "now when I was! up twenty years ago there was something worth seeing,"—for the first and only time in my life I wished that I was twenty years older.

Appealing once more in hopes of some encouragement, I was told, "it was pretty enough." To hear the crater of Vesuvius—"the Evil Eye" of the Neapolitans, "the Fire of Jupiter" of the ancients, described as "pretty enough," was too much for my serenity. We began to be ashamed of our enthusiasm. Despite my contempt of Cook (who has a monopoly of the mountains), we investigated his prices, and, considering the nothing-to-see condition of Vesuvius, found them prohibitive, being twenty-five to thirty francs each; besides, my conservative spirit shrank from the thought of being shot up to the top of the venerable old fire-fiend in the prosaic fashion of a practical age.

We timidly proposed walking, and wilted under superior smiles. Elephantine jokes were launched at our expense, suggesting that we should ride up on our bicycles. These machines are becoming a positive nuisance, our identity is completely lost, and I begin to wonder which is me and which my bicycle; not an idea or a subject can be started that I do not find it eventually perched aloft on the spokes of my wheel and there revolve *ad infinitum*. It is like dogs, or

babies, or perhaps puts me more in mind of a brilliant society man who used to be filled with a commendable desire to entertain me. His conversation varied according to season. In summer he would remark blandly, "Are you playing tennis much this summer?"—and in the winter—"Are you going to play tennis much next summer?" Now the bicycle has come to provide the staple of conversation for "manly beauty and womanly strength"—in society newspaper parlance.

But to return to Vesuvius. We finally contented ourselves with joining a party of ten to walk to the lava beds, and, variety being the spice of life, instead of bicycles, we shared with several others the services of a couple of donkeys by names Michael Angelo and Raffaele. To my mind riding a donkey is almost more exciting than one's first attempts on a wheel, and requires considerable knack as we then discovered. At constant and unexpected intervals Michael Angelo wanted to rest, and a series of "Ah"—whack, "Ah"—whack, re-

sulted. At every "Ah"—whack, I very nearly sat down on the ground while Michael Angelo frisked his hind legs; then he rubbed me into the stone wall on one side, then on the other, and at last, finding myself poised on his head, I called to the donkey-man, "I have got to the end of this donkey, where is the next?"

On reaching the Lava, we left the donkeys, without regret, but speedily wished for them again, as we toiled painfully over fields of what looked like coke, twisted into every strange contortion, sometimes in form like the gruesome remains of a battle field or the charred ruins of a city heaped in a thousand fantastic shapes. Eight months before, part of this had been a luxuriant valley of vineyards. Two million tons of molten lava broke forth from the side of the mountain in June, 1895, and made a path for itself two thousand metres wide, destroying part of Cook's road, and entirely filling up the valley; it surrounded the hill upon which the observatory stands, where, for forty years, the brave old Professor Palmieri has



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

watched the slightest indications of the turbulent mountain with his wonderful instruments.

As we crossed the heated surface, with something of excitement and fear, the atmosphere grew hotter and hotter till the air was visibly pulsing in waves of intense heat, above the red hot substance; and then, having exhausted all the adjectives in our vocabulary according to age, sex and disposition, we cast our eyes upon the cone and crater rearing up directly before us.

Something of the spirit of "Excelsior" inspired three of the party, while I was carried along by the force of their fatiguing enthusiasm. One of us, an old gentleman, with unbecoming energy led the way, and was far up the precipitous slope before we had concluded to follow him, and had made a bargain with the guide.

Every moment, as we mounted, the view became more splendid. The sea stretched away directly from the base of the mountain, a vast sheet of silver light, to the ever receding horizon, with Capri and Ischia set in the midst like uncut jewels flashing their fires of purple. Inland the somewhat bare valley plain, was dotted with villages that crept towards the slopes of the sheltering Appenines, while here and there a tract of black desolation marked the way of a dead stream of lava. Below, seemingly almost at our feet, because of our immense height, the great city panted with its long grasping arms thrown out over vale and steep, softened into indistinctness beneath a filmy haze fed by the heat of a noon-day sun.

An hour and a half of hard walking brought us to the summit, and, nearly suffocated and blinded by the sulphur fumes that enveloped us in thick smoke, we struggled forward to the edge of the crater, and here we paused—satisfied in spite of the opinions of superior judgment. It was enough for us that we were looking down into the depths of the earth, though our eyes

blinked and the tears started with the pain. A sullen roar far down the smoking caldron warned us of the fires of the gods; rifts in the dense vapor showed for a moment the sheer rugged sides of the dreadful abyss and made us think of the hell of Virgil and Dante; while round about us hung a dread loneliness, wrapt in heavy, palpable silence, broken now and then by the evil mutterings of a malignant power.

It was impossible to stay long in that dense atmosphere, and the sun was dipping towards the trysting place of sea and sky, so we turned back with reluctance and yet relief, passing baby craters steaming out their little smokes, on the way.

Our downward career was a most astonishing performance, entirely upsetting all one's preconceived ideas of equilibrium and decorous behavior.

I believe absolutely in the superiority of man—but, perhaps, more especially when I see my way to making good use of him, so I clutched the guide in a vigorous embrace which I tightened as each moment I prepared to shoot headlong to the bottom. Down we plunged, keeping splendid pace, at a swinging, prancing gallop, each step about two yards long, as we sank up to our knees in ashes. With cloaks flying in the breeze and shouts of jerky laughter we fairly flew, and in ten minutes landed at the lower station, completely disorganized. From here, as the darkness grew apace, we could see a narrow ribbon of vivid red fire winding in and out through the blackness down the mountain side, marking the path of the lava stream across the wastes of a lost valley.

Now our real troubles began, in the face of which the scaling of the cone was nothing. Through the gloom of a moonless night, we groped our way down a steep path of loose lava and stones with edges like sharp knives; at every shrinking step harrowing groans rose to my lips, which brought the old gentleman to my rescue, and by the help of his lusty arm, I was

trundled home with all the gallantry of a youthful swain.

One of our party remarked (upon which it is needless for me to comment) that when Vesuvius and Pompeii were accomplished, the worst of Naples would be over. We decided to make the distance to Pompeii on our bicycles (being very fresh on those early days of our cycling career) in spite of friendly warnings. I have an admiration for the antique, at least it is one of my accomplishments since my latter day education began, and a ride over an

I shall soon not have a rag of an illusion left with which to clothe my naked facts. It took us three hours to ride the distance, passing through dirty villages on the way, with the newly made maccheroni hanging out to dry, which no doubt would have appeared very odd and interesting, had we not been bumped out of all humor.

After lunch, during which we recovered our sense of appreciation, we wandered through that solemn, beautiful, silent city of the dead: through



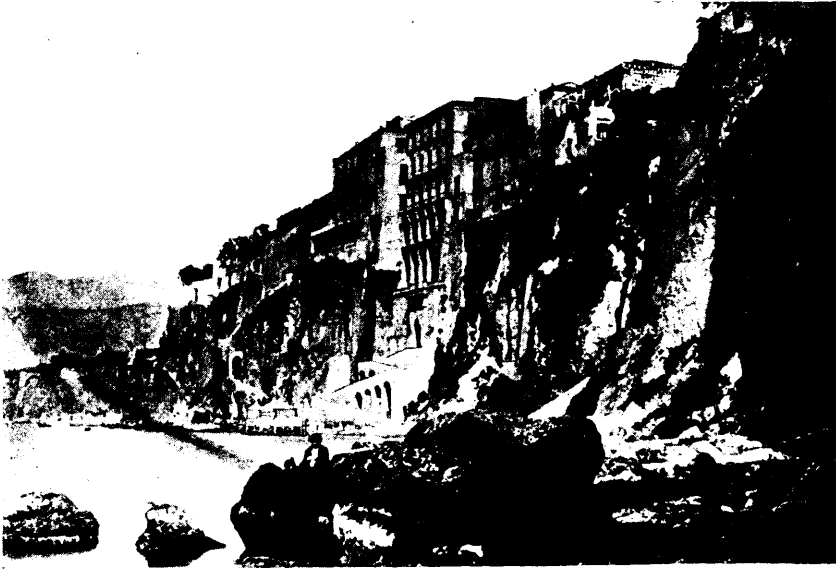
THE DESOLATE STREETS OF POMPEII.

old Roman road savoured of the romantic. Old Roman I believed it to be, an old Italian road at all events; old it certainly was whatever other titles it laid claim to, as our bones afterwards bore sorry witness; a most diabolical road if it was Roman, filled with holes that almost rival some block pavements with which I have an intimate acquaintance.

Our hats were knocked away and all our breath jerked out of our bodies till we were nearly dead. I had had preconceived ideas about Roman roads, but one more illusion was destroyed;

its desolate streets, in the courts, and temples, and private chambers of its men and women; talking in whispers gravely, feeling that the spirits of that departed life were hovering near; flitted in and out the tiny shops, which in our fancy we filled again with the bustle of a community whose luxuries probably surpassed anything we know of now.

But I have no inclination to write of Pompeii here. That city above all others—partly perhaps because a master of romance has cast the glamour of his genius over it—inspires one



SORRENTO.

with something of a sacred, thoughtful feeling and one cannot touch the subject lightly.

When we returned to the hotel where we had left our bicycles in the charge of a duly honoured waiter, I discovered my tire flat with the ground. The feelings of that moment can only be understood by a bicyclist. Fortunately the station was near at hand, and on payment of 75 centimes (15c.) carriage each for the wheels we returned to Naples comfortably, rather thankful to escape a second dose of our morning's jolting. On enquiries, hearing of a so-called good bicycle shop, I left my precious possession to its tender mercies: and when I went to pay the bill was smilingly told it was twenty francs (four dollars). Speechless a moment, I then flatly refused to pay. As that threat made no impression whatever, I was tempted to the use of emphatic words and appeal to their sympathies by telling them I was a humble votary of the pen, dependent on the favours of a capricious public; but, as a woman, having no right to feelings or expressive language, I per-

force had to suppress both, and pay my money—less, however, five francs which the man generously conceded. I departed with serious thoughts of going home by the next steamer, and after the manner of newspaper men, of whose wily ways I know something, write my bicycle adventures in the cosy corner of my own sanctum sanctorum, instead of by the feeble flicker of a pension candle.

Since coming to Italy I have found my education has been sadly neglected on more points than one. Peg and I, with the proverbial love of shopping, were attacked one day with a vague craving to buy things, and settled upon a well known shop in the Chiaja as the scene of our operations. Though my soul loathes a bargain, having been warned to invariably give much less than we were asked, I promised not to be outdone by the sharp Italian, and with a bold front but inward misgivings, we wheeled ourselves into temptation.

Once inside the fine shop, and confronted by the fine man, our borrowed courage oozed out at our toes, though

his ostentatious interest in the bicycles and his pleasant manners somewhat reassured us. On hearing the price of certain articles, we felt blank. Peg and I looked at each other with meaning looks which said, "Go ahead"—"Go ahead yourself." We shuffled. I looked with deep interest at everything but the particular bone of contention, wondering secretly how I was ever going to offer the fellow a price. Suddenly I stood petrified—Peg was offering him fifteen francs less than he had asked. With secret admiration for Peg I awaited results. The man surveyed us silently for a moment, then a row of white teeth showed themselves, a sardonic grin played about his nostrils, and with the inevitable shrug and outward turn of the palm, came in simple but correct English,

"I cannot reply to you."

The blow was crushing, cold shivers ran up and down my back, and I longed to get out of the place quickly, while I decided in my heart Peg was the greatest stupid I had ever come across, to get us into such a hole.

However, we looked as composed as may be in the embarrassing situation, and examined the various pretty things with fine indifference. A pause—then an insinuating voice was mildly offering to take five francs less than the original price. I rose to my feet like a giant refreshed for the fray. "Five francs!" with a contempt equal to his own—"not a soldo more than my offer." "Ah, Signorina," pathetically, "that it is impossible," and he came down two more francs. As he weakened I grew strong, and eventually we carried off our hard contested booty victoriously.

After that it was all plain sailing, and I began to realize how much I have been imposed upon all my life. When I return to my native land, and, possessed with the desire to go on a shopping jaunt, am told the price of such a thing is two dollars, instead of turning away with a sigh, I shall survey the gentlemanly clerk calmly and reply with a lofty air, "that is absurd, I will give you fifty cents," adding with a fascinating smile, "not a cent more." *Tableau!*



ROAD BETWEEN POSITANO AND AMALFI.

We related these exciting incidents on our return expecting much sympathy, but instead, with an annoying I-told-you-so air, received the answer that if we would persist in parading our bicycles on all occasions we must expect exorbitant demands, they being looked upon as a sign of wealth and importance. This was an unexpected view of the matter, and a new sensation, pride of possession, began to weigh upon me heavily.

Having tried our powers riding in various directions, we began to feel restless and to have an expanding ambition.

The new road from Sorrento to Amalfi, joining there the old road to Salerno, had been opened only a few months, having been twelve years in construction. After asking the advice of several who had driven over it, we were advised to beware of it. But we decided at all risks to attempt that ride, and be the pioneer bicyclists upon it.

Our hero of the Baiae expedition overhearing our plans announced in his charming, broken English, which was, nevertheless, decidedly to the point, "When you go to Amalfi, I go too." His tone was authoritative, but we did not resent it, since we concluded he had fallen a victim to our especial attractions, and graciously gave him permission to ride with us.

We went on to Sorrento for a few days, having arranged with the hero to meet there. But, alas for the plans of mice and men, that most wonderful sun of sunny Italy veiled his face at last and the Sirocco was upon us, which is made responsible for as many sins in Italy as the east wind in England. However, one day as I was poking about amongst the beauties of Sorrento, I descried in the distance a bicycle, and a man making frantic gestures. Our friend, for so he proved to be, declared the weather most propitious for our expedition, but I was adamant and he had to be content with

a shorter ride towards Castellammare, returning disconsolate to Naples.

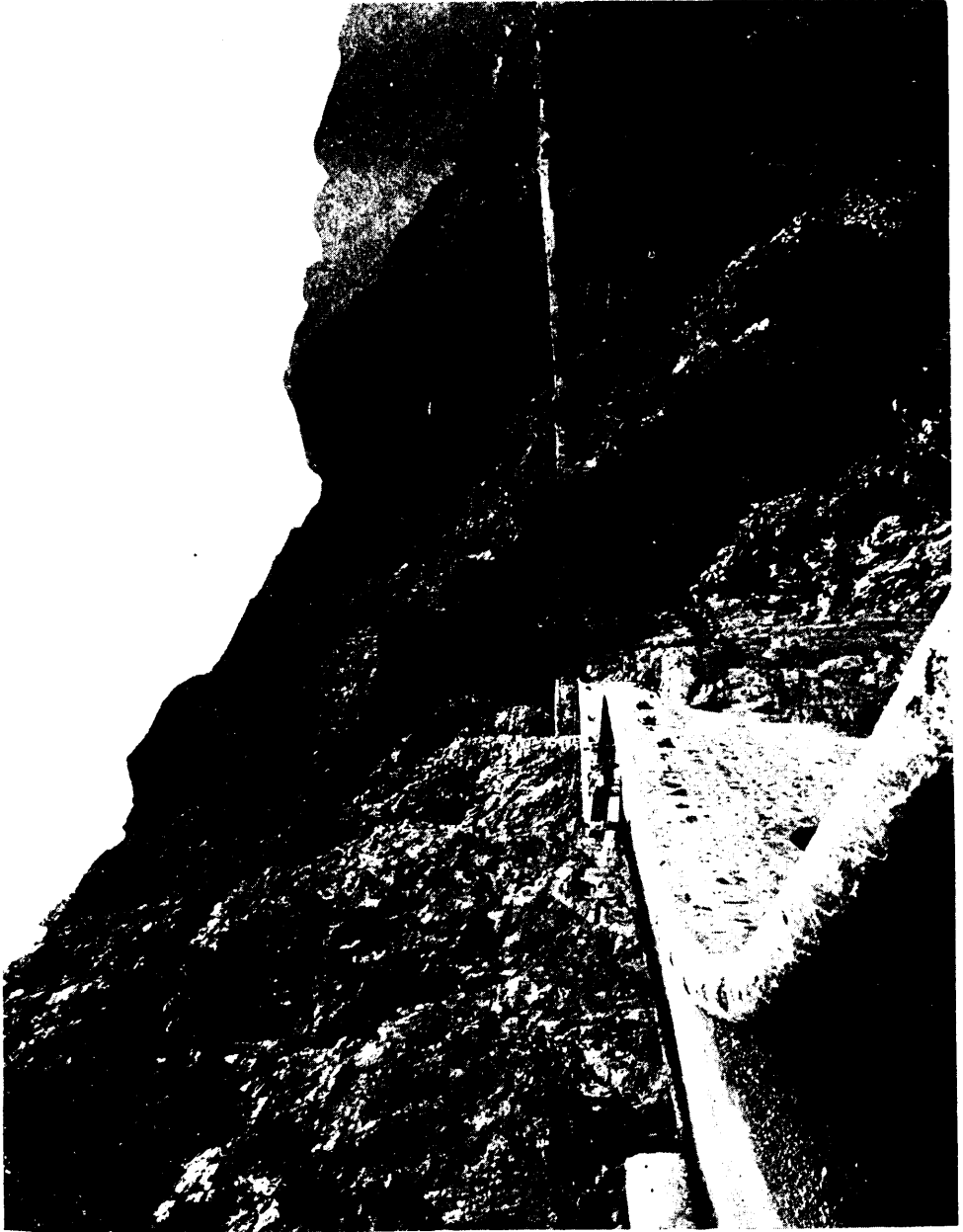
Because we had as yet seen nothing finer we found the ride between Sorrento and Castellammare lovely beyond compare. It was one of those mellow, neutral days when half tones and a subdued melancholy pervaded everywhere, hanging over the seaward view heavy with mist, and merging clouds and rocks and sea in an impressionist study of shaded greys. On the other hand, the heights rose in many a jagged peak and gloomy gorge, to which the villages clung in dots of dainty white, with blue grey streamers of filmy air curling above their red tiled roofs.

We talked with the big-eyed, roguish boys and quaint little maidens with skirts almost touching the ground, after the way of Italian children. They pursued a mild form of begging, with stiff little nosebags held tightly in dirty little fingers. We watched the girls weaving linen with quite an elaborate device in the way of a machine. All the babies were collected for our especial inspection, and I found that my only intelligible Italian words "*Molto bello*" worked wonders in this delicate situation.

At Meta we could not resist riding to the top of the ridge between the mountains, and looking down towards Amalfi, the route of our prospective ride.

Alternately walking and riding, depressed by the Sirocco, we slowly ascended the steep road, passing tempting groves of lemon and orange trees laden with the luscious golden fruit, the cheery peasants busy with the spring gardening, threading the vines from tree to tree and turning the ground for the early planting.

Having renewed our flagging spirits with wine at a wayside cottage which crowned the ridge, we jumped on our wheels, gave one touch to the pedals, put up our feet and started away homewards, on the maddest ride I ever had in my life. Down, down the moun-



“THE DESOLATION AND GRANDEUR OF NATURE.”—BETWEEN SORRENTO AND POSITANO.

tain side we flew, our speed increasing every moment. Whiz, whirr, like three incarnate fiends, a hundred yards past the staring peasants before they realized what we were. Round the curves true and sure we sped, with our eyes sharp for coming obstacles and carts which drew cautiously to the side, at our bewildering appearance. Intoxicated by the sense of speed, we would not spoil the charm by touching the pedals, and having no brakes carried our lives in our hands. On, —on, the vineyards, trees and mountains chasing each other in a mad race, while the wind whistled about our ears. Peg, a little in front of me, made such a ludicrous picture sitting perkily at her ease, with feet tucked up under her skirt, and sleeves filled out like balloons, that I roused the dozing housedogs with my laughter.

Away down the mountain the astonished natives saw us coming and rushed to the flat roofs of their houses to watch us scudding by. As I passed I waved my hand, which was the signal for a shout of delight. Still on—till I wished it would never stop—then a slight incline upwards at the turn to Castellammare and we slowed up gently to a standstill.

Four miles in ten minutes was a novel experience for lazy riders, and we jumped off to congratulate each other on our easily made record, and to exchange thrills.

A day or two later, the weather being a shade better, we decided to start on our much talked of ride to Amalfi and Vietri. At two o'clock we set off with valises of the very smallest possible description secured to the handles, and after an hour's hot walk-

ing arrived at the top of the ridge above Meta. At that moment the rain began to patter hard, and we hesitated an instant, when I clinched the matter by saying that if we turned back then I would never climb that hill a third time. Consequently we hurriedly buttoned our capes and descended the mountain on the side towards Amalfi through the mist and rain. The mountains were enveloped in a cloak of moving vapor piling up and up, with rents here and there showing the blackness behind. A vaporous mingling of sea and cloud and rain in a blue white mist, made a curious midday twilight that confused the eyes.

In half an hour the storm seemed to abate, or we left it behind, for the weather began to



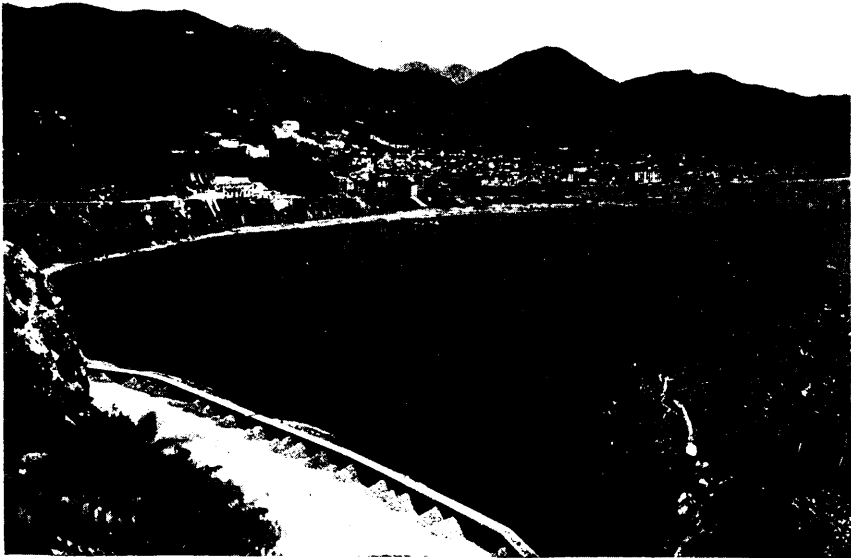
AMALFI.

clear and the most exquisite effects surrounded us, till we forgot the shortening day and our five hours ride, continually dismounting to watch the wonderful scene. The mountains rose up precipitously from the sea in great lowering headlands to enormous heights, folding back into deep black gorges which hardly ever felt the kiss of the sun, and only the weary moan of the sea forever.

Half way up the dizzy height we stood filled with the desolation and grandeur of nature,—silent, lonely,

Amalfi and Salerno lay before us in the clear distance, with the snows of the Appenines in the background. Plunging far into the chill depths, where seemed no outlet for the road, then a sudden turn out again on the other side, with perhaps the remains of ancient castles, surely built by the genii of the mountain rather than human hands, embedded in the wall of the gorge, we passed tiny isolated fishing villages packed into the confined space below.

Rarely meeting anyone, down for



SALERNO.

till we shivered, and the sharp click of a distant horse's hoof was a welcome relief. Brilliant shafts of sunlight shot out from clefts in masses of thunder cloud that hung about the crests, throwing a glory of color into the dark places, making the deep shadows take a denser gloom. Slowly, reluctantly, we descended the steep road, smooth, and perfect throughout, like the roads of a private park, rounding out on the edge of the sharp promontories, looking back for miles along the bold coast line to Capri and the Faraglioni rocks behind, while

miles, then up for miles, we increased our speed as we grew more weary and anxious watching the sun sink rapidly into the gloom of night.

Past the town of Positano built up the side of the mountain and perched in the crannies of the gorges, with a picturesqueness too beautiful for description, and to the complete undoing of the soul of an artist.

Suddenly the sun went out. Faster we worked, flying through dark tunnels and beneath fearsome cliffs, every fleeting shadow a gnome, every jutting rock a bandit—it was creepy-

crawley work. "Peg," I said, breaking a long silence, "Do you realize we are in the South of Italy—on the Amalfi road—alone—in the dark?" Then we added after the fashion of childish days in the dim past, "What would they say at home? I don't think we better tell."

The twinkling lights of Amalfi at last, and then we collapsed with real nervous fatigue, which had been completely forgotten in the excitement and anxiety of our belated situation.

A morning spent in that most fair amongst the fairest of God's world places, and then we started once more on the road to Vietri and Salerno, with the same lovely scenes, each one

seemingly more beautiful than the last, and a ride of two hours and a half brought us to the end of our journey over one of the four celebrated roads in the world.

At Salerno we took the train back to Naples, and the next day saw our bicycles (which, by the way, once passed those blessed customs, are transported throughout Italy safely and cheaply) and ourselves on board the train, feeling, as Rome the Educator loomed in the distance, that our holiday was over, and a feast of reason and a flow of soul awaited us in the company of dead men's bones.

(To be concluded in August.)

SUPER FLUMINA.

BESIDE these rivers, I may not forget
How good it was in other days to sing ;
Although with bitter tears my eyes are wet,
And though I hear no song in anything.

These willows still droop in the old, old way ;
And, as of old, the heavy shadow lies
Across the water ; and still the noon-sun's ray
Finds out the thistle-birds and dragon-flies.

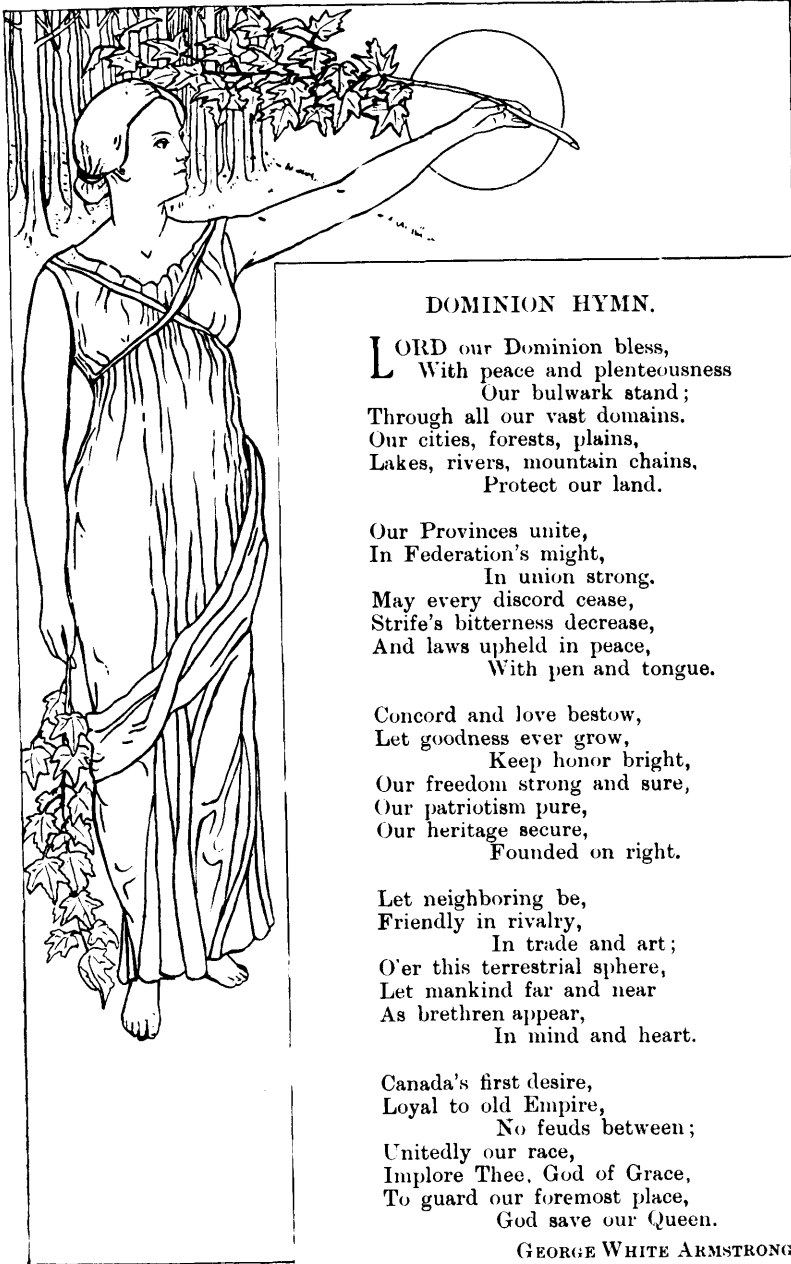
The same long grasses and broad lily-leaves
Await the little yellow things that fall ;
And still the untired spider lurks and weaves
His meshes where the hollow reeds are tall.

All things are all unchangd ; yet should she come
And bid me sing my lady's songs to her,
God knows I know my lips were cold and dumb,
And from my parched throat no sound would stir.

I love her, yea,—but in the old, old days,
Beside these little rivers, my old love
Would sit and listen to my songs, and praise
—As only she might praise—the worth thereof.

Fredericton, N. B.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.



DOMINION HYMN.

LORD our Dominion bless,
 With peace and plenteousness
 Our bulwark stand;
 Through all our vast domains.
 Our cities, forests, plains,
 Lakes, rivers, mountain chains,
 Protect our land.

Our Provinces unite,
 In Federation's might,
 In union strong.
 May every discord cease,
 Strife's bitterness decrease,
 And laws upheld in peace,
 With pen and tongue.

Concord and love bestow,
 Let goodness ever grow,
 Keep honor bright,
 Our freedom strong and sure,
 Our patriotism pure,
 Our heritage secure,
 Founded on right.

Let neighboring be,
 Friendly in rivalry,
 In trade and art;
 O'er this terrestrial sphere,
 Let mankind far and near
 As brethren appear,
 In mind and heart.

Canada's first desire,
 Loyal to old Empire,
 No feuds between;
 Unitedly our race,
 Implore Thee, God of Grace,
 To guard our foremost place,
 God save our Queen.

GEORGE WHITE ARMSTRONG.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF CONFEDERATION.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

A GENERATION has passed away from us during the march of the years since the tenth of October, 1864, when a company of thirty-three Canadian statesmen, constituting the Quebec Confederation Conference, laid the foundations of a new order of government which came into existence three years later.

We yearly celebrate that great constitutional event as our jubilee. The far-reaching effects of it are increasingly evident, and while the old generation of "The Fathers" who moulded it into being is fast slipping away, the new generation of their sons is coming into its heritage. True, twenty-nine years constitute but a brief period in the life of a nation or a people when reduced to history, but it has been sufficient to bring to completion a revolution in colonial government, and to consummate the colonial emancipation foreshadowed in the Report of Lord Durham. It has been long enough to cause Downing street to disappear save as a memory, long enough to impress the mother country with our existence as a federated family of provinces, and as a constituent part of the Greater Britain that has resulted from the expansion of the England of Elizabeth.

Confederation was in reality more than half-a-century in the making, if the year 1808 be chosen as the date when the idea was first mooted. In that year, Richard J. Uniacke in the Nova Scotian Legislature suggested the scheme of a union of the British provinces in North America. Every few years thereafter the proposal was in essence repeated: in 1814 by Chief Justice Sewell, of the Quebec Bench; in 1822 by John Beverley Robinson, then Attorney-General for Upper Can-

ada: in 1835 by Robert Gourlay; in 1839 by Lord Durham, in his Report to the British Government. Again in 1854 the subject was brought up in the Nova Scotian Legislature, followed by a delegation to England three years later. Contemporary with this action, Hon. A. T. Galt made a speech on the subject in the Parliament of Canada. Another deputation crossed the ocean in 1857, and discussed the scheme with the then Colonial Secretary, Sir Bulwer Lytton.

Nova Scotia was also the first to take legislative action by unanimously passing in its session of 1861 a resolution in favor of a federal union. The parliament of the united provinces took similar action in 1864. These various steps were instrumental in developing the great project, as they led to a Maritime Conference in September of 1864 which in turn decided on the Quebec Conference, with enlarged scope and powers.

By process of evolution therefore the Quebec Confederation Conference of 1864 came into existence. Its sessions covered a period of seventeen days, producing 72 Resolutions. Thus gradually, and through many a progressive stage, was evolved, from the rock-city where the seeds of a north-continent nation were planted three centuries before, a federation that has permanently joined the provincial links into a Dominion chain.

The concluding steps were speedily taken: the debating and the passing of the Conference Resolutions in the Canadian Parliament by a vote of 91 to 33 during the session of 1865, and the ultimate decision of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to join Ontario and Quebec; in 1866 a Canadian delegation arranged details with the Im-

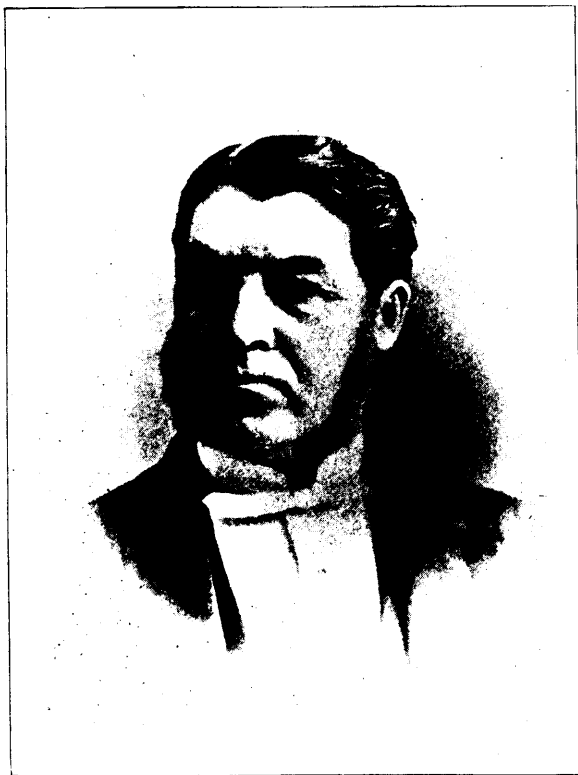
perial Government: on the 29th of March, 1867, the Union Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, and on the first of July, 1867, the Union was proclaimed throughout the quartette of provinces which formed the new Dominion of Canada. Thus the great change, dimly foreshadowed in 1808, became a fact.

Subsequent Acts of the new Do-

years ago. The Quebec Conference was composed of the following delegates:

From the Canadian Ministry:

Sir Etienne P. Tache, Premier.
 Sir John A. Macdonald, Attorney General, west.
 Sir George E. Cartier, Attorney General, east.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

minion Parliament were passed creating Manitoba a province and admitting it into the union in 1870; British Columbia was given "the right hand of fellowship" in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1872. It only needs the incoming of Newfoundland to round out the scheme as originally planned.

It is fitting that we should not forget these Constitution-makers of thirty

Hon. William McDougall, Provincial Secretary.
 Hon. George Brown, President of the Council.
 Sir A. T. Galt, Finance Minister.
 Hon. Alexander Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands.
 Sir Oliver Mowat, Postmaster General.
 Hon. J. Cockburn, Solicitor General, west.

Sir H. L. Langevin, Solicitor General, east.

Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. J. C. Chapais, Commissioner of Public Works.

From New Brunswick:

Hon. S. L. Tilley.

Hon. J. M. Johnston.

Hon. Peter Mitchell.

Hon. C. Fisher.

Hon. E. B. Chandler.

Hon. W. H. Steeves.

Hon. J. H. Gray.

From Nova Scotia:

Sir Charles Tupper.

Hon. W. A. Henry.

Hon. R. B. Dickey.

Hon. Jonathan McCully.

Hon. A. G. Archibald.

From Prince Edward Island:

Hon. Col. Gray.

Hon. Edward Palmer.

Hon. W. H. Pope.

Hon. G. Coles.

Hon. T. H. Haviland.

Hon. E. Whelan.

Hon. A. A. Macdonald.

From Newfoundland:

Hon. F. B. S. Carter and

Hon. Ambrose Shea.

Of the thirty-three who formed the Conference, only ten are living, viz.: Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. William McDougall, Sir H. L. Langevin, Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. Peter Mitchell, Hon. Senator Dickey, Hon. Senator Macdonald, Sir Ambrose Shea and Hon. T. H. Haviland.

The writer was recently favored by Sir Oliver Mowat with some reminiscences of the Confederation Conference. He characterized the meeting as being of impressive interest to those who formed the Conference. While of course there were numerous debates, there was an absence of oratory in the nature of set speeches, and an absence as well of anything approaching acrimony or sectional ill-feeling.

Each delegate seemed to be impressed with the idea that Confederation would be a good and wise move and that it was desirable to find terms upon which all might agree. The difficulties in the path were attacked, debated and met in a business-like way, much as a board of directors would sit at a table to deal with the affairs of a monetary or business establishment. Earnestness and thoughtfulness marked the attitude of all.

Acting on the suggestion of some of the delegates from the Maritime Provinces, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier first spoke on the broad question of the advantages that would flow from the proposed federation. Their remarks were substantially agreed to as a basis on which to work. As details were debated and conclusions arrived at, a sub-committee, composed of Sir Oliver Mowat and Lieut.-Col. Bernard, the Secretary of the Conference, drafted the exact wording. No report of the proceedings of the Conference, beyond the 72 Resolutions, appeared until recently when Mr. Joseph Pope published his valuable book, "Confederation Documents." The question of an elective or nominative Senate gave rise to a more prolonged discussion than any one branch of the subject: but no formal vote was necessary, the concensus of opinion ultimately favoring the nominative method. Although Newfoundland did not enter the league, her two representatives took a full share in the discussions and rendered as effective service as their confrenes.

The British North America Act, thus drafted by "the men of '67," has given many and widely different impulses to Canada: it has given, primarily, such an impulse as comes from a fresh start, an advanced step, a new resolve based on a new unity. But it has done more than this: of recent years the old folks at home in Britain have awakened to the existence of their Canadian children, and as a re-

sult a better and certainly a more intelligent understanding has arisen. The Venezuelan incident did good service in this respect, drawing attention to our affairs and our fighting possibilities in a most direct way. We are no longer a mere colony, but "a realm within a realm," and a honored member of Victoria's Empire.

In fact Canada's progress has been so rapid that it is remarkable. Yet progress along national lines is always so gradual and is so intangible that only those who observe closely and think deeply are able to estimate it at its true value. As a young man scarce notices the growth of his own knowledge and ability, so a nation's advances along material and social lines are but slightly noticed by the great majority of those who are the active factors in its existence.

It is sometimes most difficult to secure data from which to draw just and proper deductions as to the advance or retrogression made, and no instrument has been invented to measure the potentialities or gauge the possibilities of a nation. But the degree of progress achieved on material lines, since the celebration of the first Dominion Day, can be more accurately ascertained than the development on social or educational lines. A few totals, therefore, are given as to our trade, our railways; our marine interests, our financial strength, and our commercial standing.

With regard to trade we find:

The total exports in 1868
amounted to\$ 57,567,888

The total imports in 1868
amounted to 73,459,644

or a total volume of trade
of\$131,027,532

The total exports in 1895
were\$113,638,803

The total imports in 1895
were 110,781,682



SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

or a total volume of trade
of\$224,420,485

The 2,557 miles of railway at Confederation have increased to 15,620. Railway freight has increased by 17 millions tons, and passenger traffic by 8 millions in twenty years. Railway earnings have jumped from 20 millions in 1875 to over 50 millions in 1893

The registered tonnage of the Dominion ranks fifth in the list of countries, having a gross tonnage of 1,054,214 and a fleet of 7,000 vessels of all sizes. 64 million dollars have been expended on 72 miles of artificial waterways. Four graving docks have been erected, with a capacity ranging from 280 feet to 585 feet. The 425 lighthouses and light stations in 1868 have more than trebled, now numbering 1368. The post-offices have increased from 2,333 in 1867 to 8,832 in 1895 with a corresponding increase in the volume of mail matter carried. The post-office savings banks numbered 81 in 1868, and 731 in 1895.

The savings deposits in all institutions in 1878 amounted to 87 millions, which had grown to 242 millions in 1894. The bank note circulation in 1879 was \$19,985,600; in 1895, \$28,817,000. Public deposits have run up to \$193,754,000. Fire insurance from 188 millions in 1868 to 821 millions in 1892.



HON. WM. McDOUGALL.*

The fisheries yield 20 millions annually—five times greater than at Confederation. Nine millions are invested therein and 70,000 men are

employed. Our cheese exports have gone up from 24 million pounds in 1874 to 155 million pounds in 1894. Figures such as these might be multi-



SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

plied to prove that no small degree of progress has been made in the 29 years since Confederation.

The population has not increased as rapidly as one could wish. In 1871 it was 3,635,024. In 1881 it was 4,324,810. In 1891 it was 4,833,239, 86 per cent. being Canadian born.

Our educational advance is shown in the following figures. By the last census 70 per cent. of all the people, of all ages, can read, and 80 per cent. of all adults can write; there are over 17,000 public, high and other schools in Canada, with a million pupils, in addition to 54 universities and colleges with an enrolment of nearly 11,000 students.

Great events have taken place during this pregnant and resultive period of the nineteenth century: the application of invention and science to industry; the establishing of cable communication between Asia, Europe and America; the building of the Suez and

* This and the following pen and ink sketches are made from Harris' picture "The Fathers of Confederation," representing the members as they appeared in 1864.

other great canals, including our new Sault waterway; the gradual displacement of sailing by steam vessels; the invention and use of the telephone system: the making of Bessemer steel since 1862, America and Europe now producing 84 millions sterling per year in value; the utilization of natural gas, representing 15 million dollars worth of coal. New portions of the Dominion have been opened up by the surveyor and explorer; new boundaries have

been and are being laid down; a new Ontario has been born on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue and the banks of the Rainy River; new sources of mining wealth have been discovered in the gold of the Lake of the Woods, in the coal beds of the Foothills, and in the minerals of the British Columbian valleys.

Yet in order to gain a fair estimate of what Confederation has accomplished, it is not enough to compare 1867 with 1896, but to recall the con-



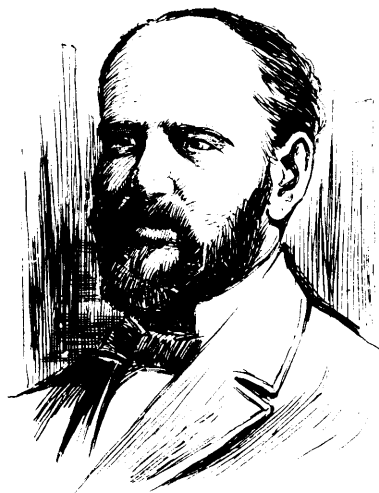
SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

at loggerheads, while the other provinces were in reality separated in interest and relationship.

George Brown expressed it in his great speech on the Confederation Resolutions:—“The struggle of half a lifetime for constitutional reform—the agitations in the country, and the fierce contests in the chamber—the strife, and the discord and the abuse of many years, are all compensated by the great scheme of reform which is now in your

hands,” and he concluded with a prediction and a prophecy: “It may be that some among us will live to see the day when, as a result of this measure, a great and powerful people may have grown up in these lands—when the boundless forests shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns—and when one united government, under the British flag, shall extend from shore to shore.”

No one will claim that all the prophecies of “the men of '67” have been



HON. PETER MITCHELL.

conditions that existed prior to 1867. The country had reached a critical stage—the stage of deadlock, in fact, with a practical paralysis of party government, and a consequent stagnation of the work a government is expected to do. Ontario and Quebec were



HON. A. A. MACDONALD.

Canada:

<u>E. T. Cooch</u>	<u>A. H. H. H. H.</u>
<u>Samuel McLean</u>	<u>Thos. Denny McGeer</u>
<u>Geo. M. Martin</u>	<u>Wm. H. T. Duggan</u>
<u>Wm. Brown</u>	<u>Wm. H. Duggan</u>
<u>M. C. C.</u>	<u>James C. C.</u>
<u>M. Campbell</u>	<u>C. C. C.</u>

Nova Scotia.

<u>Charles Tupper</u>	<u>Albion C. Archibald</u>
<u>W. A. Henry</u>	<u>R. B. Dickey</u>
<u>J. M. C.</u>	

New Brunswick.

<u>A. G. F.</u>	<u>J. H. M. S.</u>
<u>P. Mitchell</u>	<u>E. W. C.</u>
<u>Charles Fisher</u>	<u>J. W. J.</u>
<u>W. H. S.</u>	

Prince Edward Island

<u>A. M. S.</u>	<u>A. M. S.</u>
<u>George C.</u>	<u>E. W. S.</u>
<u>J. W. H.</u>	<u>W. W. P.</u>
<u>Edw. P.</u>	

Newfoundland.

<u>A. H.</u>	<u>F. B. C.</u>
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fulfilled; no one will claim that the superstructure has risen to its full majesty on the foundation of the seventy-two Resolutions; no one will affirm that the structure is flawless, or absolutely free from a possible undermining. Nor, on the other hand, will the pessimist declare that fair progress has not been made, and that there is no basis for future faith. Statesmen cannot hurry history; it requires, indeed, faith, courage and time, and the greatest of these is faith!

It is not the object of this brief paper to dwell on the perils and dangers that confront us, or to attempt a diagnosis of our national condition both for good and ill, but the remark may be pertinent that every wave of race or religious prejudice that sweeps over the land, sets back the hour when the unity aimed at by the Fathers of Confederation should be accomplished, and sows a crop of ills that will have to be reaped before real progress is made. The blood of four races form the Canadian of to-day — English, Scotch, Irish and French—and aught that is done to prevent the process of amalgamation is treason to the state. It may be well, too, that our public debt should not develop in the same ratio in the future as in the past.

The late Professor Seeley, in his lectures on the Expansion of England, points out that federations may be held together by ties of kindred, or by a sense of common interest, apart from any other relationship, as in the case of Austria and Hungary, and the German, French and Italian cantons of the Swiss Confederation. In our Dominion there is, in large measure, both ties; the one mother-nation, uniting at least the three million of the English-speaking population, and the

tie of a common, national interest tending to unify those who own Britain as their national mother, or those who love France for its traditions, its language and its people.

Looking to the future, we have five territories in the making for new provinces, when the federated family will have twelve members instead of seven, and when there will be no breaks in this national chain from the surf-smoothed rocks of little Prince Edward Island to the Pacific-bathed shores of British Columbia.

Gazing still further into the years that are to be, our four territorial infants must be considered; four great areas of northern territory already christened as Ungava, Franklin, Mackenzie and Yukon; Ungava including all the district between Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean, with the exception of Labrador; Franklin, covering the group of islands north of Hudson Straits, lying between the 60th and 125th degree of west longitude; Mackenzie, taking in the heart of our vast north-land, and Yukon, the land to the west of the Mackenzie River and north of British Columbia. One hardly dares to dream of what the centuries will reveal in these mighty expanses of territory—these dominions within a dominion; what multitudes of human beings, with what varied interests, commercial enterprises and developments, may find habitation therein. One hesitates even more to picture the potentialities of the Canada of 1996—the Dominion of the twentieth century.

The wish and prayer of every true lover of the Dominion is that

“In the long hereafter, this Canada shall be The worthy heir of British power and British liberty.”

KATE GARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE GLOAMING.

AUGUST is our summer time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree with the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they all were engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk, but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate

state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavour of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever afterward described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he thought more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drum-

* Copyrighted 1896, by John Watson, in the United States of America.

tochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eternal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates, because of the mean way they spoke of marriage, and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "the Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of Pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten

times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace



MOTHER CHURCH CAST HER SPELL OVER HIS IMAGINATION.

and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant,

and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and greyness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the Pharisaism of his church, against the Philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scottish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes, and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied, and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of Bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for *Ferrier's Journal*, that

kindliest of all journals to the young author, which he would receive back in a week "with thanks." The Sunday night came, and Carmichael sat down to write his weekly letter to his mother—she got notes between, he found them all in her drawers, not a scrap missing—and as he wrote, his prejudices, and petulances, and fancies, and unrest, passed away. Before he had told her all that had happened to him during the week—touching gently on the poor Revivalist—although his mother had a saving sense of humor, and was a quite wonderful mimic—and saying nothing of his evening with St. Francis de Sales—for this would have alarmed her at once—he knew perfectly well that he would be neither a Roman nor a reporter, but a Free Kirk minister, and was not utterly cast down; for notwithstanding the yeasty commotion of youth and its censoriousness, he had a shrewd idea that a man is likely to do his life work best in the tradition of his faith and blood. Next morning his heart warmed as he went through the college gates, and he would have defended Knox unto the death as the maker of Scotland. His fellow-students seemed now a very honest set of men, as indeed they were, although a trifle limited in horizon, and he hoped that one of the "fruits" was satisfied with his Sunday work, which shows that as often as a man of twenty-one gets out of touch with reality, he ought straightway to sit down and write to his mother. Carmichael indeed told me one evening at the Cottage that he never had any mystical call to the ministry, but had only entered the Divinity Hall instead of going to Oxford because his mother had this for her heart's desire, and he loved her. As a layman, it perhaps did not become me to judge mysteries, but I dared to say that any man might well be guided by his mother in religion, and that the closer he kept to her memory the better he would do his work. After which both of us smoked

furiously, and Carmichael, two minutes later, was moved to remark that some Turkish I had then was enough to lure a man up Glen Urtach in the month of December.

The young minister was stirred on the way to Kilbogie, and began to dream dreams in the twilight. Love had come suddenly to him, and after an unexpected fashion. Miss Carnegie was of another rank and another faith, nor was she even his ideal woman, neither conspicuously spiritual nor gentle, but frank, outspoken, fearless, self-willed. He could also see that she had been spoiled by her father and his friends, who had given her *carte blanche* to say and do what she pleased. Very likely—he could admit that even in the first blush of his emotion—she might be passionate and prejudiced on occasion, even a fierce hater. This he had imagined in the Tochtly woods, and was not afraid, for her imperfections seemed to him a provocation and an attraction. They were the defects of her qualities—of her courage, candor, generosity, affection. Carmichael leant upon a stile, and recalled the carriage of her head, the quick flash of her eye, the tap of her foot, the fascination of her manner. She was free from the affectations, gaucheries, commonplaces, wearinesses of many good women he had known. St. Theresa had been the woman enshrined in the tabernacle of his heart, but life might have been a trifle tiresome if a man were married to a saint. The saints have no humor, and do not relax. Life with a woman like Miss Carnegie would be effervescent and stimulating, full of surprises and piquancy. No, she was not a saint, but he felt by an instinct she was pure, loyal, reverent, and true at the core. She was a galling lass, and . . . he loved her.

What an absurdity was this reverie, and Carmichael laughed aloud at himself. Twice he had met Miss Carnegie—on one occasion she had found him watering strange dogs out of his hat,

and on the other he had given her to understand that women were little removed from fools. He had made the worst of himself, and this young woman who had lived with smart people must have laughed at him. Very likely she had made him into a story, for as a raconteur himself he knew the temptation to work up raw material, or perhaps Miss Carnegie had forgotten long ago that he had called. Suppose that he should call to-morrow on his way home and say, "General Carnegie, I think it right to tell you that I admire your daughter very much, and should like your permission to pay my addresses. I am Free Church minister in Drumtochty, and my stipend is £200 a year" . . . his laugh this time was rather bitter. The Carnegies would be at once admitted into the county set, and he would only meet them at a time . . . Lord Hay was a handsome and pleasant young fellow. He would be at Glen Urtach House for the shooting in a few days . . . that was a likely thing to happen . . . the families were great friends . . . there would be great festivities in the Glen . . . perhaps he would be asked to propose the bride's health. . . . It really seemed a providence that Saunderson should come along the road when he was playing the fool like a puling boy, for if any man could give a douche to love-sickness, it was the minister of Kilbogie.

Carmichael was standing in the shadow as Saunderson came along the road, and the faint light was a perfect atmosphere for the dear old bookman. Standing at his full height he might have been six feet, but with much poring over books and meditation he had descended some three inches. His hair was long, not because he made any conscious claim to genius, but because he forgot to get it cut, and with his flowing, untrimmed beard, was now quite grey. Within his clothes he was the merest skeleton, being so thin that his shoulder blades stood out in sharp outline, and

his hands were almost transparent. The redeeming feature in Saunderson was his eyes, which were large and eloquent, of a trustful, wistful hazel, the beautiful eyes of a dumb animal. Whether he was expounding doctrines of an incredible disbelief in humanity or exalting, in rare moments, the riches of a divine love in which he did not expect to share, or humbly beseeching his brethren to give him information on some point in scholarship no one knew anything about except himself, or stroking the hair of some little child sitting upon his knee, those eyes were very simple, honest, and most pathetic. Young ministers coming to the Presbytery full of self conceit and new views were arrested by their light shining through the glasses, and came in a year or two to have a profound regard for Saunderson, curiously compounded of amusement at his ways, which for strangeness were quite beyond imagination, admiration for his knowledge, which was amazing for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, respect for his honesty, which feared no conclusion, however repellant to flesh and blood, but chiefly of love for the unaffected and shining goodness of a man in whose virgin soul neither self nor this world had any part. For years the youngsters of the Presbytery knew not how to address the minister of Kilbogie, since any one who had dared to call him Saunderson, as they said "Carmichael" and even "MacWheep," though he was elderly, would have been deposed, without delay, from the ministry—so much reverence at least was in the lads—and "Mister" attached to this personality would be like the silk hat on the head of an eastern sage. Jenkins of Pitrodie always considered that he was inspired when he one day called Saunderson "Rabbi," and unto the day of his death Kilbogie was so called. He made protest against the title as being forbidden in the Gospels, but the lads insisted that it must be understood in the sense of scholar, whereupon Saunderson

disowned it on the ground of his slender attainments. The lads saw the force of this objection, and admitted that the honourable word belonged by rights to MacWheep, but it was their fancy to assign it to Saunderson—whereat Saunderson yielded, only exacting a pledge that he should never be so called in public, lest all concerned be condemned for foolishness. When it was announced that the University of Edinburgh had resolved to confer the degree of D.D. on him for his distinguished learning and great services to theological scholarship, Saunderson, who was delighted when Dowbiggin of Muirtown got the honour for being an ecclesiastic, would have refused it for himself had not his boys gone out in a body and compelled him to accept. They also purchased a Doctor's gown and hood, and invested him with them in the name of Kilbogie two days before the capping. One of them saw that he was duly brought to the Tolbooth Kirk, where the capping ceremonial in those days took place. Another sent a list of Saunderson's articles to British and foreign theological and philological reviews, which filled half a column of the *Caledonian*, and drew forth a complimentary article from that exceedingly able and caustic paper, whose editor lost all his hair through sympathetic emotion the morning of the Disruption, and ever afterward pointed out the fault of the Free Kirk with much frankness. The fame of Rabbi Saunderson was so spread abroad that a great cheer went up as he came in with the other Doctors elect, in which he cordially joined, considering it to be intended for his neighbor, a successful West-end clergyman, the author of a *Life of Dorcas* and other pleasing booklets. For some time after his boys said "Doctor" in every third sentence, and then grew weary of a too common title, and fell back on Rabbi, by which he was known unto the day of his death, and which is engraved on his tombstone.

The Rabbi was tasting some morsel of literature as he came along, and halted opposite Carmichael, whom he did not see in the shadow, that he might enjoy it aloud.

"That is French verse, Rabbi, I think, but it sounds archaic; is it from a Huguenot poet?"

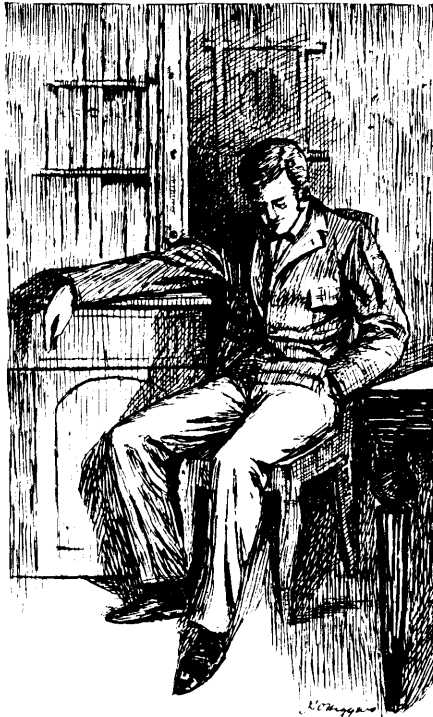
"Assuredly," replied the Rabbi, not one whit astonished that a man should come out from a hedge on Kilbogie road and recognize his quotation: "and as you suggest, a piece which I have good evidence Queen Mary used to read. It is you, John Carmichael." The Rabbi awoke from the past, and held Carmichael's hand in both of his. "This was very mindful. You were going home from Pitscourie and turned aside to visit me.

"It is unfortunate that I am hastening to a farm called the Mains, on the border of Pitscourie parish, to expound the Word; but you will go on to the Manse and straightly charge Barbara to give you food, and I will hasten to return." And the Rabbi looked forward to the night with great satisfaction.

"No, I am not coming from Pitscourie, and you are not going there, as far as one can see. Why, you are on your way to Tochtly woods; you are going west instead of east; Rabbi, tell the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This was a searching question, and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to

snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started, and stand in a row on the road to block his progress. Then there would be a parley, which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their



"Snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair."

way—often looking back to see that he was safe, and somehow loving him all the more for his strange ways. So much indeed was the Rabbi beloved that a Pitscourie laddie, who described Saunderson freely as a "daftie" to Main's grandson, did not see clearly for a week, and never recovered his lost front tooth.

"That," remarked young Mains, "'ill learn Pitscourie tae set up impidence aboot the minister."

"There is no doubt that I snuffed—it was at Claypots steading—but there was no wind

that I should turn. This is very remarkable, John, and . . . disconcerting.

"These humiliations are doubtless a lesson," resumed the Rabbi as they hurried to Mains, "and a rebuke. Snuffing is in no sense a necessity, and I have long recognized that the habit requires to be restricted—very carefully restricted. For some time I have had fixed times—once in the forenoon, once in the afternoon, and again



"Ye 'ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there."

in the evening. Had I restrained myself till my work was over and I had returned home, this misadventure would not have occurred, whereby I have been hindered and the people will have been kept waiting for their spiritual food.

"It is exactly thirty years to-night since I began this meeting in Mains," the Rabbi explained to Carmichael, "and I have had great pleasure in it and some profit. My subject has been the Epistle to the Romans, and by the goodness of God we are approaching the last chapters. The salutations will take about a year or so; Rufus, chosen in the Lord, will need careful treatment; and then I thought, if I were spared, of giving another year to a brief review of the leading points of doctrine; eh?"

Carmichael indicated that the family at Mains would almost expect something of the sort, and enquired whether

there might not be a few passages requiring separate treatment at fuller length than was possible in this hurried commentary.

"Quite so, John, quite so; no one is more bitterly conscious of the defects of this exposition than myself—meagre and superficial to a degree, both in the patristic references and the experimental application; but we are frail creatures, John, and it is doubtful whether the exposition of any book should extend over a generation. It has always caused me regret that Mains—I mean the father of the present tenant—departed before we had come to the comfort of the eighth chapter."

The Rabbi's mind was much affected by this thought, and twice in the kitchen his eye wandered to the chair where his friend had sat, with his wife beside him. From Priscilla and Aquila he was led into the question of hospitality, on which he spoke afterward till they came to the Manse, where he stationed Carmichael on the doorstep till he secured a light.

"There is a parcel of books on the floor, partially opened, and the way of passing is narrow and somewhat dangerous in the darkness."

CHAPTER XII.

KILBOGIE MANSE.

MINISTERS there were in the great Strath so orderly that they kept their sealing wax in one drawer and their string in another, while their sermons were arranged under the books of the Bible, and tied with green silk. Dr. Dowbiggin, though a dull man and of a heavy carriage, could find in an instant the original draft of a motion on instrumental music he made in the Presbytery of Muirtown in the year '59, and could also give the exact page in the blue-books for every word he had uttered in the famous case when he showed that the use of a harmonium to train MacWheep's choir was a return to the bondage of Old Testament

worship. His collection of pamphlets was supposed to be unique, and were a terror to controversialists, no man knowing when a rash utterance on the bottomless mystery of "spiritual independence" might not be produced from the Doctor's coat-tail pocket. He retired to rest at 10.15, and rose at six, settling the subject of his next sermon on Sabbath evening, and finishing the first head before breakfast on Monday morning. He had three hats—one for funerals, one for marriages, one for ordinary occasions—and has returned from the Presbytery door to brush his coat. Morning prayers in Dr. Dowbiggin's house were at 8.05, and the wrath of the Doctor was so dangerous that one probationer staying at the manse, and not quite independent of influence, did not venture to undress, but snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair, lest he should not be in at the psalm. Young ministers of untidy habits regarded Dr. Dowbiggin's study with despair, and did not recover their spirits till they were out of Muirtown. Once only did this eminent man visit the manse of Kilbogie, and in favourable moments after dinner he would give his choicer experiences.

"It is my invariable custom to examine my bed to see that everything is in order, and anyone sleeping in Kilbogie Manse will find the good of such a precaution. I trust that I am not a luxurious person—it would ill become one who came out in '43—but I have certainly become accustomed to the use of sheets. When I saw there were none on the bed, I declined to sleep without them, and I indicated my mind very distinctly on the condition of the manse.

"Would you believe it!" the Doctor used to go on. "Saunderson explained, as if it were a usual occurrence, that he had given away all the spare linen in his house to a girl that had to marry in . . . urgent circumstances, and had forgotten to get more. And what do you think did he offer as a

substitute for sheets?" No one could even imagine what might not occur to the mind of Saunderson.

"Towels, as I am an honorable man: a collection of towels, as he put it, 'skilfully attached together, might make a pleasant covering.' That is the first and last time I ever slept in the Free Church Manse of Kilbogie. As regards Saunderson's study, I will guarantee that the like of it cannot be found within Scotland," and at the very thought of it that exact and methodical ecclesiastic realised the limitations of language.

His boys boasted of the Rabbi's study as something that touched genius in its magnificent disorderliness, and Carnichael was so proud of it that he took me to see it as to a shrine. One whiff of its atmosphere as you entered the door gave an appetite and raised the highest expectations. For any book-man can estimate a library by scent—if an expert he could even write out a catalogue of the books and sketch the appearance of the owner. Heavy odour of polished mahogany, Brussels carpets, damask curtains and tablecloths; then the books are kept within glass, consist of sets of standard works in half calf, and the owner will give you their cost wholesale to a farthing. Faint fragrance of delicate flowers, and Russia leather, with a hint of cigarettes; prepare yourself for a marvellous wall paper, etchings, bits of oak, limited editions, and a man in a velvet coat. Smell of paste and cloth binding and general newness means yesterday's books and a man racing through novels with a paper knife. Those are only book-rooms by courtesy, and never can satisfy any one who has breathed the sacred air. It is a rich and strong spirit, not only filling the room, but pouring out from the door and possessing the hall, redeeming an opposite dining-room from grossness, and a more distant drawing-room from frivolity, and even lending a goodly flavor to bedrooms on upper floors. It is distilled from curious old duodecimos



A TALL, BONY, FORBIDDING WOMAN.

packed on high shelves out of sight, and blows over folios, with large clasps, that once stood in monastery libraries, and gathers a subtle sweetness from parchments that were illuminated in ancient scriptoria, that are now grass grown, and is fortified with good old musty calf. The wind was from the right quarter on the first day I visited Kilbogie Manse, and as we went up the garden walk the Rabbi's library already bade us welcome, and assured us of our reward for a ten miles' walk.

Saunderson was perfectly helpless in manner of mechanics—he could not drive a tack through anything except his own fingers, and had given up

shaving at the suggestion of his elders—and yet he boasted, with truth, that he had got three times as many books into the study as his predecessor possessed in all his house. For Saunderson had shelved the walls from the floor to the ceiling, into every corner and over the doors, and above the windows, as well as below them. The wright had wished to leave the space clear above the mantelpiece.

“Ye ’ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there, or maybe John Knox, and a bit clock ’ill be handy for letting ye ken the ’ooors on Sabbath.”

The Rabbi admitted that he had a Knox, but was full of a scheme for hanging him over his history, which he considered both appropriate and convenient. As regards time, it was the last thing of which that worthy man desired to be reminded—going to bed when he could no longer see for weariness, and rising as soon as he awoke, taking his food when it was brought to him, and being conducted to church by the beadle after the last straggler was safely seated. He even cast covetous eyes upon the two windows, which were absurdly large, as he considered, but compromised matters by removing the shutters and filling up the vacant space with slender works of devotion. It was one of his conceits that the rising sun smote first on an A Kempis, for this he had often noticed as he worked of a morning.

Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi's treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilized. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the *Ægean Sea*, where he had his *Lesbos* and his *Samos*. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favorites. This was not because he had the faintest ap-

proach to orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end. During his earlier and more agile years the Rabbi used to reach the higher levels of his study by wonderful gymnastic feats, but, after two falls—one with three Antenicene fathers in close pursuit—he determined to call in assistance. This he did after an impressive fashion. When he attended the roup at Pitfoodles—a day of historical prices—and purchased in open competition, at three times its value, a small stack ladder, Kilbogie was convulsed, and Mains had to offer explanations.

“He’s cuttit aff seevin feet, and rins up it tae get his tapmaist bukes, but that’s no a’,” and then Mains gave it to be understood that the rest of the things the minister had done with that ladder were beyond words. For in order that the rough wood might not scar the sensitive backs of the fathers the Rabbi had covered the upper end with cloth, and for that purpose had utilized a pair of trousers. It was not within his ability in any way to reduce or adapt his material, so that those interesting garments remained in their original shape, and, as often as the ladder stood reversed, presented a very impressive and diverting spectacle. It was the inspiration of one of Carmichael’s most successful stories—how he had done his best to console a woman on the death of her husband, and had not altogether failed, till she caught sight of the deceased’s nether garments waving disconsolately on a rope in the garden, when she refused to be comforted. “Toom (empty)

breaks tae me noo,” and she wept profusely, “toom breaks tae me.”

One of the great efforts of the Rabbi’s life was to seat his visitors, since, beyond the one chair, accommodation had to be provided on the table, where-soever there happened to be no papers, and on the ledges of the book-cases. It was pretty to see the host suggesting from a long experience those coigns of vantage he counted easiest and safest, giving warnings also of unsuspected danger in the shape of restless books that might either disappear from beneath one’s feet or descend on one’s head. Carmichael, however, needed no such guidance, for he knew his way about in the marvellous place, and at once made for what the boys called the throne of the fathers. This was a lordly seat, laid as to its foundation in mediæval divines of ponderous volume, but excellently finished with the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine, softened by two cushions, one for a seat and another for a back. Here Carmichael used to sit in great content, smoking and listening while the Rabbi hunted a passage through Scripture with many authorities, or defended the wildest Calvinism with strange, learned arguments; from this place he would watch the Rabbi searching for a lost note on some passage of Holy Writ amid a pile of papers two feet deep, through which he burrowed on all fours, or climbing for a book on the sky-line, to forget his errand and to expound some point of doctrine from the top of the ladder.

“You’re comfortable, John, and you do not want to put off your boots after all that travelling to and fro; then I will search for Barbara, and secure some refreshment for our bodies,” and Carmichael watched the Rabbi depart with pity, for he was going on a troublous errand.

Housekeepers are, after beadles, the most wonderful functionaries in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland, and every species could be found within a day’s journey of Drumtochty. Jenkins, in-

deed, suggested that a series of papers on Church Institutions read at the clerical club should include one on housekeepers, and offered to supply the want, which was the reason why Dr. Dowbiggin refused to certify him to a vacancy, speaking of him as "frivolous and irresponsible." The class ranged from Sarah of Drumtochty, who could cook and knew nothing about ecclesiastical affairs, to that austere damsel, Margaret Meiklewham of Pitscourie, who had never prepared an appetizing meal in her life, but might have sat as an elder in the Presbytery.

Among all her class, Barbara MacCluckie stood an easy worst, being the most incapable, unsightly, evil-tempered, vexatious woman into whose hands an unmarried man had ever been delivered. MacWheep had his own trials but his ruler saw that he had sufficient food and some comfort, but Barbara laid herself out to make the Rabbi's life a misery. He only obtained food as a favor, and an extra blanket had to be won by a week's abject humiliation. Fire was at times denied him, and he secured oil for his lamp by stratagems. Latterly he was glad to send strange ministers to Mains, and only his boys forced lodgment in the manse. The settlement of Barbara was the great calamity of the Rabbi's life, and was the doing of his own good nature. He first met her when she came to the manse one evening to discuss the unlawfulness of infant baptism and the duty of holding Sunday on Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. His interest deepened on learning that she had been driven from twenty-nine situations through the persecution of the ungodly; and on her assuring him that she had heard a voice in a dream bidding her take charge of Kilbogie Manse, the Rabbi, who had suffered many things at the hands of young girls given to lovers, installed Barbara, and began to repent that very day. A tall, bony, forbidding woman, with a squint and a nose

turning red from chronic indigestion, let it be said for her that she did not fall into the sins of her predecessors. It was indeed a pleasant jest in Kilbogie for four Sabbaths that she allowed a local Romeo, who knew not that his Juliet was gone, to make his adventurous way to her bedroom window, and then showed such an amazing visage that he was laid up for a week through the suddenness of his fall. What the Rabbi endured no one knew, but his boys understood that the only relief he had from Barbara's tyranny was on Sabbath evening, when she stated her objections to the doctrine, and threatened to walk into Muirtown in order to escape from unsound doctrine. On such occasions the Rabbi laid himself out for her instruction with much zest, and he knew when he had produced an impression, for then he went supperless to bed. Between this militant spirit and the boys there was an undying feud, and Carmichael was not hurt to hear her frank references to himself.

"What need he come stravagin' doon fra Drumtochty for? It wud set him better tae wait on his ain fouks. A licht-headed fellow, they say as kens; an' as for his doctrine—weel, maybe it 'ill dae for Drumtochty.

"Tea? Did ye expect me tae hae biling water at this 'oor o' the nicht? My word, the money wud flee in this hoose gin a' wesna here. Milk 'ill dae fine for yon birkie: he might be gled tae get onything, sorning on a respectable manse every ither week."

"You will pardon our humble provision"—this is how the Rabbi prepared Carmichael; "we have taken my worthy Abigail unawares, and she cannot do for us what in other circumstances would be her desire. She has a thorn in the flesh which troubles her, and makes her do what she would not; but I am convinced that the root of the matter is in her, and that her heart is right."

That uncompromising woman took no notice of Drumtochty, but busied

herself in a search for the Rabbi's bag, which he insisted he had brought home from Muirtown that morning, and which was at last found covered with books.

"Do not open it at present, Barbara; you can identify the contents later if it be necessary, but I am sure they are all right," and the Rabbi watched Barbara's investigations with anxiety.

"Maybe ye hae brocht back what ye started wi', but gin ye hev, it's the first time a' can mind. Laist sacrament at Edinburgh ye pickit up twal books, ae clothes brush, an' a crochet cover for a chair, an' left a' thing that belonged tae ye."

"It was an inadvertence; but I obtained a drawer for my own use this time, and I was careful to pack its contents into the bag, leaving nothing." But the Rabbi did not seem over confident.

"There's nae question that ye hev filled the pack," said Barbara, with much deliberation and an ominous calmness; "but whether wi' yir ain gear or some ither body's, a'll leave ye tae judge yirsel'. A'll juist empty the bag on the bukes;" and Barbara selected a bank of Puritans for the display of her master's spoil.

"Ae slipbody (bodice), well hemmed and gude stuff—ye didna tak' that wi' ye, at any rate; twa pillow slips—they 'ill come in handy, oor ain are wearin' thin! ae pair o' sheets—'ill juist dae for the next trimmie that ye want tae set up in her hoose; this 'ill be a bolster slip, a'm judgin' —"

"It must be the work of Satan," cried the poor Rabbi, who constantly saw the hand of the great enemy in the disorder of his study. "I cannot believe that my hands packed such garments in place of my own."

"Ye 'ill be satisfied when ye read the name; it's plain eneuch; ye needna gang dodderin' about here and there lookin' for yir glasses; there's twa pair on your head already;" for it was an hour of triumph to Barbara's genial soul.

"It's beyond understanding," murmured the Rabbi. "I must have mistaken one drawer for another in the midst of meditation;" and then, when Barbara had swept out of the room with the varied linen on her arm, "this is very humiliating, John, and hard to bear."

"Nonsense, Rabbi; it's one of the finest things you have ever done. Half a dozen journeys of that kind would refurnish the manse; it's just a pity you can't annex a chair;" but he saw that the good man was sorely vexed.

"You are a good lad, John, and it is truly marvellous what charity I have received at the hands of young men who might have scorned and mocked me. God knows how my heart has been filled with gratitude, and I . . . have mentioned your names in my unworthy prayers that God may do to all according to the kindness ye have shown unto me."

It was plain that this lonely, silent man was much moved, and Carmichael did not speak.

"People consider that I am ignorant of my failings and weaknesses, and I can bear witness with a clear conscience that I am not angry when they smile and nod their head; why should I be? But, John, it is known to myself only and Him before whom all hearts are open how great is my suffering in being among my neighbours as a sparrow upon the housetop.

"May you never know, John, what it is to live alone and friendless till you lose the ways of other men and retire within yourself, looking out on the multitude passing on the road as a hermit from his cell, and knowing that some day you will die alone, with none to . . . give you a draught of water."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—for Carmichael was greatly distressed at the woe in the face opposite him, and his heart was tender that night—"why should you have lived like that? Do not be angry, but . . . did God intend . . . it can-

not be wrong . . . I mean . . . God did give Eve to Adam."

"Laddie, why do ye speak with fear and a faltering voice? Did I say aught against that gracious gift or the holy mystery of love, which is surely the sign of the union betwixt God and the soul, as is set forth after a mystical shape in the Song of Songs? But it was not for me,—no, not for me. I complain not, neither have I vexed my soul. He doeth all things well."

"But, dear Rabbi"—and Carmichael hesitated, not knowing where he stood.

"Ye ask me why"—the Rabbi anticipated the question—"and I will tell you plainly, for my heart has ever gone forth to you. For long years I found no favor in the eyes of the Church, and it seemed likely I would be rejected from the ministry as a man useless and unprofitable. How could I attempt to win the love of any maiden, since it did not appear to be the will of God that I should ever have a place of habitation? It consisted not with honor, for I do hold firmly that no man hath any right to seek to himself a wife till he have a home."

"But . . ."

"Afterwards, you would say. Ah, John, then had I become old and unsightly, not such a one as women could care for. It would have been cruel to tie a maid for life to one who might only be forty years in age, but was as seventy in pilgrimage, and . . . fallen into unlovely habits."

Then the Rabbi turned on Car-

michael his tender eyes, that were shining with tears.

"It will be otherwise with you, and so let it be. May I live to see you rejoicing with the wife of your youth."

So it came to pass that Carmichael first told his new-born love to this unlikely confidant, and was amazed at the understanding of the Rabbi, as well as his sympathy and toleration.

"A maid of spirit and of a firm mind—and that is an excellent thing; and any excess will be tamed by life. Only see to it that ye be agreed in that which lieth beneath all churches and maketh souls one in God. May He prosper you in your wooing as He did the patriarch Jacob, and far more abundantly."

Very early in the morning, Carmichael awoke, and being tempted by the sunrise, arose and went downstairs. As he came near the study door he heard a voice in prayer, and knew that the Rabbi had been all night in intercession.

"Thou hast denied me wife and child; deny me not Thyself. . . . A stranger Thou hast made me among men; refuse me not a place in the City. . . . Deal graciously with this lad who has been to me as a son in the Gospel. . . . He has not despised an old man; put not his heart to confusion. . . ."

Carmichael crept upstairs again, but not to sleep, and at breakfast he pledged the Rabbi to come up some day and see Kate Carnegie.

(To be continued.)



YOUR BIRTHDAY.

YOUR birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
 And the dower of youth and zest ;
 It is kind of heaven to give us this day
 When the world is looking its best ;
 When the crimson roses are all abloom,
 With their sisters of paler grace ;
 When the sun makes warm, and the dew makes glad,
 Each velvety beautiful face.

When the breeze which comes seems a heavy breath
 From the lungs of the earth o'ergrown
 With the fairest things, and the sweetest things,
 That ever were seen or known :
 When the bird has an added note of pride
 In each carol of joy he sings :
*" Do you know ? Can you guess ? My pretty mate
 And the wee things under her wings ! "*

Your birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
 And the fair young cheek and brow ;
 Your birthday, my girl with the smiling lips,
 What things shall I wish for you now ?
 Come close—put your two hands into my own
 While I wish you a happy year ;
 While I wish you the best that heaven can give
 To a maiden so sweet and dear.

While I wish you love with never a stint—
 For the riches of love are great—
 While I wish that the shadows may flee your path,
 And the glorious sunshine wait.
 While I wish you happiness full and deep,
 The gladness and brightness of life,
 While I wish you a heart so filled with peace
 There can be no throbbing of strife.

Your birthday, my girl with the tender eyes,
 And the shimmering braids of hair,
 I say, as I look through a mist of tears,
 It is good to be young and fair.
 It is well to lean on the Father's care,
 Love forces the words in a flood—
*" God bless my girl with the tender eyes ;
 God bless her, and keep her good ! "*

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE WRONG JIMMIE.

BY W. S. ARNOLD.

“WHY are you not married?”
Why am I not married? I had never been asked that question before, for, as a man once told me, no one would ever take me for anything else than a born bachelor. “You look,” said he, “like a man who expects too much from a girl and, ahem! hasn’t much to give in return.” Perhaps it was because I had never been asked it before that the question rather amused than annoyed me.

It was a young American who asked it, as he sat smoking on one of the ocean greyhounds, his chair tilted back, and his feet on the railing, and as there were only men about and we had had rather a dull time, I broke my rule, not to talk of private affairs with strangers, and told him this:—

There were two of us and we were chums, he was Jimmie Jones and I was Jimmie Brown. We were at school together, and we both left and went into offices at the same time. After several years of work a kind old uncle died and left me quite a sum of money, and as neither of us cared for clerking Jimmie got his father to give him a “portion” and we started off to see the world.

As we both lived in Montreal and had already seen most of the States and Canada we went first to London. After doing England, Scotland and Ireland, we visited most of the large cities on the Continent, including Paris, Nice, Rome, Naples, Vienna and Berlin. But, although we thought we never would, we soon tired of travelling and went back to London. Here we met a young “gentleman farmer,” as he called himself, who very kindly took us out to see his place. We stayed with him a week and by the end of that time Jimmy was so charmed with

the idea of being himself a “gentleman farmer” that he wrote his father asking him to cable his consent to his buying a farm. Although Mr. Jones knew Jimmy to be a little of the “rolling stone” kind, still he was an indulgent father and his cable came in due time, and was shortly followed by a draught on the Montreal Bank in London.

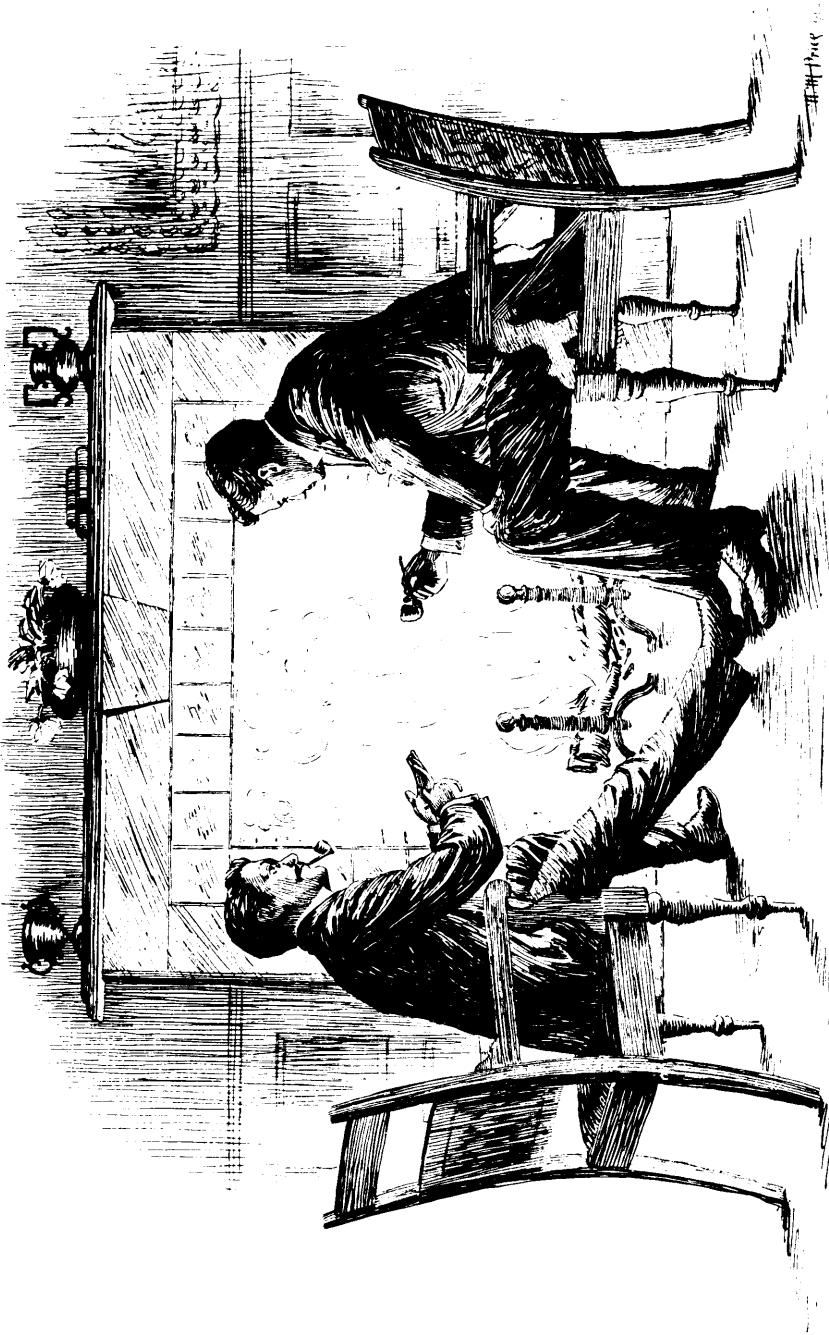
We spent some time in gaining experience, and then having entered into a partnership we bought out our friend and settled down in his place.

The life seemed to suit us and in a short time we began to gain quite a name for our farm as being the best for miles about. Although we kept pretty much to ourselves, we sometimes rode to the meets or attended some dance, but our chief amusements, after work, were golf on our private links, tennis on a splendid court and our pipes and chimney corner.

Ha! that chimney corner, what a delight it was for each of us to draw in our big armchairs round the blazing fire, light our pipes and talk. What did we talk about? Why everything, politics, religion, books, in fact anything so long as we did not hold the same views on it. For what is the use of two men talking if they always agree?

Once it happened that Jim had to go up to London on some business. He stayed away longer than usual and on his return I found that he had managed the business so badly that some one would have to go up again. I told him this, at the same time saying that I would go: but he wouldn’t hear of it. He said it was his fault and he would go and pay his own expenses. As he seemed cut up about it, I let him do as he proposed.

What a change came over him after that second visit. He talked so little,



Drawn for Canadian Magazine.

"HA! THAT CHIMNEY CORNER."

argued so feebly, forgot his holes in golf and his score at tennis,—in short he seemed to grow as absent-minded as an old man. And to make matters worse he was always going up to London; and every time he came back he seemed to grow worse.

I let him go on until about March, when one night I determined to know the cause.

It was a cold night and as we were seated in front of the fire as usual, I made a grand attempt to make him argue. I ran down his pet politicians, attacked his favourite authors, and pooh-poohed some of his religious views, but all without effect.

At last, rising, I said.

"I'm going to bed, Jimmy."

"Sit down," he said, "it's early."

"No, no!" I said, "I'm off."

"Hold on," he cried, "I've something to say to you."

"Well?" I said, resuming my seat.

"Fill your pipe, old chap," he said, passing the jar over to me.

I did as he said, and then holding the pipe in one hand and the match in the other, I said:

"Well, go ahead with what you have to say before I light up."

He looked at me in a frightened kind of a way and then replied.

"I say, Jim. Jim—well, that is,—oh, yes, hang it all, I'm in love."

"In love!" The words seemed to knock me speechless. *In love!* this, then, was the reason that he moped so much, this was why he questioned me so much about my views on lady golfers, and this, too, was why he was always running up to London. In love! and I hadn't guessed it before; for a while I could say nothing, do nothing, simply glare, but finally I mastered myself enough to say:

"Well?"

It wasn't much, but it seemed to affect him more than if I had fumed and raged, which I think he expected I would do. He looked at me in a sheepish way and echoed, "Well!" Then as I did not speak he stammered:

"And,—and I want to get married."

"No, you won't," I almost shouted, thrusting my face in front of his, while my whole body quivered with suppressed rage.

"Won't? Why not?" he said, with a poor attempt to be brave.

"Why not?" I roared.

"Yes," he stammered, "why not?"

"I'll soon show you why not, and in a trice I was up stairs and in my room. Laying my pipe on the table, I struck the match I still held; after a few moments look through my not-too-tidy desk I found the paper of which I was in search and hurried back to the room. Arriving there I shoved it into his hands, saying:

"There, read that; that's why not."

He stared at it for a while, but did not open it out, for he knew well enough what it was. It was the agreement that we had both signed at the time of taking up the farm, and in it we had promised that neither should marry without the other's consent; a foolish agreement, perhaps, but still it was there.

Looking up at me, Jimmie said "But you can let me off."

"Well," I said, looking sheepish in my turn.

"And you will, won't you, Jim?" he asked, rising and putting his hand on my shoulder. I looked at him just for a moment, and I believe I would have said "yes," but the thought of a girl coming between us hardened me, and I said, "No," in a low hard voice.

He said nothing, but turned and walked away to his room, while I stood staring into the fire. I don't know how long I stood that way, but as the big clock in the hall struck some hour, I don't know which, I straightened myself with a start. Taking the paper Jim had left on the mantelpiece I went slowly up to my room and to my bed.

Next morning I went down stairs a little late and the housekeeper told me that Jim was in the barn attending to some work, but as I had other work

I did not see him till dinner-time which, as we were plain bodies, was at twelve.

I was a little shy about our meeting, but Jimmy took no notice of the event of the night before. He talked of his morning's work and asked me to help him with something in the afternoon. Well days and weeks went on the same as before except that Jimmy played golf much better, in fact so well that he beat me in almost every game. Another great difference was that he would never go to London, and, as on one occasion one of us had to go, he sent me. In fact everything would have gone along all right and he would, as far as I could see, have been perfectly happy if he had only argued; but no, he wouldn't open his mouth on a subject except perhaps to agree, and that was worse than if he had held his tongue.

About six weeks or so after the "row" we were seated on our veranda, which we had built "à la American" in front of our house and I had made a vain attempt to make Jimmy argue.

I felt that it was no use going on as we were. If Jimmy couldn't be happy with me he might as well be happy with the girl. Reasoning thus with myself I rose to tell Jimmy, but as I did so the old bitter feeling against the girl came and I sat down again. I sat still for a while but as I began to soften again I arose to leave the veranda, turning as I reached the door I looked at Jimmy sitting or almost lying in his chair, his hair was all ruffled and his face was as long and as grave as the proverbial judge's. His pipe was in his mouth but it was not lighted. The sight was to me a pitiable one, and before I knew what I was doing I called,

"Jimmy."

And then, startled at what I had done, I popped in at the door and listened. There was no sound so I opened the door again and said "Jimmy."

"Well?" he replied in a sleepy voice.

"Jimmy," I said for the third time, "you may marry that girl" and slamming the door I rushed up to my room and locked myself in. Listening, I could hear Jimmy come slowly up the stairs and walk to my door. He tried the handle but when he found the door was locked he turned and walked away to his own room. As soon as he was gone I slipped out and walked on tiptoe to our rubbish room. From amongst the debris I pulled out two portmanteaus, and returning to my room I again locked the door.

Then I stood in the centre of the room with the two bags at my feet not knowing what to do. I felt that I was a martyr, for had I not given up my Jimmy, my chum, to some one I did not know, and a woman at that? I felt that I must go away, but for how long and where, was the question. Was it necessary, I thought, that because Jimmy was going to get married, that we should separate for always. I thought not. I was sure Jimmy would not think so, and now that I was in a reasonable state of mind I thought that the girl, if she was at all worthy of Jimmy, would not think so. I determined, therefore, to go away and stay away until Jimmy was married.

Leaving the bags as they stood, I had a smoke and went to bed.

All next day Jimmy did not mention the subject, but in the evening when we were sitting at our pipes, he said:

"Did you really mean what you said last night?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Then shake," he said, and you are a brick, Jimmy.

"But, but," he continued hesitatingly, "I was in your room to-day, what had you the bags out for?"

"Well, Jimmy, I said, I'm feeling seedy. You see we've both been under a strain since the summer, and," looking slyly at him, "you're going to have your relief."

"That's true," he replied, "what do you think of doing?"

"I'm going on a visit to Canada," I said, "and when you have got your wife, and the house all fixed up to suit her, write to me, and I'll come back on a visit. If we suit each other, I stay, if not, (with a shrug), I've often thought of trying a sheep run in Australia."

"That's fair," he cried, "and I'll agree, because I know you will suit each other. Now, when do you leave?"

"Oh, I'll not keep you waiting," I replied with a laugh. "The steamer leaves on the twentieth and this is the seventeenth, so that I have but two days. I don't need much and will leave to-morrow by the express for Liverpool, so you can get away to your new 'boss' as soon as you like."

He laughed, shook my hand again, and taking up my pipe he began to fill it. I did the same with his, and when we had exchanged we smoked "the pipe of peace." And this smoke, with Jimmy laughing and talking, was so pleasant that I began to repent my giving in, and my going away.

Two days afterwards I was in Liverpool, and on the third day I was at sea.

On board the steamer my chief companions were those who sat next me at table. On my left was a Church of England minister, a Mr. Wiggs. On my right was a young lady, Miss Dunn, and on her right was her father, John Dunn, Esquire.

Mr. Wiggs was a tall spare man of about thirty-five, and, like myself, a bachelor. He was travelling for his health. Mr. Dunn was about sixty-five, not very tall and by no means over healthy. He and his daughter were travelling for pleasure. And then his daughter—well, she was a funny kind of a girl, not at all what I would suppose a girl of twenty-two would be. At table she was rather quiet; she did not drop her napkin two or three times every meal nor allow her dress always to be getting

under my feet. On deck too, she was well behaved; she did not talk too loudly nor too much, and if I happened to say something funny, she did not laugh very loudly and then run round and tell all her friends, and that goes down a lot with me, for I hate a girl to make a fuss when I crack a joke—it makes me so nervous. Then if I offered her my arm she did not lean on it as if it were meant to support her, nor did she lay one or two fingers on it in such a manner as to have them always slipping off. And when we played whist as she, her father, Mr. Wiggs and I very often did, she was my partner and played very well. But if she made a mistake and I happened to frown (who can help it?) she did not immediately pout and play badly for the rest of the game. And again, at the piano, she did not thump it like a drum or play one note and wait till you were dropping off to sleep then play another and so on; no, she showed very good taste in her selections and nearly always played my favorite pieces. In fact she did what no other girl had ever done, she pleased me.

But voyages do not last forever and when she told me, as we sat on deck, the steamer gliding up the grand St. Lawrence, that she and her father were going to stay in Toronto and not Montreal, I grew moody and felt out of sorts for the next day or two. But at Quebec we got out and took a drive through the city, and as I know it well I derived a lot of pleasure in pointing out to her the places of interest. At Montreal we parted and as I drove to my hotel I tried to persuade myself that it was just as well.

About a week after my arrival, I got a note from Jimmie. It was scrawled so badly that I could hardly read it.

He said that on the day after I left he had gone to London and direct to the hotel where the girl had been staying with her father and aunt, for London it seems was not their home,

but at the hotel he was told that they had left about three weeks before, and the clerk did not know where they had gone. From the hotel he hurried to the house where he had first met them, but it was closed, and the servant next door said the family had gone to the continent, but did not know any more about them. From there Jimmie went to call on a lady who was a mutual friend, and had the good luck to find her at home. When he broached the subject, however, he was told that the young lady had called about three weeks before, and, finding no one at home, had left her card on which she had written that she was going to Scotland and then abroad.

Here he stopped, saying he would write soon again.

It was two weeks before I got another letter from him, and during that period I had rather an unpleasant time. I went, of course, to see Jimmy's people and hunted up some of my old friends, for I had no relations, but the most of my time I spent in smoking, thinking and keeping away from the railway stations. My thinking was, of course, for the most part, about Jimmie; but now and then I would fall into a pleasant sort of a dream, and I would dream of the voyage over. Something about that voyage made it very pleasant to think of, so pleasant indeed, that coming suddenly before a glass, with such thoughts in my mind, I caught myself smiling.

As I have said, the other way in which I passed my time was keeping away from the railway stations, or, rather, fighting the desire to go to Toronto. I had a great longing to go there and see the Dunns, and I would sit for hours arguing the pros and cons, and to my secret disgust, the cons nearly always won. But once, by some dodge, I made the pros win, and packing my bag, I went to the station. As I was standing in the line waiting to buy my ticket, an old friend slapped me on the back, and I

went out to speak to him; then we went in to have something sociable, and when we parted the train had been gone for five minutes. I went back to my hotel, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

My next letter from Jimmie, was written in a better hand but was very short. He simply said that he had hunted all the passenger lists of the outgoing steamers, but without any success.

He had even gone to Scotland, trusting to luck to run across them, but, of course, luck hadn't treated Jimmy as well as he thought he ought to be treated, and he returned to London very much disgusted with that goddess. He ended by saying that he was coming out to Canada to join me and he hoped I would forget his little piece of foolishness and go back with him to the farm.

Next day, as I was strolling along St. Catherine Street, I noticed a large poster which informed the public that a trip to Toronto and back through the beautiful scenery of the Thousand Isles and the rushing Rapids, was just the thing to relieve mind and body. This I thought was a good argument for the pros, and without giving the cons a chance, I hurried down to St. James Street, took a cab—I was so frightened the cons would overturn the pros—and bought my ticket.

From then till next morning seemed an age, and when I did get on board the weary journey up the canals quite wore out my patience. At last, however, we got to Brockville, but as something had gone wrong with the machinery, we were to stay there three or four hours longer than usual. Disgusted that the machinery should break down when I was in such a hurry, I got out to take a look at the town. As I turned the corner into some street, King Street I think it was, I ran into a gentleman and was about to beg his pardon and pass on, when he exclaimed:

“Why, Mr. Brown! You here?”

"Mr. Dunn," I cried, and catching hold of his hand, I told him over and over again how glad I was to see him.

"Well, well, I don't doubt it, but please don't shake so hard. You see," he added, with a laugh, "I'm getting old."

I dropped his hand, and regained my composure in a minute.

"Are you staying here?" he asked.

"Yes, well no—that is I'm passing through."

"Ah! going further," he said.

"No," I replied, as an idea occurred to me. "I'm going to stay here for a day or so, and then return to Montreal. It's so warm in the city, don't you know?"

"Of course," he said, "and that's just the reason we left Toronto; we wanted to see if Brockville was any cooler; but come," he added, "and we'll go to the hotel and see Mabel. You remember my daughter, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes,—that is, I think so,—I mean I,"—and I swore inwardly as I felt my cheeks burning under his laughing eyes. "But" I said, as I began to get cool, "if you will give me the name of your hotel, I will send up my bag. I suppose it will be the best place at which to put up."

"Of course, of course," he said, "and I forgot that I had to attend to something too," and giving me the name of the hotel, he hurried off, while I returned to the boat to get my bag.

Taking a hack, I drove to the hotel, which was not very far away, and to my great delight met Mabel as she was returning from a "turn." She had not changed at all, and what was very like her, she exhibited no surprise at seeing me. We sat on the veranda and had a nice long chat till "Papa" came back, then she went in to get ready for lunch, and I talked politics, English politics of course, with "Papa."

We, that is the Dunns and I, stayed a week in Brockville, when we all went back to Montreal. We had a splendid trip, and the scenery was

beautiful, or at least the Americans on board said so, and as the principal scenery that I saw was a sailor hat, some black hair, and a rosy pair of cheeks, I agreed with them.

The Dunns did not stay in the city, but went to live with some friends at Lachine, who very kindly invited me to go out *often* and see them, which I did. Being a man of leisure, I usually went out in the afternoons, and so had Mabel all to myself.

Time went by very pleasantly until one morning when a cable came from Jim, saying he was just about to sail for Montreal. This news gave me a great fright, for I dreaded meeting with Jim. To him I would have to confess that I was in love with Mabel Dunn, and the thought of doing this rather troubled me. However, I thought if I had to do it I might as well make sure of Mabel first, and not run any risk of putting myself in the ridiculous position that Jim was now in, a position which seemed to me very much like the return of the Prodigal.

But to make sure of Mabel, was, I found, no easy job. She never gave me any of those nice opportunities that story-book lovers get, in which I might make a proposal without straining the nerves of either. Indeed, it seemed to me that when I began to get the least bit "spooney," she changed the subject, or in some way or other brought me back to my senses. And so matters went on, until one morning, a Saturday, I read in the papers that Jimmie's ship had passed Father Point the night before and was expected in Quebec early that morning.

At this rate I might expect Jimmie in Montreal on Sunday, so whatever I wanted to do had to be done at once.

That afternoon I dressed as neatly as I could, and took the train for Lachine. Nobody was to be seen about the house, but a servant told me that Miss Dunn was in the "walk." Now the walk was a broad path at the foot of the grounds, sheltered on both sides

by bushes and tall trees which almost met overhead: at one end was a summer house, and at the other a high fence. In fact it was a perfect lovers' walk, and just suited, I thought, for my purpose.

Hastening down the path which led to this little Eden, I turned round the bush that guarded the entrance, and was overjoyed to see the familiar figure of Mabel. One step more and I was surprised to see a tall, spare man by her side, and before I could take another step he quickly placed his arm around her waist and drew her towards him; what he was going to do next I didn't know, but I had seen enough, and at the top of my voice I roared, "Sir." The two turned round with a start, and I was about to rush at the man or do some other foolish thing when he suddenly sprang at me and seizing my hand, he exclaimed:

"Jimmie, I've found her!"

It was the *other* Jimmie.

That night, as we sat in my room at the hotel, Jimmie explained it all. It seems that when he was looking over some clothes to bring to Canada he had found in one of the pockets a card of one of the friends of his friends. The sight of the card made him remember that the gentleman lived in Montreal, and had several times, in his (Jimmie's) presence, pressed the Dunns to come out to Canada for a visit, but Mr. Dunn had always raised some objection. When the steamer reached Father Point, Jim got off

with the mails. He was in time to catch the up train, and so was in Quebec Friday night, and Montreal Saturday morning. Without going to see me, he had set off to look for this common friend, with the result that he had found him at Lachine, and the Dunns with him, and—well, he was just telling Mabel, when I came upon them, what I narrowly escaped say-



"I was surprised to see a tall, spare man by her side."

ing for myself.

Of course, if he had only told me his friend's name he would have had no trouble, but then Jimmie was so queer after he first met Mabel Dunn.

They were married in Montreal and we all went back to the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie, Mr. Dunn and myself. And as Mr. Dunn is an excel-

lent golf player, and holds different political opinions from me, and as Mrs. Jimmie is a better and a kinder house-keeper than the one we had before, I was quite happy, and the visit I promised to make Jimmie has lasted till now, and isn't nearly finished although it is fifteen years since it began.

"And now," I said, turning to the

young Yankee, "is that a good enough reason for not being married?"

"Well," he replied, rising as the dinner-bell rang, "you may call it what you wish, but I would say you were crossed in love."

"Oh, no," I said, rising too, "hardly that. Only, you see, in my opinion, Miss Dunn married the wrong Jimmie."

HYMN TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

FATHER of mercies! from whose bounteous hand
 We each receive a satisfying store;
 Thee, who dost deck with flow'rs this sunny land,
 Our hearts with rapture filling, we adore.

For not alone for Thine own pleasure Thou
 Dost scatter o'er the hills the grazing herds,
 But Thou dost send us for the gleamy plough
 The lusty ox; and for our joy, the birds.

Dark Autumn goes and Winter, like white Death,
 Succeeds, and binds the earth in gelid ice;
 Yet Thou art faithful, for Spring's balmy breath,
 At Thy command, undoes the frigid vice.

Again, the vault of heav'n seems on fire;
 The hillsides smoke; the heat dries up the streams;—
 Then Thou dost speak, praised by th' accordant choir,
 And genial show'rs soothe th' earth in peaceful dreams.

Nature doth Thee acknowledge, for she waits
 Upon Thy word, t' adorn the branch with buds;
 And Thou dost warn her early, when the gates
 Will loose the blasts and inundating floods.

The woodland choir that tunes its song for Thee,
 From Thee receives direction to retreat;
 For soon their downy nests, hung on the tree,
 Will totter where the reign of Death's complete.

How oft, at ev'ning on a daisied hill
 We've stood, and glad surveyed the scene around;
 All vocal was the mead; the dancing rill
 Rejoiced and flung its pearl-showers on the ground.

No more could forests still their music quite;
 In rhythmic wavings they their joy expressed;
 The slumb'rous pines upon the shadowy height,
 With all surrounding Nature, called Thee "blest."

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY CHARLES EGERTON MACDONALD.

FOR the past one hundred and fifty years wherever the British soldier has been called upon to fight for king and country, either against a savage foe or against the highly trained soldier of Europe, whether engaged in extending the bounds of a world-wide empire or in holding ground already won, wherever, in short, there has been hard fighting to do, there has been seen the Scotch Highlander distinguished by his picturesque but extremely useful garb and by many other traits inherited from his Celtic forefathers. It may truthfully be said that he has done more than his share, but complaint from him has been heard only when he was kept in the rear and was not placed where the fight was hottest.

The remnants of the Celtic communities were driven to take refuge in the inaccessible districts of Europe. In the Highlands of Scotland they long preserved their independence and their blood uncontaminated by mixed marriages. The Feudal system which extended over Europe did not reach the Highlands. There the inhabitants were divided into clans and tribes under hereditary chiefs whose power remained unbroken until 1746.

The clan system was the most remarkable circumstance in their history, being responsible for many of their peculiar customs. Many members of each clan were descended from the same family and bore the same name as the chief. They pointed with pride to a long descent from an honorable ancestry and their songs and traditions referred to the exploits of the same line of friends and kindred.

The power of the chief did not depend on interest, but on consanguinity as being the central stem of descent

from the old patriarchs or fathers of the clan. He was landlord, leader and judge and the clansmen were always ready to follow him in the chase or to war. Each clan was a small independent state under a sort of hereditary monarchy. The authority of the King, owing to his distance from them, and to his inability to enforce obedience, was unacknowledged.

Each trained to arms since life began,
Owing no tie but to his clan,
No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.
—*Lady of the Lake.*

The clansmen were summoned to war by what was known as the "Fiery Cross"—made of yew—which after having been dipped in goat's blood was carried through the country among the clansmen, the bearer designating the place of meeting.

" Prompt at the signal of alarms
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

Each clan was drawn up as a regiment commanded by its chief. Every chieftain had his bard who followed the clansmen to battle and roused their feelings and energies by songs and narratives reciting the deeds of their ancestors and kinsmen, and afterwards celebrated the achievements of those who fought. In the field the pipers kept alive the enthusiasm by their war-like high-toned notes, and after the battle sounded dirges for the slain. These two functionaries were attached to the Highland Regiments for many years after their formation and the pipers remain to this day.

But while these ties of blood tended to preserve internal harmony, the more readily the clans resorted to violence upon any external affront, and the Highlands were long the

theatre of feuds and warfare between the different clans. The quarrels of the chief, or of any one member of a clan, were common to all, and were frequently transmitted from one generation to another. As most of the wealth of the mountaineers was in cattle, the most effectual way of inflicting an injury or beginning an attack, was by an incursion to carry off the cattle of the hostile clan.

The most active of the people regarded warfare as the most honorable occupation, went armed at all times, and were inclined to despise the labor necessary to obtain subsistence from the soil. Their arms consisted of a broadsword girded on the left side, a dirk on the right, a gun, a pair of pistols, and a shield. When the British government began to raise regiments in the Highlands, about the middle of the eighteenth century, large numbers of men were found accustomed to the use of arms, who could easily be made into good soldiers.

Their peculiar garb helped to form hardy constitutions in early life, and owing to its lightness and freedom enabled them to move with great swiftness. It was well adapted for the shepherd, the hunter and the warrior.

Different nations have different methods of fighting. Close combat was the Highlander's ancient mode of attack and it is probable that from inherited impression his first impulse was to charge with ardour and grapple with his foe. When they advanced near the enemy they poured in a volley of musketry, then dropping their muskets dashed forward and on closing used the broad sword, receiving the bayonets on their targets. The Highland regiments in the British army until the end of last century carried their peculiar arms and followed their own mode of fighting. They were considered the best light infantry in Europe and no troops could withstand their impetuous attacks.

A conspicuous fact in the history of the Highlanders was their loyalty and zeal for their ancient line of Kings. Even their songs were all Jacobite. Oliver Cromwell planted garrisons in the Highlands to punish them for their loyalty during the civil war, but after the Restoration they were withdrawn by Charles II. in consideration of the services rendered to his father and himself. William III. also adopted severe measures which helped to confirm their attachment to the exiled family and increase their aversion to the new King. Their chivalry, their songs, traditions and Jacobite principles, with their dislike to the new regime, predisposed them to take part in any attempt to restore their ancient line of sovereigns.

In 1715, they took up arms on behalf of the elder Charles and again in 1745 when Prince Charles Edward landed in the Highlands they flocked to his standard and followed him in that struggle for a Crown which ended on the fatal day of Culloden. Had it not been for the tact and influence of the Lord President Forbes a general rising would have ensued. And after Culloden when that unfortunate Prince wandered for months in the Highlands with £30,000 offered for his capture, his hiding place known to hundreds, no one could be induced to betray him.

In 1745, it was estimated the different clans could muster about 35,000 men. A few instances of the strength of the leading clans may be given. Campbell's (Duke of Argyle) 3,000, Macdonalds 2,400, Grants 1,350, Frasers 900. After the rebellion of 1745, the chiefs were deprived of hereditary jurisdiction and judicial power. The possession of arms was prohibited and what excited the most violent indignation the Highland garb was proscribed under penalties only short of death.

With the view of putting an end to disaffection, and of directing the sentiment of loyalty into a proper

channel, Lord Chatham, in 1757, advised George II. to raise regiments in the Highlands. As evidence that all jealousy on the part of the Crown had disappeared, many of those who had taken part in the rebellion were given commissions, and regiments were embodied from the disaffected clans. This confidence was not misplaced, for in time the Highlanders transferred their loyalty to the House of Hanover. George III. regarded their disaffection with great indulgence. He granted a pension of £4,000 per annum to Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, who bequeathed to him the ribbon and star of Charles I., as being the heir of the House of Stuart.

Lord Chatham, in a speech delivered in 1766, thus expressed himself: "I sought for merit wherever it was to be found; it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with valor, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

A friend of Lord Chatham, observing how this call to arms was answered, says: "Now battalions on battalions were raised in the remotest parts of the Highlands of those who a few years previous, and while there was any hope, were devoted to, and too long had followed the fate of the race of Stuart."

The Highlander's familiarity with arms, his hardy constitution, his warlike instincts, and the clan system, enabled him to become an excellent soldier. The devotion to his chief and clan he transferred, though in a lesser degree, to his superior officer and regiment. In a Highland regiment, surrounded by his clansmen and the com-

panions of his youth, his conduct was the subject of observation. He felt that apart from regard for duty, he had to sustain the good name of his clan or native glen, and any disgraceful conduct was a reflection on others whose good opinion he valued. He was largely influenced by sentiment where another soldier would act from a sense of duty or fear of chastisement.

Among the early Highland regiments, dereliction of duty and corporal punishment were unknown. They possessed the most exalted notions of honor, and were noted for the warmth of their friendships. The chaplain had great influence, and attention to religious duties was noticeable.

Between 1740 and 1804 upwards of fifty Highland regiments were raised among the clansmen through the influence of the chiefs and the cadets of the different clans. Membership was confined to native Highlanders. A few may be mentioned, the 78th, or Fraser's Highlanders raised in 1757 by Col. Simon Fraser among the Frasers, his father, Lord Lovat had been beheaded for adhering to Prince Charles in 1745; the 89th, or Gordon Highlanders, in 1759, in those districts where the influence of the Gordon family prevailed; the 73rd, or MacLeod's Highlanders, in 1778, by Lord MacLeod, whose father the Earl of Cromarty, head of the MacLeods had lost title and estates and had been sentenced to death for complicity in the rebellion of 1745; Lord MacLeod himself had been in exile for thirty years yet such was the respect for his name among his clansmen that though without wealth or political influence he raised in a few months a regiment of two battalions numbering 2,200 men of whom 1,800 were from his clansmen and the district where his family once ruled as chiefs; the 76th, or Macdonald Highlanders through the influence of Macdonald of Sleat, among the Macdonalds of Sleat and Glencoe,

and the 78th, or Seaforth Highlanders from the Mackenzies.

But the most famous Highland regiment, the first formed and the model of all the others was the 42nd, or Royal Highlandregiment, originally and still known as the *Freicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch. This designation, owing to the sombre appearance of the dark tartan in comparison with the bright uniform of the regular soldiers who were called red soldiers, was first given to the six Independent Highland companies raised in 1729 to enforce the Disarming Act and to maintain order in the Highlands. They were the "Watch" of the country and were drawn from a higher station than that of the ordinary soldier, being gentlemen of good family.

In 1739 they were augmented by four additional companies and formed into a regiment of the line. The Earl of Crawford, although a Lowlander, was first colonel. While the companies acted independently, each commander assumed the tartan of his own clan; but when regimented a new pattern was adopted appertaining to no clan, which has ever since been known as the 42nd, or Black Watch Tartan. Full Highland dress was worn and the native arms, including shield and broadsword were carried.

But shortly after being regimented a tragic affair occurred. They mistakenly believed their service was still to be limited to the Highlands, so when ordered to leave that country they objected; but on being told that the King desired to see them, never having seen a Highland regiment before, they marched to England in 1743, and caused great excitement on the journey. On their arrival they were reviewed by George II. and were considered the finest body of men in the service.

Unfortunately falsehoods had been circulated among them to the effect that getting them to England was merely a ruse of the Government to transport them to the colonies as dis-

affected Jacobites, and they concluded the only way of escape was secretly to return to their own mountains. On the night following the review they assembled near Highgate and began their wild and romantic homeward march, passing from wood to wood in such a manner that it was not exactly known in which direction they moved. Five days afterwards they were discovered in a wood near Dean Thorp, and troops were sent to intercept them. Seeing themselves in this situation, they submitted after a short negotiation. A court-martial was held and three of the men were shot. Order, however, was soon restored, and the regiment embarked for Flanders.

But there must have been something uncommon about the whole affair, making it different from an ordinary mutiny. Lord John Murray, afterwards Colonel of the regiment, always kept portraits of the three unfortunate men hung up in his dining-room, and some of their countrymen, instead of blaming them, compared their march to the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks through Persia.

Their first foreign service, and indeed of a Highland regiment in the British army, was at Fontenoy in 1745, where their conduct won the admiration of all Britain. They fought in their own way and whenever they charged they drove in the French lines. They covered the retreat as they were the only regiment that could be kept to its duty. A French account of the battle says, "The Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Throughout the operations in America, beginning in 1756 and ending with the extinction of the French power on the North American continent, the Black Watch, Montgomery's, the 78th, and other Highland regiments figured in every engagement. At Ticonderoga, in 1758, although more than one half their men and two-thirds of their

officers were killed or desperately wounded, the Highlanders would not leave the field until ordered a third time to retreat. At the capture of Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne, their gallantry was especially conspicuous. At the crowning victory of Quebec, in 1759, they were the first to scale the heights of Abraham with Wolfe, and did fearful execution with their broad-swords.

At Martinique and the taking of all the Windward Islands in 1762, in the war with the revolted colonies and in those battles that added India to the British empire they did good service. Throughout the hostilities against France beginning in 1793, in Egypt and the Spanish Peninsula and at Waterloo the bare-legged Highlander bravely sustained the reputation of his country. In the Crimea, the Indian mutiny, the Soudan and the other later wars their services are too well-known to call for comment.

At present there are eight regiments in the British army wearing the kilt. The difference between the Highland regiments, most of which were originally clan regiments, and the other Scotch regiments such as the Scots Guards and the Scots Greys which originally were raised in the Lowlands should be noticed.

In the course of time the Highland regiments lost many of their Highland characteristics and others than native Highlanders were allowed to enter. Still the Highland garb the symbol of bravery associated with so many heroic deeds cannot fail to have its influence on all who wear it.

Many changes have occurred in the Highlands, especially about the beginning of this century when large numbers of the inhabitants left for Canada

and other portions of the empire, but taking with them a love for their traditions and the land of their fathers which is still cherished by their descendants wherever they may be found.

“Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be ;
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight !
Time rolls his ceaseless course.”

“Yet live there still who can remember well,
How when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle cliff and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around him drew.
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.”

—*Lady of the Lake.*

In all that long series of engagements since first the Highland Regiments faced the enemy at Fontenoy in 1745, they have always borne a conspicuous part and upheld the honor of the British flag. Whatever the general result of the battle might be—excepting at Ticonderoga where success was impossible, but not excepting Fontenoy—they have always carried the part assigned to them unless prevented from closing with the enemy. So long as men rejoice in the recital of deeds of valour, so long will the achievements of the men wearing the garb of old Gael stir the blood like the skirling of the bag-pipes.

SOMETHING ABOUT GAPE BRETON.

BY THOMAS MULVEY.

WHERE to take a holiday, where to escape the ever increasing hurry of city life, where to restore the depleted energy which modern progress requires,—are yearly questions.

The extension of railroads into our summer hunting grounds is yearly pushing the overworked seeker for recreation farther and farther into the Northern wilderness. Each year sees the fashionable summer hotel a distance farther on, and he who would exchange for a while the formal side of life for the freedom of nature must push beyond them. Perhaps the most interesting part of our country to the student of our history, the lover of picturesque nature, and the seeker of freedom and recreation is that little island which forms the north-easterly corner of Canada—Cape Breton. Now the sleepy home of fishermen, it was once the scene of the greatest military demonstrations which America in early times had seen. Standing out in the ocean, as Cape Breton does, the bracing winds of the North Atlantic give renewed energy to the overworked humanity who visit its shores.

Everybody knows where Halifax is and how to get there—from Boston by steamer to Yarmouth, and thence through the poetic Valley of Annapolis; or, from Toronto by the St. Lawrence River through the Thousand Islands and the Rapids to Quebec, and thence by the Intercolonial Railway. From Halifax it is a journey of about twelve hours to Sydney, through Truro and past the Straits of Canso.

A glance at the map will show that Cape Breton is the most easterly part of Canada, Louisburg being over three hundred miles nearer to England than Halifax. The island is divided almost

in halves by two salt lakes, the Great Bras D'Or Lake and the Little Bras D'Or Lake, which extend nearly one hundred miles southerly from Sydney, the principal town of the island.

A branch of the Intercolonial Railroad also runs from Point Tupper, the most southerly point of the island at the Straits of Canso, which separate the island from Nova Scotia, to Sydney. Leaving Point Tupper, the traveller passes through picturesque valleys lying lowly between wooded ranges and then along the northerly shore of Great Bras D'Or Lake. There is very little tide on the lakes, and their shores are clean and for the most part like those of fresh water lakes. There are numerous wooded islands, and long, slender projections stand out from the mainland. They have all the beauty of a fresh water lake, and the flavor of salt extends to the adjoining farms. The streams which here and there flow into it abound with trout and salmon, and from the lake itself are caught cod and mackerel. The hills in the distance add picturesque effect to this beautiful lake scenery.

The most interesting parts of the island, however, lie north of Sydney—Ingonish, Smoky Cape and North Cape in particular. Ingonish is about sixty miles from Sydney, and can be reached by steamer calling once a week. If you wish to see the most beautiful scenery in the island, you must drive. The road is not the best and the journey is tedious, but the best of the scenery can be viewed in no other way. Leaving Sydney, you drive to Little Bras D'Or. The scenery here is most beautiful. You then cross the beautiful island of Boulangerie to the Great Bras D'Or ferry.

Here the scenery begins to be magnificent. To the right run a long line of green hills which rise almost precipitously out of the water and are lost in the horizon.

From Great Bras D'Or the road runs by the water's edge for some distance, when you ascend and descend the heights to St. Ann's. Farther on is Indian Brook. Where the road crosses the Brook at its outlet the cliffs may be seen towering precipitously overhead to a distance of two hundred feet. A few miles up the stream is a waterfall which pours down between jagged rocks over two hundred feet high. Farther on as you approach Smoky Cape the road creeps up to the table-land a thousand feet above the sea. Half way down the northerly side of the Cape, the settlement and harbor of Ingonish are seen, and away to the north the distant outline of North Cape.

Louisburg is reached by railroad—a short run from Sydney. The present town is on the west of the harbor, almost land-locked, about three miles in length. The former town was on the south and west of the harbor. Looking to the south can be seen the ruins of the citadel. Four ruined casements of the King's Bastion appear at a distance like the ruins of some ancient bridge or causeway. At the entrance to the harbor is Battery Island—to the north is Light-house Point, both scenes of action in the two great sieges which have made Louisburg famous in history. Directly opposite the entrance to the harbor are the ruins of the Grand Battery. Grand it was, but in both sieges it was abandoned without a shot being fired in its defence. It was a work of great importance and its ruins extend for one hundred and fifty yards along the shore. Turning south from the Grand Battery we approach the ruins of the ancient fortress, and the mass brings to our minds, in a way not before understood, the greatness of the struggle. Farther on is the west Gate, and at a

distance of two hundred yards from it are still visible the trenches dug by the besiegers as they drew nearer and nearer the doomed fortress. Over the ground to the west behind every hillock there are indications that cannon had been placed to batter down the walls. Irregular mounds are all that are left of the ramparts. The west Gate was defended by two batteries—the circular and the Dauphin. Passing on the east towards the ocean we come to the King's Bastion, a most elaborate defence work as can be seen from the ruins. The remains of bomb-proof casements and subterranean chambers arched with masonry can yet be seen. Beyond are the ruins of the Queen's, Princess' and several others as we follow the ramparts back to the west Gate. The circuit of the ruins of the defences is over two miles. Louisburg was founded in 1720, and from that time to the first siege in 1745 the equivalent of about \$15,000,000 was spent on the erection of the fortress.

The little rock encircled islet, Battery Island with its grassy crown, shows no trace of the deadly strife which it witnessed. The platform of the Battery and the foundations of some of the buildings are visible, but the great calmness which surround it and the monotonous break of the waves on the reef towards the sea, do not bring to mind that deadly midnight attack in which many brave and reckless New Englanders fought their first and last fight. Four hundred men led by Captain Brooks, a New Hampshire man under Pepperell, volunteered for a midnight attack on the Battery. They left Light-house Point and attempted a surprise. While still a distance from the landing place their approach was discovered and muskets flashed. Onward they pressed through the surf upon the rock shore. Many were killed on the jagged rocks as their boats surged with the waves, many also by the increasing fire of the garrison. Brooks

and some followers splashing through the water gained the shore and engaged in a hand to hand encounter. They pressed on until Brooks was cut down. Brooks' landing place is called Grenadier Leap, no doubt to commemorate this rash but brave assault.

Louisburg was a source of peril to the New Englanders. The fishing question was then a greater source of trouble than in recent times. The French were strongly fortified at Louisburg, and the fishing vessels of the English were always liable to capture. The latter had no corresponding stronghold and they were almost driven from the fishing grounds. The New Englanders were, to a great extent, a maritime people and their trade suffered considerably. The first expedition against Louisburg was organized in 1745 by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts. The Land forces were commanded by Pepperell while Admiral Warren directed the attack from the sea. The siege lasted about six weeks, during which the New Englanders displayed most reckless daring, due no doubt to their personal feelings for the injuries which they had suffered and which were directly attributable to the fortress. Their ignorance of the art of war and their impetuosity made greater difficulties for the French commander than their numbers. On the other hand the defence of the French was weak. The capture of Louisburg marked an

era in the history of New England. While London was illuminated amid rejoicings, the New Englanders were weighing their success and their concerted action, and looking forward to separation from the Mother Country.

Louisburg remained in the possession of the English from 1745 to 1749 when Cape Breton was transferred to France under the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The New Englanders were rather offended thereby. Their brilliant expedition was then without result. In 1758 when Louisburg was again captured by Amherst and Wolfe there was little rejoicing in New England.

The second siege was an expedition of much greater importance. The fortress had been repaired and strengthened in the meantime. The numbers engaged on both sides was far greater. After the fall of Quebec there was no need of a fortified position at Louisburg, and the fortress, where it was not battered into ruins, was dismantled.

There is more than picturesque scenery and historic associations to delight the tourist in Cape Breton. The summer hotel with its accompanying figures has not yet reached this locality. The natives have not yet learned that the tourist and the summer boarder are proper objects of prey. The traveller will find an honest hospitable welcome, with fair accommodation.

WELCOME DEATH!

Through the slow-passing days this old grey man,
 Waits here for Death, who will not seem to him
 Dreadful or cold-eyed, or ruthless or wan,
 For Time has filled his life-cup to its brim.

MARRY MARSTYN.

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S WORK-BAG.

BY E. LAETITIA PHILLIMORE.

SHE died when she was twenty-one, and she had the reputation of being the most famous beauty of her day. Now all that remains to remind one of the haunting loveliness about which poets sang and painters raved, is the little faded yellow work-bag that I hold in my hand.

I like to picture her as she sat at work in the wide window seat with the hot sun blazing on the velvet stretch of lawn outside. I can see the quaint sprigged muslin gown she wore, short as to the waist and much frilled as to the neck, and the slender jewelled fingers working on that square of fine, fine linen, the ray of light falling athwart the sunny hair.

Such a strange strand piece of linen as it is—yellow with age and perfumed with the ghostly scents of a hundred years ago: such queer beasts crawling about on it—squirrels with the bushiest of tails, holding in their stiff little paws the largest of nuts; caterpillars with some of their many legs rubbed away by age and friction, ravens with beaks so large that they would have startled Elijah, and bulrushes of a size that would have alarmed Moses.

There is one little beast unfinished. He has no tail, his eyes are missing, and his last leg is tremulous. My great grandmother must have been interrupted during the last of her Noah's Ark creations, for the bag is made up with much silk cord and many tassels of heavy gold, and the finest of damask linings, and she never noticed the unfinished animal.

I like to imagine how it all happened, I found an old old scrap of a letter belonging to her to guide my fancy. She married a gallant Colonel a great many years older than herself. People said they were a devoted couple, but

the blue eyes of her miniature wear a sad and unsatisfied look in them to me. There was never a breath of scandal connected with her—the eyes are too blue and too steadfast for that—but before her marriage she had what they termed “love passages” in those days, with a handsome reckless boy-officer who was killed in the wars.

I can see her now. She is sitting in the window seat, and the muslin curtain is fluttering in the breeze. A vague mingled scent of lavender and sweet briar is in the air. The jar of red roses and spicy honeysuckle standing on the old spinet (up in the garret now, its sweet notes silent forever) gives forth that subtle perfume, always connected in my mind with prim Dutch gardens, and blue china, and grandfather's clocks—a world of walled gardens, and sweet Puritan maidens and old fashioned virtues. She is at work on the little unfinished animal which belongs to no particular order of creation—when she hears the sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravel walk.

I think it is the day before her wedding. She is surrounded by white ribbons and delicate satins. Her fingers are trembling, and the color has fled from her cherry lips and damask cheek. The blue ribbon in the sunny hair piled high on the top of her graceful head is trembling too. There is a footstep in the hall, and a young officer in uniform rushes headlong into the room. It is well she is alone—for what would her mother say to the storm of love, and grief and passion that burst from his lips as he implores her to tell him that it is “not true.” She is only a loving girlish creature in spite of her ‘prunes and prisms’ education, her sweet modesty and

virgin purity, and I am afraid she forgets that she is to be married to my ever-revered great-grandfather on the morrow. The embroidered bag is crumpled up in her agitated hand and by and by falls to the polished floor unheeded, the last of its menagerie fated never to be whole of limb like its fellows. And the two white arms are thrown round his neck, and the hot tears fall from the blue eyes on his breast where the fair head lies pillowed as though that were its natural resting place.

And he promises to be "better" if only she will love him enough to run away with him. Hot-headed reckless boy as he is, his sins have only been the sins of youth—very much on the surface and consequently very highly condemned, more scorned than the respectable vices that lie so deeply concealed that none can suspect the rotten core. He has a brave true manly heart and the sweet-faced girl has broken it—not she at least, but those stern-faced Puritan parents of hers.

The bag is under his feet now. He is crushing the peculiar squirrel with the abnormally fine nut in his paws, but she does not notice it. For once in her life her barriers of pride and conventionality are broken down and she sobs out all her love and grief upon his breast.

But she is quite firm. She knows where her duty lies: it lies in the direction of my great-grandfather who died at the age of eight-five, full of years and honor, yea, and of port wine also, and was buried by the side of his third wife Matilda Eliza, under an immensely imposing marble sarcophagus.

And so they say good-bye, poor young things! It will be all the same (to me, for instance) a hundred years hence, but they don't feel like that. Their lips meet, and their tears mingle, and they only know that fate is cruel to them.

For she sends him away—for ever. And he snatches the flowers from her bosom to wear next his heart, as a

reminder of her sweet presence. And she kisses them before he goes—softly and reverently as though they were dead things instead of being warm with the warmth of her white bosom and quick throbbing heart. "Pansies—that's for thoughts," she says, smiling bravely through fast-falling tears. And he goes away, and is killed in his first engagement; and they bury him hurriedly and quietly on the battle field, just as he is, with a brown withered bud of flowers next his silent heart.

So it is all over. My great grandmother picks up her work again and looks at it blindly. She does not touch it again. Somebody else makes it up for her afterwards, some girl friend perhaps, who does not notice that the embroidery is unfinished.

They have music that evening in the drawing-room. My great grandmother has a thrilling liquid voice which is one of her chief charms. In the middle of one sad little song—it is all about Love and War and Death—she breaks down and sobs. Worst of all she turns away from my great-grandfather who is trying to soothe her. They say it is very natural—this agitation—the day before her wedding. All young girls feel the solemnity of such an occasion. My great grandfather accepts the explanation. He is easily satisfied, both with himself and other people.

She wears her white bridal gown the next day, and looks like a broken flower. She makes him "an excellent wife." There is never any friction about housekeeping matters and he supplies her with plenty of money. Of course she is very happy indeed. Why should she not be so? Has she not everything she wants?

People call her's "a tragic fate" when her baby comes and she slips away to the Land of Shadows and Eternal Repose. Her boy-lover was killed the day before; only it was not known at the time. But I feel sure she knew it—in a vision, perhaps.

The yellow scrap of paper which I hold in my hand bears these words upon it, in the quaint handwriting of the day.

“And soe deare Love farewell. If Memories are to be the sweetest Parte of the Story of our deepe Passion for one Another, then am I not entirely without them. Doe you remember the

Pansies your Redde Lippes kissed? they are dead now Sweethearte, but they will bloome againe in Heaven where We Two shall of a Surety meete.”

It is only a tattered scrap. There is no more . . . but when I look at the unfinished bag and then at the yellow paper, I think I understand.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 100TH REGT., AND OF GIBRALTAR.

BY AN OLD N. C. O.

IT is now more than thirty-five years since the occurrences related in this paper took place. I was then a very young man, having not long previously left school, and I was ready and willing to take my share in whatever mischief, fun or frolic that presented itself to me.

Every one who is old enough remembers when the 100th or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment was raised in Canada, during the latter days of the Indian Mutiny, and it is also familiar to many what erroneous ideas were entertained of military service by great numbers of the young men who accepted the Queen's shilling, and avowed themselves “free, willing and able to serve her Majesty the Queen for the term of ten years, or twelve if required.”

Scores of these aspirants for military fame had had their aspirations fired by reading such books as “Tom Burke of Ours,” “Charlie O'Malley,” “Harry Lorrequer,” and similar works more or less of a fictitious character as regards a soldier's life. Nor is it too much to say, perhaps, that many of the Upper Canadian recruits who enlisted in the 100th Regiment thought that it was only a question of time, and that a short time, when they would

be promoted to the non-commissioned ranks and soon afterwards to commissions. Alas for the vanity of such expectations. Of the 1,200 men who were enlisted in Upper and Lower Canada only two ever rose to commissioned rank in the Queen's service. One of these, a sergeant belonging to No. 5 Company, a Brockville boy, was promoted to an ensigny in 1861, and very speedily found out that he was far worse off as an officer than ever he had been as a sergeant, and in about a year's time quitted the service once and for all. The other case was that of a soldier of nineteen years' service who was created Quarter-Master in 1877, and has only recently honorably retired.

I was not one of those who joined the 100th on its formation, for I did not enlist until November 3rd, 1859. It was Thanksgiving day, and if I recollect aright it was the first time that our official rulers took official notice of the fact that we have anything to be thankful about. Be that as it may I left home in the morning telling my guardian, for I had neither of my parents living, that I was going into Toronto to church. We lived some five miles to the west of the city, and before leaving home I confided to

my younger and only brother that I thought I would join the 100th Regiment. He had reached the mature age of twelve years, but did not think it necessary to give me any advice or counsel on the subject; all that I can remember he said was, that our guardian would be "awfully mad."

Well, to St. Stephen's church I duly went, and after service met a young lady at the church door who was a very intimate acquaintance of my sisters, as well as of other of my relatives. She lived with her mother at no great distance from St. Stephen's; it was a dear old country house, one of the oldest in the city, and is now pulled down. This friend naturally asked me to go in and see her mother, but I declined, saying "I was going to England," consequently had other things to do. Thirty-six years since, a voyage to England was a very great undertaking, and among the young folks of Toronto those who obtained such a privilege were more or less of heroes among their companions and were consequently very much envied. Miss A., who had been at my home but a few days previously, was greatly astonished and plied me with questions to which I fear I gave somewhat evasive replies. However, I parted with her soon, she heartily wishing me "good bye."

After getting some lunch I strolled along Front street towards the Old Fort undecided what to do. It was a case of letting "I dare not wait upon I would." Had I met anyone who had been going towards my own home, in all likelihood I should have walked off with them and never have enlisted. The contrary happened, though, for near the old Half Way House I met two soldiers of the 100th—tall, well set up fellows, and that decided me. I asked them to enlist me, and they, as they would receive a gratuity from a grateful country of fifteen shillings sterling, or about \$3.75, were only too willing.

We soon reached the barracks, and

there I got my first rebuff, for Captain C., the officer in command of the depot, was unwilling to take me. I did not know what I was doing, he very wisely observed. I told him I was sure I did. I soon learned how much better he knew what I was doing than I did. "Well," said Captain C. to the corporal who brought me before him, "I can't refuse him if he passes the doctor, but the lad is a simpleton." It was no part of the corporal's duty to reply; he simply saluted and marched me off to barracks. Next day I passed the medical examination, and was sworn in before Mr. George Garnett, who was then police magistrate. Exactly eight days later, I, in company with fifty others, some but little older than myself, some men who had already served and had taken or purchased their discharges, and others who had enlisted because they had nothing else to do and wanted bed and board, sailed from Quebec *en route* for Liverpool in the Allan steamship *Nova Scotian*.

Of the voyage itself there is little to record. We were in charge of a Lieutenant of H. M. 17th Foot, then quartered in Quebec. He was a kindly and considerate man, and made our time on shipboard, some ten days, as pleasant as possible for us. We had absolutely no rough weather, and, so far as my memory serves me, we did not sight a single vessel on our voyage across the Atlantic.

We stayed first at Birkenhead for one night. I was billeted with a comrade at a small tavern called "The Nag's Head," and we were very comfortable. Next morning we took the Great Western Railway at 9.30 for Reading. By some mismanagement, nothing had been done to provide us with food, and when we reached the Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, which, as our train was a slow one, was at two o'clock in the afternoon, we were almost famished. Into the refreshment room we poured, and speed-

ily possessed ourselves of everything that was eatable within sight. Civilians who were indulging in a glass of ale and a sandwich were hustled on one side; we ruled the room. The uproar was intense, and very soon the keeper of the room began to receive unlimited abuse for not getting us more to eat. He, poor man, would gladly have given us more if he had only had it; as it was, he could only hand out some two or three loaves of bread, and give every one who asked for it all the ale they could drink. Presently the officer in charge made his way into the bar, and, with the aid of the sergeant and a policeman, cleared us out of the room on to the railway platform and then into the coaches. We had to pay tenpence each for that so-called "meal." For those who had been able to drink three or four glasses of ale, it was cheap enough; but for others like myself who did not get or want any stimulants, it was very dear. All I got was a sausage roll, so called, and my comrade fared even worse: he got only two small pieces of what was supposed to be bread and butter, the latter being conspicuous by its absence. We expected to hear more of the disturbance we had created, but never did. We reached Reading late on a Friday evening, and remained there until Monday, being billeted throughout the inns of that quaint old Berkshire town. We had a grand time, many going to the theatre on the Saturday evening, promenading up and down the High Street all through the day-time, and astonishing the habitués of the smoke-room in the principal hotel by some dozen of us walking in on the Saturday about 6 p.m. and holding a sociable, which consisted of those of us who could sing doing so, and those of us who could not, making speeches.

The landlord wanted the party to leave. They were welcome, he said, to what they had ordered; he was very proud of the military, but they

were keeping civilians away. To this protest, we replied that we were Canadians, and in Toronto we were welcome wherever we chose to go, and that if it was right for civilians to sing songs and make speeches in his smoke-room, it was right for us. We meant to pay for what we had, also to behave ourselves, and we were going to stay.

We omitted to mention in our colloquy with the landlord that even in Toronto when we went out to "make a night of it" we did draw the line at the Rossin House; but that, if we thought about it at all, was ours and not his business. Well, we remained in the smoke-room and as we had each one of us received our bounty, about \$15, on the day we sailed from Quebec, mine host probably got far more profit out of the smoke-room for that evening than if we had not displaced the civilians.

On Monday, November 28th, we marched into Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight, and the next day made our first appearance on the parade ground. Very soon I learned that there were plenty of stern realities about a soldier's life. The very first parade I ever attended was one to hear the sentence of a Court Martial on a soldier of, I think, the 96th regiment who had been convicted of insubordination in telling "Lance Corporal John Brown"—we will say—"that he would see him hanged before he would go on picquet. Lance Corporal John Brown being then and there in execution of his duty" The sentence was, I remember, 84 days imprisonment, with hard labor. I thought it very hard lines; I don't think so now though. I soon learned that an insubordinate soldier is an enemy to others even more than to himself, and that disobedience to orders merits the heavy punishment it invariably receives. Of course this was an aggravated case, but do not let any young fellow who reads these reminiscences and who contemplates soldering think

that even simple disobedience of orders is ever lightly passed over. I have known a man of absolutely blameless character to be tried by Court Martial and reduced to the ranks from sergeant because he neglected to have the windows of his barrack room cleaned, when ordered by his captain to have them done.

In April, 1860, I had learned my drill, done my musketry practice and was ready for all duties. I had learned to scrub a floor and wash up dishes without a shudder, could carry coal or do pump fatigue and was happy in myself and contented with my plain but wholesome food, comfortable oat-straw bed and warm if by no means luxurious barracks. One thing I never learned and never had to learn, that was punishment drill, and though I once had a day's confinement to barracks for appearing on parade in unpolished boots and on another occasion had to appear before the commanding officer to explain how it was that I, after leaving the Sergeant's Mess on New Year's day, 1863, was found affectionately embracing a lamp post opposite my quarters, I was never in any trouble of any kind. Respecting this last aberration of intellect on my part I may mention that my commanding officer let me off with what our Sergeant Major was pleased to term "severe admonishment."

Soon after being dismissed drill I was appointed lance corporal, and in about fifteen months later when in Gibraltar reached the rank of sergeant. During the summer of 1860 I was one of a guard of honor stationed during July, August, September and part of October at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, in attendance on Her Majesty. It was a delightful duty; we were twenty-one men and four sergeants and had only one sentry to post. I was a lance corporal and was on duty only every fifth day. During August the Queen entertained us all at a garden party in the grounds of Osborne House giving us a sumptuous

dinner, with fruit and cakes afterwards, to our heart's content. Her Majesty came into our tent whilst we were dining and addressed a few words to two of our number. I was not one of those so honored but afterwards when we were indulging in the sports provided for us, I was spoken to by the Prince Consort who asked me how long I had been in the army and if I was a native Canadian.

Whilst in the Isle of Wight I saw the Prince of Wales leave on his memorable journey to Canada and, with the exception of the Princess Royal and Prince Alfred, saw the younger members of the Royal family driving or riding past our quarters almost daily.

In November, with a large draft from our depot, I joined the service companies of the regiment in Gibraltar, leaving England by the troopship *Maguera* on a Tuesday, and reaching "Gib." on the following Monday. I shall never forget my first morning in that famous fortress, nor of the impression it left upon me. Our regiment was quartered in the Casemate barracks, a low two-storeyed casemated battery in fact, containing no less than twenty-four barrack rooms each of which would hold forty men. To the rear of the men's quarters was a low range of rooms where were quartered the staff sergeants and the cooks. This was also a battery, right down to the water's edge, mounted with heavy ordnance and protected by the guns of the battery above it.

Reveillé sounded in Gibraltar with morning "gun fire" and was as early as 4.30 a.m. in summer, and 6.30 in the winter months.

From "Retreat" to "Reveillé" in Gibraltar there is practically neither ingress or egress to or from the city excepting at the Ragged Staff and New Mole harbours, and only there to privileged persons. On the land side ingress or egress is simply impossible without an order direct from the Governor and this I never remember

to have been given but on one occasion which was when a great robbery had taken place and it was ascertained that the alleged thief had left through the Landport Gate just before "Retreat" sounded.

The scene in Casemate Square any fine morning all the year round from about 7.30 until noon is one which once seen can never be forgotten. Every nation, every costume almost in the world is there represented. Tommy Atkins is everywhere, and well aware he is of his own importance. There is no

"Tommy this and Tommy that
And Tommy go away."

in Gibraltar, the valiant Thomas is as good as anybody else in "Gib," his own officers only excepted, and Thomas makes the most of the occasion. He looks with scorn on the "scorpions," an Anglo-Spanish native born population, and I regret to say abuses them whenever the opportunity offers. Thomas excuses himself for his arrogance by pleading that he had to go on guard all the year round with never more than four nights in bed, often with three, to keep "those dirty scorpions from being murdered in their beds."

But besides T. A., bound either in red, blue, green or scarlet, are to be seen sailors of every clime. The Jack Tar of our own loved Queen, with sailors of the German, French, Portuguese, American, Spanish, Turkish and Grecian Navies, all appeared in the daily panorama on the Casemate Square. The turbaned and picturesquely attired Moor passes by in quiet dignity. Near by him is the Spanish peasant with his broad sombrero from the rim of which he ever and anon takes his constant solace, the cigarette. Then there is the Turk with his fez and the Jew wearing generally a silk hat that "once was new."

In addition to all these, there are the guards going to and returning from their guard houses after their

round of twenty-four hours duty. There are the old North Front guard coming off, it is composed of the 25th King's Own Borderers, and consists of a captain, subaltern, sergeant, two corporals, bugler and twenty-one men. Proudly they swing through the square towards their barracks in the Wellington Square, and though it is a sight witnessed daily all the year round, there is always more or less of a crowd to see the guards go and return. Following the guards just named come the New North Front, the North-East Front, the Devil's Tower, the Bay Side, the Landport, Waterport, and old Mote Guards, all extra-mural, and numbering no less than 57 men with eight N. C. O.'s, two buglers, and two subaltern officers in addition.

The total number of infantry mounting guard in Gibraltar day by day is two field officers, two captains, two surgeons, six subalterns, and about 250 N. C. O.'s and men.

Many amusing stories are told of guard duty in Gibraltar and certainly many of the posts are by no means pleasant ones to any one at all troubled with nerves. I was sergeant of what is known as the South Sheds guard, on one occasion; it was composed, besides myself, of a corporal and nine men, and number two post was on a grave-yard adjacent to some quarries. It was a moonlight night in July, and had been a fearfully hot day. I had just inspected the reliefs as they came off duty at 1 a.m., and was watching the lights in the harbor, and thinking that "Grand Rounds" having been, it would soon be possible to get a little rest, when I was startled by a yell from the sentry on No. 2 post of "Sergeant of the Guard." I seized my rifle, and ordering two men for escort doubled to the sentry as fast as I could go. When I reached him, he had his arms at the "port," and in response to my order of "shoulder your arms and tell me what this means," he merely did as

ordered, and replied, "Look, sergeant," pointing towards the graveyard. I did look, so did my escort, and saw what appeared to be a dwarf, gazing fiercely at us. As we had seen this apparition, as it seemed, in the midst of the tomb-stones, and shrouded by the shadows of the shrubs it presented an almost diabolical appearance, and certainly did not reassure us. We "went for" it though, and found that it was a goat, which had by some means strayed into the graveyard, and was held by one of its hind feet in a cleft root. We released the animal, and returned to the guard-room not a little disgusted.

There were many "characters" in the 100th, as there are in all regiments. One of these was a Scotchman, whom I will call by his Christian name, Aleck. He was a man of great general information, was a little of a poet, and could quote Shakespeare, Burns and Scott till it was wearisome. His delight, though, was in lengthy sentences and long words. On one occasion he was on the New North Front guard, and when the officer in charge for the night was inspecting the arms to see if they were all properly loaded, he told Aleck that there was a little dirt on the muzzle of his rifle. "No, sir," said Aleck, "it is not dirt; it is some of the lubricating mixture, which is placed round the elongating, expanding bullet to accelerate its flight towards the object aimed at." The officer was a callow youth only just dismissed drill to his duty, and Aleck's reply took his breath away. He asked no more questions, but passed on.

I should like to dwell on the bull-fights of Spain, and of the wonderful spectacle of cruelty created into a pleasure that they present, but my space is exhausted, and I have no room for further reminiscences. In February, 1863, I began to think it was time I made up my mind either to soldier for life, with the prospect of a commis-

sion in the distance, which my friends were anxious to obtain for me, or to return to civil life. I chose the latter course, and an appointment being vacant in the depot, applied to my commanding officer to be allowed to go home to fill it. My request was granted, and the middle of February saw me once more in Parkhurst Barracks. For some time I discharged my staff duties; but never did an hour's barrack duty, and was practically a non-combatant. Late in the summer of 1863, I obtained a lengthy furlough, and had it extended several times, not resuming my duties until December 1st, when I made my application to be discharged by purchase. After the payment of the regulation compensation of £20, I was graciously permitted to depart, and took with me, I am pleased to say, gratifying proofs of esteem from the officers under whom I had had the honor to serve.

One word, in conclusion, to any gently nurtured boys, who wish to adopt soldiering as a profession, and either cannot pass the requisite examination for a commission, or afford the preliminary expenses. Do not think that it is a bed of roses; it is very far from that at first, but recognize the fact that it is a school of stern discipline, of unquestioning obedience, and of rigid performance of duty. Duty cannot be evaded, or half done, and there is no such thing as favoritism. A capable man in the ranks, who conscientiously does his duty, and has sufficient education, gets on, and no questions are asked as to whether he is the son of a ploughman or of a gentleman.

Gentlemen's sons can do worse things than enlist if they are prepared to honestly face their duties, but they cannot make a greater blunder, and one that will bring dire retribution with it, than to enlist and think they can have an easy time of it and let others do the work.

“ FOR SERVICES RENDERED.”

BY MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

I HAD been knocking about the continent for five years, and although I am absolutely without kith or kin in the whole wide world, it was with a thrill of genuine pleasure that I once more set “ my foot upon my native heath.”

I had been in the city almost a week before I ran across any of my former intimates, and then I came suddenly upon the one for whom I had cared most in the old days.

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous, and almost before I well knew what had happened, I found myself in a cab beside him, *en route* for his home.

“ I simply won't take no,” he cried, still gripping my hand, as he hailed a passing jehu. “ And Linda would never forgive me. Linda? Why Mrs. P., of course, and she's just the—well you can judge for yourself.”

And away we went, my weak protests quite overruled by the impetuous heartiness of my friend.

I found Mrs. P. charmingly vivacious and quite as hospitable and friendly as her husband. Irving and Terry were playing in the city at that time, and as my friends had a box for the evening's performance, they insisted upon my accompanying them to the theatre. While we were at dinner they sent a messenger to tell my man to come with my things, so that I found myself, without more ado, comfortably installed in the house of my friends until, as they said, I should decide upon a permanent abode.

The play was, of course, magnificent but I must confess that while the eyes of the house were rivetted upon Marguerite and Mephistopheles, I saw very little but Mrs. P. It was not, however, her beauty, though beautiful

she undeniably was, which so attracted and held my attention, but a pearl pendant which hung from a fine gold chain about her throat. It was a very curious and inexpressibly lovely ornament, and one which might well elicit a second glance from even the most casual observer.

It was made in the shape of a five-pointed star; at the extreme end of each point was set an exquisite little pearl, and half way down a diamond blazed and scintillated.

But beautiful as were these jewels, they were as pebbles compared with the superb pearl which formed the centre of the star. Large, lustrous, translucent, with a delicate pink tinting, it is impossible to attempt to describe its loveliness. The gold setting of the pendant was curious and Oriental. Certainly it was an odd and valuable ornament, and one not likely to be duplicated. And yet, in my wanderings over the globe, I had seen either it or its exact counterpart, adorning the soft, white throat of a woman who was in everyway the exact antithesis of my friend's wife.

It was this which so interested me in the ornament, and again and again during the performance I found myself wondering how it had come into the latter's possession.

Harry P. must have observed my preoccupations at last, for he leaned over to me and said: “ You are admiring that pearl affair of Linda's, aren't you? When we get home, I'll tell you all about it.”

An hour or so later, comfortably lounging on a divan in my friend's smoking-room, I lit a cigar and prepared myself to hear the story.

“ Most people admire that pendant,” Harry began, “ but your eyes fairly

devoured it, old man. What do you suppose it's worth?"

"I should be afraid to guess," I replied, half smiling. "Did you imagine I spent the evening endeavoring to compute its monetary value?"

Harry laughed. "Bosh," he said, "but do you know it was a present to me for services rendered which I never intended to render, from an entire stranger whom I only saw once in my life, and then under circumstances which,—but you're looking puzzled old boy, so I'll begin at the beginning.

"Well, about four years ago, one afternoon I went out to take a walk. It was just after I became engaged to Linda, and I'll confess that I was thinking a good deal about her—so much, in fact, that I just walked on without any regard as to where I was going until raising my eyes suddenly, I found myself in a very unfamiliar locality, and looking about me for a few minutes I discovered that I had wandered into the Italian quarter of the city.

"It was not the most pleasant place for a young man, unarmed and alone, to linger in the gathering dusk of a short December day, and I hastened to find the quickest way out.

"I turned around and endeavored to retrace my steps, but I could remember nothing distinctive that I had passed to aid me, and I soon began to feel rather uneasy, especially as several Italians, whom I met, scowled darkly at me and muttered something to each other which, from their expressions, I could gather to be any thing but friendly.

"Suddenly I felt a light touch on my arm. I turned quickly. A woman stood beside me. She was slight and wonderfully graceful, and although a heavy red shawl was drawn tightly about her head and face, I caught a gleam of such dazzling white skin and magnificent black eyes that it was easy to imagine the beauty of her hidden features. She stretched out a dainty white hand and said clearly in a voice

which was music itself: 'Soldi, signore, per pane.'

"I have a smattering of Italian, and almost without thinking I drew out some change and placed it mechanically in her pink palm. 'Grazie signore,' she said in the same clear, rather loud tone, then dropping her voice suddenly, she said softly in English: 'Follow that street, Signore,' and with an almost imperceptible wave of her hand she indicated a narrow little street branching off to our right.

"Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had disappeared, whether into one of the squalid little houses all around us or around the corner just behind, I know not.

"I hesitated a moment before following the direction my mysterious medicant had advised, then suddenly remembering that he who hesitates is lost, and reflecting that in my present position one street was about as good as another, I determined to trust her, and proceeded boldly forward.

"I had not gone very far when all at once, out of the gathering gloom, two men sprang upon me. One of them pinioned my arms while the other placed his hand firmly over my mouth. Before I could fairly get my breath the latter whispered into my ear, in English, but with a strong foreign accent: 'Make no outcry, signore. To come with us quietly, will save your life. You give us your word, quickly!'

"I nodded. The man removed his hands, and whispering 'Follow me,' hurried down along a narrow alley into a dingy little house. Upstairs we went, in single file, the man who had held my arms bringing up the rear.

"The room was quite dark, and I stood in silence awaiting developments, while one of the men locked the door, and the other struck a match and lit a candle-end, which stood in the broken neck of an old bottle upon a greasy little table in the middle of the floor.

"The candle sputtered and hissed, casting a fitful light upon the small, dingy apartment. Besides the table, the furniture consisted of an old four-post bedstead, with dirty hangings, and several chairs. Various old clothes hung upon the walls, and cast eerie shadows in the dim light.

"While I looked about me, the man who had spoken to me before, and who seemed to be the leader of the enterprise, having pocketed the key of the door, turned to me, and said politely, with the air of a prince courteously making a demand which it never occurs to him can be refused:

"I will take the paper now, if it please you, signore." I looked at his outstretched hand and calm, expressionless face in amazement.

"What paper?" I managed to ejaculate.

"The only paper in your possession which is of any interest to us," the man replied a little impatiently.

"Then as I still gazed stupidly at him, he continued quickly, a slight flash lighting up his black eyes: 'It is foolish of you to waste time in this way, signore. You must know the danger to which you are exposing yourself and us.'

"As he finished speaking, his companion stepped forward angrily, and said something rapidly in Italian.

"I looked from one to the other helplessly, and, I must confess, a little hopelessly.

"There seemed but one possible solution to the mystery.

"Gentlemen," I said, with an assumption of calm dignity, 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but you have undeniably mistaken me for someone else. I never saw either of you before, and have no paper which could be of the slightest use to you, unless,' I added, 'this might serve to unlock yonder door and set me free,' and I tendered the fellow a bank note.

"As I did so, the fiercer of the two, who had hitherto kept rather in the background, showing his gleaming

teeth in a wolfish snarl, clapped his hand to his belt and sprang forward. I caught a flash of steel, but at the same instant his companion swung him back with one hand, while with the other he struck my outstretched arm with such force, that my hand involuntarily sprang open, and the bank note fluttered to the ground.

"Pardon, signore," he said, drawing himself up proudly, 'but we do not accept alms, although we know how to receive and remember a kindness.'

"At that moment the other, who had turned to the window, came hastily forward, and, with an excited manner, said a few disjointed words to his companion. The latter turned to me quickly, and his voice had an imperious, imperative ring as he said:

"Signore we can delay no longer. Have the goodness to deliver over to us, without further parley, the paper which La Contessa consigned to your charge.'

"La Contessa?" I stammered.

"Yes," replied my captor, impatiently. 'Surely you cannot have lost it in fifteen minutes?'

"A sudden light broke in upon my mind. 'Soldi per pane,' I muttered, half unconsciously.

"A flash lit up the dark eyes which looked into mine.

"Si, signor," said the man, 'Soldi, signor, per pane. It is in your pocket.'

"At that instant steps were heard stumbling up the dark little stairs, and a voice muttering imprecations.

"Both men, without a second's hesitation, sprang forward, lifted me bodily, and flinging me into the corner of the great feather-bed, drew the coverings tightly over me. 'Not a sound for your life,' I heard as my head sank out of sight. There was a rattle of chairs and a noise as if a pack of cards had been dropped upon the table, then someone fell against the door and loudly demanded entrance. After a brief interchange of remarks, which I could not well understand,

the door was opened, and several men entered. How many I cannot tell, for although only one of the visitors spoke, there seemed to be two, if not three others who moved occasionally about the room.

"A heated discussion in Italian then ensued between the two men, whom I concluded to be the leaders of each side. I could not follow it all, of course, but I gathered from several words which recurred frequently and were familiar to me, that the altercation was about the precious paper and their mysterious 'Contessa.'

"At length the visitors, evidently much enraged, departed. After the echo of their footsteps had entirely died away, my two gentle hosts flung the coverings off the bed, and the spokesman of the party bade me come forth.

"As I once more stood before them he said gravely, 'Signore, things are looking darker than I thought. It will be impossible for any of us to take possession of the paper for some time to come. Therefore we shall have to ask you to retain your guardianship of it. Do not attempt to open it. If one seal is broken your life must answer for it. We shall send for it as soon as possible, but deliver it only to him who presents a card with the words 'soldi, signore, per pane,' upon it. Meantime keep away from this part of the city. I shall see you out of this neighborhood.' And throwing a long cloak over my shoulders, he started downstairs. I followed passively, quite numbed by the kaleidoscopic turn my hitherto uneventful life had suddenly taken.

"We walked in silence, Heavens only knows where and how far. All at once my companion whisked off the cloak which enveloped me.

"'Two blocks further on you will find a cab-stand,' he said in a low voice, 'Buona Notte, signore,' and touching his low, slouched hat, he left me abruptly.

"I can assure you I lost no time in reaching that cab-stand and getting home, old fellow."

Here my friend paused and commenced to fill his pipe with a reflective air.

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, go on," I cried. "Did they ever come for the paper?"

"Well, it was just the thought that perhaps they might, much rather damped the pleasure of my safe return," my friend replied. "However 'chaque your apporte la peine,' and it's not my way to borrow trouble, so I determined to put the matter out of my head.

"The next morning, however, after putting on my overcoat, I happened to plunge my hand into one of the pockets. It struck something hard. I pulled it out,—well, old man, you could have knocked me down with a feather—if it wasn't a paper folded into a little square package and sealed up in the greatest style, with 'soldi, signore, per pane,' written across it in a delicate feminine hand. How it got into my pocket was a perfect mystery to me.

"I brought the thing up to Linda and told her the whole tale. She at once decided that the girl who had first spoken to me, was 'La Contessa' herself, and that she had, unnoticed by me, slipped the paper into my pocket, and then directed me to the very arms of the men, according to a previous arrangement between them.

"I was for opening the thing and getting at the bottom of the affair, but Linda would not hear of it. She turned quite white and made me promise to follow implicitly the directions the dictatorial old duffer had given me.

"So the paper lay undisturbed in my desk for about six weeks. Then one evening, just as I was finishing dinner, a small card was brought to me.

"'There's a gentleman waiting for answer, sir,' said James, as I took it. 'He won't come in.'

"There was no name on it, but across it was written in the same delicate handwriting which graced the paper, the magic words 'soldi, signore, per pane.' I rose immediately and brought the paper into the hall, where the messenger had elected to remain. It was my friend who had escorted me to the cabstand, and he looked like some foreign prince as he stood there in his great fur coat.

"Taking the paper, with one swift glance he satisfied himself that the seals had not been tampered with, then bowing low, 'A thousand thanks,' he said, 'La Contessa will remember,' and going to the door he signed imperiously to James, who opened it with more alacrity than he usually displays. Just as the door went to again, I caught a glimpse of a closed carriage, through the window of which a beautiful face, almost hidden in furs, looked out anxiously with great, soft, black eyes.

"I thought that now the curtain had gone down on the little drama, and that I had certainly seen the end of it. Indeed, the incident had almost faded from my mind, when one evening, six months or so after Linda and I were married, we were sitting in here, when James brought me a little package. It contained a beautiful morocco case in which reposed that pearl pendant which you so much admired to-night. On the top of the case was an envelope. It contained my poor banknote which the Italian grondees had spurned, some silver money and a sheet of note paper on which was written,— but I'll show it to you."

Harry rose and going over to his desk, drew from one of its drawers the little sheet. On it was traced in very small characters:—"La Contessa begs that the signore will accept this little trifle as a slight token of her gratitude for the very great service which he rendered her. She also returns with sincere thanks what he so kindly loaned her, and trusts that he

will pardon her for retaining one coin as a souvenir of their meeting."

"And that really was the end," finished Harry. "I tried for a little while to identify my unknown liberal friend but soon gave up, for Linda said she considered it both unkind and illbred, when the lady evidently desired to remain incog. Anyway," he added, striking a match, "It would probably have been useless. I guess she's left the country."

I watched the smoke from my cigar curling upward in soft, misty rings, through which I seemed to see a pair of lustrous, dreamy, black eyes, then I said:

"Would you like me to furnish an epilogue to your story, old chap?"

Harry looked at me in amazement.

"You?" he said.

I sat up and drew from my pocket a large wallet, which I always carry with me. From its capacious depths I took a little square envelope, and handing the note which it contained to my friend, I said: "How does that writing compare with the chirography of your Contessa?"

Harry stared first at the note and then at me. "The deuce!" he ejaculated at length. "Who the dickens is she?"

"The note tells," I replied, and taking it from him I read aloud:

"La Contessa del Bracione is grateful beyond words to the Signore Hamblyn, for she prizes none of her jewels more highly than the little pin which the Signore has been so charmingly kind as to restore to her."

"Monte Carlo, — 4th, 18—"

"La Contessa del Bracione! little pin!" muttered Harry, as if his senses were leaving him. I burst out laughing.

"It was a pin which she lost in the hotel gardens, and which I was fortunate enough to find," I enlightened him. "An odd little thing. The head of the Goddess of Liberty cut from an American nickel and gold-plated. Probably made from the coin

of yours which she retained as a souvenir. You should feel flattered at the value she places upon it," I added a trifle bitterly.

"Then you know her? You have spoken to her?" Harry cried out.

"I spoke to her several times. I saw her quite often during her stay in Monte Carlo, and what interested me so in your wife's ornament was that the Contessa used to wear one exactly like it. They are so odd, that I could not help wondering whether the two were not one and the same. But, of course, that is impossible as you have had yours nearly three years and it was only two years ago that I saw the Contessa."

"And where is she now?" asked Harry.

"Who can tell?" I replied, "she left Monte Carlo a week or two before I did and though I have travelled about constantly through Italy, and from one European watering-place to another, I have never set eyes on her again."

"She seems to have made an impression on you," said my friend, regarding me quizzically. "Have you treasured up that scrap of her handwriting ever since?"

I replaced the little note tenderly. "I keep it," I answered after a moment, "in memory of the most beautiful woman whom I was ever permitted to look upon, and one whom I believe to be as good as she is beautiful."

LOVE'S QUEEN.

WHEN Love sprang forth from out the realms of night,
 He ruled the world.
 And all opposing banners, at his light,
 In haste were furled.
 They, whom he favored, praised his reign benign,
 His favor lost, they, swift from heights divine,
 Sobbing were hurled.

Then Constancy, a meek and gentle maid,
 Silently came,
 And on this wayward King her hand she laid,
 Breathing her name.
 In humble tones he owned her cogent sway,
 Equal in power he crowned her from that day,
 Equal in fame.

Love rules his conquests still, but not alone,
 For, hand in hand,
 Love and his Queen to mightier Empire grown,
 Together stand.
 Their subjects know no more a changeful lord—
 Unending song is in their realm outpoured,
 A happy land

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

MEN swing their strong arms about, and cut a wide path through life. Women's work has been to follow after; to smooth down the roughnesses; to trim the untidiness; to decorate the bare places; to make homes out of houses. But these are the women to whom God has been good; women who have husbands, or brothers, or fathers' or sons, to break the road for them. There are women who must do it quite alone.

As field-work bronzes the faces and hardens the hands of the worker, so life's heaviest labor brushes the delicacy off most hearts, and leaves them harder. It must be so. There must be some change, though many women and many men would say "hardness" was not quite the word, but rather "knowledge," ability to "keep through every other man."

It is only a question of outlook.

But there should be no sneer between the two great lines of women. It has been the fashion for the workers to sneer at the home-women; to call them silly, trifling, ignorant. The home-makers retaliated by crying of boldness, and of un-womanliness. Each in her own way is doing her own work, well or ill, for lasting reproach or for enduring good. The place in which the work is done is very little, the work that is done is very much more.

Women have been accused of hampering the working of their brains, by the metaphorical strings they tangle around them. They try to remember so much. From their childhood they are cautioned to recollect where their various belongings are put. Very often from being put on the hunt for those of their male relatives, they get into the way of connecting places and things each time they see them.

Men remember how old they are—better than women, some people maintain—but they do not charge their minds with the dates of their marriage anniversaries, or the ages of their children. They do not

make it a part of their business to remember how many pairs of hose they have, or what day the linen comes from the laundry. They keep a note-book for important business engagements, and are charged with putting all other affairs into the same pocket with the letters which confiding women still give them to post. This pocket has been termed a "forgettery."

All through life a woman who is in a home is keeping her eyes open to aid the eyes of those about her, running a smoothing-iron over home affairs, even gossiping (some declare) only to entertain the men of the household. This may libel the men, but certainly not more than the charge of gossiping has libelled some women these many years.

When the world was young, when there was not such a dust of travelling in the air, people thought more, with less versatility, perhaps, but more concentration. There are people who maintain that those of to-day read altogether too much, that any properly active mind can gather enough with open eyes and ears from life itself as it is lived about them. If it were necessary to see only the present few decades, perhaps so. But the light of the past makes so plain the pages of to day's history, and the great dead have still so much for us in their written thoughts, that surely to-day and to-day's productions are only a part of our real world.

Of the reading habit of which so many boast, and of which so many speak slightly there is a great deal to be said. Many women read merely for amusement, to pass time which hangs heavily, or to forget themselves. Some read with a hunger for the good things of literature, some with only a dogged desire to improve. None of these reasons are unworthy ones, but they are not all. It is beyond doubt that some read only in order to say "I have read;" that they fill their minds with the names of books

and writers which shall serve as conversation-starters.

In the matter of the nourishment of the body it is enough that food has been taken. It is expected it will do its duty at forming bone or blood, keeping up the fires of the system or replacing waste. Food which is re-tasted is believed to be over-heavy or over-rich.

It was well said of a mind enriched by good literature that only by its fertility, did it indicate the streams of literature which had passed over it.

Surely reading has its best use when it is nourishing the mind, not clogging it, not making it an attic room in which to store unused facts, but moulding, building up, strengthening, perfecting the part which thinks.

It is often said of one or another, "She reads too much." It can easily be true. Some gorge their bodies with food that cannot be assimilated, and we call them gluttons in reproach. Undigested mental food is quite as surely a menace.

The pastry of literature is an injudicious diet. It is pleasing for the present, and, perhaps, not an immediate harm. It is not that it in itself it is absolutely hurtful, but it destroys a taste for the nutritious food which is a positive good.

It is a fact that medical advice leads people to formulate some odd courses of diet. But when a woman partakes only of whipped egg or chopped beef, or abstains from sugar, or eschews pork, it goes without saying that she has some ailment or—some fad.

"Money's the root of all evil, but give me lots of the root."

It was a trite and clumsy witticism, but the lad who laughingly said it was only a boy, and his companion joined the laugh and thought the saying rather clever than otherwise. He grew to manhood, handsome, stalwart manhood, and he and his hard-earned money were a great deal to each other. His first love-story was at the end an estrangement, and then the money was more to him than before. People praised him for his business ability. Women liked his handsome face.

And still the dollars piled one on the other. First the purchasing power was their whole attraction for him. Soon the

spirit of winning over mastered him. There were creases on his brow, anxiety in his eyes and hard set lines around his mouth. The ring went out of his laughter, the buoyancy out of his voice. Then his health gave way. Doctors prescribed rest. Solitude was past him. He could not boast of himself to himself. He had no thought to entertain himself with. A summer resort was the choice, quiet, yet with all the activities of pleasure-seekers about to interest and distract him.

A woman came amongst the guests at the hotel—a beautiful woman with a wise and witty tongue. She was a favorite at once, but, gracious to all, was yet less gracious to the young man with the pale, harried face, and the bank account.

He saw it and felt it. Pique pricked him one moment, scorn calloused him the next. It was plain to all that the rich young man admired the handsome woman, and she avoided him. One day he took an acquaintance into his confidence. She was plain featured, sallow and undersized. He dilated on the beauty of the other. She never winced.

"Tell me," he said, "why Miss Mortimer avoids me. Women usually like me," and he smoothed down his handsome beard.

The little woman looked at him for a moment and then said quietly—"You are not her equal."

He stormed, enquired, asked her to repeat it.

She did so.

Then he asked what she meant.

"I will tell you," she said. "You have thought money meant everything, and you have made it mean everything. You are rich and you like to be."

He assented, and swaggering on, boastingly said he could buy out every one of those lean-faced fellows she favored, the whole crew were a beggarly set—the doctor, the students, the frantic old ornithologist and the poverty-pinched man of letters.

"And yet," said the woman, "they have something you have not. Each one of them has a mind trained to think. You have not. It is the old story. They have been climbing up on the heights from which they hear the voice of the Eternal. You have been worshipping the Golden Calf below. You have no

thing in common with Miss Mortimer. You have devoted your life and all your thought to money-getting. She despises mere wealth of pocket."

The young man thought over the girl's words, and, with almost fairy swiftness his money dwindled and dwindled in his estimation until he set it beside the necessities of life, and it was only as large as the were. Then in a low voice he asked the little sallow-faced girl to help him to read and to think, and she bent, all too willingly, to the task. Into her eyes there came a strange light when he drew near, a strange dulness when he passed from sight. Into his there was only a thankfulness for her, a wistful longing for the other, the beautiful woman who had ignored him.

But when the boasting spirit had broken itself upon his new resolves, when he had owned himself a failure and set out for success on another road, Miss Mortimer began to be interested in him. The little pale faced girl taught him out of her very heart. The beautiful woman heard him his lesson and thought how clever he was, and how finely his mind was really made after all. They were engaged in the autumn, and the world and his wife, as is their wont, discussed the matter. He said the little woman was not good-looking enough for Jack Jones, Esq., and his wife remarked she had always thought her over sharp with her tongue.

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Guests are in order during the dog-days, which we dread as the calendar pushes us forward into July. And as the city is fetid and smoky and the daily grind sucks deeper and deeper into the reservoirs of vitality, the city workers—women and men—throw down their busy tasks and escape into the country, not all of them, just the fortunate ones.

Farmers are proverbially hospitable, but all summer is their busy day. It very often happens that the horses which should be in the field are careening over the countryside to meet guests at trains, to take guests to boats, or to drive them about. People who have not lived on farms can never quite understand what a tangle even one day off makes for men and horses, what a deal of calculating it

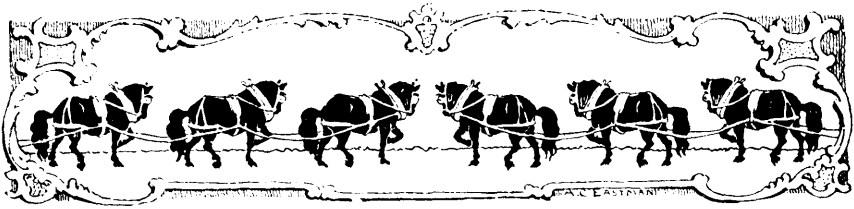
takes to tend to all the fields, and fight against drought and sudden showers with muscles backed by will-power and flanked by a fear of the wolf at the door. When the farmer gives his guests his time, he, in reality, puts his hand deep down into his pocket. Money is not a question between friends, but acquaintances should be chary of tossing their purses too lightly one to the other.

There are, in spite of assertions to the contrary, a few mean people left alive. Some are mean enough to allow themselves to be the guests of people they do not wish to entertain. A good deal of the nonsense about city and country cousins come bodily from the clever brains of the men on the comic papers. Some of it has its origin deep down in the despicable facts. Surely the man at whose table you are welcomed, whose bread you break, should receive equal welcome at your table. If he does not, you were not his true guest, you were somewhat of a beggar or a thief.

—

There were spreading chestnut trees and sweeping elms out there at the edge of the city. Some pine trees had been left too, and maples grew further on. There was no true forest cover, the trees were too sparse, and the grass grew up to the trunks and formed cushioned seats there. Up above, the clouds were twisting and twirling through the sky. One great white one that looked like a bat of wool fresh from an old-fashioned hand-card, sailed swiftly overhead. Its fluffy layers of white mist and sunshine shifted and lengthened. Presently it was all ragged-edged and rent. Then the blue came through and in the opening the young moon was framed all shadowy and shy.

Beneath the trees the ground rolled into little hillocks and dimpled into hollows, and, beyond, it stretched out into a meadow golden with buttercups, white with daisy discs and pearly gray with the full-flowered heads of yarrow. There were children's merry voices in the air. They were gathering the flowers out yonder, darting from place to place, surfeited with the quantity, and losing their zest full quickly from the very ease of the gathering.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

GROWTH IN CULTURE.

WHILE Canada may not possess a history which discloses a long period of unity in national aim, in intellectual activity or in social development, there are signs that a notable national feeling is being engendered. The increase in the number of newspapers, the really high standard among journals and the intense interest manifested by writers in everything national are among the most leading of these signs. And when it is considered that newspapers, newspaper reading matter and newspaper tone is but a reflex of the national mind, no person can but conclude that Canada is growing in culture.

By culture is meant an interest in literature, in art, in music, in social thought, in the science of government and in national development—an intelligent and active interest in these the higher subjects of mental activity.

Another sign of this growth in culture is the fondness of the people for good books and first-class magazines. The sales of these have never been greater and the intellectual horizon of the Canadian people must surely broaden with these most important agents in their midst. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the sales of the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE*—and the publishing of this journal is a public, not a private enterprise—are double what they were a year ago, and more than double the sales of any other magazine ever published in Canada at the same price. That so many Canadians will pay the high price asked for a year's subscription to this Magazine and to such magazines as *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Forum*, etc., cannot be taken otherwise than to mean that Canada is growing in point of culture.

A FLOWER NUMBER.

The August number of the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE* will be "A Flower Number" and will contain special illustrations, initials, head-pieces, and tail-pieces illustrating the leading Canadian flowers. Fuller particulars of the contents will be found in the usual page. It will be purely a fiction number and will be sold at the regular price. Extra copies should be ordered from the newsdealers in advance.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETIES.

Indiscriminate charity is one of the most hurtful of society's modern virtues. Giving to a poor man or a poor woman that which they have not earned is obeying a divine command, but whether that command is being obeyed in an intelligent manner is an entirely different thing. The helping of people in distress is legitimate if that helping be performed with sympathy, patience and an intelligent view of the needs of the particular case to be relieved.

On this point, Josephine Shaw Lowell writes most thoughtfully in the *June Forum*. She says: "The aim of a charity organization society should be to get people to do far more in every way for those in distress than they have ever thought of doing. It should teach them that people ought to give more time, thought and money than they are in the habit of giving. To take only one example, the case of a widow with young children. A working man dies and leaves a little money, and his widow tries to get along with it and succeeds for a little while; then it is gone, and she and the children are dependent. What is the usual course of things? People give her a little money here, a little money there, and she spends almost all her time run-

ning around for the money until she gets to be a regular beggar, and the children beg and the whole family go to destruction. People have given them money because, as they truly say, it was such a pitiful case. What ought to have been done? First all the relations should have been made to give something regularly: then what the woman could have earned, without neglecting her children, should have been taken into consideration; and then somebody should have given her enough to make up the rest of her support in a decent way, so that the children would not have been left to starve and freeze, or have been forced to beg. But there are very few people who are willing to give one woman ten dollars a month for ten years, diminishing it, of course, as the children grow older, and watching over them all that time. That is the way, however, in which dependent widows and children should be taken care of. It is a question of letting them become beggars, or of watching over them and giving them enough to make sure that the children are brought up properly: the watching being more important and more difficult than the relief."

HON. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

On the evening of June 19th there passed away a gentleman who had been a member of the old Parliament of Canada, President of the Council in the Cartier-Macdonald Administration in 1862, a member of the new Parliament of Canada, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario in 1880—the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, second son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada. He was born in Toronto in 1820, and had been living in that city since his call to the bar in 1844. He was prominently connected with many provincial interests, possessed a wide circle of friends and had won for himself a permanent and honored place in the history of his country. Energetic, enthusiastic and broad-minded, he was a worthy citizen.

THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

The summer-resort man looks blue; the owner of the trout-creek, the builder and seller of canoes and yachts, the keeper of the livery-stable, the owner of street

railway stock, the owner of pleasure steamboats, and all the rest of those who have been accustomed to receive a share of the money which people usually spend on summer pleasures have taken on an extra wrinkle above or between their eyebrows. And all this because of the bicycle craze. A man buys a bicycle for himself at \$100, another for his wife at \$80, and two smaller ones at \$60 each. Then he finds that \$300 is all that he can afford for summer excursions and pleasures. The summer cottage must be left idle, and rides out of the big towns and larger cities along country roads to quiet inexpensive picnic grounds or to the nearer public parks are made to suffice.

It is estimated that 50,000 wheels have been sold in Canada this year. Averaging these at \$75, there is a total investment of \$3,750,000—a most startling sum. This three and three-quarter millions would buy a great many street-car tickets, numerous steamboat coupons, large quantities of dry goods, etc. The regular course of trade is being interrupted. The sharp man who has foreseen all this and turned his attention to the wants of bicyclists is reaping a harvest. But he is not numerous. Those who have not done this are feeling the pinch severely.

There can be no doubt the bicycle is a great convenience. In a large town or city when the business man has to travel a mile or two, perhaps three miles, to reach his place of business, the bicycle is a good investment and a very handy means of transportation. To those who live in congested town and city districts, it affords a pleasant and convenient means of reaching outlying parks and green country lanes and woods. To those whose occupation is a sedentary one, it offers a necessary physical training which is a medicine of the sugar-coated-pill variety.

Yet after all, this rush for bicycles is a craze which must soon reach its limit. Many young girls are riding bicycles who are unfit by previous training to stand the rough physical work entailed in propelling the silent steed. Moreover through the worship of the wheel they are sometimes led into habits and company which are not conducive to an elevation of thought and morality. Young men who are always on their wheel receive too little of that home influence which is elevating and refining.

They are drawn away from literature and art and music, from those finer studies which develop that part of man which distinguishes him from the rest of the animal world. They are led into making the Sabbath a day of pleasure, rather than a day of body and mind improvement.

Properly used the bicycle is a most excellent convenience and superior means of pleasure; abused it leads to a degradation of the people who worship it. It has come to stay, but the mad rush to possess and the wild craze to be always in the saddle will pass away as something which is unworthy of the high ideas of life which should fill the mind of every true man and every worthy woman.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the New York writer, who has scored a success with his novel "Tom Grogan," has been telling how to write short stories. As the art is little known in Canada, a few of Mr. Smith's pointers may be valuable:

"How do I write my short stories? To begin with, the first draught is always written on a half-sheet of paper. That sketch contains all the meat of the story—the plot, the thread, the facts, or whatever you choose to call it. Here and there you would find, if you read one of these bits of data, the word 'describe,' which means that the detail against which it is placed has such bearing upon the rest of the yarn that it needs careful elaboration.

"A short story must never be confounded with a pastel. It must lead up to something. It should have for its structure a plot, a bit of life, an incident such as you would find in a brief newspaper paragraph. I do not mean any paragraph; but one of sufficient interest to make an editor clip it out and insert it in his own paper. The short story, to my mind, must be capable of being told in not more than three minutes. That is to say, any one who has read it should be able to tell the entire plot to a dinner company within that time, gestures taking the place of detailed descriptions.

"Now, a story is something more than incidents and descriptions. It is a definite thing. It progresses constantly. It arrives somewhere. It must enforce some idea (no matter what). It must be such

a reality that a man who read it would carry away a definite impression. If you ask a man of intelligence what such-and-such a story is like, and he replies, 'Oh, something about a boat and some people who sailed on it,' you may be pretty sure the piece of writing does not deserve the name of a story.

"In a word, a short story is a triangle. Starting from a certain point, it proceeds along one line, then it turns and goes along another, and finally it returns to the point of departure. It must be like a triangle to be complete. You've read many so-called short stories that were nothing more than one side, or possibly two sides of a triangle.

"After writing out the outline on a half-sheet torn from a book, I begin to write the real story with the framework before me. For this purpose I use blank books caught together at the side, and write on the right hand sheet only, filling in, from time to time, on the left hand sheet opposite the place where a bit needs to be inserted. When I have done the best I can with it, I send the book to the stenographer, who returns the manuscript written out in typescript. Then I usually cut that manuscript into paragraphs, rearrange it, rewrite parts of it, and put it together anew; and when the new version comes back it is about the best I can do just then.

"A few weeks later I again take it up and revise it. In all these revisions it is most necessary to preserve the continuity of thought. It is fatal to polish a piece of writing until the thread is hidden. And if you ever write a short story, take a big blue pencil and strike out the best line you ever wrote in your life—if it doesn't belong there.

"A short story is a one-act play. A novel is a six act play, with climaxes instead of curtains. A short story is a one-stranded yarn; a novel is a six-stranded yarn. To put the art of short story writing into a single sentence: You take a bit of life; you make it a bit of literature; and then you make it a work of art."

CRIMINALS AND POLITICIANS.

The people of Canada may be a nation of thinkers, but no one would suspect it from the way in which they treat their criminals. They send these debased and

twisted individuals to a penitentiary, ostensibly that they may be forced to reform, and they place over them—whom? Do we find men of learning, of intellect, of culture, of scientific attainments, of knowledge concerning criminal reform, placed in charge of our prisons? No, we find politicians.

A new head for Canada's greatest prison was appointed the other day, and what were his qualifications? He was a politician who had served his party faithfully, and had never been accused of anything more noble. He may endeavor to the best of his ability to earn his salary—the position is worth \$5,000 a year—but that he will ever accomplish anything in the way of reform in criminal treatment is not expected—even by himself. He is too old to gain the knowledge of criminal life which can be gained only by long years of patient study and close observation.

According to Charles Dudley Warner, there is only one prison in New York State which is not run by a politician, and that is the Elmira Reformatory. He says: "under these superintendents and keepers the criminals are secure, but there is no hope of their ever being any better.

"What sort of men do we need at the head of our prisons? We need the same kind of men whom we would put at the head of any institution of learning. We need a gentleman; a man of intellect, fine bearing and good influence and example. Of course he would need doctors and others to help him, and there is no such field in the world for the study of psychology and human nature as a penal institution. For once economy and philanthropy go hand in hand in a great and vital work."

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

On June 9th, there opened in London, the third Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, when representatives from boards of trade of the various cities in Canada, Australia, Cape Colony and Great Britain met to discuss the commercial interests of the greatest commercial nation that the world has ever produced. During the past three years there has been a decided tendency in thought towards the formulating of some plan whereby the various parts of the Empire might combine their commercial

activity for offence and defence, with an increased growth of inter-imperial trade. Various schemes of Zollvereins and customs unions have been proposed and discussed, but nothing definite has resulted. All that can be said to have been done is that public opinion has been awakened on this question, and many strong and active brains are thinking away the difficulties which at the present time may seem insurmountable.

The old Cobdenite shakes his head and says that nothing can come of this discussion: that Great Britain has been wedded to free trade by ties which cannot be put asunder. But we of the younger generation of free traders must recognize that there are circumstances to which the best theory cannot be made to apply, and that the commercial situation of the world to-day, a great majority of the nations having adopted a system of high protection, may not allow of our free trade theories being carried into actual practice. The United States will soon elevate to the highest seat in its government, Major McKinley, the great high priest of protection. None of the more advanced nations of Europe seem to be at all worried about their protection practices, and have exhibited no desire to make this world one commercial sheepfold.

To die for a principle is a very wise idea in poetry and biographical sketches, but it would hardly be suitable for England in her present state. If British manufacturers find that they are dying for the principle of free trade, they will soon abandon this joy of their heart for another principle which may be less pleasing but which promises to be more profitable. Of course the British manufacturer is very conservative, and the probability is that he will lose considerable money before he gives up his present plan. He must not be expected to retreat early in the battle—that would not be British.

RAILWAYS AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Through the kindness of Mr. M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto, I was recently permitted to look over some advertising matter which his railway was sending broadcast, and I was surprised to think, for the first time, how much our railroads must be doing for our national

development. The sending of books, pamphlets and folders in which appear numerous illustrations of Canada's natural and artificial beauty-spots, and of Canadian industrial centres, to the various parts of the earth, must tend to keep Canada always before the public. While our railroads may sometimes do things which we do not desire them to do, and may sometimes leave undone things which we would like to see them do, yet we must give them credit for the good which they do perform.

One of the prettiest of the collection was a booklet entitled "Gateways of Tourist Travel," which described and illustrated the St. Clair Tunnel, Niagara Falls, the Muskoka Lakes, and the beauties of the St. Lawrence. Even if it was something got up to advertise "The Greatest Tourist Route of America," I, as a Canadian, was proud of it, and inwardly expressed the hope that the best people in the United States and Great Britain would receive copies.

Another more bulky pamphlet, entitled "Pen and Sunlight Sketches," contains a wonderful amount of information, in addition to some very readable matter. It gives the rates to every town of importance reached by the Grand Trunk System, and also a list of hotels, with rates; the steambot connections at the various ports, and similar facts of great value to the traveller.

Another, entitled "Canadian Summer Resort Guide," shows the beauties of Toronto and enumerates what should be seen when visiting the Queen City, describes the Midland Lake region, the Georgian Bay route, or Soo-Mackinac trip, the Northern Lakes of Ontario, which includes Muskoka and the beauties of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

But space forbids a further description of these handy and instructive guides. But it is difficult to understand how one can look over this without being impressed by the numerous granaries of summer pleasure which may be reached by the Canadian railroads. Canadians have too little faith in their own country, too shallow a regard for the intrinsic beauty of Canadian lakes and rivers, too prosy an idea of the benefit to be derived from viewing the beauties of nature and the handiwork of man in other than

their own little domiciles. The ideas of the people need broadening, so that more of that, for Canadians slave early and late, may be kept in circulation, and so that this circulation may be more rapid and more profitable to all concerned. A man is what he makes of himself; a nation is what the people make of it. The whole is not greater than the sum of the parts.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

Canadian general elections date back, in the popular mind, only to 1867. Before that year the Province of Canada (Ontario and Quebec), had general elections of its own, as had New Brunswick and Nova Scotia respectively. Since the confederation of the four provinces, there have been several general elections, all of which were won by the Conservative party except that of 1873, when the Liberals came into power for four years. The general election of 1896 has again, according to first returns, brought the Liberals on to the Treasury Benches.

The change of government means little change in fiscal policy. With the protectionists sweeping everything before them in the United States, and with a growing feeling towards mild protection in Great Britain, the Liberals can make little change in the fiscal policy carried out by their predecessors. Duties may be revised and re-adjusted, but it is difficult to see how any Canadian government could, at the present time, lower very materially the rates of customs duties imposed on goods coming into this country.

The defeat of the government led by Sir Charles Tupper can be explained only on the ground that a somewhat hard financial period had caused people to feel that nothing could be lost and something might be gained by a change. The Remedial Bill, or the question of the propriety of the government interfering to restore separate schools to the minority in Manitoba, was a considerable factor in determining results. Yet it cannot be said to have had a general effect throughout the whole country. A large number of the members returned, both Conservative and Liberals are pledged against the proposed Remedial Bill. But the attitude of both parties was somewhat similar. Neither was the issue a direct question of Protection *vs.* Free Trade, because

the Liberals have acknowledged that under present circumstances duties cannot be radically reduced.

The discussion of all the questions before the electorate has been thorough and even warm. But no real trouble resulted, and everything connected with the campaign has been conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. There are no schisms to be regretted or to be injurious. The new government when it comes into power will undoubtedly uphold the honor of Canada, and do their best for the promotion and advancement of all national interests. The new opposition will, no doubt, endeavor to perform their duties as an opposition faithfully and well. Let us hope that under the new regime Canada will continue to make progress towards that perfection which should be the aim and object of all nations.

GROWTH OF A NEW BRAIN.

If the claw of a crab be pulled off, says the *Literary Digest*, a new one grows in its place, and some lower forms of animal life are not much disturbed at the loss of any part of the organism, so complete a power do they possess of replacing lost tissue by growth. It has generally been supposed that in the higher animals this power was entirely absent, but recent researches have tended to show that they possess it, not, to be sure, in regard to their legs, eyes, or ears, but in regard to a more important organ than any of these—that which dominates them all—the brain. The fresh growth of brain-cells, after part of that organ has been removed, has, it is true, been strenuously denied. The results of experiment have been contradictory, and as short a time ago as 1894, Marinesen concluded that the cells and fibres of nervous centres do not grow again after destruction. But now comes M. Alexander N. Vitzou, and by a series of experiments on monkeys has, as it would seem, proved that Marinesen was wrong, and that part of the brain will grow again if removed. Opponents of vivisection will condemn the eminent biologist for cruelty, and will hardly accept the plea that the result of his experiments may alter for the better whole systems of treatment in brain disease or injury; yet, all such questions aside, no one can fail to see the interest of his conclusions from

a purely physiological standpoint. We quote from *The American Naturalist* (June) a few paragraphs describing the experiments already mentioned.

“In pursuing his studies on the physiology of the occipital lobes, M. Alexander M. Vitzou has discovered the presence of cells and of nervous fibres in the substance of noviformation in the monkey, two years and two months after the complete cutting away of the occipital lobes. The entire extirpation of these lobes results, as is known, in a total loss of sight in both monkeys and dogs. The experience of the author concerning this point agrees with that of M. H. Munck and confirms his conclusions. The later researches of different scientists have confirmed the facts which he demonstrated.

“Repeating the experiment of total extirpation of the two occipital lobes of a monkey, February 19, 1893, M. Vitzou noticed that during the fourth month the animal commenced to perceive persons and objects, but with great difficulty. At the end of fourteen months the ability to perceive was greatly increased. The monkey could avoid obstacles, which he could not do during the first months following the operation.

“On the 24th of April, 1895, Mr. Vitzou repeated the operation upon the same animal. After denuding the skull he found the orifices of trepanation closed by a mass of rather firm connective tissue. On lifting this mass with care, to his astonishment and that of the assistants standing about him, he found the entire space which had formerly been occupied by the occipital lobes completely filled with a mass of new-formed substance. This he proceeded at once to examine.

“A portion was taken from the centre of the mass closing the orifice of trepanation, and another from the posterior part of the new-formed substance found in the skull. . . . M. Vitzou demonstrated the presence of pyramidal nerve-cells and of nerve-fibres. The nerve-tissue was present in large quantities and the nerve-cells less numerous than in the occipital lobes of the adult animal, but their presence in the new-formed mass was constant.

“In brief, the conclusion from the preceding experiment is that the new substance occupying the place of the occipital lobes was of nerve nature, and that

it was due to a new formation of cells and of nerve-fibres in the brain of the monkey. Here is a fact, says the author, which demonstrates the possibility of regeneration of nerve-tissues in the brain, as well as what was previously known, that active nutrition is maintained in the rest of the organ.

"Moreover, we find in the presence of cells and nerve-fibres in the new-formed mass an explanation of the fact concerning the betterment, although slight, of the sense of sight. This explains also contradictory facts presented by different scientists, in the case of partial extirpation of the brain followed by an amelioration of the functions lost during the first operation."

THE WEAKNESS OF STRONG CABINETS.

Nothing in the recent history of Parliamentary institutions is more remarkable than the defeat of the Salisbury Government on the Education bill—for defeat it is practically. The Ministers have had to withdraw the measure for this session, after consuming months of time in discussing its clauses. The common criticism of Ministries with large majorities is that they flounder about awkwardly owing to their own unwieldy proportions. This is partly true, but the far-reaching nature of the Education bill has, in this case, been a factor in the situation. The measure created almost as much discussion among the friends of the Church Party as in the Nonconformist ranks. The consequence was that a resolute Parliamentary Opposition, possessing leaders undismayed by defeat, have been able to block public business, and force the Ministry into abandoning a vital feature of its programme. This is humiliating, and a Government in Britain invariably suffers extremely in prestige from a Parliamentary reverse. Mr. Balfour is blamed by *The*

Times and other powerful critics. He is a most charming intellectual and social personality, and a political power in the country more than in the House. His influence in the Commons is not of the dominating kind which characterises Mr. Chamberlain. The Government forces have become unmanageable, and their numerical preponderance has helped to render the Opposition attack more effective. Inability to fulfil the pre-election promises as to Education will be a source of great disappointment to the Church Party, and it is difficult to foresee the ultimate results of this temporary setback. The position of affairs was peculiar from the start. The measure only applied to England. The Scotch members were apathetic, and the spectacle of the Irish Nationalists abandoning their Liberal allies to vote with a Tory Ministry, was no source of moral strength to the bill. The year has worn away, and the squires and dignitaries constituting so important an element of the majority, resent the idea of remaining at Westminster with the shooting season approaching. Not less vital have been the honest controversies among the friends of the bill themselves as to its merits and practicability. The moral contained in the episode, for all governments, is the unwisdom of over-estimating the effective legislative strength of a large majority. A question bristling with controversy is as dangerous to a well entrenched Cabinet as a weak one, perhaps more dangerous. To march ahead of average popular sentiment on any large subject, is a precarious course. A single commanding personality in a modern House of Commons can do much. But, from its nature, the present "government of all the talents" lacks that very requisite. The School question, in short, appears to be as fateful in England as in Canada.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

AN attempt to make a love story and a dissertation on hypnotism run side by side and fit between one set of covers has been made by a former resident of this country, Mr. Sydney Flower. Some time ago he wrote an A. B. C. book of his favourite study, and entitled it "Hypnotism Up to Date." He has now gone further, and produced a more interesting and more instructive book, "A Study in Hypnotism."* In it he gives, in the form of a story, an account of some of his experiences as a hypnotist, explaining everything in a clear and concise way. To outline what is attempted and what is accomplished in this book is impossible, owing to lack of space. All I can do is to say that any person who would like to secure a book on hypnotism which is neither pedantic, obscure nor uninteresting should get this one just published by Mr. Flower.

One part of the book pleased me very much. The hypnotist of the story says:

"Physicians would think it madness to tell a dying man who was too weak to lift his hand, and on whom the shadows of death were gathering, that he would feel a desire to eat come upon him in half an hour. Tears and sorrowful faces by the bedside are too strong counter-suggestions for the enfeebled resistance of the wasted frame, and sympathetic relatives have killed more people than the world ever wot of."

"I have seen some people die fighting hard for life," said Mr. Brown.

"You never saw one die, I venture to assert," said Richard, "who believed that he would live. Once rouse in a man's mind the conviction that death has no hold upon him, and he will get better. . . ."

This is rash certainly, but it contains some truth. The chapter on Christian Science, is also very pleasing.

**

A most opportune book for the sportsman who may be looking for a new field to exploit is "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe in Quebec's Adirondacks,"† by G. M. Fairchild, Jr., editor of "Canadian

Leaves," etc. This work deals with Quebec's Adirondacks, Lake St Charles, Lake Beauport, The Jacques Cartier River, Lake St. Joseph, the Tourilli Club, the Laurentides National Park, Ouananiche Fishing at Lake St. John, Angling and Caribou Hunting in Quebec. In fact it tells all about fishing and hunting in that province. It is illustrated with a large number of various kinds and degrees of photographs and drawings.

**

W. E. Hunt, of Montreal, is better known to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as "Keppell Strange." He is on the editorial staff of the *Witness*, but is a most worthy member of Canada's band of literary workers. His new volume is entitled "Poems and Pastels,"* and the cover and the typographical appearance is a credit to the publisher, William Briggs.

In this dainty volume, Mr. Hunt gives us two score of his miscellaneous poetry, some sixteen sonnets, and several very pretty pastels and sketches in prose. His poetry is marked by simplicity, concentrated thought, comprehensive views, and a charmingly musical style and finish. His work reminds one of the simpler poems of Tennyson and Longfellow, yet in nearly every case Mr Hunt's individuality asserts itself.

Here are two striking things:

THE SEA'S INFLUENCE.

The brine is in our blood from days of yore,
And ever in our ears the tide's-tune rings,
The waves run through our legend and our
lore

And permeates a thousand diverse things:
The memory of our race's island home
Is charged with salt-sea spray and ocean
foam.

FLOWERS.

Fairest of all earth's beauties
Are the flowers—
The scented, tinted flowers.

Fairest of all earth's flowers
Are the roses—
The regal, radiant roses.

* The Psychic Pub. Co., 56 Fifth ave., Chicago. Cloth, 228 pp.

† Published by the author at the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, Quebec. Paper covers, 207 pp.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, gilt top, 137 pp.

Fairest of all earth's roses
 Are the maidens
 The dainty, queenly maidens.

**

Some of the longer poems are even more striking in their deep thought, musical turns, strength of imagination and sustained power. But it is in the pastels that one most catches glimpses of the strength of this writer's imagination. These strong pen-pictures stir one's soul and one's thoughts until one wonders wherein lies the charm of them. The master, however, is invisible, his strong, bold strokes hiding him, and revealing only those enormous thoughts with which he fills the mind of the reader.

This book is certainly deserving of the attention which is usually bestowed upon Canadian books, and no purchaser of it will regret the expenditure.

**

Macmillans are publishing the People's Edition of the Poetical Works of Tennyson. The volumes are about 16mo. size, square, bound in cloth, and contain about 100 pages. The Idylls of the King are published in two parts, each one making a volume. They are very dainty, and will no doubt sell readily to those who desire to carry Tennyson around in their pockets for the purpose of study.

**

"Among the Freaks,"* by W. L. Alden, is a funny book, describing the experience of the proprietor of a dime museum in Chicago. The humor in it is neither low nor rough, but consists in peculiar and possible incidents which might occur when the freaks in a show agreed too much or too little, or just in spots.

**

Three more parts of the *Comédie Humaine*, by Balzac, have been translated for Macmillan's Colonial Library.* This series is being edited by George Saintsbury, who writes excellent prefaces for each volume. The three to hand are *The Quest of the Absolute*, *The Country Doctor*, and *The Atheist's Mass*. In his preface to *The Country Doctor*, Saintsbury says: "In hardly any of his books, with the possible exception of *Eugénie*

Grandet, does Balzac seem to have taken a greater interest than in *Le Médecin de Campagne*; and the fact of this interest, together with the merit and intensity of the book in each case, is, let it be repeated, a valid argument against those who would have it that there was something sinister both in his genius and in his character."

**

In the same series has just been published "*Tartarin of Tarascon*," a caricature of bravery and courage, by Alphonse Daudet. This is not a weighty book by any means, but it is jolly. This volume is admirably illustrated.

**

Another book in the same cheap series is "*The Hand of Ethelberta*," by Thomas Hardy. As the author says in his preface, this is a somewhat frivolous narrative, and is written in a light mood. It is, however, an excellent picture, for the most part, of rich people's servants, their status, their habits, and their views of life.

**

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, have in preparation the fourth volume of the Pall Mall Magazine Library, entitled "*Guns and Cavalry; Their Performance in the Past and their Prospect in the Future*," by Major E. S. May, R.A. Also a new volume of Balzac, which bears the uneuphonic name of "*Gobseck*." Their great limited illustrated edition of Balzac, in Miss Wormeley's translation, is progressing favorably. Two new volumes in the Key Note Series bear the titles of "*In Homespun*," by Edith Nesbit, and "*Nets for the Wind*," by Una Taylor.

**

It appears, says a London Letter, that the George Meredith cult is no longer confined to the intellectual minority, for his last book, "*The Amazing Marriage*," has taken the public more than any of its predecessors, and so far the sale has compared favorably, in point of numbers, with the most successful novels of the year; Archibald Constable and Company, who issued it, will be Mr. Meredith's publishers in future. He keeps his copyrights in his own hands, with one exception,

* Longman's, Green & Co., London; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.; paper, 75 cents.

* Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Tragic Comedians," which is the property of Ward, Lock & Bowden, who will issue it in their forthcoming series of Nineteenth Century Classics. Mr. Meredith, who appears once more in the best of health, has just concluded a visit to London. He has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer.

**

Among Jarrold & Sons' (London) forthcoming volumes are a new novel by Grant Allen, entitled "The Jaws of Death"—a truly melo-dramatic title—which will be the initial volume of the new Daffodil Library; and a translation by Frances A. Gerard of "Black Diamonds," a stirring romance from the pen of the Hungarian grand old man of literature, Maurice Jokai.

**

Marie Corelli's "The Mighty Atom" seems to have taken England by storm. Over 100,000 copies have been sold there. It is also doing well in the States and in Canada.

**

Stephen Crane's books are selling well, and I have heard several Canadians speak most enthusiastically of his prose works.

"Red Badge of Courage," is the title of the book to buy to know him best.

**

"The Grey Man," Crockett's new story, which has been published in the *Graphic* and in *Harpur's Weekly*, will not be published in book form until October.

**

I have read some very favorable criticisms on Marion Crawford's new book, "Adam Johnstone's Son." It is having a gratifying success. It was reviewed in last issue.

**

Another book which was discussed last month, and which should be in every Canadian library is Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." As a Canadian story, it will live as long as Canada is a nation of book-readers and book-lovers.

**

Chatto and Windus, says a London Exchange, have nearly ready "Travel and Talk, 1885-93-95: My Hundred Thousand Miles of Travel through America, Australia, Tasmania, Canada, New Zealand, Ceylon, and the Isles of the Pacific," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. The work will be in two volumes, and will have two portraits.

THE LION'S WHELPS.

Old Mother glad and strong, and not afraid,
 It was a stout, gay-hearted crew you bred
 In the old days before the gods were dead,
 When War dwelt here and England was unmade.
 But they were not a roving breed; they stayed
 At home and fought and bled, and drank and fed,
 And sang and danced, and left their prayers unsaid,
 But faced their foes clear-eyed and asked no aid.

The Lion's whelps of duller, later days
 Went over seas and gained by their strong hands
 Wealth and eternal fame, and matchless lands,
 And set their sons in these to keep always
 The lamp of loyalty burning, and the bands
 Tied fast which hold the Mother to the Strays.

MARRY MARSTYN.

FLOWERS AND FICTION.....

The August number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be made up almost entirely of fiction—mostly illustrated short stories by Canadian authors. It will also be embellished with numerous initials, head pieces and tail pieces, showing the leading Canadian flowers. It will be a most superior issue, and one which it is hoped will be a credit to the Canada which is not made up of Indians, icebergs, snow-drifts and ice palaces.

Charles G. D. Roberts

Will contribute a beautiful poem, which will be illustrated by F. H. Brigden.

Florence, Venice, Switzerland,

The last instalment of Constance Rudyard Boulton's account of "A Canadian Bicycle in Europe" will contain an account of a trip from Florence to Venice, the Italian Lakes, and through Switzerland to Berne. It will be illustrated by that most brilliant of Canadian Artists, F. H. Brigden.

Fidele H. Holland

Is well known to Canadians as a bright writer of short stories. A short, racy, adventurous tale of domestic life by this talented woman will appear in the issue. It will be illustrated by two well known artists.

Trinity College, Toronto

This issue will contain an illustrated description of this famous Canadian University, from the pen of E. R. Young, B.A. This will be a valuable addition to the series of articles on Canadian Universities.

The Mermaid's Pool

A most interesting story by Lee Wyndham, entitled "The Mermaid's Pool," will be much appreciated by the numerous admirers of this gifted writer. It will be brightened up with several drawings.

This will be a number which will be especially worthy
. . . of preservation. . . .

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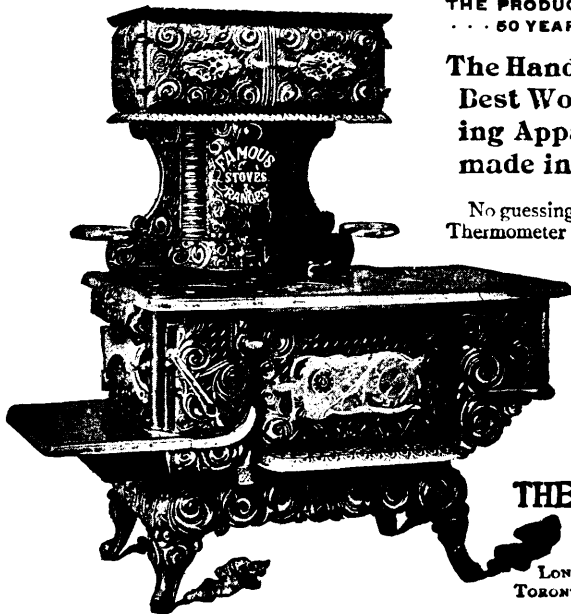
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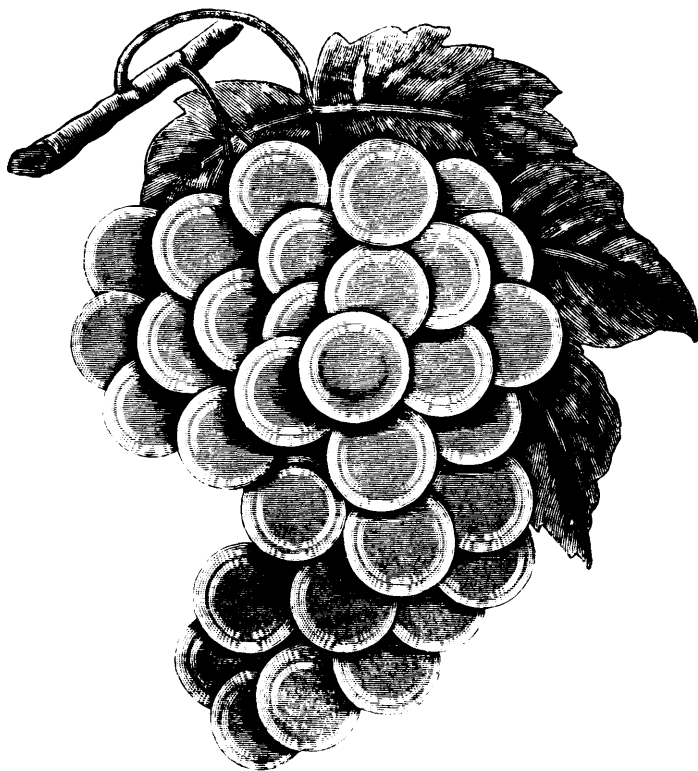
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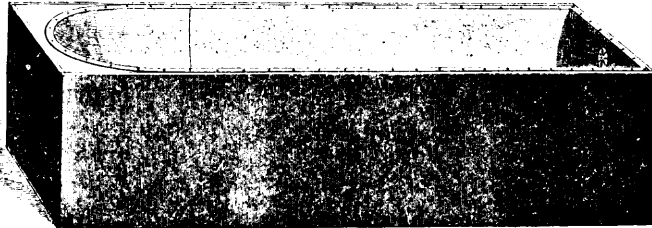
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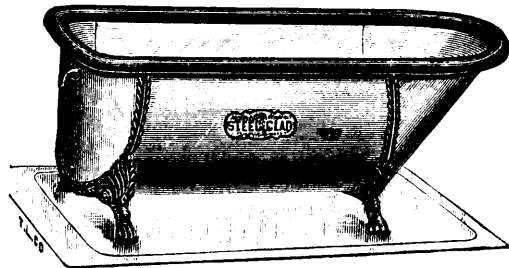
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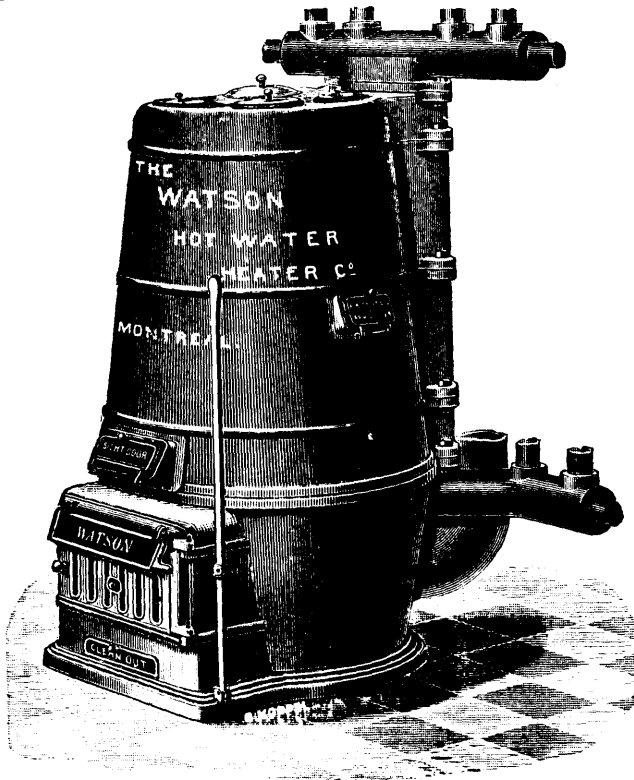
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HORNELLSVILLE, N.Y.



Intended for the special benefit of invalids for whom recovery is possible only under most favorable conditions, including the constant care and observation of skillful physicians. It offers, also,

- The Highest Surgical Skill; ❀ Trained Nurses and Attendants;
- Most Advanced Appliances; ❀ A Health-building Diet;
- All known Remedial Agents; ❀ A Health-preserving Atmosphere;
- Every Form of Bath; ❀ The Comforts of a Home.

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,

DR. J. E. WALKER, Hornellsville, N.Y.

CRAWFORD CYCLES

Have Every Up-to-Date Improvement, and are

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY,

And List at \$55, \$70, \$75 and \$80 in Gents and Lady's, but our

“ KING ”
and of SCORCHERS
“ QUEEN ”

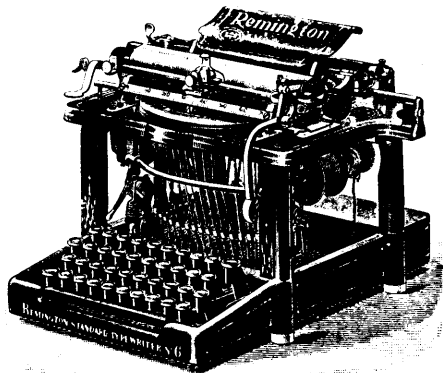
are built for **HIGH-CLASS TRADE,**

and combine the greatest excellence of detail, finish and design possible. They have more IMPROVEMENTS of greater merit and usefulness than other Cycles.

INSPECTION INVITED.

C. H. HILL & CO.,
183 Yonge St., TORONTO.

Value Received



Every time, say buyers of the

Number SIX Model **REMINGTON** **Standard Typewriter**

Value in Work Done; in Time Saved; in convenience—Always Ready; in service—Always Reliable. Send for Illustrated Booklets.

SPACKMAN & ARCHBALD,
MONTREAL and TORONTO.

Largest Dealers in Typewriters and Supplies in Canada



EVEN IN AFRICA

STOWER'S

LIME JUICE (NO MUSTY FLAVORS.)

CORDIAL

Cools the Blood

and

Quenches the Thirst.

Just the thing for the country home, for pic-nics, camping, etc. Its all ready for use, no sugar to hunt for, and it

IS SO REFRESHING.

Sold by **GROCERS and DRUGGISTS** throughout Canada.



THE TIME FOR TABLE COOLNESS

—For delicious cream and refreshing ices, the time when cool, pleasant desserts are half the meal, the time when all cooking must be light and dainty—in a word, hot weather time is here. In flavoring all these summer dishes, use

Crown Brand Flavoring Extracts

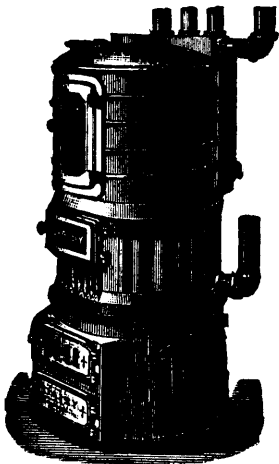
They're pure, strong and delicate. Made in forty different flavors, from the natural fruits. We know—we make them. Your grocer sells them. If not, let us know.

ROBERT GREIG & CO., Montreal.

ELOPEMENT UP-TO-DATE.



I.—Oh! Fly with me.



**Warden King
& Son,
MONTREAL
AND TORONTO.**

MERIT ALONE
Has placed the
**DAISY
HOT WATER
HEATERS**

at the top.

Sales greatly exceed the combined output
of all other Hot Water Heaters
in Canada.

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

hautton (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.

SEND FOR H.W. PETRIES
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
NEW & 2ND MACHINERY
 TORONTO, CANADA.

TO THE DEAF

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Odorama

The perfect Tooth Powder, has become popular in Canada as everywhere else where used, because of the hygienic results attained in its use. Especially has this been noticeable amongst children in the recent Government inspection of them. Then it is so easy to get the children to use Odorama; they like using it, and thus form habits that parents acknowledge secures them good, sound teeth the rest of their lives. Ask your druggist for it and do not take any other. 25 cents. Odorama is never sold in bulk.

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN

A Discovery Which Cannot be Estimated in Dollars and Cents.



To women who are not well, and tired of the useless, nauseating taking of drugs, Dr. Sanden of New York wishes to announce that he has just issued a neat illustrated little book fully explaining how they can treat and cure themselves at home by electricity. The treatment is so common-sense that it does not admit of failure, and every woman suffering female weakness, rheumatism, lumbago, kidney or stomach complaints, etc., does herself an injustice by not investigating it. The book holds out no false inducements, but gives scores of plain references in every State who have been cured after all other treatments failed. It is free by mail, upon application. Address **DR. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York City** ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.



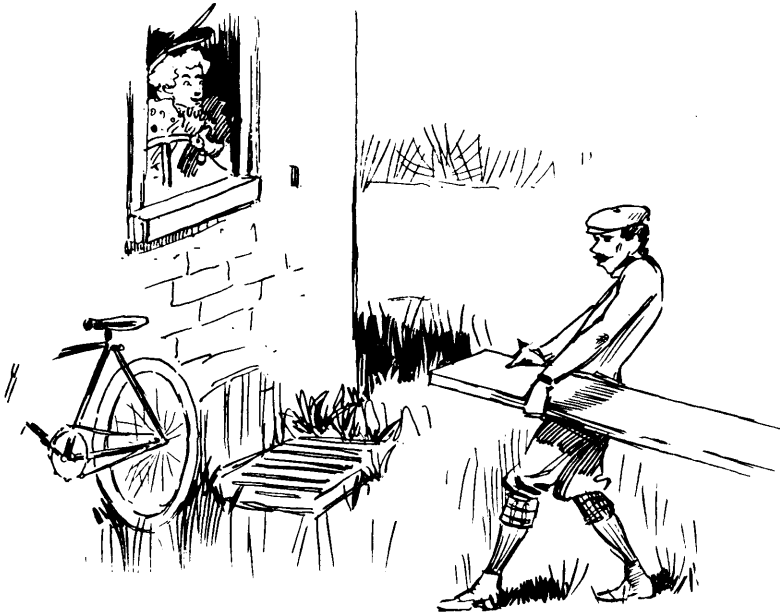
**ONE APPLICATION MAKES GOLD,
 SILVER AND PLATED WARE
 AS GOOD AS NEW.**

It is economical, harmless and cleanly in use. Recommended by good housekeepers everywhere
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS
 ALLAN & CO., 132 Bay St., Toronto, Proprietors.

FOR SALE.

LARGE Two-Story Brick House, centrally located in Brantford, two blocks from Market and Post Office; contains 12 rooms, pantry and cellar. Frame Stable and Woodhouse. Lot, 33 x 90 feet, and 40 x 66 feet. \$3,000; terms easy, or would exchange for smaller place.

**C. K. BUCHANAN, Land Agent,
 45 Market Street, BRANTFORD, ONT.**



II.—His fertile brain and a plank.



Economical Three teaspoons full will make a good cup of Tea for Six People.

This can be secured only from a tea that is all pure and fresh.

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea,

is one-third stronger than China or Japan Tea. It is packed in lead packets and all the strength and aroma are retained. In bulk tea much of the finer flavor is lost through evaporation. Brew according to direction on the wrapper.

Gold Label, 50c. Lavender Label, 60c. Green Label, 75c.

JAMES TURNER & CO.,
HAMILTON,
Western Ontario.

ROSE & LAFLAMME,
MONTREAL,
Toronto Eastern District and Maritime Provinces.



HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE

Best on Earth.

More Patented Specialties than all others combined.

It has led the market for fifteen years, and is to-day further in the lead than ever.

Sales constantly increasing. Why?

It is certain to operate to perfection in every case.

It is the easiest range for the dealer to sell—in fact sells itself.

It has every desirable feature known, and as most of them are patented, can be found nowhere else.

MADE ONLY BY **BUCK'S STOVE WORKS**

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WINNIPEG

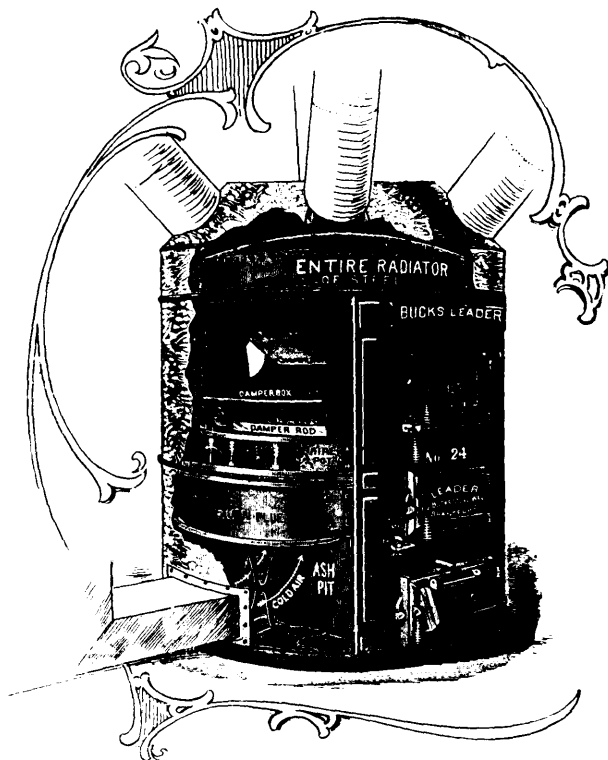
BUCK'S LEADER

BUCK'S LEADER stands at the head of all Warm Air Furnaces. With this Furnace we cater only to the trade

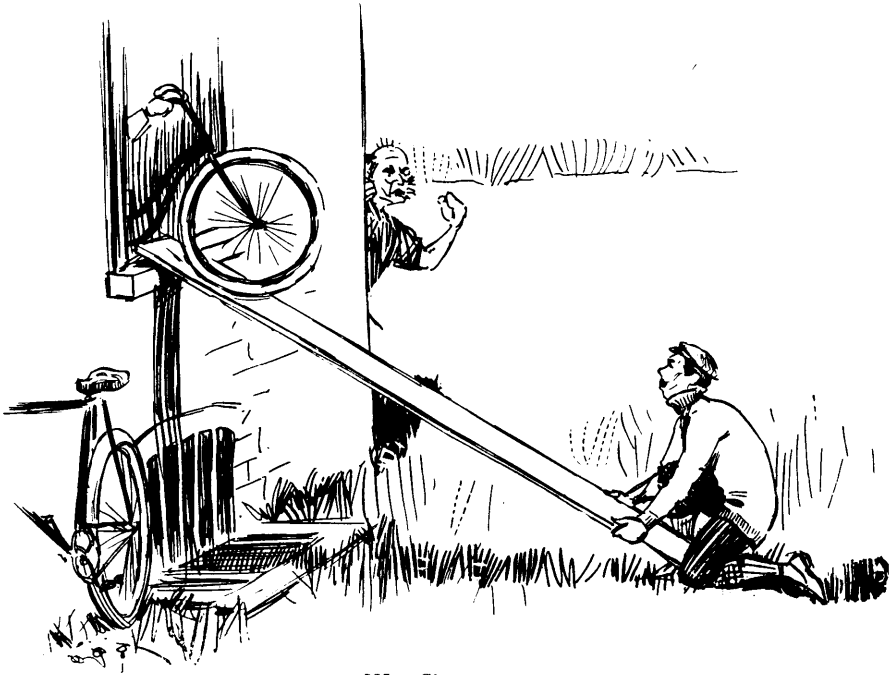
Requiring
the best.

Every detail of its construction was carefully planned, and no expense is spared in the building of each individual furnace. It is massive and substantial, very easily operated, and above all things, an

Enormously
Powerful
Heater.



BUCK'S STOVE WORKS, - - Brantford, Ont.



III.—She prepares,

THE LEADING DRESS STAY
OF CANADA.



When asking for a particular article it isn't pleasant to be told that something else is "just as good," the clerk presuming to know your wants better than yourself.

When you need Dress Stays and ask for **Ever-Readys**, don't be afraid to refuse other styles, or to go elsewhere for them.

Some other dealer has them if yours has not.

THE EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO.,
MANUFACTURERS. Windsor, Ont.

TORONTO RAILWAY



Service of Cars into the Parks.

KING STREET CARS run to Balsam Ave., close to Victoria Park and Munro Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open.

Connections are made at Woodbine gate with the Scarboro' cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes.

HIGH PARK.—There is a ten-minute service on Carlton and College route, and a ten-minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from College and Yonge into the park.

Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties; also Moonlight Excursion Cars, illuminated with colored electric lights.

School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

JAMES GUNN,
Superintendent.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn."

Hotels of the MIDLAND RAILWAY.



MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL,
ST. PANCRAS STATION, LONDON, N.W.

THE MIDLAND GRAND,

London, England.

This magnificent hotel forms the terminus of the Midland Railway. It is conveniently situated for visitors to London, being within a shilling cab fare of nearly all Theatres, Business and West End centres; close to King's Cross Metropolitan Railway Depot.

Omnibuses passing to all parts of the metropolis every minute.

**Refinement and Comfort,
Excellent Cuisine,
Elevators and Electric Light,
Charges Moderate.**

Ladies' and Family Coffee Room

on First Floor en suite, with the

Drawing, Reading, Writing and Music Rooms.

**Bedrooms for one person, from 4s.;
for two persons, from 5s. 6d.,**
including light and attendance.

LIVERPOOL

Next to London, is the most important shipping point in the world.

It has much to occupy the attention of the tourist.

Its Art Galleries, St. George's Hall, Museum, Free Library, Churches, Clubs, Theatres, Market and the Mersey Tunnel *all well repay a visit.*



ADELPHI HOTEL, LIME ST. LIVERPOOL.
The Hotel de Luxe of the North.

THE ADELPHI HOTEL,

very comfortable and convenient for Trans-atlantic passengers staying in Liverpool before or after the sea voyage.

Telephones in each Apartment. Electric Light. Elevators. Free Library for Guests.

Telegraphic Addresses:
"Midotel," London or Liverpool.

**Louis XV. Restaurant à la Carte.
Highest Class French Cuisine.**

WILLIAM TOWLE,
Manager Midland Railway Hotels.

The Midland Route, through the Peak of Derbyshire, is the most picturesque and of the greatest interest to Tourists.

ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE TRAVEL BY THE



CANADIAN PACIFIC RY



WHEN THEY GO TO THE

NORTH-
WEST,
PACIFIC COAST
CHINA
JAPAN



AUSTRALIA
HONOLULU
FIJI OR

AROUND THE WORLD

FLAT TOP
STANDING
ROLL TOP
CYLINDER
LIBRARY
OFFICE
SCHOOL

DESKS

35 YEARS' . . .
EXPERIENCE

The Finest Material

The Best Workmen

The Lowest Prices

And Fine Cabinet Work of Every Description.

TEES & CO., Manufacturers, **Montreal.**
300 St. James Street,

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.
PRESTON, ONT.

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE & DRUG STORE FITTINGS

OFFICE . SCHOOL . CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

ST. JAMES TORONTO

ELEVATORS

Any desired capacity.

Miller Bros. & Toms
MONTREAL.

Any Service.

Any Motor.

LUBY'S RESTORES THE **HAIR**

WE MAY NOT ALL BE BEAUTIES



But we may have SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS and CLEAR COMPLEXIONS, which are in themselves the first elements of BEAUTY and which make the plainest face attractive.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap

cause the skin to become SOFT, SMOOTH and VELVETY, and the COMPLEXION is made CLEARER and WHITER by the use of the above WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers are a permanent beautifier, building up the wasted tissues underlying the skin, thus preventing the formation of WRINKLES, cleansing the pores thoroughly of their secretions and all impurities which find lodgment in them. **Every Lady**, young or old, should use them. **FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP** is a wonderful protection to the skin from the ravages of the wind, sun and weather.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and **FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP** are the only REAL BEAUTIFIERS of the COMPLEXION, SKIN AND FORM. They are simply wonderful for removing FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESS, ROUGH, YELLOW or muddy skin, and, in fact, all blemishes, whether on the FACE, NECK, ARMS or body. Wafers, by mail, \$1; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to The Lyman Bros. Co., 71 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Confidential letters should be addressed to H. B. Fould, 214 6th Avenue, New York, or at 144 Yonge Street, Toronto. **Sold by all Druggists in Canada.**

A GRAND OFFER

Important to Ladies

Now that I have opened an office at 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, over Kent's Jewellery Store, for the sale of my world-famous Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Complexion Soap, I will give to the lady readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, for the next ten days, a sample package at above address. These goods are now being extensively used in the practice of the most eminent physicians in this country and Europe and pronounced by them to be the **only safe** forms of **Arsenic** in the world.



OUR GOODS ARE JUST RIGHT.



"CASED IN RIGBY."—THE WISE GIRL.

The girl stood on the wave-washed deck
 Whence all her sex had fled,
 Of wild waves little did she reck,
 Tho' storms raged overhead.
 Yet elegant and warm she stood
 Amidst the raging storm,
 Of "Rigby" Serge a cloak and hood
 Enveloping her form.

"Oh, Miss, I'm sure," the skipper cried,
 "Below you should be gone."
 "No fear for me," the maid replied,
 "I've rain-proof clothing on.
 Tho' wild waves fling their spray around
 And tempests sweep the sea,
 I'm warm and cosy, safe and sound,
 Oh, 'Rigby' Serge for me."

Rigby Cloth

Keeps out the wet but doesn't keep out the air.

ANY CLOTH may be "Rigby"-proofed without changing
 its appearance or feeling.

H. SHOREY & CO., - - - MONTREAL.

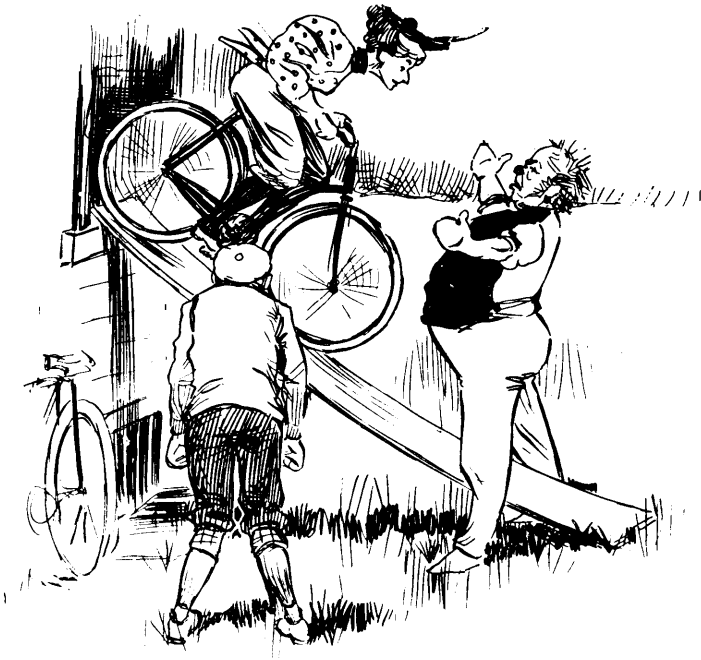
MESSRS. W. DOHERTY & CO.,

CLINTON, ONT., CANADA,

*** Have been recently advised by their European representative, Mr. W. W. Clarry, 12 Lancelot's Hey, Liverpool, Eng., that the Doherty Organ, in competition with the best Canadian, American and European makes, had been awarded the ***

GOLD MEDAL

at the Midland Art and Agricultural Fair, held in Wolverhampton, Eng., during the months of February and March. ***



IV.—But is caught on the fly.

An Ideal Breakfast Food

Let us mail you a cooking sample—enough for a breakfast test—free. Well folks can keep well easier by eating it, especially in warm weather. Invalids and infants can digest it better than oat meal. It's delicate—no husks—no hulls—no heating properties.

Flake Barley.

The Tillson Company (Ltd.)
TILSONBURG, ONT.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

USE

Covernton's Nipple Oil

When required to harden the Nipples, use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

PERSISTENT COUGHING

Will be relieved and, in most cases, permanently cured by the use of

**CAMPBELL'S SKREI
COD LIVER OIL.**

Pure, and almost tasteless, it has not had its essence removed by emulsifying.

CASTOR FLUID..

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family 25c. per bottle.

Henry R. Gray, Chemist, ESTABLISHED 1859.
122 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL.



PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD.—Fatal to Cockroaches and Water Bugs. "Not a poison." It attracts Cockroaches and Water Bugs as a food; they devour it and are destroyed, dried up to shell, leaving no offensive smell. Kept in stock by all leading druggists. EWING, HERRON & Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturing Agents for the Dominion.

CLEANSING HARMLESS USE

TEABERRY

25c. FOR THE **TEETH**

S. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

COLOR

is the great thing necessary for your painting; good color it must be. The best color has more strength, goes further, has greater brilliancy and permanency than cheap stuff. This is why the best artists use only WINSOR & NEWTON'S colors.

A. Ramsay & Son, } Wholesale Agents
MONTREAL, } for Canada.

**T. FITZPATRICK,
DENTIST.**

Gold Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

54 BEAVER HALL HILL,

Telephone 3755.

MONTREAL.



\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

Address, D. T. MORGAN, Box A-8, Windsor, Ont.

GOLD CROWNS
AND
BRIDGE-WORK

COMPLICATED GOLD FILLING
PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY

**MacPherson & Dixon,
DENTAL EXPERTS,**

TELEPHONE 3847 44 Beaver Hall Hill,

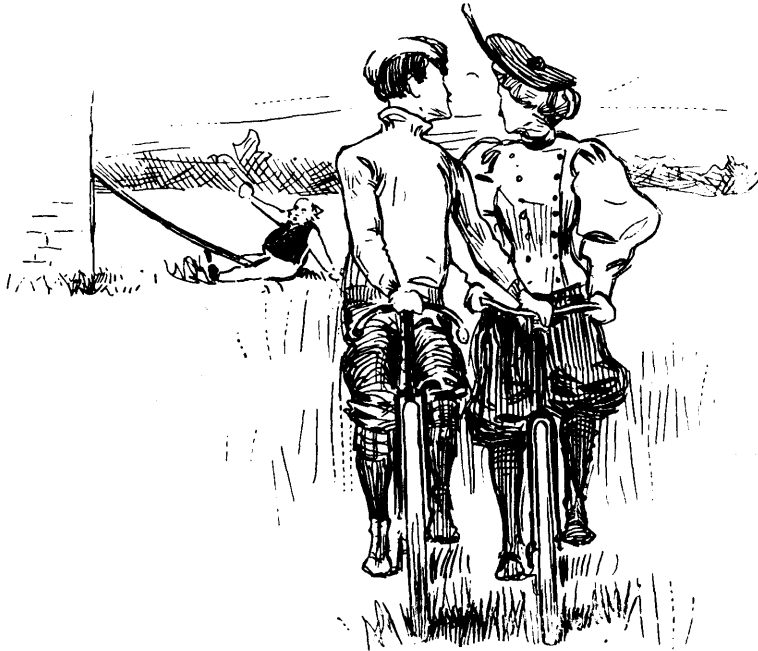
MONTREAL.

J. T. MACPHERSON, L.D.S.
JOHN C. DIXON, L.D.S.

**THE "MONEY-MAKER"
KNITTING MACHINE**

ONLY \$10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO
CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs
GEORGETOWN, ONT.



V.—Love triumphs, as it always does.

Central Canada Loan and Savings Co'y.

GEO. A. COX, President.

OFFICE :

26 King St. East, Corner Victoria St.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, \$2,500,000.00
 CAPITAL PAID UP, - 1,250,000.00
 RESERVE FUND, - - 325,000.00
 TOTAL ASSETS, - - 5,454,720.34

Deposits

Received. Current Rates of Interest allowed.

Debentures

Issued, payable in Canada or Great Britain, with half-yearly interest Coupons attached. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

Loans

Made in large or small sums on Approved Real Estate Security. Lowest Rates.

F. G. COX,

Manager.

E. R. WOOD,

Secretary.

\$2.50 BUFFALO TO CLEVELAND.

DAILY LINE BETWEEN

CLEVELAND AND TOLEDO.

Via "C. & B. LINE.

Steamers "City of Buffalo" (new),
 "State of Ohio" and "State of New York."

Daily Time Table.

SUNDAY INCLUDED AFTER MAY 30.

Lv. Buffalo, 8.30 P.M.		Lv. Cleveland, 8.30 P.M.
Ar. Cleveland, 8.30 A.M.		Ar. Buffalo, 8.30 A.M.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Take the "C. & B. Line" steamers and enjoy a refreshing night's rest when en route to **Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Northern Lake Resorts,** or any Ohio, Indiana, or southwestern point.

Send 4 cents postage for tourist pamphlet.

For further information ask your nearest Coupon Ticket Agent, or address

W. F. HERMAN,

GEN'L PASS AGENT,

CLEVELAND, O.

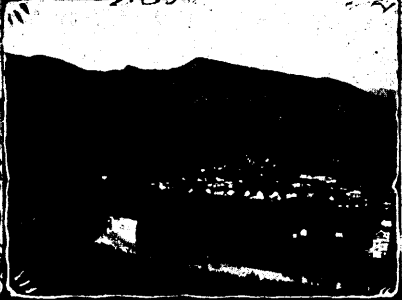
T. F. NEWMAN,

GEN'L MANAGER

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

AND POPULAR
TOURIST
LINE



TO
MUSKOKA LAKES
AND
GEORGIAN BAY
DISTRICTS.
WHITE MOUNTAINS
AND
SEA BATHING RESORTS
ON THE
ATLANTIC COAST
AND ST. LAWRENCE

FOR DESCRIPTIVE GUIDES,
TIME TABLES, ETC. APPLY
TO TICKET AGENTS OF THE



CHAS. M. HAYS,
General Manager.
MONTREAL.

GEO. B. REEVE,
General Traffic Manager
MONTREAL.

W. E. DAVIS,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.
MONTREAL.

GEO. T. BELL,
Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.
MONTREAL.

E. H. HUGHES,
Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.
CHICAGO.

A Successful and Progressive Canadian Institution.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

Twenty-Six Years of Success. A Prosperous and Solid Company.

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 28, 1896.

Among those present were a number of prominent policyholders and the chief general agents. The meeting was, as usual, characterized by an *esprit de corps*, and a unanimous feeling of satisfaction with the various reports presented, which augur well for the success of this popular Company.

The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. I. E. Bowman, and on motion the Secretary of the Company acted as Secretary of the meeting. The minutes of the last annual meeting having been taken as read, the President read the report of the directors as follows:—

“Your directors beg to submit the following statements as their report of the business of the Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1895, and in doing so they are confident that although the volume of new policies issued is not quite up to the previous year, the result of the year’s business cannot fail to be satisfactory to the policyholders.

“The income from premiums and interest on investments, and the surplus of assets over liabilities, have all been materially increased, while the death losses and the ratio of expense have both been lower than in 1894.

“Last year it was announced that it was intended to increase the reserve fund from the Hm. Table and 4½ per cent. to the Actuaries’ Table and 4 per cent. interest. This has been carried out, and the sum of \$117,231 has been transferred from surplus to reserve, and during the year the further sum of \$70,280 has been paid to the members of the Company either in cash or in reduction of their premiums.

“After making these large disbursements, there is still in hand the substantial surplus of \$196,735 for future distribution to the policyholders.

“The first policies on the quinquennial plan of distribution were issued in July, 1891, so that these policies are entitled to their first dividends this year, and the directors are pleased to be able to announce that the surplus to be allotted is about ten per cent. higher than the estimates furnished to our agents five years ago.

“The total assets of the Company at the close of the year were \$3,136,012.05, and the reserve required to be held as security to the policyholders is \$2,933,283.

“The number of policies in force is 14,419, for assurance amounting to \$19,812,477.

“The number of policies issued during the past year was 1,758, covering assurance for \$2,590,218. Applications were also received for \$159,750 on the lives of persons whose health was not up to the Company’s standard, which were therefore declined.

“The amount of the death claims which occurred during the year was \$130,781 under 99 policies, and the matured endowments amounted to \$36,450 under 25 policies.

“The Executive Committee has again carefully examined the securities and cash held by the Company, and found them all correct as reported by your Auditors.

“The Company have since the last meeting sustained a very great loss in the death of Mr. John Marshall, of London, for many years a most useful and highly-esteemed member of this board. The vacancy has been filled under the provisions of the charter by the election of Mr. George A. Somerville, of London, for the unexpired portion of Mr. Marshall’s term.”

PRESIDENT’S ADDRESS.

Mr Bowman said that one feature of the report, which seemed to him to be unusual in connection with life insurance, was that the surplus results on our first quinquennial policies are about 10 per cent. in advance of the estimates made for our agents.

As intimated in the report, the new business for the past year has not been quite equal to that of the previous year. This is largely due to the fact that we have had for several years past a serious business depression, so that many who would otherwise have insured their lives could not do so for the want of the necessary funds.

It is not always the Company which secures the largest volume of new business that can produce the best results for its policyholders. A fair average new business each year, obtained at a moderate cost, is much better for a company than the expenditure of an excessive

amount merely to show a large increase of business.

The results of the year’s operations are eminently satisfactory, showing improvement in every important feature of the report. There has been an increase in assets, in reserve for the security of the policyholders, in the premium and interest income, and our death losses are about \$8,000 less than last year, while our expense account is \$957 less, which shows that our business is economically managed. The ratio of expense to income has been reduced by 2 per cent., and is now as low as that of any Canadian company, and lower than most of them. Our aim should be to give our policyholders safe insurance at the lowest possible cost, and so long as we do this, the insuring public will not fail to recognize the superior merits of the Ontario Mutual.

He moved the adoption of the report, submitting the following:—

ABSTRACT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1895.

<i>Income.</i>	
Premiums, net	\$586,385 34
Interest, annuities, etc	149,069 40
Total	\$735,454 74
<i>Disbursements.</i>	
Payments to policyholders for death claims, endowments, surplus, surrender values, etc.	\$328,427 62
Expenses and taxes	116,501 39
Total	\$444,929 01
<i>Assets.</i>	
Loans on first mortgages	\$1,607,592 01
Municipal debentures	730,521 69
Loans on Company's policies	466,753 34
Real estate	45,968 35
Cash on hand and in banks	52,182 74
Other assets	232,993 92
Total	\$3,136,012 05
<i>Liabilities.</i>	
Reserve, actuaries 4 per cent.	\$2,933,283 00
All other liabilities	5,993 35
Total	\$2,939,276 39
<i>Surplus.</i>	
On Company's standard 4 per cent.	\$196,135 66
On Government standard 4½ per cent.	315,000 00

Mr. Robert Melvin, Second Vice-President, said that the reports of the Ontario were generally of the character presented to-day—simple, plain statements of facts which speak for themselves. He contrasted the present standing of the company as compared with previous reports showing the steady substantial progress made from year to year. A reasonable influx of "new blood" was necessary in order to conserve the interests not only of existing policyholders but to make the business profitable to all concerned. There is, however, a limit within which, in justice to old policyholders, the amount of new business should be kept; and while it is desirable to secure as much business as can be obtained at a reasonable cost, he deprecated the mad race of some companies after new insurance at an outlay far beyond its legitimate value to the company. He had much pleasure in seconding the adoption of the report which in every feature that indicated a healthy growth must be eminently satisfactory to policyholders.

The report was unanimously adopted.

VOICE OF THANKS.

Mr. Erastus Jackson, Newmarket, moved, seconded by Mr. John L. Wideman, St. Jacobs, "That the hearty thanks of this meeting be tendered to the President, Vice-Presidents and Directors for the care which they have conserved for the interests of the Company during the year." He said the report submitted showed that the work of the board had been both efficient and effective, and as one of the earliest policyholders (the number of his policy was 26) he was in a position to say that from the inception of the Company up to the present day he found ample grounds to be exceedingly well pleased not only with his own policy, but also with the management of the Company's affairs during the quarter of a century he was one of its members.

Mr. A. Hoskin, Q.C., Toronto, acknowledged the hearty way in which the motion was passed and said that it must be a source of no little

gratification to his colleagues on the board, as it was to himself, to receive from the policyholders so strong a testimony in appreciation of their efforts to serve the Company faithfully, as was set forth in the motion just read. He was glad to find that the agents were never more in accord with the board than at present, and he assured them the board would always be ready to meet any useful suggestion or remove any well-founded grievance they might submit for its consideration.

A great deal of the Company's success depended on the hearty co-operation of its agents with such regulations as the board found it necessary to make from time to time for their guidance and the efficient conduct of the business generally. He cautioned them against the evil of rebating, which was neither in the interests of the agent nor the Company. Allusion was made this morning at the agents' conference with the board as to insurance on the lives of women. He knew the Manager was not in full accord with some of them on that subject. As for himself, he had always advocated insurance on women on very much the same terms as on men. He hoped the subject would receive early attention, with the view of extending more fully the benefits of life insurance to the fair sex.

Mr. Hoskin feelingly referred to the absence from this meeting of one of the directors, the late Mr. John Marshall, who was always the agent's friend when justice was on their side, and whose high commercial and social standing contributed so much to popularize the Company wherever his many estimable traits of character were known.

Mr. E. P. Clement, barrister, Berlin, replying to the resolution, said the directors did not claim to be either heaven-born financiers or insurance experts, but he thought that one of the chief duties of the board was to safeguard the Company's investments. He was glad to know, and as a member of the Executive of the board he had every opportunity to know, that the large income of the Company, exceeding \$2,500 a day, was well and wisely invested with a single eye to enhance the security and increase the surplus to the policyholders. He recalled the time when money commanded 8 per cent and even 9 per cent. per annum, but good investments could not be made now at any such rates and it cannot be expected that this Company can pay—no company or bank can or does pay—as large dividends now as in former years. This Company, however, stands head and shoulders over any other company to-day in respect of the low cost of insurance. He hoped that the agents would maintain their record as perfect marvellers in the field, by writing in excess of three millions of desirable new business for the current year.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., Kingston, moved, seconded by Mr. J. Kerr Fiske, Toronto. "That the thanks of the directors and of this meeting are hereby tendered to the Manager, Secretary, officers and agents of the Company, for their unremitting attention to the Company's interests during the past year, and for the very satisfactory state of its business which the efficient and faithful discharge of their respective duties has enabled the directors to submit on this occasion.

Before speaking to the motion, Mr. Britton said it seemed to him that a meeting of the Ontario Mutual was hardly a meeting at all without the genial face of their lost friend, Mr.

Marshall. All miss his presence here to-day. In paying his humble tribute of respect to his memory he need hardly say that their late colleague always had the interests of the Company at heart and his presence ever gave tone and vigor to the deliberations of the board, while his geniality, sociability and uniformly honorable conduct, imparted pleasure to those associated with him.

It was quite proper that a resolution of this kind should be placed in the hands of a director, for it was their province to judge of the importance of the services rendered to the Company by the different officers named. He was pleased to move the vote of thanks to the Manager, the Secretary, the officers and agents, for all have performed their duties to the satisfaction of the board. In the Manager the Company has a Nestor in life insurance, a Bismarck in diplomacy, one who having eyes sees not, and ears hears not, except where the interests of the Ontario Mutual are involved in order that everything may be utilized for the benefit of its policyholders.

In all Governments it is necessary to have a Secretary of State. so this Company has its Secretary, a Chesterfield in manners and attainments, who, in the discharge of his various duties, stands between the board and its agents and between the Company and its policyholders. How well he has done his work all who have correspondence with the head office will bear willing testimony.

In the Superintendent the Company possesses a field marshal capable of handling an army of agents, and although he came to us untried he has shown his fitness for the position he occupies and has earned the thanks of the Company for his valuable services. The other officers, one and all, deserve a meed of praise, for all of them have worked faithfully to promote the interests of the Company. All clerical as well as actuarial and other work must have been well and faithfully performed to have given such satisfaction.

Continuing, Mr. Britton said the agents were the mainspring of the Company's prosperity. They brought the "grist to the mill," for without them the Company might as well put up its shutters. The difficulty of procuring applications owing to the competition among companies and from other causes was growing greater from year to year, but the Company's agents, honest, faithful and devoted to their work, know not failure, and they may justly claim a large share in the vote of thanks which this meeting is asked to pass.

The motion was carried amid applause :

REPLIES MADE.

In his reply Mr. Hendry said:—"It is quite a delicate matter to reply to such a flattering address as my special friend Mr. Britton has proposed. It is gratifying indeed to feel and to know that the board has confidence in myself and co-workers. I may say for myself, and I do say it with a great deal of pleasure, that we have all worked along together with the greatest possible harmony. Our aim, at all times, has been purely and simply as to how we can accomplish the best results for our members.

"In respect to extending our lines of insurance to females, I may say that the evidences are somewhat against it owing to many difficulties which, so far, have not been satisfactorily overcome; but the chances are that we will

be able to do something more liberal in the near future."

Mr. Geo. Wegenast having returned thanks briefly, Mr. Hendry paid a glowing tribute to his ability as an accomplished mathematician and actuary. He stated that the whole of the actuarial work was now and had been for some time entrusted to Mr. Wegenast and that it was performed in the very best professional manner.

The Secretary, Mr. W. H. Riddell, in returning thanks, said that he was pleased to know that after fifteen years' services as Secretary of the Company he was on terms of the most pleasant relationship with the board, the officers, the agents, and with thousands of esteemed correspondents throughout the Dominion. As long as he should be connected with the Company he hoped he would deserve at least some of the many kind things said of him by his friend, Mr. Britton.

Mr. W. S. Hodgins thanked the mover and seconder of the resolution for the kind and even flattering words spoken of the agency department. As head of that department he could vouch for the ability and devotion of the agency staff. The interesting series of agents' meetings which had been held during the last two days would do much to improve the quality of the agents' work and to enable them to accomplish still better things in the future.

Mr. Burrows, of Belleville, on behalf of the agents, expressed his high appreciation of the language of the resolution. He said this was the twentieth annual meeting he had attended, and on the 19th of July, 1896, he will have been in the service of the Ontario Mutual Life 21 years. He urged fealty to the Company and zeal and unremitting perseverance in agency work.

Mr. E. M. Sipprell, of St. John, N.B., said he felt sure that the Ontario was the best Company that is before the public to-day and that the agents will leave no stone unturned to advance its interests. The agent who was most successful in his canvass conferred the greatest benefits on his community. A policy was very often a "blessing in disguise" and was only properly appreciated in most cases when it became a claim. The successful agent was a benefactor in his day and generation.

The Rev. J. McNair, pastor Waterloo Presbyterian Church, having in a few choice words moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Webb, Medical Referee, and the Company's examiners, and the Rev. S. R. Knechtel, pastor Berlin Evangelical Church, having expressed his satisfaction as a policyholder, feeling sure no other company could give him better results, the scrutineers, Messrs. Geo. Wegenast and J. D. Conway, reported that the balloting resulted in the

UNANIMOUS RE-ELECTION.

of Messrs. I. E. Bowman, Waterloo; E. P. Clement, Berlin; Alfred Hoskin, Q. C., Toronto, and Hon. W. Laurier, Arthabaskaville, Quebec.

On motion of Mr. George Moore, Waterloo, Messrs. J. M. Scully and George Davidson were appointed auditors of the Company for the current year.

The meeting was brought to a close by all joining in singing "God Save the Queen." The directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. I. E. Bowman President, Mr. C. M. Taylor, First Vice-President, and Mr. Robert Melvin, Second Vice-President for the ensuing year.



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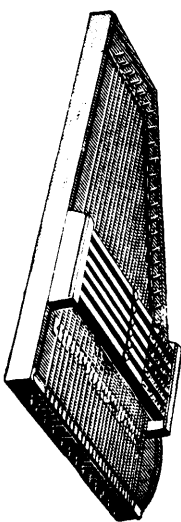
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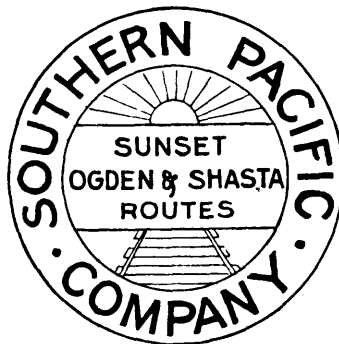
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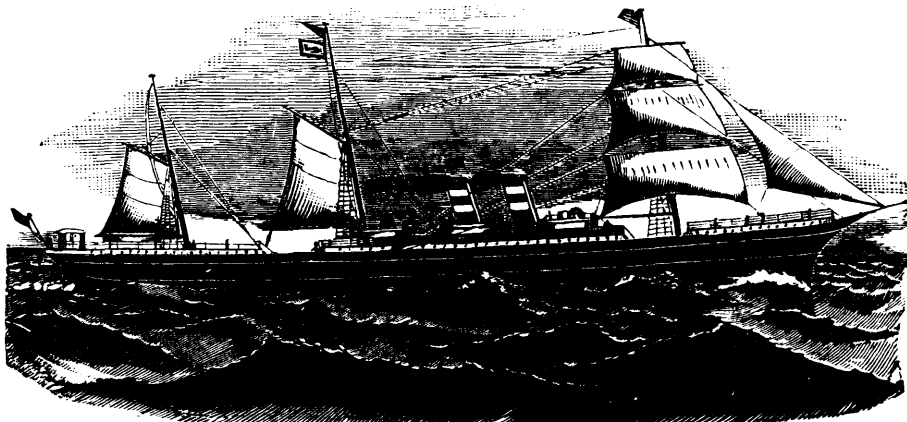
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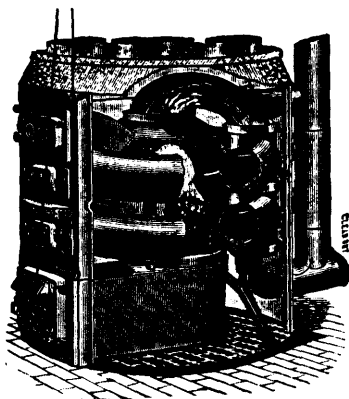
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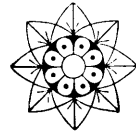
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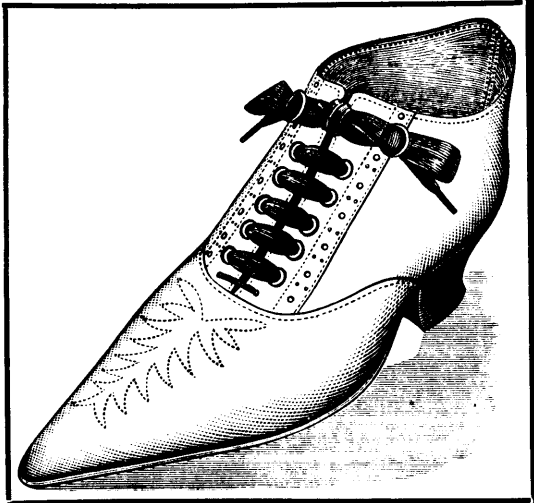
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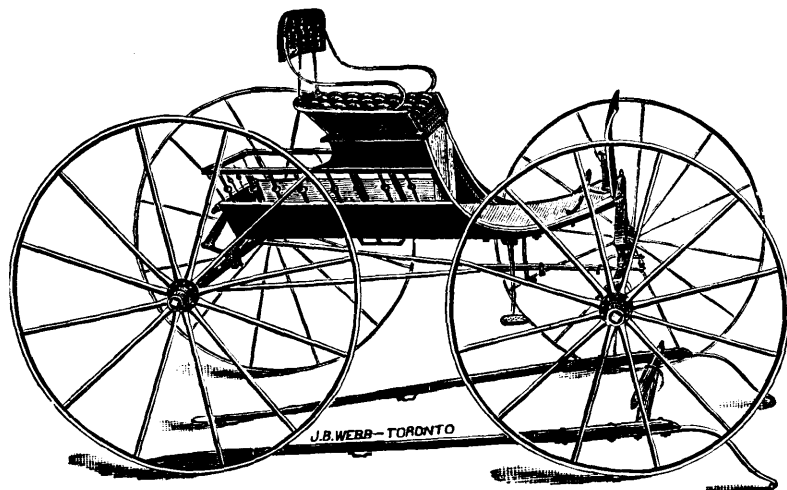
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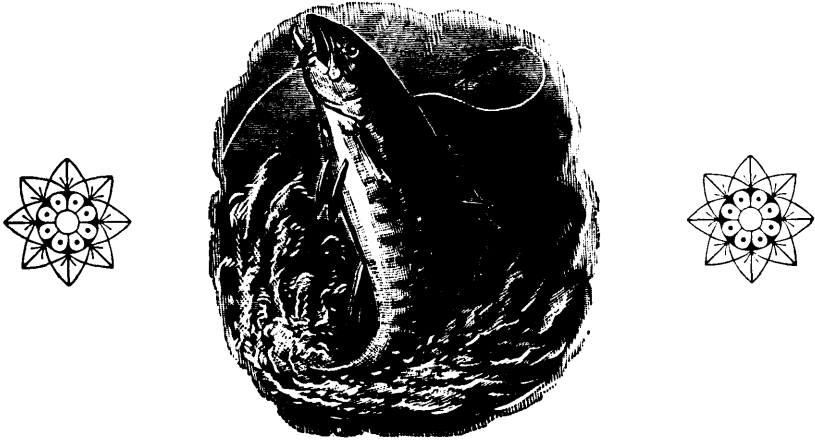


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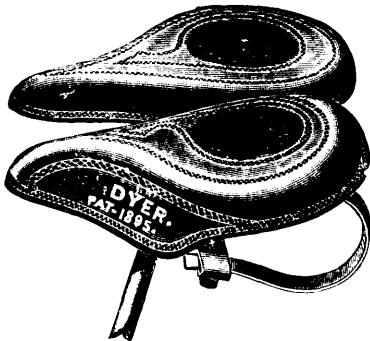
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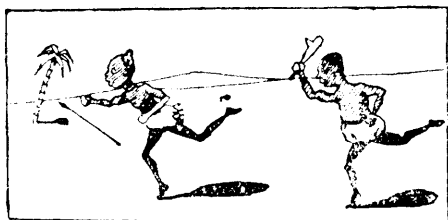
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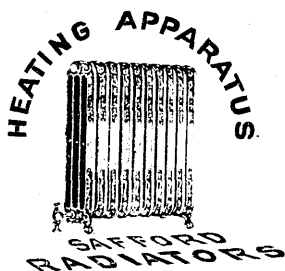


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