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THE

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SEPTEMBER, 1900.



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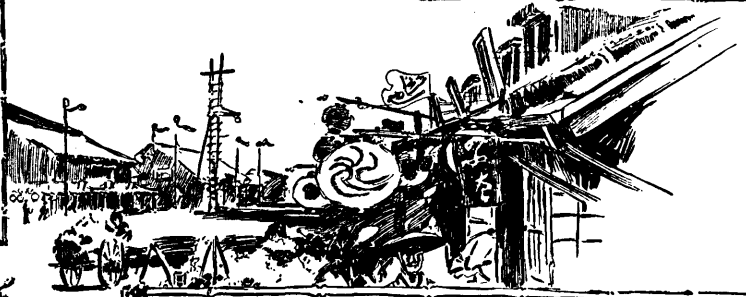
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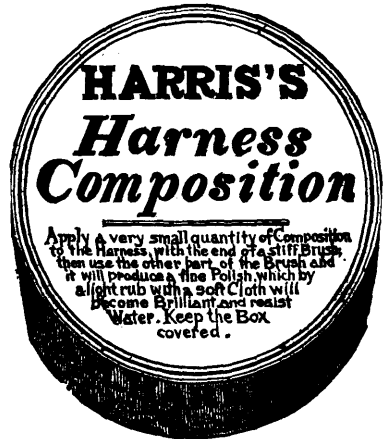
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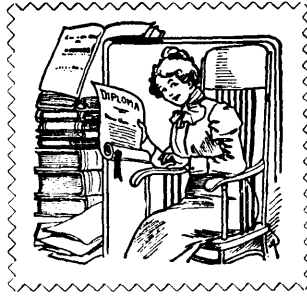
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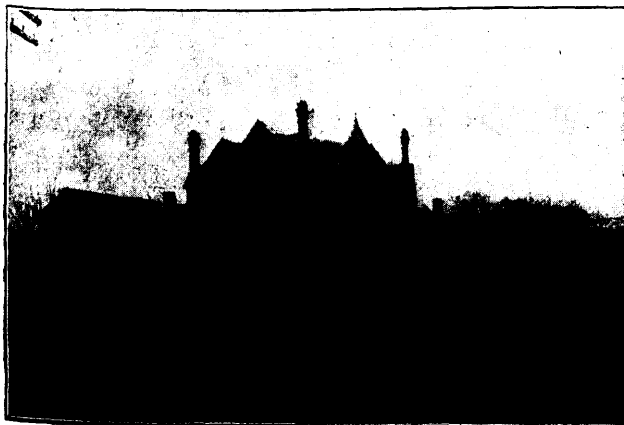


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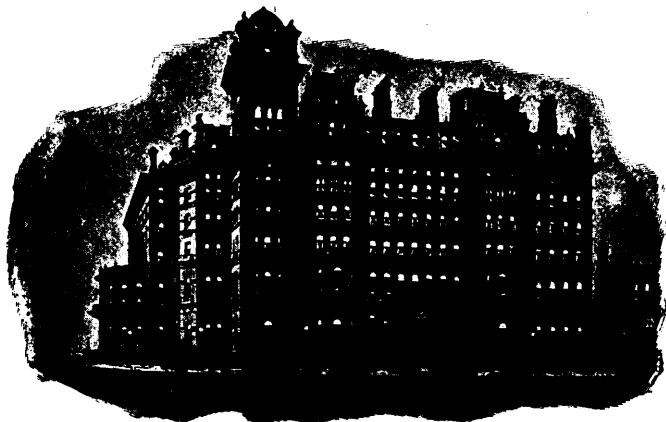
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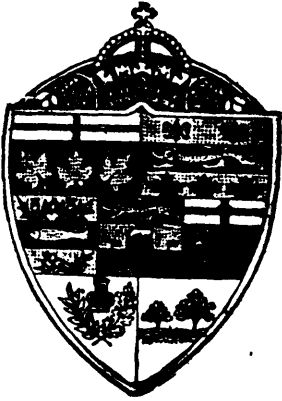
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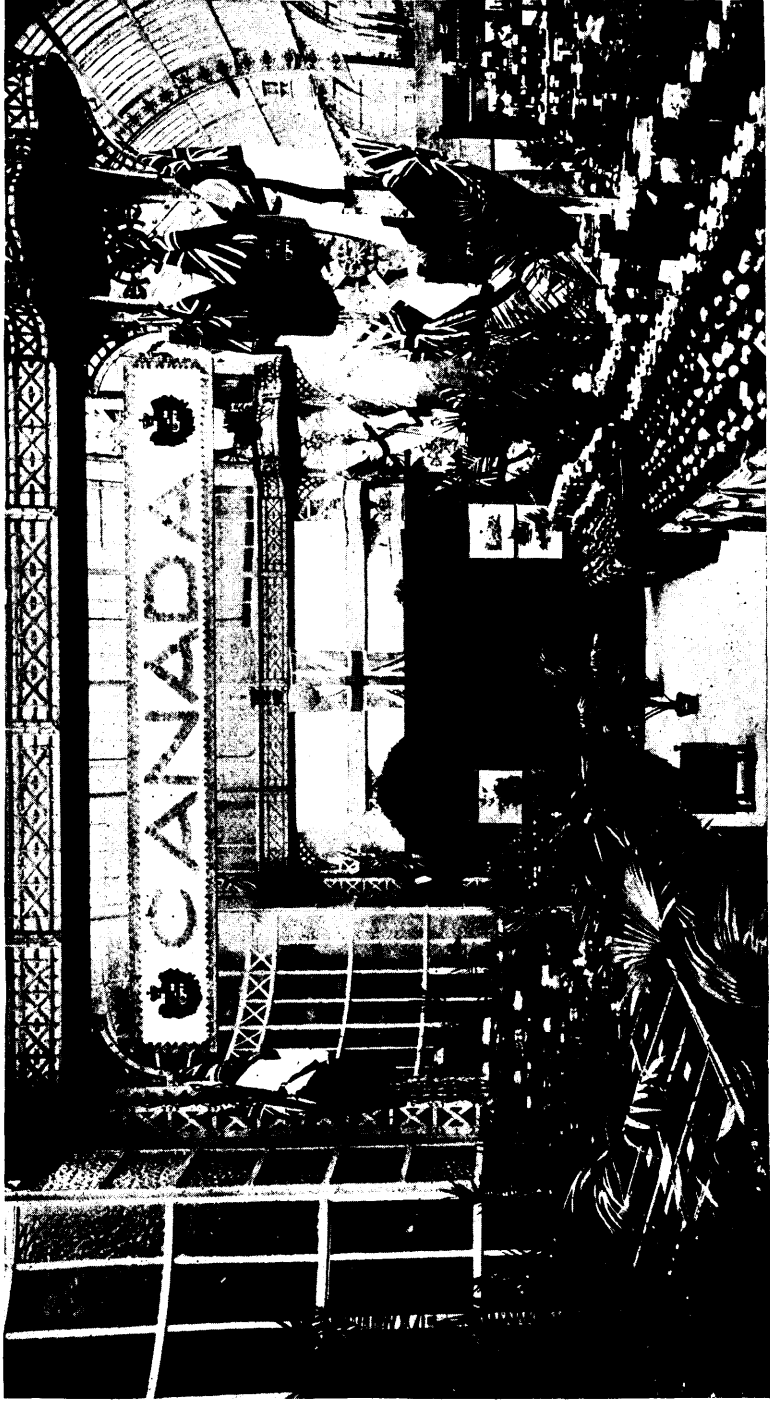
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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CANADA'S FOOD-PRODUCTS AT PARIS.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV

SEPTEMBER, 1900

No. 5

CANADA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

By W. R. Stewart.

IT was a fitting sequel to the prominence which, somewhat unexpectedly perhaps, Canada attained in the eyes of the world through the brilliant achievements of her volunteer soldiers in South Africa, that when the Paris Exposition of 1900 opened a few weeks ago it found the Dominion one of the principal exhibitors. Under such favourable auspices, with the echoes still ringing of the praises of Canadian valour, and with the object lesson of the extent and variety of Canadian industry which the Exposition has afforded, Canada begins the Twentieth Century better known and better appreciated, with an assurance of widened markets for her products and a certain standing among the nations. In other words, Canada now has a reputation.

It would, indeed, be difficult to overestimate the value, actual and potential, to Canadian producers and manufacturers which the Exposition at Paris has afforded. Canada heretofore, as even the most patriotic of Canadians must admit, has been but little known in Europe, and that little generally wrong. It is not the fault of the present-day Canadian that his country is popularly regarded abroad as a land of all but perpetual snow and ice. That is a legacy from the past, a fallacy which only time and knowledge can correct. A splendid opportunity, however, now offers to correct the errors of the past and to begin with a fairly clean slate.

The Exposition has served to advertise the Canadian producer, without any great individual effort on his part, and what is now necessary is that he should take advantage of it and go ahead. That Europe wants many articles that Canada can produce for export is beyond question. Even in the few weeks that the present Exposition has been open, and before the installation of all the exhibits has been completed, there have been scores of inquiries from all over France and from Great Britain, Austria, Italy and Switzerland asking the prices at which certain goods shown in the Canadian exhibit could be shipped to Europe, and requesting the addresses of the principal dealers in Canada. To these prompt replies have been sent, and a business connection has thus been opened between dealers in Europe and producers in Canada.

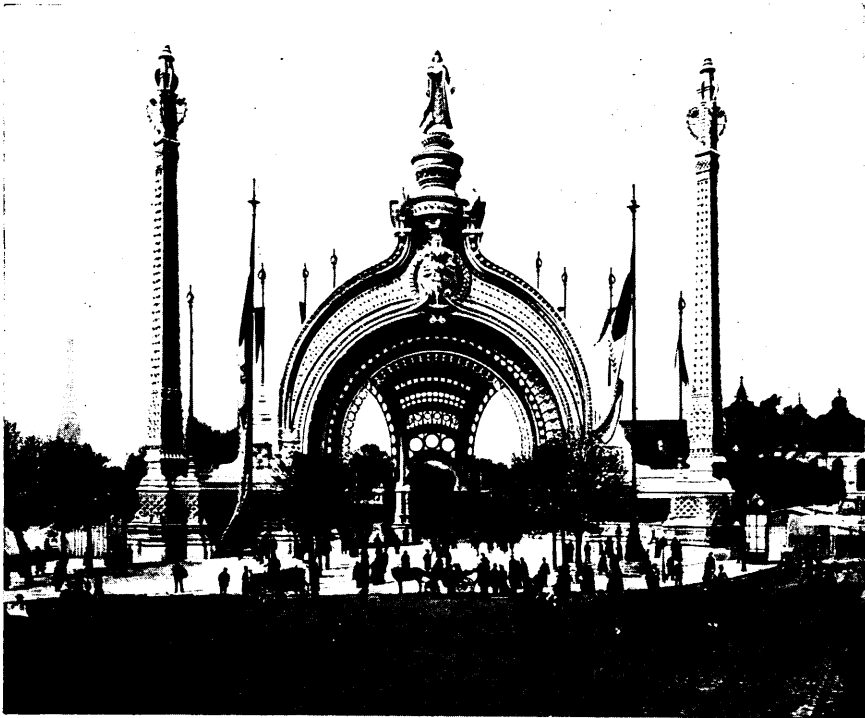
The Canadian exhibit at Paris is representative of the Dominion in its entirety, every industry and every section of the country having its adequate representation in some section of the grounds. Canada, as a land to live in, as well as an industrial community, has its attractions fittingly displayed before the visitor, while the intellectual growth of the country and its progress in art, science and letters is shown in a comprehensive educational exhibit compiled by the several provincial Departments of Education. Altogether there are some 1,800 separate exhibits in the

collection which Canada has sent to Paris, representing a cash value of a little under \$300,000. This is considerably more than the Dominion had at Chicago in 1893, and the standard of merit is also higher.

The Canadian pavilion, in which the bulk of the Canadian exhibits are, occupies a fairly favourable location among the various colonial buildings on the Trocadero part of the grounds, not far from the Eiffel Tower. It

other British colonies. It certainly was one of the ironies of fate which led to the erection of the Boer pavilion immediately beside the British colonial buildings.

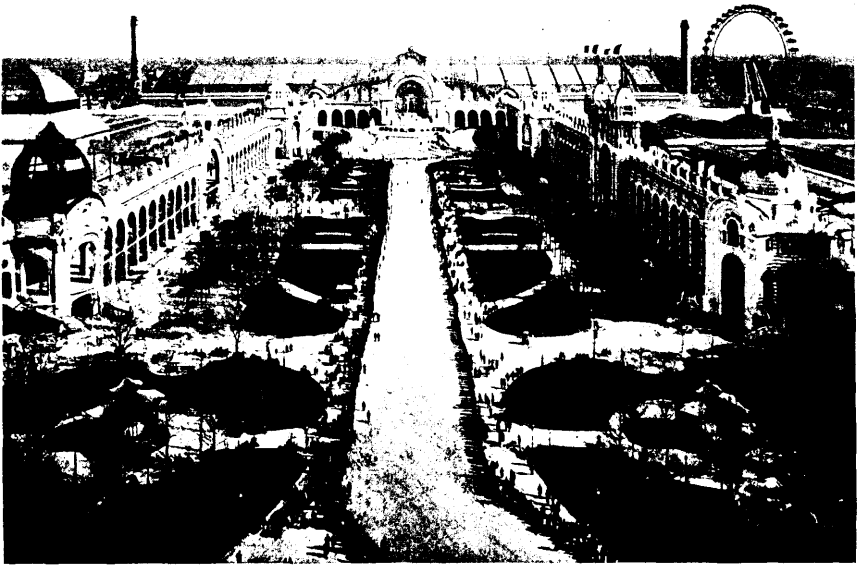
In exterior appearance the Canadian building is not all that could be desired. Its architectural design is far from being attractive, while a thick clump of tall trees in front serves to hide it somewhat from the general view. The interior, however, is very conveniently



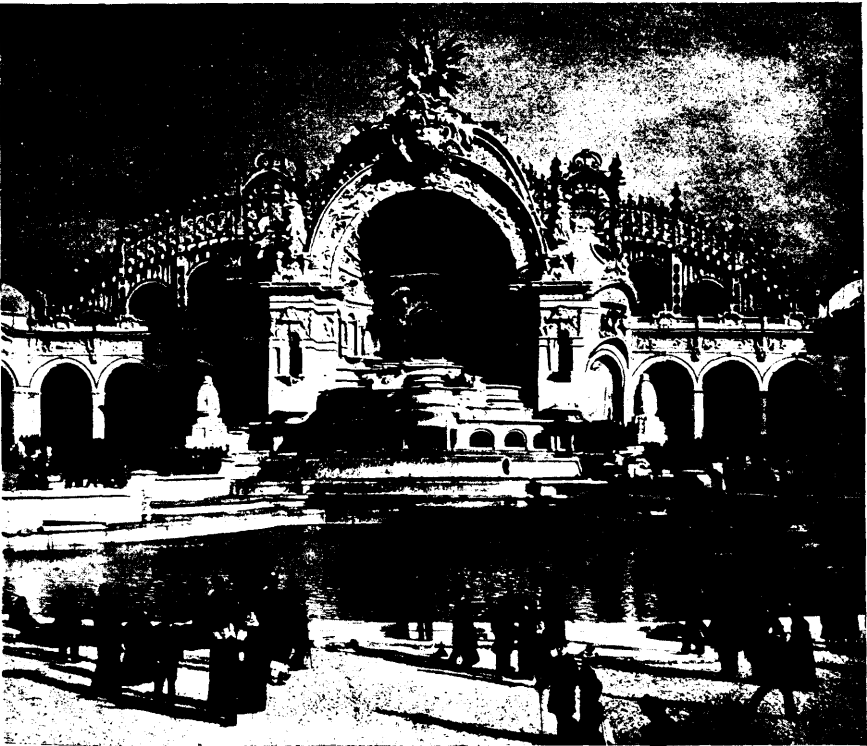
THE MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

covers a space of 27,000 square feet, while an annex, containing the exhibits of West Australia and Mauritius, occupies 9,000 square feet. India has a pavilion to itself, of about the same size as that devoted to Canada. Just a short distance to the right is the pavilion of the Transvaal Republic, whose close proximity to the Canadian, Australian and Indian pavilions will facilitate the annexation of Mr. Kruger's exhibit at Paris to those of the

arranged, and, as it now appears, with the several exhibits in place and attractively grouped so as to be seen to the best advantage, it presents an appearance at once pleasing and effective. The erection of the building was carried out under the direction of a colonial committee appointed by the British Government, and although the cost of construction was borne by the Dominion the direction and control of the operations was in the hands of the



THE FRENCH COURT OF HONOUR (CHAMPS DE MARS) ON THE DAY OF INAUGURATION.

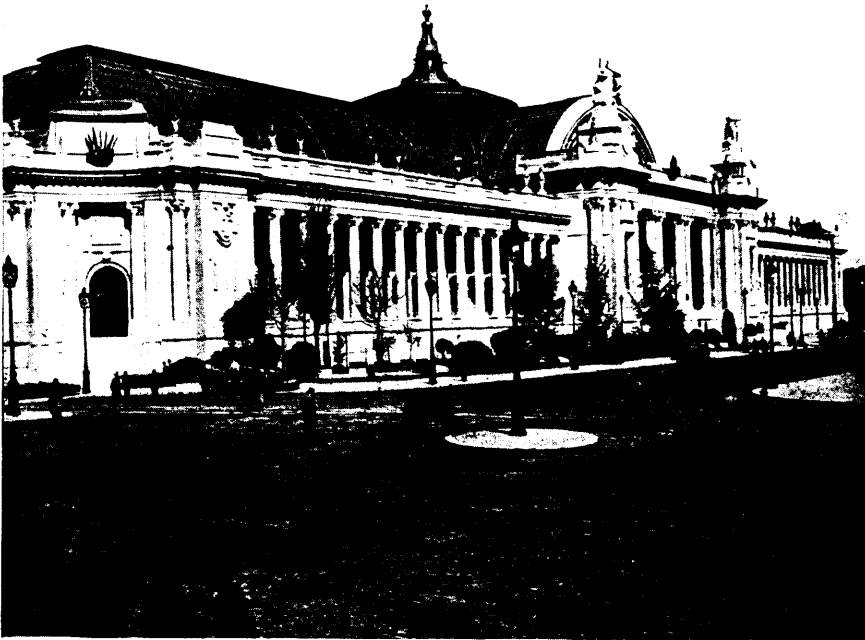


THE WATER CASTLE (LE CHATEAU D'EAU).

Imperial Commissioners. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal was appointed the chairman of the colonial section of the Royal Commission in London. The Canadian Commission, which had charge of the collection, transportation and arrangement of the Canadian exhibits, was composed as follows: Chairman, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; Honorary High Commissioner, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Minister of Public Works; Commis-

sion who are in Paris are Hon. Mr. Tarte, Major Gourdeau, J. X. Perreault, James G. Jardine and Wm. D. Scott. In charge of the principal exhibits, however, are officials from the various departments represented, whom the Government have sent to Paris to look after the installation and arrangement of the collections in their respective sections.

The Canadian pavilion is divided into two principal compartments by an open



THE GRAND PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.

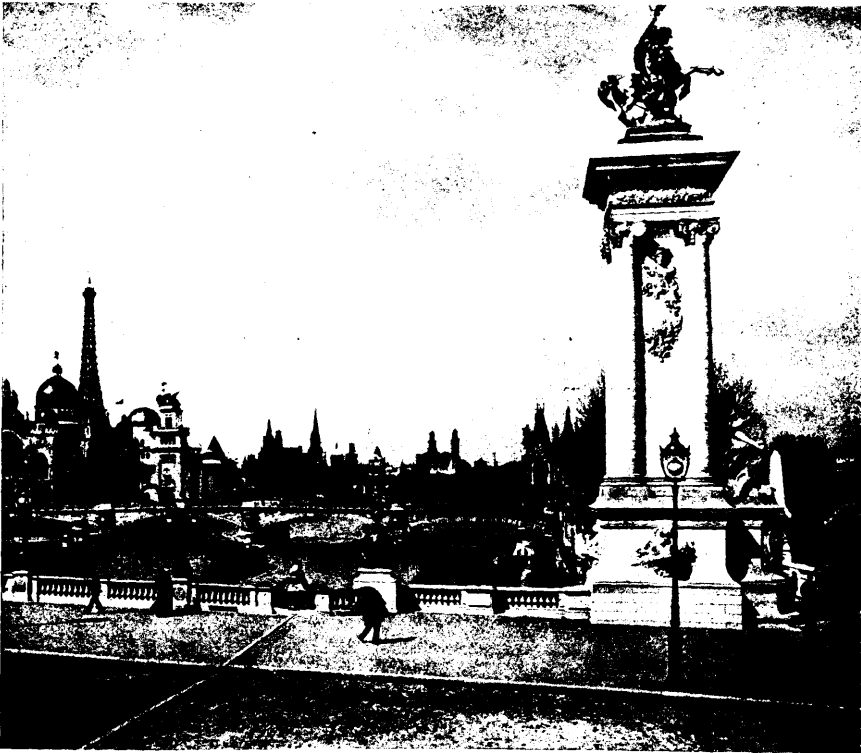
sioners, Dr. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G., F.R.S., Ottawa; Dr. Wm. Saunders, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa; Prof. J. W. Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, Ottawa; Major F. F. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa; Hon. H. H. Gilmor, St. George, N.B.; J. F. Ferreault, Esq., C.L.H., Montreal; James G. Jardine, Esq., Toronto, and Wm. D. Scott, Esq., Winnipeg. Of these the only members of the commis-

passage-way which runs between them, but which permits of uninterrupted communication between the second stories overhead. On the ground floor of the western section are the exhibits of natural history, including fish and game, and of food products, as well as some private exhibits of pianos and organs and furniture. Opposite, across the intervening passage, is the exhibit of Canadian minerals, which naturally occupies considerable space, and also

the exhibits of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways, and some minor private exhibits. On the second floor are the agricultural exhibit, the educational exhibit, and private exhibits of furs and fur goods and other articles. A reading-room, containing files of the principal Canadian papers, and desks with writing material, is provided in connection with the section devoted to education, while a small but pleasant reception-room serves the further pur-

ant of them may be noted. These may, for the present purpose, be said to be seven in number, viz., the exhibits of objects of Natural History, of Minerals, of Forestry, of Food Products, of Agriculture, of Manufactures and of Education.

The exhibit made under the general classification of objects of Natural History is a very complete and comprehensive one. It is not at all confined to the display of animals, birds and



ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD THE STREET OF THE NATIONS.

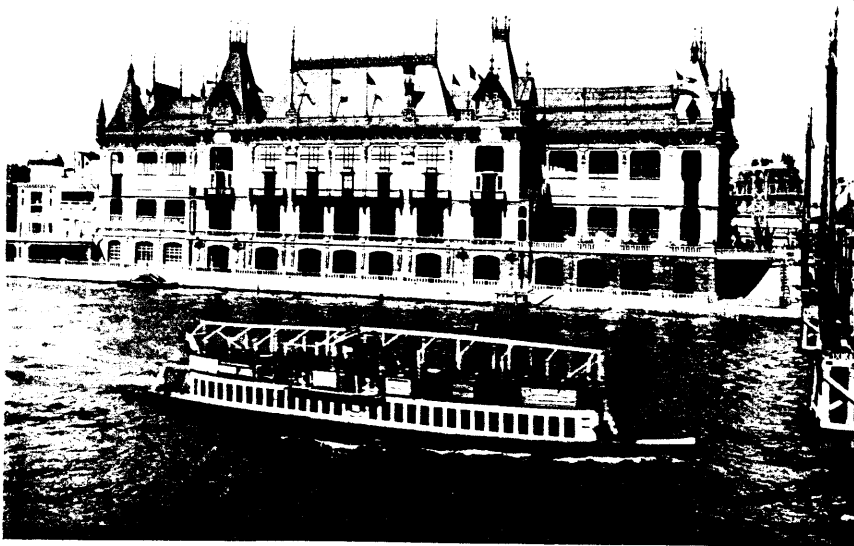
pose of displaying the work of well-known Canadian artists, whose representations in oils and water-colours of typical Canadian scenes familiarize Europeans with the idea of the great natural beauty of the Dominion.

It would be useless to attempt to describe, within the limits of a magazine article, all the exhibits which Canada has sent to Paris, but the principal features of the more import-

ant of them may be noted. These may, for the present purpose, be said to be seven in number, viz., the exhibits of objects of Natural History, of Minerals, of Forestry, of Food Products, of Agriculture, of Manufactures and of Education.

The exhibit made under the general classification of objects of Natural History is a very complete and comprehensive one. It is not at all confined to the display of animals, birds and

fishes of interest only to the student of Natural History, but is a collection of just such species of all three as are most likely to excite the attention and arouse the envy of every lover of rod and gun. For it is to the tireless huntsman, the peripatetic devotee of Nimrod and of Izaak Walton, that Canada must look for the spreading abroad of her reputation as a sportsman's Elysium, rather than to the re-

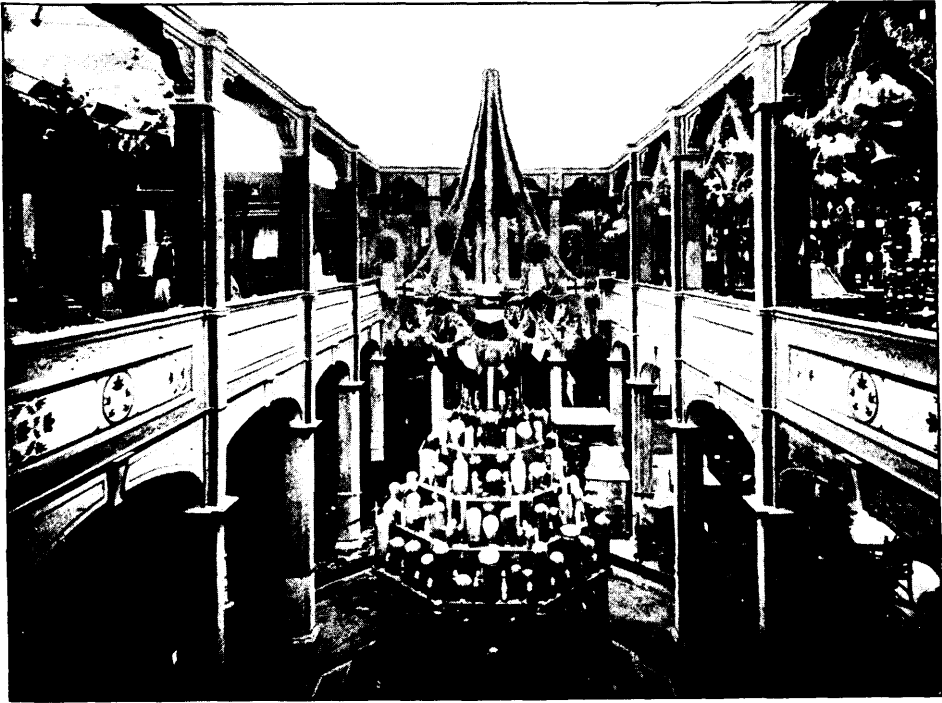


PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

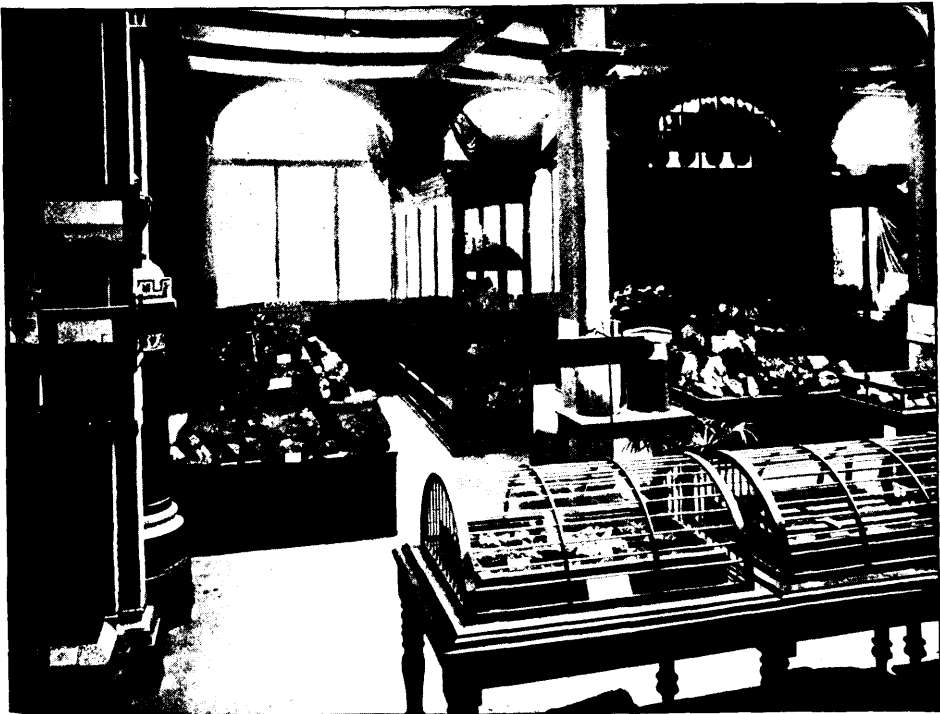


BRIDGE OF THE INVALIDES AND THE STREET OF THE NATIONS.

ITALY, TURKEY, UNITED STATES, AUSTRIA, CANADA.



INTERIOR OF CANADIAN PAVILION—GENERAL VIEW.



THE MINERAL EXHIBIT—NOVA SCOTIA AND KLONDIKE.

cluse of Science. Still, Science is not forgotten, for among the varied specimens which Col. Gourdeau and Prof. Halkett have collected and arranged are to be found many that can pour into the ear of Research a tale well worth the hearing.

In general, the collection embraces specimens of representative fish, birds, mammals and shells. The fish are both marine and salt water, large and small, eatable and man-eating. They have

halibut and other flat fishes, bass of various variety, cusk, perch, sturgeon, wolf-fish, doré, paddle-fish, gar-pike, dog-fish, cat-fish, chimæra, shark, mackerel, tunny and others.

Among the birds perhaps the most notable feature is an especially fine collection of wild ducks, geese, swan and other water-fowl. No better idea could be conveyed of this great variety of small game in Canada than is afforded by this collection. There are also in



THE WORK OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

been taken from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in ocean, lake and running stream. They are at Paris either for their commercial value or because they are interesting for some peculiarity of structure. Every fish known to the angler in Canadian waters here finds its stuffed inanimate counterpart. There are salmon from British Columbia and salmon from the Restigouche, trout, whitefish, pike, muskalonge, suckers, eels, cod, haddock, tom-cod,

profusion, perching birds, ground birds and birds of prey. Among them are numerous species of owls, and several eagles, golden and bald-headed. A series of nests and eggs of smaller birds completes this portion of the exhibit.

The collection of mammals is equally complete, affording the same general idea of the number and variety of the large game of the Dominion that is supplied by the exhibit of birds. With



HEATING APPARATUS.



THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.



EXHIBIT OF LABATT'S ALE.

respect to the smaller game, it comprises moose, cariboo, red deer, wolves, foxes and others. There are also several small mounted mammals, principally from the Province of Quebec collection, such as beavers, wolverines, lynxes, otters and skunks. Among the mounted mammals' heads are specimens of buffalos, musk ox, moose, red deer, black-tail deer, antelope, Rocky Mountain sheep and others. A particularly fine specimen of a large moose stands facing the door at the northern entrance to the pavilion, and attracts the attention of every visitor to this section. It is exhibited by Hon. F. G. Dechene, Commissioner of Agriculture for Quebec.

All in all, the Natural History exhibit of Canada at Paris is an excellent one, and to such an extent has it aroused the interest

of continental tourists and sportsmen in the natural attractions of its forests and streams of the Dominion, that no fewer than a round half-dozen parties of Parisians have been projected to visit Canada during the coming autumn.

On the same floor with the Natural History exhibit, but occupying the lower portion of the pavilion, is the display of Canadian food products, which embraces every thing from canned meats, fruits and prepared cereals to wines, beer, spirits and candies. It is a wide range of articles, but the wants of man are many and his foods various. This department, which has been the special care of Prof. Robertson, is under the charge at Paris of W. A. MacKinnon, of Toronto, assisted by R. P. Small, of Dunham, Que. It is one of the most interesting of all the exhibits, and is constantly receiving the attention of visitors to the pavilion. The display of apples and other fresh fruits in a large

cold-storage case near the centre of the section is a special feature of attraction, for few Europeans have ever seen such large and luscious apples as tempt the appetite from the shelves and boxes arranged within it. These and the equally tempting rows of fresh Canadian maple sugar, the glass cylinders of maple

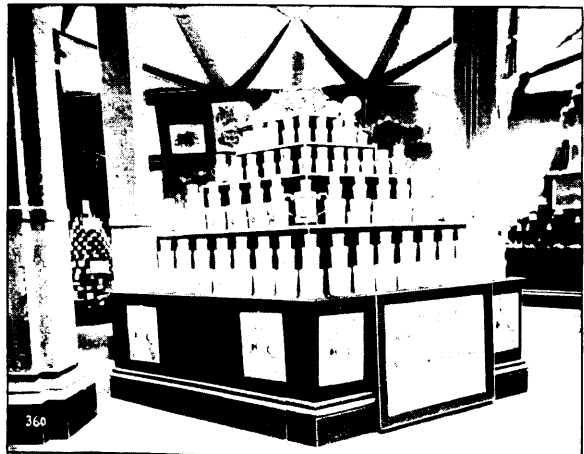


EXHIBIT OF MCLAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE.

syrup and the jars of preserved pears and peaches often prove too enticing to be resisted by the Parisian visitors, who make overtures to Mr. MacKinnon for their purchase then and there. But Canada is not operating a bazaar at Paris, as many of the other nations are, and whatever contracts may be entered into for future delivery there are no sales made on the grounds.

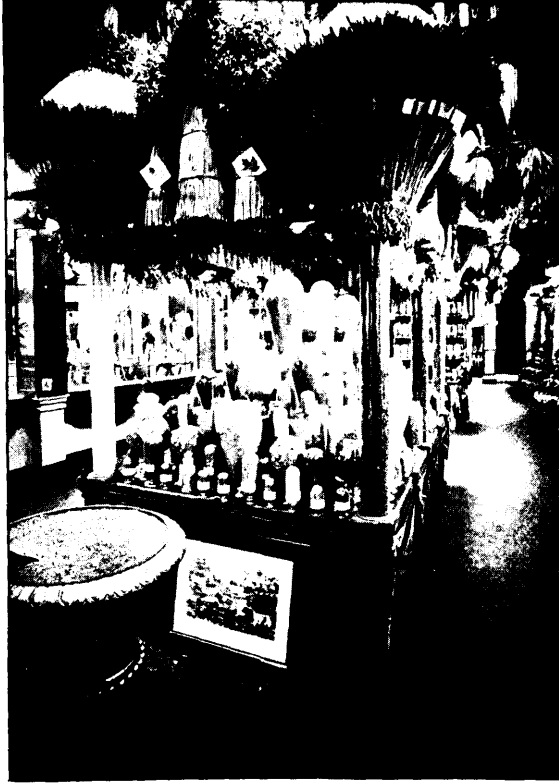
The exhibits of food products are largely made up of articles supplied by individual producers, canners and manufacturers in the Dominion, which have been brought to Paris and set up by the Dominion Government and will be returned by the latter to the owners at the close of the Exposition. They include exhibits of canned fruits, jams, jellies, and vegetables; canned meats of several varieties and canned fish and lobster;

dried cod and mackerel; maple sugar and syrup; honey in comb and liquid; cheese, butter and eggs; wine, beer and spirits; confectionery, and flour of different varieties. The cold-storage case in which the perishable goods, such as fresh fruit, butter and eggs, are kept, is supplied with cold air from a refrigerating plant underneath the flooring, which is operated by an

electric motor. The case is insulated at the top and bottom, and an even temperature of 38° Fahrenheit can be maintained if desired.

As showing the possibilities for the extension of Canadian export trade in such articles as butter and eggs to France, it may be mentioned that the present lowest retail selling price for fresh eggs in Paris (July 10), is one

franc forty centimes, or twenty-eight cents a dozen, while fresh butter retails at two francs, or forty cents a pound. These are not prices swelled by the Exposition, but are regarded by Parisians as quite a usual figure for this time of the year. Prices in Canada at the same date are presumably about fifteen cents a dozen for eggs and eighteen cents a pound for butter. The difference would seem



PART OF THE AGRICULTURAL TROPHY IN THE GALLERY OF THE CANADIAN SECTION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES' BUILDING.

to offer a margin of profit sufficiently tempting to be worth the experiment, even though the necessity for refrigeration in transit add somewhat to the cost of transportation. Heretofore the difficulty of obtaining cheap and adequate cold-storage on steamships sailing from Canadian ports has somewhat handicapped the Canadian exporter. But the difficulty no longer exists, and with



THE EDUCATIONAL COURT.

the new and fast freight steamers having cold-storage appliances which have within the past year or two been put on the St. Lawrence route, there should be little trouble in obtaining for Canadian produce a new and a wider market.

The mineral exhibit is the chief feature of the ground floor of the eastern section of the Canadian building, where it occupies a similar location to that devoted to food products in the western section. The collection of this exhibit, naturally one of the most important which Canada makes at Paris, has been under the direction of Dr. Dawson of the Geological Survey, who has been assisted in the work by the Bureaus of Mines of Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia and New Brunswick. The installation of the display at Paris was carried out by E. R. Faribault

and W. C. Willimott, of the Geological Survey Department. The exhibit is essentially a Dominion one, the products of the several provinces being shown collectively in classes arranged according to the ore or mineral represented. Specially coloured labels, however, serve to indicate the provinces from which the samples have been taken. Generally speaking, only ores and minerals of importance for their commercial value have been sent to Paris, the restrictions of space having prevented the display of others important merely for their scientific interest.

The present Exposition is, of course, the first at which the new-found fields of the Yukon have had their representation, and the specimens of gold nuggets and gold-bearing sand from the Klondike country attract a consequent interest all their own.

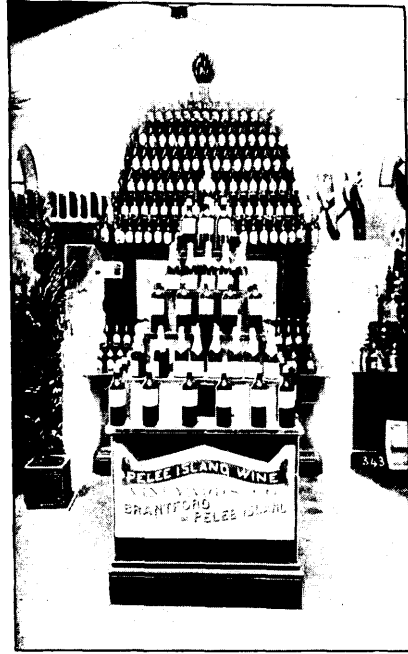
Two large glass cases, which are adequately protected by steel bars, are devoted to an exhibit of Klondike gold. Trays of nuggets which have been washed from specified quantities of sand are shown, and possess an unflinching interest to the visitor, who, perhaps, does not realize the hardships undergone and the privations endured before the precious residue was washed from Mother Earth. One of these trays of gold nuggets represents \$896, which were washed from one pan containing twenty pounds of gravel. The nuggets weigh 61.39 ounces, and the claim from which they were taken was No. 2 above Discovery. Still another tray shows \$301 worth of gold, which represents one-sixteenth part of an amount obtained by four men, on the same creek, sluicing for seventeen hours. There are a number of other interest-

ing features of the Klondike exhibit, including a rosary of gold nuggets—washed from various creeks in the Yukon and presented by miners of Dawson City to Rev. F. P. E. Gendreau, O.M.I., Vicar-General of St. Mary's Church at the northern capital. The rosary is worth \$500.

There are four of these large show cases altogether, and in them are shown, besides the specimens from the Klondike, exhibits from the old alluvial fields of British Columbia, alluvial gold from the Saskatchewan and Chaudiere rivers, gold-bearing quartz from Nova Scotia, and quartz from the gold fields of Western Ontario. Further specimens of the latter free-milling variety are also shown in upright cases and piled on a large stand. On the latter, too, are large samples of the smelting ore (that containing pyrites and requiring to be treated by the cyanide and chlorination processes) from British Columbia. Portions of veins from the most famous mines of the Rossland country are among these.

Apart somewhat from the actual display of gold specimens are some features of the mineral exhibit which are equally interesting, and of much value as affording an excellent conception of the nature of the Canadian deposits and the methods of working. Among these is a section of gold-carrying gravel from the Klondike, taken from a claim on Bonanza creek, which is arranged in a glass case fifteen feet high and shows the various layers of muck, clay, sand and gravel which the Klondiker has to dig or bore through to reach the paying dirt. Under the latter, in turn, is shown some three feet of rotten rock containing no gold. Samples of unusually rich auriferous gravel, as actually dug from the soil, are shown in two glass jars. One of these, taken from Claim 31, El Dorado, is exhibited by W. Leek, of Dawson City, and contains \$93 worth of gold nuggets in about a gallon of sand.

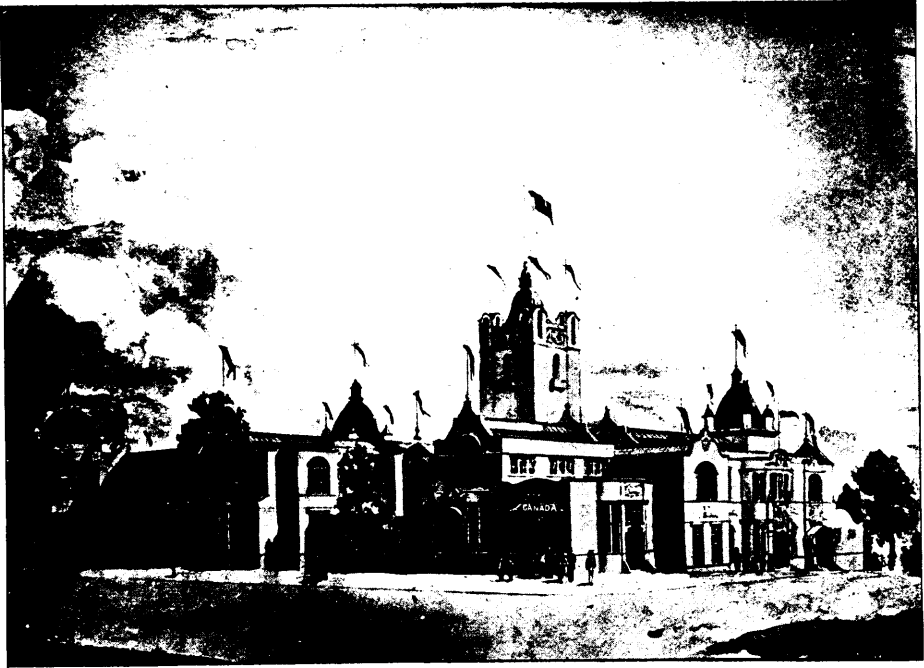
A series of maps and models further indicate the nature of the deposits in



PELEE ISLAND WINE EXHIBIT.

the different parts of the country, and also show the distribution of the mineral wealth of Canada according to variety. A model made of blocks of wood, on which are traced lines showing the geological structure of the anticlinal dome of the gold district of Goldenville, in Nova Scotia, is one of the most interesting features of this part of the exhibit. It is ingeniously arranged so as to open and close at will, and thus serves to show the transverse as well as the longitudinal sections. To those who have a knowledge of gold deposits in different parts of the world a study of the model will show, according to Mr. Faribault, that the saddle veins of Nova Scotia are similar in structure to those worked so extensively at Bendigo, Australia, in the Victoria district. A series of photographs, some transparent and hung against the windows, completes this portion of the mineral exhibit.

But gold does not by any means monopolize the Canadian exhibit of minerals at Paris. Nickel, iron, cop-



THE CANADIAN PAVILION, SHOWING THE SECTIONS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND MAURITIUS AT THE LEFT.

per, lead, coal, mica, phosphate—all have their adequate representation among the specimens which Dr. Dawson and his collaborators have collected and sent here. A massive piece of native copper from Atlin, B. C., weighing over 100 pounds, as well as other specimens of copper ore, many of them gold bearing, give evidence of the copper wealth of the Dominion. Another case, twelve feet long and eight feet high, containing several shelves filled with many samples of lead and lead ores, affords equal proof of the wealth of lead from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On a large stand devoted to the exhibit of iron are piled specimens of every size of rich magnetite and hematite, limonites and bog ore, together with a collection of steel bars and angle from Nova Scotia. Chromic iron ore from the Province of Quebec is also shown. On another stand are some large specimens of nickel ores, and pigs of ferro-nickel, while a special case is devoted to various products of nickel. A solid nickel railing which surrounds the case is insured for \$5,000. In a case de-

voted to oils are shown samples of crude petroleum from Quebec and Ontario, together with some fifty varieties of more or less refined oils. Graphite, stove-polish, and pencils made from the graphite of the Buckingham district form part of the collection in this case. Samples of asbestos are also shown, together with the fiborized material ready for weaving. The newly introduced asbestic plaster, which is rapidly coming into general use on account of its elasticity and its fire-proof qualities, complete the exhibit of asbestos. Among the other ores and minerals represented in the display are corundum from the counties of Hastings and Renfrew, mica from the Ottawa Valley region, building stone, including granite, marble, sandstone, limestone, and a few precious stones.

By nature allied to, though distinct in collection and arrangement from the exhibit in the section of food products, is the agricultural exhibit, which occupies the greater portion of the second floor of the western half of the pavilion. This, to the visitor, is one of the most

attractive of all the displays in the Canadian building, the pretty and unique arrangement of the sheaves of cereals and fodder plants and the pillars, urns and glass globes of threshed grains appealing at once to the eye, and constituting an exhibit of harvest wealth that is not equalled by any display in the same class at the Exposition.

The collection of this exhibit was under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, and, like the others of a similar nature, is wholly a Dominion one. The various provinces and private contributors have their several products labelled with small cards showing name and locality, but the exhibit as a whole is a Canadian one, and as such will be entered in the award. There are no fewer than 360 individual contributors to the joint collection, and every variety of grain and fodder plant grown in the Dominion is represented. There are samples, in sheaf and threshed, of oats, wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, corn, pease, beans, flax, etc., and also of all kinds of fodder plants and grasses. These are arranged with much artistic effect in arches, pillars, columns and monumental trophies around three sides of the second floor, while one large trophy, in the form of a mammoth chandelier, formed of festoons of various grains in the sheaf, hangs suspended from the centre of the ceiling over the open court from the story below.

In the section of horticulture and arboriculture still further illustration is afforded of the extent and variety of Canadian farm products and of the fertility of Canadian soil. There are shown samples of vegetables in solution, of fruits in solution, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, pears, apples, and cherries, and trees and bushes of the same. Some forty or more varieties of Canadian leaf tobacco and samples of Canadian hops are also exhibited.

The Canadian forestry exhibit—the first of the Dominion's displays to receive a *grand award*—occupies a space

on the ground floor of the Forestry Building, on the opposite side of the Seine from the Canadian pavilion. This exhibit is also a Dominion Government one, though several of the provinces and many individuals have contributed specimens. The section at Paris is under the charge of Mr. Jas. M. Macoun, Assistant Dominion Naturalist, by whom the material of which it is composed was collected.

Quebec, British Columbia and Manitoba furnish nearly all the timber in the Canadian exhibit, the Provincial Governments of those provinces alone having done anything towards sending specimens of their timber wealth to the Exposition. British Columbia perhaps ranks first as regards the quantity and variety of material exhibited, though the collection from Quebec, which comprises most of the display of polished woods and sections of trees, which formed part of the province's exhibit at Chicago in 1893, as well as new specimens, is also very complete. Manitoba, though not generally regarded as a timber-producing Province, ranks next to British Columbia and Quebec. The Ontario Government has not contributed to the forestry exhibit, though much of the manufactured material shown is the product of mills and factories in that province. The Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are not represented by either government or private exhibit.

The fact that the Canadian exhibit was accorded the *grand award* in competition with the exhibits of such famous timber-producing and manufacturing countries as Russia, the United States, Norway and Brazil is sufficient proof of the statement that Canada shows at Paris a greater variety of forest products than any other country. It is particularly the commercial woods of Canada, with samples of their various uses in manufactured articles, that the exhibit is intended to illustrate. To this end, besides the specimens shown of lumber and timber, sections of trees, deals and polished boards, there are exhibited a great variety of

manufactured articles of all sorts, hardwood specialties, fibreware, clothespins, cigar boxes, kitchen woodenware, broom handles, baskets, boxes and packages for fruit, hubs, axles, spokes, spools, bobbins and chairs. Many of these examples of uses to which wood is put in Canadian manufacture are new to Europeans, and frequent enquiries are made as to the cost of the articles and the probable expense of shipment here.

In addition to the features already noted, the Geological Survey Department has sent a collection of polished sections of all Canadian trees, and a set of photographs of Canadian forest trees, each framed in wood from the particular tree represented. More than two hundred platino-type photographs of lumbering operations in Canada, illustrating the various stages, beginning with the cutting of the trees in the forest and ending with the act of shipment of the lumber and square timber, form part of the wall exhibit.

Whatever may at times be said with regard to the deficiencies of elementary education in portions of the Dominion, more particularly, perhaps, in the Province of Quebec, the shortcoming, if it exist, can hardly be due to the educational systems obtaining in the several provinces. As to the World's Fair at Chicago, Canada, and especially the Province of Quebec, obtained the highest awards in the educational department, and at Paris a like result seems more than probable. Certainly, nothing but admiration can be expressed for the pains and thoroughness with which the exhibit in the educational section has been collected and arranged; and to European educators who have paid it a visit the display made of the progress of the Dominion in the arts and sciences has been a revelation. The section is under the control, at Paris, of Mr. B. Lippens, Inspector of Schools for the Province of Quebec.

To Quebec Province the display of its educational system at Paris has been somewhat of a labour of pride. Quebec—the New France that was—wished to show Old France an example

of her intellectual life, to prove that she had not neglected the teachings of her youth, but had kept abreast of the learning of her former mother land—had, perhaps, improved upon the latter even. From Quebec accordingly comes the bulk of the Dominion exhibit, though Ontario, New Brunswick, British Columbia and Manitoba are well represented. All the religious communities of the Province, and many of the Catholic lay schools, exhibit samples of pupils' work, arranged and graded according to age and class, making a very complete and interesting collection. Laval University also contributes photographs and models, illustrative of the efficiency of its equipment in the various departments of higher education.

The exhibit from Quebec is by no means confined to the French-Canadian institutions. McGill University, Montreal, has sent a series of photographs which afford a capital idea of the very complete equipment of its class rooms and laboratories, which stand favourable comparison with anything of a similar nature shown at the Exposition. The Protestant Commissioners of the city of Quebec have an exhibit of no fewer than fifteen large cabinets containing samples of pupils' work, graded according to the year and the curriculum. A private exhibit of Canadian literature from the earliest times to the present day, by Granger Freres, Montreal, is one of the features of the section. It comprises more than 1,000 volumes, many of which, especially the earlier ones, are of much historic value.

From the other provinces come equally valuable, if less numerous, evidences of the attention which education receives in the Dominion. Ontario has sent tables and general statistics, photographs of the principal school institutions, books in use in the schools, and educational reports of a varied nature. New Brunswick, British Columbia and Manitoba send photographs and a few books and reports. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are unrepresented.

With the exhibits in the several departments of food products, agriculture, forestry, natural history, minerals, education, and horticulture and arboriculture the list of distinctively government exhibits at Paris is exhausted. But there are private exhibits in great number, many of which are equally deserving of mention as still further evidencing the progress and wealth of the Dominion. The exhibits in the various branches of manufactures, certainly a not unimportant item in a display which is sought to be made comprehensive of every phase of Canadian industry, are among these, and while it is obviously impossible to here give a list of the many hundreds of exhibits in this department, both in the Canadian pavilion and in the machinery building at the Vincennes annex, it would be an inexcusable omission to pass them over without a reference.

At no time in the world's history has the rivalry in manufactured goods been so keen as at the present, and in every country of Europe and America the chief effort of rulers and legislators is directed equally to the fostering of home industries by preserving to them the home market, and to the acquisition of new markets abroad for their surplus products. The three leaders in the race at present are Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Russia and France are straining every nerve to regain their lost ground, but the pace is too swift, and Canada, with her vast and as yet but scarcely touched wealth of natural raw material, her constantly increasing facilities of transport, her salubrious climate and industrious population, should soon prove a factor in the competition, and it is a satisfactory evidence that this will be that Canadian manufacturers have taken so keen an interest in the present Exposition and have exhibited so largely at Paris.

In the departments of mechanical and civil engineering, electricity, transportation, etc., Canadian manufacture is well represented, and while not so

imposing in bulk as the displays from Germany, Great Britain, the United States and France, forms an exceedingly creditable representation. Carriages, waggons, bicycles, sleighs, boats, stoves, ploughs, harvesters, reaping and mowing machines, pulleys, pianos, and organs are shown in considerable variety, and in quality bear comparison with any exhibits at the Exposition.

The exhibits of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways should not be passed unnoticed. Both companies, through their displays of paintings and photographs of Canadian scenery, have done much to make the natural beauties of Canada better known, while their gratuitous distribution of hundreds of thousands of illustrated pamphlets has further contributed to convey a better appreciation of the Dominion than most Europeans possess. Many of the paintings in the Canadian Pacific's section were specially painted for the Exposition, and are genuine works of art as well as accurate representations of many typical spots of peculiar grandeur and beauty. This road has also on view a section of a sleeping car, which is an exact reproduction in size and finish of a section of the sleepers in use on the line in Canada.

Canadian art is not forgotten in Canada's show at the Exposition. On the walls of the main pavilion, along the stairway leading from the first to the second floor, in the reception salon, and at various other spots, are many representative specimens of paintings, drawings and sculpture by Canadian artists which have received more than one flattering comment even in Paris, the home of art. Among them are large and small paintings, in oils and water-colour, pen-and-pencil drawings, satin and plush works, ceramics, free-hand, architectural and mechanical drawings, decorative paintings, wood engravings and bronze statues and plaster casts. All in all, Canada is well represented at the Exposition.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FOUR ARTICLES REVIEWING THE POLICY PURSUED BY CANADIANS TOWARD RAILWAY CORPORATIONS, WRITTEN WITH THE CONVICTION THAT GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP IS FEASIBLE AND DESIRABLE.

By R. L. Richardson, M.P.

TO discuss the transportation problem of the Dominion within the compass of four magazine articles, and in doing so to afford readers anything like an approximate insight into so important a question, is a task requiring much greater skill than I pretend to possess. However, if I can succeed in presenting two or three phases of the question in a manner sufficiently lucid to stimulate public interest, and, in addition, can demonstrate that there is a remedy within our grasp which could be speedily applied without creating any disturbance, national or commercial, I shall be more than compensated for my trouble.

In the Province of Manitoba, where I have long resided, public opinion has been so aroused in regard to the sacrifice of the people's interests in connection with railway transportation, that the question of Government ownership has become the dominant issue in provincial politics. The new Government, led by Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, adopted the principle of Government ownership in the platform upon which it carried the country last fall, and at the present writing we find the honourable gentleman's Government carrying on negotiations looking to the construction of railway lines necessary for the accommodation of the settlers, these lines to be constructed out of public funds, and to be owned and controlled by the Government in the interests of the people.* Whether

they shall be operated by the Government or leased to existing railway corporations, and by them operated on a rental basis is, I understand, a question so far undecided, although I incline to the belief that they will be so leased, the Government taking care that the freight rates thereon are reasonable, and retaining the ownership in order to insure just treatment for the settlers.

I mention this for the purpose of emphasizing the value and potency of an educative campaign. It is only about four years since the question of Government ownership was first discussed in that province, and yet within that brief space the people appear to have grasped the issue, to have recognized the remedy, and to be perfectly ready to apply it.

Realizing what had been accomplished in so brief a time in the Prairie Province, and recognizing that public opinion throughout the Dominion is rapidly crystallizing in the direction of a radical reform (I am convinced that the people are in advance of the politicians in appreciating the true bearing of the problem), I suggested some months ago to a number of eastern friends the desirability of inaugurating a platform educative campaign throughout the provinces east of Lake Superior; for I was, and am still, convinced that all the people require is to have the facts placed before them, and they will see to it that the remedy is applied. The difficulty in this case, as in all others, is that the public neither know the facts, nor understand the real nature of the issue. A great many of those whose duty as leaders

* These papers were prepared at Ottawa in May last. Since then Premier Macdonald has announced that, owing to crop failure, he has delayed the carrying out of his Government railway scheme until next year.

is to enlighten the public either do not comprehend the question themselves, or if they do, are unwilling to present the facts lest the result might prove disastrous to their own interests or the interests of patrons. My suggestion with regard to the inauguration of an educative campaign having come to naught, I the more readily comply with a request to discuss the problem through the columns of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

I shall try as far as possible to avoid tiresome details, confining myself to a few features of paramount importance, and using only a limited number of examples to emphasize the points I shall endeavour to make. The statements and data which will be used have been drawn very largely from public and newspaper records, debates in parliament and official returns.

At the outset let me disclaim the slightest hostility towards any existing corporation. I have nothing but the warmest admiration for the efficiency and ability displayed in the management of our two most important railway transportation companies, and especially the Canadian Pacific Railway. The trouble lies not with the corporations, but with Government, for without the sanction or acquiescence of Government no public injustice or injury to public interests could be wrought by corporations. The history of governmental or parliamentary dealings with railway corporations during the last twenty or twenty-five years has been such as to lead thoughtful and observant citizens of the Dominion to the conclusion that if Government does not soon undertake to control the transportation power, the transportation power will control Government. All who have closely observed the operations of the transportation interests at Ottawa during even the present session, must feel that strong corroborative testimony has been furnished to the statement in the sentence preceding this. Owing to the reckless and unskilful manner in which the transportation problem has been dealt with by our Canadian statesmen,

the solution has been rendered much more difficult and complex. The tide of public opinion in favour of reform is, however, rising so rapidly, and the evil growing so tremendously, that unless some remedy is soon applied, the accumulated wrongs may be righted violently.

In the minds of a great many people the facts may not appear to warrant the use of such strong language, but when the Canadian people come to realize how their millions of treasure and their principalities of land heritage have been lavished upon the railway corporations, without exacting any adequate, if indeed any, return, or even retaining to Government any control worthy of the name; and when they further realize that there are not satisfactory indications of any complete reversal of policy, their indignation is sure to be great. That there has been no universal outcry against the railway policy of the various Governments as continued for many years, is due doubtless to the fact that the people did not understand the real nature and inevitable results of the incomprehensible policy followed.

It is almost beyond the unsuspecting and honest comprehension of the average citizen to conceive of the skill in financial manipulation, aided often by political debauchery and chicanery, practised by the railway exploiter, promoter, charter-monger or whatever you choose to call him. The policy of granting railway charters carrying immense subsidies in cash and land, together with certain powers and exemptions, to impecunious and irresponsible adventurers, or to powerful and wealthy corporations, has, in all respects and all instances, been a ruinous one. It has brought in its wake moral degradation and material loss to the country.

In proof of this let me cite the language of Mr. E. B. Osler, member of Parliament for West Toronto, a director of the C.P.R., who has for many years been intimately connected with railway enterprises in Canada. No man in the Dominion is more com-

petent than he to speak with authority on the subject. Discussing the railway subsidies in his place in Parliament on the 3rd of August, 1899, Mr. Osler said :

" I differ with my leader and with the leader of the Government when they agree that these railway subsidies were not sources of corruption. I contend that they are the main source of corruption in elections such as we are now having exposed. It is from such subsidies that the money is supplied to pay the men who have been engaged in the ballot stuffing and the election frauds which we hear so much about. These men are not committing these crimes for nothing. They are paid with the money of the people. What else can you expect when a Government stands with open hands and says to every section of the country : ' Apply to us and we will give you any possible Government aid.' That has been the position the Government has taken in regard to these railway subsidies. It was the condition that existed before they came into power."

Here we have a frank admission from a prominent politician that both parties are responsible.

The charter granted in 1881 by the Parliament of Canada to the Canadian Pacific Railway stands as a colossal monument to the folly of Canadian statesmanship. By the terms of that contract millions and millions of public treasure and an empire in rich lands were unnecessarily and inexcusably alienated from the possession of the people, and handed over to the control of a syndicate of private financiers with absolutely no consideration and practically no conditions attached. While we were assured at the time the contract was made, that the corporation would exercise paternal functions towards the public, and by Sir John Macdonald himself that owing to the immense subsidies given it could carry freight at one-fourth the cost of other roads, we have awakened to a realization of the fact that the result of this extravagance has so far been the creation of a power which uses the treasure it has already extracted for the purpose of levying further tribute.

In order to bring home to your readers the suicidal nature of the bargain (from the country's standpoint) between the Dominion Government and

the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—a bargain which Mr. Willison, the Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, characterized in his pamphlet on the railway question, as "the most insane bargain ever entered into by a free people"—it will be necessary to present some of the details. This is done not for the purpose of attempting to create any prejudice against the C. P. R., but with the object of affording the public an insight into the "insane" nature of the blunder perpetrated in dealing with the transportation question at the outset. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote the figures I presented to the House of Commons last session :

"The Canadian Pacific Syndicate was formed in 1880. It obtained from the Dominion Government a contract to build, equip and operate a railway westward from Callander on the east side of Lake Nipissing, about 250 miles west of Montreal. The route traversed by this line is 2,500 miles long, through a country presenting in many places stupendous engineering difficulties. The cost of the construction of this line was put, according to the Company's own estimate, at \$83,500,000, and the equipment \$8,000,000; in all, \$91,500,000. This may seem a somewhat astonishing undertaking for a company with a nominal capital of \$5,000,000. But our astonishment is sensibly diminished, or rather, is turned in another direction, when we examine the provisions of the contract of the Syndicate with the Government. The Government gave to the Company :

1. Completed railway to the value of \$30,000,000;
2. \$25,000,000 in cash;
3. 25,000,000 acres of selected lands in Manitoba and the Northwest;
4. The privilege of importing rails and other supplies free of duty;
5. Exemption from taxation for an indefinite period, but not less than twenty years;
6. A monopoly of the traffic of the Northwest, the Government to bind itself not to permit the construction of railways from the Canadian Pacific Railway southward to the boundary.

"The Canadian Pacific Syndicate, therefore, received in hard cash and its

equivalent \$55,000,000, besides the 25,000,000 acres of land. Now, the value of these lands may be gathered from the record of the actual proceeds of the sales thereof. When asking the Canadian Government for a loan of \$30,000,000 in January, 1884, Mr. Stephen—now Lord Mount Stephen—said: ‘The value of the land subsidy may be exemplified by the result of the realization of the portion already sold, which has produced a net return of \$2.36 per acre.’ At that time about 4,000,000 acres had been sold. This figure, \$2.36 per acre, was the lowest average price at which any of the lands were sold. The average price obtained kept steadily increasing. In his report of 1892, President Van Horne says that the sales of Canadian Pacific Railway lands in 1891 realized an average price per acre of \$4.05, as against \$3.76 in 1890. It would be very reasonable to assume that the value of the land grant would be at least \$3 per acre. The total subsidy given by Canada for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway would, on this very moderate basis of calculation, therefore be :

Constructed railway.....	\$35,000,000
Cash	25,000,000
Land grant (25,000,000 acres)	75,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$135,000,000

“ This for a railway whose construction and equipment was estimated by the Canadian Pacific Syndicate itself to cost \$91,500,000. But, besides these enormous direct gifts, the Government also gave the Company power to raise further sums by the issue of stock and bonds. Let us see how this power was used, and how it resulted for the people. The first issue of stock was \$20,000,000. This was all allotted to, or taken up by, the promoters, at 25 per cent. of its par value, and realized \$5,000,000. All of this first issue of stock was issued to members of the Canadian Pacific Syndicate, prominent among whom were Mr. George Stephen—now Lord Mount Stephen—and Mr. Donald Smith—

now Lord Strathcona. This is on record in the Sessional Papers of the Canadian Parliament, No. 31, Vol. 9, 1884. The proceeds of this issue of stock was used by the allottees mainly to pay themselves dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. on the stock they already held. Whilst nearly all this money went back into the pockets of the patriotic promoters, and little or none of it into the railway, the road was saddled with an additional debt to these gentlemen of \$20,000,000. There was another issue of stock to the amount of \$30,000,000 in 1883, which realized \$15,281,754. Thus, out of \$50,000,000 worth of stock which stands as a liability against the railway, only \$20,281,754 was actually realized. This stock was held mainly by the promoters, and they paid themselves dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. on its par value before the road was completed or was earning expenses. They paid these dividends out of capital, and, as a matter of fact, within five years the holders of this stock had received in dividends, which the road had never earned, 20 per cent. more than they had ever put into the undertaking. Besides this, the stock which they had bought at 25 cents on the dollar was selling at 90 at the end of five years, because of the high dividends that had been already paid out of capital, and the reservation of \$24,500,000 raised by the issue of guaranteed bonds, for the purpose of guaranteeing future dividends. This \$24,500,000, it is needless to say, should have gone into the road itself. Thus, the funds raised from the issue of stock were devoted principally to paying back dividends to the holders of that stock and not to building the railway, which, as a matter of fact, was all built out of the subsidies and largesse of the Canadian public. This system of financial manipulation served a double purpose for the Syndicate. It enabled them to repay themselves all that they had put into the enterprise, with a handsome profit added, and it further increased the value of the stock which they thus held at a cost of nothing at all to them,

to a figure so high that it is not surprising that many of them are millionaires and some of them peers. Thus, it comes about that the proceeds of over \$60,000,000 of stock, which stands as a present liability of the railway, never went into its construction at all, but was manipulated for stock-jobbing purposes by the Syndicate to enrich themselves before the road was completed."

The tabulated statement to which I have just referred as being in the Sessional Papers of the Canadian parliament No. 31, Vol. 9, 1884, is appended for the benefit of any readers who may happen to be doubting Thomases.

Name.	Number of Shares.	Face Value.	Amount Paid for Stock.	Aggregate Dividends in Five Yrs.
Geo. Stephen.....	23,411	2,341,100	585,275	652,330
D. McIntyre.....	975	97,500	24,375	29,200
D. McIntyre & Co.....	18,534	1,853,400	463,350	556,020
J. S. Kennedy & Co.....	17,558	1,755,800	438,950	526,740
J. J. Hill.....	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
R. B. Angus.....	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
H. S. Northcote.....	3,004	300,400	75,100	90,120
D. A. Smith.....	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
Boissevin & Co.....	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
Blake Bros. (Boston).....	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
R. Donaldson.....	1,560	156,000	39,000	46,800
J. S. Kennedy.....	975	97,500	26,375	29,250
J. K. Todd.....	1,365	136,500	34,125	40,950
D. W. James.....	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
C. J. Osborn.....	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
C. H. Northcote.....	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
W. Trotter.....	780	78,000	19,500	23,400
Morton, Rose & Co.....	29,364	2,936,400	731,600	880,920
F. Greninger.....	3,901	390,100	97,525	117,030
L. Cohen & Son.....	3,901	390,000	97,525	117,030
Sulzbach Bros.....	1,268	126,800	31,700	38,040
S. Propper.....	585	58,500	14,625	17,550
J. De Reinach.....	1,628	162,800	41,450	50,240
E. Kohn.....	780	78,000	19,500	23,400
O. De Reinach.....	877	87,700	21,925	26,310
C. Kolt.....	97	9,700	2,425	2,910
H. Finlay.....	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
M. Springer.....	1,365	136,500	34,125	40,950
Euphrussi & Co.....	1,950	195,000	48,740	58,500
Banque Parisienne.....	5,579	557,900	139,475	172,360
C. Morawitz.....	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
P. du P. Grenfell.....	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
C. D. Rose.....	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
E. Cassel.....	1,755	175,500	48,875	58,500
Lord Elphinstone.....	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
Govet, Sons & Co.....	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
A. S. Thompson.....	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
J. Billitzer.....	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
H. Puffel.....	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
C. Rosenraad.....	95	9,700	2,425	2,910
G. Levy.....	95	9,700	2,425	2,910
A. S. Schaw.....	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
Morton, Rose & Co. (in trust).....	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
W. C. Van Horne.....	3,905	390,500	97,625	117,150

Here is a statement which I clipped from that excellent and reliable journal, the *Weekly Sun*, Toronto, after the Canadian Pacific Railway paid its dividend in 1899 :

"The Canadian Pacific Railway has just declared a half-yearly dividend upon its ordinary stock at the rate of four per cent. per annum. Its ordinary stock amounts to \$65,000,000, and the half-yearly dividend just paid upon it is \$1,300,000. Yet of this \$65,000,000 stock only \$8,500,000 at the outside went into the road. The remainder went into the pockets of the promoters and stockholders. The dividend just paid is equal to more than 30½ per cent. upon the money that went into the enterprise. Yet we are told that we must not attempt to regulate freight rates until the dividends amount to 10 per cent. upon the \$65,000,000 stock, or, in other words, until the road pays 150 per cent. annually upon the capital which was actually expended upon it."

It will be seen from the data submitted that the Canadian Pacific Railway has received from Canada in one form or another practically sufficient to build its entire Canadian railway system, if the proceeds of all the endowments enumerated had gone into the work. But the Canadian Pacific Railway has to-day an indebtedness in bonds and preference stock of about \$150,000,000, and its common stock stands at \$65,000,000. As we have already seen, this stock of \$65,000,000, which stands as a liability, at its face value, against the property, and on which the settlers must pay interest in high freight rates for all time, realized less than half its par value. Of this, \$21,000,000 was paid in dividends, mostly to the promoters, before the road was completed or earning dividends. Out of this \$65,000,000 only about \$8,000,000 is even pretended to have been invested in the work of construction; and, as Mr. Blake pointed out, it is not possible to determine, on account of the mystery veiling the operations of the North American Construction Company (which was composed principally of members of the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate), whether any even of the \$8,000,000 went into the railway. But the people have been actually paying interest all along on the \$65,000,000 of common stock. This stock, a large proportion of which the promoters allotted to themselves at twenty-five cents on the dollar, has recently been selling at one or two

points above par on the London money market.

Had the Government used the money and resources which it threw away to the Syndicate, and built and owned the railway itself, the construction and equipment of the transcontinental line could have been effected out of those resources without one dollar obligation outstanding against the road.

The branch lines in Manitoba could have been constructed two or three times over out of the proceeds of the land and cash subsidies given on these lines in addition to the subsidies

already referred to. Had the Government done the work itself the people of Canada would then have at the same time secured and controlled this great enterprise (which they have in reality paid for, and which it may be necessary in the public interest at no very distant day for us to acquire at an enormous cost), and would have been in a position to adopt a rate and a land policy which would have brought population and prosperity to the West, and incidentally to the whole of Canada. Contrast this once easily attainable condition of affairs with the actual position as it is to-day.

To be Continued.

THE CHINESE GAME OF FAN-TAN.*

By Carlton Dawe.

I AROSE and lit a pipe, and then the desire to explore the great city took hold of me, and I inquired of Mr. Ting if he felt equal to the task of showing me the sights of Canton; for to venture out alone in such a place would be to court dangers innumerable. Ting responded to the invitation with alacrity, declaring that he had often acted as guide to the "foreign devils" who had come up from Hong-Kong to see the sights; and he gravely hinted at the laxity of their manners, which hint likewise clothed the hope that I was not as the rest of the world. This sounded well, coming from one who, but a few hours before, had rolled aboard sottishly stupid with opium. But I could not see his face, or probably I might have caught another glimpse of that merry twinkle. Mr. Ting was now a Christian, and, like many others, he thought hypocrisy was a necessary adjunct.

Well, we started out, and my guide led me from one place to another, though I knew that we should gravitate towards the Flower Boats as surely as the night was come. Ting hesitated, and then he began to pump me.

Poor fellow, though a Christian, and willing to render all duty to his master, his heathen soul still hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt. But he had been well grounded in the Mission School, and when I said, "Ting, I want to see the Flower Boats," he protested with the sorrowful ardour of an evangelist. The Flower Boats were too muchee wicked, too muchee go to hellee! And what would Mr. Ormsby say?

"But, my dear Ting," said I, "why should we tell him?"

By the light from a shop window I saw a smile on his face, and though, protestingly, he led me on, I knew

* A reading, by permission, from "The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe. Illustrated. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. A young Englishman is on his way to visit his god-father, who is a missionary in the interior of China. Ting is a Christian Chinese sent to meet the Englishman at Canton. Ting's new religion is put to the test as told here.

that he was leading me down the broad path all the time.

We made our way over countless bridges—none of them too secure—and among many streets of boats, until at last we crossed a rickety bridge into a wider thoroughfare, and here we paused.

"These belong first chop Flower Boat," my guide explained, pointing down the canal. "Here come the mandalin, the welly lich, the welly bad. Plenty painted woman, plenty gamble, plenty evelyting lotten."

Come, thought I, this is getting interesting; but out of respect to the proselyte I held my tongue.

We took many peeps into the open doors as we walked along, and though we more frequently encountered black looks than pleasant ones, there were a few who surveyed me with the cold, sulky, stupid indifference of the Oriental. But we did not enter any of the house-boats until we approached the end of the canal. Then I forgot myself, and some subsequent trouble ensued.

Over the door of this particular house-boat a large red lamp was suspended, and as we passed underneath it the door opened for a moment and two men came out, one pale as death, the other talking excitedly. The glimpse I got of the inside revealed a large gilded saloon with a table in the centre, round which was a crowd of men.

As the door swung to, Ting whispered in my ear, "Fan-tan."

I realized in a moment the meaning of the white face, and what had happened to the two men who had just staggered out from the hell. It was the old story; the curse of gold and the folly of man. Nevertheless I had a great longing to see this notorious Chinese game, to behold the emotions of the unemotional Chow. To Mr. Ting I put it, and he was about to protest in the fatherly style of the Mission, when a little way up the canal I heard a sudden splash.

"What's that, Ting?"

"Nothing," said he.

"But that splash?"

"You see piecee man come out—altee same white face."

"Yes."

"He dlown himself."

I started forward, but Ting seized me by the arm.

"No good. He no can be saved. Loosee all, makee die. What for can live? All takee same load one day."

This cold-blooded pessimism, so unlike what I felt sure my godfather had instilled, made me shudder.

"Why, Ting," said I, "you're a brute."

"No blute, only you no sabbee. Chinaman, he no 'flaid to die like Chlistian man. He loosee all, he makee go. Pelhaps Chinaman's joss sabbee. Look, him flend watchee dlown."

It was true enough. There, on the edge of the canal, seen but indistinctly, was the figure of a man, apparently in the act of watching intently. From the open doors came the sound of voices and the low tinkling of guitars. No one had heard the splash, or if he had, he had paid no heed to it. What was a suicide more or less?

At the same time some revellers debouched from a house-boat some few doors higher up, and amid much laughter and noisy cackle came towards us. Ting drew me back into the shadow, whispering, "You likee see Fan-tan?"

"Rather."

"All li. Wait."

The men advanced to the door, against which the foremost knocked softly in a peculiar fashion. A second or so elapsed, and then a shaft of light streamed out into the darkness, and as the men crowded round the door, Ting seized me by the hand and led me forward, and we pushed our way in with the others.

At first my appearance did not attract any attention, all the players being deeply engrossed in the game, and this gave me an opportunity to inspect my surroundings.

It was a spacious saloon, wide and high, with much elaborate gilding and carving; innumerable lights twinkled behind quaint lamps of many colours;

embroidered silk hangings shielded little alcoves. Upon the walls, in gilded characters of the *wen-li*, were the wise and moral precepts of the great Confucius; for your Chinese gambler, like his brother of the West, is not without the redeeming virtue of hypocrisy.

Round a table in the centre of the saloon some thirty or forty Chinamen were crowded, at the head of which sat an impassive Chow with a pile of bright cash before him, and a long stick in his hand. This was the man who counted. A little to the right of him sat another impassive yellow face. This was the banker. It was he who paid and received.

Fan-tan, like most great gambling games, is simplicity itself. A square sheet of lead is placed in the middle of the table, the sides of which are numbered from one to four. It is on one of these four numbers that you stake your money, or you may put your stake on the corners and thus take your chance of two numbers, though then your winnings materially decrease. Then the man whose business it is to count, takes a handful of cash from the big, glittering pile before him, and with his long stick draws away four of the coins at a time; and whatever remains, be it one, two, three or four, that is the winning number.

Gradually it became known that a foreign devil was in the place, and the men turned round to look at me, some angrily, as though they thought my presence an impertinence; but the others for the most part surveyed me with a look of sullen indifference. I bowed and smiled, and told Ting to tell them that I hoped I was not intruding, but as I had a few dollars to lose I wanted to try my luck.

Whether this mollified them or not I can't say, but as I made for the table they opened out at my advance; and as I staked my first five dollars on No. 3 they watched me with the greatest of interest. Then one put his money on the same number, then another, until almost everybody, with that belief in omens and superstitions which is the

religion of the gambler, was on No. 3.

I felt that it was an awkward moment for me, for to a certain extent the warmth of my welcome depended upon No. 3 turning up. I therefore watched the slow-diminishing pile of cash with an eagerness which was not at all in keeping with my stake. Even the banker's impassive face expressed a momentary twitch of interest. Then, before the winning number was known, I saw the ghost of a smile flickering somewhere round his eyes, and I knew that No. 3 had not won. Indeed, as the little heap slowly dissolved, it was seen that two was the winning number.

The players grunted with disgust, but it was evident that I was a bad *fung-shui* to them, and they left me severely alone. Ting kept close to me, but I noticed that as the play progressed his lips grew white with excitement, and he trembled violently; and, thoughtlessly, I gave him a couple of dollars to play with. Then the real Chinaman came out. His eyes sparkled, his lantern jaws flushed a deep dark red; he could not speak, for the madness of the game had seized him. I was sorry afterwards, for at that moment I realized that I had lent him the wherewithal to travel the old heathen way.

But meanwhile I played on with varying fortune, for the spirit of the game had entered my blood, and I thought neither of the time nor of my surroundings. I smoked and drank tea to excess, until I began to feel quite dazed; and still the awful game held me fast, and I lost and won and won and lost, now plunging somewhat recklessly, and now punting in the mildest manner possible.

By degrees the room cleared, until only some half-dozen desperate gamblers remained. Then I stopped for a time to reckon up the cost of the night's work, and I found that I had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars. This was for me a rather big sum—at any rate, rather too large to be foolishly thrown away. And yet as if to augment my foolishness, I immediately resolved to send another

fifty in search of it. It should be my last stake. If I won, it would clear me; if I lost, I should call myself some bitter names and go.

So from my sadly diminished store I drew out ten five-dollar bills, and placed them down on No. 1. For, in the manner of the gambler, I argued thus within myself: Number One is the first and best. Therefore it were wise to follow Number One. The man opposite, who had had worse luck than I, a black-looking fellow, who had often pitted himself against me, scraped a considerable sum together, and put it all on No. 4. I laughingly accepted his challenge, but pointed out that mine was the larger sum. At this he scowled, and turning to his friends borrowed all they had left, which merely amounted to another ten or twelve dollars. This he flung on the top of the other, and glared across at me.

From the big heap of glittering cash he then filled his hands, placed the contents before the croupier, whose duty it was to count, and the game began.

With his long stick, which he hooked into the holes of the cash, the impassive yellow man began to draw to him four at a time. As the pile slowly diminished the interest grew. I believe I was a real gambler then for the first time in my life, and I did not like the suffocating, sickening sensation. As for my rival opposite, his horrid little eyes burned with a devilish lustre, and he made a distressing sound in his throat, as though trying to swallow some obtrusive lump.

It is remarkable with what facility these experienced players can count the cash and tell what will be the winning number long before the last dozen is reached. Feeling that I could not compete with them in this respect, I evinced less curiosity, knowing that the result could only be a matter of moments. So, from the cash I turned to the banker, and I saw him look at me in a way that considerably reassured me. From the experience of that night I felt that I could place some reliance on his judgment, and in this in-

stance my belief was well-founded. I looked and saw that there were five cash on the table. The croupier drew away four and one remained.

I had won one hundred and fifty dollars!

For a time my rival opposite could scarcely contain himself, so full was he of rage and disappointment. He and his companions eyed me as though I had been the cause of their downfall, and they moved away from the table, so as to be beyond the hearing of Ting-Foo, and began to whisper one among the other. But I was too full of myself and the game to pay much heed to them. Luck had come my way at last, and I was not going to abandon it. So to test things I left a hundred dollars down on No. 1, and Ting, like the true gambler that he was, followed the spirit of good fortune, and backed his opinion to the extent of a dollar. This time I handed out the cash to the croupier, and, as Ting and I were the only two betting, the game at once proceeded. My rival and his friends came back to watch. It was interesting, this struggle between the bank and the foreign devil.

Slowly, under the soft manipulation of the long stick, the pile of cash dwindled away, until but one remained. I had won again, this time three hundred dollars. And so I played on and on, now favoured by fortune, and now experiencing a perverse run of ill-luck; but on the whole good fortune attended my efforts, and towards the end of the night I won quite three times for every time I lost. As the result a large pile of dirty bank-notes lay before me, and heap upon heap of cumbersome silver dollars. Indeed, for the first time I realized how utterly valueless in itself is money.

Ting, who had modestly followed my lead throughout the evening, had also passed the ordeal most successfully, and was the proud possessor of a fistful of good, if somewhat shabby, bank-notes. These, after being subjected to a close scrutiny, he folded up and carefully placed away in an inside pocket. This action recalled me to my

senses. I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock.

"Time to be going, Ting?" said I.

"My leady."

"One more go—win or lose."

I reckoned that I had won nearly six thousand dollars, sufficient to carry without being encumbered with the silver money. So I heaped the latter all on No. 3, and it amounted in the aggregate to one hundred and four dollars. Ting grew excited and began to talk wildly, and one of the spectators advanced and entered into conversation with him, and I could see that he was dilating proudly on my courage and good fortune. But I told him to tell the banker that, win or lose, this was to be my last stake. The impassive yellow man nodded and the game began.

My rival and his companions, their sullen indifference giving way to a natural curiosity, now advanced and crowded round the table; while the one who had already made some conversation with Mr. Ting seemed bent upon furthering the intimacy. And Ting, who was like one drunk with excitement, laughed and talked like a child, and fairly beamed at me.

There was much hard breathing as the pile of cash diminished, though none of it came from me, as I had outgrown all interest in the fight. To me it was a matter of the utmost indifference whether I won or lost. Yet my indifference but strengthened the love of that strange woman, Fate; for again she favoured me with one of her handsomest smiles. I had purposely put my money on No. 3, because that had been my most unlucky number all through the night, and now, as if to spite me, it actually returned me a winner.

"Thlee!" shrieked Ting, wild with joy.

It was a fact. Three had turned up. I had won again.

While the banker was changing the silver into notes, my rival and his friends took their departure, the man turning to me as he left the room, and saying something which I took to be

good-night. I nodded and he passed out. But I did not like his face, or the look in his eyes as he spoke, and I turned inquiringly to Ting.

"What did that fellow say?"

"Allee same, good night."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing"

"Are you sure? Think now."

"He also say, pleasant tlip to Fong-Chin."

"How did he know we were going to Fong-Chin?"

"My suppose 'im guess."

"You fool, you've been talking."

He looked ashamed of himself; angry too, and then most penitent.

"Welly little," he murmured apologetically.

"Did you say how we were going?"

"Pelhaps."

"Ting, you're an ass."

"Sabbee," said Ting.

I was anything but pleased at this discovery, and as I folded up my winnings and stowed them away, I felt rather nervous of setting out. That the man was a desperate gambler there was no manner of doubt, and I had enough money on me to make a ruined man attempt the risk of robbery; and robbery, if successful, meant the disappearance of the victim in one of the silent canals. I had seen what little notice was taken of suicide, and I guessed that the callous inhabitants of these watery highways would but cover up their heads at the cry of "Murder!"

It was with no feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I set out with Ting to face the night and its mysteries.

The darkness seemed intense as we emerged once more into the open air. All the lamps had been extinguished, the doors of all the houses were shut; there was no sound of human voices, no tinkling of guitars. The revel was over, the revellers had vanished like night shadows into the night. Perhaps behind some closely-drawn curtain the opium-smoker burnt the drug and dreamed of Paradise and that highest heaven which Buddha has promised the faithful; or the vicious,

wearied to death, was pure once more in sleep. An occasional scintillation, coming from heaven knows where, flashed for a moment on the placid bosom of the water, a sign and a warning.

"My walkee first," said Ting. "This welly bad wedder."

So off he went, I keeping close behind him. For further security I laid hold of his blouse; for I really could not see where I was going, and sometimes, so dark was it, I could not even see him. Moreover, there was always the pleasant knowledge that a false step might precipitate me into the canal.

In this way we went forward until we reached the end of the Flower Boats, and I was about to give a sigh of relief when Ting stumbled forward with a cry, and had I not had a firm grip of him he would most assuredly have fallen into the water. Indeed, as it was, had I not been possessed of more than ordinary strength, he would have gone and I on the top of him.

For a moment or two the poor fellow trembled so violently that he could not speak. Then he said:

"That allee same belong pleicious queer. Blidge slippee-slippee."

I stepped forward to examine it, and I saw that, either by accident or design, the bridge, a narrow footway for pedestrians only, had slipped from its support, and that Ting's weight had sent it dangerously forward. If we had both stepped upon it at the same time nothing could have saved us from being dashed into the canal.

As for myself, I could not believe that the insecurity of the bridge was due to accident. In some way I connected it with the man who had wished me a pleasant journey to Fong-Chin. I had between six and seven thousand dollars about me, of which he was perfectly well aware. Under any conditions such a sum may be considered respectable; to a ruined and desperate man it would seem a big fortune. What would have happened had we fallen into the water I cannot say, but I have since been able to form a shrewd guess.

To turn back was to lead to nothingness, unless we took to the water and swam; therefore to go on became a necessity. So I examined the bridge as best I could, and then pulled it towards me. It seemed to stand firmly; but again and again I tested it carefully before I ventured upon it. Then, loosening my revolver, I told Ting to follow me, and in two strides I was across, or rather half-way over; for in the middle of this canal a barge was moored, and the bridges from either side of the street led on to the barge.

Half-way over I paused and looked around. Ting was by my side muttering something to himself, the meaning of which I did not know, but the purport of which I guessed. The landing on the farther side was wrapped in complete darkness, a darkness into which I scarcely liked to venture; but realizing the necessity of action, I tested the little bridge well before I ventured upon it. Then whispering my directions to Ting, whom I felt sure I could trust in any emergency, I sprang across into the darkness. At the same moment a couple of men rushed forward and made a dash at me, and the bamboo of one, as he brought it down with terrible force, slid off my shoulder on to the rail of the bridge, which it incontinently shattered. My precaution had been a wise one, and my sudden rush had evolved consequences entirely foreseen. Had I crept carefully along the bridge, there is no doubt that the bamboos would have beaten out my brains.

I immediately closed with the man nearest me—a wiry fellow who did his utmost to drag me into the canal; but if nature gave me nothing else, I have to thank her for some fair physical proportions. I knew, after a moment or two of struggling, that the man was mine. Though brave and fierce, he did not possess the least elementary notion of science, and I back-heeled him with such force that his head fell with a sickening crash upon the boards.

Ting, in the meantime, had followed out my whispered advice to the letter, and often since I have upbraided my-

self for doubting him ; but at the time I was not quite sure of him, as, indeed, I could scarcely be on such a short acquaintance. Had he left me then I doubt if I should ever have seen Fong-Chin, or anything else this side of the grave ; but he did nothing of the kind. No sooner did he hear the blow descend than, with an excited shriek, he sprang across in my wake, and, as I grappled with one man, he seized the other. It was a short, sharp tussle between the two, and how Ting succeeded in beating his opponent I do not know ; but one thing I can say, just as I sprang forward to give him a hand, he stepped back and delivered a sounding blow on his adversary's face, and there followed a cry and an ominous splash.

Then he seized me by the hand, and immediately hurried me down the dark alleyway opposite, our shoes, or rather mine, clattering noisily in the quiet street. Sometimes we stopped and hid in the shadows, listening intently for the footfall of a pursuer ; but, though nothing approaching a noise reached me, I had an uneasy feeling that we were followed, and as we suddenly turned into a narrow street I drew Ting into the deep shadow of a projecting doorway, and laid my hand across his mouth.

Presently, without the least noise to herald his approach, a darker shadow

slid out of the darkness, and was about to pass within a foot of us when I grabbed him by the shoulder. A startled grunt, a lightning-like twist, and behold, the fellow was speeding up the street swiftly and noiselessly as the wind. With an oath I started in pursuit, but I had not gone a dozen yards before the uneven pavement brought me clattering to the ground. When I picked myself up again the man had vanished in the darkness.

Ting came and wanted to know if I had "hult" myself, but even as he made the conventional kind inquiry, interspersed with two or three profound "sollys," he shook in a way which caused me to examine him closely, and then I found that the beggar, owing to my mishap, was nearly exploding with laughter. I felt savage enough to kick him, a grazed shin and the escape of the spy in no way lessening my anger ; but fortunately, to the credit of my own sense of humour, I caught a glimpse of something ludicrous in the disaster.

With careful steps we completed the rest of the journey, and reached our boat without further adventure ; but for greater security we set one of the men to watch until daybreak, which was but some three hours off. Then I crawled into my cabin, and, notwithstanding the excited incidents of the last few hours, was soon fast asleep.

 IN LIFE.

ALL strength, against all weakness hold,
 All fearlessness to fear,
 The beauty of Hereafter fold
 With the homeliness of Here.

The brown seed feels the dull brown earth,
 But in the Is-to-be,
 The blossoms of eternal worth
 Will bloom unceasingly.

Bert Marie Cleveland.

A YOUNG CANADIAN ACTRESS.

By Margaret O'Grady.

THIS is the player's age. Time was when the law adjudged actors as vagabonds, to be whipped at the cart's tail; but in these days performers are honoured. Has not that most dignified of women and best beloved of sovereigns, Queen Victoria, knighted two of them?

It generally comes to players that they achieve success after they have passed the middle line of life, and that the fickle public before whom they have been playing for years and years, somehow fails to discover their greatness until it is almost time to lay aside the trappings of the stage. There are exceptions, which fact makes it seem a very truth indeed that "the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

When De Wolfe Hopper went over to London a season or two ago his company numbered among its members a Canadian girl who acted as understudy to Nella Bergen, Hopper's leading lady. This young woman was Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, of Toronto. She had made her début on the professional stage a year previous in "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," then being "done" by the Whitney Opera Company. Having joined the Hopper forces, she appeared before a London audience for the first time in Sousa's "El Capitan." This opera, as everyone knows, scored a phenomenal hit, running for a season of six months first at the Lyric, which, by the way, is rather fortunate in producing popular successes, and subsequently moving from the Shaftesbury Avenue playhouse to the Comedy Theatre. At the end of the season Miss Mackenzie decided to remain abroad, and for this purpose secured an engagement with the Anglo-American Light Opera Company, singing the principal female rôle which she had left America to under-

study. The company is at present touring the English provinces and, with this sweet Canadian song-bird at its head, is enjoying an amazingly prosperous circuit, vouched for by numerous complimentary press notices in which Miss Mackenzie's name figures prominently.

Although born in Montreal, Gertrude Mackenzie has lived in Toronto all her life, and for a time sang in St. James' Cathedral choir, being for some three or four years a pupil of Prof. E. W. Schuch. She is an energetic little woman, and one for whom, apparently, hard work has no terror, for in addition to playing eight performances a week, she finds time to devote to the further perfecting of an already glorious voice. She is now studying under Mr. Walker, of the Royal Academy of Music, London. So, her laurels fairly earned, it cannot be said of her that she is content to rest on them.

Alas, for the successful young artist who heeds the voice of the praise-mongers, persons of a certain genre who go about seeking whom they may devour with their fulsome flattery. A surfeit of cheap compliments must be nauseating to a healthy mind. How often has the career of a promising actress been irretrievably ruined by this claptrap method of applause! Those who have watched her advancement with interest, and perhaps with disapproval, are certain to be proud of her now, and all their friends will desire to know and flatter her. Her rooms will be redolent with the odour of flowers, her pictures will glisten in the cheap illustrated periodicals, her praises will be sung by myriads of honeyed tongues. If she believes everything that is told of her, this eulogium will take the form of a malignant disease and she will be literally flattered down from her high estate. If she wishes

to amount to anything, it were well to ignore these interminable peans and that may be done only by work constant and steady. To keep a wide-awake eye

on the pinnacle of her ambition and by avoiding that much-sought-after notoriety, which is flimsy, showy and foundationless, the fame she seeks should be hers. Once a



youthful player becomes conscious of her own importance, there is small hope of her ever obtaining greatness. This is the stone that drags her down to mediocrity and from mediocrity to dullness, the hades of dramatic art as it is of literature. Doubt-



less, this is a violation of one of the most cherished traditions of that two-penny cynicism of which certain modern satirists of the lunk-head school have been so prolific; but it is the truth.

On the other hand, in the modern tendency to be hypercritical,

GERTRUDE MACKENZIE.

there is much more danger of doing harm to young ambition than thoughtless people imagine.

Thus it is that this clever

Canadian girl has, by earnest endeavour, won for herself a name and renown gratifying to those of her own land and approved by an appreciative public



across the sea. She has made an artistic success, and having stamped that success with a personal popularity, now finds herself a firmly fixed favourite.

The personality of an actress is a factor in theatrical ethics that must be reckoned with, Shakespeare's declaration that "the play's the thing," to the contrary notwithstanding. And the personnel of Miss Mackenzie is one of a woman of refinement, fine feeling, sympathetic nature and lofty ambitions. A superb talent is hers, too, and the heavenly gift of song. The photo-

graphs which accompany this article, represent the fair chanteuse as "Isabel," Don Medigua's daughter in "El Capitan," whose costumes are like a daily hint from Paris. No pen is necessary to describe the contour of so sweet a face that admirably serves as an effective setting for an uncommonly pretty and comprehensive pair of eyes. It is pleasant to hear of the success of a Canadian, for fortune continues to be a fickle strumpet and popularity comes in waves. But Canadian women, it would appear, are still on the top crest.

A WALK TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.*

THERE was a time in frigid lore when we wrote only of "The Pole," and everybody understood us as referring to the North Pole. But we have discovered that the North Pole has rivals. There are not less than four beyond the horizon of ambitious explorers to-day; four important poles used every hour of the day and every day of the year by navigators and land surveyors and other men, upon whom millions of lives and numerous fortunes depend.

These are the two geographical poles, the northern and southern axes, around which our globe spins; and of still greater importance, the two magnetic poles; the positive and negative points of the earth at which the terrestrial and the atmospheric electricity interchange currents. Though these poles are in momentary use, the regions in which they are located are the only parts of the world of which we know nothing. As the maps of the earth's

surface are being spread, the blank spaces at the poles are more and more encroached upon, but the poles still remain far beyond the border lands. So many efforts have been made within the last few years to reach the one pole of greatest popular interest—the North Pole—and so many failures have fallen to the lot of these pole-seekers that it is time to ask, as I have been asked daily, "Is the pole attainable?" This question, however, I wish to change in conformity to modern needs, and in justice to the less thought of, but more important, other poles. "What are the possibilities of reaching the four poles?"

The northern geographical pole, by its nearness to us and by the records of historic effort, deserves first attention. The popular idea that all Arctic expeditions have the North Pole as their ultimate destination is erroneous. Only the expeditions of Nares, DeLong, Nansen, Jackson, Andrae, Wellman,

* Copyrighted 1900, by Frederick A. Cook. With reference to Dr. Cook's qualifications to write authoritatively upon polar exploration, it may be explained that the Antarctic voyage in the *Belgica* was not Dr. Cook's first experience in the polar explorations. He went with the first Peary expedition to North Greenland in 1891-92; he went in the schooner yacht *Zeta* for a summer trip to West Greenland in 1893; and he was in charge of the *Miranda* expedition in 1894.—EDITOR

Lugi, and the last venture of Lieutenant Peary have aimed to mount the pivot. All except Lieutenant Peary and Prince Lugi have returned with plenty of experience and with scientific results of value, but without the pole. The public wants the pole and nothing short of it. People will hail the man whose foot has been on the exact spot, but they will condemn all efforts short of that. The hero-worshippers are ready, but who is the hero to be made? By what route can he climb the ladder of popular fame, and what are the obstacles in his way?

The chimeric hopes of an open polar sea, or any other easy road to the pole, must now be abandoned. The drift of Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, and the destruction of the ships of De Long and Wellman have removed the possibility of gain-

ing a high latitude with safety or the certainty of results by the drifting of a ship in the pack-ice. The submarine boats and the ice-crushers, of which so much is said at present, are entirely impossible, owing to the inability of carrying sufficient coal. As to balloons, they are still too much of an experiment. When we can so manage balloons or flying machines that we can sail from New York to Chicago and back again

on schedule time, without accident, then we may experiment with them in polar work, but not until then. Balloons are good enough to go to heaven in, as we have learned by Andrae's experience; they go up well enough, but they do not come down satisfactorily.

The talk of modern inventions, of improved and condensed foods, of a thousand boasts of latter-day advantages for this

kind of exploration are based upon an imperfect knowledge of the subject. The only new thing of note in polar work which has offered a promise of success is the construction of the *Fram* with sloping sides to tilt her out of the line of ice pressure, but even this is still an experiment. Most explorers of to-day prefer the good old reliable sealing vessels. In foods there have



THE AUTHOR IN ARCTIC COSTUME.

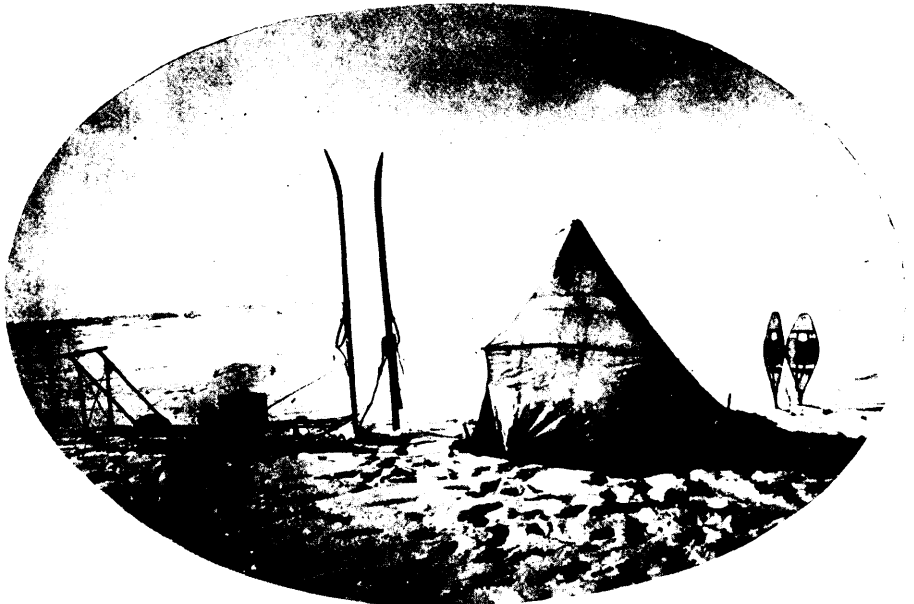
been many so-called scientific concoctions, giving the greatest amount of nutrition with the least possible weight; some of these are aids, but I have yet to find the man who would not prefer fish, seal and bear meat to the finest canned stuffs. The stomach does not take kindly for a prolonged period to laboratory mixtures. As with the food and the ship, so with the equipment. Most of the

new inventions have been miserable failures. The aluminum and copper boats and sledges, and the improved clothing, and a hundred boasted novelties, if the truth be admitted, have been mistakes. All the successes which have been obtained have been with outfits based upon first principles in polar exploration. Only the old methods and simple foods have been of lasting value.

The man who succeeds in reaching the North Pole must be one who, by habit and occupation, has given the greatest possible care to the minor de-

with a thousand little incidents as the elements of nature and the failings of man are overcome.

If we must walk to the pole, and that, as I believe, is positively the only way, we must abandon all our costly and cumbersome machinery; we must leave our high perch of modern flight, we must come out of balloons and go back to mother earth and to the habits of her aborigines to get our schooling. If we take our lessons from nature the necessary equipment for a polar walk must be simple in conception. In final adaptation and adjustment to the



A POLAR OUTFIT.

tails of daily life and work. One who is certain to make sure of big things, but neglects little ones, will quickly fail in his effort. One who secures a big stock of clothing and food, but who forgets shoestrings and matches, will soon come to grief. All our experience in the past proves this. There is but one way to reach any of the poles, and this way is the plain old fashioned way of walking to it. It is a path full of obstacles, hardships and difficult, dogged work, with no pleasures except those which are mingled

changing conditions of frigid travelling, however, it will be very complex with little details. The ship must be pushed to the limit of navigation. At this point permanent headquarters and an inexhaustible base of supplies must be established. Caches or way stations must be advanced poleward as far as possible. Now all is ready for the great life-battle, the attack upon the pole.

Everything depends upon this final march, hence every detail connected with it is of the utmost importance. If an

Eskimo plans a long journey, he takes his wife and family and the entire outfit for camping and marching leisurely; but his outfit is meagre. A team of dogs, a sledge and its fittings, a few furs, a needle and thread, a stone upon which to make a fire, a piece of flint and a piece of ivory pyrites to make sparks, and a few pieces of frozen meat, comprise his outfit. With this he roams leisurely over all the habitable Arctic regions. But the pole-seeker must press on beyond the limit of animal life. He

must carry his bed, his clothing and sufficient food for the whole journey. The length of this journey will not be

less than three months, and it may be five months. Herein lies the difficulty. If one could depend upon the game, as

do the Eskimos upon the march, there would be no serious obstacles. A pole-seeker can learn to eat raw and frozen meat and become quite adept. Frozen meat is more digestible as a regular thing than pre-digested food; but even frozen meat is a luxury, though its freshness becomes doubtful when it is carried five months.

I should like to take up this part of the subject, the daily ups and downs, and the comforts and dis-



MR. ROALD AMUNDSEN, FIRST OFFICER OF THE BELGIAN ANT-ARCTIC EXPEDITION AND DR. COOK, IN TRAVELLING COSTUME. HEIGHT OF MOUNTAIN AND ICE IN BACK GROUND IS ABOUT 100 FEET ABOVE THE WATER AND 700 FEET BELOW THE WATER. IT IS AN ICE-BERG SURROUNDED BY PACK-ICE AND THE ENTIRE MASS FLOATS ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.



THE BELGICA—ROYAL PENGUIN IN FOREGROUND.

comforts of the future pole-walker, but space will not permit.

From the lessons of the past, from a study of the Eskimo habits, and from personal experiences, let me tabulate what I regard as an ideal outfit. The clothing should be made after the Eskimo pattern, of strong but light furs. For the bed, a bag made of reindeer skins is sufficient; for shelter, a light silk tent should be on hand for use when it is not possible to build a snow house; as food, the staple diet must ever be of pemmican, a mixture of dried beef and beef tallow. These with tea and milk and biscuits make a satisfactory menu. By way of travelling gear the old McClintock sledge is the best. It has been somewhat modified by Nansen and Peary, but it still remains the old pattern in essentials. It has broad runners, curved at both ends, with a light elastic frame-work.

Snowshoes are indispensable. Regarding these there is room for a difference of opinion, but, in my judgment, for hard work, there is nothing equal to the rackets first made by the Canadian Indians. The number and variety of instruments will depend upon the character and amount of expected scientific work; and last, as a means of traction, there is nothing equal to the Eskimo or Siberian dogs. It is possible to accomplish much by human force, but dogs are a great advantage over man in that they are more economical in the consumption of food; and, strange as it may seem, dogs are more tractable and more easily brought under commanding force than man under similar conditions. To these dogs this life is normal; to man it is abnormal.

The equipment must be somewhat modified to conform to the conditions of the expected attack. The path to each pole is somewhat different. For an attack upon the northern geographical pole the route is almost certainly over rough and moving sea ice. It is possible to pitch headquarters, or at least, plentiful way stations, within ten degrees of the pole. This would

leave 600 miles to cover on foot. Perhaps advance supplies may be pushed still nearer. In order to make advance stations certain, however, land is necessary. It seems reasonable to expect some rocky islets north of Greenland as far as the 85th parallel, surely to the 84th. If stations were placed here there would be only 360 miles to cover.

For the inexperienced traveller who hopes to make a quick dash to the pole, with no other object but to gain a rapid road to fame, even 360 miles is impossible. To the man who understands polar conditions and is willing to bunk on snow and feed on frozen meat for three months or three years, however, there is absolutely nothing impossible in crossing this five or ten degrees of latitude. Journeys of greater lengths were made by the search expedition after Franklin and DeLong, and a journey of seemingly greater magnitude was twice made by Lieutenant Peary, who forced a path thirteen hundred miles across the highlands of Northern Greenland, a region more bleak and inhospitable than ultimate polar regions can be expected to be.

Compared with the northern geographical pole the north magnetic pole is easy of access. It was located by Sir John Ross about sixty years ago. From his experience we know that it is possible to fix a permanent land station within a hundred miles of the exact spot. An expedition to this interesting region would give certain and important results.

The work of Ross was done at a time when the science of terrestrial magnetism was in its infancy. His instruments were primitive and imperfect, and his methods, for present purposes, entirely unreliable. To make a magnetic survey of the regions about the North Magnetic Pole is far more important than a geographical survey of the Northern Geographical Pole. It offers no obstacles comparable to the hundreds of miles of moving ice which will have to be crossed and recrossed in the regions farther north. One

hundred thousand dollars, in the proper hands, would certainly complete this most valuable work.

Turning from the little known Arctic to the less known Antarctic we assail a region veiled by the darkness of mystery. The Arctic is now slowly coming out from under its sleeping snows which have buried the sterile lands for centuries, but the Antarctic is augmenting its overland sea of ice which already covers every rock offering a surface upon which snow can rest. Ice and snow are here heaped in such quantities that it becomes a difficult task to determine the difference between landless ice masses and icy land masses. The south polar area is everywhere fenced by a circumpolar sea of destructive ice. The shore is everywhere guarded by a stupendous wall of glacial ice and the interior is everywhere hoplessly submerged by weights of ice of unimaginable thickness. He who seeks to dissolve the film which hides the great white blank about the under surface of the globe will have all the Arctic difficulties multiplied ten times.

Of the South Magnetic Pole we know next to nothing. It is just as important as its northern companion. Not less than six positions are assigned by experts to the South Magnetic Pole. These positions are from 100 to 500 miles apart. If we draw a circle 500 miles in diameter on the eastern end of the great continental mass known as Wilksland it would be possible to say the South Magnetic Pole is somewhere within this, but no more definite point could be fixed. Reaching and locating this pole is entirely practicable, however, though extremely difficult; but it must not be attempted by men with

imperfect knowledge of the subject. The apparent but deceptive ease of the work here is sure to send ill-prepared adventurers to grief within the next few years. It is possible to fix a station within two hundred miles of the probable position of the greatest dip of the needle, and the travelling will be over high, ice-buried lands; a region similar, perhaps, to the interior of Greenland, where the experiences of Peary and Nansen have shown that exploration is safe and reasonably certain. Efforts to determine the South Magnetic Pole are sure to return material results, and if the right men with the right equipment make the effort they will certainly be rewarded by the accomplishment of their ambition.

Whatever we say of the geographical South Pole must be prefaced by the profession of absolute ignorance of the subject. It is the centre of an ut-



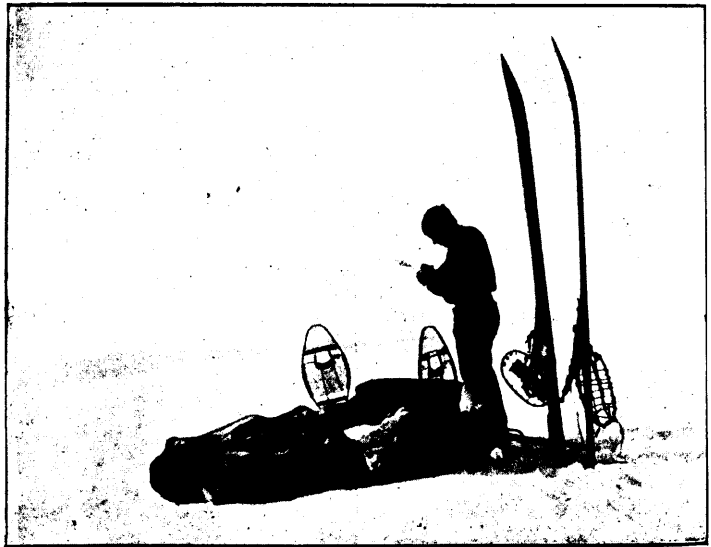
SLEDGE WITH SAILS.



THE SURFACE OF POLAR PACK-ICE.

terly unexplored region, about eight million square miles in extent. Previous to the voyage of the *Belgica* no expedition had been sent beyond the polar circle for sixty years, and there never has been an expedition properly fitted out to reach the South Pole. The nearest approach made to it was by the British explorer, James Ross, in 1840. With two old gun boats under sail he pressed beyond the zone of the sea-ice, which guards the Antarctic, to a large ice-free bay. On the western side of this bay he discovered a high mountainous country, blanketed with perpetual ice, and extending from latitude 71 degrees 40 minutes to the head the bay at about 79 degrees 50 minutes.

From what we saw of the Antarctic lands south of Cape Horn it is clear that the previously conceived impossibility of landing on south polar lands is a misconception. The *Belgica* made twenty debarkments, and it was discovered that it was possible to land on nearly every island and neck of land offering a projecting northerly exposure. From the experience of the *Belgica* it would seem that a permanent base of operations might be established close to the 78 parallel of the Victorialand of Ross. This is the only point offering a promising route to the South Pole. The possibilities of reaching it will depend upon the character of the inland ice. If it is a smooth even surface, without mountain ridges or extensive



SLEEPING BAG, WITH CANADIAN, NORWEGIAN AND ALPINE SNOWSHOES.

crevasses, such as the interior of Greenland, and if this land-ice extends to the pole, then it is within the power of man, with present means, to tread on the spot ; but if it is otherwise, then there is only a small prospect of reaching the southern axis.

An English scientist, Mr. Logan Lobley, has reckoned up the area of the world still awaiting the labour of adventurous spirits ; and his grand total of 20,000,000 square miles, on a large portion of which the foot of civilized man has not yet trod, is a startling result. Here, in the conquest of the earth's surface, is scope enough yet for all the energies of the advanced guard of humanity. In the ranks of explorers have marched some of the most heroic figures the race has produced, and no doubt there are many to follow. The continent of America has been doing something, yet Nansen, the hardy Norwegian, has taken from us the honour of having been the farthest north. Per-



AN ESKIMO DOG TEAM.

haps some hardy American or Canadian will ere long arise whose strong hand, or that of his wife perhaps, shall hoist the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes beyond the present borderland.

A
GREENLAND
GLACIER.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XVI.—THE ROBERTS FAMILY.

PRIDE in one's country is a very good thing, within the proper limits. It is pleasant to feel that the men of our blood and bone are worthy as are found elsewhere, and stand forth in the stress and strain of the world as staunchly as do those of other lands. The *raison d'être* of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is to some extent, I take it, the expression of this feeling, and it is fitting that it should chronicle facts which are of interest to Canadians as such.

Among our causes for self-gratulation, literature can scarcely be said to hold the most prominent place. We are only emerging from a somewhat primitive state of affairs in this respect. It is but recently that we have arrived at what may fairly be called a national literature. Yet there is an emergence: if we compare the average writer of today with him of ten years back, we shall see a distinct advance. It behooves anyone who is interested in Canadian literature to keep a watchful eye upon this fact. He will come to the conclusion that, with plenty of room for improvement, there is, none the less, substantial reason for confidence in the future.

The literature of our good land being thus in a formative stage, it is useful to keep in touch with those writers who appear to be giving it definite shape. This sketch will indicate the output of an interesting group, connected by the closest ties of blood, who are doing work which bears a marked Canadian flavour, and which shows an excellence that is not common to Canadian work. The group comprises Professor C. G. D. Roberts, his sister and his three brothers. The first name stands for twenty years of fine achievement. The others are not known very widely as yet, but they show good promise and justify the present appreciation of their work.

Charles George Douglas Roberts was born in 1860 at Westcock, Westmoreland Co., N.B. This little village is situated near the head of the Bay of Fundy and close to the big marshes that run inland for some miles on the Isthmus of Chignecto. A more stimulating environment for an imaginative boy could not well be found. There are the vast tides of the bay, there are the wide marshes bright with birds and flowers and girded with purple hills, and behind all for mental background lie the traditions of the great French wars. Old Fort Beauséjour still stands sentinel above Tantremer, its swelling ramparts little changed by the lapse of years. The country is one of the most interesting sections of the Dominion, and its influence upon the future author is shown by the fact that tides and marshes and traditions reappear at intervals throughout the whole of his writings.

His life has been eventful. Graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1879, he was for a time head master of the Chatham, N.B., Grammar School. Then he became editor of the *Toronto Week*. After doing a good deal of miscellaneous literary work, he was called (1885) to the Chair of Modern Literature at King's College, Windsor, N.S. This position he held until 1895, when he resigned in order to gain more freedom for writing. During the past five years he has written continuously. For some time he edited the *Illustrated American*, of New York. The summer of 1899 he spent in England, engaged on important work for a New York firm.

It is too soon to offer any final opinion upon a writer who is still in his prime; moreover, this sketch is biographical rather than critical. An outline of what he has done may be given. The writings of Professor



GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS (DECEASED).

THEODORE ROBERTS.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

Roberts fall into three groups—poetry, short stories and novels. The fact that he attained prominence first as a poet may account in part for the singularly fine quality of his prose style. His first book—*Orion and other Poems*—appeared in 1880, being published by no less considerable a firm than Lippincotts, of Philadelphia. *Orion* was remarkable for a first volume, and won its author the recognition of competent critics. And the little book is important in another way. It practically marks the beginning of Canadian poetry—or at least of the school which has done the best work in that department. During its author's very successful career as Professor he put forth the following books of verse: *In Divers Tones*, 1887; *Ave*, an ode to commemorate the centenary of Shelley's birth, 1892; *Songs of the Common Day*, 1893. Since 1895 he has given more attention to prose. But 1896 saw the publication of his best volume of poetry—*The Book of the Native*. This well represents the range of his work, his strong, sane point of view, his faultless expression. Two years later appeared *New York Nocturnes*, which touched with unsuspected beauty some of the scenes and phases of city life.

In the short story, so widely cultivated at the century's end, Professor Roberts takes exceptional rank. The following collections comprise his output so far: *Earth's Enigmas*, and *Around the Camp-fire*, 1896; *By the Marshes of Minas*, 1900. The last of these is concerned with the exciting period of the French wars, and is on the whole the best. The novels treat of the same fascinating theme. They are two in number: *The Forge in the Forest*, 1897, and *A Sister to Evangeline*, 1898, romances of a high and virile type. More serious but scarcely less interesting is the scholarly *History of Canada* (1897). Nor should I omit his excellent translation of de Gaspé's *Les Canadiens Anciens*.

The importance of Professor Roberts' work is very great in the present stage of Canadian letters. His books cover a remarkably wide range, and do it in a

remarkably excellent way. And his personal influence is a valuable factor. By example and by stimulating advice he has done probably more than any single man for the advancement of his country's literature. A good example of his manner is

A Child's Prayer at Evening:

Father, Who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through,
Thy long, white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.

Turning now to the other members of the family, we come first to Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, born at Westcock in 1864. She was educated at the Grammar School in Fredericton, under Mr. G. R. Parkin, and took a partial University course. During 1891-2 she taught in the School for the Blind, Halifax, N.S. Her work (chiefly poetry) has appeared in the leading magazines (*Century*, *Harper's*, *Independent*, *Canadian*), and its best is contained in a little volume of *Northland Lyrics*, of which more anon. From it we may take

The Bugle Call.

The night loomed black with coming storm,
The narrow pass was iron-walled,
And through the dark profound and grim
A solitary bugle called.

Its voice from cloudy heights unseen
With sudden summoning sweetness spoke,
And in the heavy heart of time
Eternity's desire awoke.

Blow loud and clear from height to height,
O bugle, bid the dark be gone;
Call out across the stormy hills
The gold and azure wings of dawn!

Goodridge Bliss Roberts showed high promise during a life that was sadly short—he died in 1892, at the age of twenty-two years. He had graduated from King's College in 1890, and was studying for the Church at the time of his death. His literary work comprised journalism and miscellaneous writing. Perhaps the best of his prose was a short story called *Garry of Garmitch Bridge*,

which had unusual strength. He cooperated with Mr. Douglas Sladen in editing a volume of *Younger American Poets*, doing the Canadian section (1891). He showed literary qualities that would undoubtedly have won marked distinction. And to those who knew him he showed also the finer qualities of manhood and gentleness. Some verses of his may be given. They are called—

In the Summer.

The hills are sweet with the breath of June,
Buttercups, roses, and clover stretch,
Laughing and glad, where the bees commune
Droning their runes in the clinging vetch.

We two roam in the sun together—
Roam in the sun and are content ;
Now in this dreamful summer weather
Life and Love must needs be blent. . . .

And in the evening we rest together
There on the hill where the shade is deep,
And out before us the day's short tether
Is tense, and the valley falls asleep.

Softly, deliciously, warmly creeping,
Night comes up from the slumbering vale,
Finds us and takes us to her keeping,
Spreads herself over our mountain trail.

Would that to-night might out live to-morrow !
To-night we are here with our love, alone—
The morn will bring parting, doubting, sorrow ;
Will open the gate of the All Unknown.

The two youngest members of the family, William Carman Roberts and Theodore Roberts, have seen more of the literary world than most men of their years. The former was born in Fredericton in 1874. He matriculated into the University of New Brunswick, but was compelled to leave when nearing the end of his course, owing to ill-health. Voyaging south to Washington, he completely regained his strength, and in 1897 took up journalism in New York. For a time he was on the staff of the *Illustrated American*, and afterwards Associate Editor of the *Literary Digest*. Since May, 1899, he has been in England, engaged on literary work of importance. Like the others, he has had access to the best domestic and foreign periodicals. I quote a typical poem—

Inscrutable.

Her gold hair, fallen about her face,
Made light within that shadowy place,
But on her garments lay the dust
Of many a vanished race.

Her deep eyes, gazing straight ahead,
Saw years and days and hours long dead,
While strange gems glimmered at her feet,
Yellow, and green, and red.

And ever from the shadows came
Voices to pierce her heart like flame ;
The great bats fanned her with their wings,
The voices called her name.

But yet her look turned not aside
From the black deep where dreams abide,
Where worlds and pageantries lay dead
Beneath that viewless tide.

Her elbow on her knee was set,
Her strong hand propped her chin, and yet
No man might name that look she wore,
Nor any man forget.

Theodore Roberts is three years younger than his brother. His boyhood was spent chiefly in his native town of Fredericton. During the winter of 1897-8, he was on the staff of the *Independent* (N.Y.), and when the Spanish-American war broke out went to Tampa as special correspondent for that paper. His experience was something less than pleasant. He crossed to Cuba with Shafter's army, and at Baiquiri, in the Province of Santiago, was brought down with fever. Not until late autumn could he return north. During this time he had written articles for his paper and a good deal of war fiction and poetry. In May, 1899, he went to Newfoundland. Here, after a time, he conceived the idea of founding a periodical, and *The Newfoundland Magazine* is the result. The plan is to produce "a first-class illustrated monthly, to represent England's oldest colony in the magazine world." It promises well, as it is run on sound business principles, and with decided literary and artistic taste. Theodore Roberts' work—fiction and poetry—has appeared in *The Century*, *Independent*, *Canadian*, etc. He has written a short historical romance—*The House of Osstens*. The poem called *Harold* is characteristic :

Up from the trodden sands lift his red plume ;
 Shoot his maimed stallion, and sheathe his
 red sword ;
 Bury him there where the cliffs make a gloom
 And the cedars hang desolate over the ford.

Helmet and cuirass, and scabbard of steel,
 Gauntlets and top-boots, and clatter of spur ;
 Dumb now the clashing from thigh-bone to
 heel,
 And harmless as dragon-fly mocking them
 there.

Such a great fight there will never be more ;
 Harold alone there, with pistols and sword,
 Shooting them down when they rode to the
 shore,
 Cutting them down when they rode from
 the ford.

Twenty long minutes he held it, and then
 Shouting came down from the pass over-
 head ;
 He turned in his saddle to cheer on his men,
 And the gray rocks that saw it were spat-
 tered with red.

Bury him there where the waters swing by,
 And the gloom of the mountain hangs over
 the ford ;
 With his feet to the rock and his face to the
 sky,
 And the grip of his hand on the hilt of his
 sword.

Bury him there where the winds in the pass
 Will cry him the dirges the sere cedars
 know ;
 No tear will awake him of comrade or lass,
 Where we leave him to dream in the grass
 and the snow.

Only the flare of his swinging red plume,
 Like the flag of a hero will challenge the
 ford ;
 Till the last great "To horse!" will blare
 over his tomb,
 And he'll lead us again with his hand on his
 sword.

Northland Lyrics is a book of verse
 by the two last-named writers and
 their sister. It appeared in the fall of
 1899. Well printed and tastefully

bound, it contains good poetry by those
 who have better yet to come. There
 is a Foreword by Professor Roberts,
 which was published originally in the
 1898 Christmas number of *The Cana-
 dian Magazine*.

Sister and brothers, not by blood alone,
 Kinship inalienably dear we own ;

But also by the fellowship of song ;

and an Epilogue by Mr. Bliss Carman
 that notes the atmosphere of the little
 volume, about which there clings

Some glamour of the darling land
 Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
 Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
 And green-diked orchards by the sea.

Northland Lyrics has its faults, as all
 first ventures must have. But it shows
 throughout the right poetic touch—the
 singing quality that covers a multitude
 of sins.

The point that is perhaps most in-
 teresting in the work of the Roberts
 family—especially in the case of Pro-
 fessor Roberts—is their artistic treat-
 ment of Canadian scenes and doings.
 We have so much that is beautiful
 within the sweep of our mountains and
 rivers, that it is pleasant to see these
 things receiving literary interpretation.

Of course, no one would argue that
 national literature must confine itself
 to national themes. Nor is this the
 case with the work in question. But
 it is satisfactory and a hopeful presage
 to find the picturesque aspects of our
 history and life touched upon by those
 who can treat them fittingly. For thus
 is our literature winning recognition
 in the outside world.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.

A. B. de Mille.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

McKINLEY AND BRYAN.

By Professor Simon J. McLean.

ONE of the most momentous facts in the history of the United States is the Louisiana Purchase. By it the great Mississippi valley, which alone is capable of supporting a population in excess of one hundred millions, was acquired. New economic problems have faced the United States as a consequence of the acquisition of this territory. The centre of political gravity has also moved towards the West. In this newer section we find the aspirations and enthusiasms of that newer life we differentiate as American. The East is going through a process of stratification which leaves it but an extension of the land that earlier Americans regarded as *effete*. Where the West begins no man can tell—it always lies further on and nearer to the pot of money that may be found by him who adventurously digs at the foot of the rainbow. All that can be said is that there is a Central West, and that there is also a trans-Mississippi West whose ways of thought and of action are

newer and fuller of the enthusiasms of youth.

The history of the United States, since the Civil War, has been the record of the increasing importance of the West. Ohio, as well as Virginia, is now the mother of Presidents. The chances of an Easterner becoming President are more and more remote. In the election of 1900, as in the election of 1896, this importance of the West is forced to the front. President McKinley comes from the Central West, from the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, the record of whose deeds makes up the history of what was once the further West. William Jennings Bryan unites in his personality the East and the West. His ancestors came to Illinois from Virginia, the Old Dominion; he moved in the flush of young manhood from Illinois to Nebraska—a State the history of whose development is part and parcel of the newer wonder-workings of the West.

We are prone at times, in a spirit of



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

scientific cynicism, to speak as if environment were all and man nothing; to look at man as merely part of the social mass. It is in times of upheaval that we find that a man of prominence may be more than the crest of the wave; to find that he may in some degree dominate the mass of which he is a constituent. Whatever the party differences are, whatever the principles contained in the respective platforms may be, it is none the less true that in the fever heat of an American political campaign the voters think in terms of personality.

To-day McKinley and Bryan stand as the representatives of two divergent sets of principles. McKinley incarnates protection, the single standard, and that policy of expansion which, the outcome of accident, has been accepted as a tenet of a political creed. Reverse this and we have Bryan's position—free trade, opposition to expansion, belief in bimetallism. President McKinley won his name as an advocate of protection. He is in some degree the outcome of an accident. The men who have been long in Federal politics

and who have occupied a prominent position therein are not good presidential timber. James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed, two of the strongest Republicans since the war, are cases in point. McKinley came from Ohio, where his record as Governor had created no opposition—the Governor of that State has no veto power. He was by no means the most prominent of the Protectionists in the House of Representatives when he was elected. It was here that accident favoured him. He and Reed, the famous "czar," one of the most masterful personalities of the present generation in American politics, were candidates for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Reed was the candidate acceptable to the majority of the Republican party. It is an unwritten rule that the member of the dominant party who has been unsuccessful in his candidacy for the Speakership, shall be appointed by the Speaker Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. As Chairman of this committee McKinley brought in the measure with which his name is associated. As far as the



ADLAI STEVENSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

credit for the protective features of the measure pertains to any particular person, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, deserves credit, since he did much in the Senate to give the matter a distinctly protective character. The dissensions in the Democratic party, during Cleveland's second term, opened the way for the Republican victory of 1896. Here again accident favoured McKinley. He in common with many of the Republican leaders, wished to make the fight on Protection. The party was at first unwilling to align itself on the money question. Many of the prominent Republicans had coquetted with the Silver question. At last a declaration for the gold standard was made in the hope of attracting votes.

The apprenticeship of William Jennings Bryan in Congress was short. Nebraska is a close State and so the changes of politics gave Bryan but two terms in Congress. While he was in Congress he was in no sense a leader; he had no opportunity to associate himself with any piece of legislation whose name became a party slogan. The leading item in his political creed was a belief in free trade. In his earlier campaigns in Nebraska he made his strongest fights on this issue. In the mental attitude shown by him towards the money question there is a certain resemblance to the mental attitude of ex-President Cleveland towards the same problem, although the result arrived at in the latter case was diametrically opposite. Cleveland had done no thinking on the money question until he entered National politics. It was his nature to take the difficulties as they came to him, and then to grapple with them at first hand. It was after Bryan became a member of the House of Representatives that he began his study of the money question. And his views in favor of "sixteen to one" without international consent crystallized during his two terms of Congress.

The two candidates stand to-day for the newer conditions created by the Civil War. For years after the war

the Republicans relied upon their war policy as the argument for their retention in power. But that day has passed and McKinley, although a distinguished veteran of the war, stands for the policy of Protection, whose importance in American politics dates since 1861. Bryan, who was an infant when the war broke out, stands for the Money question which is also an outcome of the troubled financial conditions which succeeded the war.

In personal characteristics, although both are of the West, there are essential differences. Bryan has the enthusiasm of the West. McKinley has more of the colder polish of the East. The set speeches made by McKinley to those who pilgrimaged to his home in Canton, Ohio, in 1896 were polished little speeches pointed by epigrammatic statements that might be used as campaign catchwords. With the exception of the famous "cross of gold and crown of thorns" outburst of his Chicago speech, Bryan has given few statements that serve as campaign rallying cries. But the absence of the polish which characterizes McKinley's speeches brings Bryan all the closer to the people. The speech which gave him a national name was rhetorical in the extreme. The earlier speeches of 1896 followed in the same vein. Four years of constant campaigning have deprived his speeches of much of their rhetorical ornament; there is less of the fire of enthusiasm; there is more of the steadfastness of firm resolve.

Into the realm of political prophesy it is dangerous to venture. But this much may be ventured, the election of 1900 will undoubtedly be closer than that of 1896. President McKinley has been fortunate and unfortunate during his administration. A great expansion of trade has taken place; but the country is engaged in the interminable Philippine war. Acquisitions of territory have been made; but the Republican party has enforced with reference to these a policy identical with that which evoked such strenuous opposition in the days of the American Revolution. Step by step the Presi-

dent has been forced to compromise in order to conciliate divergent elements in his party. Then again the frame of government in the United States is not adapted to a vigorous foreign policy. The President has a record for the best of intentions—the accomplishments have fallen far short of his desires. During the years that have passed since 1896 Bryan has been a national figure. Despite the wiles of the machine element of the Democratic party he has dominated the situation. Few men can stand the self-revelation entailed by four years of constant speech making; but he has stood it and is a greater man to-day than he

was in 1896. Those who differ in opinion from him cannot contest his earnestness. He stands for his principles and not for expediency. He is characterized by an intensity of belief in the American people and in the intelligence of the average voter which latter-day cynicism may perhaps class as perfervid. But this strikes the keynote of his character. He represents the United States of the further West; and he has put into ringing nervous speech what the people of this section have but imperfectly thought out. He will stand as a landmark in the history of the West.

THE CONVERT FROM CAMP 2.

By Jean Blewett.

THE miners from across the river and the lumbermen from the hills came regularly—at first out of curiosity, later out of genuine interest. They were no common meetings these open-air gatherings, and Hall Richardson was no common man. Since those moonlit nights when he stood bare-headed on that level stretch of green with the odorous pines behind and the Stewiacke singing merrily before, he has made a name for himself, as an evangelist of eloquence and power. Then he was only a youth, tall, handsome, magnetic, with wonderful blue eyes—wonderful in this, that they held a compelling power from which no man wholly escaped, and to which most yielded without a struggle.

The old minister who had preached for a score of years in the little chapel, perched halfway up the hill, and reached by grass-grown steps, did not approve of Hall Richardson coming to Truro, but his wishes weighed little when they ran counter to those of that strong-willed, beautiful girl of his. Grace wanted the young man with the high ideals and his creed of lofty living

for lowly men. She had ideals herself and was given to preaching dear little sermons to the miners' wives when occasion offered.

When the young man looked over his strangely-assorted audience of fifty or sixty the first night, he noticed that among the dozen women present were two strangely beautiful ones. These were Grace Hollis and Marjory Eccles. He studied them afterward as opportunity offered. Grace he found proud and high-souled, sweet of expression, firm of purpose. There was about her a dignity belonging to an older person. This came of the fact that for ten years she had been both vicar and house-keeper for her father. So cultivated, so kindly, he found her a solace and a stay. "You brace me up, you are an inspiration," he told her when he had been a week among the lumbermen and miners, and his eyes dwelt gratefully on her as he spoke. Perhaps it came to him that this low-voiced woman would make the right kind of wife for an earnest young minister. She was a scholar too. The Rev. John Hollis might not have been much of a success

in the pulpit, but he had taught his daughter well.

A girl's thoughts are her own, and if in these long summer afternoons she sometimes mapped out a career of usefulness for herself by the side of this tender-souled, impassioned young man, it was her affair solely.

As for Marjory Eccles, Hall Richardson did not tell her that she was an inspiration; he did not say to her in mellow tones that she braced him up—in fact, he said very little to her. He knew she was not his ideal woman, this slip of a girl with the laughter forever on her lips and the hint of mockery in her big dark eyes,—knew it well; and yet she disturbed him strangely. He told himself that he would not think of her, but human nature is strong in a man even when he is a minister, and he kept on thinking. He had a great knowledge of theology, but theology does not help a man out of every difficulty.

How he preached! A report of his work went up to the Stewiacke mountains, twenty miles away, and Don Ransome came down from Camp 2 to see for himself what was going on. Grace and Marjory met him in the afternoon and stopped to speak, for the reckless, daredevil fellow with the handsome face, had been schoolmate and playfellow in the years gone by. Don had been drinking some. His cheek was flushed, and he spoke more freely than was his wont.

"Been having some Methodist goings on here, eh!" he said, "everybody getting converted—all the miners singing hymns, all the lumbermen learning texts, all the women worshipping the preacher. Thought I'd come and have some fun out of it all."

Marjory gave him an affectionate look and laid her hand on the sleeve of his ragged coat.

"Don, I wish you wouldn't be so—so bad," she said simply, and if Hall Richardson had seen her then he might have changed his opinion of her disposition.

"The only man a woman thinks

worth anything is the long-coated fellow," he scoffed. "I'd rather be what I am. I've got the strength of an ox, an appetite for all the good things of life. I hate my foe and love my friend, and fear neither man nor devil. That's enough. We can't all be parsons. See you at the hallelujah meeting, I suppose?" He lifted his cap from his dark curls and passed on.

Not once while Marjory and he were talking had he looked into the face of the minister's proud daughter, not once had Grace looked at him. Yet many a time had he ridden from Camp 2 for no other purpose than to watch her walking to church beside her father, and many a time the white moon slipping up from behind the trees had found her looking steadfastly toward the wooded heights of the Stewiacke.

It was a white night. The moonlight lay white on the hill and the valley, on the trees murmuring, and the water lapping. Men who had worked all day in the bowels of the earth wondered vaguely at the beauty of it. The white light fell on the face of the young minister, and showed it pale with feeling. His eyes shone like stars, his voice, when he began to speak, vibrated with emotion. Men and women listened with strained attention. The eloquence of the man seemed greater than usual, the magnetism more pronounced. Once and awhile some lumberman shook himself uneasily, some miner winced, some woman cried softly. In the shadow crouched a Magdalene listening, listening till the horror of herself grew so strong that with a cry she flitted away into the night—away, away—anywhere to get out of the sound of that soul-reaching voice.

The white-haired old minister shook his head dubiously, these stirring sermons were not to his mind. He himself had preached for twenty years and his listeners had not wept or paled, or behaved unseemly as these were doing. But, then, his had been good orthodox sermons. This stripling had a way of speaking as man to man which shock-

ed the good divine. But Hall Richardson was there to move people, and move them he did.

"And now a word to you, young men, in closing. I want you to think of your debts. There is the young man who prides himself on his honesty, and who proclaims that he owes no man anything. Let him stop and consider. He lives to please himself, yet he owes it to others to live for something higher. He owes to the mother who bore him in anguish and watched over him in brooding love, a mighty debt of reverence and care. Does he pay it? No, he ignores the obligation. He owes it to the sturdy ancestors whose name he bears to be something more than a rude brawler and profligate, but he cheats the dead as he cheats the living. He owes it to his fellowmen to be of sterling character and do the right, and he never pays. He owes it to the woman who will someday link her life with his to be pure and upright, but he has to write bankrupt on himself unless he lies to her and to God. He owes it to the children who may be given him to be of cleanly life and honest purpose, and he is neither. He lives to please himself."

The deep blue eyes of the speaker looked straight into the flashing dark ones of Don Ransome. There was a pause for an instant, then he went on.

"The drunkard is the most dishonest of all. We cry out against the man who steals the little all of the widow and orphan, but what of one who holds the love and trust of some soul, who is the banker of its earthly hope and happiness, and who is false to the trust! You drunkard do this, for you take from some loving woman the riches of her affection and her faith. Oh, the loss and heartbreak you dishonestly bring. Christ comforts, but cannot make it good to her. Don't stand up and boast of being even with the world, you that bartered conscience and manhood for the gross things of life. You must not, you dare not. You owe to every man and woman whose

face you meet. Your debts cry out to heaven. There is but one way out of your insolvency, and that is by the way of Calvary."

After the service Don Ransome, with eyes fiercely bright, passed out from the little crowd. He gave no word to any one. He trod upon Grace's skirt as he passed, but gave her no look. A little later he rode out in the white night with the odour of the pines in his nostrils, and the rush of the river in his ears. At the bend in the road he looked at earth and sky, and said, soberly—

"So, Don Ransome, you're nothing but a damned cheat."

A wakened bird chirped lonesomely, the wind coming softly up from the sea stirred the curls on his forehead.

Hall Richardson had come to Truro in June, and now the August heat lay on the world. Grace Hollis, all in white, sat beside him on the wide porch. The birds twittered, the hills had a blue mist on their heads, the yellow butterflies went criss-cross, criss-cross above the flowers, the sun shone hotly on the highway. August in the Maritime Provinces is glorious. The two on the porch were talking of love.

"After all," said the young minister, musingly, "I don't know that we need to pity the woman who has never blushed or paled for passion's sake. She may be happier than her sisters, and yet if love and sorrow are the two great forces God puts in this world, no woman grows to her full stature who does not taste of both." As he spoke his eyes strayed down the path to where a slip of a girl in a pink dress was swinging in a hammock.

"I think every womanly woman is bound to love." A beautiful flush crept to the face of Grace, and she spoke almost solemnly. "To love, and, perhaps, to suffer. She is a compound of gladness and grief—she couldn't be all glad and be a woman."

"Femininity exacts its price, you mean. I agree with you. I have studied many of your sex, and have

come to this conclusion: it is the woman most richly dowered with the power of living and enjoying whose laughter has a hint of tears in it always. The thing which often puzzles me is that the good woman loves the bad man nine times out of ten. You cannot reason her out of her delusion."

"No," softly, "you cannot reason her out of her delusion."

"I cannot understand it at all."

"No, you are a man." There was a touch, just a touch of bitterness in her voice.

"Your een were like a spell, Jeannie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie,"

sang the girl in the hammock.

Hall Richardson felt an overwhelming desire to walk down the path, to get near to her, near enough to look into the dark eyes, near enough—

He turned to Grace. "It is an awful thing when either man or woman marries the wrong person," he cried; "it means a lifework marred. Grace will you—"

She stood up tall and straight beside him. "Don't say any more. It would be an awful mistake for you to marry any girl but the one who holds your heart, and she is yonder. Go and talk it over with her." Then she rushed into the house.

Criss-cross, criss-cross, the yellow butterflies went. A white cloud sailed in the azure overhead, the river slipped over the boulders with a soothing lap, lap, lap. Marjory had ceased singing. A murmur of voices came to Grace. She walked out to the gate and took the path leading to the river. Half-way there she met a comely, strapping girl, and would have passed her with a bow, but the other would not have it so.

"Miss Grace, I want to talk with you," she said, and her tone was earnest, "come and sit on the bank for awhile. You needn't be so scared of yourself. I'm not as good a woman as you, but I've got a heart in me.

I've come to do a kind turn for one that needs it bad enough, heaven knows."

Grace sat down. Her face was white as her dress, but her eyes were as proud and serious of expression as ever.

"And how can I help you, Molly?" she asked. "I'm ready to do anything."

"Are you?" with a bitter little smile; "you don't look it. You know Don Ransome?"

Grace nodded. Molly's bold black eyes fastened themselves on the girl beside her. "You know about him and me?" she queried. "Oh, yes, it makes you blush to have me mention it. Well, it's about him I want to talk to you."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," cried Grace. "Go to father if you want help or advice."

"Him!" with fine scorn; "no, I'll talk to you, Miss Grace. You see, it's this way. Nigh three months ago Don came down here and got converted. No sham, mind you, but genuinely converted through and through. I heard all about it from Jem Duck, but never put much faith in it. Seemed an unlikely yarn."

"You didn't see him, then?" asked Grace, quickly.

"Not for two months. You remember the fever broke out among the men in Camp 2 about the middle of June. Don didn't take it himself, but he was too busy nursing the ones that did to go 'round visiting. Oh, he did well! Jem says the men up there are ready to lay down and let them walk right over them if he chooses. Buckled right in. Some of the fellows tried to get him to take it easier, but he said, 'No, I've a lot of back payments to make up.' Seemed to think he was in debt all the time. So he nursed the sick and buried the dead, and did a heap of looking after the widows and orphans. The first off-day he got he rode down to Kelly's tavern and made things lively for awhile."

"He could not keep from drink then? His conversion was——"

"Don't be so fast, Miss Grace. He didn't touch a drop. He just marched in looking so big and handsome, and says he to that cringing little Kelly, 'I helped to start this business of yours here, and I've done my share at keeping it up. I owe it to the lads in our camp, and to the mothers of them to get it out of here, and I'm going to do it.' He did it too. Don's got grit enough in him to tackle the old boy if he felt like it," and Molly laughed till she cried.

"Do you think him in earnest? If he were bent on making reparation to his fellow-creatures for his misspent youth it seems to me he should have gone first of all to you." Grace spoke with an effort.

"I'm coming to that. Don didn't forget me. I was getting father's dinner the other day when he came in. He was looking sick enough to die, but he held out his hand, and said he, 'Molly, I haven't seen you for a year, but you're looking as healthy'—here Molly gave the girl beside her a malicious glance—'and as handsome as ever. I'm taking the fever, and I believe I'm going to die. Will you be my wife? I'm ready to marry you any time.' And he smiled, Miss Grace, as he said it. God never made a man that could smile sweeter than Don Ransome." Molly's voice broke.

"It was right," said Grace clearly. "I'm glad that he did it, for your sake—and his. When you are his wife"

"Oh, I'm not going to marry him. That's what I want to talk over with you. I told you once that he had wronged me. Well so he had, for he had come about me when I was barmaid at Kelly's, and turned my head with his fine speeches, but as for wronging me in any worse way he never did. I let you think so because I was jealous of you clean to my toes, though sometimes when you turned your nose up at me as if I was a lost creature, I could hardly keep from blurting out the truth."

Grace sat very still.

"You women with the pale faces

and cold eyes have no heart or fire in you. Don Ransome would have been a different man if he'd loved somebody a little more human."

"But why will you not marry him?" asked Grace unsteadily.

"Because I don't want to—because I'd be the miserablest soul under the heavens if I did." ("And that's no lie, Heaven knows," she added under her breath, "because I've promised to marry Jem Duck at Christmas.") There is a batch of reasons for you. You don't like me, Miss Grace?"

"Oh, Molly," cried Grace with sudden passion, "why did you lie to me that day? Why? What had I ever done to you but kindness?"

"A jealous woman has no memory for kindness, let me tell you. But I want you to do something, Miss Grace. I mustn't waste time talking over bygones with you. Don Ransome's got the fever. He mayn't die, for the doctor down here is too worthless to go up and drug him to death, but he's mighty sick, and he's wanting somebody badly. It isn't me; I wish to heavens it was, for I'd like to buckle in and bring the boy through. It's some one so proud that it doesn't stand to reason she's going to go up there among a lot of rough men to nurse him, and so good that she'd let a man starve for a sight of her before

"I'll go." Grace bent and kissed the other's face. "I'll go at once, Molly."

"What made you come?" the sick man at Camp 2 was asking the girl beside him.

"Because I thought you wanted me."

"It's a wonder the parson allowed it. If I were going to marry a girl I wouldn't want her to go taking care of a worthless chap like Don Ransome," with the ghost of his old smile.

"He came with me. He will be in soon."

The sick man shivered. "He is a grand good chap," he said presently, "and deserves his happiness."

"Yes. He is going to marry Marjory in the spring."

There was a long silence. Then the sick man lifted one of her white hands and laid it across his eyes.

"Do you feel very badly about it?" he whispered.

Grace laughed softly. "Do you know what he came up here to do? Can't you guess, Don?" She took her hand from his eyes. "Look at me."

"Grace, darling Grace, what did he come for?" he asked.

"To make us man and wife, Don. I want the right to nurse you and care for you, the right to be nearer and dearer to you than anyone on earth. You asked me once on your bended

knees to say I loved you, and I would not. Pride shall not make me dumb to-day." She laid her fair head against his dark one, encircled him with her arms and whispered something into his big ear.

The wind sighed among the pines. The stars came softly out in a saffron sky. Heaven was very near to Camp 2 that August night. In the rude kitchen Molly baked and brewed. Once she stopped to say reflectively, "Used to act as if he wasn't good enough to tie her shoes, but now—oh, lordy! It beats all how limber those stiff ones get when the pride gets out of them."

THE MAJOR'S MISTAKE.

By May Austin Low.

THEY all prophesied ill of the match, from old Madame, in her chair by the chimney-place, who had known the Major since his babyhood, to Caroline Comstock who had loved him devotedly since he was a boy.

Most people had got into the way of thinking the Major would never enter the meshes of matrimony, since a midsummer morning many years before, when Dorothy, the belle of Berthier-ville, had jilted him in cold blood for one less worthy. But a letter had just come from the Major to his mother, carrying the news of his engagement and speedy marriage.

Now the Major had been travelling in Europe for more than a year. He had, so people said, never completely recovered from that first foolish love affair. Old Madame, it is true, always maintained he suffered more from wounded pride than thwarted passion; and old Madame was somewhat of a wiseacre.

Old Madame was English to the backbone, and although she had mar-

ried a French-Canadian, and lived seventy-two of her seventy-five years in a Canadian village, she still talked proudly of England as home.

There was something pathetically amusing about it—a woman who was bound to Canada by all the ties and memories that make living a holy thing, ignoring its bonds and claiming that land for her own, where she had passed but three years of babyhood.

Being blessed with a maintenance sufficient to supply her with the necessities of life, she had been able to give herself up unreservedly to the fascinating task of managing other people's business, and from practice had become efficient in the art; but as Madame had a kindly heart withal, she did more good than harm—as might not have been expected.

Madame was frigid in her principles, vigorous in her condemnation of wrong-doers, but kind, wondrously kind to those worthy of regard. So it was that old Madame was much respected and loved by the inhabitants

of the little village of Berthier, where she lived.

Perhaps prime favourite in Madame's heart was the gallant Major, who had played soldiers by her side, using her scarlet shawl for uniform. This was long before his people had deemed it probable he would one day fight for his country.

There was an ugly seam across the Major's forehead, given him by a furious Zulu, whose last blow it was destined to be. How Madame gloried in that scar, for there was some soldier's blood in her own veins.

And now the Major was going to be married, and at once, before any timely word of warning from lips or pen could stay him; and to a foreigner—a girl of French and Italian blood, Marie Costello by name.

“Marie Costello.”

Old Madame said the name over to herself with evident distaste, and then she got up from her corner and walked over to the Manor House.



It was a long walk for her on a hot summer's day, for the wide avenue leading to the house was fully half a mile in length, and the tall slim trees threw but scanty shade.

As a rule, many reminiscences crowded upon old Madame's mind as she traversed that way. She had grown old with the place, had been young and gay in its first years of splendour, when the Grand Seigneur reigned there in glory and good will, and no crowned head could be greater.

There were tender memories, too, for old Madame had often walked in the shaded lovers' walk, beneath the summer moon. It was a spot blessed or cursed by nature. In just such a place might Lancelot have whispered his love to the unhappy Queen, or Hero and Leander strayed without the fear of a dividing sea.

But to-day old Madame's thoughts were centred on the letter in her hand. It had been sent over to her by Mrs. Weston the Major's mother, and it ran thus:

DEAREST MATER:

I am engaged to be married, and most likely by the time this reaches you will be married. For though we have only been engaged a fortnight, there is no reason for waiting. Marie (her name is Marie Costello) is quite alone in the world, and were it not for the kindness of this good clergyman and his family in this little village in Kent, she would have no home to be married from.

I will write again—later—or cable.

Love to the girls,

Your affecte. Son,

EDWARD WESTON.

As Madame marched along the avenue to the Manor House she was filled with misgiving for the Major's happiness.

If he needs must marry why not have waited, and chosen a girl they all knew about. In the matter of choosing wives most men are fools, soliloquized Madame. It is not what the fingers can do, but how bright the eyes may be and—Faugh! Here was Caroline waiting for him fifteen years, as sensible a girl as ever turned a coat, and makes every stitch she wears, too.

Very straight was Madame, carrying her seventy-five summers as though disdainful of their weight.

Now we all have noticed how there is always one feature in which the most prominent trait of character is plainly proclaimed. Sometimes it is a supreme gentleness shining out of the soul through the eyes, or stubbornness of temper showing itself about the mouth, or an extreme sensitiveness visible in the delicate dilating nostril. Madame's virtue and rigidity of purpose was all centred in her backbone. To follow in Madame's footsteps you could hardly hope for quarter; but once her face was seen you gained courage.



Mrs. Weston and her girls were seated under the pine trees.

“Oh, dear!” said gentle Mrs. Weston, here comes Madame—I knew she wouldn't approve of Eddie's engagement.” For Madame's whole appearance proclaimed disapproval even before she reached the home party under the pines trees and had submitted herself to a seat in a wicker chair.

But before anything could be said, a small boy appeared upon the scene carrying one of those small yellow papers that cause so much commotion in quiet country places.

"A cablegram," said the boy.

Mrs. Weston had risen, but trembled so that she had to reseal herself.

"Quick: one of you girls read it; such things always upset me."

The girls appeared equally disturbed.

Madame took it, tore it open, and sitting there, bolt upright, read it without any glasses.

"Married to-day. With you in September."

It hardly needed the Major's name for them to know from whom it came.

"A wicked waste of money," shouted old Madame with her mind on the cablegram's cost.

Mrs. Weston wiped away a tremulous tear or two. "I hope she will be good to him," she said—the hope springing out of a true mother's heart.

"Such a name, Marie Costello!" Madame cried with her nose in the air.

"It is Weston now," whispered the mother softly.

"And may she bring no shame——"

"Hush—she is my dear son's honoured wife."

"And can he be dearer to her than to us who have always loved him?"

It was old Madame who undid them all, for silence came then, only broken by sobs.

Is it chance that brings about so much of lasting importance to human lives? Are we merely straws to be blown by the wind of circumstance into the alley of events?

A letter came to Madame a fortnight later, bearing an English stamp. Such letters were always hailed by her with delight. It was from a distant cousin of her own, who lived in wicked London town, eeking out a living by exposing crime. Madame had something of the detective spirit in her own soul, and was always interested in what Richard Payton had to tell her. She had materially helped him before

he had been in a position to support himself, and his gratitude now displayed itself in occasional letters to his aged relative, in which he frequently touched upon the cases which engrossed his time. This epistle was very brief.

"I have the strangest case in hand," he wrote, "a case of diabolical murder, committed by a woman, and a marvellously clever one, as, so far, she has quite escaped our vigilant search. Her name is Marie Costello, a handsome, clever adventuress who had even succeeded in hoodwinking the clergy. For she had been staying with quite a notable member of the Anglican church in a little village in the county of Kent. What the motive of the murder was, it is hard to say. A little child of not more than eight years old could so easily be got rid of by a sharp woman otherwise than by murder—but there, you won't be interested in it—and the details are horrible, only I would give a good deal to discover the whereabouts of that woman."

There is a strong current in every human heart that craves excitement, making one hail a catastrophe with rapture while yet mourning it should be so. Old Madame was strongly, strangely stirred.

For one moment she even thought of going over to the Manor House and showing the Westons the letter—what a triumph that would be! Had she not prophesied ill from the first? Then a wiser course presented itself to her view. She would wait quietly. The Major had said he would—they would—be there in September. So she wrote at once to Richard Payton, telling him how deeply his case interested her and the wherefore, but enjoining silence for the present on the Westons' behalf. "But be here in September," she wrote, "and you will make sure of capturing the vile wretch who has dared to creep into the heart and home of one of the world's noblest gentlemen."

Madame had been reared in the old school, far from these days of subtler psychological study, when we happily

realize a man or woman may do a deed of wrong and be lovable withal. So it did not enter Madame's conception that the Major might love his wife were he aware or unaware of her crime. How best and soonest to rid him of her was her only thought.

August went by without bringing word of the whereabouts of the bridal couple. Still Mrs. Weston was confident they would come in September as her boy had promised.

Yet all had a surprise, for the first of September brought them. They came in a closed carriage from the station without a word to give notice of their approach; but as the carriage came quickly up the long elm-lined avenue, the people in the Manor House guessed who its occupants must be. They were all out in the porch as they drew up, and the Major jumped out, turning to aid his wife in her descent from the antiquated vehicle, with infinite gentleness guiding her little foot to the carriage step. And when they would have given him the first welcome, he drew her forward, saying with fond, proud tones:

"Mother—welcome my wife."

What they saw first was a tall and willowy creature in a tightly-fitting gray cloth frock, a close felt hat and a light gauze veil, which could not conceal the brilliancy of her colouring. But when they got into the house and the Major had unfastened the veil, the beauty—the strange beauty of her face was revealed to them. Heavily marked brows above eyes that looked capable of bewildering lights, but now upturned to the Major's mother with tender affection. A clear, dark skin beneath which the crimson blood mantled, vying in colour with her warm full lips, parting to display teeth of wonderful whiteness and evenness. They, perhaps, suggested cruelty, as such very even teeth will do. Her hair was brown with red lights in its thickness, and stray locks curled across the low, broad forehead.

They all fell metaphorically at her feet and worshipped her.

"Wait till Madame sees her," they

said, one to the other, and they had not long to wait, for Madame came marching in after tea.

The Major went down the avenue to meet her, and her old heart gave a great bound of pity when she saw him, wondering what was in store.

How joyous he looked! He had never appeared so light of heart.

"Wait till you see my wife," he said proudly, but there was a sudden tightening about old Madame's lips.

"Did you know her long before you got engaged?"

"Ah!"—the Major hesitated, and put up his hand to his moustache; it was a way he had when perplexed. "Not very long;" and then he laughed a little. "Lovers count time strangely, Granny," for so he called her.

"I was always a bad hand to remember," said Granny, who was a good hand at deception, "what did you say your wife's maiden name was, Eddie?"

A flood of crimson swept over the Major's face, showing through the bronze of battle, and the hand which held old Madame's was suddenly withdrawn.

They had reached the door.

"Come in softly," he said, "and we will give them a surprise."

And he had not answered Madame's question.

Madame was forced to admit to herself the fascination of the foreigner. Before the evening was over she almost had it in her heart to be sorry that she had sent that letter to Richard Payton in London. Still was she from weakness to transgress the law? Would she not have been an abettor to crime had she concealed her knowledge?

The Major was visibly infatuated by his beautiful wife—his eyes followed her wherever she went. When they asked her to sing she had pleaded fatigue as an excuse.

"Just one little song, my dearest," old Madame had heard him whisper, and then she had smiled back into his eyes and gone at once to the piano.

But what was this song she had chosen? Wherefore the hopeless impassionment of the verses? Did she guess what was to come, or was it merely the art, the wild pathos in the pure, sweet tones?

"The past is past forever,
And now we only know,
That you and I must sever,
Because 'tis better so."

"That's a very pretty song—a very pretty song, Marie," said old Madame, as the Major's wife rose from the piano and stood in the full glare of the tall lamp by its side. There was such a softness on her features that she looked something of a saint, standing there with her hands tightly clasped before her, and one rose shining red against the whiteness of her evening gown.

"Call me Mary," she said. Then with a sudden movement she laid her lips for one short moment upon old Madame's wrinkled hand; but there was no shadow of shame in the soft dark eyes.

The Major was not so good an actor; his eyes shifted uneasily from ceiling to floor, anywhere but at his fair young wife and old Madame's searching glance, and there was again that quick, nervous movement of his hand.

"I am going now," said Madame coldly, steeling her heart once more.

"So soon" cried the Major's wife; "but it is dark, I must lend you my husband as an escort. Only send him back safely."

"There are no murderers in these parts," shouted old Madame, shaking hands quickly all around, and tightening her shawl about her shoulders.

"One never knows," said the young wife dreamily. She shivered slightly; a breeze had started in at the open window from the river.

"Come with us, Mary, do," said the Major eagerly. And so the three stepped out into the night together.

"How weird it is," she shivered again, drawing closer to her husband's side.

The wind had started enough to stir the pine trees into their melancholy

song. To the right a line of dense trees showed dark and sombre in the dusk. The Major stood for a moment pointing out the place to his wife.

"That will suit your romance, Mary. It's the old lovers' walk."

Under cover of the darkness their hands met, and so they walked on.

The moon came out for a moment as they neared the chapel in the grounds, outlining the steeple with its tiny cross against the sky.

"They used to go to church there every Sunday morning, I believe," said the Major. "I even think I went when I was a little chap. It's sad to think how many that went are now beneath the stones they pressed in prayer."

"I don't like it," said Mary—where are they now—those who thought life was so beautiful and sure—only for them?"

"We must all go in good time," said Madame briskly, nothing daunted that she had outdone the scriptural limitation of life by a good five years.

"And some before," said the Major's wife, and clung closer to his side. "I hate the dark, don't you? I always imagine someone creeping closer, closer, closer." Then suddenly in the darkness it struck old Madame that this young creature by her side had hands stained with the lifeblood of another, and she screamed.

A little, shrill scream which filled the Major with amusement.

"Doesn't my wife do it well? She is something of a hypnotist, I believe. She makes people see, or feel, what she wants them to."

This was the reason then, thought Madame, why she had felt irresistibly drawn to her, compelled against her will to care for her; it was not natural attraction, but that vile influence.

Madame hurried on and waved a farewell to them from the door.



Days went by, days in which old Madame saw a good deal of the Major and his wife.

Richard Payton's steamer had been delayed. One morning she got a tele-

gram. He was in Montreal and would arrive by the evening train.

Then it was that something which had been smouldering in Madame's heart awoke. She caught up her old sun-bonnet and hurried up the avenue to the old Manor House. In her haste she bent forward so that her back lost its customary rigidity. She found the Major's wife alone under the pine and hastened toward her.

"My dear," she said, "I found out all about you, and you must go away at once, before the evening train comes in—"

A little coldness fell over the young wife, she became paler, and reeled from Madame's outstretched hand.

"You found out all about me," she said slowly.

"Yes—about your murdering the little child—and a detective has come all the way from London, and will be here to-night."

The Major's wife grew suddenly calmer.

"To-night," she said; "then there is plenty of time for us to get away. I will go and tell my husband at once. Thank you,"—gave her one frightened glance, and flew into the house.

Pale and frightened she panted up the staircase to her husband's room.

"Oh, Eddie! Eddie!" she cried; "old Madame has gone mad—quite mad—she is in the garden."

"Good heavens!" cried the Major, striving to soothe his wife, for she was trembling, "What has she done?"

"She told me to get you to take me away at once. She said she had found out all about me, that I had murdered a little child."

"Curse it!" cried the Major, "can it be possible?"

"Is what possible? Oh, Eddie, don't talk like that—are you going mad too?" she laughed hysterically.

Then the Major drew her down by his side and made his confession. It was made with many interruptions and half-finished sentences; but by degrees the whole tale was told. How he had been engaged to a woman by the name of Marie Costello. How she had sud-

denly jilted him, and he had gone straight to London, where fate had thrown him in the way of this sweet woman, now his wife—Mary by baptism and Merton by birth. How immediately he had realized his former attachment had been mere fascination, founded on a wicked woman's wiles—while how his whole heart went into her pure keeping. How when she had consented to a speedy marriage he had seen no reason for making explanations at home, where was the necessity, and her name being Mary aided the deception. "I always meant to tell you some day," he ended, "and how was I to know that Marie Costello would turn out a murderess."

"And why did you mind telling them of the change?" asked the Major's wife, for being a woman she was curious.

Then the Major's past love story came to light.

"And so there were two before me," said the Major's wife, and there was a strange little smile about her rosy mouth.

"Do you mind much, my dearest?"

"The greater the compliment to me—I was your experienced choice."

Then he kissed her.

Old Madame collapsed completely when all had been explained to her, and she had in her turn made full explanations. She just bent her white head over into Mary's lap and cried, and never again did she hold herself so stiffly as had been her wont.

The evening train brought a very crest-fallen detective. Marie Costello had been captured in Paris, so a cable had informed him before leaving Montreal.

"Deception is a dangerous thing," said the Major to his wife, as they walked up and down the lovers' walk in the sweet twilight, with no secret between them.

"Yes," she answered, with her head held high and a happy light in her dark eyes. "You ought to have known that before, sir."

THE PAST AND PRESENT IN CHINA.

By A. H. U. Colquhoun.

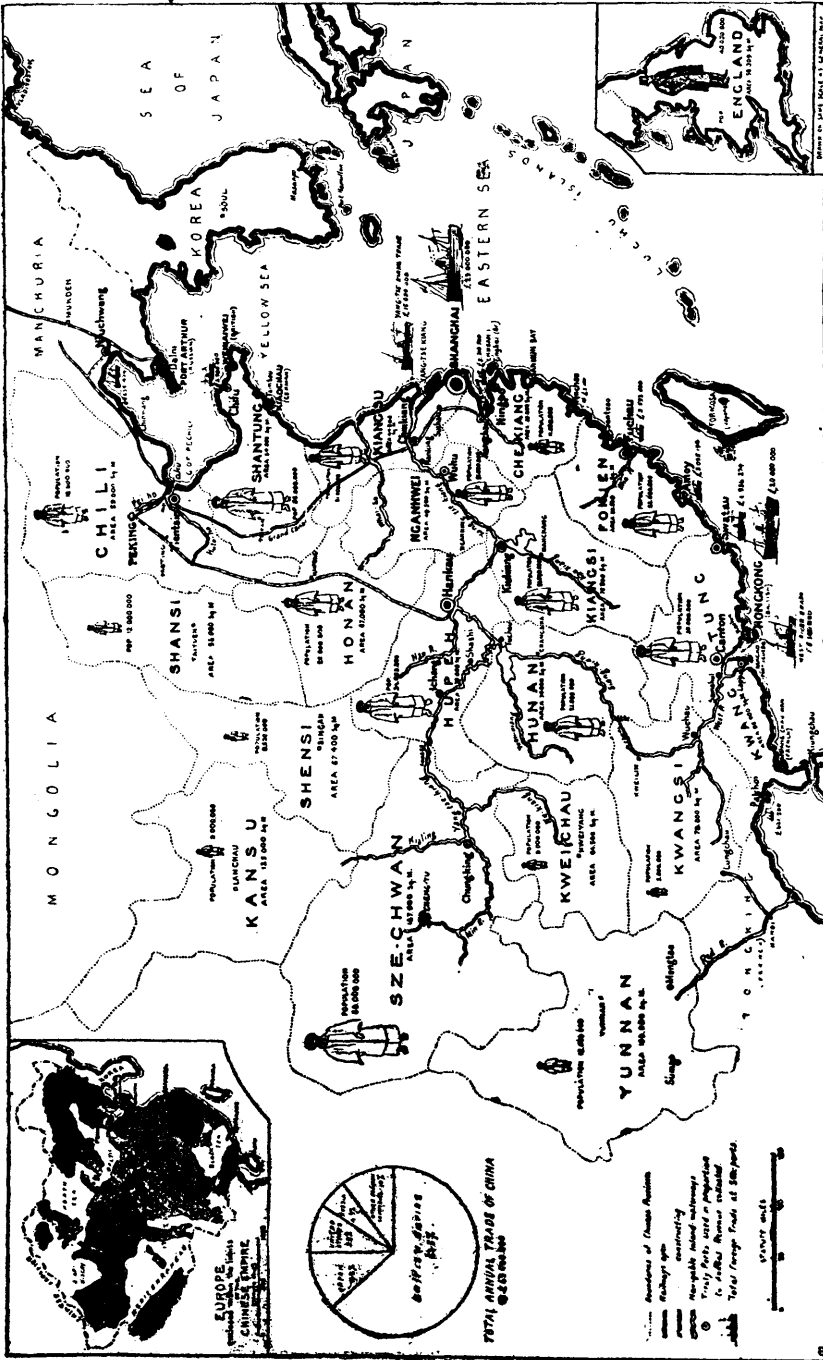
WHEN all the books and other writings about China have been gone over, there remains, in the mind of the candid reader, an impression that, after all, only the fringe of the subject has been touched.

What we do know excites wonder and stimulates curiosity. The very idea of so vast a population under one rule, inhabiting an area at once extensive and compact, suggests great possibilities from every standpoint. Hitherto the vaguest notions were held regarding the actual number of people. It is now believed that the population of eighteen provinces of China is slightly over 400,000,000. There are not more than 12,000 foreigners resident in the various treaty ports, so it is probable that many millions of Chinese have never heard of, much less seen, representatives of the nations now claiming to be in the van of modern civilization. This absence of intercourse accounts doubtless for much of the misunderstanding that exists between the Chinese and the rest of the world.

Once assume that international commerce is a benefit to mankind; that one religion (that is ours) is better than, and should displace, all others, that exclusiveness carried to the length it is by the Chinese is irrational, and Europe makes out a strong case against the people of the Middle Kingdom [Chung Kwoh]. But it depends on the point of view. The Chinese prefer their own civilization. They do not want to trade with other countries. Their type of race is radically different from ours. Unlike the Japanese, who are ready to adapt themselves submissively to the tendencies of the time and to put on a veneer of Caucasian civilization, the Chinese stand out as the embodiment of the Mongolian type. For an idea of the characteristics of

this people we are indebted to the few travellers who have penetrated the country, and from personal knowledge of the limited number, most likely the least progressive, who emigrate. The basis for forming an opinion is inadequate. Travellers are often credulous and inaccurate. How absurd and misleading the judgment of ourselves by a chance visitor, ignorant of our language, who mirrored our social life and customs from the records of the police courts, who expounded our treatment of children by references to baby-farming, who for types of general society drew freely upon the company of wastrels and foot-pads!

There is reason to think that the domestic relations of the Chinese embody many admirable traits. The extraordinary respect of children for parents naturally furnishes unpalatable reflection for the people of this continent. The practice of ancestor worship provokes much scoffing. It is a curious principle when carried to extremes. They deny that it is idolatry notwithstanding its outward forms. Their love for a pedigree is such that a humble peasant cheerfully traces his family back several centuries. It is a weakness not confined to the Chinese. How many Englishmen do you know whose ancestors did not come over with the Conqueror (if they were not there before), how many Scotch whose clans were not provided with arks of their own at the flood, how many Irish whose remote forebears were not once kings of Ireland? The Chinese character is the product of centuries. It is certainly not all bad. There is no drunkenness, though opium smoking is a vice as prevalent as drink is with us. The people are not much given to thieving, but they lie systematically. This fault is also not unknown amongst us. It is doubtful if they are more



THE PHYSICAL AND ECONOMIC FACTORS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION AT A GLANCE.

The areas of the various provinces are here compared with a map of England drawn on the same scale. The populations of the Provinces are—by means of Chinamen—compared with the population of England. The treaty ports are indicated by circles. The annual foreign trade of the seaports is shown by steamers drawn in proportion to the value of the trade. All the foreign possessions in China are indicated and named.—From the "Commercial Intelligence," of London, England.

cruel than other nations, although less sensitive to pain and torture.

An impartial and absolutely accurate examination of their religious beliefs would do much to clear away misconception of the Chinese. There seems to be little bigotry amongst them. It is hard to realize that of their three chief forms of religion, Confucianism, Buddhism and Taouism, a man may adhere to all without inconvenience or reproach. The lower classes are credited with gross superstition which is always the child of ignorance. There is, evidently, a common detestation of Christianity. The Chinese despise our religion because they see it practically demonstrated by men who assume the name of Christian without exhibiting any of the virtues the missionaries teach them to expect. Possibly if the warships and the buccaners of commerce stayed away the missionaries would accomplish more. But John Chinaman takes the commercial Christian as he finds him, and applies to the unwelcome visitor the name of "foreign devil." Thackeray declared that the strongest satire on the proud English society of 1825 was that they admired George IV. In like manner, we may say that the cruelest reflection upon the World Powers of 1900 is the mirror which the Chinese hold up for the foreigner to gaze into. The British forced the opium trade upon them; the Americans thrust them from the Pacific Coast by exclusion laws and rough treatment as ruthlessly barbarous in essence as the rule of an Attila or a Tamerlane; the Russians and the French wage war and seize their territory; a German warship sails round the world and plants a military colony at Kiau-Chau with the ardour of an old Viking horde. What must the Chinese think of the Christianizing nations that act in this way, and how will our philosophizing historians a century hence view these proceedings?

Lord Salisbury's warning to the missionaries is not that of a man indifferent to religion. A Christian teacher who lived long in China said not many years ago: "Their own system of

ethics, based upon filial piety and custom, works well, and endeavours to upset it produce at first much harm, whatever the ultimate good. With all their faults—say radical defects—they possess many virtues. They are easy-going, kindly disposed toward one another, clannish in supporting their relations, hospitable, attached to their employers, and public spirited, where their feelings are aroused, to a degree unknown in Europe." It is well to bear such testimony in mind when the honest zeal of the missionary unites with the greed of the trader to urge the forcing of our customs and religion upon an alien race with the point of the bayonet.

That the temptation to exploit the Chinese Empire for the necessities of modern commerce is strong cannot be denied. The resources of the countries making up the Chinese Empire are generally thought to be rich and varied. The vegetable productions are naturally those of the temperate and tropical zones. Travellers draw fascinating pictures of the homes of the more prosperous farmers where agriculture, even when carried on with primitive implements, yields the richest harvest, and where gardening is a fine art. The northern provinces are just another Eastern Canada in fertility of soil, vigour of climate and beauty of landscape. Less is known of the mineral resources, but all the principal metals are believed by scientific men, who have made partial investigations, to exist in abundance. There are great coal areas in Shan-tung, and the various mineral deposits in all the provinces are rich enough to excite the envy and desire of the least acquisitive. As a fur-bearing country, it is also believed that China, if once opened freely up to foreign trade, would yield great returns. It is thus easy to see what a powerful factor commerce is in the present attitude of the Powers toward China.

Out of all these commercial, religious and racial considerations has been evolved a great political question of the very first magnitude. The pressure of the principal European Governments

upon the Chinese has gradually set up a kind of half-avowed foreign over-lordship. The visible Government is weak, and its administration is satisfactory neither to the foreign element nor to great numbers of the Chinese themselves. The Manchurian dynasty is on its last legs. The so-called "Boxer" movement is one evidence that internal order is becoming hard to maintain. It appears that the movement, which has now culminated in a formidable

ization has penetrated into the interior. That the foreigner is to be driven out seems the only possible explanation of the movement. Authentic information is meagrely supplied. The newspapers are filled with the most sensational stories upon which no one of intelligence cares to place much reliance. The Powers are co-operating for the moment for the rescue of their diplomatic corps. Should they succeed, the Chinese authorities would still be called

THE OPENING UP OF CHINA IN BRIEF.

- 1842—Treaty of Nankin names certain open ports and cedes Hong Kong to the British.
 1851—Taiping rebellion breaks out under the pretender Tien Teh.
 1858—British and French allied forces proceed toward Peking and take Peiho ports. June—Treaty of Tientsin guarantees freedom of trade and toleration of Christianity.
 1859—United States Envoy Ward arrives at Peking and concludes commercial treaty November 24.
 1860—Anglo-French expedition. Allies take Taku forts with loss of five hundred, march to Peking, which surrenders on October 12. New treaty signed October 24.
 November—Russia concludes treaty, with Russia obtaining free trade and territories.
 1864—Gordon's successes against Taipings.
 1868—Chinese Embassy, headed by Anson Burlingame, received at Washington and treaty signed.
 1870—Massacre at Tientsin of many French Roman Catholics and converts.
 1876—First railway in China opened (eleven miles) at Shanghai.
 1877—Decrees of equal rights to Chinese Christians.
 1887—General proclamation for protection of Christian missionaries and converts.
 1880—New treaties with the United States signed.
 1888—Railway from Tientsin to Taku opened.
 1891—Anti-European riots; Emperor decrees protection for foreigners; diplomatic protests; Britain, France, Germany and United States unite to protect their "nationals" against Chinese violence. Insurrection in Mongolia and northern China against foreigners and native Christians suppressed after much slaughter.
 1894—War with Japan.
 1895—Treaty with Japan cedes Formosa.
 1897—Germans seize Port of Kiaochou on account of murder of two missionaries.
 1898—January—Germany obtains ninety-nine years' lease of District of Kiaochou, in Shantung. March—Russia obtains lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan and territories for twenty-five years.
 April—Britain obtains lease of Weihaiwei for period coterminous with Russia's occupation of Port Arthur. France obtains ninety-nine years' lease of Bay of Kwang-chauwan, in southeast China.
 1899—Dowager Empress resumes regency and favours reactionary Ministers. Powers send marines to Peking to protect Legations.
 1900—Boxer agitation against foreigners.
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mob threatening both foreigner and the nominal forces of the state, began two years ago in the shape of clubs, chiefly throughout Shan-tung, formed for athletic purposes. Either on account of economic conditions or of political intrigues the Boxers have developed into anti-foreign armed organizations, disturbing the peace of the provinces on the coast with which European nations have most dealings. It is not known how deeply the organ-

upon to make reparation for lives already lost and property destroyed. The real intentions of at least three of the nations—Russia, Germany and France—are carefully concealed. The British policy alone is openly avowed—to maintain, if possible, a stable native Government and to press for wider opportunities to trade, open to all alike. The object of Russia, it is clear, is to detach from China enough of her northern territory to extend the

Russian Empire on the Pacific Ocean, with ports open all winter, so that she may be the dominant force in the whole region. All the political writers favourable to Great Britain urge that she should not only retain her supremacy in the central region farther south but also check Russia in the north. In this latter work, it is supposed, Germany will co-operate, receiving some tangible reward not yet clearly indicated. To the ordinary observer it appears as if the scramble had begun

and that nothing can save China from wholesale dismemberment and spoliation but an uprising of the yellow race against the interlopers. Lord Wolseley has pointed out the possible magnitude of such an uprising. The prospect seems dubious enough. It is easy to speculate, but the situation is too complex, the theatre of action too widely extended, the forces at work too various for the expression of definite conclusions.

DR. BRYCE'S "HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY."*

A REVIEW.

By The Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Author of "The Making of the Canadian West," Etc.

DR. BRYCE has been a voluminous writer on matters pertaining to the Canadian West. He has written six books, all of which, except his "History of the Canadian People" are concerned with matters exclusively Western. Besides these books he has published some thirty pamphlets, and nearly all these deal with some phase of the life and history of the same region. Perhaps Dr. Bryce's writings have been too voluminous. Not that he has exhausted the field, for there are still "unexplored remainders," but because a man who has done such immense work in other spheres could scarcely hope to write so extensively with entire credit to his reputation as an exact historian or a smooth-flowing stylist. Accordingly, Dr. Bryce himself has recognized that in his earlier books he has fallen into some considerable errors, and others have felt that his written productions were those of an inordinately busy man, and hence that they were not always equal to his well-known capabilities. But of all his publications his recent work on the

Hudson's Bay Company is, both in matter and literary style, distinctly superior to anything he has yet produced. That it is so is due to causes readily apparent. To begin with, nearly all Dr. Bryce's preceding efforts being, as we have said, largely connected with the country over which the Company operated, were a preparation for this present book. In order to prepare his former publications he has for many years been digging and delving into old records, and he has interviewed all sorts of people—old settlers on the Red River, hunters, trappers and frontiersmen, as well as employees of the Company, from the youngest clerk up to Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the present notable Governor. Under this process Dr. Bryce has become so saturated with the history of the period that having the facts more readily at his command than formerly, he has been able to devote more time to the writing, and has now produced the most readable of all his books. As to the matter of the book, the same kind of result has been

* The Remarkable History of The Hudson's Bay Company. By Professor George Bryce, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 500 pp. \$3.00.

achieved. Some of his earlier works were written from scanty materials, as well as at too close range to the events recorded to get the true perspective, and hence mistakes as to facts and errors as to historical setting occurred. These mistakes of fact and errors as to setting Dr. Bryce has discovered during the intervening years, and in the present book he indicates, acknowledges and corrects them for the benefit of his readers.

As we open this "Remarkable History" it puts us on good terms with the author to find him starting right at the spring of this great river of mighty men and valiant deeds. Old London, central city of the "nation of shop-keepers," was the scene of the inception of this giant trade organization. A French Protestant, Pierre Esprit Radisson, was the forceful personality at the very beginning of it. Radisson had been in Canada, had travelled great tracts of the wilderness, acquired an extraordinary influence over the native tribes, and had passed through so many dangers unhurt that he seemed to bear a charmed life. He came back to the old world filled with stories as to the limitless possibilities of commerce in the new land, and after coquetting a while with France and England, settled on the latter as the place where his projects would be best understood.

Then follows the story of the granting of the Charter by Charles II., in May, 1670. It was a Royal Charter, and in this case Charles was a royal giver. We hear of people in whom acquisitiveness is so abnormally developed that, as the saying goes, "they want the earth and they want it fenced." Certain it is that Charles gave to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" a very large portion of the earth and he gave it to them fenced in so far as a Royal Charter could secure them a monopoly. The marvel is, as Dr. Bryce points out, that a Company with such enormous powers and such unlimited opportunities should have been able to administer its immense territory

for two centuries, so as to secure the entire confidence of the native tribes and the almost unqualified admiration of all intelligent men to this day. The secret of this record, differing so splendidly from that of many other similar organizations with somewhat similar powers, is not hard to find as we study the book. The Company, doubtless, had some unworthy officers and men, but, on the whole, the directors seemed to have had wonderful success in securing for their prominent posts men whose great courage, extraordinary intelligence and strict integrity remain as one of the best traditions of the vast country over which they had such absolute sway. Dr. Bryce is not quite correct, however, in saying that the early colonists under the jurisdiction of the Company, had no representative institutions. In one sense they had not, but the Council of Assiniboia, though chosen by the Company to help in governing the country, was carefully selected with a view to giving all elements in the community a voice in public affairs.

It was not to be expected that the Company would be left undisturbed in the enormous territory and vast trade covered by its charter. Dividends began to grow to great sums, and other people wanted a share in the spoils. An Irish gentleman, with the somewhat unromantic name of Dobbs, was, as Dr. Bryce tells us, one of the first to decry the Company as an organization that was sleeping on the shores of Hudson Bay, without exploring the interior of the country or endeavouring to find the Northwest Passage, as required by its Charter. There was some ground for this contention, and Mr. Dobbs had no difficulty in securing support for a new organization. This was about the year 1725, and was the beginning of much opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. The tracing of this opposition through a whole century of conflict, gives us one of the strongest and best parts of Dr. Bryce's book. He must have expended much time and effort in searching records as to this complex period. The situation

was so full of romantic life and strenuous endeavour that we are not surprised when the author is tempted into bypaths and introduces somewhat irrelevant matter occasionally; but on the whole he keeps his point of view well and writes with great impartiality. The rise of the Scottish merchants in Montreal, the formation of the Northwest Company, the X. Y. Company and the Astor Company—all these matters are graphically recorded. There are some dark spots in the record, as for instance when for a time the rival companies attempted to secure the friendship and trade of the Indians by the lavish use of liquor; but apart from this and a few lawless incidents, we have much that calls for our admiration and gratitude. The magnificent daring of explorers, the extraordinary extent and permanent value of their discoveries, and the chivalrous spirit of the leaders give us to realize how fitting it is that the names of these men are written indelibly on plains, rivers and mountains in the nomenclature of the west.

The story of Lord Selkirk's colony on the Red River bulks large in the volume; and, without doubt, of all whose lives are recorded in the book Lord Selkirk was incomparably the greatest man of his time. The author makes no special effort to have him appear as such, but faithfully records his lifework amongst the rest. That is sufficient to give Lord Selkirk pre-eminence, for in the midst of the fierce conflict for material gain which pervades the history of these companies, the work of this heroic philanthropist, who threw his fortune and his life away in efforts to help his homeless countrymen, stands out in the immortal splendour that always accompanies vicarious sacrifice. That is a page of Canadian history worthy of much study in these days when all around us men toil and suffer and cry for help.

Coming down to more recent years, Dr. Bryce describes the decadence of the civil power of the Hudson's Bay Company, and gives in evidence instances where the laws were defied. We

think he makes too much of this supposed decadence. There were personal elements in the cases of Sayer, Corbett and Schultz which take them out of the usual category and make them unsafe as criteria of popular opinion. Up to the time of the first Riel rebellion the force of the Company had not materially abated as a representative of British law, though doubtless larger legislative machinery would soon have become necessary to meet changing conditions. But after the opening of negotiations for the transfer, the Company seemed of its own volition to let the old forceful authority die out by degrees. In his necessarily brief sketch of the rebellion, Dr. Bryce points to the non-resistance of the Company as a sign of its decrepitude. But we have always felt that the local officers of the Company which had sold out its rights to the Canadian Government did not consider themselves under covenant to "deliver the goods," and hence they declined to embroil themselves by getting between a blundering Government and an angry people. Dr. Bryce says further, that the white settlers of the old colony refrained from interfering against Riel because they had lost confidence in the strength of the Company as a governing body. That was not the reason for their non-interference. They simply felt that the affair was none of their business, and they told Col. Dennis so quite plainly when he wished to raise a force under authority of Governor McDougall's alleged proclamation. These settlers had not asked for any change in regime. What they had enjoyed for six decades under the Company was good enough for them, for it was the best they knew experimentally, and if the Canadian Government had seen fit to initiate proceedings to take over the country without consulting these settlers it seemed reasonable that the Government should carry out its programme without calling on them for active assistance. The white colonists had full confidence in the fact that the Government of Canada would deal

justly with all parties in the end, though it was then systematically blundering at every step, but the Government, they said, should take the responsibility for establishing what the Government and the Government alone had begun. Had these same settlers dreamed that Riel would have committed the crime of murder, as he did in the case of Scott, they would have interfered at the outset, but even Riel had never contemplated any such possibility when he started out.

Dr. Bryce is correct in connecting certain United States borderers at Pembina with that rebellion. Their names could readily be mentioned if necessary. Besides, there were, doubtless, many in St. Cloud and St. Paul who were anxious to retain the lucrative trade of the Red River Settlement, and all these had the active sympathy of several of their fellow-countrymen of Fenian tendencies then living in the village at Fort Garry. They were a contemptible lot, but the vainglorious Riel was very amenable to their attention and flattery. Dr. Bryce does well to emphasize that point. But we are not so much with him when he lays stress on the influence of a section of the Roman Catholic Church as fomenting and sustaining the rebellion. True, the rebels were mostly, though not all, of that faith. Certain it is that priests like Richot, Lestanc and an embryo

priest, O'Donoghue, were active in aiding and abetting the rebels. But the rebellion was not a church affair. Dr. Bryce exonerates Bishop Taché, one of the best men the west has known, and the record shows that notable Roman Catholics were not only imprisoned by Riel, but put in imminent jeopardy of their lives. Riel was never a docile church member, and in his second rebellion broke away from the church altogether. Dr. Bryce, doubtless, has evidence of the Jesuitical plot of which he speaks. It would not be a solitary instance of the kind in history, but there are some persons amongst us who will try to make that part of Dr. Bryce's book responsible for some of their intolerance. Of such beings we have too many in Canada now, and if we are to build up a homogeneous nation they should be suppressed rather than encouraged.

Space forbids further notice of this excellent and valuable book. It relates with much faithfulness facts of immense moment to Canada. The author has dwelt long enough in the country to catch much of the time-spirit, and he writes of deeds that can never be reproduced. There are a few good illustrations in the book, notably, the photographs of "Four Great Governors" and the full-page group of the officers of the Company who met in Winnipeg in 1887.

REDIVIVA.

YET thy whispers cross the seas,
 Yet thy fancies sway my will,
 And thy glance of kind disdain
 Lingers in my memory still—

And that hope once fondly dreamed,
 And that prayer once vainly prayed,
 And that boyish rage that seemed
 Silly to a smiling maid !

Dead sensations from their graves
 At thy magic memory start,
 Till thy spell, as oil the waves,
 Calms the tumult of my heart.

F. Blake Crofton.

SOME CLEVER WOMEN.

By A. Chisholm.

IN these modern days woman has given such signal and numerous proofs of her cleverness in literary work that no difficulty is experienced in ranking her productions with the best that men have written ; but it has been too much the fashion of the world to accord to men only the credit for high attainment in science and literature. In all ages there have been instances of intellectual triumphs achieved by women not often surpassed, or even equalled, by the highest that men have accomplished. True, there may be no Shakespeares, no Miltons, no Dantes among them ; but it is none the less true that many centuries before the "Inferno," "Paradise Lost," or "Hamlet" saw the light, the power of female genius was displayed with such dazzling splendour as to excite the wonder and admiration of the brightest minds of Greece and Rome. All through the ages, and up to our own times, the achievements of some women, in literature especially, have been so remarkable that it may not be unprofitable or uninteresting to refer to a few prominent instances.

It is well-nigh twenty-five centuries since "burning Sappho lived and sung ;" but who Sappho was, just at what period of the world's history she lived, and what she did, are questions which not many can answer readily. She was born, and flourished, we are told, about the sixth century B.C. ; and her fame rests chiefly on her Grecian lyrics. So great, indeed, was her reputation that she was regarded as a Homer among women. She is credited with having written nine books of lyrics, only a few fragments of which have come down to us. "Among the mutilated facts of antiquity," writes Addison, "there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho" ; and that her powers were of an extra-

ordinary character is well attested by contemporary writers. Such high praise is accorded her that it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that something of the fame of Homer belonged to her. Her celebrated *Ode to Venus* has passed down the ages, and come to us with all the vigour and freshness of a poem of Byron's or Tennyson's. Scholarly translators have made it their delight, in all ages, to reveal its beauties to their own and succeeding generations. Whether posterity would have confirmed the estimate placed upon Sappho's verse by her contemporaries, or subsequent critics, it is difficult to say, but all available accounts go to show that she took the first rank among Grecian poets. It will come like a revelation to some to be told that Aristotle "quoted without question a judgment that placed her in the same rank as Homer and Archilochus ; that Plato mentioned her as the tenth Muse ; that Solon, hearing one of her poems, prayed that he might not see death till he had learned it ; that Strabo speaks of her genius with religious awe ; and that Longinus cites her love ode as a specimen of poetical sublimity." This seems excessive praise from Sappho's ancient admirers ; but what says Symonds, in his studies of the Greek poets in relation to these eulogiums ? "Nowhere is a hint whispered that her poetry was aught but perfect. As far as we can judge, these praises were strictly just. Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and inimitable grace."

It is not a little surprising to be told that so great a genius and so sensible a person as Sappho fell hotly in love with the beautiful youth Phaon (who,

alas! did not requite her affections), and that to get rid of her unhappy passion she decided to take the "Lover's Leap," which had either killed or cured so many before her. This famous "Leap" was from a high promontory into the sea. Some took the plunge and escaped with little or no injury, some emerged with a broken limb or two—(but happy, none the less, to think they had found a remedy for their malady); others perished in the experiment; and such, it is said, was the fate of Sappho. The story is discredited, however, and for the honour and credit of Sappho, we are glad of it.

Some four centuries before the Christian era there lived one whose name is familiar to most people—Hypatia. Remarkable for her beauty, she was no less distinguished for her scholarship. As a mathematician she achieved a reputation greater than that attained by her celebrated father. She graduated with the highest honours in the schools of philosophy at Athens. At Alexandria she taught philosophy and the sciences; her school was filled with pupils of many nations and creeds; and her varied accomplishments compelled the admiration and excited the astonishment of all with whom she came in contact. It is a sad evidence of the barbarity of the age in which this beautiful and accomplished woman lived, that she died one of the most cruel and tragic of deaths. The story of her end is thus recited:—"Headed by an ecclesiastic named Peter, a band of fanatics attacked Hypatia in the spring of A.D. 415, as she was passing through the streets in her chariot, dragged her to one of the churches, where they pulled the clothes from her back, and then cast her out into the street, pelted her to death with fragments of earthenware, tore her body to pieces, and committed her mutilated remains to the flames."

Another illustrious name belonging to this age is that of Corinna, the Greek poetess. She was, indeed, an honour to her sex, for it was this beautiful Theban woman who vanquished the immortal Pindar in a poetical con-

test. One can imagine the applause that must have greeted her triumph over the prince of Grecian lyric poets. A marvellous person she must have been, combining beauty of person and genius of the highest type. In those days, "there were three of the name of Corinna, all skilled in letters. One was of Thebes, one of Thespis, and the third of Corinth. The last lived at the time, and is supposed to have been the favourite of Ovid; but the most famous was she who in a trial of poetry, conquered the great poet Pindar. Her glory seems to have been fully established by the public memorial of her picture exhibited in her native city, and adorned with a cymbol of her victory. Pausanias, who saw it, supposes her to have been one of the handsomest women of her age."

Contemporaneous with Michael Angelo, and an intimate friend of his, was an Italian who at that time enjoyed a reputation scarcely less wide than that reached by the great sculptor himself. The name of this remarkable woman was Vittoria Colonna; and judging from the evidences of her genius which have come down to us, her poetry is of that stamp which commands admiration in all ages. There is but one among her own sex, and she an Englishwoman, whose sonnets can be compared to hers for force and sweetness. We allude to Mrs. Browning, by many critics pronounced the greatest poetical genius among women of any age. The verses of Vittoria Colonna would have done credit to many of the masters of the sonnet of modern days. Like Hypatia and Corinna she was beautiful—like them combined rare beauty with great genius. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman of the famous Colonna family; was betrothed in her fourth year to a boy of the same age; was married to him in her nineteenth year; survived him twenty-two years, and was comparatively young when he died. "The enthusiasm," writes one of her biographers, "created by these tuneful

wailings of a young widow, as lovely as unconsolable, as irreproachable as noble, learned enough to correspond with the most learned men of the day on their own subjects, was intense. Vittoria became speedily the most famous woman of her day, and so was termed by universal consent the 'divine.' The poetess enjoyed, as already stated, the friendship of Michael Angelo. At her death no one grieved for her as he did; he sat sorrowfully by her dying bed, wept over her long and bitterly, as mourning the loss of one whom he regarded as the most faithful and loving of friends, and the idol of her country. It is related that he composed a number of sonnets in her honour, and that, "she was the only woman who was known to have touched the heart of the great sculptor."

Just a few years before the death of Vittoria Colonna was born that beautiful and famous Scottish queen, the sad story of whose life has touched the heart of the world ever since her death. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, has been noted for her great beauty more than for her accomplishments; yet true it is that she was a scholarly woman, had fine literary tastes, and composed verses exceptional for their pathos and power. Her educational training was thorough and extensive, as becoming one of her rank and high destiny. She studied French, Italian, Greek and Latin; she had the best of teachers in history and theology; and she diligently cultivated the arts of poetry, music and dancing. In France, as in Scotland, her personal charms fascinated every one—she became the idol of courtiers and poets, who vied with each other in singing her praises. She has been called the Greek Helen, the Sappho of the sixteenth century, the Scottish Semiramis; and one good authority eloquently describes her "as the most beautiful, the weakest, most attractive and attracted of women, raising around her by her irresistible fascinations a whirlwind of love, ambition, and jealousy; all that was not love in her soul was

poetry; her verses, like those of Ronsard, her worshipper and teacher, possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears; and even after the lapse of so many years retain something of the warmth of her sighs." One who was called the Petrarch of that day wrote of her—

"The gods themselves excelled in framing
thy fair mind,
Nature and art in thy young form their highest powers combined
All beauty of the beautiful to concentrate in thee."

France stands in the forefront of nations which have produced striking examples of clever and brilliant women; and few among them was more remarkable than Madame de Sévigné, born in Paris some 270 years ago. In her youth she had every educational advantage, and she made the best of opportunities—studied hard, read much, was carefully taught in the language and literature of her own country, and soon became proficient in the Latin, Italian and Spanish languages. At the early age of seventeen she married the Marquis de Sévigné, the marriage proving an unhappy one. Only seven years afterwards the Marquis was killed in a duel, leaving his widow and a family of two, a son and daughter, to mourn his loss. This daughter became the celebrated Madame de Grignan.

The beauty of the widow de Sévigné, added to her many accomplishments, won her hosts of friends and admirers; it is said her "lovers were legion," and that her hand was sought by noblemen of the best blood of France. She, however, spurned all offers of marriage; devoted all her care, attention, and affections to her only daughter, one who was, like herself, beautiful, graceful, and accomplished. Madame de Sévigné's fame rests on her published "Letters," addressed chiefly to her daughter. While hers was not a genius whose results are seen in voluminous work, she established an enduring reputation by these "Letters," which are still widely read and admired. They

reflect lustre on herself, her country, and her country's literature, and they still retain their place as a French classic.

There is no more convincing proof of woman's mastery over some of the profoundest intellects of Europe than that furnished by the women of the French *salons*. It might, indeed, be said of some of them who presided over these famous gatherings that they wielded the destinies of France; it is at any rate no exaggeration to say that they exercised an abiding and far reaching influence upon its society, politics, and literature. Many of them far from represented an ideal type of womanhood, but others maintained a reputation for social decorum and uprightness which commanded respect and admiration. They cultivated the art of conversation to a degree never before attempted; and never since their day have there been known such coteries of brilliant talkers. Around these *salons* rallied the cleverest minds—the foremost citizens of France, and not infrequently those of England, Italy, and other countries. The ladies who composed them fostered the spirit of learning and literature, were themselves possessed of no mean intellects, and capable of discussing questions of state and scholarship with the ablest and keenest men of letters. "It was really Voltaire," remarked Goethe, "who excited such minds as Diderot, D'Alembert and Beaumarchais, for to be somewhat near him a man needed to be much, and could take no holidays." And yet, at least one gifted French woman (the Marquise du Châtelet) was regarded as his equal in scientific acumen and discussion, a foeman worthy of his steel in the arena of debate—one who was "deep in mathematics, and had mastered the mysteries of Newton's *Principia*." But a much greater name than hers, and a woman of a far different stamp, was Madame de Staël, the daughter of Necker, the famous Minister of Finance under Louis XVI. Hers is a familiar name, not only in France, but to the readers of French literature in

every land; as familiar, indeed, as George Eliot is to the English readers. She wrote much—wrote wisely and well, and her best books achieved a reputation which does not diminish. Her attractions and qualities as a woman, apart from her literary work and worth were such as to distinguish her far above the generality of accomplished women. For many years she wrote incessantly; volume after volume followed each other in rapid succession on a variety of subjects; and among them some novels of such high rank as to procure for their author a European reputation. She was a bitter opponent of the first Napoleon, and gave him more uneasiness than half the crowned heads of Europe. It was concerning her the remark was made that "Napoleon, with a million armed men under his command, and half Europe at his feet, sat down in rage and affright to urge Fouché to send a little woman over the frontiers lest she should say something about him for the drawing rooms at Paris to laugh at." Her opposition to Napoleon finally culminated in her banishment from the French capital. During her exile she travelled extensively in Europe, and for a time took up her residence in the English metropolis. There she produced some of her best works. It is now some eighty years since she died, and it is safe to say that long before the date of her death, and since that event few careers have been more conspicuous than hers in the world of letters—there is certainly no greater name among women in the literature of France. Like Madame de Sévigné, she was an accomplished letter-writer; in conversation she was often at her best; she had a sweet and genial disposition—was a woman of rare tact, and altogether of such a character as one delights to contemplate. Her entire works were published by her son in eighteen volumes; and among her more celebrated writings may be named "De l'Allemagne," "Delphine," and "Corrine ou l'Italie."

Americans have reason to feel proud of the position some of their women

have taken in literature. There was one among them who was conspicuous not so much for what she wrote as for her wonderful personality, her conversational accomplishments, her strange but brilliant career. At Cambridgeport, Mass., upwards of eighty years ago, was born Sarah Margaret Fuller, otherwise known as the Marchioness Ossoli. When a little child she displayed a thirst for knowledge, and an aptitude for learning seldom, if ever, equalled in one so young. It is related of her that when a mere tot of six years she read Latin; that, shortly after, she became familiar with Virgil, Horace and Ovid. In her eighth year she wrote Latin verses, and among her favourite authors at that age were Shakespeare, Cervantes and Moliere; then were added to these Ariosta, Sismondi, Helvetius, Madame de Stael, Racine, Locke, Byron, Rousseau, and others. By-and-bye she became absorbed in the German authors, and read eagerly Goethe, Tieck and Schiller. As she advanced in years she read and studied continuously, devoting every spare moment to composition and books. So remarkable a character soon attracted notice. Leading men of letters became curious about her, were charmed with her on acquaintance; many of them became her fast friends, and foremost among them was the illustrious Emerson. Adverse circumstances compelled her to become a teacher in a Boston school, and there she taught Latin, Italian and French. We find her later filling the position of principal of a school in Providence. After a time she took up the profession of journalism, and wrote industriously for the leading magazines and newspapers. She was employed on the staff of Horace Greeley's newspaper, the *New York Tribune*. She wrote for *The Dial*, a Boston publication, and reviewed German and English books; was busy at the same time making German translations; when not thus engaged she gave her time to the composition of more weighty productions, the result of which was seen in her "Woman in the Nineteenth

Century," "A Summer on the Lakes," and papers on "Literature and Art." In the summer of 1846 she travelled in Great Britain, meeting the leading literary lights of that country—poets, preachers and authors, among them De Quincey, Wordsworth, Chalmers and Carlyle—and her descriptive letters form not the least interesting and valuable part of her published writings.

Thus Margaret Fuller became in turn school teacher, newspaper correspondent, journalist and author, and to these callings were added that of lecturer. In all she succeeded. Many said that her chief excellence consisted in her conversational powers. "Conversation is my natural element," she says of herself, and this is confirmed by Emerson, whose words give a picture of her too interesting to be omitted: "She wore her circle of friends as a necklace of diamonds about her neck. The confidences given her were their best. She was an active, inspiring correspondent, and all the art, the thought and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she to it. Persons were her game, especially if marked by fortune, or character, or success. She addressed them with a hardihood—almost a haughty assurance—queen-like."

In 1847 and 1848 we find Margaret Fuller in Rome, in troublous times, an eye-witness of battle scenes and desperate fighting. "Margaret looked down from her window on the terrible battle before St. Angelo, between the Romans and the French." Then she becomes an army hospital nurse, attending the wounded, and emulating deeds which have made glorious the names of Nightingale and Barton. In the Eternal City she met and married the Marquis Ossoli, who proved a worthy, affectionate, though unfortunate husband.

This is the brightest, happiest period of her otherwise sad and checkered career. A child was born of the marriage, a little girl, whose presence brightened their home. The tide of fortune went against them, the Marquis lost all his property; and as the result

of long and anxious consultation they decided to embark for America. The prospect pleased Margaret—she would once more, and soon, she thought, be among her own relatives and friends in that home-land she loved so well. Then, alas ! came the tragic close of this brilliant woman's career. Just as the vessel which bore them was nearing the American shore, and on the very eve of landing, she struck on Fire Island beach, off Long Island, and went to the bottom, nearly all on board perishing. Margaret, her husband, and their little child, Angelino, were among the lost. The details of the shipwreck, as narrated by the survivors, are heart-rending in the extreme. The vessel was tossed about among the breakers for many hours before the final crash came, and the passengers could only gaze helplessly upon the awful death that awaited them :

“ When Margaret was last seen she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-robe, with her hair fallen loose on her shoulders. It was over—that twelve hours' communion, face to face with death ! The only one of her treasures which reached the shore was the lifeless form of little Angelino. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed, and dressed in a child's frock, found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed ; and as the rescued seamen gathered round their late play-fellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in the circle. The next day, borne upon their shoulders in a chest, it was buried in a hollow among the sand-hills.”

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

By Harold Robertson.

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET has recently acquired a reputation as a fighting general through his persistent refusal to surrender to the British forces operating in South Africa. He has baffled the skill of Lord Roberts and checkmated the energy of Lord Kitchener and his generals. With two thousand horsemen and a few guns he has eluded the British for two months, at one time having to keep his scouts watching seven opposing columns. His fame as a fighter makes one hope that later on he may become a colonial leader serving under the flag which is the pride alike of Colonial and Britisher, but which demands a laying aside of the brutality characteristic of this and other Afrikaner leaders.

Christian de Wet is a son of the soil and a native of the Orange Free State. He was born little more than forty years ago on his father's farm in the Bloemfontein district.

He is a spare man of medium height, with a sharp face and dark moustache and beard, slightly grizzled. Himself accepting the Gospel according to the predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church, he nevertheless married a lady who followed the Dopper persuasion. He has several children, the eldest of them being a boy of about eighteen years of age.

So deeply has his anti-progressive and anti-English spirit entered into his nature, that he has brought up his family with little if any education, and has forbidden the use of the English language in his household. His own education was complete after a few months at a farm school, and the English language may not be mentioned among his accomplishments.

He owns, or rather owned, a farm on the high road between Bloemfontein and Wepener. Situated near it is the little town of Dewetsdorp, named after

the General's father. As in many other cases on record, the lack of education has not prevented de Wet from becoming a shrewd man of business, and his farm, under his practical hands, has yielded him wealth. Of late years he has speculated largely in farming produce, and on one occasion the writer saw him driving 400 pigs to Bloemfontein en route to Johannesburg. For de Wet with his consuming hatred of the English is at war with all things British save British money.

Although he has been for some time a member of the Free State Volksraad, he is not a politician of eminence, and his oratorical powers are of a very low order. He was chiefly to the fore in the discussion of any English question when his uncompromising hatred of all things British found vent in the most bitter and coarse invective. This hatred of the British appears to be part of the man's nature so strong and prominent that its influence is felt in every public action.

During the period which followed the Jameson Raid de Wet most sedulously fostered the spirit of racial hatred, and was most active in inflaming the burghers against the English people. In the Presidential contest then taking place the hopes of the Progressives of the Free State were centred in Mr. Fraser. In him is represented the intelligence and culture of the Free State, and under his guidance the State would have undoubtedly become prosperous within itself, and at peace with all South Africa.

For some time the result of the contest was a matter of doubt. Many of the more enlightened burghers had thrown in their lot with Mr. Fraser, especially those who resided near Bloemfontein and other progressive centres. It is not too much to say that the eyes of all South Africa were turned upon the contest. A young State was clearly at the parting of the ways. On the one hand, peace and prosperity; on the other, unreasoning prejudice and racial hatred.

It was under the leadership of such men as de Wet that the forces of reac-

tion triumphed, and the result of that evil victory may be seen in the present war. De Wet most bitterly opposed Mr. Fraser, and used all his influence amongst the burghers in favour of Mr. Steyn's candidature. It was an easy matter to persuade the alarmed burghers that an alliance with the Transvaal would be the only means of saving the two Republics. Mr. Fraser was opposed to Closer Union. He had fought for years against what he believed, and which has now proved, to be a disastrous policy, and at the polls he suffered for his opinions. But de Wet's opposition to Mr. Fraser cannot be better exemplified than by the following:—Speaking of the candidate he said (and the mildness of the remark is characteristic): "Ik zal mij bloed zien stort voor ik een—Engelschman zien President." ("I will see my blood spurt rather than see a——Englishman President.") This expression was a favourite of his, often used, and not necessarily implying a courageous nature.

On another occasion the employment of an Englishman to teach the English language at the Grey College aroused his indignation. The French language was taught by a Hollander, and why not the English by a German? During the same agitation he swore that his blood should "stort" for the beloved taal.

De Wet was extremely bitter against the Roman Catholic Church, and in a motion before the Raad sought to withdraw the annual grant of £50 to the Church; but to their credit be it said, the Raad members declined to embark on a campaign of religious persecution.

Previous to the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the Republics, de Wet had very little military experience. He was of tender years at the time of the Basuto War (1865-66), but was one of the number of Free Staters who disobeyed President Brand's proclamation of neutrality, and joined the Transvaal forces in their revolt against Britain in 1880. Serving under General Joubert, de Wet was present at the

battle of Schanz's Hoogte and Laing's Nek.

On that fatal Sunday morning, de Wet, together with 49 other Free Staters, volunteered to ascend Majuba Hill, with what result the world knows.

If his own statements are correct, he killed many rooineks that day. Amongst other relics of that day's fight, de Wet possesses a complete Highlander uni-

form, the owner of which he is said to have shot in cold blood. The soldier made a wild leap from a small cliff, and becoming entangled in a tree, fell an easy victim to the rifle of de Wet. It will be possible from these incidents to gain some insight into the character of a man who, deservedly or not, is becoming famous for his generalship in the present war.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN CHILI.

By an English Sportsman.

THE climate of Chili varies from constant rain, alternating with snow and gales of wind in the south, to perpetual sunshine and cloudless sky in the north. Coquimbo and its neighbourhood, which is much patronized by Her Majesty's ships, has an ideal climate. The sun rises and sets and performs his daily round in unclouded brilliancy. The midday sun is very powerful and the radiation of the heat from the rocks and hard-parched soil makes it rather trying to shooting. The difference between summer and winter is not great; the winter is the wet season, but the rainfall is only about four inches, which may fall in as many showers, and so the remainder of the year becomes monotonous in its serenity. The Chilian winter is our summer, and *vice versa*. March 1 therefore becomes the equivalent of our September 1, and is the opening day for partridge shooting. . . .

The naval officer, when he sets out on a day's excursion, either for the purpose of shooting or fishing, and quite irrespective of climate, whether in the tropics or Arctic regions, must start at a very early hour, generally before dawn. The reason of this precocious habit is, not that he prefers rising before the sun, but, from being stationed on the water and often far from the haunts of game, he is forced to find himself breakfasted and equip-

ped for the sport long before the world is accustomed to wake—that is, provided he wishes to have a fairly long day on his favourite ground. . . .

The country certainly does not impress one at first sight as being a likely place for harbouring game. The ground is baked hard, and bare, except for the few dead withered-looking bushes sparsely scattered over the plain, relieved here and there by cactus bushes. Up the valleys the bush is thicker, with occasional traces of a greenish colour. On each side of the valleys rise bare, rocky, precipitous hills, and along the bottom the dried-up water-courses of the mountain streams. Sometimes these river beds contain pools of water, or a little dampness only. Along the water-courses and on the slopes of the valleys are the best places for birds, which are always found in the proximity of water.

The partridge is about the size and colour of our English bird, and resembles it also in its rapid flight. In one particular it is vastly different; it rises with a shrill, screaming whistle, which is so very startling that it will completely upset a novice and spoil his aim. The necessity of the birds to frequent the water pools in the dry season has been taken advantage of by the country bumpkin, who does not shoot, to snare them. His mode of procedure is very simple. He fences

off the pool with branches of the cactus bush, leaving only a few openings. The partridge will not fly over the cactus, but walks round until it comes to an opening which it creeps through. At these openings the yokel has his snares set, and into these the partridge puts his head. If he can get a market for his game, the shooting will be destroyed in a very short time.

We sent the trap on to a rendezvous after having rid ourselves of all superfluous clothing, cartridges, and other weights. I consider that the best shooting costume for this country to consist of flannel trousers, or knickerbockers, flannel shirt, no coat, and a straw hat of the country. Strong shooting boots and leather leggings are a necessity as a protection against the spines of the cactus and other thorns; even a leather boot will not always turn a cactus spine.

We get into line, and beat a plain at the foot of the hills. The first bird rises about ten yards in front of the right-hand gun, and is promptly bagged. After this there is a long interval, and it is not until we arrive at the dry water-course that the birds become plentiful. We beat up the ravine. I take the right and Mr. S. the left flank. The guns are kept fairly active, and the shots proportionately distributed. Except for an occasional halt to retrieve a wounded bird from the thick bush, we march steadily up the valley. We begin to feel the straps of our bags across the shoulders. The walking is rough and fatiguing, while in the hollows the fierce midday sun is not tempered by any cooling breeze. It is, therefore, with great delight we come in sight of the tethered horses and the carriage, drawn up in the friendly shade of some rocks.

What more pleasant after a morning's tramp in this invigorating climate than the approach to the shade of a tree or rock, where the lunch is laid out? It does not take long to settle down and discuss the contents of the hamper, and I have noticed that however liberal the supply seemed when

being packed, little is wasted, and nothing returns after the camp followers have been satisfied. During the half-hour's rest and pipe which follows the lunch we gaze dreamily upon the country, shimmering under the noon-tide heat, and far away in the distance, and bounding the whole eastern horizon, rise the grand majestic Andes, robed in a bluish haze, and only relieved here and there by streaks of glittering white snow; while every breath of wind is like iced champagne, so deliciously cool and dry, quite unlike the climate at the coast, which is damp. Here in the country, instead of feeling listless and indolent, one is full of energy and vigour, so much so that we are eager to be off again. We engaged a boy to carry our bag for the afternoon; as the natives never walk, this boy was mounted, and, in fact, he could not walk, being swathed in long leather leggings and huge spurs which prevented his heels touching the ground. He attached himself to me, and when a bird fell he would clap spurs to his horse, gallop up, retrieve the bird, mount, and wheel into heel again. He was very keen, and where I could scramble over rocks and bush, the pony and boy, for they seemed one, followed. . . .

While we wend our way back to Coquimbo in the cool freshness of the night, the dark, jagged outline of the Andes becomes silhouetted against a lurid blaze in the sky, and in a few minutes rises the round orb of the moon. As the wheels plough through the loose sand and the carriage sways from side to side we experience that sleepy and agreeable tiredness and contentment which comes to all men after a successful day's sport—that peace with nature and all mankind which marks the day in our mental diary as a red-letter day. Long afterwards, in other climes and under duller skies, we will remember our partridge shooting in Chili, and the kind friends by whom and in whose company we enjoyed a capital day's sport.—*The Field*.

A NATIONAL MINT.

By the Editor.

CANADA has no national mint because, apparently, the people who manage the banks of Canada do not desire to see this country have a gold coinage. These gold coins might become popular, and the people might carry them in their pockets in place of bills. The banks gain the interest on their paper circulation only so long as they can compel people to carry it in their pockets. Hence, if people carried gold instead of paper the banks would lose that much return. Therefore the banks are opposed to Canadian gold coins.

Canada is a gold-producing country. A gold-producing country would, it is reasonable to presume, find gold coins a good advertisement of its gold mines. Canada has no gold coins, and therefore she loses what might be an excellent advertisement in all the countries where such coins might temporarily find circulation.

Writing in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* for October, 1899, W. Meyers Gray presented this case as follows :

"Sometime about the middle of July, 1899, the big steamship *Garronne* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., with \$3,000,000.00 worth, in round figures, of nuggets and gold dust from Dawson on the Yukon, good British gold, from good Canadian soil.

"The next day \$2,500,000.00 or this same gold went by train from Vancouver, in Canada, to Seattle in the United States, to be refined and minted there. Of course the inference to be drawn from this transaction would naturally be that the gold belonged to citizens of the United States of America, and that its passage through this part of Canada was the result of the accident of its owners coming or sending it this way, but such was not the case at all. As a matter of fact, nearly the whole of the \$2,500,000.00 be-

longed either to Canadian banks or English banks doing business in Canada.

"To people unacquainted with the working of the Canadian Currency Act this entry and exit of Canadian gold must seem curious, not to say phenomenal, and they must naturally ask, if they give it a thought, 'Why does all this Canadian gold go to the United States of America, instead of going to England or staying in Canada?' Well, if you will allow me I will try and explain. If it stayed in Canada it would only be merchandise, not available in its crude state of currency. As we have no mint in Canada to turn our gold into coin, we can neither set it in circulation as coin, or make it available as bank security to issue notes against. But if we had a mint in Canada, we would not be allowed to coin 'American eagles,' which same 'American eagles' by our patriotic Currency Act, are the sole standard upon which our Canadian currency is based; so the reason our gold goes out of Canada is that we have to send our native gold to a foreign country to be minted into foreign coins, to be re-imported for domestic use as currency.

"Of course, this is an astonishing anomaly, but it is only one of the natural workings of our Currency Act."

The Editor of the Vancouver *Province* has recently been offering decided opinions on the subject. He remarks :

"The Vancouver and Victoria Boards of Trade have endeavoured in vain to secure the establishment of a Government Assay office at Dawson. For this year, at all events there is no prospect of even so mild a remedy being furnished for the conditions which prevent Canadians reaping the benefits of the gold-producing capabilities of their own territory. We must still

see the stream of gold from the Yukon and Atlin flow past us to Seattle, carrying with it a large percentage of the trade which should be enjoyed by the cities of British Columbia. Almost daily comes announcements that quantities of the precious metal are on their way, some by Canadian and some by American steamers, to the Assay office at the Sound city. As Mr. Wilkie said, 'an immense volume of trade is being and will be lost to Canada through returning Yukon miners being forced to take their clean-up to a foreign mint.'

"At the general meeting of the Bank of Commerce, General Manager Walker said—

'In the Yukon district the output of gold has carried Canada from a position of insignificance as a gold producer to the fifth position among other nations. From 1887 to 1894 inclusive, we produced only about a million dollars' worth of gold annually. For 1899 official records give us credit for \$18,000,000, counting the Yukon district as \$14,000,000. Our own careful examination of Assay office records, however, gives \$16,000,000 for the Yukon, making a total for Canada of \$20,000,000. This year the result will be larger. It is of course unfortunate for the Klondike region that the rush to Cape Nome in Alaska may lessen the supply of labour and thus prevent the reduction of wages to a more reasonable figure. But the adverse influence of this can only be temporary.'

"New discoveries, especially those of gold-bearing conglomerate or quartz reefs, are making more sure the permanence of the northern fields as producers of the yellow metal. Quite characteristically, the slow-moving eastern mind refuses to take in the significance of all these facts and leave the rut in which the conditions of former days have placed it. If our people had been half as keen and half as much alive to their own interests as our neighbours to the south they would have long ere this have taken measures to keep their riches for themselves. Instead of listening patiently to a lot

of old-fogey cautions and platitudinous arguments against the establishment of a national mint, they would simply have insisted that a mint is necessary to meet the new conditions presented. The objections offered look extremely childish in the light of the advantages in the matter of trade which a mint would secure to the country. There is no valid objections to Canada having a gold coinage produced in her own mints. Even little Newfoundland finds it advantageous to have its own gold coinage, though it is not a producer of gold to any extent, and its mintage is done in England. Why should Canada hesitate to go a little further and mint its own gold coinage?

"If we are not to have a mint, it will surely be possible to convince the over-cautious people in the east that Government Assay offices are at least within the country's capacity. It would cost only a few thousands of dollars yearly to carry on two such offices, at Dawson and Vancouver, and the return of profit would be very considerable. Their presence would afford some measure of relief, but to meet the situation fully a mint would be necessary. The country should no longer have to reproach itself for inability to keep its gold and the trade that goes with it. Canadians sleep while their resources go to enrich the foreigner."

Apparently the Government has decided to meet the agitation with an experiment in the nature of a Government Assay office at Dawson, where the gold will be taken at its exact worth, and bank certificates issued for its value. This announcement has appeared in Western papers recently, and has not been denied by the Eastern journals that are likely to have knowledge of the subject. The full Government announcement will no doubt be made by the Premier or the Minister of the Interior at an early date.

An Assay office at Dawson will enable the Government to collect the gold and direct it into such channels that the United States will not be able to fictitiously include Canadian gold in its total mineral production. It will en-

able the miner to avoid all the risk and trouble of bringing the gold out of the country and taking it to United States ports for shipment to United States assay offices. The Government is to be congratulated on this excellent forward movement.

The next natural step will be the establishment of a mint. A Government desiring to do this will meet with much opposition from the banks. The reform will be steadily opposed in the future as in the past. Nevertheless it

must come. The interests of the people and the honour and dignity of the country demand it. Canada must have a gold coinage of its own to take the place of the eagle and the half-eagle now being used so much in this country. If Parliament is unwilling to go to the expense of a mint—although it will not be great—perhaps arrangements can be made with the British mint to coin Canadian five and ten dollar pieces.

HEIMWEH.

THE skies are blue, they say ;
Alas ! for me

The skies are leaden grey ;
I naught can see

Of azure tint or golden sunbeam bright ;
O'er all the landscape—dreary, hopeless night.

And scenes are fair, I'm told,
And hearts are gay ;

The fairest I behold
As vain display ;

And loathing turn, where others laugh and sing ;
Sad, sick at heart—a helpless wounded thing.

One spot alone on earth
Is bright to me ;

There centres all the mirth,
There I would be.

There, only there, God's sunlight pierces through,
And all the heaven paints with stainless blue.

You praise this land as fair,
Its streams, its bow'rs,
The common weeds were there
As rarest flow'rs !

The fields, Elysian ! Ah ! why should we roam ?
One spot alone enchants ; we call it Home !

Helen T. Churchill.

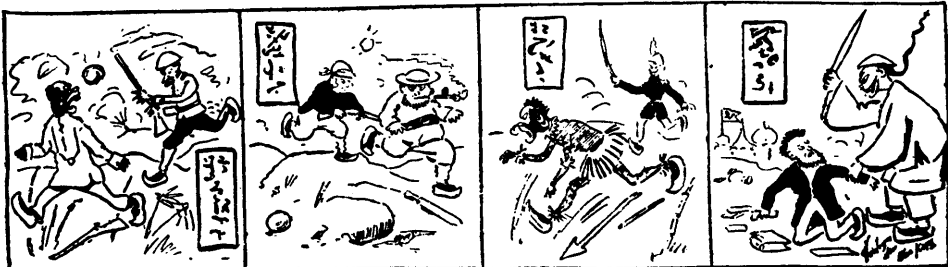
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

LAST month it was universally accepted that the Legations at Peking had been overwhelmed and little doubt was entertained that all the foreigners had perished, either during the attack, or afterward, by some refinement of Oriental cruelty. Such a tragedy has been averted by the brilliant march of the relieving force. That the Allies arrived in time was owing partly to the heroic self-defence of the little colony of foreigners, and partly to a change of policy on the part of the Chinese leaders. They hesitated to commit a crime that would have made it impossible for them afterward to deal with other nations on the basis of international law or morals; and they believed also that they could hold the foreigners as hostages to be sacrificed if the allies persisted in an advance. Most of the soldiers were sent out of Peking to meet the Allies on the road, and those that remained either had not the courage to press home their attack on the Legations despite the policy of the Government, or were kept under a degree of control. Whatever plans there might have been were, however, disconcerted by the splendid dash of the relieving force. Too great credit cannot be given to the officers and men of that force; yet it must be admitted that the Chinese made absurdly

poor use of their numbers and opportunities. The advance began about the first of August, and on the fifth a sharp engagement was fought at Piet-sang. The Chinese had chosen their position with considerable skill and defended it bravely for a time, but no very formidable resistance was offered at any other point. They were poorly organized and poorly led. It is surprising that the lessons of the South African war with regard to flanking movements had not made some impression upon the Chinese generals. China is yet no match for the powers she challenged. It is a matter of deep thankfulness that she was not able to carry out her darkest designs upon the foreigners within her capital. The whole situation has been rendered less acute by the relief of the Legations.

But the problem is still exceedingly complicated. China is not conquered. If an invading force should land at St. John, N.B., and march upon Fredericton, we would not consider that Canada had been conquered. If the capital had been at Fredericton we would move it to westward, even to Winnipeg or Edmonton if necessary. At the time of writing it is impossible to tell just what has happened or is happening at Peking. All that is known



America Educating the Filipinos.

England Chastising the Boers.

France Subduing the Abyssinians.

The Boxers Annihilating Missionaries.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CHINESE CARTOON ON ASSIMILATING MOVEMENTS THE WORLD OVER.

—The Atlanta Constitution.



CHORUS OF POWERS: "What a shame! He actually shows fight."—*Silhouette, Paris.*

is that the Legations have been relieved and that fighting is still going on. We do not even know that the Chinese Court has left Peking. Under these circumstances it is useless to comment upon the situation of the moment. There are, however, aspects of more permanent interest. Will the native Chinese unite against the Manchus and try to set up a native dynasty? If the allies could keep their selfish ambitions under control and would aid such a movement and regulate it, we would probably have the best solution of the difficulties. How does Japan look upon the situation, and what are her designs? How is Britain meeting the crisis? About Russia there is no uncertainty. She will, if she can, overrun and hold Manchuria. Germany, too, will take all she can get. Neither of these powers will be content without some substantial territorial acquisitions; and France will claim her share.

The United States alone among the allies appears not to be interested in Chinese territory. Most of the powers profess to favour a stable and independent government for China, and an "open door" for commerce; but Russia's seizure of territory, for which the invasion of Siberia has offered a plausible pretext, is certain to lead to a demand on the part of Germany, France, Austria and Italy for compensation in like kind. We must, therefore, dismiss the idea that the powers will withdraw and leave Chinese territory as they found it. Either China will ultimately drive them out, or they will establish themselves in all her best harbours and exercise sway over as much of the hinterland as they find it convenient and profitable to hold.

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What about Japan?

For three hundred years, at least, she has had territorial ambitions on the mainland. As long ago as the 16th century she overran Korea, which was in the position of a vassal State to China. Korean and Chinese troops together finally drove her out of every part except the port of Fusan, where she has ever since retained a foothold. In 1876, first of all the powers now interested, she made a commercial treaty with Korea, and in 1884 she made a treaty with China which provided among other things that China would not destroy the independence of Korea. In 1894, contrary to this agreement, China decided to send troops into Korea to quell an insurrection. Japan had been preparing for just such action by China or some other nation and war began, with the result that the Japanese possessed themselves of the Liao-tung peninsula, part of the province of Shan Tung, and took by storm

the naval strongholds of Port Arthur, Ta-lien-wan and Wei-hai-wei. By the treaty of Shimonoseki China was forced to cede to Japan the Island of Formosa, a great part of the Liao-tung and to pay an indemnity of 200,000,000 taels. Japan now appeared to be established on the continent and to have Corea in her grasp; but Russia desired the Liao-tung peninsula as a winter terminus for her great railway, and Japan was forced to yield to pressure from Russia, France and Germany, and even Wei-hai-wei passed from her hands into those of Britain. Her feelings may easily be imagined. Her resentment against the Western powers, with the exception perhaps of Britain and the United States, is far greater than any enmity she could have against China. There is no doubt, indeed, that she looks upon China as by right her peculiar preserve and that she feels a certain kinship and sympathy with her. If she could enforce it, she would proclaim a Monroe doctrine for the Far East. Her ambition is to be the leader of the Mongolian and Tartar races—against the rest of the world, if necessary. How then can we explain her readiness to take part in this punishment of China? In the first place, she is not ready to strike out a policy in opposition to the Western nations. This being the case, she must act with them in order not to be left out of any temporary settlement that occurs. Again, it is to her interest to bring the present difficulties in China to a rapid conclusion, because the longer they continue the more men the other nations will send out and the relatively weaker will she become. She must also firmly impress the Chinese with her ability and might as a first step toward reach-

ing a permanent understanding with them; and for this reason she could not allow her own Legation in Peking to remain in danger. It is now open to her to say that the Allies could not have reached Peking in time without her assistance, that her troops were the bravest of all and the best equipped, and also that they did not loot as the other troops did, but acted as real, though stern, friends in bringing China to her senses. These statements might not be true, but Japan would have some ground for making them, and it will readily be seen that she is in a better position than ever to gain the ear of the Chinese. On the other hand, she could use just the same arguments with the Allies in order to show that she is entitled to a full recognition by them. Japan is playing the shrewdest game in the Far East, and she will bear watching.

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Has Britain gained or lost so far?



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

This Box(h)er movement is all right if it is carried far enough.



H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA. BORN AT WINDSOR, AUGUST 6TH, 1844; SECOND SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA. DIED AT ROSENAU, JULY 30TH, 1900.

From a recent photograph.

She has lost. Her policy has been an independent Chinese Government and an "open door" for the commerce and enterprise of every nation in every part of China. She was opposed to territorial acquisitions by the powers. But Germany acquired Kiao-Chau, and Russia Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and Britain, to preserve the balance, took Wei-hai-wei. By force of circumstances her policy was gradually changed. Russia was assuming control over enterprises in the north and shutting out the British, particularly from railway enterprises. Finally, in May, 1899, Britain and Russia signed a convention to the effect that Britain would not seek railway concessions north of the Great Wall, nor obstruct Russian applications for concessions in that district, while Russia similarly bound herself with regard to the Yangtse valley. The richest and most populous district in China fell under British influence, but still this was not the freedom and equality she at first sought. The doctrine of "spheres of influence" began to take the place of the doctrine of the perfect "open door." However, as long as Britain retained her

predominance in the Yangtse valley, she could view with equanimity the change that was occurring. The British fleet was so strong in the Far East and Indian troops so near, that her power was visibly the greatest, and her prestige was correspondingly high. When the crisis came a few weeks ago, however, it was suddenly recognized that, not only Japan, but Russia, was almost as strong on the spot in war-ships, and in troops much stronger. Britain was only one among a number, and not easily first as she had been before. Then came her opportunity to fasten her hold upon the Yangtse. Russia was invading Manchuria, was besieging the treaty port of Newchwang, and had taken temporary possession of the Taku-Pekin railway; and what Russia takes hold of she does not easily release. European interests at Shanghai needed protection. Let Britain land a force there and she would be in a position to make terms with Russia and every other power before she need withdraw. This seemed to be her policy. Part of the British fleet, under Admiral Seymour, was stationed at Shanghai, and some transports with Indian troops were sent there. But the French, Russian, and German consuls objected to their landing, and the British Government ordered them to Wei-hai-wei. As soon as they had started, the consuls, having won their point, requested that they be landed, and a torpedo-boat was sent to recall them; and now we learn that a combined fleet, and not the British fleet alone, is to guard Shanghai and watch the Chinese ships in the Yangtse. And other foreign troops will be landed at Shanghai. Even in the Yangtse Britain is now only one among a number. Britain's intentions have all along been of the highest, and we can honour her motives. This in itself may be the greatest victory. But if we judge her by the standards of the game played by the other European powers she has lost and not gained. However, the game is not yet ended.

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In South Africa the war still drags

along. A notable success was gained by the British when General Hunter compelled the surrender of over 4,000 Boers in the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony. Nothing can quite make up to the Boers the loss of this number of fighting men with their horses, arms and ammunition. But General de Wet has partially retrieved the loss by his brilliant escape. He was with the forces that afterward surrendered, and recognizing the position as hopeless, undertook the daring alternative of striking across the country to the northwest through territory occupied by British troops. Not only did he maintain his force intact and elude the British forces sent from several directions to check and surround him, but he greatly increased his numbers by recruits from the burghers all along his line of march, who had given up their arms and returned to their farms. He is now to the north of the British in the Transvaal, and able to join forces with General Botha, if concentration is their policy. It is a good thing to have the country to the south so largely cleared of the enemy, but it



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES, NOW VICTOR EMANUEL III., OF ITALY.

From a recent photograph.

would have been infinitely better to have cleared it by capturing de Wet. The problem is becoming simplified, but there is probably hard fighting yet in store. The plot to capture Lord Roberts and murder officers of his staff was fortunately frustrated. It is additional evidence of the desperate and irreconcilable spirit that still prevails. On August 14th the Cape Government won its first victory on a division, when, by a vote of 46 to 38, a motion to appoint a commission to enquire into the administration of martial law was defeated. It is most satisfactory to know that the extreme Afrikaner element in the Cape Parliament is not in the majority. The outlook would be far less hopeful if it were. As it is, some broad-minded and patriotic Afrikaners, like Mr. Schreiner, are supporting the Government, because they recognize the danger of a deadlock or a triumph of the extremists.



HIS MAJESTY HUMBERT I., RENIER CHARLES EMANUEL JEAN MARIE FERNAND EUGÈNE, KING OF ITALY. BORN AT TURIN, 1844; ASSASSINATED AT MONZA, JULY 29TH, 1900.

From a recent photograph.

On July 29th King Humbert of Italy was assassinated by the anarchist Bresci. Militant anarchism is dangerous lunacy. Starting from a premise of the unquestionable want and misery in the world, these men reach the foolish



HER MAJESTY MARGHERITA, QUEEN DOWAGER
OF ITALY.

From an old Photograph.

conclusion that conditions will be righted if the crowned heads or chief executive officers of a State are murdered. They can neither understand nor endure the long processes by which alone the laws of social evolution work. "The King is dead; long live the King!" One individual is succeeded by another; the system can be altered only by slow degrees. It is not hard to understand how the illogical doctrines of anarchism take hold of certain minds. But one strange feature is that they will submit to the tyranny of their own organization, when they rebel against the milder restraints of social laws. A man delegated to kill a king must make the attempt. They live under such compulsion as society never imposes. But society must not make the same mistake with anarchists that anarchists make with society. The imprisonment or execution of a few men will not stamp out the disease. The most vigorous measures should be employed, and no dangerous character should be allowed liberty to carry out his nefarious purposes; but conditions

must be improved and much educating must be done before there will cease to be recruits to the ranks of anarchism. If we take Italy for an example, we find much just cause for discontent. The Italians are the most heavily taxed people in Europe.

There has been incompetence and worse in Italy's financial administration. During the last few years efforts have been made to improve the situation, but they have been badly devised. It is estimated that the poorer classes bear fifty per cent. of the taxation. The essentials of life are heavily taxed, while luxuries largely escape; and the State lotteries supply no small part of the revenue. But for this condition King Humbert had little responsibility as compared with the Italian Parliament; and back of the Parliament there is always the people. Personally, King Humbert was a popular and honourable man.

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Bulgaria and Roumania are growling at each other. Some day there will be serious trouble in the Balkans, and one cannot tell what may precipitate it, or how soon it may come.



PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF MONTENEGRO, NOW
QUEEN OF ITALY.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

WHERE is the new woman? For months the magazines and papers have had nothing to tell about her. She has had little to say for herself, and that little has been surprisingly moderate in tone. No new doctrines, no new propaganda, no sublime record of fresh advancement have proceeded from herself or her champions. Even female suffrage—that greatest of all ultra female reforms—is not a live subject.

It would seem that the Anglo-Saxon race has been brought back to something of its primeval position by reason of the wars in which the United States and the British Empire have recently been engaged. The warrior has again mounted his steed. Courage, daring and physical endurance have been reincarnated as the virtues of the race. "The Soldiers of the Queen," "The Blue and The Gray," "When Johnny Canuck Comes Marching Home," are the popular songs. The "man" behind the gun has been praised and glorified. The Viking with his deeds of daring is once more the theme of song and story.

Before the Spanish-American and South African wars burst forth the Anglo-Saxon peoples were like Wellington's officers at the Brussels ball the night before Waterloo :

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell.

The voice of the woman was heard everywhere, and little was denied her during the years immediately preceding 1899; but during that year the call to arms shut out all other sounds. The voice of the female agitator was hushed. War brought back the

knowledge that she was but the weaker vessel. It reaffirmed, what the race had almost forgotten, that man is the guardian, the defender, the fighter, the ruler; that woman is but the mother and comforter of voters, warriors and rulers, the nurse of the wounded, and the chief mourner for the slain. War has told the race once again that in the time when Force is King woman may give her husband, her sons or her lover, but she cannot give herself. It has proven afresh that she is the minor individual, to be loved, cherished, respected, but never raised to political equality.

The sphere of the woman is the home. If in a moment of weakness man appeared to believe that if she claimed a larger sphere she was capable of filling it, that moment of weakness passed. If under the peculiar conditions of prolonged peace woman came to believe that she was the equal of man in everything, changed circumstances have proven that her belief was an hallucination. The fictions of female reformers have been exposed and destroyed—for a time at least. The falsity of their claims, the weakness of their arguments have been exposed. For some years to come they must hide these claims, lest they be laughed at and derided.

Was it the blood of women that was shed that Britain might say a funeral service before the Khartoum Palace where Gordon had died nearly fourteen years before, that the British Empire might regain its national self-respect by re-hoisting its flag over an outpost that had been desecrated by an enemy? Was it the blood of women that was shed when the soldiers of the great American Republic pulled down the slave-holder's flag which floated over a down-trodden Cuba? Was it an army of females that held Mafeking and Ladysmith and Kimberley, that marched

from Paardeburg and the Tugela to Johannesburg and Pretoria? Was it a brigade of women which fought its way from the coast to Peking to show the ignorant Chinese that a foreign-devil must not be slaughtered without reason? No! Such work requires men—men of brawn and pluck, men of muscle and valour, men who shudder not at the sight of slaughter and carnage. It was the blood of men that was shed in these enterprises, just as it was the blood of men that flowed

On Hastings' unforgotten field eight hundred years ago.

And yet the women of the Anglo-Saxon race have played their part. Indirectly they, too, have shed their blood, but it is only indirectly. They may rule and guide the world, but only indirectly. Nor is our reverence for them the less because they may fight only by proxy.

The day of peace will return, and when it comes again let the women remember the day of war. The one who holds the gun is the one who should hold the ballot. The soldier is the voter, the general the statesman. The one who in time of war binds up the wounds or keeps the hearthstone swept until the warrior returns must be content in time of peace to perform the same duties. Tame, self-denying duties they are, demanding a high degree of patience; but self-denial and patience are womanly virtues. She alone may worthily rock the cradle and guide the shaky steps of the future man. In this holy but narrow sphere she must be content to play her part. Here, and here only, may she stand guard against infidelity, licentiousness, and the vices which beset mankind. Here, and here only, can she bring forth the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance and encourage others to produce like fruit.

Because woman's sphere is narrow it does not follow that it is unimportant. The home is just as essential as

the State or the Church, perhaps more. The woman who guards, preserves and illuminates the home is performing an equal duty with the soldier whose vigilance as a sentinel guards the regiment's camp from surprise. To perform home duties intelligently and faithfully requires like qualities to those demanded of men who perform political duties. The importance of this sphere is amply proven by the character of the young men and young women who grow up without having felt the guiding and restraining influence of a refined and well-regulated home life. This is the body from which the criminal class draws most of its recruits.

And yet the guardian and sweetener of the home may with benefit to herself and the community enlarge her activities as her circumstances warrant. Her services in schools, hospitals, asylums and church will be beneficent to herself and others if these services are whole-hearted and earnest, and not undertaken for self-glorification. The grace of womanhood may be preserved even by the woman who goes forth to advocate temperance in public, as Frances Willard did, for the saloon is the enemy of the home. A woman may be a humble imitator of Grace Darling, Rosa Bonheur, or any one of the score of women who have achieved fame and remained gracious women. She may not be a Madame Blavatsky, an Annie Eva Fay, or a loud-mouthed advocate of woman suffrage, and retain the respect and admiration of men and women. She may not be a female "bounder."

While everybody is willing to recognize that the boy is father to the man, it must not be forgotten that the daughter is mother to both the man and the woman. The physical development, the home-training and the school education of girls is a great factor in the development of the race. This fact is too often overlooked. A refined and educated mother usually means refined and cultured sons; an

ignorant and boorish mother will generally have ignorant sons. A refined and educated mother means refined and educated daughters, who in their turn become mothers of the proper stamp.

Let females, therefore, be educated. It will enable them to perform their duties with greater pleasure and higher success, and it will have an enormous influence on the progress of the race. The girl should have the same opportunity as the boy in public school; when she leaves that she should attend the girls' college or the university, and be encouraged to develop her mental qualities as far as she may. The education of a girl should be different from that of a boy, but it should be just as thorough. Those who plough must inevitably be masters of those who can only ask for food, but that is no reason why these weaker persons should lack in education, physical culture and mental development.

The legal profession is at the head of the political game in the United States. President McKinley is a lawyer, and so are Bryan, Roosevelt and Stevenson, the other presidential and vice-presidential candidates. Lawyers seem to make excellent political leaders, though the reason for this and the justice of it are not as clear as a philosopher might wish to have them.

In Canada the same rule obtains. Sir John Macdonald was a lawyer, the Hon. Edward Blake and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are lawyers. Sir Oliver Mowat and many other provincial leaders are lawyers. The legal profession surpasses all others in the number of its representatives who have seats in our Parliament. Filling the minor offices in the Governmental service and in the political machine are many more lawyers. Politics and law seem to be harnessed together in this country.

Whether there is any fault to be found with our democracy because it forces lawyers to the head of our political systems is an open question. It certainly is just as well for the political

systems that lawyers should direct them. The only real danger under the Canadian system is that in making politicians of the lawyers you injure to some extent the legal and the judicial systems. The lawyer who mixes much in politics is seldom as good a lawyer as he would otherwise have been. And yet unless a lawyer becomes a politician he cannot get a judgeship. Appointments to the judiciary are now political appointments, and a part of our modified "spoils" system.

Many times during the past few years we have seen Canadian lawyer M.P.'s doing all sorts of hack work for the political party to which they gave allegiance, and we have later seen the reward appear in the nature of a judgeship.

Now if the lawyer could become a judge without the intervention of the politician stage it would be much better. Why should a lawyer M.P. be compelled to stifle his judgment, be compelled to abase himself before the god of politics as a preparation for the filling of the highest office which a man may fill—the office of judging between man and man and between the State and the citizen? Is it not, to say the least, a peculiar system? And is a man not justified in declaring that such a system is degrading to both the legal and the judicial professions?

Just when Parliamentary candidates are being chosen in all the Canadian constituencies, it may be opportune to recall Sir William Meredith's recent statement to the graduates of the University of Toronto, who if Canadian politics was a dirty stream it was because the men that ought to keep it pure permit it to be so. The choosing of candidates should not be left in the hands of wire-pullers and party hacks. Every university graduate and every man of means and education should make himself felt in this work, so that honest and honourable men may be chosen to compete for our highest Parliamentary honours.

John A. Cooper.



BOOK REVIEWS

CURRENT FICTION.

CONCERNING the mysteries of "society" in the United States it behoves one to speak with reserve. We foreigners are bound to believe that the Republic is what it claims to be, a democracy, free from the baleful influences of an aristocracy of birth and a hereditary monarchy. If we are to judge from the reflections of Judge Grant's heroine *, society in New York is afflicted by some of the evils which belong to older civilizations. Selma White is persuaded that she is soulful and patriotic, that she possesses the requisite qualities to shine in any circle, and that, in consequence, it should not be possible, in a democratic community, for any doors to be closed against her. But through certain doors she finds herself unable to pass, and (one regrets to find) to the very last page of the book they remain apparently as firmly shut as ever. We may suppose that Selma is a type: handsome, well-mannered, ambitious and hard. That she is also inordinately conceited and unprincipled may be merely the prejudice of a foreigner. She divorces her first husband (for good cause) and in a month marries a New York architect, a man of some refinement and distinction, but without social ambitions. In declining to be a toady and to grow rich by gambling he loses his wife's affection and dies broken-hearted. Selma now concludes that social success can best be secured by political advancement. She marries a member of Congress who becomes the Governor of his State. By breaking (at her urgent request) his word of honour he is chosen Senator. The curtain now drops. We must assume

that the book betrays insight into both social and political conditions in the States. There is a suggestion of satire in the constant repetition of sounding phrases about liberty, and the public good, and the equality of men which may perhaps be the proper equipment of a democrat, but which sound marvellously like the declamations of the demagogue. The satire—if a United States writer can be satirical about his own country and retain a whole skin—imparts a relish to the dialogue at once amusing and instructive. The novel well deserves its success.



"Hilda Wade" * is the last novel Grant Allen wrote. It belongs to a class of fiction which has become very popular of late: pure romance with an intensely modern environment. Hilda is a sheer impossibility. So is Sebastian, the famous physiologist, in whose hospital Hilda becomes a nurse in order to clear her father's memory from the accusation of murder. There is something pathetic in a man like Grant Allen toiling at fiction (which he wrote indifferently well) in order to make a living, while the pursuit of science was his soul's delight. In these pages he propounds some fine scientific problems for purposes of fiction. He creates materials which are used with masterly skill. But even the average ignorant reader is not deceived. We feel that Sebastian's wonderful anæsthetics, and his ability to murder under the guise of medical treatment is not science, but only a cheap hocus-pocus worthy of the trashiest "shilling shocker." Hilda finally gains her end, and Sebastian confesses

* *Unleavened Bread*. By Robert Grant. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* *Hilda Wade*. By Grant Allen. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

on his deathbed that her father was an innocent man, ruined by his friend who, for the sake of scientific research, administered too powerful a drug to a dying patient. Her ambition accomplished, Hilda subsides, with meek submission, into the arms of a commonplace young sawbones. Those who read for the "story," will be perfectly satisfied; those who dimly feel that fiction, like the drama, can be made to serve a powerful purpose in revelation of character, in delineation of the strongest passions of the human heart, will conclude that the modern novel is, after all, often a very slight performance.

A large fortune places mighty forces in a man's hand. Christopher Lambert,* suddenly finding himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice, conceives the idea of dabbling in statecraft, the scene of operations being three small European states on the border between Austria and Prussia. His aim is to unite them into a compact territory under one rule. To do this he arranges for the marriage of the Princess Xenia and Prince Karl, rulers of two of the petty kingdoms. The third is to be conquered, and Lambert finances the whole scheme. The chief danger is the power of Prussia, which wants to absorb the states. One of Lambert's pawns in the game is a German governess, for whom he secures a post about the Princess. This woman, through jealousy, betrays the plot to the Prussian agent. Lambert's house of cards tumbles to the ground and he narrowly escapes death at the hands of a revolutionary society, which, pledged to a republic, he had attempted to use as an instrument for the creation of a monarchy. The Princess Xenia's throne disappears in the storm, and we may, without severe labour of mind, imagine her fate. The reader is amused and interested throughout. Mr. Watson is no tyro as a maker of modern romances, and in "The Princess Xenia" his talents are displayed to the best advantage.

*The Princess Xenia. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

A new condition of things, as far as Canadian books are concerned, is set up by the new Copyright Act which was passed at the late session of the Canadian Parliament. That Act, having been assented to by the Governor-General, is now in force and not, as some persons seem to suppose, in a state of suspended animation, awaiting the pleasure of the Imperial authorities. Under our constitution it is subject to Imperial disallowance during two years, but meanwhile it is part of the law of the land. This Act is a simple affair, and deals with a single aspect of the whole question. Mr. George Morang and the publishers and literary men associated in the movement are to be congratulated upon the result of their labours, for they have taken the first practical step toward making Canadian authorship a remunerative occupation by making the business of publishing itself more remunerative. The Act provides that when a Canadian publisher purchases from the owner of an English book the right to issue a Canadian edition, other editions are excluded from this country. Hitherto the Canadian publisher was unable to secure his own market (even when he had paid for it), and thus was deprived of the profits on the most popular, and consequently the best-selling, English books. Even when the English publisher endeavoured in good faith to prevent the sale of cheap colonial editions here, the transaction could be effected through a middleman, and the Canadian publisher forced to meet a competition from which, by the terms of his bargain, he was to be protected. Prosperous publishing houses have done, and can do, much for literature. The new Act affects in no way the publishing of Canadian books issued first in this country. It does not directly protect, encourage or bonus the Canadian author. But it provides for the Canadian publisher a surer means of profit, and puts him in a stronger position as an encourager of native writers who cannot (usually) bear the expense of publishing, and

who cannot in consequence devote their talents to work which may bring them no pecuniary return. There is a reasonable expectation that the new Act will not be interfered with by the Imperial authorities, and that in time it will redound to the benefit of Canadian bookmaking and authorship.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Surely there is a limit to the benefits derivable from cheap books. Free libraries now dot the land. No poor boy can truthfully say that the best literature is beyond his reach. The classics are to be had in popular editions at moderate prices. Both these devices for bringing good books to the masses of the people are praiseworthy, and to be encouraged. But a book may be cheap without being too cheap as a specimen of bookmaking. There is a tendency to issue editions which, from every point of view, are to be deplored. A Toronto newspaper lately contained an enticing advertisement of "two cloth-bound books for 25c.," and such offers tempt persons to buy without consideration a class of books—as books—which no self-respecting shelf should be asked to hold up. There is, one fears, a steady deterioration of taste in this matter. No student, however humble his accomplishments, no true lover of learning, however lean his purse may be, wishes to accumulate a load of trashily and often flashily-bound books. They have no durable qualities in the binding. The paper is thick, heavy and easily destroyed. The type is broken and defaced. Usually they are monstrosities, and are sold on the counters from which you may also purchase sugar and flannel and tacks. They are a delusion, and a library containing them is no credit to its owner. Like a hideous daub, passing itself off as a picture, their influence is to vitiate, not elevate, the taste. Against such, the young should be warned. They often appear, when not carefully examined, to be bound with some regard to the rules of art. A discriminating eye soon distinguishes

their tawdry finery. To bind the works of a great author in seemingly attractive covers while the paper and the type are worthless, is an insult to his genius, for they are not "books" at all, they are cheap imitations of the real thing and should be shunned as refinement shuns vulgarity, as scholarship avoids the sciolist and the fraud.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

It is announced that Mr. Sanford Evans is at work upon a book embodying the whole story of the Canadian contingent of troops sent to South Africa on Imperial service. The sending of troops to join in the war marked a new and bold policy on the part of Canada, and we may be sure that, as the years go on, it will stand out in the history of the Dominion as an event of far-reaching importance. It is fitting that the episode should be dealt with in all its phases, political as well as military, and in the hands of Mr. Sanford Evans it is sure to receive the careful thought and to display the excellence of workmanship which the subject demands. The book will review the events leading up to the decision to send a contingent, and will record, in narrative form, the achievements of the three corps in the field. Needless to say, its appearance will be awaited with interest, and it should form an acceptable record of a highly significant national event.

The latest books of the month include: "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "The Girl at the Half-Way House," by E. Hough, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "As Seen By Me," by Lilian Bell, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "Soldiering in Canada," by Lt.-Col. George T. Denison, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "Sport In War," by Lt.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co. Of course, Col. Denison's book will appeal especially to Canadians. It will be reviewed at some length next month.



IDLE MOMENTS



MY FIRST SERMON.

IT was my first sermon. Confused headlines lay before me on my desk. Imaginary audiences passed 'twixt me and the farther end of the room. I saw myself, gowned and ministerial, holding forth the doctrines of my faith.

And yet I winced. Was I a man to point the way to my fellows?

Still, in imagination, my hearers seemed to heed my words. Fancy pictured some of them coming forward to take me by the hand, and to say that I had given them a new light, that I had set them thinking.

And yet I winced.

Away down in my deepest thoughts I knew that there was a doubt. Had I the strength to practice what I preached? Could I, alone in the world, withstand the battering of temptation? Ah, no! I knew that I could not. Without *her* I knew that it was impossible. That's what made me wince.

Sometimes during my college days I was on the verge of wishing that I had turned my steps along another path. That was cowardice. Once, I confess it, I would have been glad had mother's last words not been a wish that I should enter the ministry. That was unmanly. But cowardice and unmanliness will creep into a man's life sometimes in spite of him. That is my experience; others may see it differently.

My mother died when I was but a youth. But even then I never forgot her wish, although at times my conscience pricked, for within my heart I knew that often the son was unworthy of his heritage.

Then a new life came into mine, a life that made me yearn to make myself worthy of my calling, worthy of *her*. Gloomy days, nor bright days, her sweet face never forsook me; and

often, when the will was weak and the voice of the tempter strong, the remembrance of her pure, noble life gave me strength to stand erect and turn my steps toward her.

Throughout my college days her influence was greater than that of the Provost, her teaching more subtle than the exegesis of the Scriptures or my researches in Sanskrit and Hebrew.

At last I came to my first sermon. Confused headlines lay before me on my desk. Imaginary audiences passed 'twixt me and the farther end of the room. I saw myself gowned and ministerial, holding forth the doctrines of my faith.

And yet I winced.

I thought of her and of how much my life depended upon her influence. With her always by my side I knew that I could face anything, even sneers of the skeptical. But I needed her, I knew that. I wanted to hear her say that mine was a noble calling, of which I should be proud.

I decided to go to her, even from the midst of my confused headlines, and learn if she would follow with me the lead of my first sermon, if she would become my wife.

She laughed, and somehow, the coquetry of it was not at all like *her*.

"A minister's wife!" she said. "The very idea!" and she laughed again. "A minister's wife!"

That was enough. She need not have said anything about the plays and the dances she would miss. 'Twould have been in better taste had she refrained from mentioning the week-night prayer-meeting and the after-gathering on Sunday. I knew of that. When she pictured herself as president of "this auxiliary" and secretary of "that aid" I reached for my hat. By the time she had said that perhaps she would care for me if I were to try some other line, say religious journalism or something, I was at the door. I shook

my head, but her suggestion set me thinking.

"Never mind the sermon," she said, as she bade me good-night. "Go out into the world like other men."

Back in my room again, I faced the confused headlines. Gradually they began to take shape, and involuntarily I added others. When I had finished; I decided that I would fulfil my engagement—preach that sermon the coming Sunday, anyway. Then I would turn my attention to something else—I would win her.

The church was in the suburbs. The audience bore with me throughout, and at the close of the service, as is customary, a few came forward to shake hands. With them, to my astonishment, was she, waiting her turn.

On the way to the car, going home, I said that I had not expected to see her there.

"You great, silly goose," she replied, clinging to my arm, "do you think I would miss your first sermon? I was only proving you. I wouldn't give a pinch for a man that would give up such a calling for me."

Again I winced—but I am still preaching.

Newton MacTavish.

••

MURPHY'S PRISONER.

As Murphy drew near to the river, the smell of smoke became suddenly very apparent. Even the stout broncho which he bestrode, threw back its head and nosed about as if suspicious of its surroundings.

"His last camp, poor devil; how he must feel, escaping from he knows not what and going into this great land of no-where-in-particular."

Murphy, of the North-West Mount-Police, addressed these remarks to himself. He cultivated this habit partly to exercise his organ of speech, and partly to break the long monotonous silence which had hung over him all day.

The horse and rider presently drew up beside the smouldering remains of a fire, over which a small bent stick

still leaned, and a piece of ragged meat still sissled at its top.

"Well, Sally, we will not go any farther to-day, anyhow, and from indications I would predict that our chase is about ended. We've followed yonder fellow nigh seven hundred miles and we have got him at last, but, Sally, think of that long journey home again."

The little beast neighed gently, by way of reply to her master, and then directed her whole attention to the rank vegetation at the water's edge, while Murphy undid the stout buckles of her riding gear and patted her gaunt flanks.

He soon had the fire blazing merrily enough, and after a sumptuous meal of dried meat and oatcake, washed down with copious draughts of water from the river, he spread his blanket and drew out his pipe. His short police-carbine he placed within easy reach of his hand and his saddle made a pillow for his weary back.

He compared his position with that of the fugitive ahead and laughed a hard mirthless laugh. Then his thoughts reverted back to the little post not many miles from Edmonton where his companions were awaiting his return.

Gradually his whole life lay spread out before him as in a dream. He could see his boyhood days at the old home in Ireland, and his mother standing on the kitchen stoop calling the men to dinner, and then his checkered career during early manhood until one dark rainy midnight he landed in Regina, and landed hard, too, as the conductor of a through freight had kicked him none too gently from his bed on the coal tender on to the station platform. Then he remembered how proud he felt when first he donned the smart blue uniform of the police boys, and also how he wrestled with the horses until he became sergeant-instructor in the riding school; and then the hard lines of his face relaxed as the picture of a woman fair and golden-haired, sitting in a hammock on a rancher's verandah, passed before his eyes, for Murphy, like most men

who have seen so much of life, had time to weave his own little bright spot of trust and romance, like a silver thread in a shawl of homespun. Then he thought of that weary ride all alone with nothing but his British pluck and duty to back him up. Seven hundred miles from civilization with one frail horse and a few cartridges between him and the great unknown!

As the night shadows blurred the landscape and the silence of supreme solitude settled like a pall over the whole earth, he forgot the purpose of his wandering and the poor, desperate man in front of him became a bosom friend.

A sudden snapping twig or the stirring of his horse, awoke him from his gloomy reverie, and he instinctively grasped his carbine. He mechanically looked at his watch and noted that his time was just twelve o'clock.

Again the noise, now quite distinct, resounded to his left, and then a long lean shape slouched boldly into the circle of light, and before Murphy was his man, with unkempt hair, and wild, bloodshot eyes, and clothes hanging in ribbons from his body. Horse gone, gun gone, everything lost but life, he stood defiant and grim awaiting the welcome from his enemy the police.

Murphy arose and held out his hand and the other grasped it, but neither spoke, and the little fire crackled brighter than before.

At last Murphy broke the silence, and his voice was thick and hoarse.

"Was it for this, Tim McShane, that you and I went to school together in that far-off town in Connaught? Where we fished with the same pole in the village creek, and where we stood side by side when the big boy undertook to thrash us? Was it to arrest you that I came seven hundred miles alone on my pony, for the gratification of strangers, and they told me you were a desperate man and that I daren't do it? No, Tim, no, you and I are friends, alone in a lonely land, and we will travel back to civilization, and you can go your way and I'll go mine. Your course is free. No one

knows but I where you are, and I can tell them that you died out here with hunger."

Beads of perspiration stood upon the forehead of Murphy as he talked.

"I'm going back, Murphy," answered the other; "I'm going to give myself up. I don't care what they do with me. I've travelled nigh three months alone into the great north land, and I knew you were upon my trail, and I could have doubled back and shot you but I wouldn't. No, Murphy, your case is far different from mine, and I'm going back to that little jail in Prince Albert, and they can hang Tim McShane if they like. I killed a man once, but it was in self-defence, and I cannot live an eternity out in this God-forsaken place. Let me lie down, Murphy, by your fire and I will go as your prisoner in the morning."

The two men, the policeman and the felon, lay down side by side, and brotherly love was dim beside the passion aroused in each heart. And the pony in the neighbouring thicket watched while the sleepers slept.

R. Henry Mainer.

TREED BY WOLVES.

"YES, you may go and welcome, if you are fools enough." Thus spake the boss when Bill and I requested permission to attend a dance in the settlement, some seven miles distant from our lonely shanty.

"Thank you for your permission and compliments," I replied. And in five minutes we were off.

The night was clear, but very cold. The moon was just rising behind the fringe of trees that bordered the lake, and threw long, strange shadows on the glistening snow.

Bill was my special chum, and I was proud of him. He was a genuine product of the Emerald Isle, and by reason of his ready wit and good nature was a general favourite with all the boys in the camp.

"Sure and what did old Windy Whiskers mean by saying that we were fools for coming out on a night like this," remarked my companion.

"Hark," I said. Far away in the distance we could hear the gathering howls of a pack of wolves.

"And what of them sneaking beasts," he replied, "haven't we heard them every night for a month."

"Yes, my friend, but to hear them when you are out in the woods often produces a different feeling than when you are lying snug in your bunk," I remarked.

"But they wouldn't attack both of us, would they?" he asked in surprise.

"Let us hope that we may be spared the pleasure of an introduction," I replied. As the roads were good we were not long in reaching our destination. A large party had assembled, and dancing was in progress.

It was not long, however, before we discovered that our presence was not required. Some young men had come from another camp bringing a quantity of liquor, and were soon engaged with the boys from the settlement in what promised to be a regular "Donnybrook Fair," as Bill called it; so, to avoid being mixed up in the fight, we left for home.

It was midnight as we reached the woods. The moon rode high in the heavens, and her light was sparkling on the frosted trees as on a wreath of diamonds. We had not covered a mile of the forest road, when we heard the dismal howls of a pack of wolves; but we quickened our steps, hoping to reach the camp in safety. They were coming at right angles to the road, but we increased our pace to a run. In a few minutes they were in full cry after us.

"To the trees," I shouted, and choosing two birches about twelve feet apart, we hastily scrambled up. We had just reached seats in the branches when the pack came in sight, ten in number. They did not go on, as I had fondly hoped, but without a moment's delay made right for the trees. They would spring up as high as they could, fall back and try it again, all the while making the air hideous with their howling, snarling and yelping.

Bill soon began to see the ludicrous side of the situation. "Do you see that grizzled heathen there?" he cried, pointing to the leader of the pack, "and don't he look like the Boss? I'll bet you a plug of tobacco that he can jump a foot higher than any of his fellow brigands."

Bill now began kicking his feet against the tree to warm them, and the wolves, thinking that he was coming down, crowded around snarling and snapping at one another. I remarked that it was hardly fair for him to monopolize all of the audience in that way.

"It's my good looks," he replied, "see how they admire me. You shaggy, lantern-jawed spalpeen"—as the old fellow sprang to within three feet of him—"if I was as anxious for your company as you are for mine, we would be good comrades. My feet are freezing for sure, I wish I had the cook-stove up here."

An idea came to me like a flash, and I got out my knife and peeled off large strips of bark. "What's that for?" asked Bill.

"I'm going to entertain the audience," I replied.

I set fire to the bark, and when it was blazing brightly, I let it fall. With howls and yelps the wolves scattered. "Hurrah!" shouted my companion, hastily following my example, "You don't like fire-works. Sure if your feet were as cold as mine, you'd enjoy it, so you would."

We continued to throw down the blazing bark, and the wolves became more and more alarmed; one after another they turned tail and fled. At last they were all gone.

After waiting for a time to see that they had really left, we climbed down and warmed up our chilled limbs by a good run. We reached camp without seeing any more of our enemies, and Bill speedily became a hero. He was never tired of telling the story, with special reference to the "gray, grizzled heathen" that looked like the Boss.

J. Harmon Patterson.

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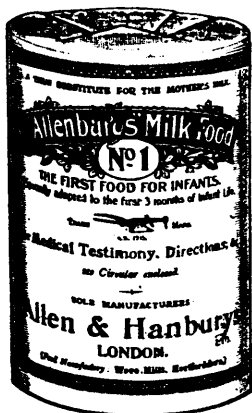
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At all Grocers.
Millions use it.

Beware of substitutes claimed
to be the same as, or as good
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613

A Skin-Deep Beauty

When buying solid silver, you want more than a "skin-deep beauty"—the **STERLING** quality must be there.

If you want to get what you are paying for, insist on goods bearing our trade mark—all such are warranted $\frac{925}{1000}$ parts pure silver—and the warranty is backed by assets of hundreds of thousands of dollars and half a century's good business reputation—you will not find as good a guarantee in other marks.



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Good Judges Know

They are all that suspenders should be—stretch only when you do and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

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ready cooked.
crisp.
Delicious.

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At all Grocers

**Exquisite
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These are the four corners on which this famous Indian tea has built up such an enormous trade in Eng-

**Great
Strength**

land, and it is on the same foundation that the trade is being built in Canada.

**Ram Lal's
PURE INDIAN TEA**

This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an expensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed packets only. Ask your grocer for

**Uniform
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Ram Lal's
Pure Indian Tea

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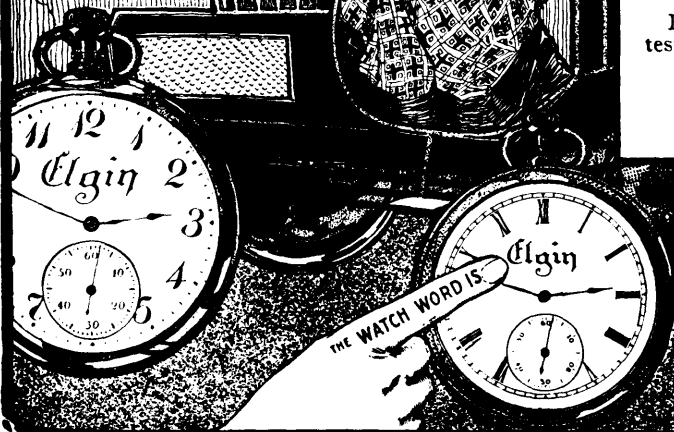
Run all 'round the world—run with precision—run for a lifetime.

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An Elgin Watch always has the word "**Elgin**" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed. Send for free booklet—"The Ways of a Watch."



The Original Disc-Talking Machine.

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BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE



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Without doubt the best amusement producer and entertainer on earth.

Its simplicity is such that a four-year-old child can operate it perfectly.

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Our records are the only ones on which you can get the **GENUINE Sousa's Band** production. All others claiming to have Sousa's Band records are **FAKES**, pure and simple, and Sousa will substantiate this statement.

Each record is signed by the maker, and the signature is reproduced in fac-simile on every copy.

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and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

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contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

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BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN
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REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 51 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

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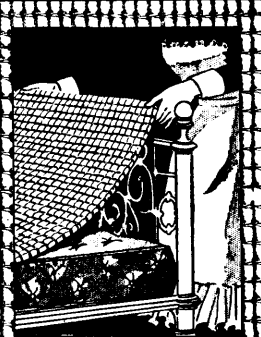
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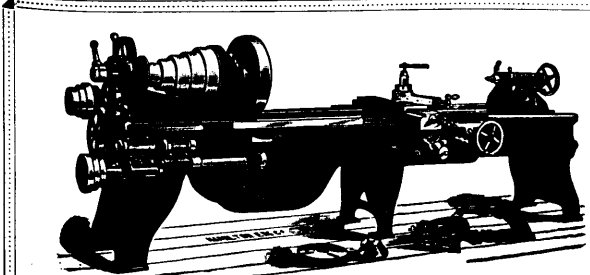
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Blanke's Faust Blend Coffee

is always fine and always the same. The mixture of coffees which compose this brand are blended by *taste*, not by weight. Mr. C. F. Blanke knows the secret; you will enjoy the results. The best coffee is cheap enough. Poor coffee is dearest — figure the difference per cup in price or in satisfaction.



A 3-lb. can, whole, ground or pulverized of your grocer, \$1.30; or of us, prepaid (east of the Rocky Mountains), if he will not supply you. Signature on every can.

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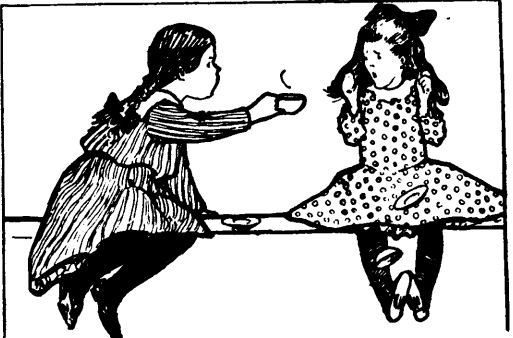
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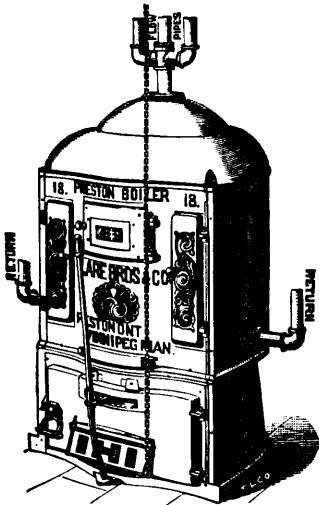
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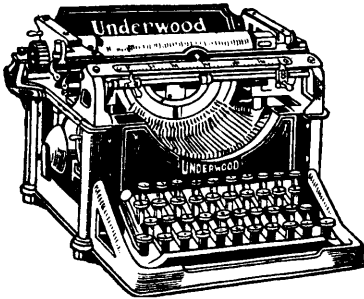


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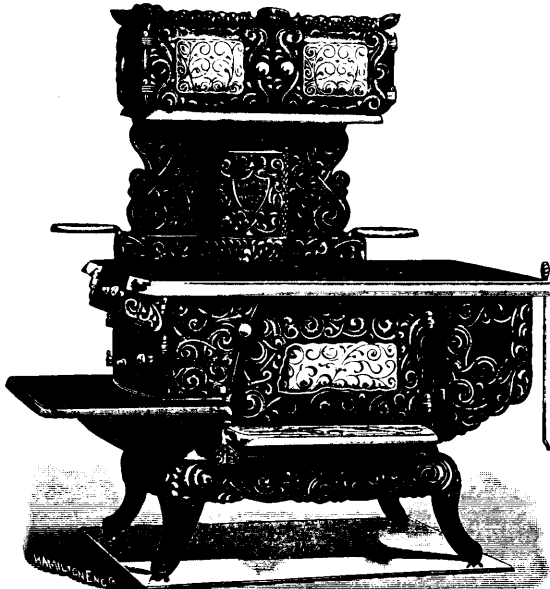
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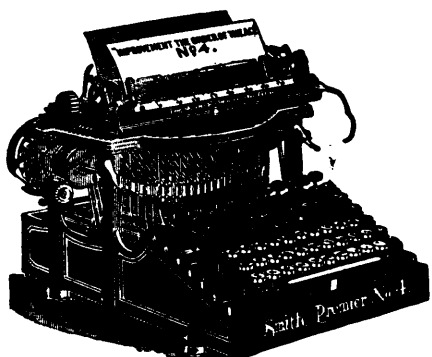
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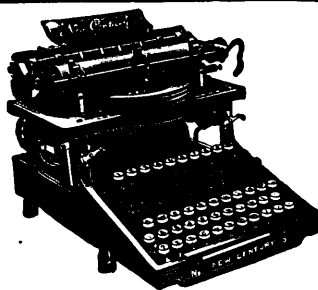
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Examine it
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No. 353.

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Hall's Wine has saved my wife's life.

She has been under doctors for seven years, suffering from anaemia. I got quite tired of doctors, and told her to try Hall's Wine.

She could not walk a hundred yards without fighting for her breath, but I am so thankful to say that after her having taken seven large bottles, she can now walk or run, is enjoying life, and has got such a nice healthy colour.

I have recommended your wine to several of my friends who have noticed the wife's health, and am glad to say they are taking it.

I would not be in the house without it.

You are at liberty to make use of this letter if required."

[Written by Mr. Charles Talley, 45, Witherington Road, Highbury, N., London, 21st June, 1900.]

We attribute the success of

Hall's Wine

in the case reported above to its being master of blood and nerve complaints of a complex character—complaints not amenable to medicine or treatment in the ordinary way.

English physicians prescribe it for convalescents after consuming fevers and other severe illnesses. It rallies them; it prevents relapse.

Hall's Wine acts with amazing precision on all affections of the nerves and blood, both simple and aggravated affections. It is a specific for

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Sleeplessness,
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Sold by druggists, licensed grocers, and wine merchants.

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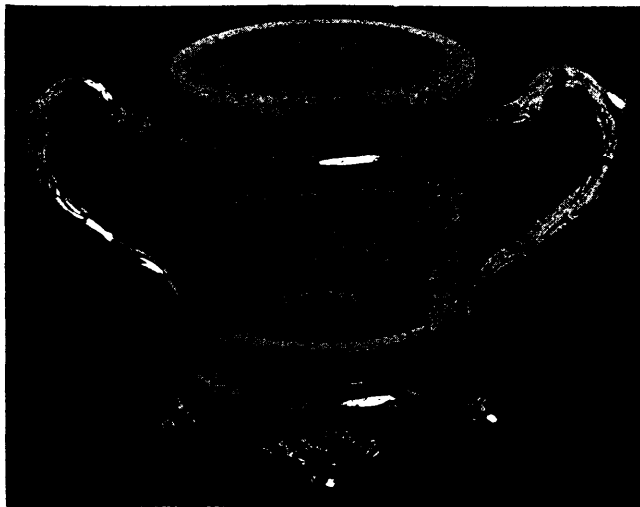
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**IMPERIAL
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is famous for its rich flavor and attractive appearance, in making it, purity is considered before anything else, and this has been a great factor in its success.

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Yours very truly,

W. A. MACKINNON.

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A PIANO-PLAYER FOR
THOSE WHO DO NOT
PLAY THE PIANO AND
FOR THOSE WHO DO

THE PIANOLA is musically artistic, therefore it is a source of pleasure to everyone. To this the critics everywhere agree.

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The sensitiveness of the Pianola enables him to obtain results he never dreamed were possible. It is the human element which has astonished musical critics and won for the Pianola unqualified endorsement.

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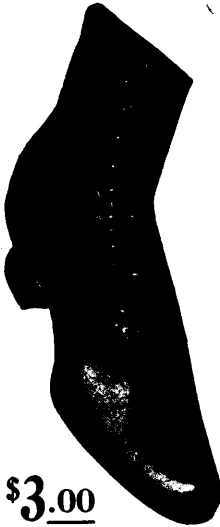
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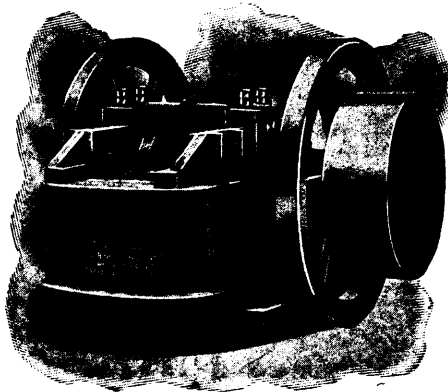
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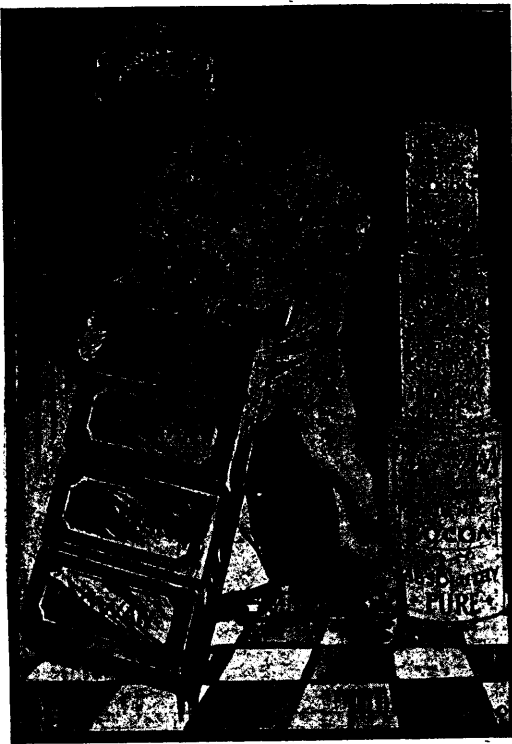
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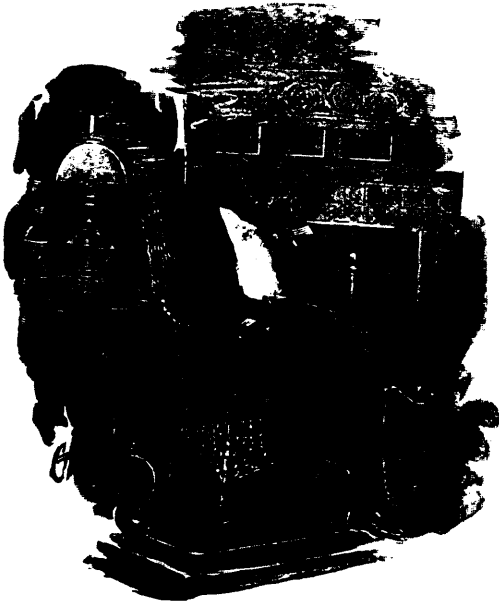
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The structure of the teeth plainly indicates that human beings should subsist upon a variety of food, meat, fruit and grains, and it is unhygienic to confine one's diet to any one of those classes to the exclusion of another.

Meat is the most concentrated and most easily digested of foods, but our manner of living is often so unnatural that the digestive organs refuse to properly digest meat, eggs, and similar nutritious and wholesome food, but it is not because such food is unwholesome, but the real reason is that the stomach lacks, from disease or weakness, some necessary digestive element;

hence arising indigestion, and later on chronic dyspepsia.

Nervous people should eat plenty of meat, convalescents should make meat the principal food, hard working people have to do so, and brain workers and office men should eat, not so much meat, but at least once a day, and to insure its perfect digestion one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets should be taken after each meal, because they supply the peptones, diastase and fruit acids, lacking in every case of stomach trouble.

Nervous dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, gastritis, sour stomach, gas and acidity are only different names for indigestion, the failure to digest wholesome food, and the use of Stuart's Tablets cures them all, because by affording perfect digestion the stomach has a chance to rest and recover its natural tone and vigor.

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I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes give temporary relief until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual facts."

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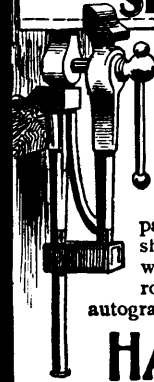
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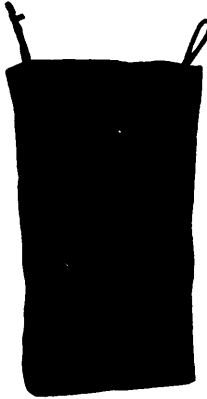
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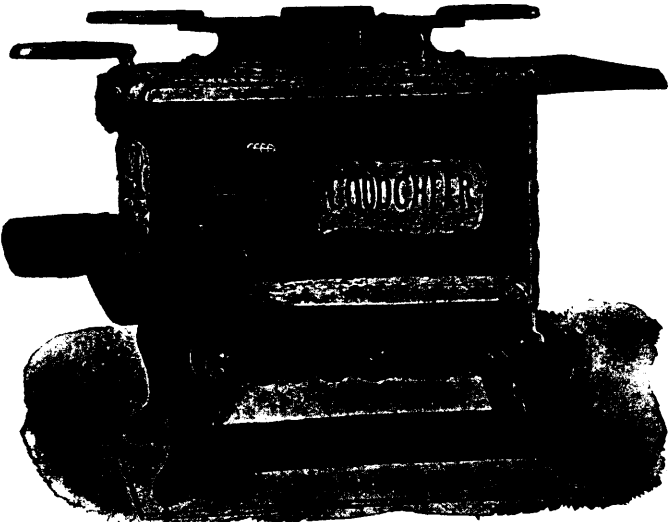
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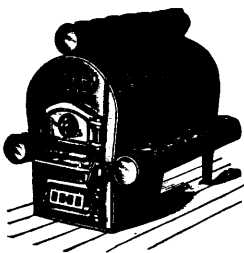
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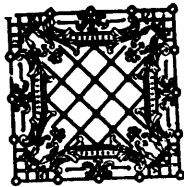


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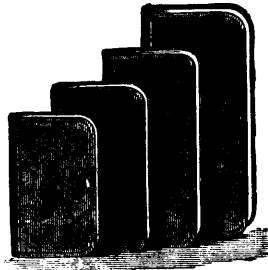
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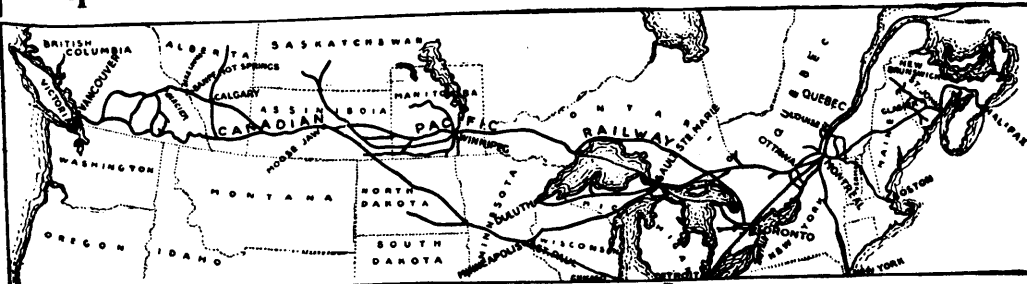
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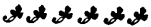
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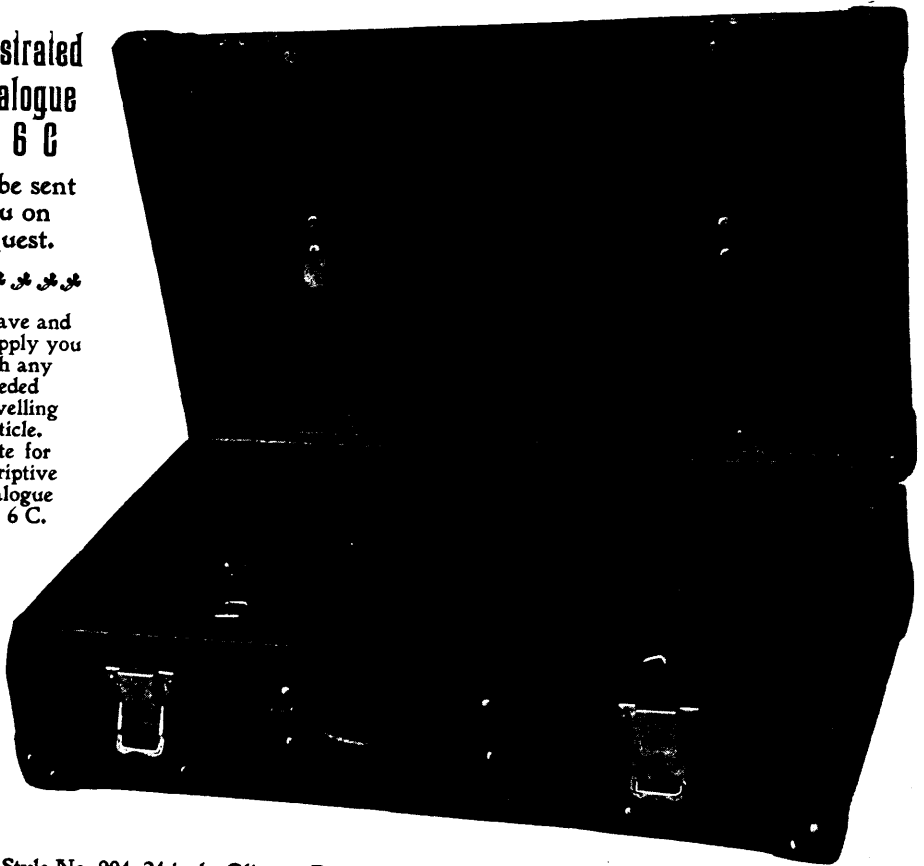
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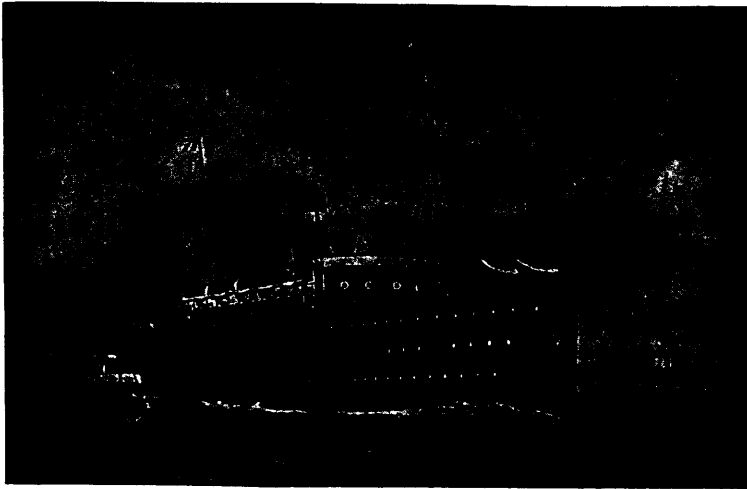
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