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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

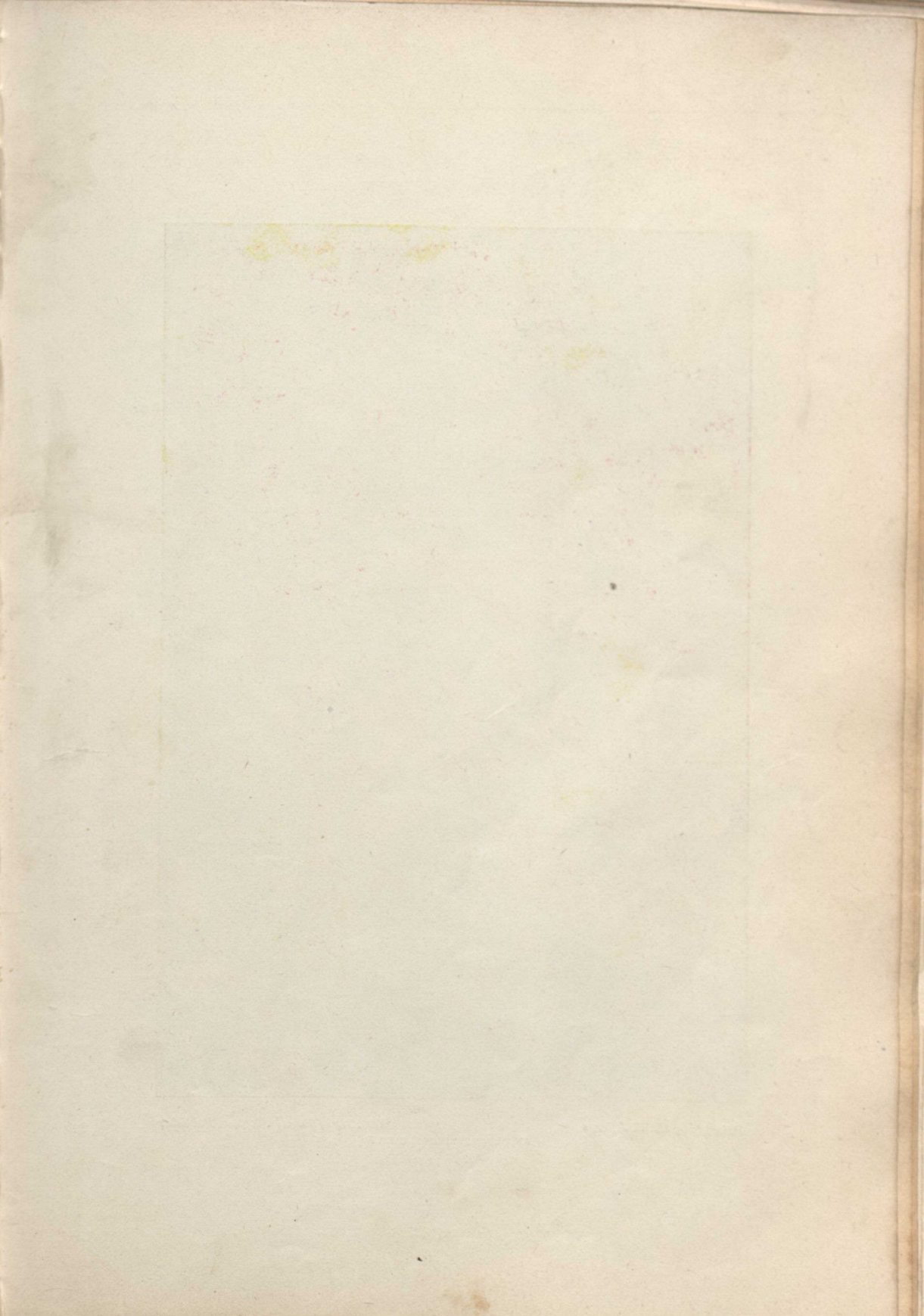
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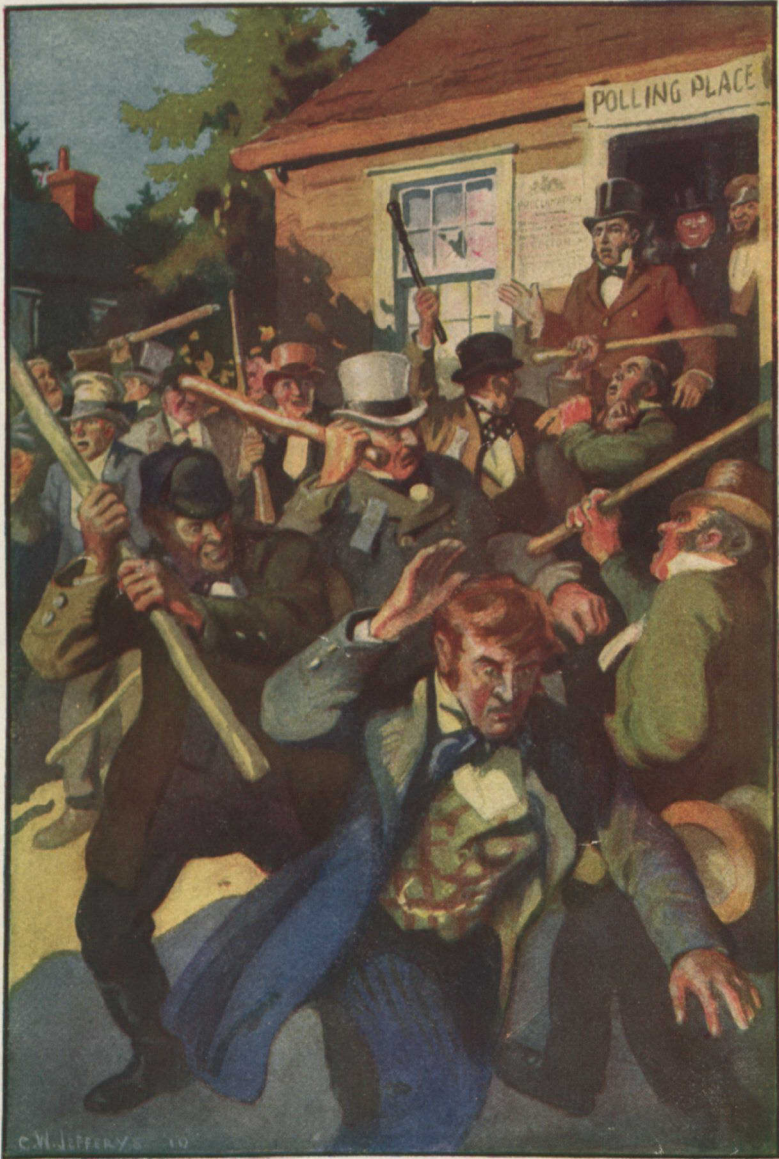
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Painting by C. W. Jefferys

Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher
AN OLD-TIME POLLING DAY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1911

No. 6

L'T-COL. IRVINE AND THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

BY EDMUND MORRIS

THE visit of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine to Eastern Canada, after a severe illness last winter, recalls to mind the early days of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, when he played a conspicuous part as Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police. Though of recent years he has been Warden of the Penitentiary of Manitoba, his thoughts hark back to his life amongst the warlike plainsmen of the far West. He and the writer have talked many times of the early history of that country and together have gone over his valuable records.

For those who are interested in the country and who are unfamiliar with the organisation of the police and the reasons which called for such a force, I shall in my sketch refer to existing conditions in the West prior to the coming of the police.

The policy adopted by the Canadian Government towards the aboriginals differed entirely from that pursued by the United States authorities. In the States pioneers and miners pushed their way into the Indian territory, and, through injustice to the natives, wars ensued which

cost the American Government hundreds of millions of dollars.* Treaties were made only to be broken by the whites, and, as a result, horrible massacres were perpetrated and hundreds of pioneers killed. In Canada a small armed force was sent into the Indian country to establish law and order, and treaties were then made on fair and just terms and without bloodshed on either side. Since then the Indians have been regarded as wards of the Crown.

But, before going further, let us consider the two soldiers who were to command the mounted police and establish military rule in the Black-foot country.

James Farquharson Macleod and Acheson Gosfort Irvine, who in later life were to become so closely linked together, first met at La Prairie, opposite Montreal, where the post cadets of the Schools of Infantry of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto were encamped. Again they came together at the School of Cavalry of the 10th Hussars, then stationed at Toronto.

Macleod, a scion of the ancient clan, was born at Drynoch, Isle of Skye, and

*Bishop Whipple's "The Red Man and the White Man."

his father, who had been Captain and Adjutant of the King's Own Borderers, came to Canada and settled near Toronto. Irvine is a native of Quebec of three generations; the family came originally from the Orkney Isles, and his father, Colonel Irvine, had been Aide-de-Camp to many Governors-General.

Both were noble-minded, determined men, and later were to become fast friends, living and camping together and sharing dangers alike.

Trouble arose at the then far-away Red River Settlement. In 1870 an expedition was sent out under the command of Colonel Wolsley (afterwards Lord Wolsley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army), and Macleod joined the force as Brigade Major of the Canadian Militia; Irvine also joined as Major of the 2nd Battalion of Quebec Rifles. The expedition arrived at Fort Garry, to find the gates open, Riel and his forces having fled. I shall not refer to the half-breed troubles. They are recorded by British and French historians, and by consulting both sources a fair opinion may be formed.

The forces sent to the Red River were the 60th King's Own Rifles, a detachment of the Royal Engineers and of the Royal Artillery and Army Hospital Corps; the First Battalion, or Ontario Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis and the 2nd Battalion, or Quebec Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Casault.

In the autumn of 1870 the Imperial troops returned to Canada (as the East was then called), the 1st Battalion remaining at the Upper Fort, or old Fort Garry, and the 2nd Battalion at the Lower Fort, or Stone Fort, eighteen miles north of Fort Garry.

Colonel Jarvis was the senior officer in command of both battalions, but he went away on leave, and Casault took command of the troops, with his headquarters at the

Upper Fort. Colonel Macleod continued to act as Brigade-Major. Major Irvine was at the head of the Lower Fort, and Wainwright took command of the Upper Fort.

In the spring of 1871 these regiments were disbanded, with the exception of two companies of forty men each of the Ontario and Quebec Battalions, and Major Irvine was appointed in command of these companies, remaining in garrison at Fort Garry.

In the autumn of this year the Fenians of the United States caused great uneasiness. O'Donoghue and other leaders prepared to invade Manitoba. The situation was most serious. It was feared that many of the labourers who had been employed by the Northern Pacific Railway, being now out of work, would join the ranks of the Fenians, and the latter were counting on the French half-breeds of Manitoba also joining with them.

Lieutenant-Governor Archibald had been informed that the Fenians had captured the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Pembina. He consulted with Colonel Irvine and his Ministers and the Colonel was requested to put them out. This officer had a force of eighty men, but anticipating trouble could count on two hundred.

The Lieutenant-Governor issued a proclamation calling upon all loyal citizens to enroll, and the list increased to a thousand. He also wired to Ottawa for reinforcements. Colonel Scott was sent out with two hundred men, and Mr. Gilbert McMicken, who was at the head of the Detective Force of Canada, went to Manitoba overland through the States to find out what was going on. Colonel Irvine and his men had not gone far on their march when a runner arrived with the news that the American troops, under Colonel Wheaton (who held that Pembina was in their territory, the boundary commission not having yet established the boun-

dary line) had captured O'Donoghue and his "Generals," and so the manoeuvres of the Fenians and their plans to capture Manitoba came to nothing.

Lieutenant-Governor Archibald had sent Lieutenant Butler (afterwards General Sir William, author of "The Great Lone Land") to inquire into the situation of the outlying districts. In the Governor's instructions he stated that for the last two years reports had been coming in of great disorder along the line of the Saskatchewan, and that he believed it would be necessary to have a small body of troops sent to the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company to assist in maintaining peace and order. Lieutenant Butler travelled through the West and made a careful investigation. He reported murder and rapine, and the danger of an Indian war with the white race.

There was correspondence with Mr. Archibald and with Mr. Morris during their terms of office. The Adjutant-General, Colonel Robertson Ross, made his report, and to all of these Sir John Macdonald gave careful consideration and started the organisation of a force—police in regard to discipline, although armed soldiers—and so the famous North-West Mounted Police sprang into existence. An Act was passed instituting the force. The number named was three hundred.

Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had been in command of the School of Gunnery at Kingston, was offered and accepted command as Commissioner, and Colonel Macleod, who was in England, received a cable to return as Assistant Commissioner.

Lieutenant-Governor Morris, in his despatches, repeatedly urged sending on the force, and in July of 1873, he reported the horrible Cypress Hills massacre. The British Minister at Washington also reported the case.

In the spring fifty-five* Assiniboine Indians were killed by United States borderers, whisky traders, who, in violation of the laws of both countries, were selling their drugs to the natives. The body of the chief was treated with peculiar barbarity, it having been impaled on a stake and then placed on a high hill.

Later it was found that these Assiniboine Indians had been suspected of having stolen horses. The traders followed a trail as far as Milk River, then went on to Farewell's trading post in the Cypress Hills, where these Indians were camped, then concealing themselves in a *coulée* opened fire right into the lodges of the Indians, killing men, women, and children.

This affair quickened the organisation of the force. Lieutenant-Governor Morris wrote to the Minister of the Interior that he "believed the Privy Council had yet not fully realised the magnitude of the task that lay before the police in the creation of the institution of civilisation in the North-West, in the suppression of crime there and in the maintenance of peaceful relations with the fierce tribes of the vast prairies beyond Manitoba."

The organisation was well under way when the changes of Government took place, but the new Premier, the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie, and his Ministers continued the work of the old regime in pushing forward the police.

One hundred and fifty mounted police were sent to Fort Garry, but the Governor sent a despatch stating that such a number was quite inadequate, and a second contingent was sent up. War had broken out between the Crees and the Blackfoot. The Americans also had a conflict with the Blackfoot, and deaths occurred on both sides. The Assiniboines to avenge the late murders burned two posts of the traders and

*The first despatch gave the number as twenty-six. Later reports gave fifty-five. Colonel Irvine places the number at about thirty-six.

the Sioux refugees in Canada were also becoming restive.

An extract of a letter from Lieutenant-Governor Morris to the Premier, the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie, sums up the situation. It is dated Fort Garry, 26th December, 1873: "The Indian question, the American trading and the contending of the Metis of the North-West with the *new régime*, are the problems we have to solve, and I believe that all these can be successfully dealt with. The trading question is a very serious one. There are some eight trading posts in our territories, commencing 100 miles from the Missouri frontier, in the region watered by the Belly and Bow Rivers, and running on to the Cypress Hills, where the murder of the Assiniboines took place last summer. The country is perhaps the most fertile in the North-West, where horses and cattle of all kinds feed themselves, and excellent coal abounds. I am credibly informed that these Americans imported last summer 50,000 buffalo robes, worth, say, \$8 each, or \$400,000, and to which may be added \$100,000 for other furs, or a total of \$500,000. They sell whisky, breech-loaders, etc., to the Indians, and, of course, pay no duty. A very serious view of the matter apart from the demoralisation of the Indians is the precipitation of the great difficulties we will have to encounter with the Crees and the Blackfoot, when the buffalo are extinct, an event which, at the present rate of extermination, may be looked for in five or six years."

The second contingent of the mounted police, which had been quartered in the Old Fort, Toronto, was sent on, and these were joined by the others stationed at Old Fort Garry, at Dufferin, the rendezvous.

Lieutenant-Governor Morris and Colonel French had conferred with James McKay and Pierre Levallier,

two half-breeds, who knew the West thoroughly, regarding the route to be followed by the police, and the Governor had arranged with Levallier and a hand of half-breeds to accompany the force as guides.

The Northern Pacific Railway survey parties had been escorted by 2,000 troops through the American Sioux territory, several skirmishes and some loss of life took place, and when the international boundary survey passed through the country the Sioux crossed the Missouri in large numbers, to be ready, if their chiefs thought it wise, to fight, as they believed the Americans had induced the English with them to form a rampart against the Sioux, and, in consequence, the surveyors had difficulty with their guides. To avoid all this it was decided the police should travel across the plains more to the north.*

The little force, to the number of 300 men, filed out across the prairie and plains. In close order the cavalcade covered a mile and a half, but on the line of march it usually extended from front to rear guard from four to five miles. Through the heat of July, August and September they journeyed on, and after covering 940 miles, reached their destination, the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers. The whisky traders had heard of their approach and fled, leaving their posts standing.

En route, at Roche Percée, a troop under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis branched off, going north *via* Fort Ellice, Fort Pitt, and Fort Carlton to Edmonton, where they were to be stationed in the old Hudson's Bay Fort. When the main force reached the Sweet Grass Hills the Commissioner, Colonel French, and Colonel Macleod proceeded to Fort Benton, in the United States, and on their return French, with two troops, returned East, instructing Colonel Macleod to proceed north-west and build a fort, naming it af-

*Despatches from Lieutenant-Governor Morris.

ter himself. The police often came upon the buffalo, and near the Bow River sighted a great herd of about 80,000, the plains being literally black with them as far as the eye could see.

Colonel Macleod sent small detachments of the police to reconnoitre the upper course of the rivers and open up communication with Fort Benton. He secured the services of Jerry Potts, a Piegan half-breed, as guide and interpreter, and sent his men to work to build Fort Macleod. The Indians in the neighbourhood numbered about 8,000, and this gallant officer and his associates soon won their regard and friendship.

Colonel French had proceeded direct to Fort Pelly, where quarters had been built by the Board of Works while the force were in the Bow River Country, but these were found to be inadequate. The hay was also burnt, so the Commission left one troop only and took the other to Winnipeg and thence to Dufferin, where they wintered. In the spring of 1875 they returned to Fort Pelly and made it the headquarters of the police. Captain Walker took a troop to Battleford, and he and Colonel Macleod, with another troop, acted as guards for Lieutenant-Governor Morris and the other Commissioners when the Indian treaties at Fort Carleton and Pitt were made. Captain Walker and his men then returned to Battleford and Colonel Macleod took his troop to Fort Walsh, which now became the headquarters. Colonel French resigned and Colonel Macleod became Commissioner of the whole force.

Colonel Irvine joined the mounted police as Assistant Commissioner in 1875. He travelled through United States territory by way of the Missouri, in order to trace up the Cypress Hills murderers, and told me of his experiences. After eighteen days in a wretched steamer he decided to strike the trail, and with his man-servant got off at Fort Peck, where the Indian agent arranged for their transport to Helena. They

started on their long journey through a country held in great dread by the Americans on account of the Sioux, with whom they were at war. Before leaving, the Colonel was shown the grave of a teamster who was shot down. At night the guide would pitch the tents some distance from the trail, and was careful to make no fires, fearing the smoke would attract the Sioux. *En route*, Colonel Irvine got word of and traced up the principal witness of the Cypress Hills massacre, Alex. le Bombard, a half-breed, who later led the Sioux at Batoche. He accompanied the Colonel to Helena. At Benton they awaited the mail. The great herd of buffalo on their march south had knocked down the telegraph poles, and the connection between Benton and Helena was cut off. At the latter place they found Colonel Macleod awaiting their arrival. The Commissioners laid evidence against the murderers and went to Fort Benton. American troops surrounded the place and the men were arrested and taken to Helena. A lawyer was engaged and a trial followed.

The Commissioners were kept nearly three months trying to get the men extradited, but the Americans would not consent. These men were desperadoes, whisky traders, and wolfers. When the men were released a platform was erected and the defendants made speeches. One said he would wade knee deep in British blood rather than hand them over—then faltered, and a little man, whose legs were very unsteady, hurled his hat in the air, and said next to the Stars and Stripes he would rather live under the Union Jack. The legs gave out and he was hoisted up to say, "Remember, no matter whether they are Indians or Negroes if they are British subjects they are protected." The hat was again thrown up and the legs gave out altogether. The erect figures of the Commissioners amongst these must have made a striking picture. They learned

that three of those implicated in the murder were still in Canadian territory, and when they were captured Colonel Irvine took them to Winnipeg. He found the trial could not take place until the spring, and wired to Ottawa for permission to return to God's country, as he calls Alberta. He went by way of Wood Mountain and Cypress Hills.

Le Bombard and Jack, "the man who took the coat," the young chief of the Assiniboines, were the witnesses sent to Winnipeg, but it was found there was not sufficient evidence to convict these particular men, and they were released.

A cause of great anxiety to the police was the arrival of the Sioux. The Americans had long been at war with these warriors, and after their victory over General Custer the Sioux again began to cross the borders, taking refuge in British territory, and camped about Wood Mountain. Many powerful Sioux chiefs came with their following, and finally, in May, 1877, Sitting Bull and his immediate following crossed over. With the arrival of all these warriors, the hereditary enemies of the native tribes of Canada, there was great danger of a general Indian uprising, and the rapid extermination of the buffalo, their only means of support, was driving the Indians to desperation, so that it required the greatest tact and firmness to control the various elements gathered in the neighbourhood of the Cypress Hills. Here were Crees, Saulteaux, Assiniboines, and Sioux. The refugees, the Sioux, had with them their King George medals, and they declared their father had always considered themselves British subjects, and that they would not submit to the rule of the "Long Knives," as they called the Americans. It required the mounted police to be continually on the alert to prevent hostilities between the tribes.

I would refer historians to "Papers relating to the Sioux In-

dians of the United States who have taken refuge in Canadian territory, printed confidentially for the use of the Ministers of the Crown," 1876-'79. In this is recorded the interviews between the Sioux and the officers of the mounted police. Another work of importance is Captain Denney's Journal, "The Riders of the Plains."

About this time Colonel Irvine came into contact with the notorious Big Bear, the Cree chief, who played so conspicuous a part in the half-breed rebellion. He had stopped the Government surveyors, and complaints were brought to the Commander. He took twenty-six men with Winchester rifles (previous to this they had used Snider carbine), and proceeded to the scene of trouble; arriving at the south branch of the Saskatchewan, a little west of where Medicine Hat now stands, they found a large number of Blood Indians encamped. These had heard of Big Bear's interference with the surveyors, and knew the meaning of the presence of the police. That night the police camped with the Bloods, a fire was burning in the chief's lodge, and presently the braves came and sat around. Then they rose, and, throwing aside their blankets, stood in their war paint, with nothing on but their breech clouts and mocassins, and armed with rifles. Ho! O muket stumix (Bill Bull), Ho! we will go with you. We will kill Big Bear!" they exclaimed. The Colonel withheld his answer until the morning. The Bloods gave their war dance, chanted their war songs, and the warriors recounted their many deeds of valour, occasionally mentioning the name of O mux et sumix, the name which Sapo Maxika (Crow-foot) the Head Chief of the Black-foot had given Colonel Irvine.

The next morning he told the Chief it would not do to take the tribe, but he might come with one of his braves. The Indians then showed the ford and the party crossed

over, though one of the police was nearly swept away in the swift current. Reaching Big Bear's camp, it looked ominous. The women and children had been sent away. The Colonel ignored Big Bear and went to the tent of the surveyors. Then came Big Bear with a large number of his braves. Colonel Irvine told him if he interfered with the work of the surveyors he would arrest and lock him up in the guard-room at Cypress Hills. A Blackfoot runner arrived at that moment with letters for the camp, and it occurred to Big Bear this was a concerted action between the Bloods, Blackfoot, and the police to attack him. He, therefore, submissively consented to let the surveyors go on with their work, and this was the last time they were interfered with by any of the tribes.

Big Bear had been present at the great Fort Pitt Treaty negotiated by Lieutenant-Governor Morris. He refused to sign, but promised to do so some time. He was then practically deserted by his following, and they joined other bands who took treaty. The Chief wandered off alone; later he was joined by all the malcontents of the West, and became the most powerful Chief of the Crees since the death of the great Chief Sweet Grass of the Plains Crees. He would not settle, and used to frequent the Cypress Hills. While here, Colonel Irvine got word of an attack he had planned to make on Fort Walsh, so that when he came with his braves in their war paint ready to fight, he was awed by the front the police presented. Later he came to the fort, and Colonel Irvine, after much persuasion, at length induced him to sign his adhesion to the treaty; then, after a turn on the plains for buffalo, he started in the direction of his reservation, near Fort Pitt, the country he originally came from. Unfortunately, on his way he met Riel's runners with messages from the rebel leader to meet him at Duck Lake. This he did and the promise

of great gain swayed the Chief, and he joined the half-breeds.

One of my most precious relics is Big Bear's own copy of his adhesion to the treaty, which Colonel Irvine gave me lately.

I shall briefly refer to the half-breed rebellion and the part Colonel Irvine took in it.

On the 13th of March, 1885, Superintendent Crozier telegraphed to Regina: "Half-breed rebellion liable to break out any moment. Troops must be largely reinforced. If the half-breeds rise Indians will join them."

The Commissioner, Colonel Irvine, wired to Ottawa recommending that a hundred men had better be sent at once. Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney advised his going north, and on March 18th he left Regina with a detachment of ninety of the police. He passed through Chief Pieapot's reserve, then on through the Qu'Appelle Valley, and into the Touchwood Hills. While camped here, near Great Salt Plains, he got a communication from Superintendent Crozier that Indians had joined the half-breeds, who had made prisoners of several whites at Duck Lake, and that their plan was to seize any troops coming into the country at the north branch, then march on Carlton, then on Prince Albert. *En route* for Carlton the Colonel learned that 400 half-breeds and Indians were gathered at the south branch, Batoche's, ready to stop his crossing the river at Agnew's Crossing.

The half-breeds were enraged at his having out-manœuvred them, having passed through a country in their possession and formed a junction with Crozier's forces. He reached Prince Albert on the 24th, after a march of 291 miles in seven days. He then proceeded to Carlton. On the way he got a despatch from Superintendent Gagnon at that place, stating that Crozier had marched out and exchanged shots with the rebels at Duck Lake, and was retiring on

Carlton, and here he and Irvine met. The Commissioner had now to decide which of the places—Carlton or Prince Albert—was to be made the base of operations. He favoured evacuating Carlton, as he regarded Prince Albert as the key to the whole position. He held a council regarding this, and it was decided that the safety of the country lay in ensuring Prince Albert of being placed in a tenable position. It was agreed that Prince Albert and the country immediately adjoining it represented what might be termed the whole white settlement where the lives and interests of the people lay. The country to the south, already in the possession of the rebels, was composed of their own half-breed settlements and farm lands.

There is no doubt that the presence of the police force saved Prince Albert from falling into the hands of the rebels. The Sioux settled near this place did move on Prince Albert, and abandoned their raid, when in close proximity they saw the trail of the police; besides this the loyalty of many of those at that time about Prince Albert and the surrounding country was not at all certain; these the police kept in check.

The normal population of Prince Albert was 700; now the refugees had increased it to 1,500. It was a straggling settlement, stretching five and a half miles. The Colonel had 225 mounted police and 300 Prince Albert volunteers.

On the 25th of March Colonel Irvine received the following telegram from the Comptroller: "Major-General commanding militia proceeds forthwith to Red River. On his arrival in military operations when acting with militia take orders from him." Subsequently Irvine got a message from General Middleton saying he was then under his orders and to report to him. This Colonel Irvine did.

In some unaccountable way it was for a time accepted as the opinion

of General Middleton that the Commander should have attacked the rebels on the north side of Batoche at the same time that Middleton's column was attacking it on the opposite side of the river.

In the first instance Colonel Irvine had suggested to Middleton that their forces should combine, either by the Commissioner going out with his column, or by Middleton joining the police at Prince Albert. This was before the Colonel knew that the 350 men were joined by the 1,000 men following each other in rapid succession. Messrs. McDowall and Bedson brought the Colonel a message from the General which stated that he would engage the enemy at Batoche on the 18th of April. They stated that Middleton's orders for the Colonel were not to attack. On the 19th of April the Colonel made a reconnaissance in force in the direction of Batoche, and pressed forward his scouts, but gained no information of Middleton's troops being near Batoche.

Irvine's scouts brought word that Middleton was moving on Clark's Crossing, and later another of his scouts brought a despatch from the General that he had been attacked at Fish Creek on the 24th, had driven the enemy back after a smart fight, but would not repeat. In it he said he had ordered Otter to send a regiment on to Prince Albert if he could spare it.

There was great danger at this time that the rebels would attempt to seize the settlement. I will quote from a letter written in 1890 by Father André, who was there at the time:

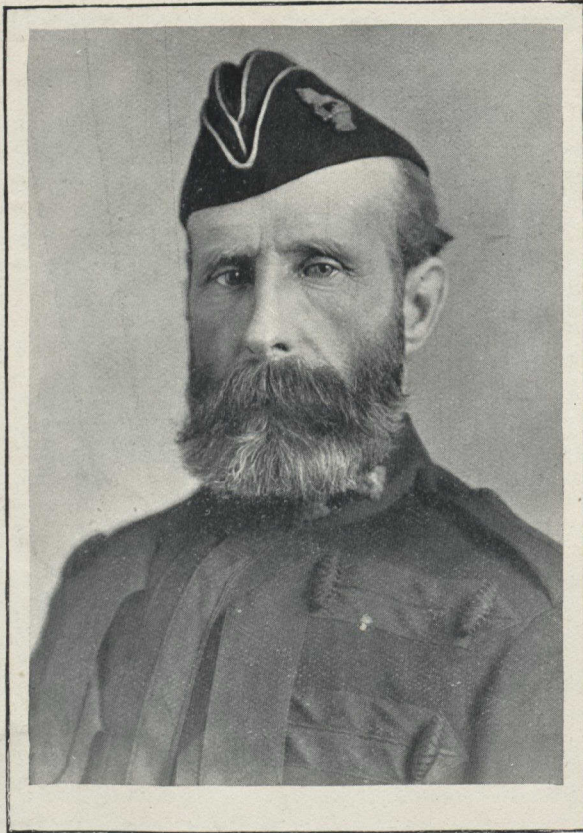
"If in consequence of some fatal mistake the rebels had carried the place I am certain that the rebellion would have lasted longer, spreading, as it would have done, upon a greater area of country. You have been blamed, I know, for having stayed at Prince Albert, and not having left the place to join General Middleton, but those so ready to blame your conduct know very little of the consequences invoked in that of leaving Prince Albert. When the rebel-



LIEUT.-COLONEL IRVINE, WARDEN OF STONEY MOUNTAIN PENITENTIARY

lion was over I had plenty of opportunity to see Riel and the men who were engaged with him in the outbreak. Riel I saw every day for four months during his captivity at Regina before his execution, and in conversing with him about the several phases of the rebellion I particularly inquired from him what was the reason that prevented him to come down upon Prince Albert, knowing well what a prestige would have been given to the rebellion, the news spreading over the North-West that Prince Albert had been taken, all the hesitating Indians, Crees, or Blackfoot would have taken arms at once, but said

Riel, he was deluded about the force of men under the command of Colonel Irvine, he thought them a great deal more considerable than they were, indeed, but, said Riel, we were expecting the Colonel to leave with his men, Prince Albert, and going to the front to join General Middleton. In that case we have made up our mind to make a raid on Prince Albert, following the trail alongside of the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, and Riel, in a kind of joke, said to me: 'It was fortunate, Father Andre, that the Colonel stayed at Prince Albert, for otherwise you would have received my visit.' Thus, Colonel, you acted as a



LIEUT.-COLONEL IRVINE, AS COMMISSIONER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

loyal and cautious commander in not moving from Prince Albert. The whole population of the town and that of the surrounding country, which had rushed there for protection, was entrusted to your care, and you would have assumed a terrible responsibility in abandoning us to be attacked the moment you were gone to join General Middleton."

The police scouts were active, often having skirmishes with the men employed on similar duty by Riel, who frequently tried to scout right into Prince Albert.

The personnel of the Prince Albert vounteer companies was made up of half-breeds, as well as white men, and the Colonel could not say enough in their praise.

Middleton did not attack Batoche until the 12th of May. He then de-

feated the rebels, and brought his force of 1,200 men—scouts, artillery and infantry—to Prince Albert. The Commissioner reported to him he could take into the field a force of 175 mounted men, who, like himself, wanted active service, in pursuit of the rebel Big Bear, but the General considered it more important for the police still to remain at Prince Albert.

Middleton, with a force of artillery and infantry, left by steamer for Battleford. The Colonel then remained at Prince Albert until the 24th, when he took a guard to be posted at the ferry at Carlton. With a small number of men he rode south to Duck Lake, and disarmed a band of Indians camped there. On the 8th

of June, acting under instructions from the Minister of Militia, he started an escort from Prince Albert with forty rebel prisoners, but had to recall these, as he got orders from Middleton to send out as many mounted men as possible to cross the river at Carlton and patrol towards Green Lake, as Big Bear and his band were supposed to be making in that direction. Troops were scourging the country in all directions in pursuit of this rebel chief, but he had been deserted by the Wood Crees and crept along Indian trails between the columns of Irvine and Otter, and was finally captured by a sergeant and three of the mounted police, whom Irving had left at Carlton.

On his return, Irvine found some of Big Bear's followers encamped near Carlton. He arrested these and took them to Prince Albert, and on the 11th he sent Inspector Drayner with Big Bear and other prisoners to Regina. The same day he left for that place himself. The capture of Big Bear was the final episode in the Rebellion of 1885, Riel and Poundmaker having both surrendered.

I have not given an account of the movements of the police force as a

whole, but only of those under Irvine's command, and have drawn my account from his report as Commissioner.

The year after the rebellion (1886) Colonel Irvine resigned from the police, and became agent to his old friends the Blood Indians. That to him was an ideal life, and the Bloods cannot say enough in his praise. Later (1892) he became Warden of the Penitentiary at Stoney Mountain, Manitoba. The Colonel told me when he used to visit his predecessor, Colonel Bedson, he thought it the most lonely place in the world and little thought he would spend so many years there, but he threw himself into the work, and the prison is a model. He aims to help those who are under his charge more than to punish them.

Stoney Mountain is a plateau rising above the prairie. At night the lights of Winnipeg are seen from the Warden's broad verandah, and here the Colonel has welcomed many visitors. It was a relief to his friends that he pulled through a severe illness last winter. All honour should be shown to him, for he did much to open the distant West to settlement and quiet the warriors of the plains.



OGUNQUIT BY THE SEA

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

ONE summer, while exploring the many headlands about Fortune's Rocks, I happened upon a little cove, where one of the old fisherfolk was mending his lobster traps.

"What is the name of this point?" I asked.

He told me, also, the names of several beyond.

"An' tharn Cape Poppus, whar the lighthouse air," he continued, "an' tharn the Port, whar the grand folks be, an' tharn Kennebunk Beach."

"And then?" I prompted, for his stop seemed to set a period to the conversation.

He ceased for a moment his work of repairing the ravages of the sea, and looked up at me blankly.

"An' tharn?" he repeated, giving his nose a puzzled tweak and shaking his head—"God knows."

He looked out across the sunlit, tumbling waters to where, away down the coast, a thread of gray lay on the quiet sea at the point where sky and ocean meet.

"The end of the world, I'm thinkin'," he added.

I conceived a desire to visit the "End of the World." Every day that summer I looked across at it until the fires of sunset burned low in the west, and Cape Porpoise lighthouse winked out in the twilight and far in the distance the York headlight answered with its steady glow. Next summer Scarboro' and Prout's Neck claimed me. Kennebunk Beach, the following year, again brought me nearer. I wandered over the Web-

hannet golf links; I followed the windings of the Kennebunk and Mousam Rivers; I flirted with the Atlantic; I "did" the Port, and visited Kennebunk village, four miles away, where I breathed the New England atmosphere of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Alice Brown, in all its native mellowness. But late of an afternoon I was pretty sure to find myself among the rocks of Pair Orchard, watching the homing waves come hurrying across from my old fisherman's "End of the World," and seeming to hear in their many uplifted voices a call to come over.

And next year I went.

Ogunquit, at first, is disappointing. One has heard so much about it, and it is so utterly careless itself of making a good impression. During your six-mile drive out from Wells Beach station, the curving silver thread on your left widens and deepens to a ribbon of glancing blue, and far in the distance you see it sparkling about the base of a high bluff, on which a single mediæval-looking castle shines like gold in the westering sun. The bluff is Ogunquit, but the castle resolves itself into nothing more antique than a summer hotel.

For the first week you wonder what there is about this little, gray village by the sea to make the artist world rave about it, and paint it, and pray all the gods that be to leave unchanged. The second week you begin, vaguely, to understand. Thereafter, the only people in the world whom you really pity are those who from time to time drive away with

many a backward look. To the new-comer, disappointed and blank as you once were, you would like to say:

"I know what you are feeling now. That will pass. You are going to like it. You are going to like it tremendously. But don't lose a minute. Begin!"

For Ogunquit is a place that grows upon one. Newport may be more fashionable, Old Orchard has a longer beach, Kennebunkport and Prout's Neck have more picturesque cottages, Scarboro' is more restful, but Ogunquit has that which these others lack—tone.

You see it, you feel it, everywhere. But it is down by the old fish houses that you come under its influence most. Here Ogunquit River rises with the tide till it bathes the gray feet of the tottering buildings, and, falling, leaves many a curious shell and limpid jelly-fish and feathery strand of seaweed pressed into the moist, corrugated river-bed. Gnarled, patriarchal willows of gigantic girth, and limbs that stand out like the sinews of a man straining in mortal combat offer perennial shade to the artists, who are to be found at all hours of the day sketching and painting the wonderful symphonies of gray. For wonderful they assuredly are. They play upon the imagination like fairy music. The river and the bridge and the sky and the gleaming sand-dunes, green crested, have perhaps suffered a "sea-change." There are days when you doubt their reality, think them an optical illusion. It is all so un-American in essence, so old-world in accent. The venerable figure of Hiram, the old clam-digger, forking up the tidal harvest from the river-bed, with the stolid skill of lifelong practice, might have been the prototype of some of Millet's Barbizon studies. I sometimes wondered that I never saw him on any of the canvases. The strip of blue-green ocean glimpsed beyond the sand-dunes, a sail afar in the distance—clouds of circling gulls—a boat rid-



THE SURF AT OGUNQUIT



THE BEACH AT OGUNQUIT

ing at anchor under the bridge—the old ruin — the fish-houses — these stereoscopic subjects again and again, but the *genius loci*, never, the absence of man and the preponderance of nature being still a distinctive trait of American landscape painting.

Perkin's Cove was to me my Carcassonne. I was forever being told that I "ought to go there." Day after day I left "The Sparhawk"

with firmest intentions to do so. But the attraction of the surf along the Marginal Way proved too strong and lured me aside, or I became tired with the long walk, or there was an excursion elsewhere—something always prevented.

Once I did follow the indented coast up and down, up and down, along bay-scented paths, until the Cove lay far down beneath me. But a glance was all I was able to carry



THE RACING "WHITE-HORSES"

away with me. For a terrific thunder shower had followed hard at my heels, and inky clouds were painting lurid pictures overhead, and the oily crest of the breakers were pallid

for hermit crabs and star-fish among the barnacled rocks when the tide is out. Very beautiful, and calm, and guileless and devoid of cruel intent. One could look for-



HIRAM THE CLAM-DIGGER

with what was to come. An artist, high on the cliff, was working like one possessed. He did not see me, but as I passed for an instant I caught the expression on his face. It was the look of a man who sees what Robert Hichens calls "That wonderful thing in nature which is God without man."

On the second or third day of "the Line Gale," as the natives call the equinoctial storm, the inmates of all the hotels leave their cheerful open fires, get into raincoats and rubbers and turn out to watch the drama for hours together in the rain, moving only to view from all sides the racing "white horses" charging over the rocks and up the gorges all along the coast. It is a sight not soon forgotten. After a morning so spent one comes to know a little of the awful majesty and terror of the sea. Very different it looks on days one hunts

ever down into the pellucid, green-fringed pools, where crabs and queer unknown salt water insects zig-zag over an amber floor thick studded with barbaric jewels. And yet, looking up and out, you see poetry in every breaking wave. Poetry in the dory off the farther point, where the fisherman is hauling in his lobster trap. Poetry in the youthful couples who come here to sit and build castles, which are unlike all other castles, in that they are never, never to fall.

Charming are all the roads about Ogunquit, alluring and full of historic interest. It is to the old Portsmouth road, however, that one turns oftenest. Hardly a road it could be called now, for grass grows rank and unmolested in the middle, and trees almost touch overhead. But it has been a road, and coaches have rattled along it at a round pace in the olden

time, and people, a full score have passed upon their way, where you now meet but one—a lover of by-ways and birdnotes like yourself. A corduroy road, mossy and soft underfoot, branches off to the left, and following it for a little you presently find yourself emerging upon an elevated ledge, thickly covered with the greenest of overlapping juniper. From this fragrant couch you can look down upon Ogunquit village and watch the stir of life below. People arriving, people returning to the city, little detachments setting out for afternoon bathing on the beach, still others coming back again, driving, and tennis, and that other game where the players are restricted to two—all this you see looking out from among your juniper. Overhead great, filmy cloud ships sail in the blue; lights and shadows play over tree and

meadow and far-away hillside; in the woods behind birds break out into song and trill, and whistle, and carol for mere joy of living. Heady nectar of the gods is every breath you drink in. And always, from beyond the maze of sand-dunes, you hear the voice of the ocean, mystic, yet strangely human, soon to come to you fainter and fainter, as you, too, drive away with longing backward glances.

And when the air no longer is strong with the savour of the sea, and the salt marshes have dropped behind, and the meadows have danced scarlet poppies into view, and the solemn procession of White Mountain peaks marches past, you care not greatly for any of these. For ever, in fancy, you hear the waves breaking upon the gray cliffs of Ogunquit calling, calling you back.

ALBERTA

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

ALL. all is mine, of mountain and of plain;
 Of foothills, swelling to the steadfast sea,
 Of rolling ranges, where the stampede wakes
 A drowsy echo in the distant hills.
 My sons have wandered in the lonely ways,
 Laughing with shadows of their dearest dreams
 Until the silence seized fast their souls
 And visions vanished in the clearer light.
 The test of silence! God's criterion
 Of open hearts at his confessional!
 The meed and merit of their naked worth!
 The making and the breaking of my sons!
 These days are passing. Hark! The measured tread
 Of eager millions marching to my gates;
 Science shall weave her steel-shod, shining ways
 Beside the tardy trails of yesterday.
 Houses shall rise amid the golden fields
 And new-born cities rear their hopeful heads,
 My waters shall be saddled to their use,
 My woodland wealth and mountain anthracite.
 Alberta's birthright! Long neglected, I!
 As some lone virgin-goddess, in whose hands
 Still waits the ready recompense, unclaimed!
 In largess lies my long-sought heritage.

ST. KATE AND THE DRAGON

BY JANE PRATT

OH, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

"No, no, we won't leave you. You keep still. You're all right."

Suddenly on the other side of the bed a man's face. "How is she coming on?"

"You must be the doctor. Your coat is white. Is this a hospital? She says not to talk, but I keep talking. My name is Kate Sears, and if my mother were alive I would send her word that I was all right, but there is nobody who will worry. Only Mr. Clarke might like to know. He's at the office, 70 State Street. Could you tell him? He had an important matter after lunch. What happened to me?"

And on the instant the blessed power to be silent held me close.

"You have had an accident," said the doctor, putting his hand on my wrist, "and it was necessary to operate at once; now we are going to take very good care of you. Yes, I will tell Mr. Clarke."

His kindness dropped gently down on me. The head nurse stayed after he went. I lay watching her and her young assistant moving about. The pain seemed an opiate. By and by somebody pushed up an unfamiliar cotton sleeve. More and more the pain seemed an opiate.

The next morning I accepted everything without wonder or interest. The night nurse came with basin, water, sponge, and towel. I looked for long lines of hospital cots, but I was in a room alone. Later came the doctor. Yes, he had notified Mr.

Clarke. That seemed to lift my only care, the thought of the important letter I was to have written after lunch. I tried to remember a little about the accident, but I found it was too hard work, so gave up.

The doctor, a dark, young fellow, with large, delicately formed hands, looked at me as if studying. Was there anybody to whom I should like to have him write?

No—no. Cousin Fanny was in the mountains, and Cousin George—but no.

He observed that thinking wearied me. "No matter; we won't bother about that now," he said quickly.

As I look back on those first days in the hospital, I seem to have been at that time only a cog in some vast machine. The nurses moved in and out, and the doctor, when he came on his rounds, still studied me with the least bit of a pucker in his forehead. But I was no case of lost identity. I knew that I was Kate Sears, Mr. Clarke's secretary, all alone in the world. The people at the boarding-house had sent to inquire, and Mr. Clarke asked every day over the telephone, the doctor said. For the rest, my back ached, and sharp pains shot through my head, which was bandaged. Sometimes an older man came in and punched and tapped, while my doctor stood by answering an occasional curt question.

But all those first days (I don't know how long it was) I never felt the pity of it, never felt sorry for poor Kate Sears, without a friend in the world to care very much, lying

there with her head bandaged and her back aching.

And then the roses came. The little brown-haired nurse brought them in. She was young, and she held the great mass of crimson jacqueminots pressed against the blue and white of her hospital dress. Her plain face, peeping over them, looked rosy and soft. She smiled as if they fed her youth. Such roses!

"Oh, bring them here, bring them here!" I cried, and gave a quick movement, which sent an agony of pain down my poor back. She put them in my arms, and I buried my face in them. And their loveliness, and the pity of it! I began to cry, even while drinking in their sweetness all the time with a delirium of joy.

"Who sent them? Who sent them?" I asked, yet not much caring.

"There's no card," answered the little nurse, dimpling, "you must ask the doctor."

It was the stereotyped reply to almost all questions, but this time the doctor appeared at once. He looked down at me, smiling at my tears as if I were his favourite child.

"Oh, but Miss Sears, it isn't so bad as all that!"

"Who sent them?" I gasped, fishing under the pillow for my handkerchief.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he said gravely. "They are from the man whose automobile ran over you. I hope you'll enjoy them just as much," and he turned and went out.

The little nurse had brought a tall vase and looked gay and girlish as she arranged the flowers. Ether, bandages, and night duty! The jacqueminots seemed just then to suit her better.

The man and his automobile did not stay in my mind at all. But the roses waked so many memories! The morning my mother died, her single white roses in full bloom beneath her

window, stole softly in. The day I left Broadmeadow to go to the city to earn my living oppressed me. I wondered if the old friends there knew I was hurt. And then I began to think of last Christmas, the first Christmas alone, and of Cousin Fanny's dinner, and of her guests, and of the bitter ache of my loneliness as the courses came and went. Remembering it all, I began to cry again—the nurse was gone now—but very forlornly this time.

And as it happened, the doctor, who apparently had me on his mind, came in again and found me.

"Now this will never do," he said severely. "Evidently, we ought to have confiscated those flowers."

I was ashamed of myself, and tried to say something sensible.

"I think I'm beginning to realise things a little more," I ventured brokenly. "And why is it I'm in this room by myself? You know I have no money, only what I earn. I ought to be in a public ward."

"The room is paid for."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Blagdon."

"The man who ran over me?"

My mind really was awake at last.

"His automobile ran over you. His chauffeur was drunk and alone in it."

He paused and then sat down.

"Is it quite impossible for your aunt to come to the city?" he asked.

"My cousin?"

"Mrs. Greenleaf."

Had I ever told him her name?

"I don't know," I said weakly.

"Why should she?"

"Your cousin's husband is Mr. George Greenleaf, the lawyer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He has an excellent reputation. Would you be willing to put your affairs into his hands?"

"My affairs?"

"My dear Miss Sears," he exclaimed, a little impatiently, "you should have damages for this injury."

"Oh, yes. Could I see Mr. Greenleaf? There is no need to bother Mrs. Greenleaf."

After Cousin George's call came Cousin Fanny's box. Small events loom large in a hospital, great ones look small. It was the little nurse again who brought it in, and we enjoyed it together. I was certainly getting to be a perfect child, and Cousin Fanny had remembered my childhood's colour. A delicate, soft, beribboned pink wrapper lay light and fluffy on the top, as if it were the cream of the whole matter; beneath it were slippers, and novels, and patience cards. Cousin Fanny was certainly very kind.

"This has been a most terrible thing, dear Kate," her note said. "Run down on Washington Street at noon! I was laid up two days after I heard of it. I hope George will secure *heavy* damages, but you know he is much too easy. The doctors may say you are doing well, but you never can tell. You must remember your nervous system. It may never recover. There is a lady in the hotel here . . ." and so on, and so on.

"When can I sit up?" I began to ask the doctor, and he always answered something, kindly and cheerfully, quite as if I were his favourite child. At last and at last the time arrived when I really could—and glad enough I was to be helped back into my clean, white bed again.

One day not long after the doctor came in, with that very little pucker in his forehead, and sat down, which he only did when he had something special to say.

"Miss Sears," he began, "that automobile man is making me a great deal of trouble."

"Automobile man?" I repeated, picturing a persistent agent who over-estimated our hard-working house doctor's income.

"Mr. Blagdon, whose motor car ran you down. He comes to see me every day, and he wishes to see you. I can't understand what right he has.

I don't know anything about the fellow. Why doesn't he go back West, where he belongs? Now he has handed over his check and your uncle is satisfied, that's all that is required of him."

The doctor looked both worried and cross. I was quite unable to get his point of view.

"Miss Sears," he continued, "you're the best patient I ever had. I don't believe you'd have got on half so well if—if you hadn't made up your mind to. We all feel now that you are going to make a complete recovery. In less than a year you ought to be as well as you ever were. But you've got to go through considerable discomfort, and it has certainly been no joke up to now. I wish you felt more resentful toward this fool who nearly knocked the life out of you with his cursed machine."

He glanced at the roses on the little stand. They were great pink ones to-day.

"I don't know," he soliloquised, "but I ought to have cut down on those flowers at the beginning. I really wish your aunt were here," he finished, with the little anxious pucker.

And then his idea dawned upon me. He was trying, awkwardly, to be a sort of chaperon to his poor little patient, all alone in the world.

"You see," he continued, with an effort at an accurate statement of the case, "the young man has been very much wrought up over the whole affair. He's from the West—Kansas, I believe. He can't understand that his money is all you need. It's a kind of obsession with him that he must see you, ask your forgiveness, I suppose. He seems a good, honest fellow. He certainly has taken the thing very hard."

"If he wants to come, Doctor, what harm can it do?"

"Well, if you say so," rising, "but be sure," and this time he smiled, "be sure to show proper resentment."

As it turned out, I showed no re-

sentment at all. If my heart had been heavy with it, it would have been melted away, for the day the doctor allowed Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon, of Kansas, to see his precious patient was the same day that precious patient was wheeled out through the long stone passages of the great old hospital onto the thick green grass of the hospital grounds. It was mid-October now, but the sun was warm, and the sky as blue as June. Oh, what a sky! I had forgotten the sky. Its beauty was almost too great for me. The grass was thick, and soft, and dark. I wished I could press it with my hand. All over the upper part of the great enclosure were the patients, hurried out, every possible one of them, for the benefit of the warm, quiet October day. And among them I had not only the weight of the beauty of the day upon my poor, unused personalty, I had to take up, too, the consciousness of myself. I seemed such a little, brown thing! The bandages were off my head now, but my braided hair hung down each shoulder. The frivolous pink wrapper was well covered up with a big, dark hospital blanket. I felt so weak, and so frightened, almost, under the wide, beautiful sky in that hospital blanket that I closed my eyes to shut out the wonder and the fear.

And when I opened them the doctor was coming toward me, the doctor and another young man who looked sturdy and square-shouldered beside him. And then was the time I should have felt the resentment, for this was Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon, of Kansas, I knew at once, and he was straight and well-made, with a smooth-shaven, sunburnt face, and a shock of auburn hair—he carried his hat in his hand, —while I lay with my poor, useless back, pain-racked and shaken, under the hospital blanket.

"Miss Sears, this is Mr. Blagdon," said the doctor.

The young man had been walking with his eyes down, but now he raised them and looked steadily at me. Then

a kind of dumb, helpless misery suffused his face. He appeared as if he were going to say something to me, but instead, after a pause, he turned to the doctor, with, "I am most happy that Miss Sears can be out to-day."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I'm very glad."

They both seemed stiff and awkward and unnecessarily solemn, and I felt a glimmer of returning responsibility, enveloped though I was in the big hospital blanket.

"It is very kind of you to call, Mr. Blagdon, and I wish, I wish," I finished frivolously, "I could ask you to sit down."

"You see we furnish chairs only to our patients out here," added the doctor, more lightly than before.

"I—I—prefer to stand in your presence, Miss Sears. I—it's useless to talk; it's too serious a matter for talking about, but if anything I could do, any sort of thing, could make you more comfortable, stronger,"—he broke off, his eyes were full of tears.

The doctor looked embarrassed. This outspoken feeling distressed him as a man and a New Englander. As a physician, he entirely disapproved of it. But to tell the truth, it made more of a woman of me than I had felt myself for a long time. Everybody had been taking care of me. Here was somebody who needed a little comfort.

"Oh, but you mustn't feel so," I pleaded. "They are fixing me up so nicely here. I'm to be as well as ever before very long. And you couldn't help your chauffeur getting tipsy."

"I refused to pay his fine," he blurted out, savagely. "A fine for a dastardly piece of work like that! And I've sold the blasted car—but precious little good that'll do you."

"I don't know how I shall feel when I get better and at work again, but so far, for the most part, I haven't had much emotion at all. You see," I continued, smiling up at the doctor, "they use antiseptics here

to keep out all emotions. Dr. Brand never allows them."

The young man looked at Dr. Brand doubtfully.

"I'm afraid," hesitating, "I shan't be admitted again if I've broken all the rules the first time."

"Oh, yes, you must come up the very next unpleasant day, when we shall be inside, we patients, and there'll be a chair to sit on."

"Then I'll go now to prove I'm trying to deserve your kindness. Would you mind shaking hands to show, to show," he rallied bravely, "you'll think as well of me as you can."

The doctor was silent, except for necessary questions, on his evening visit, but I was a bit excited and wanted to talk.

"Did you think I was too cordial to Mr. Blagdon?" I asked.

"Well, I was wondering what you would have done if he had smashed you to a jelly," he joked.

"Oh, it wasn't that. It was because he was so sorry, and you were so stiff with him."

The doctor grunted, and asked me to turn on my right side.

But I was not to be silenced.

"You know," I continued, "it's just as I told you this afternoon. My ideas have been sterilised a little too much of late. I do need some healthy spiritual germs."

The doctor laughed.

"I'll have to tell that to Dr. Dana. He'll think that's great. Just the line he's working on."

After that Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon came often afterwards. If the day was dull and cold I was in the pink wrapper in my room. If it was warm and bright I was shrouded in the gray blanket and he was comfortably seated on the grass. The doctor gave up all responsibility, quite washed his hands of the whole matter; the nurses joked, but that did not trouble me in the least. The other patients who saw him on the outdoor days regarded him with a pathetic favour.

He seemed to bring health and cheer among the shattered folk.

As for me, as I told myself, I did not mind him at all. Which meant that his frequent visits seemed the most natural thing in the world. I began by considering him very much of a boy, and that idea did not depart when we discovered that we were of the same age.

He evidently had made a compact with himself not to speak any more of his sorrow and remorse over my condition. His theory apparently was that I needed to be amused. And he certainly amused me. The stories he told—of his college days, of his experiences in his father's mines, of his sisters, and of his boyhood. He evidently thought his father a very remarkable man, but held a half-concealed opinion that he did not fully understand his only son. As to his mother, he adored her. His ambitions were apparently vague. He thought he could help his father a lot more if he would let him.

It was just a time all by itself. He continued to send me flowers. He brought me books. When I returned one after reading it, he looked distressed, miserable.

"You are not willing to keep it?" he asked, with a sharp pain in his voice. "I—I don't wonder."

"I should like it very much," I said, quickly, and the others that he brought I kept.

If I did not think of the future, I never had thought of the future since I came to the great stone hospital. The autumn rains were setting in, but he still remained in the East, and his reddish hair seemed an individual brand of sunshine, especially good for convalescents. When the doctor came in while he was there they spoke of me with a mutual pride in my improvement. The doctor still had at times that little pucker in his forehead, but it was evident that he could not dislike Mr. Blagdon, of Kansas.

I do not know how much longer it might have gone on if he had not had

a telegram announcing his mother's serious illness. He came to me as soon as he received it. He was pale and quiet.

"I must start West this evening, but I cannot go without telling you I must look after you always. It is all I think of. You must promise to marry me."

"Oh, no," I gasped. He grew whiter and his face looked rigid. "You do not care for me?"

"Oh, yes, yes, but not that. It would not be right. You pity me. You blame yourself. You have been very much distressed by the whole thing. Oh, no, no!" I covered my face with my hands.

He came nearer.

"You do care for me!" he said, eagerly.

"It wouldn't be right. Think how ridiculous! Just because your automobile ran over me! Anybody would see it was ridiculous. A young man like you!"

"I'm two months older than you are," he sulked.

"Oh, but you haven't had such a hard time as I have."

"I had a hard enough time after that confounded accident, when they kept you for three days on the dangerous list—and now," there was a little catch in his voice and he turned his head away.

I knew how much he loved his mother, and I reached out and took hold of his hand.

He turned toward me quickly.

"Oh, I do love you, just you. It's not because I've hurt your poor back. If I could only take care of you!"

He leaned toward me, a sweet yearning and gentleness through all his young strength. I felt myself yielding, yielding.

But something answered for me, "No, no."

He started to go; I felt he could not speak. But at the door he turned and faced me again. I saw he had somehow pulled himself to-

gether. There was a bit of whimsical smile about his lips, though his eyes were grave.

"I shall come back," he said, "when you are stronger. I'm afraid it won't be good for you to fight you too much now. Good-bye."

And he was gone.

I put my head down on the pillow of my little hospital bed, and the thorns of one of his roses caught in my hair. It was very lonely.

And just then Cousin Fanny came in.

"Well," she ejaculated, "the way they let you wander about this place and find your own way! If it hadn't been for that nice-looking young man who directed me so carefully! They said you had a caller. Was it he? And who is he?"

"Mr. Blagdon, whose automobile ran over me," I faltered.

"Well, of all the impudence!" exclaimed my cousin, remembering at last to embrace me.

"My dear," she continued, "you certainly do look much better than I expected to see you. I always told you that as long as you didn't go into mourning you might as well wear something becoming. But why is this strange man calling on you? Do you think it quite?"—she stopped and looked at me with a more penetrating gaze than I had ever seen on poor Cousin Fanny's face.

"He won't any more. He's gone home to Kansas. He's been very kind."

For once Cousin Fanny was silent, but not for long.

"Well, he ought to be," she snapped. "George thought he was very liberal about the money. He must be rich. But I told him no matter *how* much he paid I never should think it was enough. But you certainly are looking better than I expected to see you. If you only can keep your nervous system from breaking down! This is a good room, but how bare they do have them!

"Well, now, Kate," she went on,

"I've been talking with the doctor—he was called away or I think he'd have come up with me to show me the way—and he says you are going to get completely well, and that you are quite able to be moved any time, and your uncle and I want you to come to us right off, as soon as I get the house running. Mary Foley is coming back, but Bridget has gone to Ireland."

*

A few days afterwards I was installed with ceremony in Cousin Fanny's best guest-room, freshened and crisped to its prettiest in honour of me, poor me, too forlorn then for much gratitude.

I missed the regular routine of the hospital, with its cheerful, impersonal helpfulness. I missed the tonic acidity of the head nurse, and my special little nurse's funny ways, and dear Dr. Brand's railing kindness. I looked at Cousin Fanny's knick-knacks and longed for bare walls. But, most of all, I missed Nathaniel Blagdon.

There was no letter from him. My back still ached. As well as ever in a year? What did they know about that? The truth of the matter is I was a selfish, self-pitying, irritable, unhappy young woman. Cousin George and Cousin Fanny were kindness itself, but Cousin Fanny's advice made me wild. It usually was poor, but none the less well-intentioned because of that.

Mrs. Knightley it was who showed me how to save the day. Mrs. Knightley has a summer house in Broadmeadow, but I suppose I should never have really known her if she had not walked in upon me one afternoon when I was at my lowest, back aching, and heart aching, and only wishing I could die. She was like a sunny day, with a sea breeze in it. Clever, original, lively, awfully good fun, we called her in Broadmeadow, and we were always glad when she and the robins arrived in the spring; but she's a strong angel of the Lord,

is Mrs. Knightley, and I found it out in Cousin Fanny's best guest-room.

There's a cut-glass lavender-water bottle there that will always remind me that self-pity is deadly, and a lavender eiderdown puff that will preach courage and a hard control every time I look at it. Somehow or other she made me ashamed of myself, she dared me to maintain a good fight. She stuck by while the struggle was on, too, and buoyed me up when I was bruised and sore after a bad fall. What if my back did ache? It was going to get over it before long. Alone in the world? Nobody was alone. Never see Nathaniel Blagdon again? Well, supposing I never did? I'd got to live somehow, and I might as well make as good a try at it as possible.

It was a hard winter. The worst of it was that I was such a miserable, half-sick thing. There was a picture of St. George and the Dragon at the right of the dressing-table, just beyond the cut-glass bottle, that I used to look at and think about a good deal. There must have been times in the fight when the dragon seemed to be getting the best of it, and how did St. George look then?

It is queer what tremendous efforts we put forth to gain a fair degree of decent behaviour. By spring I was much better, able to walk about the public garden and take a vivid interest in the appearance of the tulips and swan boats, and even soon to do a little shopping down town. I was really getting some colour. I played cribbage with Cousin George evenings and entered with a good show of zest into Cousin Fanny's plans for refurnishing the drawing-room.

*

And now it is the May after the accident. I am almost as strong as ever, and when Mrs. Knightley came to Broadmeadow to open her house she persuaded me to let her open our old house, and dry it, and sun it, and

air it, and put Mary Pringle into it. So here I am in my own room, the great South Chamber, sitting by the open window, where I can hear a humble bee buzzing in the crooked old apple-tree by the back porch. The contorted, low-drooping branches are covered with pink and white blossoms, whose odour comes in between the curtains. It is as if some gorgeous queen's cloak, heavy with jewels and perfume, had been thrown over a poor beggar woman, bent double with racking pains, standing at the gate.

Yesterday I was sitting in the sunshine on the south steps, feeling endlessly old (I'm twenty-seven), but strong, and quite equal to making the best of things. The sun was the warmest sun, just soaking in, and I was looking at the bent trunk and twisted branches of the old apple-tree, covered then, only yesterday, with the roundest, hardest-looking pink buds among the tender green leaves, and reflecting that we were alike, the apple-tree and I, all our racking troubles over, and basking in the sun. I remember there were some robins flying about very officiously, and a little toad jumped out from under the steps and blinked at me in a funny, shrewd way.

And just then Mrs. Knightley came

into the yard, bare-headed, and quick, and eager.

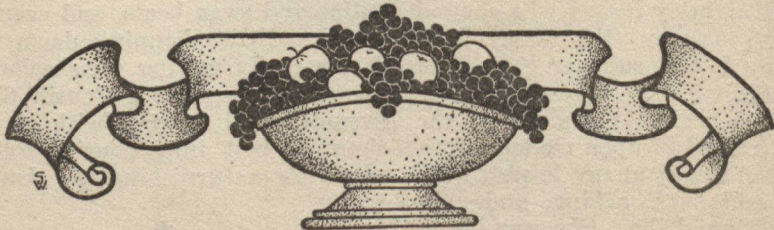
"My dear, you must come over to lunch with us this minute. It's a friend of Charlie's just come. You don't need to do a thing; you look as *nice!* At *once*, or the chops will be spoiled!"

Oh, it's too absurd to tell, quite too absurd! Charlie's friend, *Charlie's* friend, what did she mean? It was *my* friend. It was Nathaniel Blagdon.

Oh, well, why should one get so excited about that? The world, as people are always saying, is very small. It was, as I told myself, a little unsteadily, nothing so unheard of.

As to Mr. Blagdon, he was very quiet through that luncheon and afterwards. He walked home with me and told me about his mother's recovery, and a little about the business his father was putting into his hands now. He seems older and graver, but when he laughs it is just as dear. I wonder if he will come to call to-day.

I don't care about writing any more. I will go and sit in the sun on the south steps. If the little toad comes out I will ask him to tell my fortune. He looks such a knowing little toad!



FREDERICTON AND ITS LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

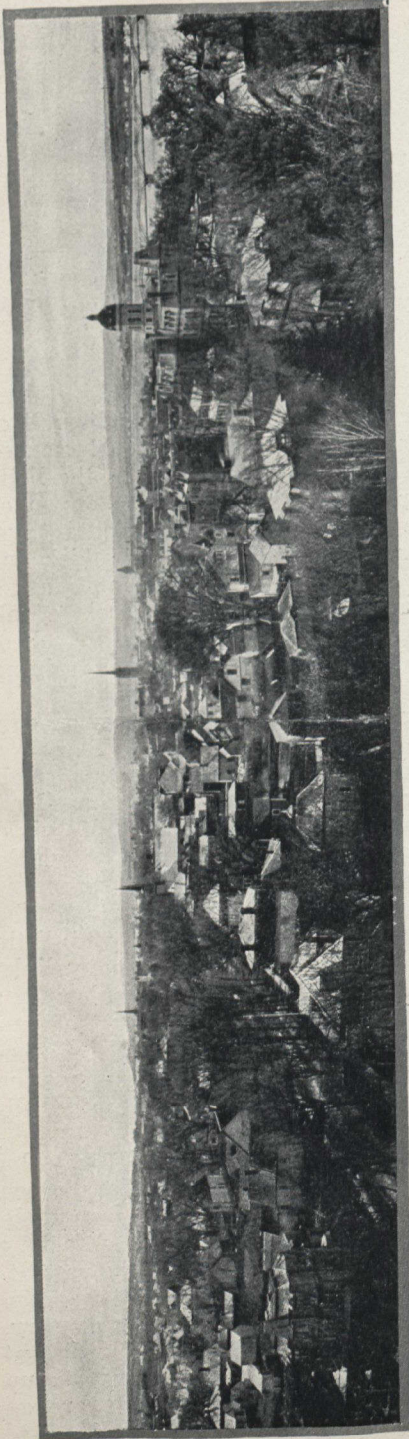
BY EMILY P. WEAVER

LITTLE Fredericton, nestling amongst its elms, in the green valley of the St. John, combines within itself many diverse charms. To borrow the description of one of its own citizens, it is "a most complete little city." With this epithet in mind, one catches oneself wondering at each fresh proof of the completeness of this, the smallest of Canada's provincial capitals, as one delights in the delicate finish of a tiny model of some ancient building or complex piece of mechanism. Surely, Fredericton has everything—except rattling street cars and dangerous crossings—which a city and a capital ought to possess. It has so much that many people find in it ample compensations for that lack of mere bigness, which some of us usually confound with greatness.

Of course, the city has its Government Buildings and its Parliament Buildings, erected some twenty-five years ago, in place of the older legislative halls, which had echoed to the eloquence of Wilmot and his fellow-Reformers in their long fight for responsible government. It has, too, its handsome old Government House, the scene in its day of many brilliant functions, and, later, the home and training school for the deaf and dumb of the Province. On the rising ground behind the town stands the home of the University of New Brunswick, a lineal descendant of a college of New

Brunswick, which received its charter in the year 1800. On its roll of graduates are many names, honoured in circles far distant from the little capital, but it is only the crown of New Brunswick's educational system, and Fredericton (of which one of the earliest institutions was a grammar school) has schools of all grades, including a Collegiate school and a Normal school, for the training of teachers. Another kind of training school is that for military officers, housed in Fredericton's old Barracks, and "the red-coats" of this small garrison—if we may call it so—lend their picturesque touch of vivid colour to streets and throngs, which, without them, would be by no means sombre. The Court House and the City Hall, the Hospital, and little Wilmot Park are all so many links in the city's claim to completeness; and, last, but not least, may be mentioned the small, but beautiful, Cathedral, built by Bishop Medley some fifty years ago and very recently badly damaged by fire.

Fredericton is withal a calm little city of blooming gardens, green lawns, and high, blue skies, unobscured as yet by the reek of factory chimneys. The waters of the vast St. John serve still, as in the days when all the Province was Indian country, as a noiseless highway to far distant regions, and along the broad stream sweep ever the fresh, pure breezes from the fields and forests. Thus, to



THE CAPITAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK

GENERAL VIEW OF FREDERICTON

shy dwellers in the still country, who would grow bewildered in one of the brick-and-mortar wildernesses, which nowadays seems the typical city, small, peaceful Fredericton bears a friendly aspect; and there many an old farmer, grown weary of his fields, spends the evening of his life in placid content.

Yet, once a week, at least, the quiet is broken. The Saturday market-day brings stir and life and business to the stores and the streets. By seven o'clock on Saturday evening Queen Street, parallel with the river, has become a veritable promenade. A procession of smart buggies, occupied for the most part by lads and lasses agreed as to the old adage that "two is company and three none," pass and repass on the roadway. Less exclusive throngs jostle each other good-humouredly on the sidewalks, dividing their attention between the bright shop-windows and the attractions of their fellow-saunterers. Of course, the same scene may be enjoyed on a Saturday evening in any other prosperous little centre of a district devoted to agriculture; but the stranger would be greatly at fault (as visiting strangers are apt to be) if, judging by such a scene, he classed Fredericton as a mere country town.

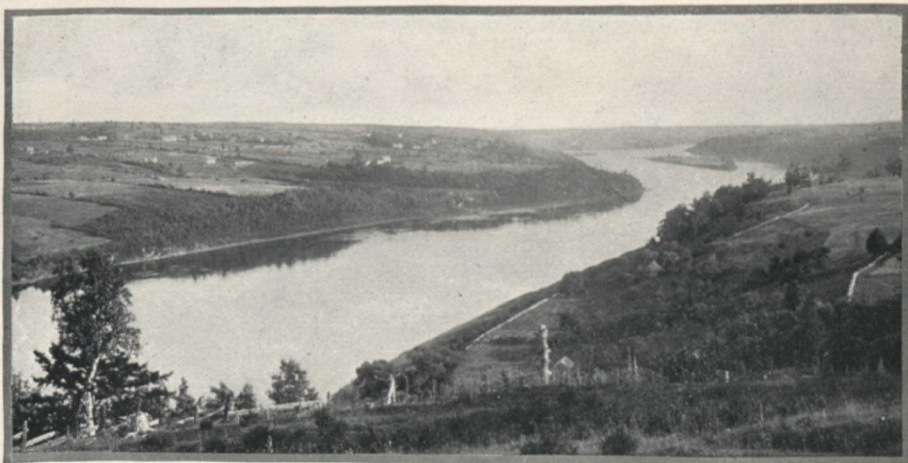
The fact that it is and always has been a capital city has impressed upon Fredericton that aristocratic dignity, which the consciousness of rank gives alike to individuals and communities. Fredericton has a history—a long history, as the term applies in Canada—shading off, as all histories and scenes must shade off, into a dim, half-imaginary background.

In this case the background is one of primeval forest, haunted with big game and red warriors; but, to the very horizon, of three centuries ago, we can trace the noble river, flecked with the dim shapes of lightly-dancing birch canoes, which seem to be of the very essence of the poetry of the wilderness. Other relics of the race

we have displaced often hold suggestions gruesome or sordid, but the canoe is the graceful symbol of all that was fairest in the Indians of old—their untaught instinct for

put up even the roughest sort of houses, and the foundations of the city were laid in misery and anguish of spirit.

Now, Fredericton prides itself on



THE ST. JOHN RIVER ABOVE FREDERICTON

beauty, their wild daring, their passion for liberty, and often and often the broad breast of the St. John has borne up a whole flotilla of these fairy skiffs. And still to-day the white men who have succeeded to the heritage of the red—the citizens who occupy the Indians' old camping ground—love nothing better than to entrust their canoes (rarely now made of birch-bark) to the swift current of the great river, or to go exploring in the more sheltered reaches of its tributary streams, the Nashwaak or the Oromocto.

Acadian fugitives from Nova Scotia were the first white settlers at St. Anne's Point, as the site of New Brunswick's capital was then called, and they used to gather for worship in a little rude chapel near the spot where Government House now stands. But the modern city of Fredericton, like that of St. John, owes its existence to the Loyalists. The town was laid out in 1784, the year following the great Loyalist exodus from New York, but it was a difficult task to

a winter climate far more "steady" than that of the coast towns of New Brunswick. Often when St. John is wreathed with mists or drenched by furious rains, the capital, sixty miles away, is enjoying the crisp, invigorating atmosphere of keen frost. And the mid-winter frosts of Fredericton are keen enough to grip the mighty river with a grasp of ice, and for weeks there is a glassy highway for the flying sleighs, till in the spring the river comes to its own again, with a rush and a roar. Then it flings its ice prison in fragments against the great bridge at Fredericton, till it is a marvel that any work of man can withstand the fury of the onslaught. It is a fascinating sight to see the river in its hour of revolt against its usurping winter-tyrant. It asserts grandly its inalienable right to liberty, but none the less the frost-king has had his triumph, and for weeks the river has lain at his feet, bound, helpless, voiceless.

But not only over the river does

the Frost-spirit exercise his dread magic. He turns the earth to iron, the winds to sharp-edged swords, and woe to the weak mortal who presumes to measure strength with him. Those early Loyalists, in their first months at Fredericton, felt the fierceness of his wrath. Their little crazy huts

have a collection of such old letters, which show what manner of folk the Loyalists were, not only in battle and council, but in such disheartening tasks as building new homes in the wilderness, often late in life. We see them—women, as well as men—at their own firesides, at their dinner-



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, FREDERICTON

DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS]

became the harsh prisons of ill-nourished, half-clad women and tender children, and many a time death visited them, armed with arrows of piercing cold.

On the whole, however, the Loyalists were of the stern stuff that can suffer and endure and from defeat wring victory. They were a resourceful folk, many of whom had served their apprenticeship in the struggle with nature in New England, and had learned to force subsistence out of a grudging land. Thus, in the rich valley of the St. John, their triumph was only a question of time, and the old letters of the period often reveal a brave gaiety of spirit, which foreshadows victory.

In the "Winslow Papers," ably edited by Rev. W. O. Raymond, we

tables, entertaining friends, or joining in the more general festivity of some ancient, humble ball-room. We even learn something of the cost and trouble at which was obtained the finery so dear to their brave old hearts. We get glimpses into their housekeeping, troubled at times by the unruliness of black "boys" or slaves. We discover that most of the luxuries of life, even books, came from the Old Land, and we find piteous entreaties for something—anything—to read.

It was Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of New Brunswick, who decided that Frederic's Town (as he named the place in honour of a royal duke) should be the capital; and still the larger city at the mouth of the river can hardly forgive him

for his blindness to its superior claims. To balance this, one hopes the Frederictonians are properly grateful to the stubborn old Governor, to whom they owe the greater

hopes and outworn ambitions lie side by side with the poor mortals whom they lured and tortured during life. Here and there, amongst the crowd of humble headstones, moss-grown



OFFICERS' SQUARE AND OLD BARRACKS

part of their city's marvellous completeness.

Naturally, the seat of Government is largely the centre of intellectual and social life, and hence, no doubt, the fact that Fredericton can boast a larger number of literary associations than is usual with a town of its small population. Looking through a bibliography of works bearing on New Brunswick or written by authors who had spent some part of their lives in the Province, I was amazed to find how many persons, having some connection with Fredericton, have been haunted with literary ambitions. Many of the names have only been brought to light by the most painstaking research, and, turning over the list of these forgotten writers, one seems to be wandering through a cemetery, where dead

and scarcely legible, one comes on some more magnificent monument, which, at least for a moment, catches one's attention, though it by no means follows that its subject was worthier than many who sleep beneath grassy, unmarked mounds.

Chronologically, one of the earliest Frederictonians who won a reputation with his pen was the first Provincial Secretary, Reverend Jonathan Odell. He lived in Fredericton for nearly thirty years, but his literary work belonged to an earlier time, when, in the heat of the American Revolution, he used his pen, an effective weapon, on the British side. His style was pungent, his verses bitterly satirical, but his story, as sketched in Tyler's "Literary History of the Revolution," accounts for some acerbity. A descendant of New Eng-

land Puritans, he was in turn doctor, clergyman, and politician. He deplored the action of the British ministry in taxing the colonies, but did not go far enough to suit the hotter "Patriots." After suffering various insults, he was forced to escape to New York, which he might

Loyalist's death there was born in Fredericton a boy named John Foster Kirk, who became secretary to the American historian Prescott, and himself wrote a history of "Charles the Bold." Amongst other writers on serious subjects who have lived for longer or shorter periods in the small



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE

never have reached had not a Quakeress concealed him, when hard pressed, in a dark and secret nook contrived for such emergencies behind the shelves of her linen closet. Throughout the war Odell cheered on the Loyalists with his rhymes, and was long happily convinced that the "mock-States," with their "mock-money" and "mock-troops," would all melt away together. When at last this prediction proved to be hopelessly at fault, the poet turned his back on his native New England, and gave his energies to building up a new British Province in the north, where to the last he showed himself, as Tyler says, "a proud, gritty member of a political party that had been defeated, but never conquered or convinced."

A few years after the staunch old

capital might be mentioned Dr. George R. Parkin and William Francis Ganong, who has worked both in the fields of history and science.

Of story-writers, there is special reason in connection with Fredericton in mentioning the name of Juliana Horatia Ewing, not so much on account of the value of her work, though her books for children are as graceful and dainty and quaintly humorous as the most charming of the little people for whom she wrote; but because her letters from her "Canada Home," which have been published comparatively recently, give a most delightful picture of life in Fredericton forty years ago.

Incidentally, the bright, unconventional young lady, impulsive, whimsical, imaginative as a child, and her musical husband, both ready to en-

joy to the full life under its new aspects, must have been a great acquisition to the society of Fredericton during the two years of their sojourn there. Major Ewing came to Fred-

ance in fuel." But this "Reka Dom," as Mrs. Ewing christened it (the name is Russian for "River House") commanded such a view of the St. John that more practical con-



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

FREDERICTONIANS ARE JUSTLY
PROUD OF THIS EDIFICE AND PARK

eriction in some capacity connected with the garrison, having just married Juliana Gatty, the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, and one of a family of eight brothers and sisters. Already the bride—a tiny, golden-haired woman, with "deep eyes"—had won a reputation in her special field of work; and she wrote several of her stories at Fredericton. But she was no recluse. She enjoyed the society of the place and its amusements, and I fear that on the other side, "society" must have derived a wicked pleasure from the little lady's queer experiments in housekeeping.

On their first arrival, the couple established themselves in an old house of twenty-one rooms, so difficult to heat that as that useful factotum, the orderly, declared, "it would take a major-general's allow-

siderations seem to have sunk into insignificance. Moreover, it was near the Cathedral, which Mrs. Ewing learned to love almost as much as the River and the trees, which are the glory of Fredericton; and the ferry-boat (for it was before the building of the great bridge) stopped opposite their front door. The Ewings made no attempt to furnish their great house (which, by the way, still stands) in any regular fashion. They appear rather to have camped in it, and when they gave a dinner-party, they had to borrow right and left, glass and china and candlesticks, whereby hangs a harrowing tale. The dinner, enlivened doubtless by the sparkling wit of the hostess, was a brilliant success until, at the end of the evening, an extraordinary uproar was heard from the kitchen. Going to see what was the matter, Mrs.



THE FORMER HOME AT FREDERICTON OF THE POET BLISS CARMAN

Ewing found the orderly and a "borrowed butler" engaged in a stand-up fight amongst the debris of the borrowed china, whilst the cook, half-intoxicated, lay in the corner, "a heap of smoking ruins," having crammed a lighted pipe into her pocket.

Mrs. Ewing threw herself with enthusiasm into Canadian ways and Canadian sports. In winter, when the dry, powdery snow covered the fields she and her husband went sleigh-riding or snow-shoeing. In summer they explored the woods for new flowers, and learned to paddle their own canoe on the river by day or night. On one moonlight evening, Mrs. Ewing writes that they "lay to" in the Nashwaaksis, close to a great bull-frog; on another they came down the St. John with the current, their canoe and thirteen others being lashed together, whilst

the Major, who was choirmaster at the Cathedral, led the singing, with his paddle for conductor's baton. They both loved the glories of colour in the Canadian landscape; and Mrs. Ewing tried to reproduce them in water-colour, but found the rich tints baffling. She was nothing if not courageous, however, and she often organised sketching parties during her brief residence in Fredericton. Some of her sketches, including views of her beloved Cathedral and the Old Barracks, where Major Ewing had his office, are reproduced in the volume describing her Canadian home, to which I have referred.

Fredericton surely has some mysterious appeal to the poetic side of many minds. Of those half-forgotten writers of early days several strove to express themselves in verse, whilst in more recent years, new poets have arisen not likely to be for-

gotten while interest in Canadian literature continues to grow as it has grown during the last few decades.

Of these later singers of the St. John, of its woods and wild-flowers, of its wide salt-marshes and the weird, terrible sea, the best known are akin in more than their genius and their common love of Nature as she reveals herself in the lovely land of their birth. Bliss Carman, the richly-gifted Roberts family, and Barry Straton are all cousins and great-grandchildren of a certain Judge Bliss, who was a cousin of the American philosopher and essayist Emerson. All were educated in the schools of Fredericton, several of the cousins attended the University of New Brunswick, and all are endowed with some share of the poet's gift. Now most of this wonderful "nest of singing-birds" have left their old haunts for a wider, busier world, but still one representative of the family remains, Mrs. Macdonald, who is herself a poet.

The two most widely famed members of this melodious clan, Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman, have not confined themselves to verse. They have plied the pen in many ways. Mr. Carman has been editor and essayist, as well as poet, but it is his verses, with their haunting phrases and wonderful word pictures, which seem to belong most intimately to the quiet home of his boyhood and to the streams, along which

used to flash his far-famed "Red Swan."

As for Charles Roberts, he has won honours in history and fiction, with tales of old times and stories of animals, but, if I mistake not, poetry was his first love, and in the poetry of our country many would accord him the rank of laureate.

Little Fredericton has every right to be proud of her poets, and we may well believe that they are proud of her. Who could paint her more attractively than does Roberts, in his lines "To Fredericton in Maytime," which strangely mingles the sweetness of spring with longing memories of summer?—

"This morning, full of breezes and perfume,
 Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,
 When bees and birds and I are glad together,
 Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom
 Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
 Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows,
 Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows,
 The yellow willows, full of bees and bloom.
 Under their dusty blossoms blackbirds meet,
 And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
 Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
 The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
 The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet,
 Yet not quite satisfied is my desire."



THE KING'S WATCHFOB

A STORY OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

I DID not have long to wait, so I knew the matter must be of importance. The outer room was crowded, yet on presenting my card I could see by the searching glance I received from the secretary in attendance and the alacrity with which he delivered it that I was expected. He reappeared almost immediately, and many envious glances were cast on me by the waiting importunates, among whom, as I hastened to obey the summons, I recognised several members of the Upper House and one Cabinet Minister. As I entered, the Prime Minister looked up from the document he was perusing and motioned me to a chair. He appended his signature, added a postscript, placed it in an envelope, and carefully sealed it. He regarded me intently from under his shaggy brows for fully half a minute, and then he spoke.

"Captain Forbes," he said, "you don't waste time."

I hastened to assure him that none of my colleagues did so when the Government service was in question. Our time belonged to it.

"I am going to entrust you with a very important mission," he said, "perhaps a dangerous one. You know Dublin?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was quartered there with my regiment eight years ago."

He opened a drawer in his desk, and took from it a square package.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "I want

you to leave for there by the night mail from Euston. I need not ask you if I can trust you with a secret."

I assured him that was unnecessary. He took up the package.

"This," he said, "contains the State jewels, which were stolen from Dublin Castle. You no doubt have heard of the theft."

Who, indeed, had not. The newspapers at the time had been full of it, their recovery despaired of, and many prominent people, peers and government officials, some of them my intimate acquaintances, suspected of the crime. To say I was astonished was to put it mildly. He smiled at my undisguised surprise, and continued:

"I do not believe in leaving in the dark a man whom I trust." (I bowed my appreciation.) "So I am going to tell you all about it. You will be surprised to hear that it is more or less an international affair. As you may remember at the time, the Lord-Lieutenant had as a guest a certain young Prince, you know whom I mean?" (I nodded my assent.) "Well," he continued, "that young Prince is a practical locksmith; our secret service found that out, and, having the run of the castle, he found the opportunity of committing the theft. He was, of course, never suspected; in fact, was the last person on whom suspicion did fall. Upon investigation, we discovered that he is in love with a beautiful woman of the actress type, whom he has housed

in a sort of splendour at Angoulême, in France, the Prince having rented a chateau at Jarnac, quite adjacent. We discovered that this woman had taken all the stones of value out of their settings, and had them reset to suit her fancy. The old settings we discovered, some having been pawned in Bordeaux, some in Royan, and some in Cognac. Having located them, it was an easy matter to get them back. Our secret service saw to that. The lady was cleverly robbed, and all the jewels in their original settings are in this package."

He paused, and handed the package to me.

"A smart piece of work, sir," I said; "but I don't quite see what danger I incur in delivering them to the officials at Dublin Castle."

The Premier looked suddenly grave.

"I trust none," he said, "but I warn you to be on your guard. Three of our secret service men had charge of their recovery from that woman, and only one of them returned to London. Watson, a Scotland Yard man, was murdered in Tours, and Bowers—you knew him, I think—has been waylaid in some way in Paris. The Prince, you know, as heir to the throne; though kept low in funds by his father, hence I suppose his incentive for theft, has tremendous influence, and has put the secret service of his country to the task of recovering the jewels. They missed the mark in Watson and Bowers, as the third man, little Caswell—you know him also, I think—had them in his possession, and got them safely through. The Prince apparently will stop at nothing to get them back; his blind infatuation for that woman has turned his brain."

I ventured to suggest that if the recovery of the jewels was publicly made known, that the Prince would desist in his efforts, advocating at the same time the cause of several

Castle officials who had lost their positions incidental to the robbery.

"That is unfortunately what we cannot do," said the Premier. "Our relations are already somewhat strained with the country to which the Prince belongs, and such an act on our part might precipitate a war. No, we must go slow, and if possible replace them without a breath of suspicion from the public falling on the Prince. Here is a letter to the Chief Secretary of Ireland. He is the only person outside the secret service who knows anything of the matter."

He handed me the envelope he had so carefully sealed.

"That is all, I think," he added, extending his hand, which I respectfully shook and withdrew.

To me the mission appeared a simple one, and it was with unmixed feelings of delight that I anticipated my visit to Dublin, where I had some warm friends, contracted during my period of soldiering in that hospitable city.

Leaving Downing Street, I hailed the first hansom that offered, giving my rooms in Half Moon Street as my destination. Pondering deeply over my interview with the Prime Minister and the cause and effect of the Dublin Castle robbery, I took no thought of my bearings, until suddenly looking up, I found to my astonishment that I was crossing Waterloo Bridge. Surely I had made no mistake in my directions to the driver? Remembering the mission I was on, and the Premier's advice, I raised my cane, and, cautiously opening the little door in the roof of the hansom, took stock of my *Jehu*. Yes, upon close inspection, there was no doubt he was a foreigner. His high cheek bones, blond hair, and florid complexion betrayed his nationality. That the Prince's emissaries were daring and unscrupulous there was now no doubt. Leaning far forward, I looked behind us, and was not surprised to see that we were being closely followed by another hansom, con-

taining two men, unmistakably of the same nationality as my driver. My experiences of later years, whilst following my present calling, had sharpened my wits, and, seizing the opportunity, as my hansom got blocked in a crush at the end of the bridge, I cautiously sprang out, and, dodging swiftly through the moving vehicles, darted into a 'bus bound for Charing Cross. Fearing to return to my rooms, as I knew I was now a marked man, I left the 'bus in the Strand, and, engaging a hansom, whose driver looked above suspicion, I drove straight to the Naval and Military Club in Piccadilly. From there I telephoned to my rooms, and in less than an hour my servant had delivered to the club a suit case containing everything I should need for my journey and short sojourn in Dublin. I kept within the precincts of the club until the hour of my departure, and, having secured the package containing the jewels, and the letter, to a belt which I wore beneath my waist coat, and enveloping myself in an Inverness Cape, I hailed a cab, and in less than half an hour was the sole occupant of a first-class smoking carriage in the Irish mail. A liberal trip to the guard of the train had secured me that privilege.

Having provided myself with some light refreshments at the club, I found no necessity to leave the train at either Crewe or Chester, and a good book enabled me to pleasantly kill the time until we were within ten miles of Holyhead. Knowing that we were nearing the terminus, I was in the act of consulting my watch, when a sudden jerk, accompanied by a tearing and grinding sound, brought the train, which was fortunately slowing down, to a standstill. In a moment all was confusion, and, leaning out of the window, I ascertained from one of the frightened passengers that some sleepers had been thrown across the rails, nearly derailing the locomotive. Fearing I should miss connection with the Mail

Boat, I hailed the approaching guard, who was running down the line of cars, accompanied by an officer in naval uniform, beseeching the passengers to keep their seats, as the obstacle, having been removed, the train was about to proceed. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that the mails had already gone forward, as delay might invalidate the Irish mail contract, and the boat would more than probably leave before we reached the pier. More than annoyed at the delay, which would now entail a loss of twelve hours, I swore roundly at railroads in general, my views being shared by the naval officer, who begged for a seat in my compartment, as the other smoking carriage was crowded. Nothing loth, I asked the guard to open the door, and in a few minutes the train was once more on the move.

My companion, I discovered, was a junior lieutenant, in command of a torpedo boat lying at Holyhead, and at present engaged in the Spring manœuvres. His boat was part of the defending fleet, which had anchored the preceding day. He was a pleasant fellow, and on learning that I had been in the army, we soon fraternised, and I was glad to avail myself of his offer to visit his ship, and partake of his hospitality. I did not relish the idea of knocking about Holyhead in the dead of the night with the objects of my mission on my person, and a British man-of-war, albeit a small one, was as safe a place as I could have wished. He told me that he had been paying a visit to some people in the neighbourhood, close to where the accident had occurred, and gave me to understand his affections were involved. He acknowledged the breach of discipline in leaving his command during the manœuvres, but pleaded the state of his affections as an excuse.

We found a pinnace awaiting him, and, as all was darkness in the harbour, we got safely aboard his craft without his absence being detected.

He told me he was the only officer aboard, and he apparently took great pride in his command. His cabin and quarters were very comfortable, and from the porthole near which I sat, I could indistinctly define the heavy hulls of several ironclads.

We drank a success to the object of his visit ashore, and he regaled me with an excellent supper, and invited me to accept the hospitality of his bed, assuring me that a short rest on the cabin lounge was all that he required. I was glad of the opportunity for snatching a few hours' sleep in such safe quarters, and, throwing myself down on the bed, which was uncomfortably narrow, I was soon snoring like a trooper.

I could not have been asleep more than five minutes, when I was awakened by the most dreadful uproar. It seemed to me as if all the thunders in heaven were suddenly let loose. I sprang up and opened the cabin door. As I did so, I heard my host give a sharp command, one that I understood—but in a foreign tongue. Scattered as my senses were, I quickly grasped the situation. I was trapped, cleverly trapped, and on board a torpedo boat belonging to that foreign government whose secret service I was trying to outwit.

The harbour, which but a short time before had been plunged in darkness, was now a flood of light, searchlights playing on and around us, and the flashes from the big guns of the ironclads were almost blinding. I realised at once that the attacking fleet had made their appearance under cover of the darkness, and that the ships I had seen lying all around us were trying to beat them off. This mimic battle would give my host an excellent opportunity to escape, as I knew that our own torpedo boats would be rushing to the mouth of the harbour to engage the supposed enemy, and thereby give the boat I was on every chance to reach the open sea without exciting suspicion. To reach the deck and jump overboard

was impossible, as the Lieutenant and three of his crew barred my way, and I saw at a glance that the portholes of the cabin were too small to permit my exit in that way.

I had not a moment to waste in thinking, as I had heard the Lieutenant give the command to full steam ahead for the open sea. I knew that he did not suspect that I knew I was trapped, and I might expect his appearance at any moment in the cabin. The situation was desperate, for I realised that if once clear of the mouth of the harbour I was lost, and my life not worth two pins. No man could know what I must know, and live. To think, with me, was to act, and drawing the revolver with which I had been careful to provide myself, I awaited his entrance. In less than half a minute he entered, and, clubbing the pistol, I felled him like an ox, slamming instantly the door behind him. In the twinkling of an eyelash I had ripped off the tablecloth, bound him, and with his own handkerchief gagged him. The boat, now under full steam, was plunging and straining to reach the open bay. To one unaccustomed to the motion of the torpedo boat, as she darted in and out to avoid the many craft, bellicose and otherwise, with which the harbour was crammed, the sensation was far from pleasant, and I found it all I could do to keep my footing.

Having made my prisoner fast, I bolted the cabin door, which, fortunately, fastened on the inside, and, exerting all my strength, I tore the table from its hinges and braced it against the door, backing it with the Lieutenant's sea chest. I was safe for a time, at least, and I was fully determined, if attacked, that my treacherous host should die before I did. On searching him, I found two revolvers, both loaded, so now I was fully armed and ready if need be to sell my life dearly. The Lieutenant, in his present condition, was worse than useless for the furthering of my

design, so, seizing the water jug, I emptied it over his head, reviving him almost instantly.

My only hope lay in promptly convincing him that his case was as desperate as my own, so far as his life was concerned. As his senses slowly awakened, the first object that met his gaze was the barrel of my revolver, and, closely watching his features, I was glad to note that fear was strongly mingled with astonishment at his helpless condition.

Waiting until he had fully recovered, I earnestly addressed him.

"Lieutenant," I said, "you are dealing with a desperate man. I give you my word as an officer and a gentleman that if this boat is not back in the harbour and alongside a British ship in five minutes that you will be a dead man."

From the fresh outburst of booming cannon all around, I knew that we were now in the open, and passing the attacking fleet, and a voice, probably that of his second in command, was calling for my host. If he suspected how matters stood, I knew that my scheme must fail.

"I am going to ungag you," I continued, "and you must stand in the doorway and issue such commands I give you. If you fail to obey me in the slightest particular I shall blow your brains out."

So saying, I loosened the gag, forced him to a standing position, and shoved him towards the door, keeping the cold muzzle of my revolver pressed against the back of his head. I then made him remove the barricades I had placed at the door sufficiently to permit his addressing a party on the outside.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Are you going to obey me or are you not?"

The perspiration was pouring down his face, and he was trembling visibly. "Yes," he replied, "but I must give my commands my own way or they will suspect."

"No, you don't," I retorted. "Do

exactly as I tell you, or I'll blow the back of your skull in."

I pressed the muzzle home to emphasise my intention.

"Now, round ship," I commanded, "and full steam for the harbour."

He groaned.

"They won't obey that," he pleaded. "You don't understand; they would suspect at once, and my life doesn't count in this. I will tell them to lay to. That won't alarm them, and I will help you to escape. I swear it."

His argument appeared reasonable, so I told him to go ahead. He did so, and the boatswain's reply, in the foreign tongue, which I, fortunately, understood, reassured me that I was so far safe.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, and issued the order to "lay to," then turned to the trembling lieutenant. "Is everything all right, sir?" he inquired. His officer assured him that it was, and told him to keep the men aft and await orders. He then closed the door, and, with his back still towards me—my revolver muzzle insuring that—he addressed me.

"Captain Forbes," he said, "if you will remove your pistol and help me to put this table back in its place it will be safer for both of us. The boatswain may return for further orders, and it would be well if he found us seated at the table. I am unarmed, so you are quite safe from me. I swear on my honour that I will make no attempt to escape or give an alarm."

I was half afraid to trust him, and he was, as he said, entirely at my mercy. So, still keeping him covered, we carried out his suggestion, and in a few minutes were apparently seated in friendly discussion. I placed him with his back to the door, and faced him, thus commanding the situation.

"Now what is to be done?" I asked.

"Captain Forbes," he commenced, having somewhat regained his com-

posure, "I am not going to begin by asking your pardon for my actions, as both of us know what we are fighting for. At least, I know, and you think you know."

I smiled sarcastically, and muttered, "Go on. I know what I know."

He put his hand to his breast pocket, and I promptly raised my pistol.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, smiling, "I am only looking for my cigarettes," and he shoved the case over to me, lit one and threw his match box across the table. "I say you think you know," he repeated, "but you don't." You think that if you fulfil your mission that a great scandal, probably great enough to provoke a war, will be averted. I tell you, Captain Forbes, if you deliver that package of jewels, which I know you carry, a greater scandal than ever you dreamt of will be the result."

I watched his face intently, but did not interrupt him, so he continued:

"I was brought up in England, and went to school at Harrow, and am as anxious as you are to prevent any cause for ill-feeling between our Governments. You were naturally deceived by my bearing and accent, and you will see that I was the best person in our naval service to be selected for this task."

Here I interrupted him.

"But why," I asked, "does your Government back the Prince up in this? It's a damned outrage!"

He smiled, and then instantly became graver than before.

"I told you that you did not understand," he said. "My presence here has nothing to do with the Prince or those jewels you are anxious to take to Dublin Castle."

Here I interposed by muttering, "Bosh!"

"I know you think so," he said, "but hear me out. The Prince, as you know, is an utter scamp, and has

been causing our Government no end of trouble. He has been making himself conspicuous by his open infatuation for that woman in France, to whom he gave those jewels you are carrying. His father has purposely kept him without funds as a means to curbing his desires, and this action of his Majesty is without doubt the cause of his scandalous behaviour and of our secret missions. The Prince is, I am bound to confess, unscrupulous, and I am not trying to defend his conduct."

Chafing with impatience, and fearing that he was trying to gain time by talking, and thereby hoodwink me in some way, I made a motion with my revolver, and told him to hurry up.

"You must hear me, Captain Forbes," he said, "and you must understand that I am trying my best to save you and both our Governments. I have given you my word, and you must trust me. In that package which you carry there is a watchfob; a heart-shaped locket, which the Prince stole from his father, and gave to that woman. Your secret service men took it along with the other jewels, and it is that watchfob which is causing all this trouble."

This information sounded like a cock and bull story, and I so informed him. He answered by telling me I could verify it by opening the package; in fact, that I would have to do so. I told him that I had no warrant for that.

"Yes, you have," he assented. "Listen! That watchfob is of more value to his Majesty than anything he possesses, and he would sacrifice half of his kingdom to get it back. I will have to tell you a secret that no one, except his Majesty and I, know. When you hear it, you will keep it, I am sure. No gentleman could do otherwise. The locket attached to that fob contains a portrait, signed, with endearing words on the back, and the portrait is what his Majesty wants."

His very earnestness almost convinced me that he was telling the truth, so I interrupted him by asking whose portrait could create so much trouble.

"You must know," he said, "because you will have to open that package. It is a portrait of——" (here he mentioned a name which I would rather lose my right hand, eye, my life, even, than mention). "So now," he continued, "you will please open that package."

Utterly astounded, I obeyed him, hoping against hope that he was mistaken, or lying to me, in either of which case I was determined he should die. No man should utter such a calumny in my hearing and live.

My left hand trembled as I broke the package open, grasping my revolver in my right. Underneath the cardboard wrapping was a jewel box, with a spring clasp, which, on my touching, flew open, disclosing in motley array, the state regalia of Vice Regal Dublin. I feverishly plunged my hand amongst them, with one ardent eye on the Lieutenant, whose heart was covered by my revolver, and the other on the jewels.

The blaze of the stones dazzled me, so I dumped the box upside down, and there, sure as fate, lay the watchfob, a beautiful heart, studded with diamonds. My host drew a sharp breath.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that's it! Open it. You will see I have told you the truth." Still hoping that he was mistaken, I acted on his suggestion, prying the locket open with my teeth, my finger on the trigger of the pistol. If he had calumniated one of England's fairest royal daughters to save his filthy neck nothing could save him now, no matter what the consequences to myself might be.

My teeth soon found the clasp of the locket, and it dropped open in my hand. In a moment I saw that he had not lied to me. I stared at

it, and then at him, and placed the revolver on the table.

"Well?" he said.

Utterly dumbfounded, I could only mutter.

"I—er—I beg your pardon."

He held out his hand for the fob.

"Thank you," he said.

"No!" I cried fiercely. "We will burn the portrait," and I snatched it up and sought my pocket for my pen-knife, intending to open the locket and extract the tell-tale miniature.

"No," pleaded my host, "don't do that, please don't do that. I have kept my word to you. Won't you think of me now?"

"What the devil has it got to do with you?" I cried.

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Everything," he said, "without that I cannot return. Come. Treat me fairly. No one knows this secret but you and I, and no one ever shall. I dare not reveal it, nor will you. We are both gentlemen. That portrait was given to his Majesty, and with the love of Princes we have nothing to do. We are their subjects, not their judges. Come, old chap, do the right thing by me."

He rose, and held out his hand.

Picking up the locket, I rose, too, and with a lump in my throat I gave it to him.

"I suppose you are right," I said, "but it's a confounded shame, the whole business."

The Lieutenant endorsed my sentiments, and, picking my pistol from off the table, handed it to me.

"You have mine, I think," he said. I could not help smiling as I restored them to him.

"I suppose you know," I said, "that it was touch and go with you?" and I patted my revolver.

"Yes," he said, "I knew."

He was a brave fellow, and I admired him then, and as we replaced the jewels in their box and he held the string in place whilst I retied the package securely, I told him that

I hoped we should always be friends and meet often in the future.

Asking my permission, he summoned the boatswain, to whom he whispered the success of his mission, and in less than two minutes we were full steam ahead for Kingstown Harbour. He landed me safely there, and, refusing my offer to run up to Dublin to partake of the hospitality of the Kildare Street Club, whose breakfast menu is second to none, shook me warmly by the hand, and

ten minutes later I was waving my handkerchief at a tiny speck on the horizon, which was bearing him at twenty-five knots an hour to the land of his allegiance.

The jewels lie safely once more in Dublin Castle, and on the bosom of my newly-wedded wife reposes a heart, studded with diamonds, a wedding gift from a noble gentleman whose commands are obeyed, and containing an excellent portrait of the giver.

SELF-RELIANCE

By HILDA RIDLEY

IT matters not what bitter words you say,
 Nor that your path winds dimly out of sight
 Through sunless tracts abandoned of the light,
 And that you seem to faint beside the way;
 For this has been my refuge and my stay,
 That in the dark you must be led aright,
 And though the way be long and stern the fight,
 You will emerge victorious one day:

When all those bands which wrap and bind you fast
 Shall tear and burst, and, falling one by one,
 Lie rotting on the ground, and you, at last,
 Released, shall know their paltry work is done;
 And like a god, leap forth to claim your own,
 Naked and unashamed to stand alone.



A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

BY ANNE WARNER

"I HOPE that she doesn't go in for politics," the Liberal said to the friend who was extolling a lady's charms; "I hate that kind of woman. Women are women. They don't belong in men's affairs. And when they do meddle they always make a mess."

"Oh, she isn't a Suffragette, if you mean that," said the friend; "or if she is, I never heard of it," he added quickly.

"You think that she may be one?" The tone was all challenge.

"Well—er—I don't know. She is rather unexpected."

"What do you mean by 'unexpected'?" The tone was suspicious this time. (And yet the Liberal was truly a most delightful fellow).

"I mean that if I suddenly heard that she *was* a Suffragette I shouldn't be surprised, because she *is* surprising."

"You mean that she is unconventional?" Now the tone had become one of pronounced decision.

"Well, rather. Yes."

The Liberal considered.

"All women try to be unconventional in these days. Does she do it well?" he asked then.

"I believe that it is generally admitted that she does it very well," the friend replied; "indeed, I believe that it is generally admitted that anything that she sets out to do at all she does most uncommonly well."

"I hate unconventional women," said the other man at that. Then—being a Liberal and open to all manner of modern advance—he added:

"But I shall like to meet her. You may depend on that."

A week later he did meet her, and during the week following he met her eleven times by accident. There is a centrifugal force of an altogether uncommon quality awhirl when people meet eleven times by accident in one week. It is a force far too little investigated, but, fortunately for all politicians of any party, it exists, and never ceases evolving new futures.

The first meeting had been on a Sunday, and the next Sunday completed the first dozen. It was that Sunday which followed upon the coming of "the thief in the night." She was just descending the steps of a place where, oddly enough, many people had been gathered without any one's referring to the situation. The explanation is that the place was Westminster Cathedral, and the most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that the Liberal should have happened to be passing that instant.

"How very odd!" he exclaimed, stopping to greet her with a brilliant smile; "I didn't know that you were a Roman Catholic!"

"I'm not," she said; "I only go to their church."

Then—although he was on his way elsewhere—he walked home with her first. They talked a bit about that of which everyone was talking, and he condescended to cast a few rays upon her darkness.

"You will be very busy now," she said simply, when he paused in his well-doing of exposition.

"Naturally," he said.

"I don't know just what to say to you as to your chances," she said, pausing at her own door; "you see, I am not exactly with you."

They had never talked politics, and something dire flashed through his forehead.

"Surely you are not a Conservative?" he said.

"No," she said tranquilly; "I'm a Socialist."

Of course it gave him a shock to find out that she was a Socialist, for nice people shouldn't be Socialists. Nevertheless, late in the afternoon of that same day, he made time to go and see her again. It had been a day of more or less stress with speculation and mental discomfort on every side. There are a great many politicians who are so queer in their ways of thinking as to find two elections in one year quite a superfluity of public devotion. These gentlemen made the first Sunday after the announcement of the Dissolution very trying to their friends.

So he was awfully glad to get away from it all, to find his feet upon the stair-carpet of that particular house, to see that particular parlourmaid turning the button of that particular sitting-room door to let him in.

In a single week the room within had grown absolutely familiar to him. He knew every turn of the stucco carving and every twist of the carved chair-legs. The same centrifugal force which was working havoc generally within him had printed all these petty details on his mind while he had been thinking of other things. Strange! But then, centrifugal force is a strange affair.

The curtains were all drawn and candles were lit on the chimney-piece and on the two Italian cabinets. There was a fire, for we all know that the thief came upon a night in latter November. It had been bitterly damp and cold without, and the fire was full of pleasure. On a low seat before it, her chin propped upon her

hands, sat the Socialist. She only turned her head when the maid announced him.

"I thought that it would be you," she said; "I told them not to let any one else in."

He felt so grateful, so glad of the fire, so generally content with life for the first time that day, that he almost went down on his knee beside her and—

But he rallied at once and took a chair, crossed his legs, and shut his eyes.

"How most awfully good you are," he said. "Oh, I'm so tired!"

"You'd like tea, I know," she said then, jumping up and running to the bell before he could open his eyes. "I'm sure that you must have had it and had it all wrong, but now you shall have more and have it quite as it should be."

So they had tea, and he cheered up amazingly.

"Don't think that I'm depressed over this beastly election," he said presently. "I don't mind it in the least, only it's such rot having the game all over again. I've other ways to spend money—better ways."

"Yes, naturally," she said, in a kitten-like and soothing manner; "but whatever happens we're safe not to have another *this* year, you know." She smiled there, but he took her most seriously and answered:

"I should think not," with the accent on each word.

"And you're so much better off than those in the doubtful spots," she went on. "You can rest easy with your lovely big majority; you don't figure in that horrible column that they keep printing under the heading of 'Possible Gains.'"

He smiled at that, but only a very little.

"One can never tell what will happen nowadays," he said. "Some new wind may blow on the Labour weathercock and give me an opponent after all—a real adversary, that would mean."

She was silent a minute, and then she said:

"I do wonder if I am true enough to my belief to want to see you overthrown by some one of my order."

"Your order? You don't mean that you are actually a Socialist? In very deed?" Then he leaned forward and tried to see her face, but her face was to the fire.

"Yes, in very deed, I am. I subscribe to the whole programme."

"What, for the land and all?"

"Yes." And then she turned and looked at him.

He contemplated her with that kind of smile which exacts more patience from an intelligent woman than anything else that the stupidest man can do.

"You don't really know what you're talking about, my dear little girl," he said pleasantly, and then apologised. "It slipped out before I thought," he explained casually.

A great many men must have called her "dear little girl" inadvertently before, for she didn't seem to notice at all.

"I don't believe that you know what Socialism really is," she said, after a while.

"Oh, yes, I do. I read all their papers."

"Then you are familiar with the Belgian platform, the French platform, the position of Bebel, what has been done in Hesse, what they've driven through in Bavaria, and what Berger declares will come soon in America."

He felt a bit staggered, but, being a Liberal, he only took a sip of tea and said:

"As a general thing, yes."

She looked at him in a most peculiar manner, opened her lips to speak, then looked at him in a quite different manner, and closed them again.

"If you are really and truly a Socialist," he continued presently, "I don't quite see how you manage with society: its conventionalities

must gall you very considerably."

"I'm throwing them over rather rapidly," she said. "I do not have a companion, and I decline to wear this year's hats and skirts. Both my ears and my ankles have claims upon my common sense and consideration."

"I never thought about the companion," he said. "Haven't you any one at all living with you?"

"No. Only guests, when I ask them."

"Aren't you—aren't you afraid of being talked about?"

"Not a bit. I know absolutely how to behave, and I do not make friends of either sex unless they know how to behave too."

He pondered this a little, and wondered what would happen to a man who misbehaved. He glanced at her; she was staring in the fire, and she looked very pretty. But then he noticed that her right hand was on the handle of the singing tea-kettle, and something in the sight of the steam pouring out of its spout reminded him suddenly that *he* was conventional—and a gentleman—and a Liberal. After all, the Salvation Army lassies go everywhere. Why *should* she have a companion? He coughed, glanced at the tea-kettle again, and took some more cake.

"I sometimes wonder," she pursued, "just how far one has a right to follow out their own beliefs. It's a bit puzzling at times."

"Yes," he said. "For instance, if I invited you to go north with me and make speeches, you couldn't, of course."

He did not put it as a question, meaning simply to bring her up with a round turn.

"Why couldn't I?" she demanded, turning her face towards him.

He choked on a currant.

"Would you?" he asked when he could speak.

"Yes, if I could do any good. But I don't see how I could do any good. Unless you had a great deal of typing to do? I use a typewriter as well as

a professional. But as to speeches, my convictions are as far ahead of yours as yours are ahead of your opponent's. I couldn't set back the hands of my clock to suit your election needs, you know."

With that she turned her face to the fire again. It came over him with what can only be described as overwhelming irresistibility what it would mean to have his cold, gray, weary, northward way illuminated by this—this—well, let us say just, by *This*. Of course, being a mere man, he didn't know exactly where he was standing or just what he was approaching, but he did know that—that—

There are *tons* of typewriting to do *always*," he said suddenly, with an emphasis that almost shattered his tongue.

"I don't know why I shouldn't go with you and do it," she said then; "it would be very interesting."

He looked up at the ceiling, but it had *not* fallen. Then he looked at her. Some men—even some Englishmen—can get over a great deal of ground in a week.

"Doesn't that tea-kettle burn your hand?" he asked. The other subject he felt that he must drop.

Her eyes fell sideways as far as the tea-kettle handle, and she shook her head.

"It keeps my hand warm," she said; "I always hold it."

The days passed rapidly while the thief slipped lightly here and there making up his sack of booty. Then the days arrived when the battle began to froth at the cannon's mouth, and every one was up, off and away. A great deal had happened, was happening, was inevitably to happen. All sorts of dust filled the air, all sorts of complications blew out of unexpected quiet back street. Some sheet-anchors became loose and dragged. Some things afloat went ashore. Some parties ran men where they had no chance and picked up somebody else's

certainly half unawares. That merry old saw about the foregone conclusion speedily began to back water, and in some places leaked sadly. The Liberal became rather tired and haggard.

"I wonder if it would really do to take you with me," he said one day; and if he had not been so wrought upon by his country's need that he dared not divide his voting strength in such an hour, he might have said more. "More" was dreadfully close to getting itself said every day now. "More" would have simplified things so. But—

"I don't see why not; it's nobody's business but ours," she said. "If it makes too much trouble—why, I'm alone and quite free."

"It would be such a comfort," he said, eyeing her in a way very absorbent of possible comfort. "Of course, there are always other people about—other women, you know; and—oh well, I want you up there with me."

"I could do letters and things," she suggested modestly, "and I'll never interfere." She knew his point of view well by this time; and being very wise she never took any liberties. He was not a man who believed in women having much liberty.

"Yes," he said, "that is your great charm. You never do interfere. You know your place. I've no use for women except in their place." He was very English, and most Liberal—with a big L.

She smiled.

"I'll go with pleasure," she said. And she went.

It is a very disagreeable trip to make in winter, and that railway which transforms G. B. into N. B. is not the smoothest in the world, even under the best of circumstances. Yet they were very gay about it, and he was obliged to talk politics steadily to keep from feeling unduly exuberant. He went into a lot of details for her benefit, and pointed out all

the common-sense objections to her own creed, even while admitting that he had not read *Das Kapital* in German, and could not disprove any Vandervelde statistics.

"At any rate, Bismarck was driven into all his reforms by our pressure," she said in her sweetly subdued feminine undertone.

"Not necessarily," he declared, and then he made her a truly fine speech on Magna Charta, full of warmth of tone and wealth of metaphor only to be accounted for by the fact that he had to continue talking politics to keep from falling into the temptation of forgetting the premier claim of his party and all else for—

"I don't want to argue," she said finally, peering out at some signals which did *not* wink at her, "but it always seems to me that Socialism is the inevitable—"

Just there the non-winking signals proved their stolidity by being the prime factor in a sudden crash, smash, and wreck. There was a quick chain of hideous jars, a sound of shattering glass, the wrenching of wood and steel, the creaking, rending, and harsh grating that accompanies every railway disaster. The roof above sank suddenly, the cold air rushed in, the Socialist felt herself to be upon the floor of the coupé, and the Liberal was silent, flung down in a heap on the floor beside her.

Outside there were shrieks and wails in the darkness. It is always pandemonium in the very first of an accident. She was perfectly quiet herself and sure that she had not lost consciousness for a single second. Stripping off her gloves she felt about. He was stretched lengthwise between the seats and besprinkled with broken glass. She knew in herself that clear, swift precision of judgment which is priceless in an hour of need, and slipping on one glove to protect her hand from glass-splinters, sent it before the other to search out how he fared. In a few

seconds she knew that his head was free; her bare hand touched his face and felt none of the moisture that hints hideously in the dark. She moved closer and bent her ear to his lips; his breathing was very faint. She struggled to get her hand where she could feel if his heart beat, but he had not intended freezing to death on his way to his constituency, and his heart was entrenched and inaccessible. So she drew his head upon her knee and waited quietly.

It seemed a long time, but it was in reality only a few minutes, before the first torches went flaming by. The half-hour after was hell in very truth. The wrecking-train with its wondrous outfit and workers arrived soon, and they placed a jack-screw under the bent and twisted roof and took the Liberal out, feet first. The Socialist followed on her hands and knees, as would perhaps be thought eminently fitting.

Thus he came among his own to "stand again."

"Will he recover?" she asked of the surgeon in the hospital where they carried him.

"Are you a relative?"

"No; I'm his secretary."

"Yes, he'll come out all right," said the surgeon, "but he'll be weeks at it, and the uncertainty as to how he'll pull through will likely lose him his seat."

She went in afterwards and looked at him. They had shaved his head and bound ice-bags on it. His eyes were closed and he was quiet, yet strangely unrestful.

"It's fever," said the nurse, glancing at him as she put her little glass table in order, "he'll sleep soon. He's only out of his head now. Nothing dangerous."

The Socialist drew a chair beside the narrow white bed, slipped her arm beneath the uneasy head and drew it into the angle of the best rest of all, the rest that God and nature devised together for babies and weary, weary men. The head was

still, the lips parted in a single, peaceful sigh; then there was silence, utter and complete.

"I'm his cousin," the Socialist said to the nurse later. As she said it she laughed into the nurse's eyes.

"Come whenever you're able," said the nurse (she ought to have had a Gold Medal, a Blue Ribbon, and been made a member of the *Academie Francaise*); it'll do him more good than anything else."

The Socialist laughed again, but her lips trembled too. Such a close call. To think that—

In January of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eleven, England was still afloat upon the water which she claims as her own by right of all that has been said and done since days before the Spaniards of the Armada thought otherwise and failed to make good.

The election was over, and why say more than that when we all know how it went?

The Liberal, sitting up and rapidly recovering, knew that he had come through victor, and was very calm about it—as victors have a way of being. He looked over his telegrams and cards with quiet appreciation.

"I suppose that sympathy had a lot to do with it," he said to the Socialist, who came in to take his orders for dictation and typing as tranquilly as if she had never done anything else in life. "By George! but that was a crack to get on the head. Talk about '*Zerstreuung*' for spies—well, a knock like mine will do the business; I don't remember one word I said from London up." And then he looked at her very hard, indeed, wondering what he *had* said on the way up and what she had said when he said it—if, indeed, he had said it.

"You talked about the election," she told him. "And you outlined it all for me. And I made notes for your speeches—don't you remember?"

"Not one syllable."

Then she opened her eyes widely.

"Don't you remember my going through some of Kautsky's premises for you, and your being so interested?"

"I tell you I can't remember a thing."

"Why, don't you recollect how you suggested the possibility of incorporating some of those principles into your own speeches?" Her amazement was very real now.

He quite started.

"Socialistic principles into *my* speeches?"

"You weren't going to call them by Kautsky's or von Vollmar's name. I wanted that but you wouldn't have it."

"Well, I should think not," said the Liberal.

"No; but we went all over it—just on account of the Labour vote; and I made notes and typed them."

"When? When did you type them?"

"After the accident. That same night. I was so afraid that I would forget. And I knew that they would be needed—during the campaigns, you know."

"Did you get them into the papers, or print them as an address?"

"I didn't have them printed; I thought that rather risky. I delivered them myself."

"You delivered them!"

"Yes. I said that I was your secretary, and knew your views practically by heart; and so I went to all the meetings and always spoke. Of course, I never could have done it, except for your having told me the subject-matter before. But with all that ready I managed somehow. And it all went very well. You can read all about it if you feel strong enough to look over the press clippings?"

"How many are there?"

"There are a good many. There are more every mail."

"How many are there now?"

"Between five and six thousand."

But I've sorted and arranged them."

"What *do* they say?"

"They say you've founded a new party."

"Good heavens!"

"I *thought* that you didn't appreciate what wonderful views you held. I've *often* thought that, but coming up in the train I was perfectly bewildered. You don't know what a remarkable man you are." She was smiling straight into his eyes. It would be hard to doubt such a smile under any circumstances. But now—

The Liberal leaned back against his pillows. But the doctor had assured her that he was strong enough now.

"I suppose that subconsciously you've been thinking these thoughts for a long time, but only now, in the sudden hour of need, they all came together. It was a perfect miracle to me how each time I rose to speak your views stormed in on me. You must read the speeches. Two publishers want to make a book of them. Some of the papers say you will surely be offered the next Cabinet vacancy."

Then she ran to fetch the press clippings, and with a bright red spot on either pale cheek the invalid read a few selected bits dealt out to him.

"Surely you remember *now*?" she said, looking earnestly and anxiously into his face. "This bit about the Miller and Ministerial proposition—you *must* recall *that*?"

He couldn't bear to disappoint her, so he said kindly:

"I do seem to recollect that—but vaguely."

Her face grew quite bright.

"And every one was *so* enthusiastic," she said. "After the first day there were a great many telegrams from managers and whips; and even

the head of us all was said to be a little troubled over some of your ideas; but as the election went on the speeches proved more and more exactly the thing. You'll see by the clippings what a great name you've made for yourself."

He began to feel absolutely faint.

"I can't read any more," he said. "Won't you sit by and tell me about it. And can't you hold my hand—just for once?"

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, moving the mess of newspaper cuttings and dirty green and pink additions. "I've grown so used to doing anything I can to help you that I can do this very well too."

He looked at his hand, folded between her two.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "what *I* thought that I thought of on that train was whether I could possibly wait until after the election before asking—" He paused and bit his lip. "I'm too used up to go on," he said then.

"Shall I finish for you?" she asked. "I couldn't understand politics, or do that kind of work, because I'm just nothing but a woman; but perhaps I can say what you want to say now."

The Liberal looked at her.

"Say it," he said.

She stood up and leaned above him, drawing his head upon her shoulder.

"It doesn't need saying," she whispered, and it was fortunate that she felt so, for, in that, second speech failed her too. Because her lips—

Looking afar into the future, I believe that we may safely surmise that they were happy—very happy. Some men are made like the Liberal, and some women like the Socialist. But when they—



IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, QUEBEC

A VIEW OF RICHMOND

SCENERY AS A NATIONAL ASSET

BY FRANK YEIGH

IS scenery to be regarded as an asset? Are lakes and rivers, mountains and falls to be reckoned as in any sense a part of a country's national wealth? Is Canada's richly varied scenery worth entering up in her ledger as possessing a computable value?

For Canada is, in a unique sense, and to a remarkable degree, a land of scenery. Each of the nine Provinces forming the chain of Confederation boasts of its own scenic setting, all the way between the kelp-scented ocean shores of the Maritimes and British Columbia, while in the hinterlands of each, and in the even vaster areas of the north and west, far beyond any provincial boundary, are wide realms, rich in all nature has to offer and upon which few eyes have gazed.

Nova Scotia can boast of its sea-indented shores, its fruitful valleys,

its Evangeline land, and its Cape Breton. New Brunswick has the Canadian Rhine, in the St. John River, curious tidal phenomena in the reversible falls and the Petiscodiac bore, strange nature forms in the colossal Hopewell rocks, and river beauty unexcelled where the great salmon streams have made a path to the sea.

As for Quebec, a St. Lawrence alone would give her fame, but when a Saguenay, a Richelieu and an Ottawa are added, when cataracts by the score mark the landscape, and when all have a Laurentian range for a noble background, then the wealth that scenery brings makes the land of the Old Regime rich beyond compare.

And what does Ontario possess? There is her northern wilderness, where nature is seen in all its pristine glory, but scarce a section of the fair

Province is without its natural charm. Has the reader ever seen the sweep of the River Nith as it makes its circuitous way through a land of pastoral beauty? Have you ever explored the quiet waters of the Speed, the Thames, the Maitland, or the Grand? Have you ever drunk in the

trees, huddling close together by a coulée for companionship and emphasising the immeasurable spaces of the country.

Who can look without a thrill upon this world of the West, as it awakes with the returning light, just the everyday birth of the morning when



ORCHARD IN BLOOM, NOVA SCOTIA

TIDAL RIVER IN BACKGROUND

beauties of the intricate water region in Eastern Ontario—Sharbot, Massanoga, Kawartha? Nothing sensational in scenery is revealed by them, but for rarity of quality Canada can show nothing finer. And on the way to Manitoba there are alluring glimpses of the Nepigon streams, and of the Lake of the Woods, both suggestive of vast waterways stretching far beyond the skyline, where the sunset lingers longest.

There are those who would aver that the Prairie Provinces are without the attractions of natural scenery, but where is their vision when the real prairie sweeps into view, the prairie floor of waving grass and o'ertopping flowers, of gently swelling hills, catching the last colours of the sunset, of lonely little clumps of

a glamour of indescribable charm rests upon the world. The Western plains without scenery? He that has eyes to see will make adequate answer.

And then the mountains! Alpinists who are acquainted with the world's great ranges—men like Longstaff and Whympfer and Munn—tell us that Canada possesses one of the great mountain heritages of the globe, a heritage that carries with it a value which the Canadian is apt to overlook in counting up his country's assets. The Alpine Club of Canada, a comparatively new organisation, but one that has already gained a membership of six hundred, aims at revealing to Canadians this great nature gift of seas of mountains and leagues of valleys.

What is the commercial value of scenery? If a computation could be made under this heading the total in Canada would no doubt be a surprisingly large one. Take, for in-

and when the Canadian Northern Railway shall have reached the coast by still another route, the stream of tourist travel to and through British Columbia and Alberta will be sure



IN NEW ONTARIO

A CHARACTERISTIC WATERFALL

stance, the sixty or seventy thousand visitors to Banff each summer. Such a tide of travel is highly indicative of the monetary value to the country of unrivalled scenic attractions. While it would be difficult to estimate the amount of money such a company of travellers would leave in the country (for a large majority are from lands other than Canada), the total sum would doubtless pass the million mark, and yet this would fall far short of the grand total spent by those who are attracted to our Canadian mountains season after season along the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway alone. When the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway shall have made accessible the mountain wonders of the Yellowhead Pass, with kingly Mount Robson within view,

to increase proportionately. That day is not far distant.

It would be interesting if possible to estimate what may be termed the income of Niagara Falls all through its history, since it was first viewed by the eyes of white men. As one of the world's great magnets, it has attracted millions who have left behind a golden shower of ducats.

What has been the value of Ontario's North-land scenery of lake and stream and forested areas? For years an ever-increasing stream of travel has swept northward to the delectable regions of Muskoka, the Lake of Bays, Algonquin Park, the Temagami waters, and the alluring lakes and rivers of farther beyond, until the Height of Land turns the currents in another direction.

This discovery of what Kipling so aptly termed our "Land of Little Lakes" (although they are by no means little) has also added its monetary results to the benefit of the

ludicrous, if not pathetic, are the efforts sometimes made to exploit a bit of fall, a modest stretch of stream, or a hill with mountain ambitions, on behalf of a community or an enter-



THE RIVER NITH, ONTARIO

transportation companies, the entertainers of the public, and all who serve them. Here again any estimate of results would run into substantial figures.

Or again, take the "Niagara-to-the-Sea" tour, which probably cannot be duplicated in any part of the world. Starting from one of nature's greatest cataracts, covering an inland sea and a kingly river, cruising among beautiful isles, and running white-capped rapids, tens of thousands annually traverse this charming route, and the results in dollars and cents help to create satisfactory dividends for more than one transportation or public service company.

The economic value of scenery is, indeed, observable on every hand and

prise. Just as nearly every transportation line, whether by land or water, has "a great scenic route," so every centre of population that can boast of a bit of scenery makes the most of the fact.

There comes to mind a charming little town in eastern Canada, the name of which I would not divulge for a king's ransom, that advertises an adjacent waterfall as an attraction and so seductively that a wandering summer traveller was irresistibly drawn to the town and its miniature Niagara. The place itself was all that was advertised—shady streets, attractive homes, well-kept laws, a thriving human centre, with a charming setting of rural beauty. The first day's programme of sight-seeing in-



EAST COVE, PERCE

A CELEBRATED BIT OF SCENERY

cluded a drive to the much-advertised fall and the cliff-like rock in the background, but, alas, there was no water and consequently no waterfall. It had gone dry! Under the stress of summer drought the rock was as parched as the ground, but it only required a little imagination to realise that there had been once a trickling stream over the modest little rock, for did not the railway

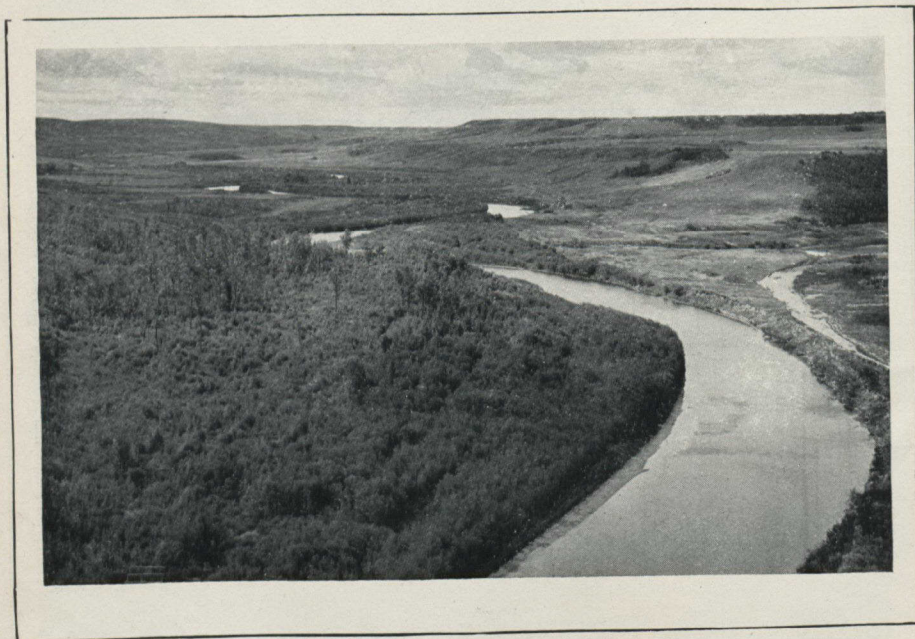
and town guides picture it in all its flowing beauty!

Sometimes the humblest of summer inns, with more balcony than bedroom space, will issue alluring pictures of scenic surroundings based on even less than a dry waterfall.

I recollect a summer resort carrying the name of a lake. It sounded cool and restful when read on a hot day, and it was successfully used as a

traveller's bait, but it proved a very diminutive body of water, with marshy and reedy banks, without a single island to decorate its waters, and where the little steamer had to perform all kinds of acrobatic turns to fill in an hour of sailing. But this is in the United States.

been created by Congress, within which are some of the world's sublimest nature pictures, wonderful records of past centuries and reminders of prehistoric races. This system of parks also includes famous battle-fields and other historic sites. Even yet, however, the American peo-



BATTLE RIVER VALLEY, NEAR WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

These are, however, exceptions that only prove the rule that scenery is an attractive force, that God's handiwork in nature casts its spell over all who have eyes to see; that scenery is, in fact, a mighty and continuous magnet.

If scenery is a national asset, carrying a commercial as well as a sentimental valuation, then it should be safeguarded. This has become the policy of the United States through its Conservation of Natural Resources Commission, and none too soon. "Save the scenery" is as deserving a cry as the saving of any natural resource.

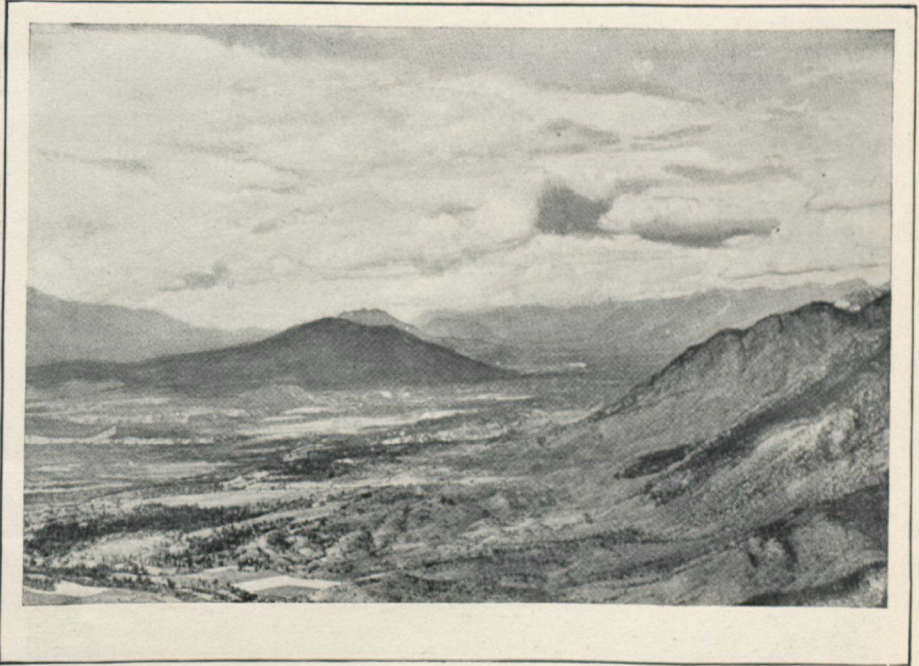
In the United States a series of 152 National Parks and Forests have

ple have only touched the fringe of the subject, though the enormous area of the 152 is 191,000,000 acres. It is only a few years since San Francisco tried to secure the right to dam the canyon that would have destroyed the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, one of the most beautiful features of the Yosemite Park, and it was only after a storm of protest had arisen from every quarter that the step was frustrated. Strong fights still need to be made to save the Adirondacks and White Mountains as forest reserves. This would indicate a public indifference that is in itself a dangerous feature, but along with it is the very hopeful sign that an active interest is being evinced in the recreative

value and purifying power of natural scenery.

Canada's action in setting apart large areas as forest reserves or parks is a hopeful one, and the movement

Another recently established mountain park is known as the Jasper Park reserve in Alberta, at the foot of the Canadian Rockies, and contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific.



COLUMBIA VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

LOOKING NORTH FROM SWANSEA PARK

has the valuable co-operation of the Commission of Conservation. The Dominion has twenty-four forest reserves, covering the immense area of 16,760,640 acres. Sixteen of these reserves are in Alberta and British Columbia, and therefore include large areas in the Rockies and Selkirks.

The eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the international boundary to a point two hundred miles west of Edmonton, has recently been set apart as a forest reserve, making the largest mountain park in the world. This tract, together with the Rocky Mountains Park and Jasper and Waterton Lakes forest reserves, which were previously reserved, forms a strip approximately 350 miles in length, and from ten to fifty miles in width.

Other parks cover the region of Banff, the incomparable Yoho Valley, and in the Selkirks a large region in the heart of that great alpine world.

Canada has wisely taken this action before it is too late, and coming generations will bless the men who had the foresight to thus preserve one of the greatest heritages that belongs to the people.

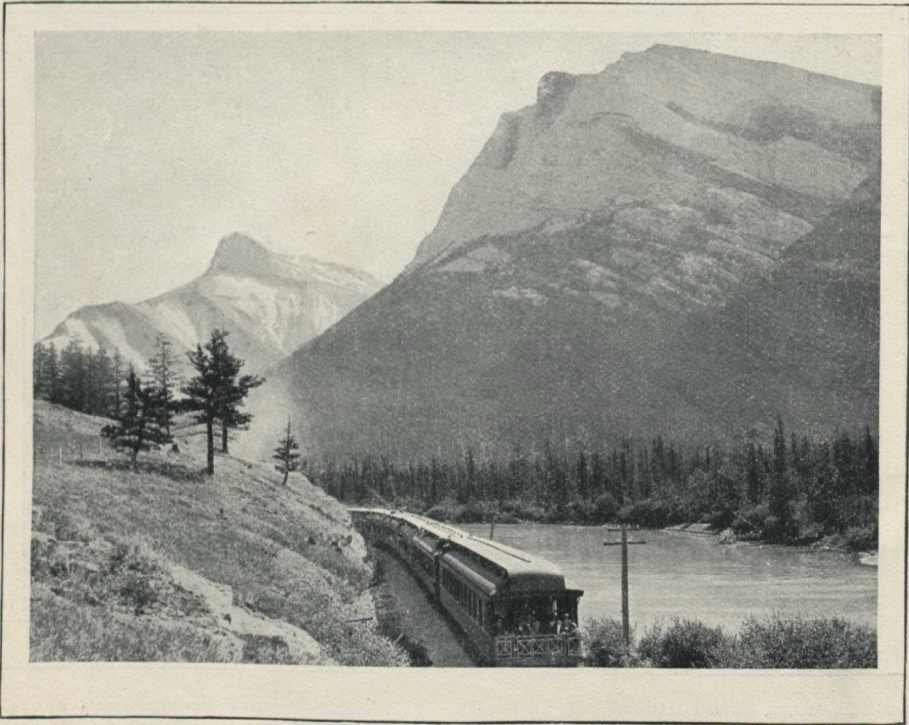
In addition to the above mentioned reserves, set apart by the Canadian Government, many of the Provinces have adopted a similar policy. For example, Ontario has five forest reserves, comprising over ten million acres, in addition to the Algonquin National Park of over a million acres. Quebec also has devoted 174,000 square miles of the Crown area to reserves and parks, as

have the other Provinces in degree, and it is safe to predict that no better investment for the future could be made by the State.

What is the value to England of

painter need no longer search in foreign lands for suitable themes for his brush.

Cobden was wont to say that there are two sublimities in nature: the



"THE GAP," ROCKY MOUNTAINS

ENTRANCE OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

the Lake District? What to Scotland of its Trossachs and Glens, what to Ireland of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway? What is the Bernese Oberland worth to Switzerland, or the Southern Alps to Italy? The value of the Rhine to Germany is the value of the Rhone to France. The fjords of Norway match with the needle-like dolomites of the Tyrol in attracting the sightseer from every quarter of the globe. Let Canada learn its lesson ere it is too late. It is satisfactory to note in this connection that many of the scenic features of the Dominion have been discovered and appropriated by the artist, who has found in them subjects of the highest type. The Canadian

sublimity of rest and the sublimity of motion. The sunset alps represented, in his opinion, the sublimity of nature, and Niagara Falls the sublimity of motion, and Canada can fulfill both conditions.

It would be a thousand pities if Canada were to undervalue her scenic possessions, chiefly for their ennobling influences. He who can look upon a giant of the Rockies like Temple or Hungabee, and not be profoundly moved lacks a spirit of appreciation that may easily lead him to under-estimate their value in any sense; they may become to him so many obstructions in the pathway of man. Such a blinded one may perchance be likened to the dweller on

the plains who, on seeing the mountains for the first time, remarked: "I can't see any scenery for these 'ere mountains!" He who is blind to the out-of-door world of God will be blind to much beside.

But even such may have regard to the commercial standpoint. He may remember that the scenery of Switzerland is a money-producing asset to the value of two hundred million dollars a year, and from the monetary basis he may be awakened to a

sense of its value. But one would fain hope that a higher point of view would prevail, and that it will be more universally recognised that in the varied scenery of our land, from the sweetest-toned rivulet to the thunders of Niagara, from the little rounded hill in a country landscape to a king-ly spirit throned among the peaks, we have one of the best gifts, one of the richest of assets, æsthetically and morally, as well as practically and commercially.

THE RIDE TO RESCUE

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

WE hangit swords frae shouthers strang—
 Frae belts to droop they were too lang—
 We mounted pownies fleet as wind,
 Frae ane guid mare the twain were twinned.
 We rade and rade, like witches wild;
 In toons we scairt fu' mony a child.
 We thunnered ower the Brig o' Doon;
 Oor scabbards scattered splints o' th' moon.
 We raced and raced, nor drew in rein
 Until we cam' to the Beggars' Lane;
 And there we fell on the gypsy crew,
 Whose ane auld mare had cast a shoe.
 And right and left we cut and slashed,
 And mony a pow was sairly gashed,
 Or ere they clattered doon the glen
 And left the lass to us young men,
 The lass of lily broo and hand
 They'd borne that morn frae Borrisland.
 She wadna choose whilk croup to tak',
 And sae we twinned in ridin' back,
 And she sat licht on Wat's *Sir Guy*,
 Because my roan was wont to shy.
 Anither day micht Wat and I
 For her fair sake mak' red bluid fly;
 But each was licht o' heart the noo
 To show himsel her champion true!

THE INVISIBLE LINE

BY MARION ATWOOD

I WOULD not have cared so much if it had been a handsome cow, but it was lean and scraggy, with a coat that looked like a worn-out hearthrug and only one eye it could see out of; but the remaining eye was so alert and full of mischief and devilment of all sorts that I often wondered what feats that cow would have performed had it possessed full power of vision. If there are any devils roaming this earth in transmigrated form, one dwelt in the gaunt, meagre frame of that animal, consequently if her owner saw any beauty in her it must have been *la beauté du diable*.

This owner was a certain Mrs. Burke, of Irish-American extraction—that is, her genealogical tree began, as far as it had been traced, with one Brian McDermod Burke, known in ancient history as King of Connaught, and ended in one Brian Murphy Burke, known in modern history as a thriving saloon-keeper of Spokane, Washington. So her character was of the strenuous type, and the pride and hauteur of kings were blended in her manner, with the business ability and volubility of expression usually possessed by the successful trader in mixed drinks.

She was my nearest neighbour, and our homes were only divided by a visible fence, two fifty-foot lots, and an invisible line, which extended between two countries, so that in point of fact that cow had no business within one hundred feet of my garden unless she paid duty each time she had stepped over the line.

But what did she care for international complications? Her mind was purely material, and her one relentless purpose in life was to obtain luxurious living at someone else's expense.

Now—like *Elizabeth*—I loved my garden, and it was the joy of my life to work in it as soon as the motherly earth had absorbed the snow in her throbbing breast. Such a labour of love it was to plant and transplant all kinds of bulbs, seeds, and tender shoots that I knew would reward me by growing up into things lovely and fragrant. Even the homely occupation of weeding the strawberry patch or raking over the melon bed, where the cats had held *soirée* the night before, brought its own pleasure, because in the intervals I could look round at the hills in their exquisite garments of spring green.

The soft April showers and warm sunshine had laced my fences with vine tendrils and draped my verandas with curtains of wild cucumber, wistaria and rose foliage, and beneath them one's eyes rested on a wide spreading carpet of clover, where the bees hummed and the butterflies coquetted all day long.

And, like the cherubim at the gate of Eden, my business was to guard this Paradise from those who would despoil it—and more especially from that beast of a cow.

I am not particularly addicted to early rising, but the click of the front gate, which foretold the milkman's entrance, soon after six o'clock, was the signal for me to "throw off

dull sloth and early rise to pay this morning sacrifice," for, ten chances to one, that wicket would not be fastened securely when he went out, and so surely as it was not—for even a scant five minutes—a gaunt, red form would come slinking round the corner of the fence, dash wide the gate, and, plunging into the midst of my cherished clover plot, begin to partake of a hearty breakfast, making side grabs by way of *entrées* at every vine festoon within easy reach. And once in, that cow was not put out in a hurry, I can assure you, or not until such depredations had been done as to leave me tearful for the rest of the day—and an empty wood-box.

In the event of my having to go away from home on either business or pleasure I was obliged to put up as many barricades to an entrance on the premises during my absence as might have safe-guarded a beleaguered city. But, if Love laughs at locksmiths, I am sure the devil does too, for neither barred gates or a *chevaux-de-frise* of barbed wire around the whole domain were able to keep out that animal, and so one afternoon, returning after an hour's absence, I found her in full possession, and such industry had she displayed in catering for herself during her short tenure of office that half the fence was denuded of its drapery, the veranda pillars were bare, and the clover trampled so low that every bee and butterfly had left in high disdain.

I suppose a great mind would have viewed such a scene of devastation with calm philosophy, and consoled its owner by a recollection that all that vegetation would grow again some day; but my mind must have belonged to the small order, for every idea in it became concentrated upon having revenge on that beast, and, rushing into the wood-shed, I collected as large an armful of sticks as I could carry and commenced bombarding it with all my might.

I must confess that most of the missiles flew wide of the mark, but one went home with such true aim that, with vicious snort and tail erect, she departed through the back gate—which I had set wide open—and returned to her own country, pursued by me and a flying shower of fire-wood.

And there, standing just beyond the invisible line, was her mistress, viewing with wrathful brow this rout of her pet.

The cow passed on, but she stood still, and so did I when I came just opposite to her, remaining meanwhile on my own side of the line.

"Madam," said she, ignoring the language of her royal forefathers (which, I presume, was Gaelic), and adopting the dialect of her immediate ancestor, "what has that poor baste done that ye must be firing sticks and stones afther her like that? Have war been declared between Canady and the United States?"

"No, madam," said I, just as politely, "but war has been declared a *l'outrance* between myself and your cow, and if you don't keep her out of my garden I'll kill her."

"Kill her, will ye? Well, I don't know what sort of an 'utterance' ye mane, but ye may take yer oath my 'utterance' manes that if ye lay a finger on that crayther to harm her ye'll lamint it to yer dying day."

"And do you suppose," I replied, "such a foolish threat as that will deter me from hurting her if she continues to play havoc with my garden? Why don't you keep her your own side of the line? What business has she in Canada at all?"

"Just as much business as ye have, ma'am. Sure, yer only an intheloper yerself."

"Mrs. Burke," said I, with dangerous calmness, "do you see that line?" moving the toe of my shoe backwards and forwards over the blades of grass. "Well, I want you to understand that the next time I catch that horrid beast over it I'll

shut her up until I can get the customs officer to seize her as contraband goods."

"The customs-house officer," she ejaculated with contempt. "He dare not touch her, bekase ennybody with sinse knows that line yer pretending to show me was relocated last fall by the United States surveyors one hundred feet the other side of yer garden, so that Bessie has all the rights in the world to ramble about her own blessed country if she feels like it, and ye'll have to behave yerself now like a dacent citizen of the great Republic or ye'll be druv out of it, and then I'll buy up yer little strawberry patch and give it to Bessie to ate her desart off."

But this brazen impertinence was the last drop in a cup already full to overflowing, and sent any remaining politeness I may have possessed to the winds, so, throwing up my head and walking slowly backwards, as became a retreat from a royal presence, I fired one parting shot into the enemy's quarters.

"You are really such a rude, ignorant person, Mrs. Burke," I remarked in my haughtiest tones, "that I see it is only wasting time to try and reason with you, but I am very much afraid if you continue to make such wild statements you will find yourself before long in a lunatic asylum."

And I turned and walked quickly away.

"A lunatic asylum," she screamed after me. "No fear of that. As long as such idjits as ye are left at large I'll be safe." But I wisely pretended not to hear, and the interview ended in something like a drawn battle.

I need scarcely say that after this Mrs. Burke and I were not acquainted—in fact, when we chanced to meet on the lonely flat we might each have been the last inhabitant left upon the earth for any sign the other showed of being aware of the presence of a fellow-being, consequently I was more than surprised one fine

morning about a month afterwards, while I was spending an enjoyable hour in decapitating cut-worms, who were boarding amongst my strawberry plants, to find her watching me from the other side of the fence.

"Yer at yer murthering work as usual, I persave," was her courteous address.

"You are welcome to 'persave' anything you please, so long as you and your cow keep off my premises," was my polite retort.

"We won't trouble ye just yet," she said, laying a strong emphasis on the just yet.

"Have ye located the line where I tould ye it was put by the United States surveyors last fall?" she continued, with a most impertinent grin playing over her features.

"I have already told you," I replied, "what the consequence will be if you go on making such crazy assertions."

Her grin grew broader, but she said nothing else for a minute.

"Are ye sorry for what ye said to me the other day?" was her next surprising remark.

"I am not aware of having said anything I ought to be sorry for. You were just as rude and impertinent as you could possibly be," I answered.

"I am some older than ye," she said, and—after a little pause—"of higher blood."

"I am quite willing to admit the former, but I don't see how you are going to sustain your last assertion," I replied.

"My ancisthors sat on thrones and wore crowns of goold on their heads," she remarked.

"Did they now," said I insolently, "and so, I believe, do the kings of the Cannibal Islands and of the Zulu nation, but I can't see what there is to be proud of in being descended from such barbarians."

The colour flamed high in her royal countenance.

"And so ye call the ancient kings

of Ireland barbarians, do ye?" she ejaculated in tragic tones. "Well, after that cruel insult I'd put no crime past ye, but all the same, me fine madam, ye'll take back thim same words some day."

"I don't think I'm likely to," I called out as she moved away from the fence.

And on that occasion I had the last word, as she condescended no reply.

After this second exchange of neighbourly civilities we were at times more dense of vision, if possible, than formerly, and no doubt Mrs. Burke took her cow into her confidence on the whole matter, as it not only gave my premises a wide berth, but invariably turned its blind side towards me whenever we happened to encounter each other.

And the lovely spring days moved on, and summer was upon us, with all its heat and lassitude. All vegetable nature drooped and languished, and my pretty flowers hung their heads and called to me the whole day long, in their silent but eloquent language, for water.

But though that element proved ever a potent remedy for their ailments, it failed to revive me when I began to droop and languish also, and soon such a sense of weariness and inertia took possession of me that my mind held no interest beyond a passionate craving for cooler weather.

One evening in particular, when the thermometer had been registering at ninety-eight for three consecutive days, I felt that the end of all things must be at hand, and should not have been a bit surprised to feel the earth shrivelling up all round me and vanishing, with myself, in smoke. But then I had eaten nothing solid for seventy-two hours and may have been a little light-headed. I was alone in the house, as my husband had left home a week before, and I did not expect him back for another ten days.

And so I lay on my bed, while

my astral self wandered away into the most extraordinary places and amongst the most extraordinary people, but always returned to its more substantial second part at short intervals.

I invariably received it with a loud groan, and I suppose these dismal greetings must have floated through the open window and attracted the attention of the passers-by, for presently I heard a knock at the door.

I don't know if I answered, but after a minute it slowly opened and admitted the head of Mrs. Burke.

I suppose if I had been in my normal condition I should have exclaimed: "Hast thou found me, oh, my enemy?" But my astral self had already found and had so many stiff encounters with her that morning that I did not feel equal to another just then.

"What ails ye, to be shouting like that?" I heard a far-away voice inquire. And then an exclamation of "God bless us!" floated to my ears, but I heard no more for I had started on another trip.

When I came back I was lying on a couch near an open window, and a cooling breeze played over my face from a fan wielded by a steady hand. I lay still and enjoyed it for a little while, and then through half-closed lids took a peep at the wielder. But I quickly closed my eyes again and tried to concentrate my poor, wandering mind on the situation.

Could that kind, sympathising countenance belong to my irascible neighbour across the invisible line, and those gentle touches come from her strong, clumsy-looking hands? And why was she ministering thus to me who, instead of using the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," had stirred up further strife by impertinences which would have caused me to have been hung and quartered for "lèse majesté" had her royal forefathers still held office and I been a subject of their realm.

And, by and bye, when I felt myself lifted up by those strong, capable hands, and fed slowly with delicious iced milk, I turned, and, flinging my arms round the neck of my erstwhile enemy, bedewed her shoulder with my tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Burke," I sobbed, "how can you be so kind to such a rude, disagreeable woman as I am?"

"Whist, honey," she answered, "don't be bothering yer head about what's past and gone. We were only jest trying to show each other how smart we could be, and I think ye'll allow that no matter what ye said, I was always able to 'go wan better,' except—except on wan occasion when we reflecthed on my ancisthors, but I know yer sorry for that now."

"Sorry!" I exclaimed. "I could not half tell you how sorry I am for saying such a rude, horrid thing. And it was not the truth either, because I know Irish people are just

the bravest and cleverest and kindest in the whole world—and—and won't you forgive me?"

"Av coorse I will," she said. "Sure, I knew at the time ye did not mane it, and only spoke thim words bekase I riled ye about that old boundary line, which none of us ever saw or knows a thing about. And after this we won't remember there's wan located between the two countries at all, for, what difference does it make anyhow? Ain't we all of the wan family and language, and have no more right to quarrel than brothers and sisters—or good first cousins, anyway?"

"That is quite true," I said, "and after this you and I will never quarrel again, I know, and—and—I'll save all our clover, when we cut it, for that nice cow of yours."

And if I could go any further than that in an abject *amende honourable*, I should like someone to tell me.

THE QUESTING HEART

BY CLARE GIFFIN

AH! poor and prodigal Heart, come back ashamed,
 From the far country, broken, poor, and cold,
 Beggared of joy, with many sorrows grown old,
 Blinded with many tears, by hard ways lamed:
 Lost is the fair desire that boldly aimed
 At all things high and passionate, longed to hold
 In fragile hands love's crown of burning gold,
 Nor feared the awful light wherewith it flamed!

Ah, Heart! Ah, Prodigal! Look up, be glad!
 That light thou hadst, however brief the day,
 That little hour of Heaven, though Hell be long!
 Lo, the calm Soul that knows not to be sad
 Hath not known aught of love's rich fleeting May,
 Hath not forgot love's sorrow in love's song!

THE LITERARY GROUP OF '61

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE STRUCTURAL PRINCIPLES OF STYLE," ETC.

This is an essay in literary classification. To Canadian authors it applies a special method of historical grouping. These two facts are to be remarked at the outset, in order to have it clearly understood that the essay deals primarily with exposition and constructive criticism—not with biographical and æsthetic appreciations of "favourite" Canadian poets and prose-writers.

The method of the essay has desirable pedagogical advantages: it assists the imagination to view Canadian authors in proper historical perspective, and thus to discriminate one group from another by their relations in time, genius, inspiration and achievement. The method has also important critical advantages: it disengages the essential excellences of the writings of any particular group and enables the constructive critic rightly to estimate the social significance of their ideas of nature, man, and human life. The essay divides into three parts: the first deals with the historical position of a special (or, as it happens, the primary) group of Canadian authors; the second, with the quality of their writings as literature; and the third, with the significance and potency of the social ideas inspiring, or openly expressed in, them.

—The Editor.

THE year 1861 A.D. may rightly be signalled as the "annus mirabilis" in the literary history of Canada. In that year—just a half-century ago—were born William Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott, and Margaret Marshall Saunders. Though not all of them are the most gifted or eminent of Canadian *litterateurs*, yet as a group they must, for several reasons to be stated immediately, be regarded as the most *significant*.

The reasons are these: First, they were born, bred and educated (mentally and emotionally) in the very four provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec)—which formed, on the proclamation of the British North America Act, 1867, just six years after their birth, the original territorial and political unit known specifically as the Dominion of Canada. From the point of view of their

nativity and education in relation to these confederated provinces, as their homeland, the members of the literary group of '61 are thus the first, strictly so-called, Canadian *litterateurs*.

Again: They were the first native-born writers to begin, under the Confederacy, a *systematic* literary career. The term *systematic* defines their conspectus and aims. To the literary group of '61 the free and impassioned expression in verse and prose of the truth and beauty in nature and in human thought, activities and institutions appeared as their own specific function and ideal life. They were thus the first to undertake a literary career which should be, in its way and degree, commensurate with the growing social and commercial life of the Great Dominion, and to find their inspiration chiefly, if not wholly, in the beauty (I cannot add sublimity; another group, native to the Prairies and Rockies, will be inspired by that) of their homeland

and in the spiritual import of the lives of their compatriots. In short, their conspectus was thoroughly Canadian and their inspiration or ideals Canadian too—a moral necessity with them, a loyal obedience to the same creative impulse active in other spheres of Canadian life.

Finally: The literary group of '61 (along with Charles G. D. Roberts, whose historical position I shall define later) may justly be given the distinction of having been the first Canadian writers to show their American cousins and the motherland that the politically and commercially lusty young Confederacy was decidedly active in letters, putting forth green shoots and boughs, full of spiritual sap, on the great antique tree of English literature. Here I have purposely used metaphor ("green shoots," etc.), in order to prevent the scorn of the academic critic who, dwelling, by reminiscence, only in the past and with the dead, respects not the beginnings of things, nor beholds the shining glory of the imperfect. The fact is that the verse and the prose of the literary group of '61, though derivative in form, actually have gained the regard of the parent nation and are quite worthy of the admiration of their own compatriots as furnishing proof of the presence of the god in the Canadian people and as promising unsullied achievements in letters, distant, no doubt, but sure.

For the reasons, then, enumerated, namely, nativity, literary conspectus and ideals, and honourable reputation for achievement, the Canadian writers born in '61 distinguish themselves, and the year in which they were born, as the most significant in the literary history of Canada under the Confederacy.

Now, from the outset I have anticipated, in the epithet *significant*, the answer to this question: Are not the writings of Charles G. D. Roberts and of Ralph Connor (both born in 1860), of Duncan Campbell Scott, Sir Gil-

bert Parker, and of that excellent aboriginal poetess Pauline Johnson (all born in 1862), as important in the literary history of Canada as the writings of the group born in '61? The truth is that, disregarding natal years, the group of '60 and the group of '62 have done nothing which in kind might not, or could not, have been done, were it not for circumstance or preference, by the group of '61. The last have all the potentialities of intellect and fancy present in the first two groups, and, of course, all the powers of acquired technic. By virtue, then, of nativity, potential genius and actual accomplishment and reputation, the Canadian *litterateurs* born in '61, though not all as eminent or famous as some of those born in '60 and '62, are the most significant.

To illustrate, taking a single instance, Mr. Roberts, or Sir Gilbert Parker, is more eminent or famous in the world of letters than Miss Saunders. Their work in the short story, or in the historical romance, is more striking, or powerful, and more widely read than hers in the same *genres*, though theirs is not more original, authentic and readable. In one literary species, Miss Saunders, it may be said, stands alone both in craftsmanship and fame. But the international reputation and household popularity of her "Beautiful Joe," certainly a unique sociological tale, wherein are commingled strangely, but veraciously, the life of man and of the domestic animals, is based on pathos and the tender sense in us of the "near-humanity" of the nobler domestic animals. Mr. Roberts's animal stories, on the other hand, are psychological fictions: they appeal, not to the heart in us, but to the analytic imagination and the æsthetic sense. These are enduring faculties of human nature; the humanitarian feelings vary their expression according to circumstance of time, education, and environment. In the world of letters as such, then, Mr. Roberts's animal stories will al-

ways take a higher place than Miss Saunders's, though hers be, conceivably, more original, veracious and readable.

In view of these distinctions in classification, the first proposition of this essay may stand: In the literary history of Canada the group of writers born in '61 are primary in significance. It so happens that Roberts has certain positive and special relations (which the other writers born in '60 and '62 have not) to the group of '61. And as I hinted I should do, I shall bring him within the scope of this essay by defining these relations to the primary group.

First: Roberts was the literary sponsor of Lampman and Carman. In 1884, while editor of *The Week*, he published in that periodical the very first poems which Lampman contributed to the public press ("The Coming of Winter" and "Three Flower Petals"). This is more significant than appears on first view. It must be remembered that Roberts, though but twenty-four years old at the time of his editorship, had published in 1880 his "Orion and Other Poems," which had been well-received by the press. This distinction, abetted by his editorial connection with Goldwin Smith, the founder of *The Week*, gave him some of the glory of a new literary star and made him an authority whose good opinion of another's verse was inspiring when it took the form of introducing a young native poet to the Canadian public. Lampman was a young man then; human, sensitive and shy, and Roberts gave him that practical encouragement which alone really counts—a right start *per aspera*, indeed, but for Lampman, as we shall see, *ad astra*.

In 1886 (7) Roberts published his second volume of verse, "In Divers Tones," and his star shone with greater glory, especially to the eyes of our American cousins, who were not likely to think that any good thing could come out of Canada, ex-

cept pulpwood, fish, and potatoes. Roberts was related to Carman by blood and temperament. This fact being known and the light of Roberts' literary glory being reflected on his compatriot, it was but natural that the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* should publish in that magazine Carman's first poem, "Low Tide at Grand Pré" (1888). This, too, is more significant than it seems. To appear in *The Atlantic*, as the phrase goes, is for a young poet, story-teller, or essayist a literary distinction in itself; and its imprimatur is as a royal seal in the kingdom of letters in America; for that magazine enters only the homes of the most cultured readers, lay and professional—the literary *élite*.

Thus Roberts was directly sponsor for Lampman and indirectly for Carman; further, all the while from 1880 to 1893 his success was an inspiration to these two and Scott (F. G.) and Campbell, an incitement to them to accomplish a body of verse, excellent enough for publication in volume form, without fear of discrediting themselves and their country. So, in fact, it happened: Lampman and Scott (F. G.) published their first volumes of verse in 1888; Campbell his first in 1889, and Carman his first in 1893.

Again: it was Roberts's two volumes of verse that called the attention of the neighbouring Republic and of the motherland to the fact that systematic literary activity was going on in Canada and first awakened curiosity about the quality of the literary work of the group of '61, when their volumes of verse appeared. Roberts's renown secured for them a just "hearing"; and this done, the quality of their verse, especially of their nature-poetry, brought them no uncertain standing in the world of contemporary English literature.

Once more: Roberts is related to the literary group of '61, not only positively as sponsor, and as, so to

put it, elder brother, doing the same kind of work along with them and encouraging them, but also in a special way. He is "the voice" of the Canadian Confederacy, of the new progressive, creative spirit in the men of '61, and their compatriots active in other spheres—a genuine patriot poet *revealing Canada and her citizenry to themselves, and calling on them to achieve the destiny immanent in their genius and in the resources and institutions of their country.**

In virtue, then, of his peculiar affinities with the literary group of '61, Roberts, despite the difference of a year in priority of birth, falls within the scope of this essay. So!—Roberts and Lampman, Campbell and Carman, Scott and Saunders—is not that a roll of names, honourable for literary ambition and achievement, to which the other English-speaking peoples may be pointed by the compatriots of the young Canadian Confederacy, with brows uplifted and faces unashamed?

In passing, I remark that the phrase "in the literary history of Canada," though open to the same kind of objection which those polite detectives, the purists in speech, would raise against naming a college for women a female college, is used in this essay, which is one of constructive criticism, for a special purpose. I might have used "in Canadian literature" or "in the literature of the Canadian Confederacy." But by employing the phrase in the text I have escaped "begging," as too many of our literary critics and historians do, two questions, still mootable: (1) whether the verse and prose of Roberts and the group of '61 are really

literature; and (2) if so, whether, as literature, their writings are to be differentiated as merely *native* or as *national*.† Both questions will receive a sufficient answer by implication if we discover in the writings of Roberts and the group of '61 that they (who are, of course, Canada—the land and the people—incarnate and vocal) have in any wise contributed to the world of letters, first, novel delights, and, secondly, original social ideas, quite indigenous, for the spiritual enhancement of life.

Let it be granted, as axiomatic, that the intrinsic end of existence is its own perfection and that verse and prose rise to the dignity of fine art, or literature, when they promote existence ideally—by delighting the æsthetic senses, by consoling the heart, and by inspiring the moral imagination. Judged by this threefold test, the best poetry and imaginative prose of Roberts and the group of '61 will fare well in the company of the poetry and prose of the significant British and American authors of the Victorian era; while here and there in Canadian verse appear genuine gems of poetry, which, for vision, imagery, passion, lyrical eloquence, verbal music, and mastery of technic, are hardly surpassed by Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Brown- ing, Tennyson, or Swinburne.

If this be doubted, then apply this method of criticism. For exquisite tenderness and simple pathos, with Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break" compare Roberts's sweetly sad lyric, "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea." For delicacy or for poignancy in expressing the passion and meaning of love, with Swinburne's "These Many Years" compare Roberts's "O Red

*Doubtless he does this somewhat grandiloquently in his verses, yet with true insight, sincere feeling and noble emotion. For fuller treatment of Roberts as "the voice" of the Confederacy see pp. 562-3.

†For the distinction between a "native" and a "national" literature I am indebted to Mr. Newton MacTavish in a sensible, incisive illuminating article in *The Canadian Magazine* (see "Within the Sanctum," Vol. 32, Feb., '09, pp. 388-90). Here also I may acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Donald G. French, author of an excellent handbook of poetries, and to Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, a gifted poet (born in Ireland, 1861), and author of "Poems: Grave and Gay."

Rose of Life," or with Browning's "Evelyn Hope" compare Roberts's "A Nocturne of Consecration." For power to visualise the ghostly and ghastly, with Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner" compare the vivid, uncanny pictures of a spectral ship and crew in Carman's "Nancy's Pride." For beauty of descriptive imagery, verbal music, and expressive correspondence of emotion with the mood of the season, in nature-poetry, with Keats's "Ode to Autumn" compare Lampman's lovely lyric of earth, "September." For dignity of thought and mastery of technic, with the finest sonnets of Wordsworth, compare Roberts's "The Sower" or those noble sonnets by Lampman, beginning, "Not to be conquered by these headlong days," "Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of Night," and "There is a beauty at the goal of life." For dramatic power in sounding the depths of elemental passion and emotion, with Tennyson's "Rizpah" compare Campbell's profound utterance of the heart of woman in "The Mother," or with the more subtle of Browning's dramatic monologues compare Campbell's psychological revealments in "Unabsolved" and "The Confession of Tama the Wise." Finally, for the dainty, piquant expression of all those experiences which delight and console us in our humaner moments of reflection and reverie, let these pure lyrics be a daily rosary:—Scott's "The Cripple," "Van Elsen," and "A Reverie"; Campbell's "The Hills and the Sea," "Vapor and Blue," and "Lake Huron"; Lampman's "We, too, Shall Sleep," "The Weaver," and "The Passing of Autumn"; Carman's "Make Me Over, Mother April," "The Ships of St. John," and "The Grave-Tree"; and Roberts's "The Lone Wharf," "Lake Aylesford," "Afoot," "Kinship," and "Recessional."

True, Mr. Arnold Haultain would submit that these are, in his phrase, "examples of poetry"; and, forget-

ting that England possessed a literature when she heard but the notes of that sweet warbler Chaucer, would maintain, as he has done (*The Canadian Magazine*, April, '09), that "a dozen beautiful Canadian poems do not make a Canadian literature." Then, let us complete our litany by adding Lampman's and Campbell's metrical dramas, Carman's essays in *belles-lettres*, Roberts's and Miss Saunders's animal stories, and their romances and tales of
 "—old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago."

Now, constructive criticism must do more than furnish, as the scientists say, "proof presumptive" that Canadian letters have, through the poetry and imaginative prose of the literary group of '61, attained the beauty, or the distinction, of thought and style which inform genuine literature. To furnish complete inductive proof of "nationality" in literature, I have selected from Lampman's poetry a signal example of wholly indigenous expression of the Canadian genius and the Canadian view of nature and of life. I do not hesitate to claim that the example from Lampman, which goes under the name of "Sapphics," is for faultless technic, for spiritual vision of nature and for the beautiful application of noble ideas to life, an indubitable contribution to poetic art, and peculiarly Canadian. This is not too high praise; for the poem itself, which I shall quote immediately, and the analyses of its form and beauty, together with the commentary, I shall supply as to its spiritual meaning, will furnish sufficient evidence that it must be given a unique place in the history of English literature. For expository purposes I shall divide the poem into three parts—its three themes and their inspiration:

I.

Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and
 silent,
 Comes the autumn over the woods and
 highlands,

Golden, rose-red, full of divine remembrance,
Full of foreboding.

Soon the maples, soon will the glowing birches,
Stripped of all that summer and love had dowered them,
Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their pomp and treasure
Ruthlessly scattered:

Yet they quail not: Winter, with wind and iron,
Comes and finds them silent and uncomplaining,
Finds them tameless, beautiful still and gracious,
Gravely enduring.

II.

Me, too, changes, bitter and full of evil,
Dream by dream have plundered and left me naked,
Gray with sorrow. Even the days before me
Fade into twilight.

Mute and barren. Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my noble
Elms and maples, utterly grave and fearless,
Grandly ungrieving.

III.

Brief the span is, counting the years of mortals,
Strange and sad; it passes and then the bright earth,
Careless mother, gleaming with gold and azure,
Lovely with blossoms—

Shining white anemones, mixed with roses,
Daisies mild-eyed, grasses and honeyed clover—
You and me, and all of us, met and equal,
Softly shall cover.

The pure beauty of that poem, of its spiritualised imagery, of its rhythmic flow and cadences, *andante tranquillo*, and the noble mood and emotion it induces—how it all affects the heart and imagination like music heard in dim cathedral aisles, recalling us from the vulgar distractions of life to sequestered retreats in the Canadian wildwood, there to contemplate existence with a subdued joy

and tender peace! Nay more, we rise from communing with the poet, as he did from his communing with nature, anointed with a new spiritual grace and with a new strength to achieve, amidst ten thousand vicissitudes of fortune, a right worthy destiny—“grandly ungrieving.”

The poem divides into three parts, each having its own theme and inspiration. The first section gives us the poet's vision of nature and of her own (as well as the poet's) autumnal mood. This is an important distinction: it notes the peculiar Canadian pictorialising and humanising vision of nature. Who can mistake in what land comes that autumn, “clothed in splendour,” and “beautifully sad and silent,” in what land flourish those woods, “golden, rose-red,” and in what land rise those hills, “full of divine remembrance”? Those are indubitably, unmistakably, Canadian woods and hills in their precise autumnal garb and mood.

Some would contend that this way of pictorialising nature is Grecian or even English. Nay, not so, for this reason: The Greeks, as it were, “decked out” nature solely for the sensuous enjoyment of a world made lovely to look upon or pleasant to dwell in. The external beauty of nature was with them, as also with Keats and Wordsworth when these two did not assume the moralising attitude, the sufficient reason for their impressionistic word-painting. With Lampman and his *confreres*, as with the Kelts (and Lampman was a Gael on his mother's side), the physical loveliness of the face and garb of nature is an essential, living aspect of earth, or, as the aestheticians say, expressive beauty; for does not nature change her aspect becomingly with her seasons, thus expressing her varying moods? Lampman's attitude to nature is not the attitude of an impressionistic portrait-painter, but of one for whom physical loveliness is supremely a spiritual revelation. This, however, might be wholly Kel-

tic, and not Canadian, unless the interior revelation expressed, as we shall immediately see it does, a special view of nature and a special mode of intimate communion between the Canadian heart and the spirit of nature in Canadian wolds and streams and hills.

Part second of the poem gives us an altogether novel and original spiritual interpretation of nature's mood and temper. It is a mood or temper, be it noted, not expressed by nature in any land save Canada, and not to be divined, and sympathised with, by any other racial genius save by the mind and heart indigenous to Canada, by the Canadian genius, "informed" from birth through intimacy with nature in the homeland and sensitive emotionally to her varying aspect and manner, as children to the meaning of changes in the facial expression and manner of a mother.

The uncritical, having in mind that inveterate sermoniser Wordsworth, may think that Lampman in this poem does but "moralise" nature. Far from it, our poet *humanises* nature in a peculiar way, namely, by reciprocal sympathy. Mark that—"reciprocal sympathy"—as an original Canadian contribution to the poetic interpretation, the spiritual revelation, of nature. Our poet, as he says himself, is "brother" to nature. Her reflections on her own vicissitudes are as his own on his fortunes of life. They, though two physically, are one by a mutual bond of sympathy. The poet sympathises with nature as he himself feels that she sympathises with him. Thus does he humanise, not sentimentally, but nobly, the Canadian maples and birches, which, as he says:

"Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their
pomp and treasure

Ruthlessly scattered:

"Yet they quail not:—"

"Yet they quail not"—there we have envisaged the mood and temper of Canadian nature! The Gael, vision-

ing the maples and birches, with his racial sentiment for glories gone or departed, might say of them that they "dream, sad-limbed." But only a Canadian, or, if you will, a Canadian Gael, apprehending, through sympathy, their inmost mood, could say of them, nobly, inimitably:—"Yet they quail not." And so our poet, divining, with a more than Keltic subtlety of vision, the spirit of the Canadian woods in autumn, sympathetically responds to their mood, and is heartened to endure, as they do, silent and uncomplaining:

"—Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my
noble
Elms and maples, utterly grave and
fearless,
Grandly ungrieving."

"Yet will I keep my spirit *clear and valiant!*" Mark that as the authentic spiritual note of the Canadian genius. It is not Canadian, however, because it is the expression of indomitable courage, but because the idea, the inspiration of a self-controlled destiny, achieved with clearness of vision and valiant heart, first comes to the mind and heart and moral imagination of the Canadian poet as a *gift from Canadian wolds*, and he, for his part, conveys that gift to his compatriots, by the envisagement in his poetry of the "brotherhood" of man and nature in this land of glowing birches, noble elms and maples. And that note of clear-visioned faith and courage is in Canadian poetry of pioneer days before the Confederacy, as well as in these days of social and commercial progress—in the Gaelic verses of James MacGregor, who for years trod, with dauntless spirit, the wilds of Nova Scotia, companion of the snows, and beasts, pines and maples, as well as in the poetry of Campbell, Carman and Roberts, laureates of the Canadian lakes, marshes and forests. Much as I should like to illustrate this fully by quotation from the verse of Rob-

erts and the literary group of '61, I must forbear in order to signalise in their writings another quality—a nature-note—which is also peculiarly Canadian.

Taking the first two parts of Lampman's poem as a whole,* and the nature-poetry of Roberts, Carman and Campbell, from which I had to forbear quoting illustrative examples in point, we may say that the first distinctively national note in the literature of the Canadian Confederacy is a unique humanising of nature, singularly apparent in Lampman—a sympathetic identity of mood and temper, a reciprocal sense of brotherhood in man and nature. This is a psychological phenomenon by itself, belonging solely to the Canadian genius and expressing itself with fine art solely in Canadian poetry.

Like other poets, British and American, Canadian poets have notable pictorial gifts, and can visualise a scene so vividly as to give a reader of their verse the intimate view of an eye-witness of the reality; and they can, as aptly as Wordsworth, moralise nature and convey a noble preaching; but they stand alone in this—the power to humanise nature into personality and sympathetically identify her spirit with their own, in mood and will.

They also stand alone in this—in their love of local beauty and their power to individualise and vitalise it. This, too, is a national note and a psychological phenomenon by itself. Theirs is not a love of nature's beauty abstracted from a particular time and place, but of those very scenes and haunts where first they beheld nature in all her physical loveliness and many moods and became her intimate companion and lover. Lampman so individualises and vitalises his fields and woods; Campbell, his lakes; Rob-

erts, his woods and marshes; and Carman, his tides and mists, that the reader can localise the region and time the season of their inspiration with the nicest perception. So singularly is this quality present in their poetry that a reader can, with absolute surety, say not only, "This is Canadian nature-beauty," but also, "This is Canadian nature-beauty in Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, in Ontario." Surely, then, this peculiar power of imagination and imaginative appeal, whereby Lampman and his *confreres*, first, localise nature, and, next, humanise her noblest mood and temper into an identity with their own—surely this power, informing, as it does, their finest writing, is enough to raise Canadian letters both to the dignity of literature and of nationality.

It remains for me briefly to show, as I promised, that Roberts utters a national note when he becomes "the voice" of the Canadian Confederacy. We recall how Lampman expressed the clear-visioned courage of the essential Canadian heart—

"—Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my
noble
Elms and maples—"

But he does this quietly, in a reflective mood. Roberts expresses, not by implication, but boldly, or, as it were, with the voice of a prophet, the same "call" to the essential Canadian heart—a call of clear and valiant faith in the self-controlled destiny immanent in the Canadian genius, land, and institutions. He did this somewhat after the manner of a political "spell-binder" in his verses beginning, "O child of nations, giant-limbed." He did it again somewhat grandiloquently in his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy"—

*Part three, save for a few lines of lovely nature-painting, is quite Greek, contrasting the brightness of earth with the brief sad life of man. There is no such melancholy, as there is no humour, in the Canadian genius, and this section of Lampman's poem is beautiful as world poetry, not as a sample of peculiarly Canadian verse.

"Awake, my country, the hour is great
 with change,
 * * * * *
 The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the
 hills the gleam!
 * * * * *
 Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of
 thy fate."

This note of inexpugnable faith, and dauntless courage to achieve, was uttered twenty years after the forming of the Confederacy. The progress of Canada, in the ensuing twenty years is the best proof that her people are answering Roberts's "call" and achieving a destiny consistent with their view of life and their genius. In general, the essential character of their view of the meaning and worth of life may be phrased thus:—"Prosperity that brings with it a rational serenity of mind and a wholesome contentment is the only prosperity worth while."

The normal Canadian citizen is, above all things, sane. The turbulent

pursuit of prosperity, so conspicuous in our American cousins, in his view disturbs balance of mind and character, and so destroys that which is really worth while in living, namely, the ideal enhancement of life with pure spiritual possessions. For what, in Biblical paraphrase, shall it advantage a people if they gain the whole world of material goods and lose their own souls and the priceless goods of the spirit?

Canadians are notably in the eyes of the nations a sane and happy people, and they are so because they keep their souls always clear and valiant, having, as Lampman and Roberts and the rest of the literary group of '61, a sure vision of the greatness of their fate and the means to it. Prosperity which enhances ideally every sphere of life—this is the peculiar Canadian view. Who can gainsay its sweet reasonableness and genuine nobility?

SPEECH AFTER SILENCE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

YOU have retired unto that garden still
 To nurse your woe as 'twere a single son,
 To clothe it how you please and brood upon
 The days wherein it grew to hold your will.

And all the wistful sorrow mothers know
 Is yours who nurse your pain in holy peace,
 Till comes the dream that brings, with time, surcease,
 And God and I are glad it should be so.

For you, the cloistered isles of silent trees;
 I tread again the busy, moiling streets
 And take my way where every day entreats
 Some weary brother's sad necessities.

Each bears the burden as is willed, God wot:
 You in the quiet gloom, remembering still;
 And I where life and strife must daily thrill—
 I—I, God help me, I have not forgot.

THE ROCKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

By LURANA SHELDON

THUS far, old Ocean! 'Twixt thee and man's far habitat we stand,
'Twixt thee and that drear, meagre stretch of fields,
That wind-blown rime which in brief season yields
Bare sustenance, and standing, guard our strand
Against the fury of thy snarling rage.
Thus have we stood in battle age on age
Against thine anger and on-rushing greed.
Were we not staunch how would thy waters speed,
To swallow valleys and to lick the hills,
To wreak swift vengeance, overwhelming ills,
And link thine arms across man's destiny—
A ravening union of the parted sea!

These are the blades which thy desire doth whet—
These sharpened daggers, wrested from our sides,
Shaped by the torture of unnumbered tides,
Whose strong impotence in untiring fret
Gnawed at our bulwarks. These gaunt, ragged spears
That split the tongues of thine unceasing ire
Do thus defeat thine effort, thy desire,
And with their terrors lash thy treacherous tears
To venomed foam. Yet beatest thou in vain,
With importunings and dull, baffled cries!
Until Time's end thus shall these rocks arise
In strong defiance of thy wrack and strain.

Back, hungry ocean! In thine own vast breast
Hide thy great envy of man's little peace!
We stand to warn, to chide, to bid thee cease,
To thwart the madness of thy monstrous quest.



THE CHARM OF OLD WALNUT

BY PHIL IVES

"I love everything that's old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines."—Oliver Goldsmith.

WALNUT was occasionally used for furniture-making in England as early as the time of Charles I. A great many walnut trees were planted during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the trees, which grow slowly, were at this time beginning to mature. Most of the high caned-backed chairs were made of this material, but as their constructional affinities are more closely related to the oak period, they may, for the purposes of classification, be relegated to that period.

The walnut age proper immediately follows the oak furniture of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties. This age embraces all those pieces (usually, though not always, made of walnut), which exhibit the French and Dutch influences brought into England by the Courtiers who returned after the Restoration, and by those who followed the fortunes of William of Orange.

Although no fixed dates can be given in this fashion, it may be broadly indicated as beginning about the accession of James II., continuing during the reign of William III., and becoming modified, adapted, and thoroughly Anglicised in the time of Queen Anne. Finally, the quasi-Dutch style disappears during the reign of George I., when it is displaced by the mahogany furniture of Chippendale and his school.

No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the respective

styles of oak and walnut furniture, nor between those of walnut and mahogany. The transitions were very gradual, the earlier traditions died hard. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century we find furniture being made in all three of these different woods simultaneously and in fashions which were sometimes nearly a century apart.

Not without a struggle, we may be sure, did the English workman abandon his beloved traditions of rectangular construction, strength, solidarity, and sobriety of outline. We may imagine the feelings of wonder, dismay, and aversion with which he beheld curves, applying the difficult veneering on bent surfaces, also cutting elaborate marqueterie which seemed almost too delicate to touch. Nevertheless, however much they may have rebelled against these innovations, the demands of fashion were then imperious and irresistible as today, and it is most interesting to trace the earliest naïve concessions to the new style, first a little trivial, paw-shaped foot, then a little ripple of curves in the under-rail, then the enrichments by veneering in simple designs; and sometimes these efforts are quite amusing and suggest the *gaucherie* of the rustic arrayed in the costume of a courtier.

Soon, however, this preliminary awkwardness and diffidence dies away, and we find British cabinet-makers boldly essaying the most difficult feats, exercising a definite discrimination and deliberately selecting the best features of the foreign

style. They rejected much that was bizarre and eccentric, and out of exotic elements created a new English style; formal, dignified and restrained, admirably suited to the courtly times of Addison, Swift, and Steele.

Many new pieces of furniture,

lacquer is black or green, but sometimes it is scarlet or buff; the latter colour is very rare. But scarlet is also held in the highest estimation by collectors.

At first the designs of walnut furniture did not differ materially from the oaken furniture of the Jacobean



A WRITING DESK AND OCCASIONAL
CHAIRS BY JACQUES AND HAY

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY
OF MR. R. SCULLY

hitherto almost unknown in English homes, appear at this time. We may instance the writing cabinets and bureaux, the quaint mirrors for the toilet tables and for the walls, the card-tables, the tall candlestands or "torchers," the powdering tables and wash-stands, the corner cabinets, the china cabinets, the long-cased clocks, the tall chests of drawers, and linen presses (see illustration of pieces in possession of writer. Page 569).

This period also witnesses the advent of gilded furniture, also of lacquer, in imitation of those Oriental cabinets which were then being brought to this country by the Dutch and East India Trading Companies. The usual ground-colour of

period. In early examples the legs of tables and chairs followed the simple turnings and spiral twists with which we are so familiar, but soon the turned work begins to change, and we find a curious widening (something like an inverted cup) near the centre of the leg, or portions of the leg are shaped in square or octagonal form.

The stretchers, or connecting cross-bars of the legs, which were formerly straight rails intended to keep the feet from the floor, now become X-shaped.

The next change is the adoption of that peculiar curved form of leg known as the "cabriole" leg. This was no new form, but had been known

in very ancient days; an example closely analagous has recently been found during excavations in Beni-hassan in Egypt, which is at least three thousand years old. It is im-

tions of old bureau and china-cabinet in writer's possession). The cornice mouldings become wider and wider until they attain to great importance, considerable skill being shown in



A WALNUT SIDEBOARD BY JACQUES AND HAY

SHOWING LOWESTOFT AND SPODE TEAPOTS

possible to trace the origin of the form, but we may conjecture that this leg (which often resembles the hocked leg of an animal) was possibly suggested by the skins of animals thrown over seats, the pendant legs often assuming an appearance from which the design would arise. It seems to have found its way into Europe from China, and was frequently adopted as a motive in design in France and the Low Countries.

Tall pieces of furniture, such as presses, wardrobes, bookcases, which were formerly made with straight, flat tops, were now made arched, rounded, and dome-shaped; or with "broken" pediments of a somewhat architectural character (see illustra-

their construction. Instead of being cut out of a solid piece, they were built up in small wedge-shaped sections placed in an opposite direction to the sweep of the moulding. This method of working the wood in a contrary direction to the grain is peculiar to the walnut furniture of this period; it was a laborious and expensive process, but the rich effects of colour thus gained gives a great charm to "Queen Anne" furniture. Modern reproductions of Queen Anne furniture generally evade this trouble by working the moulding straight, but the loss of effect is very great.

To obtain beautiful effects of colour and rich "figuring of the wood"

seems to have been the *beau ideal* of the cabinet-makers; no trouble was too great; they would almost cut up a tree specially to obtain a little piece of curiously gnarled wood, and then apply it quarter-wise, so that by repetition it would form a sort of nature design. On the edges of the

tuted, and with good results. Hence the amateur of to-day is often puzzled by observing that a piece, externally of rich quality, is lined with deal, which he, in ignorance of the facts, is apt to regard as an inferior wood.

Curious little hiding-places and secret drawers are characteristic of



A ROOM FURNISHED WITH OLD WALNUT

drawers and doors it was customary to place a border of lighter-coloured wood, with the grain running in an opposite direction, to the centre; this is technically "cross-banding." A second, inner border of two strips, with the grain cut diagonally and arranged like the barbs of a feather, was also used; this is called "herring-bone" or "feather" inlay.

Obviously this gnarled wood could not be used in a solid form, but had to be applied as a veneer. In early instances it was sometimes laid upon an oak foundation, but soon it was discovered that the shrinkage of oak did not synchronise with that of walnut, consequently the veneer fell off. In time, deal was therefore substi-

Queen Anne furniture, some being so obvious and palpable that they could only deceive young children, while others are most cunningly contrived in positions of difficult approach. They were intended for the reception of wills and private papers, or coin and jewels, in days when banking facilities were not so great as in our own time.

In course of time walnut was superseded by mahogany, obtained from the West Indies. Its greater durability, the ease with which it could be worked, its immunity from the attacks of "worms," and its rich purplish colour contributed largely to a popularity which has lasted for nearly two centuries. Although wal-

nut went gradually out of fashion, the style of construction which characterised walnut furniture survived far into the eighteenth century. But for the sake of classifica-

mahogany, but, despite a few faults, the walnut furniture not only captivates, but retains a lasting place in our affections. So much so that Canadians are beginning to, and



□ AN OLD WALNUT LINEN PRESS

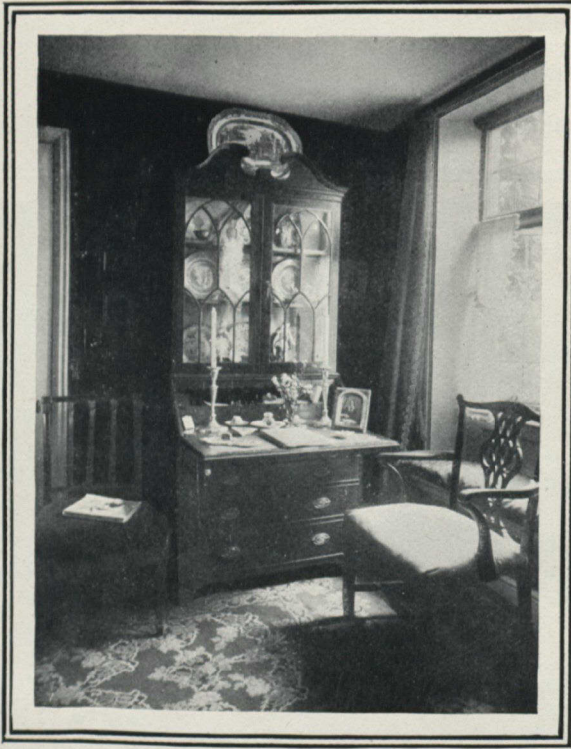
A FINE SETTING FOR ANTIQUE FURNITURE

tion the furniture made after about 1725-1730 must be relegated to the period known under the title of the "Age of Mahogany."

If we compare the furniture of the Age of Walnut with the later furniture of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam, Sheraton, and their contemporaries (by some, called the Golden Age of Furniture), it must be conceded that greater utility and refinement of design belong to the latter; but there is undeniably a charm, a naïveté, a quaintness, a variety in form, belonging to the furniture of the walnut period, which are entirely its own. We may venerate the "sturdiness" of oak, we may admire the "daintiness" of rosewood and

fresh arrivals have already begun to, recognise the enduring merits of the walnut furniture made by Hilton, of Montreal, and Jacques & Hay, and a fine old sideboard, sofa, or an arm-chair, made by them, is a welcome addition to our homes. Today we often hear cultured Canadians speak with regret of certain old pieces that their parents foolishly parted with in days gone by, when early Victorian, or some other eyesore was in vogue. Oh, Fashion! What a lot we have to put up with for your sake, and, like custom, you are a perfect nightmare to wise folk!

Although genuine pieces of Jacques & Hay furniture (made in their



A WALNUT BUREAU AND CHINA CABINET, SHOWING BROKEN PEDIMENT

best period, and beautifully carved) sometimes fetch more than mahogany, yet pieces are still to be had, if one takes the trouble to seek around, at a price well within the reach of the slenderly-lined purse, and oftentimes at a price even lower than their modern equivalents.

Robert Hay was a Scotchman. His parents were Robert Hay and Elizabeth Henderson, and he was born in the Parish of Tippermuir, Perthshire, on the eighteenth of May, 1808. His father was a small farmer in anything but affluent circumstances, and had a family of nine children.

At the age of fourteen, Robert had to push for himself, and he became an apprentice to a cabinet-maker in the town of Perth. After faithfully serving his apprenticeship, he worked for some time as a journeyman, and then, in 1831, he sailed for Canada; and landed at Montreal in June, and,

after spending two months in that city, he came to Toronto on the eleventh of September of the same year, where he found employment.

In 1835 he formed a partnership with Jacques, a native of Cumberland, England, under the name and style of Jacques & Hay, and commenced business as cabinet-makers, etc. The capital possessed at this time by the firm only amounted to about eight hundred dollars, but they had pluck, and, with two apprentices and their own willing hands, they laid the foundation of a business, which, at that time, was one of the largest in Canada.

Their store-rooms were situated at the corner of Jordan and King Streets, where the present Bank of Commerce now stands, and their factory was on the Esplanade, at the bottom of Bay Street. After being in business for about twenty years, they

were twice burned out, and lost about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of furniture and machinery. They were unfortunate enough to have a third fire some five years later. But,

used to test each piece personally before it left the factory (and woe betide the workman if a chair creaked). It not only found a ready market in Canada, but a good deal



ITALIAN WALNUT CENTRE TABLE

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

nothing daunted, these plucky and energetic cabinet-makers rebuilt their premises and started into business with renewed vigour.

In 1875 Jacques retired from business, and Charles Rogers and George Craig, who had long worked for the firm, were taken into the partnership, and the name was changed to Robert Hay & Company. This partnership continued until 1885, when Messrs. Rogers and Craig retired, leaving Mr. Hay in entire possession of the business. Mr. Hay three months after retired from business, and Mr. Rogers, not being able to come to terms with him, started on his own account, under the title of Charles Rogers, Sons & Company.

The furniture manufactured by the original firm was of the finest description, and Mr. Hay

found its way in time to England.

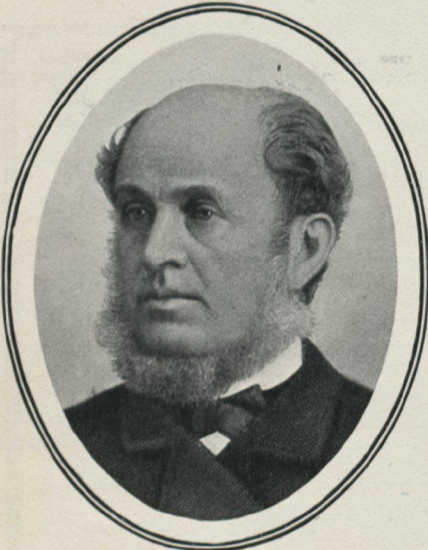
Several of the county families purchased their furniture, amongst others, Mr. Bass, M.P., the brewer, now Lord Burton, and the late Lord Abinger. These suites of furniture were designed by the late Mr. Rogers, father of Mr. W. B. Rogers, the Postmaster of Toronto, and were made before the style was altered and the workmanship had begun to deteriorate. Mr. Hay represented Central Toronto in Parliament for several years.

Before a commission sitting at Toronto in 1880, to report on agriculture, including forestry and arboriculture, Mr. Hay supplied the following information:

"When I first came to this country there was very little walnut used, but one or two years afterwards it came to

be used more extensively. I think it was Sir Peregrine Maitland who first introduced walnut here, and who was the first to make it fashionable.

"Previous to that they had used cherry or any of the common woods. Since its



ROBERT HAY,
THE CHIPPENDALE OF CANADA

first introduction, walnut has been the staple fashionable wood for making furniture.

"When we first commenced making walnut furniture we got the wood from Canada West. A great deal came from about Port Stanley and the banks of the Thames, in Kent, Essex and South Middlesex. We now obtain very little walnut, indeed, from that part of the country.

"Lately we have been getting our principal supplies of walnut from Indiana. The walnut grown in that State is as good as that grown in Canada, but as you go south of Indiana the walnut is of a lighter shade. The dark walnut grows best in a climate such as that of Michigan or Canada. I don't suppose the supply in Indiana is inexhaustible. I have been told, in fact, it will not last a great many more years.

"When I came to Canada first they used walnut for rail fences.

(The writer has seen pig styes in Newfoundland made of mahogany collected from shipwrecks). The principal value of walnut is that it is an excellent wood for furniture, and is handsome in appearance. It is universally admired, has a close grain, is not liable to be much

affected by changes of temperature, and, at the same time, it is not hard to work. It is a very valuable timber economically.

"I could not say exactly what time it would take for walnut trees to grow to maturity, fifty or sixty years at least. I don't know any other parts of Canada where walnut is to be found, except the district I have mentioned. There was a little once in the Niagara district, but that has been cut down. There is none at all north of us. I don't think any careful examination has ever been made of the walnut region to ascertain how much of the wood may still be remaining, but I am sure there can be very little left. It would be a desirable thing to replant walnut. There would be a great market for it."

It is to be regretted that our farmers and others living in the country sadly neglect the work of planting forest trees from the notion that their growth will be so tardy as to make the outlay of time and a little money worthless to them in their day and generation.

The idea of handing down a fine estate beautifully timbered to their sons is not constantly present to the minds of Canadians as in England, where timber has helped to save many a bankrupt landlord, and a craving to achieve immediate results is one of the curses of the times.

Judging from the walnut trees growing round about Oakville they will repay the trouble and expense of planting. This ought to encourage the residents in that district to plant extensively in their pastures and round their houses. A well-grown walnut tree is not only ornamental and a good shade for cattle, but its nuts, pickled when green, and, when ripe, assisted with a glass of good old tawny port, is an ever welcome adjunct to our luncheon and dinner tables.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. Were it not for the Philistines and the *bourgeois* in our midst, the collector or connoisseur would miss many bargains. These dear, good people have been too busy chasing the almighty dollar to cultivate a taste for art. Consequently, the

house beautiful is beyond their comprehension, and antiques to them are mere "junk." They will often dispose of them in order to furnish their houses in what, poor souls, they fondly consider the fashion. This genteel furniture (to use one of their pet words), covered with some quite too awful an abomination for words, being usually jerry-built and made of unseasoned wood, warps as soon as the rooms are heated in the winter, falls to pieces in the spring, and is smashed up for firewood in the summer. Then, and then only, they learn the folly of buying the banal things we see every day in our shop windows, or the inane crudities of *l'art nouveau*.

Beware of "fakes" and "shams" of all kinds, for there are many traps for the unwary. Genuine old rosewood, mahogany, or walnut furniture may not appear cheap at the time of purchase, but do not be prevented from becoming the lucky possessor of such a piece. For, remember, in buying well-made furniture, you are buying once and once only, not for your life-time, but for generations to come.

Rome was not built in a day—neither can a house be successfully furnished in an afternoon by rushing pell-mell from one shop to another. It requires quite as much time, skill, and thought as it does to write a successful play like "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The scheme of a room should be always determined before anything is chosen, and then patiently elaborated in detail, if one would avoid the garish or discordant note so commonly seen in the mansions of mushroom millionaires. The second generation of the *nouveau riche* usually have bet-

ter taste or are wise enough to know that they are lacking in this commodity and call in an expert or consult their educated friends, who have grandfathers, and who are to the manner born.

One of our Dominion's merchant princes has recently deputed a well-known artist to furnish and decorate his new house throughout, and to go to Europe to purchase pictures.

Everything in the principal rooms, the artist informed the writer, is to be carried out with that fidelity to tradition which is so essential to a harmonious ensemble. In fact, everything will bear the unmistakable stamp of "correctness." For instance, in the Louis XVI. music-room, the stuff on the chair seats, or the curtains, and even the door handles, will all belong to this period.

The day for rare bargains and wonderful "finds," so dear to the collector's heart, is not yet passed. There are many delightful pieces of old furniture and china and other treasures lying *perdu* still for the seeing eye and thinking brain of the collector to discover.

The writer, in his rambles in the quest of the antique, recently discovered in a "junk shop" a Lowestoft and an early Spode teapot, which were promptly secured at the ridiculous price of twenty-five cents each, and which are photographed on the sideboard, shown on page 567, for the benefit of the true antiquary, who is generally a person of elastic tastes, many-sided and omniverous.

"A wife, a span'l and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they
be."

—Old Saw.



THE WOODS IN AUTUMN

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES" ETC.

MAPLES are trees that have primeval fire in their souls. It glows out a little in their early youth, before the leaves open, in the redness and rosy-yellowness of their blossoms, but in summer it is carefully hidden under a demure, silver-lined greenness. Then, when autumn comes, the maples give up trying to be sober and flame out in all the barbaric splendour and gorgeousness of their real natures, making of the ancient wood a thing out of an Arabian Nights dream in the golden prime of good *Haroun Alraschid*.

You never may know what scarlet and crimson really are until you see them in their perfection on an October hillside under the unfathomable blue of an autumn sky. All the glow and radiance and joy at earth's heart seem to have broken loose in a splendid determination to express itself for once before the frost of winter chills her beating pulses. It is the year's carnival ere the dull Lenten days of leafless valleys and penitential mists come.

The maples are the best vehicle for this hidden, immemorial fire of the earth and the woods, but the other trees bear their part valiantly. The sumacs are almost as gorgeous as the maples; the wild cherry trees are, indeed, more subdued, as if they are rather too reserved and modest to go to the length the maples do, and prefer to let their crimson and gold burn more dully through over-tints of bronzy green.

I know a dell, far in the bosky

deeps of the wood, where a row of maiden birches fringe a deeply-running stream, and each birch is more exquisite than her sisters. And, as for the grace and goldenness of the young things, that cannot be expressed in terms of the dictionary or symbols of earth, but must be seen to be believed or realised. I stumbled on that dell the other day quite by accident . . . if, indeed, there can be such a thing as accident in the woods, where I am tempted to think we are led by the Good People along such of their fairy paths as they have a mind for us to walk in. It was lying in a benediction of amber sunshine, and it seemed to me that a spell of eternity was woven over it . . . that winter might not touch it, nor spring evermore revisit it. It must continue forever so, the yellow trees mirrored in the placid stream, with now and then a leaf falling on the water to drift away and be used, mayhap, as a golden shallop for some adventurous wood sprite, who had it in mind to fare forth to some wonderful far-off region where all the brooks run into the sea.

I left the dell while the sunshine still shone on it, before the shadows had begun to fall. And I shall never, if I can help it, revisit it again. I wish to remember it always as in that one vision and never see it changed or different. I think it is one of the places where dreams grow; and hereafter whenever I have a dream of a certain kind . . . a golden, mel-

low, crimson-veined dream, a very dream of dreams, I shall please my fancy with the belief that it came from my secret dell of birches, and was born of some mystic union between the fairest of the sisters and the genius of that crooning brook.

The woods are full of purple vistas, threaded with sunshine and gossamer. Down drop the tinted leaves, one by one, with the faintest of sighs, until our feet rustle most silverly through their fallen magnificence. The woods are as friendly as ever; but they do not make the advances of spring, nor do they lavish attentions on us as in summer. They are full of a gentle, placid indifference. We have the freedom of their wonders, as old friends, but we are not any longer to expect them to make much fuss over us; they want to dream and remember, undisturbed by new things. They have spread out a spectacle that cannot be surpassed . . . have flung all their months of hoarded sunlight into one grand burst of colour, and now they wish to take their rest.

The conebearers hardly know what to make of the transformation that has come over their deciduous neighbours, who comported themselves so discreetly and respectably all through the earlier months of the year. The pines and hemlocks and spruces seem to wrap their dark mantles around them, with a tinge of haughty disapproval. No change of fashion for them, and it please ye, no flaunting in unseemly liveries of riotous hue. It is theirs to keep up the dignity of the forest. Only the firs are more tolerant. Indeed, here and there a fir seems trying to change its sober garments also, and has turned a rich red-brown. But, alas! The poor fir pays for its desertion of fir tradition by death. Only the dying fir can change its colour . . . and exhale that haunting, indescribable odour, which steals out to meet us in shadowy hollows and silent dingles.

There is a magic in that scent of dying fir. It gets into our blood like some rare, subtly-compounded wine, and thrills us with unutterable sweetnesses, as of recollections from some other, fairer life, lived in some happier star. Compared to it, all other scents seem heavy and earth-born, luring to the valleys instead of the heights. But the tang of the fir summons upward and onward to some "far-off, divine event" . . . some spiritual peak of attainment, whence we shall see with unfaltering, unclouded vision the spires of some aerial city beautiful, or the fulfilment of some fair, fadeless land of promise.

Autumn woods give us another rare fragrance also—the aroma of frosted ferns. The morning is the best time for it—a morning after a sharp frost, when the sunshine breaks over the hollows in the woods; but sometimes we may catch it in the evenings after the afternoon sun has steeped the feathery golden sheets of a certain variety of fern and drawn out their choicest savour.

I have a surprise for you if you will but walk with me through these still, stained mazes and over the enclosed harvest field beyond, and up this dour hill of gnarled spruces and along this maple-fringed upland meadow. There will be many little things along our way to make us glad. Joyful sounds will "come ringing down the wind;" gypsy gold will be ours for the gathering; I can promise you a glimpse now and then of a shy partridge, scuttling away over the fallen leaves; as the evening deepens there will be nun-like shadows under the trees; and there will be squirrels, chattering in the beeches where the nuts are. Squirrels, you know, are the gossips and busybodies of the woods, not having learned the fine reserve of its other denizens. But there is a certain shrill friendliness in their greeting, and they are not really half such scolds as one might imagine from appearances. If they

would but "take a thought and mend" their shrewd-like ways they would be dear, lovable creatures enough.

Ah, here is my promised surprise. Look you . . . a tree . . . an apple tree . . . an apple tree laden with fruit . . . as I live, a veritable apple-bearing apple tree here in the very heart of the woods, neighboured by beeches and pines, miles away from any orchard. Years ago it sprang from some chance sown seed; and the alien thing has grown and flourished and held its own. In the spring I wandered this way and saw it white amid wildness with its domestic blossom. Pluck and eat fearlessly, I pray you. I know these apples of old and fruit of Hesperides hath not a rarer flavour, nor the fatal apple of Eden. They have a tawny skin, but a white, white flesh, faintly veined with red; and, besides their own proper apple taste, they have a certain wild, delicious flavour no orchard-grown apples ever possessed or can possess. Let us sit here on this fallen tree, cushioned with mosses, and eat our fill, while the shafts of sunshine turn crimson and grow remote and more remote, until they vanish altogether and the early autumn twilight falls over the woods. Surely, there is nothing more for our quest, and we may as well go home.

Nothing more? Look you, I pray you, over yonder, through the mist of this mild, calm evening. Beyond the brook valley, halfway up the opposite slope, a brush fire is burning clearly and steadily in a maple grove. There is something indescribably alluring in that fire, glowing so redly against the dark background of forest and twilit hill. A wood fire at night has a fascination not to be resisted by those of mortal race. Come, let us arise and go to it. It may have been lighted by some good, honest farmer, bent on tidying up his sugar orchard, but it may also, for aught we know, have

been kindled by no earthly woodman, a beacon or a summons to the tribes of faery. Even so, we shall seek it fearlessly, for are we not members of the immemorial free-masonry of the woods?

Now we are in the grove. Is it not beautiful, O comrade of my wanderings? So beautiful that it makes us perfectly happy; we could sit down and cry for pure, unearthly joy; and we desire fervently some new language, rich in unused, unstained words, to express our rapture.

The fire burns with a clear, steady glow and a soft crackle; the long arcades beneath the trees are illuminated with a rosy radiance, beyond which lurks companies of enticing gray and purple shadows. Everything is very still and dreamy and remote. It is impossible that out there, just over the hill, lies a village of men, where tame household lamps are shining. We must be thousands of miles away from such things. It is an hour and place when and where anything might come true . . . when men in green might creep out to join hands and foot in fealty around the fire, or wood nymphs steal from their trees to warm their white limbs, grown chilly in autumn frosts, by the blaze. I don't think we would feel much surprise if we should see something of the kind . . . the flash of an ivory shoulder through yonder gloom, or a queer little elfin face peering at us around a twisted gray trunk. Oh, I think I do see it . . . but one cannot be sure. Mortal eyesight is too slow and clumsy a thing to match against the flicker of a pixy-litten fire.

Everything is in this hour—the beauty of classic myths, the primal charm of the silent and the open, the lure of mystery, the beguilement of gramarye. It has been a pure love match 'twixt light and dark, and beautiful exceedingly are the offspring thereof.

We go home by the old fir lane over the hill, though it is somewhat longer

than the field way. But it always drags terribly at my heart to go past a wood lane if I can make any excuse at all for traversing it. Sometimes I like to walk in this lane alone, for I know it well and can tryst here with many shapes of old dreams and joys. But to-night I am glad to have a comrade . . . for the dark is coming down, and I am just a wee bit afraid, with a not unpleasant fear. The whole character of the lane seems changed. It is mysterious . . . eerie . . . almost sinister. The trees, my old, well-known friends, are strange and aloof. The sounds we hear are not the cheery, companionable sounds of daytime . . . they are creeping and whispering and weird, as if the life of the woods had suddenly developed something almost hostile . . . something, at least, alien and unacquainted and furtive. I could fancy that I hear stealthy footsteps all around us . . . that strange eyes were watching us through the boughs. I feel all the old primitive fear known to the child-

hood of the race—the awe of the dark and shadowy, the shrinking from some unseen menace lurking in the gloom. My reason quells it into a piquant watchfulness, but were I alone it would take but little—nothing more than that strip of dried bark keening so shilly on the rail fence—to deliver me over to a blind panic, in which I should turn and flee shamelessly. As it is, I walk more quickly than my wont, and feel, as we leave the lane behind, that I am escaping from some fascinating, but not altogether hallowed, locality—a place still given over to paganism and the revels of fauns and satyrs. None of the wild places are ever wholly Christian in the darkness, however much they may seem so in daylight. There is always a lurking life in them that dares not show itself to the sun, but regains its own with the night. Comrade, I vow I am right glad to see the steady-gleaming homelight below us, shining on homely, mortal faces. It is a good thing after the uncanny enchantment of the autumn forest.



EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

THE Saskatchewan River is one of Canada's greatest waterways. Its two branches, draining the prairie country between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, are twin sisters of the Missouri and Mississippi. The north branch rises in the mountainous region of western Alberta, flows north-east past Edmonton, and then turns south-east. At Battleford it receives the waters of the Battle River, and after passing Prince Albert it is joined by the south branch, the combined streams pouring their waters into the northern end of Lake Winnipeg at Grand Rapids. The South Saskatchewan, some eight hundred miles in length, is formed by the union of two Rocky Mountain streams, the Bow and Belly Rivers, and after skirting Medicine Hat and Saskatoon, pours its swirling waters into the north branch, which, at this point, is six hundred yards wide.

The history of navigation on the Saskatchewan dates from the old fur-trading days, when the northern wilderness first echoed to the stirring strains of the Highlanders' bagpipes, and the *chansons* of red-sashed *voyageurs* and hardy *coureurs du bois*. In 1774 Samuel Hearne, discoverer of the Coppermine, built Cumberland House for the Hudson's Bay Company, about a hundred miles above Grand Rapids. Within twenty years the company had extended its posts westward to the foot of the

Rockies, Norway House, at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, being the distributing point for the Western trade.

But the Hudson's Bay Company was not long permitted to have all the trade in the North and West. Free traders advanced up the rivers, and in the closing years of the eighteenth century they carried on a flourishing trade with scattered tribes of Northern Indians. In 1783 a number of merchants of Montreal organised the North-west Trading Company and succeeded in securing the services of the free traders by making them partners or salaried employees. Fort William, on Lake Superior, was made the headquarters of the new company's trade, and fur-posts were built at strategic points along the swift-flowing Saskatchewan.

The name Saskatchewan means "swift current," and anyone who has battled with its seething waters will admit that the stream does not belie its name. Rapids, shoals, and sand bars are characteristic of both branches of the river from the foothills to the forks, a little more than a hundred miles above Cumberland House. A short voyage down stream brings one to the Pas, which marks the extreme northern point that connected railway steel has yet reached on this continent. A train could be made up at the Pas, and in a week's time its passengers could step out

on the platform in New York, San Francisco, or New Orleans.

The Pas is one of Canada's coming cities, for within a very short time, a new line of glistening steel will connect this point with Hudson's Bay. Eastward from the Pas, the river runs through a flat, marshy country, with shallow lakes on either hand. After passing through Cedar Lake—a beautiful sheet of water—it forms a huge angle and then makes a final plunge into Lake Winnipeg over the seven miles of Grand Rapids.

In the early 'eighties, the Northwest Navigation Company placed a fleet of steamboats on the Saskatchewan, and from 1880 to 1885 the river was navigated each summer from Edmonton to Grand Rapids. The company had twelve miles of roadway built round the rapids, and freight was transferred by means of teams from the lake to the river boats and *vice versa*. The boats, which were drawn up on the bank during the winter, were launched just as soon as the ice went out, and made the first trip with the high water.

These boats were run for the benefit of the great northern trade, and delivered most of the freight billed for Cumberland, the Pas, Prince Albert, Carleton, Battleford, Fort Pitt, and Edmonton. The first trip of the season was the most profitable, and used to net the company something like \$125,000, most of the freight going to the Hudson's Bay posts in the Far North. In 1882 the company's fleet consisted of the *Manitoba*, the *Northcote*, the *Northwest*, and the *Marquis*. The first two generally did the trip from Prince Albert to Edmonton, and the latter pair ran between Prince Albert and Grand Rapids.

The history of these early river boats is interesting. The *Marquis* was one of the old Red River steamers owned by a navigation company, of which, for a time, J. J. Hill was active warehouseman. When the

railway advanced toward Winnipeg River navigation was abandoned, and the *Marquis* was bought by the Northwest Navigation Company, run down the lake to Grand Rapids, taken to pieces, hauled across in sections, and rebuilt above the rapids. After an honourable career, her old hulk now lies rotting on the river bank at Prince Albert, "and none so poor to do her reverence." The *Manitoba*, which went to pieces in the Shell River, formerly ran up the Assiniboine to Fort Ellis, but was transferred to the Saskatchewan in the summer of '82.

The oldest steamboats on the river were the *Lily* and the *Northcote*. The first drew too much water and was wrecked on a survey expedition up the south branch, above Saskatoon. It was the *Lily* which met the Marquis of Lorne at Carleton in 1881 and took him first to Prince Albert and then to Battleford, from which place he crossed overland to Calgary.

The *Northcote* distinguished herself during the Rebellion of '85 by serving as a military transport and gun-boat. When it was determined to send supplies to the scene of hostilities by the river, the *Northcote*, then at Medicine Hat, was taken to Saskatchewan Landing, where provisions and troops were taken on board. Captain "Gat" Howard, with a Gatling gun battery, almost monopolised the fore part of the upper deck, and the four companies of soldiers occupied the remainder. Two barges filled with supplies were lashed one on each side of the steamer, and the old stern-wheeler left on April 22nd for Clark's Crossing, where General Middleton anxiously awaited the expected stores.

But the *Northcote's* progress was slow. Owing to the turbulent nature of the South Saskatchewan, new channels are continually being cut, and the water is coloured a deep yellow by the moving sand. The improvised gun-boat therefore had her

share of trouble. She ran on the rocks once, ran ashore twice, and went aground on sandbars no less than eleven times in a single day. Clark's Crossing was reached on May 5th, and two of the companies were left there, with a considerable part of the stores. It was found that General Middleton had advanced to Fish Creek, and the boat arrived at that point, with the two remaining companies, on the following morning.

The General decided to send the *Northcote* down the river to fire upon the rebel stronghold at Batoche, while his main body of troops attacked it from the land. Unfortunately, the steamer dropped down the stream too quickly, and, as she swung round the big bend above the town, she was swept by a leaden hail-storm from both sides of the river. At the same time, the rebels began to lower the heavy ferry cable to block her further progress. The pilot, seeing that his only chance of escape was to break the cable, ordered "full steam ahead." The next moment the *Northcote* struck the powerful steel hawser in the centre, and it bounded fully twenty feet into the air. The momentum acquired by the steamer caused her to pass partly under the wire before it fell on the hurricane deck, tearing off the top of the wheel-house, and sending the smoke-stacks down with a crash. Although partially disabled, the old boat "was still in the ring." Amid a howl of rage she swung round in the current and drifted down the stream, firing a broadside as she went. After maintaining a running fight for three days with rebels along the shore, the staunch old boat reached Hudson's Bay Ferry, twenty-two miles down stream, and was met there by the *Marquis*. The two boats proceeded up stream to Batoche, only to find that the town had already been taken.

Some twenty years later, a more disastrous fate overtook Captain

Ross's boat, the *City of Medicine Hat*, in the crooked currents of the South Saskatchewan. While making a pleasure trip down stream from her namesake city, she was wrecked at Sáskatootin in 1907. The cause of the wreck proved to be the submerged electric light and telegraph wires which crossed the river at this point.

One of the most interesting trips in recent years was that of the *Alberta*, of Prince Albert, through the dreaded Grand Rapids. It was a risky experiment, but fortune favoured the adventurous crew; and, though the boat sank immediately after reaching shore in the still water below, she was afloat again in less than a week. At present she is doing duty as an excursion boat on the Red, and the Saskatchewan knows her no more.

Navigation on the Saskatchewan was no easy task, even in its palmiest days. The channels were constantly changing, and it took a pilot with a practised eye to detect a shoal where, probably on the previous trip, a deep channel had existed. The larger boats had long spars attached to the bow, and these were operated by means of a donkey-engine. When the craft stuck on a sandbar, these spars were set at an angle, and the donkey-engine proceeded to manipulate them in the same way that a man does a pole in punting a scow. As a rule, the boats were of very light draught, three feet being the maximum when fully loaded.

Until one got used to life on the boat, sleep was out of the question; "sounding for the channel" was too important an item to be dispensed with, even under the most favourable circumstances. One man was stationed at the bow, with a long, thin pole marked in feet, while another stood just outside the pilot-house. The first man would sound and call out in a monotonous voice the various depths—"two feet slack—three feet slacking—no bottom," or "three feet—two feet scant," as the

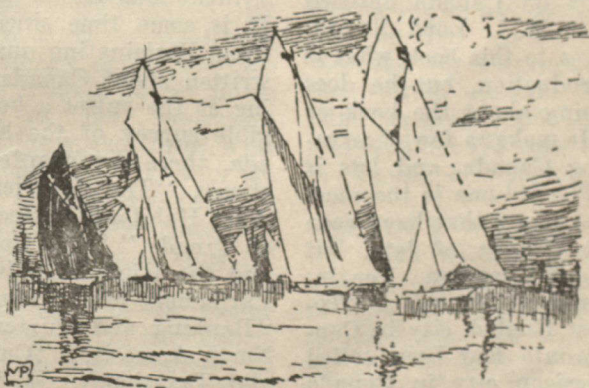
case might be, and the call would be repeated by the man near the pilot-house.

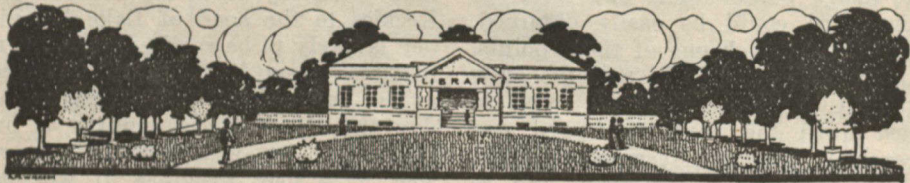
The company used to engage Indians to cut wood during the winter at many points along the river, so that fuel could be easily obtained. Failing to reach one of these points, the boat was tied up, and the crew turned out to cut enough wood to last until the next wood-yard was reached. The transferring of freight from one boat to another, and to the various depots, was performed by Indians—the roustabouts—and it was truly marvellous to see what one of these men could carry.

The usefulness of the old river boats was taken away, however, when the railways began to stretch out their tendons into the north. The Calgary and Edmonton line robbed the river of most of Edmonton's trade, and the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway did the same for that of Prince Albert. At present, there are no boats running on the south branch, and the

once famous north branch fleet has given place to a few tug-boats and lumber-barges.

But the end is not yet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dream of a thousand-mile waterway from the foot of the Rockies to the head of Lake Winnipeg is likely to be realised in his own lifetime. Even if it is not, the future of the Saskatchewan is assured. Today the Peace River country is on the eve of its development; to-morrow, as a new Province, it will be sending its wheat to European markets by the cheapest and shortest route. And what is that route? Beyond all doubt, it is by way of the Saskatchewan River and Hudson's Bay. The expenditure of a few million dollars would make the river safely navigable as far as the Pas, where waiting trains would whisk the golden grain away to the holds of trans-Atlantic steamships. This is not a dream, but a prophecy. Railway companies may scoff, but the fact must soon be faced; the Saskatchewan is again coming into its own.





The WAY of LETTERS

IN manufactures Canada is 'away behind' both Great Britain and the United States. I am not asserting the Canadian manufacturer has not grit and push; but the results have not yet been sufficient to justify him in thinking he is anywhere near a level of competence with Britain. With the exception of a particular branch of agricultural implement manufacture there is not a single industry in Canada at the present time which could hold its own against fair-price and quality competition with the United States and Great Britain." The foregoing is the opinion of John Foster Fraser, author of a new book on Canada entitled "Canada as it Is." Lord Strathcona contributes to this book what is called an introduction, but he does not say anything about the book or the author. He makes a few observations regarding Canada, and lets it go at that. The volume is the most readable of the many that have been written about Canada of late, but it is not the most correct. For instance, a chapter is devoted to "Toronto: the most English city in Canada." If Toronto had been called the most American city in Canada the estimate would have been better. Toronto is not nearly so English as either Halifax or Victoria. Again, Mr. Fraser writes with admirable assurance about the loyalty of French-Canadians, a subject that has all along baffled the most astute and

constant observers. It is always well to listen carefully to remarks of strangers, but passing impressions should not be retailed as the last word. The volume contains several reproductions of excellent drawings by the Canadian illustrator Mr. C. W. Jefferys. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

"THE Dominion of Canada," by W. L. Griffith, is one of the books of the "All Red Series," which is "designed at once to quicken the interest of Englishmen in the extension and maintenance of the Empire, and to give an account of its constituent countries as they are to-day." It is some time since a volume of equal illuminating qualities has been written about Canada. Besides giving at the outset a brief, yet intelligible survey of the history of Canada, there are chapters on, for instance, "The American Invasion," "The Habitant," "Social Life To-day of Canada," "The Governor-General and the High Commissioner," "The Parliament of Canada," "Defence," "Banking and Currency in British North America," "Customs Revenue and Taxation." It is therefore a volume that is full of instruction for the average Canadian, a volume indeed, that might well be used in Canadian schools and colleges. It deals with subjects that are not familiarly understood. Most Canadians observe Parliament in session, but they do

not appreciate the working of its various functions; they frequently do business at some bank, but they know almost nothing about the Canadian system of banking. On many things which directly affect the people of Canada this book gives interesting comment and valuable information. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild).

*

"THE New Garden of Canada" is the appropriate title of a volume written by F. A. Talbot and dealing with British Columbia along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the "end of steel" at Wolf Creek to Prince Rupert. The author had many varied experiences during the trip, and his opportunities for close observation were excellent. He has written, as a result, a fine narrative as well as what appears to be a truthful account of conditions and opportunities in that new and promising part of the Dominion. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of photographs. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

IT is safe to say that from a popular point of view no book issued within recent years covers the field of architecture so comprehensively as "How to Know Architecture," by Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A. This book embraces the history of architecture from the early Pagan period down to the time of the American decadence, and the author deals with present conditions and forecasts the future, making allowances for the inevitable influences of new materials, such, for instance, as steel, concrete and cement. The purpose of this book is to entertain the lay reader with an exposition of the importance of architecture in the progress of the world and its intimate relationship to man, with regard particularly to expression of sentiment, culture, and character. At the same time, it is intended that the intelligent reader, after having read the book, can at a glance tell what archi-

tectural name to give any building he may come in contact with in his own town or anywhere. (New York: Harper & Brothers).

*

AS the title of "The Jesuit," by Joseph Hocking, would indicate, the author has given us another of his anti-Romanist novels. His only excuse for so doing is his evidently sincere belief in the reality of the danger. According to him, the Roman Catholic Church is a hotbed of intrigue, with an avowed purpose of restoring Roman Catholic supremacy in England. The present novel is written around the changes made in the King's coronation oath changes, which, he believes, are only preliminaries to a fight against the Bill of Rights and the establishing of a possible Catholic succession. Overstrained in many ways as the plot may appear, the story in the main is a readable one. Its strong family likeness to other novels by Mr. Hocking will by some be welcomed and by others deplored. For Canadian readers it loses much from the fact that the "feeling" upon which the controversy is based is not an active factor in Canadian thought and life. The dangers which Mr. Hocking points out do not seem real to us. A possible civil war over religious differences, for instance, seems in the last degree absurd. One feels inclined to laugh; and one cannot fight and laugh at the same time! (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

SPAIN is a country about which some truth might well be told, and therefore it is gratifying to find so engaging a volume as "The Truth About Spain," by G. H. B. Ward, a writer who for some years has made a close study of Spanish affairs. He has kept in touch with many of the prominent publicists of that Kingdom, and has made a careful analysis of political, ecclesiastical, educational, legal, social, industrial, commercial, economic, military, and naval

aspects of the country. The volume gives a vivid picture of Spain as it is, and is unusually interesting. There are excellent illustrations. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

THE thousands of readers who enjoyed W. Pett Ridge's volume of sketches, entitled "Light Refreshments," will want to read this author's new book, "Table d'Hôte." The character of these later sketches is quite the same as that of the first book, but there is perhaps an improvement in style and a more matured humour. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

J. J. BELL gives us another of his irresistible juvenile characters. "Jim," which is the title of his latest book, and the name of the chief person in it, measures up well with "Wee Macgregor." But, then, everything that J. J. Bell does is well done. "Jim" is a book of good fun and good philosophy, too. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

"CANADA'S West and Farther West" is the title of a profusely illustrated volume written by Frank Carrell, of *The Telegraph*, Quebec. (Quebec: the Telegraph Printing Company).

*

IT is worthy of note that "Irish Poems," the latest volume of verse by Arthur Stringer, was published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, of New York, a publisher who has made a reputation for the excellence of the verse that comes from his press.

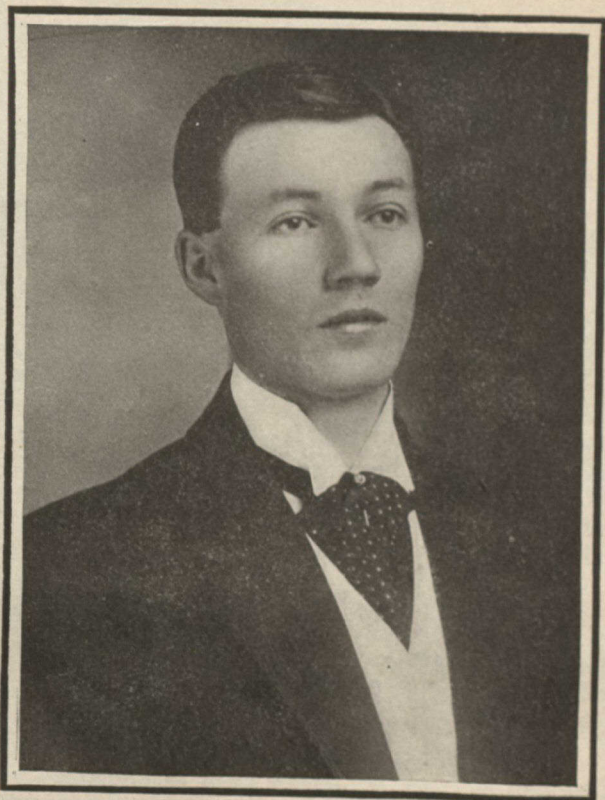
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ROOSEVELT'S celebrated rejoinder to the English people respecting the British administration of Egypt has elicited from J. Alexander a consideration of the Egyptian

question in a volume entitled "The Truth About Egypt." The author has apparently attempted to consider the question with fairness, from the standpoint alike of the Nationalist and the supporter of the British occupation. Occasionally, however, he seems to take a definite stand, and when he does so he shows ground for his contentions. He is credited with first-class knowledge of the subject. The volume is well illustrated. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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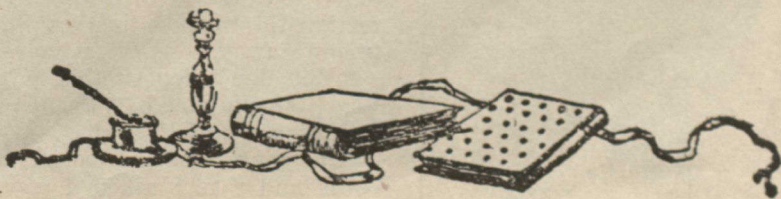
"BURNING Daylight," as *Elam Harnisch* is called by his pals in Alaska, is one of the physically and mentally strong men, in whose life and struggles in a world of men Jack London delights. The nick-name furnishes a title of this popular author's book, which is the type of a present-day masculine school of fiction. *Daylight* becomes a Klondike king—in cleverly buying up all the best claims in the gold creeks—then goes down into the States and fights many a wild battle in the financial arena. Here he grows hard, selfish and cruel as never before, losing the geniality that had been his in Alaska, losing even the splendid physical strength that was his pride. Unassumingly, with none of the italicising that sometimes annoys us in Jack London's work, big financial deals that have the ring of truth about them are exposed. But it is all seen through *Daylight's* eyes, in relation to his life, his development. The balance of proportion between the background, first of the Alaska wilds, then the Gold Stampede, then the world of high finance and gambling—the proportion between this teeming background and the central figure is excellently held throughout. Finally, when he is forty, a woman comes into *Daylight's* life, this life that had known the things interesting men only, and through his love for her he returns to

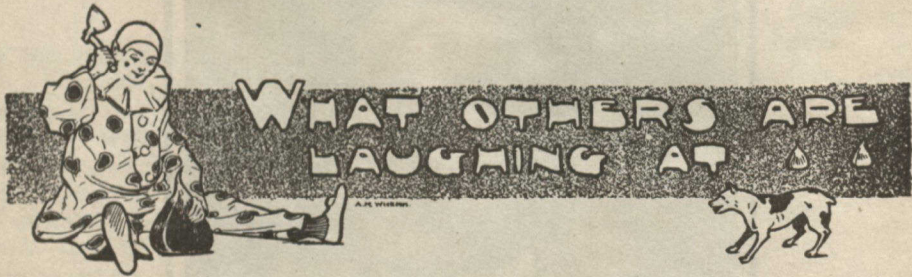


MR. S. A. WHITE, WHO HAS WRITTEN A NEW NOVEL OF COBALT ENTITLED "THE WILDCATTERS." 1 2

his former simple, strong self. Leaving the "big game" of finance, leaving also his thirty millions, he settles down to a charming idyl of the simple life in married happiness. The picture of the ranch and the life there is very pretty, coming after the storm and stress of the earlier chapters. And we take a real interest in the temptation

that comes to *Daylight* when he discovers gold on his own land, and all his gambling instincts flare up anew. But he conquers them and returns to his wife, with a plan to plant trees over the hidden richness that he may never think of it again. It reads well as a book, and its author may be forgiven some recent failures for its sake.





DISTRACTING

“What drove the lady exchange editor crazy?”

“Reading of bargains in cities a thousand miles away.”—*Toledo Blade*.

*

BY AN ALUMNUS

Ball—“What is silence?”

Hall—“The college yell of the school of experience.”—*Harper's Bazar*.

*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

“Where are you going with that goat, little boy?”

“Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink.”—*Toledo Blade*.



MERELY A SUMMER ENGAGEMENT

—The Chicago News

KEPT HIM BUSY

“You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serepta,” spoke her husband, nerving himself to say something at last, “for fifteen years.” “I’ve done more than that, Volney,” snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn; “I have made you turn the grindstone.”—*Chicago Tribune*.

*

WILL BE AIRY

“Do you think that aviation will become fashionable?”

“To a certain extent,” replied Miss Cayenne. “Of course, very few people will fly. But if airship costumes are made sufficiently picturesque they will be much worn.”—*Washington Star*.

*

MAKING IT RIGHT

The check which the comely young German woman handed in at the window of a Walnut Street savings fund bank the other day was made payable to Gretchen H. Schmidt, and she had indorsed it simply Gretchen Schmidt. The man at the receiving teller’s window called her back to rectify the mistake just as she was turning away.

“You don’t deposit this quite this way,” he explained. “See, you have forgotten the H.”

The young woman looked at her check and then blushed a rosy red.

“Ach, so I haf,” she murmured, and wrote hurriedly:

“Age 23.”—*Philadelphia Times*.



SANDY, the local fox-destroyer (enquiring about new tenant). "What's he when he's at home?"
 GILLIE. "They tell me he does naething but hunt foxes; keeps saxty dogs and twenty horses for 't."
 SANDY. "Losh me! It maun be a fine trade doon there."

—Punch.

ONE BEST BET

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—"So you think I will get the money, do you?"

His Counsel—"I think we will get it."—Puck.

*

THE LATEST

"What are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone, hours."—Smart Set.

*

IN THE SWIM

A reviewer in the *New York Nation* illustrates his own comments on a certain new volume of essays by a story that is worth putting into circulation. Three hearers, he says, of the admired Dr. X. were talking in the vestibule after the sermon. "We must admit," remarked the first, "that the doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other preacher." "Yes," said the second, "and stays under longer." "And comes up drier," added the third.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

NOT TO BE LOST

"Dr. Junks and I were chasing his hat for a quarter of an hour this morning."

"What did you want to chase it for?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose sight of him. When his hat blew off he was just starting to propose to me."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

UNPALATABLE

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

*

A WISE COURSE

The Author—"Would you advise me to get out a small edition?"

The Publisher—"Yes; the smaller the better. The more scarce a book is at the end of four or five centuries the more money you realise from it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



SUMMER BOARDER: Do you find that that scarecrow really keeps off the birds?

"Scarecrow! That ain't a scarecrow that's my husband."

—Life

TIME TO GO

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes—you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"It's a life-boat. Now run away to bed."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

HE WOULD

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—*Success*.

*

UP AGAINST IT

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what is a 'political con game'?"

"Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?"

"A—er—piece of bunk, of course; can't you—"

"What is a piece of bunk?"

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins. "What's the use of trying to tell a woman anything about politics!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

PRETTY QUICK

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?"

She—"I don't think I could."

He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."

—*Harper's Bazar*.

*

A FALSE IMPRESSION

"What sort of a magazine do you publish?"

"The official organ of the dentists."

"I see. A sort of mouth organ, eh?"—*Toledo Blade*.

*

IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY TAKE IT

There's a jolly Saxon proverb

That is pretty much like this—

That a man is half in heaven

If he has a woman's kiss.

There is danger in delaying,

For the sweetness may forsake it;

So I tell you, bashful lover,

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow

Steal a march on you in this;

Never let a laughing maiden

See you spoiling for a kiss.

There's a royal way to kissing,

And the jolly ones who make it

Have a motto that is winning—

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,

Anybody wear a crown,

But a man must win a woman

If he'd have her for his own.

Would you have the golden apple,

You must find the tree and shake it;

If the thing is worth the having,

And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert

With a forest smiling by?

Who would change his sunny summer

For a bleak and wintry sky?

Oh, I tell you there is magic,

And you cannot, cannot break it:

For the sweetest part of loving

Is to want a kiss, and take it.

—Anonymous.