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Great Britain vs. U.S. { Is Canada's Trade Anti-British?
Canada's Commercial Relations.
Roma! Cave Tibi!

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1899.

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

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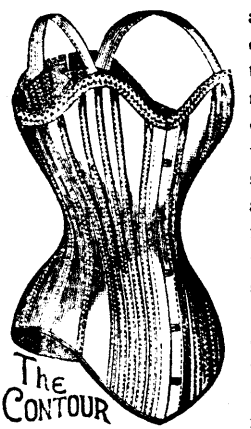

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THE
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VOL. XII. JANUARY, 1899. No. 3.

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The Royal Military College.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

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The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, about the middle of June in each year.

For full particulars of this examination, or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Deputy-Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

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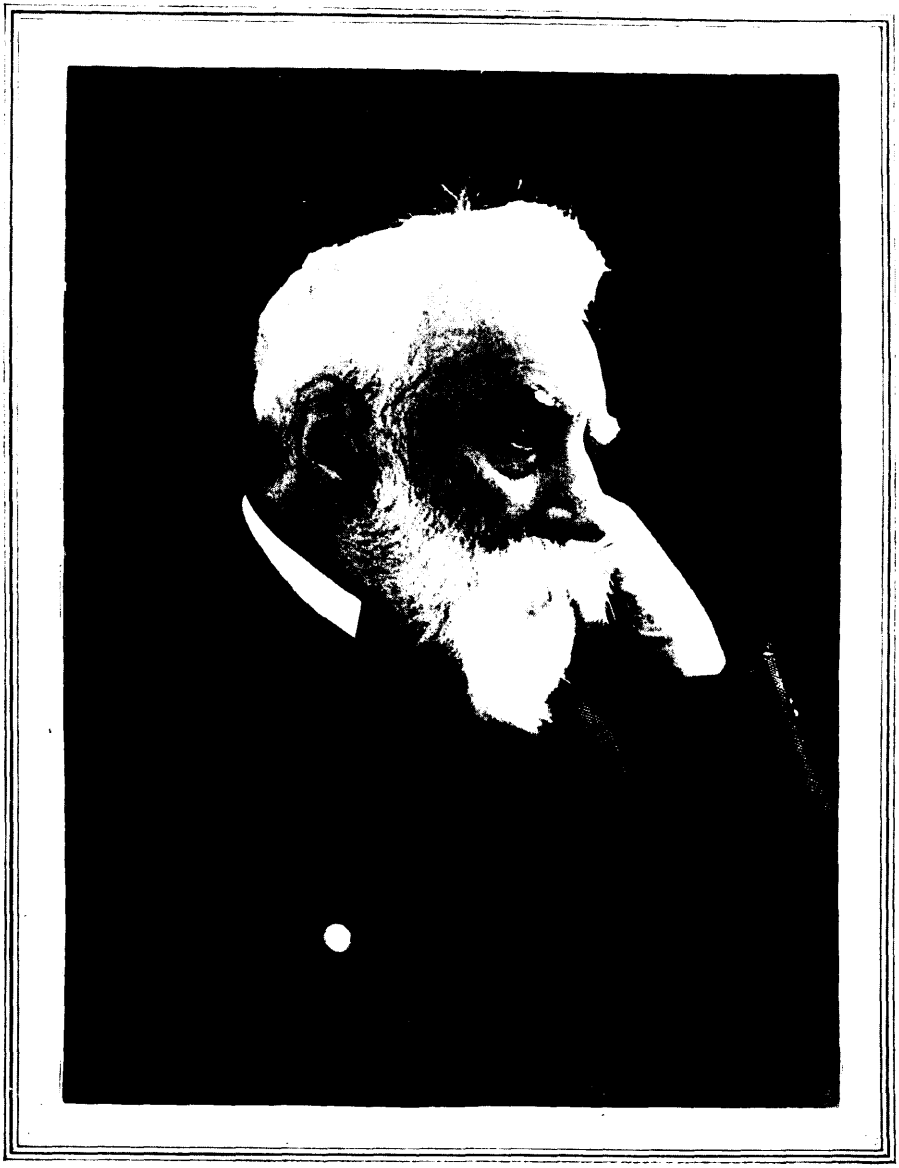

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WILLIAM KINGSFORD.

The Canadian Historian; Born 1819; Died 1898.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. JANUARY, 1899. No. 3.

A CANADIAN HISTORIAN.

A Sketch of the late Dr. Kingsford.

THE number of Canadian men of letters is not so large that a figure like the late William Kingsford, LL. D., F.R.S., can disappear without leaving a noticeable vacancy. In his death, which occurred on the 29th of September last, we have lost one who accomplished a work of permanent value to the country, and who brought to its performance qualities of mind and character which are never common in any society. For many years the historian of Canada was to the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen little more than a name. He lived in quiet and comparative obscurity, and even his writing did not bring him prominently before the people, as may be judged from the list of subscribers appended to the last volume of his history, which shows that the total number of these was slightly in excess of one hundred and fifty. In Ottawa, where he resided during the latter part of his life, a few friends and those of the public who frequented the library of Parliament had opportunities of becoming familiar with the stalwart form and strongly-marked features of the venerable author; but to the masses he was as completely unknown within the capital as he was outside. For twelve years he gave himself with untiring zeal and devotion to the task he had set himself to accomplish. No pleasure, no social recreation was allowed to interfere with this object or to steal from the precious hours which he hoarded with penurious care and turned to strict account, filling them with fruitful labour. Conscious that he had begun at an advanced age an undertaking of great extent, which might have taxed the physical and mental resources of a much younger man, feeling that he dared not squander the smallest particle of strength lest the final summons should reach him before his task was finished, Dr. Kingsford laid down a rigid system according to which his time was distributed between work and just so much exercise as was required to keep him in health, with a slight allowance for domestic and social intercourse. He "scorned delights and lived laborious days." In a letter to Mr. William Buckingham, of Stratford, he said:

> "For myself my life is one of labour; but, like all busy men, I have leisure more or less for some outside matters, such as to write to a friend or for a duty. To the syren pleasures I must turn a deaf ear. I rise at five, work till nine, go to the archives or library, work there until half-past twelve, return home and dine at one; resume work at three, write such letters as I may have to attend to, or continue at my MS. until a quarter to six. After tea I read or write, and go to bed at eight. Such is my life, and so it must continue until I have ended my work."

The laborious author whose ascetic habits are thus described had neverthe-

less been a man of action in his day, had travelled much, mingled much with his fellow-men, and occupied positions which required for the successful discharge of the duties belonging to them, qualities the reverse of those which seek and are developed in privateness and retiring. He came to Canada from England with the 1st Dragoon Guards. Upon leaving the regiment he took up civil engineering, making an important survey in connection with the Lachine canal, engaging in the construction of the Hudson River railway in New York State, surveying portions of the route of the Grand Trunk Railway, and for many years being placed in charge of the harbours of Ontario and Quebec by the Dominion Government. Professional duties called him at different times to Italy, Sardinia, England and Central America. In addition to all this he was at one time part proprietor and joint editor of a Montreal newspaper.

Whatever may have led Dr. Kingsford at the outset of his career to enter the army, it is certain that he must have found something congenial in the atmosphere and associations of the barrack-room and parade ground. He was a fervent patriot and of a naturally bold and combative disposition. This was shown in an incident which occurred in the Montreal elections of September, 1844, after he had left the army and entered upon the duties of his profession as engineer. Much feeling had arisen throughout the country with regard to the questions at issue between Lord Metcalfe and his ministers respecting the control of patronage, and a large force of men at work on the Lachine Canal had been marched into Montreal to take possession of the polls and prevent the constitutional party from voting. The latter determined to assert their political rights, and for that purpose organized themselves into the Loyal Protective Society, or the "Cavaliers," as they were called. On polling day, Mr. Kingsford, then a young man of twenty-five, was elected captain of the Cavaliers in St. Lawrence Ward, and he had plenty of work to do. He and his friends were attacked at about eleven o'clock in the day by a mob of navvies from the canal, aided by allies from Griffintown, who discharged volleys of stones as they advanced. Kingsford, convinced that the best method of defending himself was to strike a blow at his assailants, called upon his companions to charge upon the advancing masses. They did so and put the enemy to flight, their leader having his hat smashed in with a stone, and receiving a blow upon the knee. In consequence of this adventure, Kingsford became a marked man, and two years afterwards, when passing along St. Urbain Street, was recognized by a crowd of roughs and attacked by eight or nine of their number with axe handles, suffering such punishment that he fell senseless in the door of a friend's office, where he had taken refuge. On this occasion he received two wounds on the head, the marks of which he carried to his grave.

In appearance Dr. Kingsford was a man of large frame and commanding stature. His strong and well-defined features indicated the determination and individual force of character which lay behind. Latterly his white hair, white moustache and pointed beard gave him a venerable appearance, but time never tamed the keen eye nor the active and alert expression of his countenance. Genial and kindly as was his disposition, a vein of pugnacity in his nature joined with firm convictions, enthusiasm for any cause he had at heart, deep sincerity, loyalty to the truth, courage and independence, formed a positive character whose chief defect lay in a certain intellectual rigidity which prevented him from doing full justice to that side of the case which was alien from his sympathies. Yet, in this combination of qualities we have elements of noble idealism, if not of heroism. His want of flexibility was a fault which marred his own success in life, for it often prevented him from making those concessions to the feelings and opinions of others which are necessary to smooth the current of daily in-

tercourse and retain the friendship of persons from whom we differ. The effect of this trait showed itself occasionally in his writing. Thus, in referring to the proceeding of the Governor de Montmagny, who, on landing at Quebec in 1636, fell on his knees before a small cross erected on the road to the fort; he says: "M. de Montmagny was marked both by sense and ability, and the act itself, without explanation, must be attributed to impulse, and whatever praise it may receive from the Jesuit Fathers it cannot command universal respect." This is surely not a gracious comment upon an act of religious devotion even though it be true that the governor was on his way to the cathedral where he was about to participate in high mass.

Perhaps it is to the characteristic here mentioned that we may attribute the treatment Dr. Kingsford received from Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works in the Macdonald Government. When Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues returned to power in 1878, Kingsford was engineer in charge of the public harbours of Ontario and Quebec. Not long afterwards the Minister dispensed with his services, an act for which he was at the time accused of political bigotry and intolerance. Kingsford had for several years held office under Alexander Mackenzie and had learned to admire the Premier's dogged industry, his sturdy honesty of purpose and a certain brusquerie of manner in uttering unwelcome truths—qualities somewhat akin to those which he possessed himself—and it has been asserted that Sir Hector was too narrow-minded to permit a person holding and expressing such views to remain in the public service and near his own person. The discharged employee felt so deeply the injustice which he considered to have been done him that he wrote a pamphlet vindicating his conduct and denouncing the Minister. But it is quite probable that the act which seemed so unwarranted was due to some indiscretion of the victim, and that had he preserved a judicious silence with regard to his political opinions at a time when party feeling ran high, and when the expression of strong sympathy with the fallen Premier by a civil servant occupying a conspicuous position would naturally be resented, he might have retained his office for years.

To this event, which Dr. Kingsford felt at the time as a cruel blow, we in a large measure owe the "History of Canada." The subject had long been in the mind of the author who from his researches had come to the conclusion that certain critical passages in the relations of Great Britain with her dependencies in America had been steadily misrepresented. He was sixty-seven years of age when he began this great undertaking, having almost completed the span of life mentioned by the Psalmist, yet he entered upon his task with the courage and enthusiasm of youth. The preparations he made for the work were thorough and exhaustive. He had all his life, even when engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, been a diligent student of history and literature, and he began writing with an extensive fund of general and historical information. He determined at the outset to familiarize himself with the contents of all the original documents bearing upon his subject, and he laid down the lines of his work on a broad scale, aiming to give a view of the larger movements of international life, more especially those in which Great Britain, France and the United States were participants, of which the special experience of Canada was but a single phase; to show, in other words, what was passing in the world at large, and so to illumine the acts and events of Canadian history. This method has advantages, but it has also obvious disadvantages, one being that it swells the bulk of the book unduly. The number of persons who care to read ten large volumes about the history of Canada is limited.

Canadians are not, in fact, deeply interested in the history of their own land. They are so intent upon looking ahead into the future that they are

little disposed to cast their eyes behind upon their country's past. As a rule, even well-educated men and women among us are much more familiar with the history of England than with that of the Dominion. An explanation of the phenomenon may, perhaps, be found in the fact that until recently Canadian history could scarcely be said to have been written, while every era of British history had been treated by brilliant pens. Whatever the cause, the fact is undoubtedly as stated, and it may safely be said that a superficial knowledge of the struggle between France and England in the eighteenth century, of the events connected with the war of 1812-15, of the Upper and Lower Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and of the story of the Fenian Raid, constitute the sum total of the acquaintance of the average Canadian with the past life of Canada. Hence, it became apparent on the publication of the first volume that the undertaking would be a commercial failure. In the preface to the tenth volume the author tells us that he was enabled to carry on the work through the assistance of three friends. He says: "This work has exacted many year's of labour of the author's life, and some personal sacrifice on his part. Had it not been for the generous assistance of three friends, whose important aid was given in the crisis of its production, he would have failed in its completion."

But the author's heart was in the project, and although not possessed of private means, he persevered in the plan he had drawn up, labouring, as he believed, in the cause of patriotism and historic truth. Weighed down by poverty, harassed by petty financial cares, addressing a narrow circle of readers, and without any recognition by the Government, he persisted through twelve weary years in spite of every discouragement, retaining his cheerfulness, courage and buoyancy until the task was accomplished.

That a poor scholar should have been allowed to suffer in this manner, dependent upon the aid of generous friends for the means of existence, is surely little to the credit of the Government of Canada. Sir Oliver Mowat, when Premier of Ontario, took 100 copies of his book, thus materially assisting the author, but the Government of Canada took none, though Dr. Kingsford was spending his time, energy and talent in a work of national scope and significance. Admitting that the historian may have been indiscreet, and that his want of tact was possibly responsible for his retirement from the public service, surely all this might have been overlooked in view of the character of his labours.

The design marked out late in life was finally accomplished, and on May 24th, 1898, the tenth volume was published, bringing the work down to 1841, the date of the union of the Canadas. With its completion the sustaining sense of companionship which such a task often imparts, vanished, and the venerable author must have felt, like Othello, that his occupation was gone, and that the time had arrived when he might depart in peace. At all events he survived only four months after inscribing "Finis" on his work.

The "History of Canada" is Dr. Kingsford's monument. It is there that the man is to be found, and those who would know him must seek the knowledge not in the meagre notice of personal traits here given, but in the pages in which are written the story of this Dominion. It is no part of our purpose to give a critical study of the work, but a few words upon it may not be out of place. It has already been hinted that its pages are overloaded with detail interesting only to the specialist. There is seemingly a want of proportion in the space devoted to the different topics, especially in the earlier volumes, which mars their attractiveness to the ordinary reader. The work is an immense storehouse of information, but somewhat wanting in symmetry and in the higher qualities of style. Often the reader is apt to weary of the long drawn out tale and to feel that the fire has been smothered

under the fuel. Nevertheless, with all its manifest and manifold defects, this history stands alone and unrivalled in its own sphere as the great standard authority upon the events and times with which it deals. Not every one will agree with the author's conclusions. The views he sets forth of certain important passages in our national career will be unwelcome to many and have been sharply criticised. Thus, he staunchly defends the attitude of the home government in dealing with the Acadians in opposition to the belief which Longfellow's Evangeline has made to be almost universally accepted. Again, he corrects the one-sided versions so widely prevalent of the events which culminated in the American Revolution. Again, the Rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837 is described in a manner not at all harmonizing with the belief of many French Canadians that their ancestors wrung their liberties from the British Government by force. In all these cases, however, the critic of Dr. Kingsford will find that his conclusions were based upon an exhaustive examination of the evidence, and, whatever his prepossessions, his aim has been to state the truth and to do impartial justice.

This imperfect sketch may well be brought to a close with a characteristic incident illustrating the pride the historian felt in his English lineage, and the manliness he conceived to be typical of the English nature. The story was told years ago, and it was of an occurrence many years before that. The hearer does not guarantee names but he thinks Sherbrooke was the town named by Dr. Kingsford. A murderer, whom we will call Greene, was lying in jail under sentence of death. The prisoner was an Englishman and was or had been a soldier, and Dr. Kingsford who was temporarily residing in Sherbrooke was interested in him through that fact. He visited Greene a good deal. The man gained his sympathy as he had gained that of the officials of the jail; apparently his guilt was the result of a moment's passion; not the outcome of an evil nature. Strong representations in his favor had been made to the Crown, and a respite or commutation was expected, upon which Greene had unfortunately been allowed to build his hopes. The day before the date fixed for the execution, word arrived that there would be no inteference with the regular course of the law. The officials shrank from breaking the news to the prisoner; so, apparently in default of a priest, Dr. Kingsford was asked to perform the disagreeable duty.

"It was a nasty task," said the Doctor, telling of it, "I cast about much in my mind for the kindest way of doing it. There seemed nothing but the ordinary commonplace, till I said to myself, 'He is an Englishman, and we have talked together of our country.' Then I went into his cell. He stood up to greet me. I put my hands on his shoulders and I said, 'Greene, my man, there is nothing left for it but to die with the courage of your race.' And he took it like an Englishman, and he died like one."

Listening to the slow, deep voice of the big old man, with his strong eyes glowing over the words, "die with the courage of your race," one could understand that he might inspire courage in any breast whether that of an Englishman or of a Hottentot. His own thought was that an Englishman needed only to be reminded of his country to die like a man, but the thought the recital inspired in the hearer was of the sterling and lofty simplicity of Dr. Kingsford's own character.

R. W. Shannon.

IS CANADA'S TRADE ANTI-BRITISH ?

WE claim to be an integral part of the British Empire, but one would not be led to make this deduction from the trade statistics. In 1868 we imported from Great Britain goods to the value of 36½ millions. In 1883 this had grown to 52 millions. By 1897 it had fallen to 29½ millions, or to compare it in a table, we have the following:

Imports from Great Britain :—

1868	- -	36½ millions.
1883	-	52 "
1897	- -	29½ "

In other words our buying from Great Britain has declined twenty per cent. in thirty years *

To look at it in another way. In 1868 we bought from Great Britain 51 per cent. of our total imports ; in 1883 it was 42 per cent.; in 1897 it was 26.4 per cent. To state it in a table :

Imports from Great Britain :—

1868, 51 per cent. of total imports.
1883, 42 " " "
1897, 26.4 " " "

This does not look as if we were really a vital part of the Empire. The figures are against such a view. Lest any one should say that our total trade with Great Britain has declined, and that while we have bought less from her, she has bought less from us, I hasten to give the figures.

In 1868 we exported to Great Britain goods to the value of $13,253,906 ; by 1883 this had increased to $39,672,-104 ; by 1897 it had grown to $69,-533,852. Expressed tabularly, this is the result :

Exports to Great Britain :—

1868	- -	13¼ millions.
1883	-	39½ "
1897	- -	69½ "

That is, while our buyings from Great Britain *declined* twenty per cent. between 1868 and 1897, our sales to Great Britain *increased* four hundred and twenty-five per cent. Great Britain has been using us well, but we have been treating her shabbily. Our buying does not follow our loyalty ; that is quite evident.

In the same period our purchases in the United States increased from 26 millions to 61 millions, or 135 per cent. ; and our purchases in other countries from 9 millions to 20 millions, or 125 per cent. The only inference one can draw is that we prefer foreign goods to British.

How have the other countries treated us in return ? Have our sales to them increased in proportion ?

Our sales to the United States have increased from 26 millions to 44 millions, or less than 70 per cent. Our sales to other foreign countries have increased from four millions to ten millions, or, accurately, 140 per cent. It was pointed out above that our sales to Great Britain had increased 425 per cent.

Collecting all the percentages we have :

1868-1897.	U. S.	Other Countries.	Great Britain.
Imports from ...	135 p.c. inc.	125 p.c. inc.	20 p.c. dec.
Exports to	67 p c. inc.	140 p.c. inc.	425 p.c. inc.

In other words, the United States has gained more than it should ; other foreign countries have been treated squarely ; and Great Britain has been given the cold shoulder.

There is, perhaps, a partial reason for this preference shown United States goods in the fact that what we buy from Great Britain may be roughly classified under manufactures of (1) wool, (2) cotton, (3) silk, (4) iron and steel, (5) flax, hemp and jute—but almost wholly manufactures. The amount of raw material we import from Great Britain is not great. On the

* Of course, economists claim that all prices have declined during the past thirty years. But this does not affect the comparison which is aimed at in this article.

other hand, our imports from the United States may be generally classed as follows: (1) coal, (2) iron and steel and manufactures of, (3) cotton and manufactures of, (4) metals and manufactures of, (5) crude rubber, (6) hides, (7) raw tobacco, (8) lumber, (9) settlers' effects. While these items show that raw materials predominate in our United States purchases, they, nevertheless, show also that we buy large quantities of goods which are manufactured in that country to the exclusion of similar British goods.

Further than this, we have prevented Great Britain's selling in this country by refusing to improve our insolvency laws. The creditor who is close at hand—in Toronto, Montreal, or New York—gobbles everything before the British creditor hears of the failure. For this state of affairs we have to thank our bank managers, those clever individuals who draw neat salaries varying from $10,000 to $25,000 a year, and who represent the largest financial combination in this country.

Lest this analysis of Canadian loyalty be thought partial and prejudiced, there are two matters which must be mentioned as showing that our loyalty is shame-faced at times. We have given British products the entree to our market at twenty-five per cent. less duty than that collected on goods from the United States and other foreign countries. This has been the case since August, 1st, 1898. We have also allowed Canadian merchants to send a letter to Great Britain from any post office in Canada for two cents; whereas the rate previous to December 25th, 1898, was five cents. These measures are certainly in the right direction. If followed up with a Dominion Insolvency law they may mean much for British connection.

John Canuck.

THE FIAT.

ILLUME'D with reason, greatest gift of God,
Man has dominion over earth and flood;
Yet must he labour ever for his needs
Nor shrink to lose his life or shed his blood.
And too in dire distress, with pains of hell,
Shall women bear their babes in sorrowing fear.
So spoke the grieving God when Adam fell,
And gentle Eve, beguiled, could shed no tear.
And man alone shall fill the wants of man,
"In thy brow's sweat shalt thou eat bread;"
Yet in this curse there lurks no cruel ban,
Nor is there in it ought to fear or dread.
Accept the fiat: go ye forth and work,
And plough and dig and sow the seed and wait;
Do all that fits the spirit of a man,
And leave the rest to destiny and fate.
For many things lie not in our control,
The gentle dew, the seasonable rain,
The healthful glory of the noon-day sun,
Nor if we sow in mirth or reap in pain.
For Hope and Reason measure our estate,
Upon our efforts doth our weal depend,
And Hope is with us through the working years,
But man *cannot compel* the final end.

W. J. Holt Murison.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

By the Editor of The Halifax Morning Chronicle.

AT the present time, with the full consent and warm approval of the people of Canada and the Mother Country, and, no doubt, with the hearty approval of the great masses of the people, and the best public men of all parties in the United States, an international commission, composed of some of the ablest men of the three countries mentioned, are at work endeavouring to frame a treaty which shall settle and wipe off the international slate the irritating questions that have for years marred the good relations which should exist between the American republic and the Dominion of Canada. It may not be a sinister omen, but it is rather out of keeping with the spirit of international amity which prompted and underlies these negotiations, that a disturbing element should be introduced by the action of a small coterie of United States politicians—headed by a former Canadian and member of the Canadian Parliament, and possibly encouraged by some restless, but unknown spirits on this side of the line—in raising the old but abortive issue that political union between Canada and the United States is the only practical and practicable method of finally and forever settling the disturbing questions now engaging the attention of the international commission.

This issue has been persistently kept to the front by a certain class of American politicians since the abrogation in 1866 of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and without doubt it has been the chief underlying sinister influence which has more than once frustrated the honest efforts made by the statesmen of the three nations interested to settle disturbing questions that from time to time arise between Canada and her Republican neighbours. While the raising of this annexation or political union issue has been more than once successful in preventing the removal of the causes of friction between the United States and Canada, and in blocking the negotiations for closer commercial relations between the two countries, it has not brought one whit nearer the consummation of the dream of the political unionists—the annexation of Canada to the United States. It was in the nature of things that such schemes should fail—that a policy whose success depended upon the power of political coercion, exercised through the potent influence of hostile tariff legislation, to force a free, independent and constitutionally governed people to transfer their allegiance and barter their national autonomy and British connection, should lack the vital elements of success; for, whoever heard of a free and constitutionally governed British colony, peopled by the descendants of the men who made Great Britain what she is to-day, bartering their political and national independence for a mess of pottage—for commercial advantages. There are not many political Esaus in the British Empire, and they are few and far between in Canada to-day, whatever may have been the case in 1847, when the American flag was hoisted on the town hall in Kingston; and in 1849, when many prominent men in Montreal signed an annexation manifesto.

The little coterie of American political unionists—who have been startled into new activity by the dreaded danger of the international commission successfully framing a treaty which shall be fair and honourable to both countries—propose to woo Canada into a political matrimony contract with Uncle

Sam, not by the influence of international friendliness and good neighbourhood, operating through close commercial and social relations, but by vigorous use of the "club" argument, which still has great potency among savage and semi-civilized peoples. In a word, they propose to starve Canada into political union with the United States. Briefly stated their propaganda is based upon the following propositions :

1. That Canada cannot enjoy a substantial measure of prosperity or make rapid progress in the development of her resources if continuously deprived of the advantage of freer trade relations with the United States.

2. That the Canadian people are so anxious for a reciprocity treaty with the United States that they are prepared to make extraordinary sacrifices to obtain it.

3. That if the existing high tariff walls—that McKinley and Dingley built —are maintained by our American neighbours, and the requisite amount of coaxing and pressure is brought to bear upon Canadians, they will seek that free trade through political union.

Allow me to deal briefly with these three propositions in their bearing upon the relations of Canada to the United States and the work of the international commission.

1. It is true that Canada prospered under the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and for years after its abrogation she felt the loss of it. So did the New England States. It is true that a fair and well-considered reciprocity treaty would be a good thing for Canada now ; it would also be a good thing for the United States, more particularly the New England States and the States bordering on Canada from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. But it is not true that Canada's progress and prosperity are indissolubly bound up in securing freer trade relations with the United States. We have got along without reciprocity for thirty-two years. We have made substantial, if not rapid, progress in developing our resources, in increase of population and wealth, in enlargement of our constitutional privileges and political liberties. We have united the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by bonds of steel ; have extended and still are extending our railway systems in every direction ; have bridged the Atlantic and Pacific by modern steamship lines ; have extended and enlarged our canal system, and have reached out with a considerable measure of success for markets to replace those of which we were partially deprived by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. We have entered with more vigour than ever upon the work of developing our agricultural resources, for the products of which we are finding a steadily expanding market in the Mother Country, easily and safely reached by means of improved methods of transportation. We are no longer dependent upon the United States for an outlet for our surplus agricultural products. Under our improved trade relations with the Mother Country she will take all we can send her, provided we cater to the demands of the British people in quality and price. We are doing that, as the phenomenal shipments of Canadian products to the British markets during the past two seasons abundantly prove. We might make greater progress if we had freer trade relations with the United States ; but the results of the past thirty-two years show that we can continue to make substantial progress without reciprocity.

2. As already intimated, the people of Canada acknowledge the desirability of freer trade relations with the United States as a means of expanding trade and developing our industrial resources, and also because freer trade relations would promote the friendly relations that should always exist between two neighbouring peoples, united by the ties of kinship, language, literature and religion. But to secure these freer trade relations we are not prepared to make any sacrifice of national honour—we are not prepared to sell our political birthright or to turn our backs upon the Mother Country to secure reciprocity. If the Canadian people

should assume such a cringing attitude their American neighbours would despise them and would be justified in doing so.

3. This brings me to the question of political union, suggested by the political unionists as the shortest and most direct road to free trade between Canada and the United States. Let it be understood, once for all, that Canada cannot be coerced into political union with the American Republic by means of high tariffs, drastic alien labor bills, threats of non-intercourse and repeal of the bonding privilege or any general course of unfriendliness; nor can she be bribed into political union by anything which the United States can think of offering.

What the United States might have accomplished thirty-two years ago, by the maintenance of reciprocal trade relations between the two countries, and a general friendly policy towards Canada and the Mother Country, in impressing Canadians favourably towards political union, is a matter of speculation. At that time a community of interests had grown up between the two countries under the influence of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854; the people of Nova Scotia were intensely dissatisfied over the way in which they had been hustled into confederation; there were grave doubts in other quarters as to the wisdom of the confederation experiment and the possibilities of a successful outcome; and there was in Great Britain at that time a strong party which looked on the colonies as a burden, and seriously suggested the policy of letting them assume their independence and strike out for themselves. Had the United States wooed Canada at that time instead of seeking to coerce her by hostile legislation; had American politicians taken advantage of the conditions of things I have described by continuing the reciprocity treaty and holding out the olive branch of friendly relations to the Canadian people, it is difficult to say what they might not have accomplished in winning the affections of Canada in the direction of political union.

But American statesmen took the opposite course. They repealed the Reciprocity Treaty and raised a high tariff wall against this country; some of them winked at the Fenian raids, and lost no opportunity of "nagging" at Canada by means of hostile legislation, threats of non-intercourse, repeal of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty, unreasoning denunciation of the Mother Country, and a generally declared ultimatum that if Canada wanted freer trade relations with the American Republic she must seek them through political union. That kind of wooing did not do much to favourably impress Canada with the idea of annexation. It had the opposite effect. It has relegated to the dim and distant future all prospects of political union with the United States. It has tended to crystallize and develop, slowly it may be, a Canadian national sentiment and affection for the empire of which we form a part, which grows stronger as the years roll by. President Cleveland's Venezuelan message, the wrangling of the United States Senate over the Arbitration Treaty, the Corliss Alien Labour Bill, the Dingley Tariff Bill—in fact, every move made by American jingo politicians simply stiffened the backs of the Canadian people to resist those bulldozing measures, developing in them the conviction that they are free citizens of a free empire, who intend to remain free, and strengthening the ties of loyalty, affection, citizenship and legitimate self-interest which bind them to the Mother Country. And what is more, these sentiments are appreciated and reciprocated by the Mother Country—as has been fully demonstrated by the happenings in connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria—for there is now no party in that country which even dreams, much less talks, of cutting the colonies adrift. On the contrary, the whole trend of sentiment, policy and events is in the direction of the unification of the empire, and the short-sighted jingo politicians of the United States, apparently without knowing it, by their narrow, unfriendly and hostile attitude

towards Canada are actually strengthening the ties which bind us to the Mother Country and promoting the consolidation of the Empire, an ideal which is emerging from the region of dream-land and assuming a form and direction which points to its realization at no distant day.

We believe, further, that the time has gone by when American politicians can woo Canada into political union even by a policy of friendliness and close commercial relations. Without in any way seeking to disparage the United States as a great nation, and her people as worthy of the Anglo-Saxon stock from which they sprang, the Canadian people feel that theirs is a higher national and political destiny—to be one of the great family of Anglo-Saxon nations composing a world-wide British empire, whose mission is to civilize, enlighten and Christianize the people who come under her sway, and by the agency of free institutions and the influence of a world-wide, peace-producing and humanizing commerce, to raise strong barriers against the demon of war and promote peace and good-will among the nations.

(Why should not the United States come into the Anglo-Saxon family of nations and have a share in such noble work?)

There is room enough and scope enough on this continent for the two Anglo-Saxon nations, Canada and the United States—daughters of a common mother, custodians of a common liberty—to work out their separate destinies without being jealous of each other or coveting each other's patrimony and birthright. They can maintain a friendly and honourable rivalry in the world of industry and commerce, and at the same time co-operate heartily in promoting the arts of peace and civilization, and the welfare of our common humanity the world over.

I have no doubt that in due time, when the reign of the jingo is over and when the common sense and intelligence of the American people assert themselves over the schemes of ward politicians, our neighbours will frankly concede this and freely and gladly accord to Canada the right to work out her national destiny in her own way, on British lines, and yet in close, friendly and commercial relations with the people of that country. And if the labours of the International Commission should result in a treaty calculated to promote so desirable a consummation, it will prove the dawn of a brighter day, not only for Great Britain, Canada and the United States, but also for the whole world.

Robert McConnell.

ROMA! CAVE TIBI!

WITH some trepidation, but moved by a sense of humiliation and anxiety, I ask through the columns of our national CANADIAN MAGAZINE the attention of my fellow Englishmen. I am the son of an Englishman, born on Canadian soil. My education and associations have been those of the average educated Englishman. I have fought for the Queen, God bless her. If any man has prejudices and predilections for English ways and English rule, I am that man. As I am, so are thousands and thousands of Canadians, and in speaking for myself I speak for them. I wish you, Englishmen, to listen to me as a father would listen to his son when that son speaks as a grown man to warn his father of impending danger. You Englishmen are a strong, imperial race. You know how to fight when you are in a corner, as witness Crecy, Agincourt, Inkerman and Delhi, but you do not always know when to fight. You own a very fair share of the earth's surface, and your fleet at present controls the seas. You have a glorious history and a noble lit-

erature. We Canadians share your literature, your history and your triumphs and would mourn over disaster to you. Will you then hear what we think?

Do you care to be warned, or do you wish to continue in a course which will split up your Empire? It is time to speak plainly, and it is time for us to understand one another. No matter how much we admire you, no matter how much we reverence you, no matter how much we are ready to submit to neglect at your hands, the time has come when the future course of our relations must be settled. We feel very sore at your preference for the United States. We have been brought up to think that you are right and that they are wrong. We believe in your system of government as opposed to theirs. Both cannot be right. We have always thought that the people ruled in England while the mob ruled in the United States. But, alas, we are beginning to think we have been wrong. We see you Englishmen caressing the Americans, flattering them, submitting to them, backing out of declarations made as to what you were going to do until they stepped in and told you to stop. We see your public men, almost without exception, in every speech they make allude fondly in round set terms to their "kin" beyond seas. Will nothing open your eyes? Will you not see that these people are not your "kin?" They are aliens. Will you not understand that they do not care two straws about you? Their idea is that they are the mightiest nation upon earth. They consider that they own the Continent of North America, and that your presence on that continent is an anachronism and an absurdity. Surely they have told you so plainly enough. Do you think that by protesting so much admiration for them you will disarm them? If you do, you are making a huge mistake which you will bitterly pay for.

You believed, or said you believed, and falsehood is not your characteristic; therefore I say you believed that they entered upon the late war with Spain from motives of philanthropy. What do you think of their philanthropy now when you see the grab they have made? You sided with them without any request on their part for assistance from you. They consider that they could have done in the end equally well without you, and they attribute your help to interested motives. They think that you are on the look out for a share in the spoils. Is it true? Can it be true? If it is true, do you really think that these smart, clever Americans are going to expend blood and treasure so that English merchants may compete with them in these newly acquired islands? How you will be enlightened! Do you really believe that these Americans are going to legislate American merchants out of the Philippines by allowing the present English trade to continue its supremacy there? If you do, you must be very silly. We know these people better than you do. So long as England owns a foot of land in North America or one islet in the West Indies, so long will the United States be hostile. If you are prepared to quit America, well and good; they may condescend to help to protect you against Russia and France—otherwise, and on no other terms will they even stand on one side if they do not take part against you.

Now, as far as we are concerned, we ought to tell you one or two things which it may interest you to know. There is something we cannot understand in all this infatuation of yours. We know that there is something fictitious in it. We are aware that there is a *clique* of prominent Englishmen who have bought American wives, making an exchange of position for dollars. We know that there is a ring of paid liars who cable every item of news in such a way that it is coloured to suit American vanity. We know that some English men of letters, for the sake of selling their books, pander to that same vanity. We allow for all these influences. We also know that the Manchester school is for peace at any price, and that it has dim notions that the United States

are the home of liberty, equality and fraternity. We allow for all of these influences also, but we are loth to believe that they really voice English opinion. If they do, then the following result is arrived at. If your admiration for the Americans is genuine, we are wrong. Why should we worry any more about retaining our connection with you? Every Canadian knows that he is losing money by not joining the Americans. But every Canadian has been consoled for his loss by the reflection that he has belonged to an Empire which was ruled on a different and better system than that of the United States. If you Englishmen are so pleased with the Americans, why should Canadians hesitate about joining them? If the English people, in whose traditions Canadians have been fondly imagining they were treading, really acknowledge the Americans as their equals if not their superiors, why should Canadians hesitate about joining these same Americans? It would certainly be to their pecuniary advantage, and apparently in English opinion there would be no descent—quite the contrary. Thousands of Canadians are asking themselves these questions. Therefore, I say, it is time to warn you Englishmen that you are in danger of splitting up the Empire. Are you prepared to do that?

A straight answer is wanted to a straight question. Do you value your American possessions so little that if they go over to the United States you will not regret it? We see a strong tendency in that direction. We cannot forget that when Mr. Olney told Lord Salisbury to leave Venezuela alone or take the consequences, Lord Salisbury submitted. We know that intrigues are going on to stir up discontent in the British West Indies, and you apparently shut your eyes. We know that the Americans are claiming to control the Nicaragua Canal, and we wait to hear your answer. We know that Lord Herschell at Washington has been all but a second Lord Ashburton. These are matters of this present time, not to rake up ancient fires. When we who are loyal and devoted to England, but who never forget we are Canadians, are crestfallen, what must be the feeling of Canadians who have little sympathy for England, but who would stand by her if she stood for herself? I warn you, Englishmen, you are treading on dangerous ground. The British Lion is hugging and slobbering over the American Eagle. But that scrawny bird is only submitting to be embraced. The situation is an illustration of the French proverb that there is always one who loves (England) and one who is loved (the United States). Presently the eagle's beak will tear the lion's flesh, and the eagle's talons tear the lion's side. Then there will be roar of astonished anger. But the mistake will have been made, the mischief will have been done.

Cease this Anglo-American nonsense. Rely on your own colonies. Establish interimperial tariffs, and get your food from your own territories. Cease to be at the mercy of jealous rivals, and then in the words of our Shakespeare, not the American Shakespeare—

> "Come three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them."

If you persist in allowing yourselves to be cozened by your belief or trust in American goodwill so that you neglect or slight your loyal and true Canadian fellow-subjects, you will lose Canada, you will lose your West India Islands —and then how long will the rest of your Empire last? *Roma, cave tibi.*

R. E. Kingsford.

WHAT WE EAT.

II.—VARIOUS NUTS OF FOREIGN PRODUCTION.

A GENERATION or more ago nuts did not, in the country places at any rate, play such an active part in the Christmas and other festivities as they do now. In the rural districts when people foregathered forty or fifty years ago it was commonly to dance and drink whiskey. Life was too serious and practical to sit down after dinner and crack nuts and jokes. In those days Canada depended to a large extent upon the United States for its supply of nuts, dried fruits and a great many other lines, and importers would visit New York two and three times a year to make their purchases. But the abrogation of the Washington Treaty and the Civil War in the south turned the attention of Canadians to direct importation from the country of production and to the British market for supplies.

Twenty-three years ago nuts were not even mentioned in the trade returns of the Dominion. Twenty-one years ago almonds, walnuts and filberts alone were specified, and the total importation of all descriptions of nuts that year, 1877, was 1,396,070 pounds, against 3,589,646 pounds twenty years later. This means an increase of 157 per cent. during the period mentioned. It is a pity our population has not increased at the same rate.

The nut which comes into Canada in the largest quantity in its natural unshelled condition is the walnut. Shelled walnuts are not classified in the trade returns. Taking shelled and unshelled together, however, the premier position must be given to almonds according to the published official figures.* During 1897 we imported three and a half million pounds of nuts, and those represent a great many cracks for five million people.

ALMONDS.

There is probably no nut more popular than the almond, and salted almonds we love as Bacchus does his beer.

The other day I picked up an old book, printed in 1810, entitled "A Dictionary of Commerce," and almonds were therein described as "a kind of medicinal fruit confined in a hard shell, which is enclosed in a tough cottony skin." I smiled, but while I smiled I remembered that I had been admonished to always use salt with almonds as well as other nuts, the salt to be the medicine for the almonds, no doubt.

The almonds considered best by the grocery trade are the Tarragona and Formigetta descriptions. The latter are of French and the former of Spanish growth. Ivica almonds cost a trifle less than the two descriptions named, but they are hard-shelled and not much in favour. The same complaint is levied against Aberane almonds. Shelled almonds are used largely for confectioners' purposes, and Spain and the Island of Sicily are the chief countries from which these come. Shelled almonds arrive upon the market in boxes, and those not shelled are in sacks. Forty or fifty years ago no shelled almonds were imported into Canada, and those not shelled came as they do to-day, in sacks. Away back in 1810, according to the "Dictionary of Commerce," just quoted, almonds were imported into England in "casks, boxes and serons." This last-given word in modern dictionaries is spelled

*The following table gives the imports of all descriptions of nuts for home consumption during the fiscal year of 1897:

	Quantity in lbs.	Value.
Almonds, shelled	253,044	$31,802
" not shelled	498,614	27,904
Brazil nuts	92,346	4,816
Pecans	258,264	11,647
Walnuts, not shelled	691,072	45,723
All other nuts not shelled	1,652,524	61,986
" shelled	143,782	15,491
	3,589,646	$199,369

"seroon," and is described as "a crate or hamper in which Spanish or Mediterranean figs, raisins, almonds, dates, etc., are commonly packed."

The importation of shelled almonds into Canada has increased over 150 per cent. since 1890, while the importation of non-shelled in that year was practically the same as in 1897, being 491,813 pounds. In value, however, the imports of 1890 were $34,370, which exceeded that of last year by $6,466. Twenty years ago the imports of shelled almonds aggregated 58,375 pounds, valued at $6,525, and those of non-shelled 355,589 pounds, valued at $25,875.

WALNUTS.

Walnuts are walnuts to most people. There are, however, ordinarily four kinds of walnuts upon this market, namely, Grenoble, Marbot, Bordeaux, and Naples. A few of California growth are occasionally imported. The Grenoble, Marbot and Bordeaux descriptions are the product of France. As to the Naples description, the name is enough to tell the country of its origin. Very few of these come to Canada.

Grenobles are the best walnuts, being softer in shell and superior in flavour compared with other descriptions. The Marbot, a nut of large size and good flavour, ranks next. But the Marbot is likely this season to be marked by its absence on the Canadian market. The cause is not the quantity of the crop, but its quality, which is very bad owing to damage by rain. Bordeaux walnuts are divided into two classes, Cahors and Cornes. The latter is hard-shelled, but the former is a good nut.

Until within the last year or two Grenoble walnuts did not reach the Canadian market until Christmas week, but now, with improved transportation facilities, they have been in this country twelve days after leaving France, shipment being made via Hamburg.

Down to 1895 walnuts were not classified alone in the trade returns, being grouped with filberts, so that it is only possible to go back to that year with a view to making comparisons. In 1895 the quantity was 522,600 pounds and the value $37,791, and in 1896 the figures were 732,685 and $46,611 respectively, being in excess of those of 1897. In 1894, the last year walnuts and filberts were grouped under one classification, there were imported for home consumption of the two descriptions 1,229,873 pounds valued at $69,610. In 1890 the quantity was 1,100,661 pounds and the value $65,089, while away back in 1877 the respective figures were 389,278 pounds and $18,994. The importation of non-shelled walnuts alone, in 1897, was over 76 per cent. larger than the joint importation of walnuts and filberts twenty years before.

FILBERTS.

Filberts come of the hazelnut family. Since walnuts and filberts were separated in the trade returns in 1895, the latter have been lost sight of altogether. Now they are swallowed up in the mysterious classification, "All other nuts, N.O.P., not shelled," so it would be mere guesswork to say whether they were increasing or decreasing.

The filberts which come to this country are imported almost exclusively from Sicily. Compared with walnuts, filberts are accounted more nutritious, but, paradoxical as it may seem, more difficult to digest. Filberts are supposed to have derived their name from St. Philibert. A few hazelnuts are sometimes imported from Turkey, and some samples were shown the other day, but they are not really a factor on this market.

BRAZIL NUTS.

Brazil nuts were not classified in the trade returns until 1895. In that year the quantity imported was 112,450 pounds, valued at $4,822. The two following years the figures were: 1896, 72,054 pounds, valued at $4,050; 1897, 92,346 pounds, valued at $4,816.

Only once during the three years do we appear to have imported Brazil nuts direct from the country of production, and that was in 1895, when two whole dollars' worth were brought in. We even did better than that with China,

for from the "Flowery Kingdom," three dollars' worth of Brazil nuts were imported in 1895. Last year all nuts of this description were imported from the United States and Great Britain, the quantities being 87,409 and 4,937 pounds respectively.

Brazil nuts are the product of a tall South American tree, and from 18 to 24 of them are borne, packed closely in a rounded hard capsule.

PECANS AND PEANUTS.

Both pecans and peanuts are practically supplied by the United States. In the trade returns they are jointly classified, and last year the quantity imported was 258,264 pounds, valued at $11,-647; 1896, 266,975 pounds, valued at $13,333; 1895, 332,745 pounds, valued at $16,148. In 1897, 256,977 pounds came from the United States, and 1,092 from France. China contributed 195 pounds, valued at four dollars. In 1896, Australasia sent 600 pounds, France 2,086 pounds, China 125 pounds. In 1895 we find Great Britain sending 2,879 pounds, China 68 pounds, France 37,690 pounds, Japan 127 pounds, Spain 14,593 pounds, the United States 277,388 pounds.

The pecan is the most important of native nuts in the United States, and a great deal of attention is being devoted to the planting of groves of this nut in some of the Southern States. The industry appears to be as a rule a paying one, and one South Carolina grower is credited with having trees from which he sells $40 to $50 worth in a season. This, however, is an exceptional case.

Peanuts, unlike other varieties of nuts, are not produced above ground. They are of the earth earthy, being, like potatoes, produced underground. The plant is a trailer and of the bean family, as one might almost gather from the flavour of the unroasted nut. Even the ripening process goes on underground. Groundnut, groundpea and earthnut are names by which the peanut is known in some places.

Attempts to cultivate the peanut in Canada have not been unsuccessful, particularly in the neighbourhood of St. Catharines. Only last summer peanuts were successfully raised in a thickly populated part of Toronto. But, of course, the cultivation in Canada has never had any commercial importance, and probably never will.

W. L. Edmonds.

CONSUMMATION.

(From the German of Heine.)

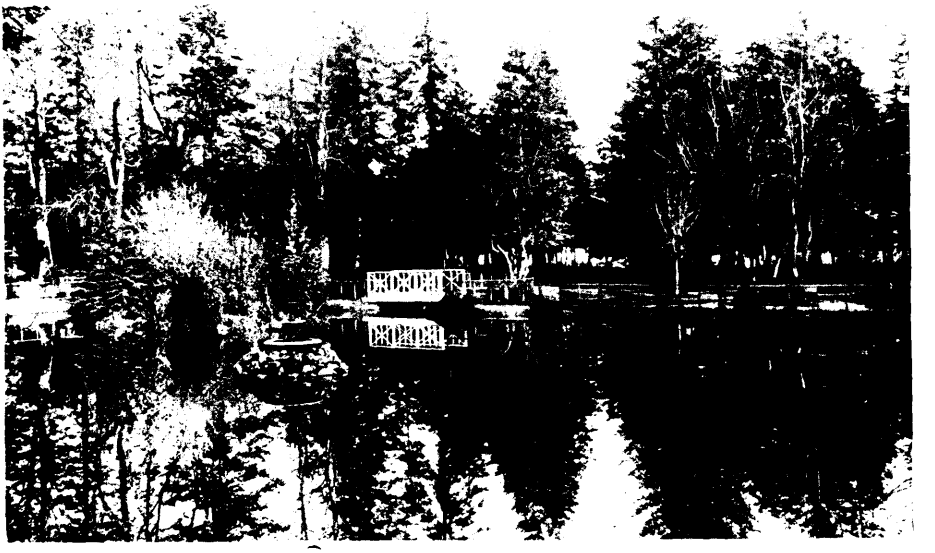
A STAR is earthward falling
From yonder glittering height;
The star that love betokens
Is falling in my sight.

From the apple tree are falling
White blossoms soft and still,
With them the teasing breezes
Unhindered work their will.

The swan sings in the fish pond,
Sails up and down the wave,
And singing yet more softly
Sinks deep in his watery grave.

It is so dark and quiet!
The blossoms are blown afar,
In silence dies the swan-song,
And fades the flaring star.

W. A. R. Kerr.



PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MAYNARD.

BEACON HILL PARK—VICTORIA, B.C.

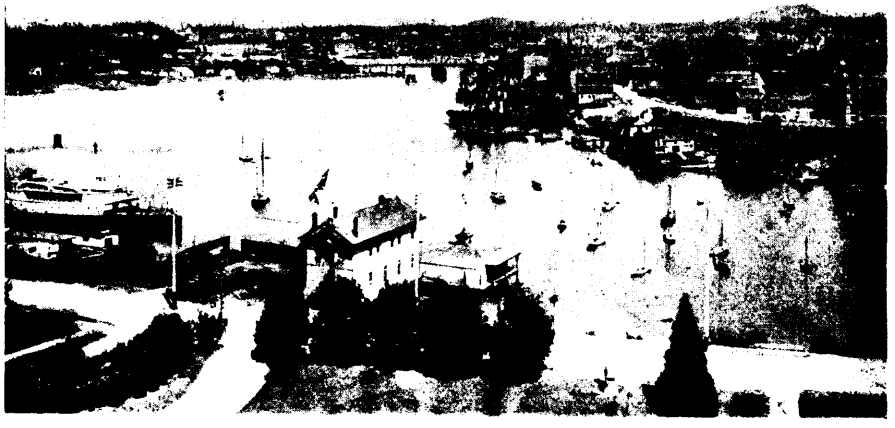
THE QUEEN CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IT is not my intention in this brief sketch to treat of Victoria only from the standpoint of her beautiful location, her sporting and tourist attractions, and the exceedingly picturesque elements that encircle life in general within her borders; nor yet to deal solely with historical data or commercial aspects ; but rather steering along that delightful middle course, (so much more attractive to the general reader, and so infinitely more satisfactory to the writer) wherein a few statistics and solid facts peep out from between the folds of description, I shall try to present a faithful silhouette of the Queen City as she appears in the eyes of the world to-day.

Away back in the year 1842 Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Douglas, Senior Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a man of ability and great force of character, and a born leader of men, fixed upon the old settlement of Camosun, on the southern end of Vancouver Island, as the site for a new fort and trading post; and in the following spring the place was named Victoria. From that date until 1886 the history of the Queen City became practically that of the whole province. In 1851 Mr. James Douglas was appointed governor of Vancouver Island, being given equal jurisdiction over the new colony of British Columbia in 1858. He was knighted in 1864, and when on August 20th, 1866, the mainland and the Island of Vancouver were united as a Crown Colony he became governor of the whole province.

The parliamentary history of British Columbia is both interesting and complicated, covering, as it does, the days of the Island's supremacy, the brief existence of a rival capital at New Westminster, and the records of the Legislative Assembly of the Crown Colony ; also, more recently, the doings of Parliament since the province entered Confederation on July 20th, 1871.

But it is chiefly to the aspects and prospects of modern Victoria that I would now draw your attention, and a more pleasant subject for comment could scarcely be found throughout all the length and breadth of Canada, the



EDWARDS BROS., PHOTOGRAPHERS. VICTORIA—THE QUEEN

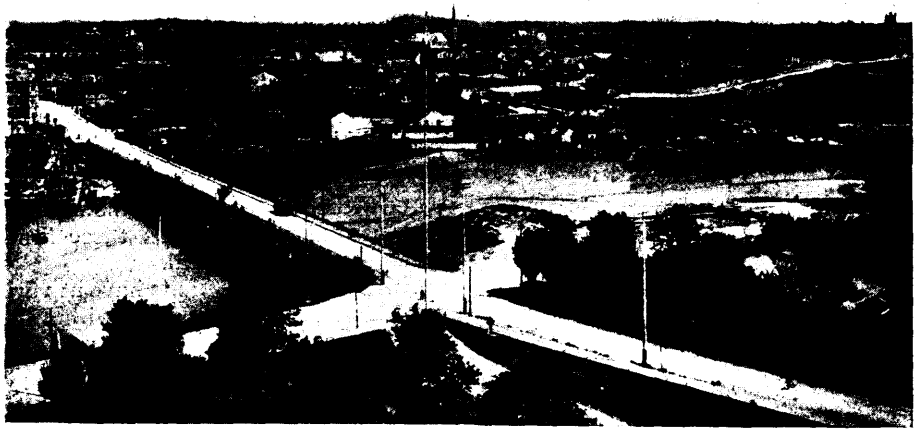
Queen City being one of the most exquisite places in all this beautiful Dominion of which we are the proud sons and daughters.

Sea-girt by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and with the snow-capped range of Olympian Mountains lying to the south-west, Victoria is situated on the edge of a rich agricultural district, where the farms and fields of prosperous settlers evidence what can be done by the energy of men aided by a temperate climate; for be the sky blue with summer's reflected glory, or grey with the clouds of an autumn rain, the thermometer never plays tricks upon unwary ranchers, nor, except in very rare instances, goes beyond the moderate limits of 33° and 80° Fahrenheit.

As a summer resort for tourists Victoria is altogether delightful, offering capital hotel accommodation, sport of every kind, fishing, shooting, boating, golf, cricket, tennis, and the most beautiful drives and bicycle rides imaginable. In this locality, alone in all the vast province of British Columbia, are the country lanes and highways inhedged for miles by thorn and thicket, where brambles luxuriate, and wild flowers struggle for supremacy with trailing vines and upstart weeds. Along such roads, bordered by well-cultivated fields, or out past Oak Bay, close to the golf links, where the sweep of the blue Pacific waters washes up over the rocky boulders that fringe the shore, one may cycle or ride for miles; or, taking some other direction, have a specially attractive goal in view, Cadboro' Bay, William's Head, Goldstream, Cedar Hill, and a dozen other equally lovely suburbs being well within the possibility of a pleasant day's excursion.

THE SEALING FLEET IN VICTORIA HARBOUR.

Boating, too, may be indulged in up the gorge, or



CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

two miles to the north where, in Esquimalt Harbour, the vessels of Her Majesty's navy lie at anchor, and the surrounding fortifications tell of the well-defended position of this magnificent naval station.

Constituting the western outpost of the Dominion the coast defences are here of special importance ; therefore, besides being the headquarters of the Pacific Squadron, detachments of Royal Marine Artillery and Royal Engineers have been quartered in the barracks at Macaulay point, whilst the militia force, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Gregory, is an exceptionally fine corps.

The main part of the Queen City is built on the slope of a hill at whose foot lies the harbour of Victoria (as distinct from Esquimalt Harbour), where all the shipping trade of the port is carried on, and the wharves of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, R. P. Rithet & Co., and others, line the shore. Connected by excellent steamship services with the Puget Sound ports, as well as Vancouver, the Fraser River, and Californian ports and Alaskan points, the docks are always busy, the trans-oceanic vessels of the Canadian Pacific line to China and Japan, of the Canadian Australian route, and of the Northern Pacific S.S. line, all making Victoria a port of call. It may here be mentioned that the tonnage of the port is amongst the largest in the Dominion.

During the rush to the Klondyke last summer an immense outfitting trade was done by merchants in the Queen City, and a great impetus was thereby given to trade This formed the commencement of a new era of good times, for Victoria, like her sister cities on the

THREE CHINESE SAILOR-BOYS.

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR, B.C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MAYNARD.

Pacific Coast, experienced for a season a wave of business depression that seriously interfered with commercial development.

Now, however, all is once more prosperity and progress in the west, and the large wholesale trade done in Victoria stands on a solid basis. There is an unusually large proportion of large wholesale houses in the city, as compared with the population (some 26,000). The capital which backs these firms is large and chiefly local.

Enterprises of all kinds have at various times been established within the city limits, amongst which may be mentioned fruit-preserving, pickling and spice factories, flour, feed and rice mills, boot, shoe and trunk-making, soap and powder works, iron foundries, machine shops, furniture and biscuit factories, and chemical and metallurgical works; whilst many of the retail shops in the town would astonish eastern eyes, so favourably do they compare with those of Ontario and Quebec centres.

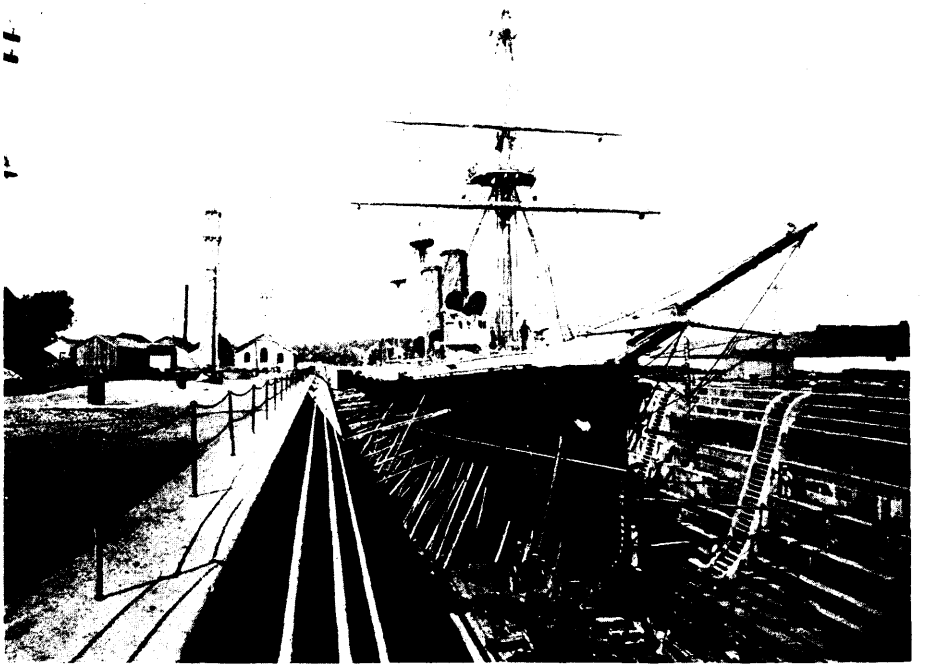
Though the coal mines of Nanaimo and Wellington are situated about eighty miles from Victoria, a mention of them may fairly be included in this sketch, the industry being chiefly owned by the Dunsmuirs, whose name ranks high amongst those of the most prominent of Victoria's pioneers. The export from these coal mines last year was valued at $2,445,379.

To the Queen City alone belongs, almost exclusively, the sealing industry of British Columbia, for, with one or two exceptions, all the sealing vessels make Victoria their home port. In 1897 the boats brought back a cargo valued at $750,000, of which about $500,000 was the product of Behring Sea.

Many fine buildings ornament the city. The new Post Office and Custom House built of grey stone, the Jubilee Hospital, the Drill Shed, and some of the business "blocks" are tangible proofs of the stability of the place, whilst capital telephone, electric light, and street car services, water-works, sewerage and other public systems testify to

the fact that in this community, established on the western extremity of Canadian soil, not only are all the comforts of civilization obtainable, but the most up-to-date luxuries afforded by electricity, steam, and rail are also at the disposal of residents and travellers alike. Victoria is the terminus of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and of the Victoria and Sidney Railway.

Of all the public structures, however, that adorn the locality, the new Parliament Building stands out pre-eminently,



BAILEY BROS., PHOTOGRAPHERS.

H.M.S. AMPHION IN DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMAULT.

an edifice of great architectural beauty. It is built of local grey stone, ornamented inside with Italian marbles, wrought iron and stained glass, finished in the native woods of British Columbia, such as alder, cypress, cedar, fir, and bird's-eye maple. It comprises within its walls a splendid Provincial Library and Museum full of excellent specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms in British Columbia, and curios of the Indian tribes on the Pacific Coast. There are also a remarkably fine Legislative Hall, all the governmental special departments, a capital cuisine, luncheon rooms and other accessories,—indeed, there is not a finer Provincial House of Assembly in the Dominion.

The location of the building is superb, and is the pride of the residents of Victoria. On a fresh summer morning, when the sun is shining overhead, and the blue waters of James Bay come rippling in at one's feet, whilst the peaks of the Olympian Mountains jag the line of the horizon against the scintillating sky, flecked here and there with cloud-forms, soft as thistledown, what grander sight can the eye of resident or tourist desire than that magnificent, stern, stone pile, with its softening foreground of green grass lawns, and grass-green trees?

The private residences in the Queen City are very fine indeed, and stand in gardens sweet-smelling with a thou-

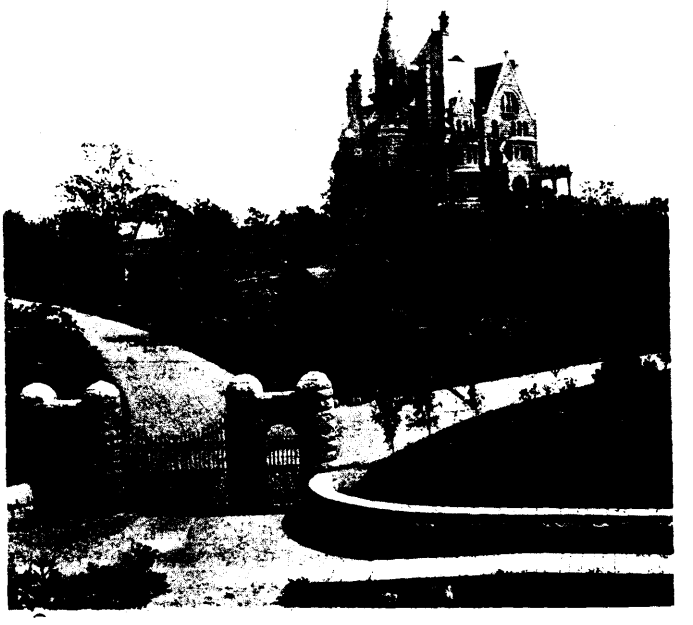
TRUEMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA.

sand blossoms, where roses grow to perfection, and the oak and the elm flourish in the land of the pine, the cedar, and the fir. The red brick walls of large and comfortable mansions, o'er-grown with ivy and westeria, remind one of England's Elizabethan houses, the grounds surrounding many of them bearing a close affinity to the park-lands of older countries. The wild flowers that abound on Vancouver Island are most beautiful.

At the one end of the city stands Chinatown, with its Joss House full of carved and hideous deities, and a theatre where the performers are all men. Unless the play lasts every night from eight o'clock until dawn is breaking over the Gulf of Georgia, an infuriated and disappointed audience bombards the stage, refusing to be pacified until the entertainment is continued for another few hours.

Here the stores, for diversity of wares, could discount even the typical "Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens' imagination, and naturally all the sights that usually characterize the Mongolian quarters on the Pacific



CRAIGDARROCH—THE DUNSMUIR RESIDENCE.

Coast may also be seen in this neighbourhood. There are dozens of Chinamen in loose, neutral-hued garments, little children in brilliant-coloured padded silk coats and quaint round caps, and women of the lower classes grouped in twos and threes about the doors of their shacks.

BLACKIE, PHOTOGRAPHER.

INTERIOR OF LEGISLATIVE HALL.

But though, of course, the local low-caste Chinese women go about as freely as do their white sisters, there is in Victoria a girl-wife, who, being of higher caste and having feet only two inches long, can scarcely walk at all; she therefore goes out to take the air in a carriage.

There is something indescribably pathetic about the life of such a woman, apart from the squalid existence of the ordinary Mongolians who infest our British Columbian coast towns. For to see her totter across the room, catching at the furniture in order to steady herself *en route;* to try to put your thumb into her tiny shoe, and find you cannot succeed, so narrow is the little article of silk and kid she has embroidered to form a covering for her poor mutilated feet; to note the immobility of her colourless face upon which resignation is so indelibly stamped, is to realize the helpless, hopeless tenor of her life.

Thanks be to Heaven, the children of this woman run about as nature intended they should; thus in one family, at least, the barbarous practice of binding up the nether limbs of babies until the toes drop off, and the foot is all pushed up into a distorted mass about the ankle, has died out.

In the Queen City, as in Vancouver, the Chinese domestic servant is ubiquitous, whilst his brother Mongolians wash, or rather ruthlessly tear up, the Victorians' clothes, or sell them vegetables and fish with cheerful impartiality.

Though in this sketch I have only been able to touch briefly upon a few headings connected with the commerce, shipping, public industries and institutions, the sporting and tourist attractions of Victoria, and also to refer incidentally to its eminent desirability as a residential locality, yet with all the inherent pride of the province, that is ever the sign-manual of the true westerner, I trust that fresh interest in our beautiful British Columbia may hereby be aroused in the minds of those before whom there still lies the glorious prospect of "a trip out west."

Julian Durham.

HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD MINTO.

Governor-General of Canada.

HER EXCELLENCY, THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

BY THE GRACE OF CHANCE. *

A Racing Tale of India.

LIEUT. LAYTON had a friend, and the friend had peculiarities. One of the peculiarities was an absorbing love of getting into debt and consequent kite-flying. It's as easy to get into debt in India as it is to get into sunshine. He was known by the cheerful name of "Gaiety."

With Lieut. Layton's name on the back of a note, and his friend's on the face of it, it was an easy hunt to stalk a Marwarie money lender with cash enough to discount it. But that transaction didn't really help them very much; it tided the friend over settling day after the Bungaloo races, but it didn't provide the ways and means against settling day with the Marwarie.

With nothing tangible in sight, chances had to be taken, and one or two little flyers on the part of Gaiety had only worked them down deeper in the debt mire. That was why Layton was wandering about on the maiden close to the Lucknow race course one evening when he should have been at the "gym," or the "mess," or almost anywhere except mooning about on the dismal smoke-scented plain. He was doing something that no officer in the whole service would have given him credit for—he was fretting.

The friend who had used up the money, and who would most likely come a smash if the thing wasn't met, was enjoying himself with his brother officers as though he hadn't a minute to spare from the arduous duty of spending his income.

"It's a devil of a hole that we're in," mused Layton, as he flicked at the dry grass with his stick. "Gaiety can't raise the wind, not a pice of it, to pay that blood-sucking Marwarie, and he'll be down on me for his pound of flesh like an Afghan Ghazi. I wouldn't care, only poor old Nell will have to wait till goodness knows when—wait till never-day, I fancy, for the infernal thing will break me too."

He threw up his head and listened. Something was pounding the turf behind him on the course. It was not the mixed, excited shuffle of ekka ponies; it was the clean, powerful stroke of thoroughbred hoofs, strong horses hammering the sod in eager gallop—his racing ear knew that.

"By Jove, it's a trial!" he muttered.

He could see a blurred mass gliding along in the moonlight on the far side of the course. He quickened his pace, and drew up in the shadow of the lime-plastered grand stand.

Two men were standing at the "finish post," twenty yards past the stand. In the uncertain light he could not distinguish who they were.

The Marwarie and Gaiety slipped from his mind for an instant, and his sporting blood bounded hot through his veins in the excitement of watching the horses race neck and neck up the stretch.

It was a glorious tussle. "They're riding for blood," he muttered. "It's no blind, this trial."

Two horses were hugging each other like twins; behind, a dozen lengths, beaten off, galloped something that had been put in to make the running. As they smashed past Layton, one, a big bay, shot out as if the jockey had just let his head go, and swung between the "finish post" and the judge's stand a clean length in front of his mate.

It was pure sport that made Layton take so much interest in the dash up to that time. "The bay could have galloped over the other fellow at any time," he thought. "I wonder whom he belongs to?"

Just then a high-pitched, drawling voice came up to him from one of the

* Published in Canada by special arrangement

two men. There could be no mistaking it. That voice was known from one end to the other of the military racing world of India—it belonged to Capt. Frank Johnson. He was saying: "By gad, Dick, he'll do for the big handicap, if they don't smother him with weight. Two stun and a beating to the other."

"By Jove, it's a trial."

Layton hurried away, his brain in a whirl. He was like a man who had picked up a diamond of great value and was afraid of finding the owner.

It was all clear enough. The bay was Frank Johnson's Zigzag, with the captain's jockey, Dick Richmond, in the saddle. He remembered the horse perfectly now.

Frank Johnson was one of the cleverest racing men in India. His knowledge had cost him something, for to have a free hand at the game he had resigned his commission in the 9th Huzzars. If the trial had satisfied him that Zigzag was good enough for the "open handicap," there could be very little doubt about it whatever.

Layton realized what it meant. It was the very softest kind of a snap. With this knowledge he could back the horse for more than enough to pay off Gaiety's debts with the Marwarie.

But it would be hardly honourable toward Johnson. He had blundered upon the captain's secret, almost stolen it; he could scarcely do it. And then, on the other hand, the greasy, covetous face of the money lender peered at him from the thick folds of a peepul tree, and sneeringly asked why the sahibs signed notes they could not pay. It meant ruin and shame and all the rest of it; and even the face of his friend, of Gaiety—all the happy boyishness gone—was there in the evening dusk, drawn and white and pleading.

It was a bitter struggle, for Layton had honour—plenty of it; but the odds were too great, he could not fight against it; and, besides, Johnson had not confided in him, had not trusted him, had not put him on his honour. It was his luck that he had seen the trial; Fate had drawn him there to show him a way out of his difficulty.

Also, if he bought Zigzag in the lotteries, Johnson could claim half every time. They could both win quite enough, for the lotteries would be very heavy.

This was the day before the opening of the Lucknow spring meeting.

It was the next morning Frank Johnson was walking home from the

course, after having seen his string exercise, when he was stopped by one Harvey, trainer to the Rajah of Jagnat.

"Good mornin', Meester Johnson," began Harvey; and in his manner was much of the I've-got-something-behind-all-this style.

"What is it, Harvey?" said Johnson, scenting the something at once.

"Well, sir, you know Simpkin, don't you?"

"Is he any good?" asked Johnson. "He's never done anything yet."

"That's hall right, sir," answered the trainer, with a wink, "hand 'es in the big 'andicap here, the same race as your Zigzag's in."

"Well?" queried Johnson.

"The 'andicapper don't know much about 'im 'ere, sir, h'and if you 'appened to be h'anywhere near when the weights was bein' made hup, and could get a tidy weight hon him, we could land the stuff."

"What weight'll do you?" asked the owner of Zigzag.

"Hanything hunder eight stone seven pounds. With eight stone four pounds on 'is back he could gallop right away from the hothers."

Then Harvey explained to the captain all about the trials Simpkin had given them down at Jagnat; how he had beaten horses that quite out-classed Zigzag, until Johnson saw that with a light weight on his back there certainly was nothing in it but Simpkin.

He knew that Zigzag, on his past form, would certainly not get less than nine stone seven pounds in the handicap, perhaps ten stone.

This was a game after his own heart. They could make a coup with Simpkin, and Zigzag would have less weight another time. Besides, Zigzag would fetch a pretty good price in the lotteries, and it would take a lot of money to back him to win a fair amount. That would be too risky if Simpkin were as good as Harvey said.

"You can buy your 'orse in hevery lottery," said the trainer, "hand we'll take alf or three-quarters, just as you like. He'll never be backed 'eavily, for nobody but the stable knows nout about 'im."

Always when things of this sort happen the recipient of the favour credits it to fate. That's just what the captain did. "The gods are bound to trust this purse in my pocket," he mused as he travelled down the tree-shaded road toward a big white bungalow.

And Fate laughed a little and went to sleep again, for he was not to act, really, till the day of the race. Johnson knew that three officers were framing the handicaps that very morning in Major Jim's bungalow. He didn't quite know how he was going to get a hand in the business; but if he could make any excuse to get in among them, something was pretty sure to turn up. When he stepped up on the verandah, the rough, dark green door of the bungalow was closed. He gave a knock, and shoved it abruptly open and walked in, pretending to be mighty surprised at finding anybody but his friend, Major Jim, there.

"Awfully sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed, in his lazy, drawling way. "Had no idea that I was spoiling sport. My dogcart didn't turn up at the racecourse, and I thought I'd come in and have breakfast with the Major. I'll clear out, though, and let you finish up your work.

"Have a peg, Johnson," said Major Jim, getting up from the table. "We are busy, and breakfast won't be on till we finish. Sorry I can't ask you to stay in the room, but we're making the handicaps, you know."

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed one of the others, as the captain sipped leisurely at his whisky and soda, "Johnson likely knows something about this Simpkin they sent up from Jagnat. He knows every gee-gee in the country."

"Yes," added the Major, "what about this brute Harvey has entered from Jagnat? We've got none of his performances to go on."

"O, that crock," said the captain, with fine scorn; stick a postage stamp on his back—shove him in at anything you like, 7 st. 10 lbs. "Good morning,

gentlemen," he added, as he set his glass down and opened the door. "Don't put a load of bricks on Zigzag's back."

As he walked away from his bungalow he whistled softly under his breath: "May I fall in love with Kali, if ever I saw a chance to beat that."

When the handicap was posted that evening on the notice board on the course, Zigzag had the rather heavy impost of 10 stone; while Simpkin had a weight to gladden Harvey's heart; he was in at eight stone.

Harvey assured Johnson that the horse couldn't lose at that weight.

To make the good thing a greater certainty, Johnson let the trainer have his own jockey, Richmond, for Simpkin, and determined to ride Zigzag himself. If the game had been Zigzag, this would not have mattered so very much, for he was one of the best riders in India.

That the owner was riding Zigzag confirmed Layton in his determination to have a plunge on the horse. At the lotteries, the night before the race, Layton bought Zigzag in the first lottery.

When the secretary asked if the owner claimed anything, Johnson answered, "Nothing, thanks."

"He'll come to me after it's all over," thought Layton, "and ask for a half throughout. He knows I'll have to give it to him, too. It wouldn't be safe to have his horse running with none of the owner's money on."

When Simpkin was sold Johnson bought him through another party.

And so it was through every lottery, and there were many of them, for the handicap was a big betting race with eight horses in it.

Layton bought Zigzag steadily every time, and Johnson's agent took Simpkin.

After it was over Layton rather wondered that Zigzag's owner made no sign—did not come and ask for his half.

He could understand Johnson's refusing to take any interest in him in the lotteries, for the effect of that was to reduce his betting price. But why did he not come forward now when it was all over.

"He'll come around in the morning," he thought. "He won't let him run unbacked after that trial."

But in the morning Johnson still made no sign. Layton was getting a little uneasy. Racing was such an uncertain business at best. What if something had gone wrong with Zigzag. He would be utterly ruined if he failed to win the race. Not only the Marwarie's debt, but the present lottery account. He would be posted as a defaulter; at least, it would take every rupee he could rake together in the world to square up, and he would certainly have to send in his papers.

Fifteen minutes before the race no offer had come from Johnson to take a share in Zigzag's chances. The suspense was too great for Layton. He went to the little dressing room, just under the stand, where Johnson was putting on his slim riding boots and colours.

"See here, Frank," he said, "I've got Zigzag in every lottery, and I stand to win a big pot over him. Do you want any of it? You haven't taken a bit of it yet."

Johnson was noted for two things—his superb riding and his exquisite cynical humour.

"Who the merry Hades told you to back my horse?" he asked.

"I backed him because I thought he could win, and you were riding him," answered Layton, colouring slightly.

"Well, he hasn't the ghost of a chance," said Johnson, tightening the strings in his racing cap, "and I don't want a bit of him in anything. He hasn't a thousand-to-one chance."

Layton was dumbfounded.

"If he doesn't win," he said, "I shall come a cropper."

Johnson looked at him queerly for a minute; then he said: "Now go and square yourself on Simpkin. You can hedge on him, for he's a sure winner."

"And if he's beaten," said Layton, almost angrily, "I shall be in a worse hole than ever. I won't do it. I'll

"Gaiety came up to Layton."

stand or fall by Zigzag, and I'll lay you 5,000 rupees to nothing against his winning."

"I won't do it that way," said Johnson, quickly, "for that isn't a bet. If I cant't lose I can't win; that's the rule in betting; but I'll take five thousand rupees to 10."

"Here, Dick," he called sharply, "you witness this bet. Mr. Layton lays me 5,000 rupees to 10 against Zigzag. If the horse wins he pays me 5,000, if he doesn't I pay him 10. That's a clear understanding, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Layton, cheerfully.

"It's the only bet I've got on my mount," added Johnson, "and it's just throwing 10 rupees in the sea."

As they rode over to the post, Johnson said to Dick: "I'll carry them along for half-a-mile, for with your light weight it will be better for something to make the running. When I'm done for you can go to the front and canter home. I think you'll have an easy job."

"I'd rather be on Zigzag, sir," replied the jockey. "I know what he can do, and I don't like the feel of this fellow under me; he's a shifty."

The race was a mile and a quarter. As the horses made their way over to the starting-post across the course from the stand, Gaiety came up to Layton and said: "There's a tremendous rush on Simpkin."

And so there was. The stable money being all on, Harvey had told a few of his friends, and the ring was flooding the bookmakers with money for Simpkin. Very few were backing Zigzag, and he was traveling out in the betting.

"Ten to one, Zigzag!" the bookmakers were howling in vain—there were no takers.

At the start Johnson was playing to get away in front to make the running and keep a nice place for Simpkin to drop into when his horse was beaten. At the third attempt they got away, very much as the captain desired.

"They're off!" went up from the grand stand in a hoarse cry, and glasses were levelled at the bright splashes of colour twisting in and out, as the eight horses scrambled for places. A black

jacket, with red and yellow sleeves, shot to the front immediately.

"Zigzag leads!" somebody exclaimed, and Layton rubbed his glasses with his handkerchief, and focussed them on the leader of the rushing troop.

He could see the red and yellow quartered cap leaning far over the withers of the big bay. Yes, it was Zigzag.

"He's got away well," said Layton to Gaiety, without lowering his glasses. "He's trying anyway, and if it comes to any brain work at the finish Johnson can give all the boys seven pounds at that game."

When they had travelled a quarter of a mile the black jacket was a length in front of everything. Layton's heart lay like lead in his breast. That was not Johnson's tactics when he was out to win a mile-and-a-quarter race. With ten stone up, he wouldn't be making his own running.

Layton knew then that he had lost. It was almost a relief to know just where he stood. He had cast the die and lost.

Some fool near him was croaking. "Zigzag 'll win all the way." He felt pity in his heart for the man's utter ignorance of racing. Perhaps, though, after all, it were better that way; he almost envied him. It was the knowledge of racing that broke so many of them.

At the three-quarters Zigzag was still leading.

"He'll win! he'll win!" the other man was saying, exultantly. "I took 10 to 1 about him."

Then something crept up on Zigzag —crept up until the horses were lapped head and head. The glasses showed the white jacket and red cap of the Jagnat's stable.

"Simpkin is coming now!" went up a cry from many throats—the throats of the many who had backed him when the tip was spread about.

At the mile post Simpkin's Arab head showed in front. The two were a clear length in front of the field. The stand was wild with delight, for Simpkin had started favourite. Over on the horses Johnson and Dick were riding so close together that they could speak in short, gasping words as the wind cut at their breath. Three furlongs from home they were together, nose and nose—Simpkin had dropped back a head. Johnson could hear

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"The horses clung to each other up the straight."

something close up on them from behind.

"Go on, Dick!" he gasped. "I'll pull back and let you up next the rail."

"I can't," answered Dick, helplessly. "I can't go any faster; I'm done for."

A great rage came into the heart of the Captain. This was the "sure thing" they had put him on to. Beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish, and the others closing up on them, already a chestnut head was lapped on the quarters of Simpkin.

Zigzag was still full of running, fighting for his head. Slowly, inch by inch, the chestnut was creeping up; his nose was at Dick's girths now.

"I'm done," he heard Dick say again, and then he grasped the saddle with his knees and rode for Layton's 5,000 rupees.

A furlong from home he was clear of Simpkin, but the chestnut was still there, lapped on his quarters now, and beside the chestnut, on the outside, was an iron-grey, coming very fast, too. How he cursed the folly that had made him take so much out of Zigzag to make the running for Simpkin. If the gallant old horse would only last home the 5,000 rupees would pay his losses.

In the stand the cry of "Zigzag wins!" went up, as the horses clung to each other up the straight. Layton was tugging at his blonde mustache, and even Gaiety's face was solemn and still as he realized what that struggle meant to the two of them—meant more to them than to all the others in the stand together. Not only the money, but honour—life itself—was at stake.

As they flashed past the stand, Zigzag's big bony head, with its wide red nostrils, was still in front.

And so they caught the judge's eye.

The stout heart of the gallant horse, and the cool head of the steel-nerved rider, had won the race that was all but thrown away.

W. A. Fraser.

HAUNTED.

(From the German of Heine)

BY night when 'gainst my pillow,
My cheek is pressing warm,
Before my mind still hovers
A fair and lovely form.

And hardly has silent slumber,
Closed fast my eyes, it seems,
Till slips with noiseless footfall
That fair form in my dreams.

Nor with the morning's coming
Does my sweet dreams depart,
For on through all the daytime
I bear it in my heart.

W. A. R. Kerr.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"You never can wash your hands clean in dirty water," said Temperance to Nathan, "no more'n you can wash a floor with a dirty mop. Throw dirt and the wind'll carry it back in your own eyes. You can't splash mud without gettin' spattered yourself." Thereupon Temperance rattled her dishes violently with an energy almost offensive. Her remarks were in the nature of a parable intended to impress upon her admirer her superiority to, and contempt for, ill-natured gossip.

Nathan bowed his head to the blast, waited till the noisy agitation in the dishpan had subsided a little, and then continued to disburden himself of the news he had gathered during the two days which had elapsed since he had seen Temperance.

"Mrs. Snyder has been took again, I saw Sam and he says she's real miserable."

"You don't say!" said Temperance, fairly interested now. "She has a sight of sickness."

"Well, she was took down three days ago," said Nathan, repeating himself. Having no details to give, he uttered this remark with emphasis, as of one giving forth a brand new idea.

"It's just a year ago this very month since she was took down before," went on Miss Tribbey, uttering her reflections aloud as she was wont to do when she had only the cat for auditor. "I remember particular well because I was making currant jell at the time, and Mame Settle was here and she was helping dish it out, and she burned her hand, and she said she was goin' to set up with Mrs. Snyder that night, and she said she wouldn't get drowsy with that hand keepin' her company. Yes, 'twas this very month."

Temperance having successfully proved her proposition in regard to the date of Mrs. Snyder's former illness, returned with renewed vim to her dishes.

"It's curious how disease comes back," said Nathan reflectively. "There's my grandfather, he died two years before the church was opened, and he had quinsy regular every spring, and Aunt Maria had her erysipelas in March every year regular as sugar making, and old Joseph Muir had his strokes always in July. I can mind that well, his funeral came just in hayin' for it rained terrible when we was comin' back from the buryin' and some one said, 'Lucky is the corpse that the rain rains on,' and old Ab. Ranger said he guessed luck didn't cut much figger with a corpse any how, and for his part he'd a sight ruther had his hay dry in the barn as wet in the field. It seemed kind of unfeelin'."

Nathan rose to throw out the dish water for Temperance, a gallantry he always permitted himself when he spent the evening with her. So anxious was he not to miss this pleasure that he usually made a number of false starts, drawing upon himself a kindly rebuke for fidgeting "like a hen with its head off." Nevertheless Temperance secretly counted upon this bit of attention as much as Nathan did. He was returning with the empty pan when suddenly he stopped.

"Gee!" he said, a strong word giving evidence of excitement. "I clean forgot to tell you the news. Len Simpson's dead." Temperance sat down heavily in a chair.

"My soul!" she said. Nathan continued with oratorical importance, feel-

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ing that for once he had made a hit.

"Yes, we was puttin' up petitions in Mrs. Didymus's hen house to-day. She's gone cracked on fancy chickings and keepin' the breeds separate and sich nonsence, and we was petitionin' it off and the bound girl said Mister Didymus had been called over to Simpson's terrible suddent, and he stayed to dinner, and he writ a telegraph and sent it off by young Len to Brixton. He died in Boston, and I don't know if the telegraph was to send home The Body or not. But anyhow Mister Didymus was terrible affected."

"And so he ought to be, remembering all things," said Temperance. "Poor Len—Well when he was keepin' company with Martha Didymus I thought he was the only young fellar I ever saw that could hold a candle to Lanty. Well, well, and Martha's been dead and gone these three years. Pore Mart, died of heart break I always said, and so Len's dead in Bosting! What was he doin' there?"

"They say," said Nathan, telling the tidings shamefacedly, as became their import. "They say he was play actin'."

"Oh pore Len," said Temperance. "To fall to that! And I've heard many a one say that there never was a man far or near could draw as straight a furrow as Len nor build a better stack. Play actin'!"

Just then Mr. Lansing came out to the kitchen.

"It's most time to start," he said. "We'll take the democrat—comin' to help hook up, Nat?"

Nathan followed him to the stables.

Temperance went to get ready for the prayer-meeting for rain.

The two girls and Sidney were sitting on the grass in the sweet, old-fashioned garden, where verbenas elbowed sweet clover, and sweet peas climbed over and weighed down the homely provence roses, where mignonette grew self-sown in the sandy paths and marigolds lifted saucy faces to the sun unbidden; where in one corner grew marjoram and thyme and peppergrass, lemon balm, spearmint and rue. The far-away parents of these plants had shed their seed in old grange gardens in England. The Lansings had long ago left their country for conscience's sake, bravely making the bitter choice between Faith and Fatherland.

The three young people, waiting in the delicious drowsiness of the summer twilight, were environed in an atmosphere of suppressed but electrical emotion.

Sidney Martin felt within him all the eagerness of first love. Every faculty of his delicate, emotional temperament was tense with the delight of the Vision given to his eyes. How could he ever dream that the moths of the mind would fray its fabric or the sharp teeth of disillusion tear it? And indeed for him it remained for ever splendid with the golden broideries of his loving imagination. Vashti dreamed—even as the mighty sibyls of old brooded over their dreams, conscious of their beauty, and filled with the desire to see them accomplished—finding her visions trebly precious because they were her very own, the offspring of her own heart, the begetting of her own brain, the desire of her own will.

She knew that Lanty did not love her passionately, but to this strange woman there was an added charm in the thought that she must do battle for the love she craved. Her whole soul rose to the combat, which she might have gained had she not made a fatal error in overlooking the real issue, which was not to make Lanty love her, but to make him cease loving Mabella.

Mabella's face, in the soft dusk, wore an exalted expression of purity and tremulous happiness. There were soft shadows beneath her eyes, and her hands trembled as she plucked a flower to fragments. Her hidden happiness had so winged her spirit that her slight body was sorely tired by its eagerness. She started at each sound, and smiled at nothing. Sweet Mabella Lansing did not dream that these eyes of hers had already betrayed her precious secret, but they had been read

by a kindly heart. Sidney Martin thought he never in his life had seen anything so sweet as this girl's face, lit by the first illumination of love's torch. An epicure in the senses, he realized keenly the delicacy of this phase of young life—like the velvet sheen upon a flower freshly unfolded, like the bloom upon the grape, like the down upon a butterfly's wing, lovely, but destroyed by a touch. Beneath this evanescent charm he knew there was deep, true feeling, but he sighed to think that the world might mar its unconsciousness.

Sidney Martin had no place in his musings for God, yet in the face of Mabella Lansing he saw a purity, a love, a look of young delight so holy, that almost he was persuaded to think of a Divinity beyond that of human nature. But he said to himself, "After all how sweet a thing human nature is; how cruel to seek to bestow that ancient smirch, called original sin. Has sin part or place in this girl, or in Vashti, Queen Vashti, with the marvellous eyes and the splendid calm presence? Vashti, who looks at life so calmly, so benignly—" and so on, for begin where he would, his thoughts reverted to Vashti. She was first and last with him forever. The Alpha and Omega of his life.

But these things were all inarticulate, and in the old scented garden the three talked of other things. The girls were telling Sidney the story of the Lansing Legacy.

Long, long before, when the Lansings were by far the most numerous family in the country side, when a Lansing preached in the Church, when a Lansing taught in the little school, where Lansing children outnumbered all the others put together, the *doyen* of the family was a quaint old man—Abel Lansing. He was very old, a living link between the generations, and spoke, as one having authority, of the days of old. Although a bachelor, he was yet patriarchal in his rule over the wide family connection, and they brought him their disputes to be adjusted, and came to him to be consoled in their griefs. When they were prosperous, he preserved their humility by reminding them of the case of Jeshurun, "who waxed fat and kicked," and the dire results of that conduct; when they complained of poverty or hardship, he told them they should be thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to them, contrasting their lot with that of their fathers, who threshed their scanty crops with a flail upon the ice, in lieu of a threshing floor, carried guns as well as bibles to Church, and eat their hearts out yearning for the far-off hedges of England when they had not yet grown to love their sombre hills of refuge.

He was very eloquent, evidently both with God and man. It was his prayer, so tradition said, which brought the great black frost to an end, and it was a prayer of his, addressed to human ears, which stayed the hand of vengeance, when uplifted against captive Indians. How excusable vengeance would have been in this case, and how well mercy was repaid, is known to all who have read of the troublous times of old.

In fullness of years, old Abel Lansing died, and dying left all he had to the poor of the parish, save and excepting a hoard of broad Spanish pieces. How he had come by these dollars no one knew. The commonly accepted idea was that they had been brought from England by the first Lansing, and kept sacredly in case of some great need. Be that as it may, there they were, stored in the drawer of the old oak coffer which had been made in England by hands long dead.

And Abel Lansing's will directed that to each Lansing there should be given one piece, and in the quaint phraseology of the times, Abel had set down the conditions of his gift. The recipients were bidden to guard the coin zealously and never to part with it save *in extremis*—to buy bread, save life or defend the Faith.

And strangely enough, when the money was portioned out, it was found that for each broad silver piece there was a Lansing, and for each Lansing

a broad silver piece. No more and no less. And the country folk, hardly yet divorced from belief in the black art, with the unholy smoke of the burned witches still stinging their eyes, looked at each other curiously when they spoke of the circumstances.

Oh, what an eloquent human history might be written out, if the tale of each of these coins was known! What an encyclopedia of human joys and sorrows! For no Lansing lightly parted with his Spanish dollar, upon the possession of which the luck of the Lansings depended. They were exchanged as gages of love between Lansing lovers. They were given Lansing babies to "bite on," when they began cutting their teeth. They had been laid upon dead eyes. They had been saved from burning houses at the peril of life. And dead hands had been unclosed to show one held clasped even in the death pang.

Vashti drew hers from her pocket, and showed it to Sidney.

Mabella took hers from a little leather bag which hung about her neck. When Mabella's mother had died in want and penury, she had given her three year old baby the piece and told her to hold it fast and show it to Uncle when he came, for at last the brother had consented to see his sister. He was late in yielding his stubborn will, but when once he was on the road a fury of haste possessed him to see the sister from whom he had parted in anger. But his haste perhaps defeated itself, and perhaps Fate, which is always ironic, wished to add another ingredient to the bitter cup old Lansing had been at such pains to prepare for his own lips. His harness broke, his horse fell lame by the way, the clouds came down, and the mists rose from the earth and befogged him, and when he finally arrived at the bleak little house it was to find his sister dead, and a yellow haired baby, who tottered still in her walk, but yet had baby wisdom enough to give him the shining silver piece and say "from Mudder." Lansing looked at the baby, and at the coin in his hand, and passed through the open door where an inert head as yellow as the baby's lay upon the pillow. He had come tardily with forgiveness; he had arrived to find his sister dead, and to be offered the symbol of the Lansing luck by an orphan child.

Well—that was but one of the Lansing dollars.

Of all old Abel Lansing's hoard there remained but four pieces—of all that family which had possessed almost tribal dignity there were only four left.

"Are you ready?" shouted old Lansing.

The three young people went round to where the democrat wagon stood with its two big bays. Nathan and Temperance stood beside the horse block; as they appeared Temperance climbed nimbly into the back seat, and Nathan, adorned as usual with his muffler, placed himself in front; the two girls joined Temperance, and Sidney mounted beside Mr. Lansing and Nathan. So they set out, leaving the old house solitary in the deepening night.

As they drove along the country road the burnt odours of the dried up herbage came to them, giving even in the dark a hint of the need for rain.

"Has Nathan told you the news?" asked Temperance of Mr. Lansing. "Len Simpson's dead."

"Oh, Temperance!" said Mabella.

"Where—When?" said Vashti.

Temperance was silent, and Nathan, in the manner of those who have greatness thrust upon them, recommenced his parable.

"Oh, poor Len!" said Mabella, wiping her eyes.

"It's very sad for his people," said Vashti. "First to be disgraced by him, and then to hear of his death like this—well—he was a bad lot."

"Oh, Vashti," said Mabella, passionately, "How can you? And him just dead! His mother'll be heartbroken."

"I did not say anything but what everybody knows," said Vashti, coldly. "He drank, didn't he? And he broke Mart Didymus's heart? I thought you

were fond of her? It's true he's dead, but we've all got to die; he should have remembered while he was living that he had to die some day. I don't believe in making saints of people after they're dead. Let them live well and they'll die well, and people will speak well of them."

"That depends," said Temperance with a snort. "Some people aint given to speak well of their neighbours living or dead."

"And some people," said Vashti cooly, "speak too much, and too often always."

"Hold your peace," said her father sternly. "Did you say The Body was being brought home?" he asked Nathan.

"Yes, or leastways, that's the idea, but no one knows for certain."

"Lanty will take it terribly hard," said the old man musingly. "He and Len Simpson ran together always till Len went off, and Lanty never took up with any one else like he did with Len."

Sidney had been a little chilled by Vashti's attitude towards the death of this young fellow. But with the persistent delusion of the idealist he did not call it hardness of heart, but "a lofty rectitude of judgment;" himself incapable of pronouncing a hard word against a human being, he yet did not perceive what manner of woman this was. He thought only what severe and lofty standards she must have, how inexorable her acceptance of self-wrought consequences was, and he said to himself that he must purify himself as by fire, ere he dared approach the altar of her lips.

Old Mr. Lansing mused aloud upon Len, and his family and his death.

"Well," he said, "Poor Len was always his own worst enemy. Did you hear if he was reconciled before he died?"

"Reconciled," ah, surely, surely that is the word; not converted, nor regenerated, nor saved, but reconciled—reconciled to the great purposes of Nature, to the great intention of the Maker; so infinitely good beside our petty hopes of personal salvation. Reconciled to that mighty law which "sweetly and strongly ordereth all things." Reconciled to give our earthly bodies back to mother earth, our spirits back to the Universal Bosom; to render the Eternal Purpose stronger by the atom of our personal will.

The church to which they were going, and which was even now in sight, was a large frame building, whose grey weather-beaten walls were clouded by darker stains of moisture and moss. Virginia creeper garlanded the porch wherein the worshippers put off their coats, their smiles and, so far as might be, the old Adam, before entering the church proper. Tall elms overshadowed the roof, their lowest branches scraping eerily across the shingles with every breath of wind, a sound which, in a mind properly attuned to spiritual things, might easily typify the tooth and nail methods of the Devil in his assault upon holy things. Indeed the weird sighings and scrapings of these trees had had their share in hastening sinners to the anxious seat, and in precipitating those already there to deeper depths of penitential fear.

Behind the church, in decent array, the modest tomb-stones of God's acre were marshalled. What a nucleus of human emotion is such a church—with its living within and its dead without, like children clustered about the skirts of their mother. Surely, surely, it is, at least, a beautiful thing, this "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection"—the hope which had sustained so many weary old hearts in this congregation, when one after another their loved ones went from them to be cradled in Mother Earth!

Well—Religion they say has grown too scant a robe for human reason. Through its rents are seen the glorious nakedness of science; yet surely the strongest of us must feel a tender reverence for the faith typified by such a church as this. The home of simple faith, where simple folk found peace.

In sect this Church was one of those independent bodies of which there are so many in America, which having re-

tained the severe rectitude of the Puritans are yet leavened with evangelical tenderness, and vivified by evangelical zeal. It approximated perhaps more closely to the Congregational Body than any other, and was self-governing and self-sustaining. As the Chicago people date everything from "The Fire" so Dole people dated all their reminiscences from the "Opening" of the "Church," which meant the dedication of the present church, which, in old Mr. Lansing's boyhood, had replaced the humbler log bnilding of earlier days. The minister was chosen for life, and was by far the most important personage of the community. No one disputed his preeminence, and public opinion was moulded by his mind. The ministers tilled their gardens, lived simply as their fellows, and beyond a black coat on Sunday, wore no insignia of office; yet that office wrapped them in a mantle of distinction. There was no laughing at holy things in Dole. No Dole children heard the minister and his sermons criticized. The shadow of the great Unseen rested above the humble church and hallowed it.

Mr. Didymus was an old, old man, and his white-headed wife was bowed and frail. The death of their only daughter, Martha, had been a bitter blow. Outwardly they strove to manifest the resignation of God's anointed. At night when they sat alone they held each other's hands, and wept over the bits of needlework the girl had left.

Deacon Simpson was a stern and upright man. No one recognized more clearly than he, that his son Len was no fit mate for brown-haired Martha Didymus. And yet, he loved his boy.

The two young people accepted the judgment upon them. Len's sullen acceptance of the inevitable was broken by fits of hot-headed rebellion against the decorum of the community, which evidently regarded this bitter dispensation as his just due, yet he never gave up hope until pale Martha Didymus told him to go his way. Then indeed he departed upon his solitary road, and an evil one it seemed to village eyes.

Poor Martha! Duty may excite one to an excess of courage but it cannot sustain. She "peaked and pined" and the end of it for her was that she was overtaken by sleep before her time, and went to take her place in the silent congregation.

"Ask Mr. Didymus about Len," said Vashti to her father, catching his sleeve, and detaining him for a moment, as he was about to lead the horses into the sheds.

"Yes—if I have a chance," said her father, then he raised his voice to speak to young Ranger.

"Well, Ab, what hev' you been doin' to-day?"

"Hoeing," said the shock-headed young chap laconically.

"Well," said Mr. Lansing approvingly, "It's about all one can do for the roots in weather like this, and a good thing it is too. You know the old sayin', 'You can draw more water with a hoe than with a bucket.' That's true, 'specially when the wells are all dry."

The two moved away together and Vashti turned to the others. Temperance had left to talk to Sue Winder, one of her great cronies. Lanty had joined Mabella and Sidney.

"I'm glad to see you here, Lanty."

The full diapason of Vashti's voice made the little phrase beautiful. It seemed to Sidney she was like some heavenly hostess bidding wanderers welcome to holy places.

"You have heard of poor Len?"

"Yes, ill news flies fast," he said. His brows were knit by honest pain; and regret, which manlike he strove to hide, made his eyes sombre.

"Are they bringing him home?"

"Yes, Mr. Simpson left for Boston by the six o'clock train from Brixton."

Despite himself Lanty's lips quivered. Mabella ventured in the dusk to touch his hand comfortingly. Her intuitional tenderness was revealed in the simple gesture. He looked at her, unveiling the sadness of his soul to her eyes, and in her answering look he saw comprehension and consolation. As if by one impulse their eyes sought the corner where the slender white obelisk

marked the grave of Martha; and having singled it out, where it stood like an ominous finger-post on love's road, they once again steadfastly regarded each other, each one saying in the heart "Till death." And another thought came to each. They mourned for Len, but *she* rejoiced. Perhaps it was unorthodox, but these two, in the first tenderness of their unspoken love, felt sure that Len did not enter the dark unwelcomed.

Night was coming swiftly on — a "black-browed night" indeed. The faces of the four young people shone out palely from the environing gloom.

It was a solitary moment. Sidney sighed involuntarily. He elt a little lonely. Regretting almost that he could claim no personal share in the grief for Len. Vashti heard his sigh and looked at him. By a capricious impulse she willed to make him hers— to make him admire her. She smiled —and let her smile die slowly. As a fitful flame glows for a moment making a barren hearth bright ere it gathers itself into the embers again, so this gentle smile changed all the scene to Sidney's eyes. His heart was already captive, but it was now weighted with a heavier shackle.

Vashti Lansing saw clearly the effect of her smile, and a mad impulse came upon her to laugh aloud in triumph. Every now and then she felt within her the throes of an evil dominant will. Such a will as, planted in the breast of sovereigns, makes millions weep. The harsh bell began to jingle. It was time to enter.

"Come to our pew, Lanty," whispered Mabella, softly.

"Yes, dear," he answered, and both blushed; and thus they entered the church.

Vashti walked slowly up the aisle, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but seeing all. How white and calm she was, Sidney thought— but often lava lies beneath the snow.

The deacons entered; tall, spare men, stern-faced and unsympathetic they seemed, yet in their hearts they thought of the one of their number who was journeying through the night to where his son lay dead. White haired Mr. Didymus rose in his place and stretched out his tremulous hands above his congregation.

"Let us pray," he said, and after a solemn pause addressed himself to the unseen.

The greater part of the congregation knelt, the deacons stood erect as did Lanty and Sidney, although a thought crossed the mind of each of the young men that it would have been sweet to kneel beside the woman he loved.

As Sidney looked about him a great pity for these people filled his heart; the kneeling figures appealed to him poignantly; from his point of view they were less like children gathered about a father, than serfs bending beneath a yoke, which was none the less heavy because it was the creation of their own imagination. The shoulders of the kneeling figures had involuntarily fallen into the pose of their daily toil; there was the droop of the ploughman over his plough; of the tiller over his hoe; of the carpenter over his plane. It was as if, even in prayer, they wrought at a hard furrow. And the women's shoulders! What woeful eloquence in these bent forms bowed beneath the dual burden of motherhood and toil. What patient endurance was manifest beneath the uncouth lines of their alpaca and calico dresses!

From the shoulders his gaze fastened upon the pairs of hands clasped upon the pew backs. Such toil-worn hands. It seemed to him the fingers were great in proportion to the palm, as if they wrought always, and received never. Surely he was growing morbid? And then all the latent pathos in the scene gathered in his heart. All the dumb half unconscious endurance about him pleaded to be made articulate; and as one with unbelieving heart may join in a litany with fervent lips, so Sidney strove to second each petition of the long prayer.

Old Mr. Didymus had long been a spiritual ambassador and he was not unskilled in diplomacy. His prayer was a skillful and not inartistic ming-

ling of adoration, petition, compliment and thanks, adroitly expressed in the words of the Sovereign he addressed, or in phrases filched from His inspired ones. And mid their burning sands, and under their blazing skies, these Eastern followers had not failed to appreciate the blessings of rain.

"O, Thou who in the wilderness did rain down the corn of heaven, that Thy children might eat and be filled; Thou who brought streams out of the rock and caused waters to run down like rivers that their thirst might be quenched, and that they might be preserved alive—Thou of whom it was said of old: 'Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; Thou settlest the furrows thereof; Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blessest the springing thereof; Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness'—Hear us! We beseech Thee! Thou causest it to rain on the earth where no man is—on the wilderness wherein is no man—cause it also to rain upon us. Thou causest it to rain alike upon the just and the unjust, let us not hang midway between Thine anger and Thy love. Remember Thy promise to pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. Thou, O God! didst once send 'a plentiful rain whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance when it was weary;' deny us not a like consolation, we faint beneath the hot frown of Thine anger. Let Thy shadow comfort us! As the thirsty hart panteth for the waterbrooks, we long for Thy blessing. Before man was upon the earth Thou caused a mist to rise up from the earth and watered the whole face of the earth; continue Thy mercy to us, who, sharing Adam's fall, are yet heirs to the Redemption. Slay not us in Thine anger, O Lord! Behold, we are athirst! Give Thou us to drink. Are there any vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain? Or can the Heaven give showers? Art not Thou He —O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait upon Thee, for Thou hast made all these things. When Elijah strove against the sorcerers of Baal didst Thou not hear him? Like unto him we are cast down before Thee. O grant us our prayer! Show to us also the little cloud like a man's hand that comforted the land of Ahab. Grant that we, too, by faith shall hear 'the sound of abundance of rain!'"

He paused. There was a moment of tense silence.

"And Thine shall be the glory, Amen," he faltered forth brokenly. He had no further words; the advocate had pleaded for his cause. He awaited the voice of the judge. There followed a longer pause fraught with the emotion of a great need.

Sidney's heart ached for these people; a thousand inarticulate pleas entered the wide gate of his sympathies and demanded utterance at his lips. A sultry breath entered the open window fraught with the odour of parched earth and burnt up grass. The old priest and his three grey-haired elders, standing amid the kneeling people, seemed to him like brave standards ready to prop up a falling faith till its ruin crushed them, willing sacrifices for the people; they were mute, but their very presence standing thus was eloquent. Surely the God of their Fathers would remember the children of these men who had indeed "given up all and followed Him" out to the western wilderness? Long ago he had led forth His people out of Egypt. They had murmured against Him yet He had not left them to perish in their sins; was the hand that had given water from the rock and corn from Heaven empty now?

Long ago the great progressive miracle of Nature's processes was inaugurated; were the wheels of God's machinery clogged?

A shrill, trembling treble voice rose brokenly. For a few ineloquent phrases it continued, and then died away in sobs expressive of mortal need. It was Tom Shinar's wife; their farm was to be sold at mortgage sale in the autumn. Mary Shinar had gone herself to plead with the lawyer in Brixton through whom the mortgage had been

placed. Mary sat on the edge of a chair in an agony of nervousness whilst the perky clerk went in to state her business, and the lawyer came out of his comfortable office and told her they could stay on the farm "till the crop was off the ground," he did not know the terrible irony of his mercy.

In the light of ordinary day Tom Shinar and his wife bore themselves as bravely as possible. Their neighbours asked them questions as to next year's crops to force them to betray what was a secret only by courtesy. All the community knew the facts of the case, and when Tom, forced into a corner by questions, said "he 'lowed he'd be movin' in fall," every man knew what he meant. When Mary, in a like position, said she "reckoned they wouldn't have to bank up the cellar that winter, 'cos Tom was thinking of changing," the women said to each other afterwards: "They're to be sold out in October—Mr. Ellis is takin' the farm."

A mortgage sale is an ordinary enough event, and the prospect of one not so unique as to require dwelling on, but the sight of Mary Shinar's face as she let it fall between her hands after her abortive prayer, decided the fate of Sidney Martin. The sound of the woman's trembling tones was the touch which sent Sidney over the brink of the pit Fate had prepared for him. The last echo of her shrill voice died away—a sob filled the room of the wonted Amen. That sob did not die till it filled Sidney Martin with fatal inspiration; again he agonized in one of his childish visions when the Pain of the world, exaggerated by his morbid mother's teachings, seemed to environ him with the tortures of hell. His supra-sensitive personal atmosphere was surcharged with electric currents of pain and need and want, defeated effort, dead hope, fruitless battling, and these discharging themselves in his bursting heart, filled it with exquisite agony. His spirit battled against his imagination and rushed to his lips.

He began to speak. No one in that congregation could ever recall one word or phrase of Sidney Martin's prayer for rain. As the "poor, poor dumb mouths" of Cæsar's wounds lent Antony eloquence, so each line and careworn furrow upon the countenance of those about him sped the speech of Sidney Martin.

The women sobbed aloud, the men felt their heavy souls lifted up. Lanty, whose ardent nature made him peculiarly susceptible to the charm of eloquence, fell upon his knees involuntarily. Mabella felt a pleader powerful enough to win their cause was here amid the stricken congregation, and Vashti felt once again a wildly exultant throb of her own power which had won such a man.

Yet—what manner of prayer was this? Herein were no phrasings from Holy Writ; no humble appeals to a pitying Christ, a personal God.

Sidney Martin, standing amid this congregation of orthodox souls was pouring forth what was neither more nor less than a pantheistic invocation to the Spirits of Nature bidding them be beneficient; addressing them with Shelleyan adoration, and with as strong a sense of their existence as ever inspired Shelley's immortal verse. And thus within these walls wherein was preached naught but "Christ and Him crucified," Sidney Summers addressed himself to "Nature—all sufficing Power," and did it, moved by no irreverence, stimulated by the same needs which had wrung forth the few pleading words from pious Mary Shinar. And whilst he, in bitterness of spirit, realized afterwards the *grotesquerie* of his action, yet those who were his hearers that night, and for many times afterwards, never saw the great gulf fixed between his adorations and their beliefs. And is it not a hopeful and solemn thing to find the Faith in a living Christ so closely allied to honest reverence for nature? To find Nature so close akin to God that their worshippers may interchange their petitions? It is very significant that —significant as all things are of the immutable and sacred Brotherhood of Man.

Christian, Deest, Buddhist, Atheist, by whatsoever name we choose to call ourselves, we are all bound together by the thongs of human needs and aspirations.

How vain to seek to deny that kinship. How futile to strive to blot out the family resemblance betwixt our prayers and theirs!

For *malgré* himself man prays always. His mere existence is a prayer against the darkness and the chaos of the void.

Sidney's voice rose thrillingly through the tense silence. He had that God-like gift—natural eloquence, and under its spell his hearers forgot in part their woes, and began to take heart of hope whilst he pled with Mother Nature not to be a step-dame to her sons, and besought the "beloved Brotherhood," earth, air and ocean, to withdraw no portion of their wonted bounty.

As his eloquence carried his listeners beyond their fears, it bore himself beyond their ken, till suddenly alight upon the highest pinnacle of thought, he paused to look beyond—hoping to behold

"Yet purer peaks, touched with unearthlier fire,
In sudden prospect virginally new,
But on the lone last height he sighs, 'tis cold,
And clouds shut out the view."

Sidney saw but a misty void peopled with the spectral shapes of his doubts, which gibbered nebulously through the veil at him. Speech died upon his lips. His voice, arrested midway in a phrase, seemed still to ring in the listening ears. It was as if one paused in an impassioned plea, to hear the answer rendered ere the plea was finished.

And the answer came.

A long sighing flaw of wind swept about the church; cool and sweet, and ere it died away rain was falling.

"Amen" said every pair of lips in the church save the pale, quivering lips of Sidney Martin. The coincident arrival of the longed-for blessing added the finishing touch to his nervousness. He rose from the pew into which he had sunk for a moment and swiftly passed down the aisle, hearing, ere he reached the door, the first lines of the hymn of Hallelujah, which went up from the grateful hearts behind him. His whole being revolted against his recent action.

The rain beat down violently; the parched earth seemed to sigh audibly with delight, and within the church all the voices vibrant with justified faith seemed to mock at his depression. He could not explain his action to himself. What explanation then was possible to these simple folk?

Could he say to them—to Vashti—(he named her name in his thoughts, determined not to spare himself). Could he say to Vashti, "I do not believe in your God—nor in the man Christ Jesus, nor in prayer. Yet I stood in the church and asked a blessing. I defiled your fane with unbelieving feet. I do not know why I did it?" It was weak that, certainly! He imagined the scorn in her clear eyes; now eyes in which scorn is so readily imaginable are not the best eyes—but he did not think that. What was he to do? He had been weak. He must now be strong in his weakness.

The church door opened and one and all emerged upon the long verandah-like porch, and gathered round him shaking hands with him.

"The Spirit indeed filled you this night, Brother," said white-haired Mr. Didymus.

"Yes—you wrestled powerfully," said Mr. Lansing.

"It done me good that prayer of your'n," said Tom Shinar, and the words meant much.

"We have much to thank you for," said Vashti's sweet tones, and for the first time he looked up, and when he met her approving eyes, the garments of his shame clung tighter to him.

Mabella gave him her hand a moment and looked at him shyly.

Lanty stood a little aloof. He was a good young chap with honest impulses and a wholesome life, but he never felt quite at ease with parsons. Lanty placed them on too high a pedestal, and after having placed them there found it strained his neck to let

his gaze dwell on them. He had a very humble estimate of his own capacity for religion. He was reverent enough, but he had been known to smile at the peculiarities of pious people, and had once or twice been heard making derogatory comparison betwixt precept and practice as illustrated in the lives of certain notable church members.

"Well," said Temperance energetically to Sue Winder, "Well! I'm sure I never so much as 'spicioned he had the gift of tongues! After them white pants!! He talked real knowin' about the fields and sich, but to home he don't seem to know a mangel-wurzel from a beet, nor beets from carrits."

"There's no tellin'" said Sue, who was somewhat of a mystic in her way. "P'raps 'twas The Power give him knowledge and reason."

"Well—I don't know," said Temperance, "but if he stands with that eavetrough a-runnin' onto him much longer it'll give him rheumatics."

"Temp'rins is powerful worldly," said Sue regretfully to Mary Shinar as Temperance left her side to warn Sidney. Her experienced eyes saw his deathly pallor; she deflected her course towards Mr. Lansing where he stood among the worthies of the congregation giving a rapid *resumé* of Sidney's history so far as he knew it.

Temperance was a privileged person. She broke in upon the conclave with scant excuse.

"Mr. Martin is fair dead beat," she said without preface. "He's got a look on his face for sickness. He better be took home. Nat, will you fetch round the demicrit?"

Nat departed. Temperance strode over to Sidney.

"If you'd come in out of the rain you wouldn't get wet," she said, as if she was speaking to a child; "we're goin' home direckly, and there's no good running after rheumatics; they'll catch on to you soon enough and stick in your bones worse nor burrs in your hair."

Sidney moved to the back of the porch and leaned wearily against the church.

"It seems to me he'll get middlin' wet driving home anyhow," said Mr. Lansing.

"Do you think I came to a prayer-meeting for rain without umbrellas?" snorted Temperance. "Them and the waterproofs is under the seats."

There was silence.

A demonstration of faith so profound was not easily gotten over.

Graceless Lanty sniggered aloud.

The listeners felt themselves scandalized.

"Well, I *declare!*" said Mrs. Ranger openly shocked.

"Did you bring your umbrell and your storm hood?" asked Temperance.

"No," snapped Mrs. Ranger, remembering her new crape.

"That's a pity," said Temperance coolly, "seeing you've got your new bunnit on—when you knew what we came here for."

In the parlance of the village Temperance and Mrs. Ranger "loved each other like rats and poison."

Nat arrived with the democrat—jubilant over "his Temprins'" foresight. "That's what I call Faith," he said, handing out the coverings.

"I'm glad he told us," whispered Lanty to Mabella, "if he hadn't—I'd have thought 'twas your waterproofs."

And Mabella, though she was a pious little soul, could not help smiling rosily out of the waterproof hood at her lover's wit, and what with the smile, and the ends of her yellow hair poking out of the dark hood, and her soft chin tilted up to permit of fastening a stubborn button, Lanty had much to do to abstain from sealing her his then and there before all the congregation.

All was at length arranged, and Temperance went off with her party dry beneath the umbrellas. The rest of the congregation took their drenching in good part. They were not going to complain of rain in one while!

(To be Continued.)

A NEGLECTED PIONEER.

A Sketch of Ash-making Days.

IT was a rickety thing, half wigwam, four legs wide and ribs half seen through a roof of elm bark. It stood in the woods in the middle of a black, square hole that looked as if it had been burnt out by line and measure. Any day, from frogs in spring till long after the last south-bound duck in fall, you could see that wigwam steam. When it first came there you couldn't see anything else of it for jampiles. The jampiles gradually disappeared, like the trees that fell into them at the axe of the slasher. The wigwam remained and had more to do with the civilization of its immediate vicinity than the plough. It was Rood Gabb's ashery.

When Rood built that crazy thing out of poles and bark, forty rods from his log hut on the forest edge, he had an eye to business. When he came there wasn't a mill within ten miles. If there had been he couldn't have sold a stick of the timber that he slashed into such tangled heaps. Between a green tree at the stump and blades of wheat or corn in its room was a far reach. Rood knew how to span it when he built his wigwam.

The genius who discovered black salts deserves a monument. He once had many disciples in Canada. Rood Gabb was one. Like many a hundred fellow-craftsmen, Rood found it as natural to soak a living out of ashes when he began life in the wilderness, as some men do now to conjure it out of wheels. Smoke and ashes, after the axe, were to such as Rood the immediate precursors of civilization. But a semi-barbarian can't wait for civilization to pay his debts. Rood began to pay his shortly after he began to levy a tax on fire and smoke.

And what a smoke Rood used to raise in that slashing of his! It was a green tree he failed to burn by branding and chunking. When the roof of one of his jampiles fell in there he was on the spot with his handspike to roll the hot, crackling trunks together. The nearer they got the better they burned. When the last black survival lay smouldering and solitary in its white bed was Rood's time for scraper and basket. One jampile made, say, twenty bushels of ashes. Two or three times that packed into the rude box on runners drawn by Rood's oxen filled his two leaches once. The rest he put under a bark lean-to at the rear of his wigwam. Rood sold his oxen afterwards when it paid him better to hire a plug horse from a neighbour up the concession. But he had horses of his own before he quit making black salts.

Rood's first leach was a hollow buttonwood. He found that on his own fifty, cut the butt off into gums and set two of them big end down on a platform of jointed slabs. A few dead leaves or bits of moss went in first. That was the filter. Afterwards the ashes were packed in saucer-wise to within two inches of the top, leaving a dish big enough to hold two pails of water. A couple of days' soakage brought the lye through a hole notched for the purpose into the slab trough under the platform. At first the lye was about the colour of the drip-blood of an ox, if the ashes were prime and the leach well packed. Oak, hickory, maple, beech, ash and elm made the best ashes and the richest lye. Afterwards the drip turned to a wine colour, later to cider, then paler still to the hue of olive oil; and at the last Rood could drink it like sap, about the colour of the water which he put in at the top before his log-pond got the soakage of the leached ash-heaps. That marked the end of the run. All the lye from those two gum leaches went into Rood's kettle under the wigwam. All he had

to do after that till the drying-down process was to keep fire under. When it was boiled enough and the steam driven off, it was black salts. How it became so Rood never knew any more than he knew what the black and green crystals were good for after he got them to the railroad station twenty miles distant. It cost little, was easy to make and brought a fat price. That the manufacture of it hastened the advent of the plough was small concern of Rood's. He was par excellence a maker of black salts and left crops, and cattle alone. In former times he had many a prototype in Canada. But his craft is now all but obsolete; and the lonely fascination of his life amid the dead things of nature is rapidly becoming an antiquity.

Rood Gabb's clearing was practically an independency. Up and down the concession, past the bush corner each way, rose in the course of time houses and barns enough. Across it was a thick slashing of jampiles leading up to the more distant woods like foothills to a mountain—a vast wilderness swarmed over in summer with raspberry bushes. It was enough like an Indian jungle for anybody but Rood. He had rather his own stump fifty were ten times as wild, instead of the English landscape he fancied it, with not a combustible thing left on it but a thousand or two black stumps. It was a black waste; not only the stumps, but the earth, as if night had made a camping-ground there and left Rood sentinel. The only exception was a glaring one, viz., the white cemetery of ash-heaps behind the wigwam, round the buttonwood gums, almost into the logged-up dirty pond. The log-hut with the stovepipe in the roof hugged so close the left wood that you looked twice at the wigwam before you noticed it.

One midsummer evening Rood was drying down. Steam burst from all the sides and chinks of the wigwam, choked it inside and all but dimmed the fire that leaped and crackled up the side of the black caldron. Under the steam the red glow rested faintly on the buttonwood gums outside, one dry, the other starting a black drip for the next batch of salts into the yellow slab trough. Promiscuously about on the chip-strewn clay floor lay the short trough coolers, blacker than the poles and rafters that dripped with dark beads of sweat. In one corner lay a flabby round basket, battered shovel and wooden scraper; opposite, and nearer the fire, the big wooden lye bucket used also for watering the leaches; nearer yet a pile of dead limbs and between them and the caldron, catching the full light on his hard, red leg-boots, his head and shoulders plunged in steam, the old pot-boiler himself baling. It was the second hour of the drying-down and the swell not yet over. About every five minutes Rood stooped, still baling, and, while for a moment his parched brown visage caught the light, whisked with one hand a limb or two from the heap, kicked them into place around the kettle and stood erect again. From the moment the tawny brew in that kettle foamed to the edge and heaped itself in the middle till the swell was over and it began to turn black as it settled again, Rood never ceased to bale. Every stroke liberated a fresh cloud of steam. One stroke missed might mean a bushel of ashes lost. It was the object of the drying-down to drive off the steam. The baling facilitated the process. Gradually as Rood baled, the mixture turned a darker brown, foamed less and began to blister. The steam that formerly raised the entire mass now broke in minute puffs from the little pustules that broke out on the surface like bubbles on a whirlpool. The swell went down. The poles and rafters began to show their beads of sweat in the red light. The old pot-boiler's head and shoulders became visible as he ceased baling and sat down to stoke the fire. Stars were now beginning to show in the old pond behind the leaches. Rood preferred to sit by the fire and smell the choking aroma that grew more pungent with every stick he threw into the blaze. Now and then he got up and peered

into the caldron by the light of a hickory bark torch.

The mixture gradually settling grew darker. Later it ceased to blister and began to swirl again. Afterwards it turned as black as the kettle. Then it started to run to the centre. Rood stopped firing, whisked into place the trough coolers which he had previously cleaned and began to dip out.

The job was soon done—the troughs full of a hot, black liquid about the consistency of boiling tar, the pot empty, and the low fire making the old wigwam look, from the stumpy concession, like a moonrise in a dry time, with the man moving. Rood took the bucket and went out to the pond. On his way across the white ash-heaps he stopped. He could just catch the faint, slow drip of that one leach he had filled the day before. He stooped, dabbed his finger in the drip he couldn't see, and put it to his tongue. As he leaned over the log curb of the pond behind the gums the bullfrogs ceased piping. They began again when Rood poured the last bucketful on the leach and entered the ashery. And as the old pot-boiler bent over the coolers for a last look and a parting whiff of the precious stuff for which he had laboured so long, he smacked his lips still. That lye, starting from the left gum, was good lye, and he knew it.

All the way across the stumpy clearing towards the forest Rood re-called the smack of that lye, and with it the odour of his latest batch of black salts. In the morning the trough would be full of lye, and the scarcely blacker stuff in the coolers gathered into hard crystals that looked at one way would be as green as winter moss. Rood knew it.

Presently a light flared out of a square hole in the side of the wood. It went out soon. A knot of stars hung over the lonely wigwam then. When that knot was tied in the treetops the big slashing across the concession began to light up. First it was a single shaft near the woods, like a bare arm shot up in a mob, and fingers snapping. Then all the arms went up, all the fingers snapped, and a weird, hazy lustre spread over the dark wilderness. Rood's burnt fifty was black and silent then, except for the bullfrogs that piped in the pond among the ash-heaps. That was nothing to the low, smothered crackle of the big slashing that got redder every minute, as if any second the moon might rise out of it..

Quick leaped a blaze into a jampile. Another followed soon, and another, here, there, crackling, spreading, with red light on the far leaves, and a faint flush on Rood's wigwam among the black stumps. Rood never knew it. He didn't even hear the bullfrogs.

When the sun rose a heavy smoke hid the raspberry bushes that yesterday swarmed over the jampiles. Out of the smoke came Rood.

Augustus Bridle.

THOUGH WHITE DRIFTS BAR THE DOOR.

LET the blue streams of summer
Go singing down my rhyme,
The little rapids clamour,
The silver shallows chime;

Let the soft sound of poplars
That whisper all day long,
The solemn croon of pine-trees,
The thrush's evening song,

Make music by my hearth-side,
Where the dark shadows loom;
And one dear face beside me
Lean nearer through the gloom.

Then the wild storms may rage
From some forsaken shore,—
Love has come in with winter,
Though white drifts bar the door!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Second Paper

THE SHAKESPEAREAN EXPERIENCES OF MISS JULIA ARTHUR.

IF the question were asked: of the many Canadians who have risen to a high place on the roll of renown what name has been uttered by most lips, the answer, without a doubt, would be the name of the brilliant possessor of all the world covets: brains, bullion, beauty—Miss Julia Arthur. For the feminine portion of theatrical America may now be divided into Julia Arthur and other actresses. And that this youthful artiste has decided to devote so much of her talent and wealth to the adequate presentation of the plays of Shakespeare speaks in underlined words of her belief in the supremity of our greatest dramatist and her confidence in the taste of the reigning public.

Mr. Hoyt, or some of his witty employees, last season evolved a very interesting decoration for the dead walls of Gotham. A large twenty-four sheet stand represented a street in New York, with bill-boards on either side, with posters pasted thereon announcing the attractions at the various theatres of the metropolis: Miss Maud Adams in "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie; Mr. John Drew, in "A Marriage of Convenience," by Sydney Grundy; Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in "The Moth and the Flame," by Clyde Fitch; Miss Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. And there were others. Walking up the street with a grip in one hand, some swords in the other, and a questioning look in his big eyes full of wonderment, was Mr. William Shakespeare. The picture was labelled "A Stranger in New York." Of course it was a very telling advertisement of Mr. Hoyt's farce, but, as the old proverb says, there is many a true word spoken in jest.

Knowing of Miss Arthur's decision to play the works of this stranger, I interviewed her on the subject for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

"My first effort on any stage," said Miss Arthur, in answer to an inquiry, "was as Portia, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' presented when I was a mere child in Hamilton at the benefit of my tutor, Mr. John Townsend. Shortly after that Bandmann came to town. Anxious to appear on the professional boards, I recited for him."

"Something from Skakespeare?"

"No. But something nearly as old if not so classic—'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.'"

"With the result?"

"That I was engaged, and soon made my début as the Prince of Wales in 'Richard III.' Then I played the Queen in 'Hamlet.' By the way, this took place in Detroit, which has since proved so eventful a place to me. Then I did Nerissa, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and Audrey, in 'As You Like It.' But the peasant girl didn't eat many of the stage carrots, for this comedy was played only one consecutive night."

"Then you did Juliet, did you not?"

"Yes, on two hours' notice. And I was only fifteen years of age. You see, we worked in those days."

"Evidently. You then continued doing heroines and other parts that fall to the lot of leading ladies?"

"Not yet. My next part was a Lady-in-waiting in 'Macbeth.' But the Thane of Glamis rose to that of Cawdor and King of Scotland for only one brief evening."

"You next became a Venetian?"

"Yes, as a Page in 'Othello,' and soon afterward as Emilia in the same tragedy, then as Desdemona. This was my last appearance in a Shake-

spearean play until I joined the company of Sir Henry Irving."

"With him you first impersonated?"

"Hero in 'Much Ado About Nothing' and also understudied Miss Ellen Terry's role of Beatrice."

"Were you in the cast of the 'Merchant of Venice?'"

"No. But as a favour to Sir Henry, when Terry's daughter was ill, I played Jessica."

"After that?"

"Lady Anne in 'Richard III.,' and Imogen in 'Cymbeline.'"

The greatest are the smallest. This was some time a paradox, but when in London I learned that it accounted for the comparatively brief runs of these two pieces, though given productions so sumptuous and so lavish. The young girl from Canada was outshining the elder luminary, and was making too much stir in London, and indeed throughout England.

"What Shakespearean plays do you intend producing, Miss Arthur?"

"First, 'As You Like It,' which Professor Dowden calls the sweetest and happiest of Skakespeare's comedies; then, 'Romeo and Juliet,' which begins the third group of Shakespeare's work as arranged in conjectural chronological order by Professor Delius of Bonn, and is bound together not by force or comedy of errors, but by strong emotion and richness of fancy, picturing that passion which is lawful in woman and man."

Miss Julia Arthur will give an ideal portraiture of that glorious figure of girlhood, with all her southern beauty, venturing out for scarcely two days from the winter of her loveless home into the summer and sunshine of love; then sinking back into the chill and horrors of the grave.

"Next?"

"'Much Ado About Nothing,' in which the poet, having just written 'Henry V.' passes from history to fiction, from the green plains of France to the glowing shores of Sicily, from the clash of arms to the clash of tongues, giving us a radiant example of his rich humour and merry raillery."

"Afterwards?"

"'The Winter's Tale,' the last complete play of Shakespeare's, with the sweet country air all through it, with Perdita brightening all, and Hermione ennobling men's minds and lives."

"Will that be your entire repertoire?"

"Possibly, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' with its superb picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, of the Egyptian meeting the Roman upon the river of Cydnus, and present my conception of the enchantress of the Nile who was, perhaps, the most wonderful woman of any age."

Cleopatra is the character which Miss Arthur is most fitted to perfectly impersonate. She would be the resistless Egyptian queen absolutely and beyond peradventure.

"When a child in Leipsig," she went on, "I saw 'The Winter's Tale' done with a very interesting and novel innovation: instead of an orchestra between the acts a symbolic ballet crossed in front of the curtain on the wide apron that is customary in Germany."

"Do you think of introducing that effect?"

"Oh no! My aim shall be to have nothing in the productions that Shakespeare does not suggest."

"That is a sweeping canon."

"Assuredly. But one that is not easily swept away," smiling at the turn she had given to my epithet.

"I shall endeavour to make each production of Shakespeare as simple as possible, though as beautiful as consistency will permit. The text itself will be the only limit to the splendour of the costuming and mounting."

When it is remembered that Miss Arthur is the happy wife of Mr. B. P. Cheney, it will be understood that it is quite possible, even apart from her financial successes, to realize all her artistic dreams.

"Shakespeare's plays," she added, "are fine enough without any attempted improvements by me."

"Or anyone else in this decade," I thought, as she continued:

"They are jewels that just want an appropriate setting. I have never

written poetry though I have attempted doggerel."

"So it will not be 'As You Like It' by Julia Arthur?"

"By no means. The Bard of Avon will get full credit for the works of his genius —" turning from the serious, as she has a habit of doing, "though I regret that owing to circumstances he will not get his royalties."

It is worthy of note that throughout her career Miss Arthur has always gone in for the correct dressing of the various rôles in which she has appeared, even though such accuracy has not been for the enhancing of her beauty. She first essayed ugly old women. To smother those features and those marvellous eyes with grease paint, and appear disfigured and ill-shapen with deformity and decrepitude, is no small thing for a woman whose personal attractions have exhausted the supply of adjectives in the English language and been raved about in almost every newspaper and magazine in the world.

There are those who believe that the progress of the drama and the evolution of theatric construction is indicated by the three S's: Sophocles, Shakespeare, Sardou. But Miss Arthur is not one of them. She is convinced that the Anglo-Saxon is as far above the Greek and the Frenchman as he is apart from them in centuries. Considered coldly and practically, quite apart from individual preferences and the aspirations of enthusiasm, Miss Arthur feels sure that there must be a large rising generation both in Canada and the United States, who, (as a prominent Canadian remarks in a letter which I showed to her) having studied

JULIA ARTHUR AS IMOGEN.

AS LADY ANNE.

Shakespeare's plays in school and college, are anxious to see these matchless creations worthily represented by artists fitted for the work by nature and education—and in fact that the stage may be an advantageous handmaiden or ally of every institution of learning, and that the programme of a theatre may be made a valuable addition to the curriculum of a university. It is hoped that the approval of the better public, the final arbiter of all things, will be as generous and unbounded as is deserved by the ambitions and endeavours of this foremost exponent of all that is highest and most admirable in the drama.

Not long ago I was asked: "What do you consider the most remarkable trait about Miss Arthur?"

"Her failure," I answered.

"Her failure!" my interrogator exclaimed in repetition and surprise.

"Yes," I agreed, "—to regard herself as a marvel. It would be excusable under the circumstances; they are so remarkable. The things that have come to her, to almost any other woman would be dizzying. But, instead, with all her acquisitions of gratifying fame and riches great as those of Monte Cristo, she is just as simple and unassuming as ever."

W. S. HART.

W. S. Hart, Miss Julia Arthur's new leading man, was born near New York just thirty-two years ago. In 1888 he made his début with Daniel Bandmann —a peculiar coincident with his present star. In four weeks he was advanced to leading man, and appeared in the support of Lawrence Barrett, Robert

JULIA ARTHUR.

As Rosalind in "As You Like It."

Downing, Marie Prescott, Mlle. Rhéa, Madame Modjeska and Margaret Mather.

One of Mr. Hart's greatest hits was as Napoleon in "Josephine, Empress of the French." Then he originated the heroes in the New York productions of "The Great North West" and "Under the Polar Star." Last season Mr. Hart starred with his own company in "The Man in the Iron Mask" and "The Bells." Mr. Hart is now rising high in critical and popular esteem for his careful and convincing impersonations of Sir John Oxon in "A Lady of Quality," the title-role in "Ingomar" and Orlando in "As You Like It."

MR. W. S. HART.

As Gaston D'Orville in "The Man In The Iron Mask."

MISS LORRAINE HOLLIS.

By dint of innate talent and an in domitable will, Miss Lorraine Hollis has risen from the ranks to the position of owning a company of her own. But perhaps her exceptional beauty and magnetism had something to do with her rapid advancement, though she has learned her art under such masters as Lewis Morrison, Augustin Daly, Wm. H. Crane and William Terriss. Her versatility is doubtless the result of her careful and arduous training, for Miss Hollis is equally convincing in strong emotional roles, and in the brightest comedy. Her greatest hits have been in the leading female parts in "Nancy & Co," "Forget-Me-Not," "The Tigress," and "Mr. Barnes of New York." A new play is being especially written for this young Californian, and she will give it a production and be seen as the heroine, probably the latter part of this season.

MR. LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Longley Taylor was born at Warthill, Yorkshire, England, and is the third son of the late Rev. Robert Taylor, for many years vicar of that place. He received his education at Haileybury College, Hertfordshire.

Always a wanderer at heart, he left England in favor of Australia, there trying most of the occupations open to an adventurous young Englishman, until he had the good fortune to meet the well-known author, Mr. Guy Boothby. Cattle droving was soon forgotten for a life behind the footlights. Mr. Taylor made his début in the "Jonquille," playing the part of Goupie. He has been a member of the companies of Lionel Brough, Dion Boucicault, and John Hare.

Coming to America, Mr. Taylor was engaged to play Major Blencoe in "The Tree of Knowledge" with James K.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

MISS LORRAINE HOLLIS.

Trackell's Co. His impersonation of Blencoe is receiving exceptional praise everywhere, many of the foremost newspaper critics saying he rivals the star. Mr. Taylor, who is an accomplished gentleman and a gifted actor, is certainly one of the most promising young character men of the day, and will make an enviable place for himself in future metropolitan productions. His remarkable versatility has already been manifested in the character study which he contributes in Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," as presented by Mr. Hackett.

SADIE MARTINOT.

"*Une vraie artiste et gentille a croquer,*" the famous French critic, Francisque Sarcey, wrote of Sadie Martinot after viewing one of her performances in London a few years ago. The Parisian's characterization accurately fits Miss Martinot's craft and personal charm in her latest scenic creation—that of Léonie in "The Turtle." It is not too much to say that the presentation of this audacious farce on the American stage would be almost impossible were it not for the deftness of this actress's skill and the winsome grace of her peculiar individuality. The delicacy with which she carries the heroine through daring episodes, the veil of romance and sentiment that she contrives to throw over the author's impudence achieve the theatric marvel.

Few actresses of the day surpass Miss Martinot in variety and worth of professional experiences. Of the thirty-six years of her life, twenty-two have been passed in the realm of footlights, calciums, paint-

SARONEY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

MR. GEORGE WOODWARD.

ed seas and skies, and trees and all the paraphernalia of mimic ambiency. And within that mutable domain she has worn guises sufficiently diverse and numerous to compass a strikingly broad range of dramatic expression.

"I cannot sing at all," Miss Martinot says, with cynical candour, "but I have sung prima-donna rôles for years." Indeed, it is said that one of Miss Martinot's finest successes was as Bettina, the heroine of "The Mascot." It was after a three years' sojourn in Europe—most of which time was passed in Italy and France—that the actress engaged to show her Bettina to the patrons of the German theatre in Irving Place, New York. She made a really notable hit and promptly became a great favourite with the habitues of the German playhouse —"though, of course," Miss Martinot hastened to add, "I do not speak German. I learned the words of Bettina's rôle in the foreign tongue, word for word from the lexicon."

When the beautiful Garden Theatre was opened, Miss Martinot resumed her place in the interest of metropolitan playgoers. A season or two later she made her first starring venture, appearing with pronounced success as the Marquise de Pompadour in Charles Fdc. Nirdlinger's exquisite and brilliant play of the Louis XV period. Her next success was as Dora in the Coghlans' revival of "Diplomacy" with an "all-star" cast. This was followed by "starring" tours with "The Passport" and in revival of the Boucicault dramas, in which the great Dion's place was taken by his son Aubrey.

SARONEY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

MISS MARTINOT.

As Hattie in "A Stranger In New York."

MR. GEORGE WOODWARD.

Mr. George Woodward was born in Cleveland, but came to New York when ten years of age and was educated at Dr. Chapin's Collegiate Institute, and after being graduated taught there for three years. During this period he gave several public readings in New York. From childhood the dream of his life had been the stage. After countless struggles and disappointments he finally secured an engagement, making his dèbut in 1879 with Rose and Harry Watkins. The palmy days of stock companies were then in their decline. But he was fortunate enough to receive some valuable training of that old school in Columbus, St. John's Newfoundland, and Halifax, N.S. After that he played in "Our Boarding House," in "Kit" with Chanfrau, also a round of parts with Mrs. Chanfrau, with Neil Burgess and Mlle. Rhéa. It was in the latter company where he met and married his gifted wife, who is herself a talented actress and is the adapter from the German of "The

MR. LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Countess Valesta," now played by Miss Julia Marlowe. Not wishing to separate, he took a company through Canada which proved such an artistic success that he returned to New York in the spring a poorer but wiser man. In 1887 he played the schoolmaster in "Little Puck" with Frank Daniels. The following season the minister in "The Henrietta" with Robson and Crane. When they separated he played Mr. Crane's parts for four years. After leaving Mr. Robson he did Maverick Brander in "A Texas Steer," then Sir Lucius O'Trigger with Sol Smith Russell; and afterwards supported Miss Georgia Cayvan and Miss Julia Arthur, achieving a pronounced success for his unctuous portraiture of Sir Geoffrey Wildairs, the father of Clarinda in "A Lady of Quality." Mr. Woodward has this season made another hit for his wholly artistic impersonation of Archdeacon Wealthy in Hall Caine's play, "The Christian," with Miss Viola Allen.

W. J. Thorold.

MORGANA MIA.

THERE is a fruit that shineth
With rich hues, o'er and o'er,
And the hungry man repineth
To find an ashen core!

There is a tone that thrilleth
The longing listener's ear,
And his heart with gladness filleth—
As if it were sincere.

There is a blush that playeth
From dimpled cheek to chin,
And nothing that betrayeth,
The cruel art therein.

There is a gleam that stealeth
From soft'ning eyes and bright—
Too late the mocked heart feeleth
How false that fairy light!

And there is one who mourneth
A joy that may not be,
Whose hopelessness returneth
At every thought of thee.

F. Blake Crofton.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Third Paper.

BY CAPT. J. J. BELL, AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

IT would extend this narrative to too great a length to describe in detail the many lakes, rivers and portages passed over. To give an idea of the country it may be divided into three sections—from Lake Shebandowan to Fort Francis, thence to Fort Alexander at the mouth of the Winnipeg, thence to Fort Garry.

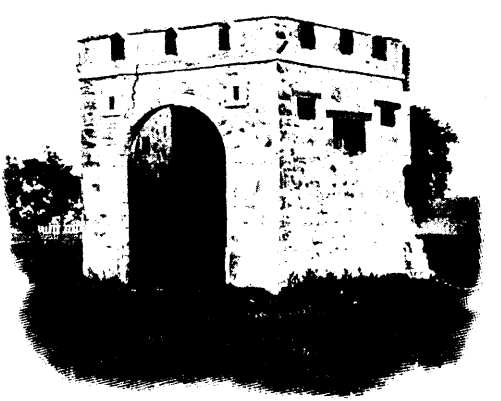
The first section was a dreary region, a succession of water, rock and stunted trees. The surface was in many places covered with moss, so thick that the men slept on it as on a feather bed. Lac des Mille Lacs, the third through which the route passed, is a large expanse of water with numberless bays and islands. Some of the brigades which were without efficient guides lost their way for hours. It lies immediately beyond the height of land, and after leaving it the current was with us all the way to the mouth of Red River.

The only difficult and dangerous rapids in this section were on the Sturgeon River. A number of Indians were there stationed to take down the boats, which they did with the loss of only one. Their skill in managing the boats in the seething waters was remarkable, their coolness and courage when a false stroke with the oar or an error in judgment would end in destruction, called forth many expressions of admiration.

So the journey was continued through Lake Shebandowan and a succession of lakes and rivers very similar in character. Rainy Lake is one of the largest bodies of water on the route, being 46 miles long and 30 to 40 wide, with numerous arms. Its outlet is the Rainy River, and two miles down this stream is Fort Francis.

The first detachment reached Fort Francis on the 4th of August. It had travelled 200 miles in 19 days and had made 17 portages. The remaining brigades were scattered over a stretch of 150 miles, treading on each other's heels, and working like beavers in friendly rivalry to see who could make the best time and establish a record for rapidity in crossing the portages. Col. Wolseley was going back and forth in his bark canoe with his crew of Indians, encouraging the men and issuing such orders as were necessary. The order of march was, first the 60th Rifles, accompanied by the Artillery and Engineers, then the Ontario battalions with the Quebec battalion bringing up the rear.

At Fort Francis the leading company of militia was left behind to form a small garison. An officer of the commissariat and a surgeon were also stationed there, and provision made for a field hospital, should such be necessary. A quantity of surplus stores were left as a reserve, and for the use



THE LAST OF OLD FORT GARRY

FIELD MARSHAL, VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

In 1870, as Colonel Wolseley, he was in command of the Red River Expeditionary Force. His conduct of the campaign was masterly.

of the regulars on their return. Fresh bread was baked and supplied to the brigades as they came up, an agreeable change from wet hard tack and pancakes.

Fort Francis is a great meeting place for the Indians. They had assembled there a short time before, holding their White Dog and other feasts, in expectation of being liberally fed from the government stores. As the expedition was delayed in reaching this point they had become impatient, and dispersed to seek food elsewhere. This was fortunate, for a lot of hungry Indians would have made serious inroads on the stores, which could ill be spared.

At this Fort the entire volume of Rainy River tumbles over a ledge twenty-three feet in height, forming the beautiful Chaudiere Falls. The portage was facilitated by a cart which the officer in charge of the post had constructed after the pattern of the Red River carts, but with solid wheels. It was all of wood, creaking loudly as it went along, and was drawn by an ox harnessed like a horse with buffalo hide harness. A canal and lock have since been built, giving uninterrupted steam navigation through Lake of the Woods, Rainy River, and Rainy Lake.

The Fort, which was a collection of buildings surrounded by a palisade, stood on a high level flat, commanding a fine view of the falls and down the river. At one time there was a good farm in connection with this post, but it had become neglected. There were some cattle, and the commissariat having secured a few head, served a ration of fresh meat to the men.

Near the fort was an Indian grave-

yard, in which the bodies were placed in boxes on elevated platforms. Many of these had fallen down, exposing the skeletons with their accompaniment of guns, knives, and other trinkets for use in the happy hunting grounds. The white man's method of burial had been adopted in later burials, and it was pathetic to see a toy canoe and a child's paddle carefully laid beside a little grave. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SCENES ON THE ROUTE.

In Camp—Along the Road—Tracking and Poling up the Kamistiquia.

Previous to leaving Prince Arthur's Landing Col. Wolseley had issued the following proclamation:—

TO THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF MANITOBA:

Her Majesty's Government having determined upon stationing some troops amongst you, I have been entrusted by the Lieutenant-General commanding in British North America to proceed to Fort Garry with the troops under my command.

Our mission is one of peace, and the sole object of the Expedition is to secure Her Majesty's sovereign authority.

Courts of law, such as are common to every portion of Her Majesty's Empire, will be duly established, and justice will be impartially administered to all races and all classes; the loyal Indians and Half-breeds being as dear to our Queen as any other of her loyal subjects.

The force which I have the honour of commanding will enter your Province representing no party, either in religion or politics, and will afford equal protection to the lives and property of all races and all creeds.

The strictest order and discipline will be maintained, and private property will be carefully protected.

All supplies furnished by the inhabitants to the troops will be duly paid for.

Should any one consider himself injured by any individual attached to the force his grievance shall be promptly inquired into.

All loyal people are earnestly invited to aid me in carrying out the above mentioned objects.

(Signed) G. I. WOLSELEY, Colonel,
Commanding Red River
Expeditionary Force.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING,
THUNDER BAY, June 30th, 1870.

Copies of this proclamation were sent to the settlement and had a good effect, as the loyal people were becoming impatient over the delay of the expedition. Monkman, the loyal half-breed who had accompanied Dr. Schultz in his flight from prison, met Col. Wolseley at Fort Francis, bringing letters from the settlement up to July 20th, with the information, that, to all appearance, Riel intended to resist the entrance of the troops. Lieut. Butler of the 69th Regiment, a bold and dash-

COLONEL FIELDEN.

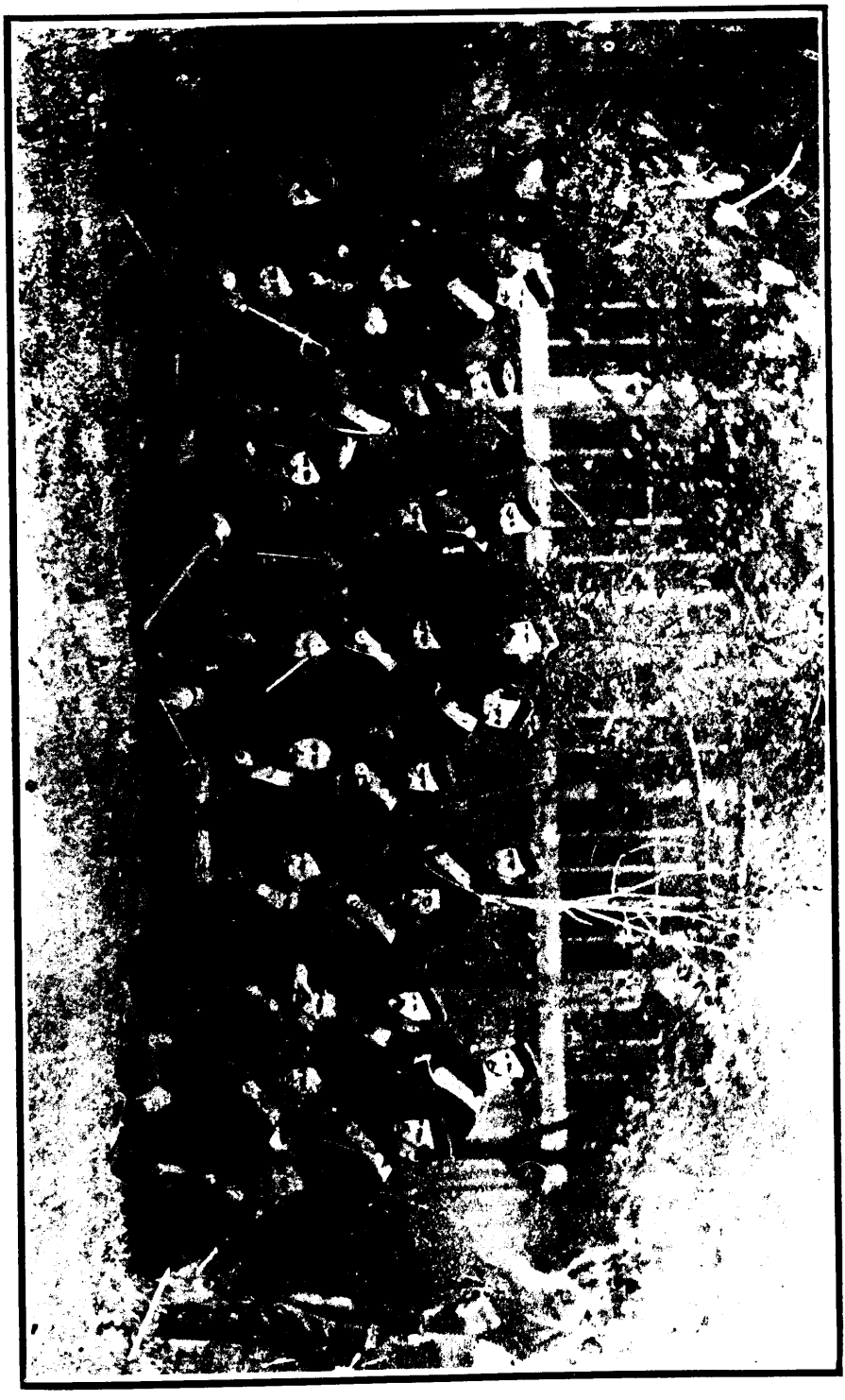
Who commanded the Regulars—First Battalion 60th Royal Rifles.

ing officer who afterwards distinguished himself in the Ashantee and other wars, and also as an author, had been sent as intelligence officer through the United States to Manitoba to investigate, and brought the commandant much valuable information. The gist of the messages was this: "Come as quickly as you can, for the aspect of affairs is serious, and an Indian outbreak is imminent."

Col. Wolseley had also written to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Co. urging him to push on the construction of a road from Fort Garry to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, a distance of about 90 miles. The first 60 miles was across the prairie, but the remaining 30 miles was through swamps of an almost impassable character. This step was taken, not with the hope that the expedition could use the road, but for the purpose of misleading Riel with the idea that the troops were coming that way. The ruse was successful, and from this time until the soldiers were actually in sight of Fort Garry Riel seems not to have been aware of their movements.

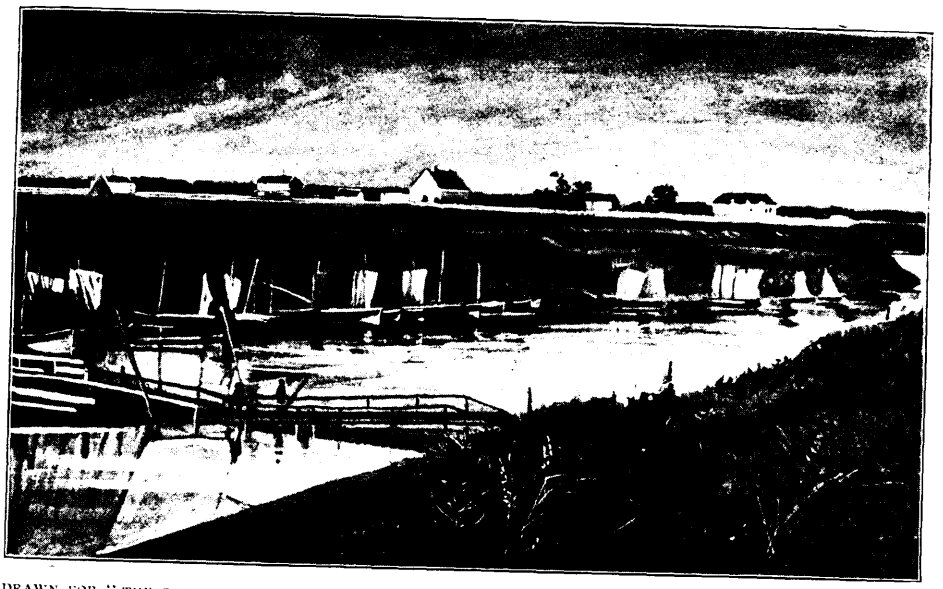
Having learned the condition of affairs in the settlement, Col. Wolseley speedily made his plans for the further progress of the expedition.

The second section of the route was now entered upon. From Fort Francis the expedition proceeded down Rainy River, a large stream, 70 miles long. Its navigation is unbroken except by two rapids which were easily run without breaking bulk. In order to save time the men did not go ashore to camp, but slept in the boats, which were fastened together in twos and allowed to float with the current, two men remaining awake to steer and keep guard. The river forms the boundary between Canada and the United States. On the south bank it was heavily wooded; on the north there was a strip of fertile land, from half a mile to ten miles wide, bounded by a vast swamp which joins the shores of Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. This strip has the appearance of English park lands, with scattered oak trees. Patches of potatoes and Indian corn, planted by the tribes which frequent the river, were to be seen. The garrison which remained at Fort Francis had numerous pow-wows with these Indians, which always ended in a great feast, the expectation of which doubtless led to their being held. In some cases it was with no small difficulty that the natives were restrained from being troublesome. Had they been so disposed they might have offered serious opposition to the



THE OFFICERS OF THE 2ND (OR QUEBEC) BATTALION OF RIFLES, 1870.

The only copy of this very rare photograph which "The Canadian Magazine" was able to obtain was very much faded, and hence a satisfactory reproduction was impossible.

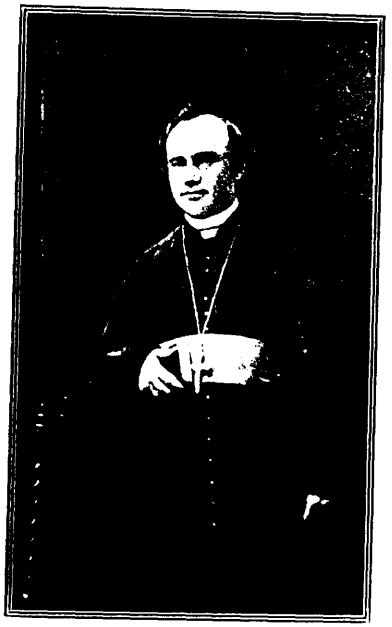


DRAWN FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE" FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE 60TH AT FORT GARRY.

This view is from the South Bank of the Assiniboine River. The pontoon bridge which Riel broke down when leaving is seen in the foreground, and beyond are the boats used by the 60th. St. Boniface Cathedral and Schools are seen in the distance.

expedition, not on account of their numbers, but by their knowlege of the country, and by attack from ambush such as Indians know how to employ; while to have pursued them over the lakes or through the woods would have been madness. Previous to Col. Wolseley's arrival they did hold a meeting to discuss the advisibility of opposing the passage of the troops, but Mr. Simpson, the Indian Commissioner sent by the Government, advised them not to do so. "Crooked Neck," a cunning old chief, was one of the most difficult to deal with. On one occasion he haughtily refused presents in the form of gaudy shirts, and coats and caps in which Indians delight, with the indignant remark: "Am I a pike to be caught with such a bait as that? Shall I sell my land for a bit of red cloth? We will let the pale-faces pass through our country, but we will sell them none of our land, nor have any of them to live amongst us."



BISHOP TACHÉ.

Rainy River empties into Lake of the Woods, at a Hudson's Bay post known as Hungry Hall, now Fort Louise. In the neighbourhood are some curious banks of sand, miles in extent, which guard the entrance to

the river. The lake is 75 miles long and averages 70 wide. The southern portion is comparatively open, the northern part is filled with islands, forming a perfect maze, in which several of the brigades lost their way. Even Col. Wolseley, with an experienced guide, went astray for two days. The water is lukewarm and filled with green confervæ. It is wholly unfit for use till strained. The mosquito nets furnished to the men were turned to good account for this purpose. The islands have become a favourite summer resort for the people of Winnipeg, and on some of them valuable gold mines have been discovered, the celebrated Sultana being here. At the north end the Winnipeg River has its beginning, flowing out of the lake by numerous channels, which do not unite for miles. Rat Portage, then a Hudson Bay post of some importance, now a flourishing town, is at the north end of the lake. The vegetable garden of the officer in charge supplied an agreeable variety to our bill of fare. There guides were obtained, and the expedition was met by Rev. Mr. Gardner and a party of loyalists from Red River, in Hudson's Bay boats, who had come at their own charges to pilot the leading brigades and encourage the little army.

The passage of the Winnipeg River is attended with great danger, even to experienced boatmen, owing to the numerous rapids, whirlpools and eddies and the swift current. The river is 163 miles long and in that distance descends 350 feet. The volume of water is enormous and the approach to some of the portages dangerous. The banks are composed of rounded granite rocks where poplar and small pine find precarious sustenance. It is a marvel that the expedition passed through this dangerous stream without loss of life or serious accident, though there were many thrilling escapes. There are twenty-five portages in the descent, at one place seven within two miles. The rapids are grand in the extreme. Silver Falls and Slave Falls, two of the most beautiful, will compare favourably with any similar scenery in the world. No one who has made the trip can ever forget it.

The descent of the river was accomplished by the leading brigade in nine and a half days, instead of twenty, which the Hudson's Bay officials, little knowing what British soldiers are capable of accomplishing, predicted it would take.

Fort Alexander stands near the mouth of the Winnipeg River, and is an important Hudson's Bay post. After a brief rest there the expedition set out for the third section of the journey, through Lake Winnipeg. This lake is half as large again as Lake Ontario, covering an area of 9,000

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. FRED C. DENISON.

This portrait shows him in Egyptian Uniform; in 1870 (when a lieutenant he was Orderly Officer to Colonel Wolseley.

square miles. It is 350 miles long and from 6 to 60 miles wide. The course lay for 18 miles north-west to Elk Point, then south for 20 miles to the entrance of Red River. The south end of the lake is very shallow, especially near the mouths of Red River, and sudden and violent storms frequently occur. For some miles after entering the river the country is low and flat.

As the force proceeded up Red River it was greeted on all sides with demonstrations of joy. The church bells were rung, and the people turned out, cheering, waving handkerchiefs and firing guns. The Swampy Indians and their chief, Henry Prince, who occupied an extensive reserve, were specially exuberant in their manifestations.

ENLARGED FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPT. ALLAN MACDONALD, OF THE QUEBEC RIFLES, AND SUBALTERNS.

On reaching the Stone Fort, 26 miles from the mouth, it was learned that Riel still occupied Fort Garry. He was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Bishop Tache, who he expected would bring an amnesty for those who had taken part in the rebellion, in which event he hoped to hand over the reins of office as if he had an acknowledged right as president of the provisional government. But the temper of the people was such that no amnesty could be proclaimed then, though it came afterwards to all except Riel.

The militia were still some distance in the rear, and Col. Wolseley determined to push on without them. All surplus stores were discharged so as to lighten the boats. One company of the 60th, mounted on ponies and in carts—and a sorry looking lot of cavalry the mounted men were, with their trousers patched with pieces of canvas cut from empty flour bags—were extended as skirmishers on the left bank, with orders to keep well in front but in constant communication with the boats. Lieut. Butler was sent up the right bank on horseback to guard against surprise on that side. No one was allowed to pass through the lines towards Fort Garry and any coming from that direction were held. Being detained by the rapids four miles above the Lower Fort, and by a head wind, the force was obliged to bivouac for the night six miles from Fort Garry by road. Sentries were placed and scouts sent forward to the village (now Winnipeg but then nameless) to gain information, for it was the intention to march on the fort at daybreak. Riel was still in ignorance of the whereabouts of the little army. It was afterwards ascertained that he, with O'Donoghue, his secretary, and Lepine, his adjutant-general, rode out that night in its direction, but on account of heavy

rain coming on as they approached the pickets, and fearing capture, they turned back without any definite information.

A miserable night was spent in the rain and the mud. Everyone was wet through, and only the prospect of a fight kept up the spirits of the soldiers. After a hurried breakfast the advance was again ordered. The boats moved towards Fort Garry in three columns, the skirmishers making their way as best they could through the mud and water on the prairie. A landing was effected at Point Douglas, where the river makes a great bend, two miles from the fort by land but six by the river. Some tools and ammunition were placed in the carts and the two mountain guns attached by their trails. The people in the village, which was about 800 yards from the fort, still thought Riel would resist. The gates were shut, the guns were pointed in the direction from which the troops were advancing, but the air was so thick with the falling rain that nothing could be made out with the field glasses. The 60th were extended to the west so as to enclose the angle between the Red and Assiniboine rivers, where the fort stood. But the puff of smoke and the whizz of the round shot did not come. At last some of the staff were sent galloping round, who found the south gates open and the fort evacuated. Riel and his companions had made a hurried exit! Crossing the floating bridge over the Assiniboine they found a refuge with their French half-breed friends for a time and then went to the United States. So hurried was their departure that their breakfast was still on the table, and clothing, arms and papers were scattered about in the utmost confusion.

1 2 3 4

1. STAFF-SERGT. DOUGLAS, ONT. RIFLES; 2. BRIGADE-MAJOR JAMES F. McLEOD, STAFF; 3. MAJOR GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT, ONT. RIFLES; 4. CAPT. W. J. PARSONS, ADJUTANT ONT. RIFLES.

(Enlarged from an 1870 Photograph taken by Davis of Collingwood.)

This termination was a sad disappointment to the soldiers, who, having gone through so much to put down a rebellion, wished to be avenged on the authors of it. Their victory, though bloodless, was complete. A salute was fired from the rebel guns, the Union Jack was run up where for so many months had floated the rebel flag, and the men were temporarily lodged in the buildings from which Riel's deluded followers had so suddenly departed.

Col. Wolseley now found himself in a difficult position. No civil authority

had been conferred upon him by the Government, and it was not in his power to issue warrants for the arrest of any of the ringleaders, who might easily have been captured, and whom

FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

MAJOR ACHESON G. IRVINE.

Now Warden of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba.

the loyal inhabitants were extremely anxious to have punished. It was expected that the new Lieut.-Governor, Hon. A. G. Archibald, would arrive either with or immediately after the troops, but he did not appear for nine days, and no provision had been made for the interregnum. Col. Wolseley was urged to assume the functions of Lieut.-Governor, but to do so would have been illegal. He insisted upon the senior officer of the Hudson's Bay Co., Mr. Donald A. Smith, acting as Governor, as if there had never been a rebellion.

The condition of affairs was somewhat peculiar. There was no police, and those who had suffered loss of property or of liberty during Riel's regime were naturally anxious to have their oppressors punished, and were disposed to take the law into their own hands. Every precaution was taken by the military to preserve order. Armed parties patrolled about the fort and village, and a few special constables were sworn in. A good deal of drinking was indulged in, and more or less disorder prevailed. If military rule had been resorted to, quiet could easily have been maintained, but for political reasons it was considered essential to keep the military element in the background. In reality order was preserved by the moral effect of the presence of the troops and the knowledge that they would be used to put down any disturbance. On the 2nd of September Lieut.-Governor Archibald arrived, and immediately assumed his duties.

The first detachment of the regulars started from Fort Garry on their return journey on the 29th August, and all had departed on the 3rd September. One company went by road to the North-West Angle. They had all

FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

ENSIGN HUGH JOHN MACDONALD, ONTARIO RIFLES.

reached Lake Superior by the 6th October, and were in their barracks in Montreal and Quebec on October 16th.

To return to the militia which had not arrived at Fort Garry until a

few days after the regulars. The company left at Fort Francis followed a little later, part over the road from the North-West Angle, part by the Winnipeg River with the heavy stores. The latter were supposed for some time to have met with serious mishap, as they were longer in arriving than had been anticipated, and a search party was sent out, but they were met a few miles down the river. They had been delayed by head winds and in making numerous repairs to their boat.

After being under canvas for some time the Ontario battalion was quartered in Fort Garry, except one company, which was sent to Pembina. The Quebec battalion occupied the Lower Fort. The following summer they returned, leaving on the 10th of June. Passing over the same route they reached Toronto on the 14th of July, and were disbanded. A small detachment was left behind at Fort Garry.

Before his departure Col. Wolseley issued a valedictory to the Canadian Militia in the following terms :

COL. WOLSELEY'S VALEDICTORY.

To the Soldiers of the Militia Regiments of the Red River Expeditionary Force :

"In saying 'good-bye' I beg that each and all of you will accept my grateful recognition of your valuable services, and my best thanks for the zeal you have displayed in carrying out my orders.

"I congratulate you upon the success of our expedition, which has secured to this country a peaceable solution of its late troubles. The credit of this success is due to the gallant soldiers I had at my back ; upon you fell the labour of carrying the boats and heavy loads, a labour in which officers and men vied with each other as to who should do the most. Nothing but that 'pluck' for which British soldiers, whether born in the colonies or in the mother country, are celebrated, could have carried you so successfully through the arduous advance upon this place.

"From Prince Arthur's Landing to Fort Garry is over 600 miles through a wilderness of forest and water, where no supplies of any description are obtainable. You had to carry on your backs a vast amount of supplies over no less than forty-seven portages, making a total distance of seven miles, a feat unparalleled in our military annals. You have descended a great river esteemed so dangerous from its rapids, falls and whirlpools, that none but experienced voyageurs attempt its navigation. Your cheerful obedience to orders has enabled you, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to accomplish your task without any accident.

"Although the banditti who had been oppressing this people fled at your approach, without giving you an opportunity of proving how men capable of such labour could fight, you have deserved as well of your country as if you had won a battle.

"Some evil-designing men have endeavoured to make a section of this people believe that they have much to dread at your hands. I beg of you to give them the lie to such a foul aspersion upon your character as Canadian soldiers by comporting yourselves as you have hitherto done.

"I desire to warn you especially against mixing yourselves up in party affairs here ; to be present at any political meeting, or to join in any political procession, is strictly against Her Majesty's regulations—a fact which I am sure you have only to know to be guided by.

"I can say without flattery, that although I have served with many armies in the field, I have never been associated with a better set of men. You have much yet to learn of your profession, but you have only to attend as carefully to the orders of the officer to whose command I now hand you over as you have to mine, to become, shortly, a force second to none in Her Majesty's service.

"My best thanks are due especially to Lieut.-Colonels Jarvis and Cassault, for the punctuality with which they have executed their orders.

"I bid you all good-bye with no feigned regret ; I shall ever look back with pleasure and pride to having commanded you, and although separated from you by thousands of miles, I shall never cease to take an earnest interest in your welfare."

(Signed) G. I. WOLSELEY,
Commanding Red River Expeditionary Force.
Fort Garry, Sept. 9. 1870.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief subsequently issued the following order :—

"General order issued to the troops by His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief :—

"1. The expedition to the Red River having completed the service on which it has been employed, His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief desires to express to Lieutenant-General the Hon. James Lindsay, who organized the force, and to Colonel Wolseley and the officers, non-commissioned officers and men who composed it, his entire satisfaction at the manner in which they have performed the arduous duties which were entailed upon them by a journey of above 600 miles through a country destitute of supplies, and which necessitated the heavy labour of carrying boats, guns, ammunition stores, and provisions over no less than forty-seven portages.

"2. Seldom have troops been called upon to endure more continuous labour and fatigue, and never have officers and men behaved better or worked more cheerfully during inclement weather and its consequent hardships, and the successful result of the expedition shows the perfect discipline and spirit of all engaged in it.

"3. His Royal Highness, while thanking the regular troops for their exertions, wishes especially to place on record his full appreciation of the services rendered by the militia of the Dominion of Canada who were associated with them throughout these trying duties.

(Signed) "R. AIREY,
"Adjutant-General.

"Horse Guards, November, 1870."

Who can be surprised that Col. Wolseley should have exclaimed, "Oh for 100,000 such men! They would be invincible."

If there was delay at the beginning there was speed at the end. Within seventeen days from the arrival of the force at Fort Garry, everything had been quietly and peacefully arranged, the Lieut.-Governor installed, the militia garrison settled down for the winter, and the regulars on their way back.

So ended the Red River Expedition, an undertaking that will long stand out in British military annals as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. Comparisons have been instituted between it and the Abyssinian campaign of three years before, under the command of Sir Robert Napier. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march 400 miles inland, through an inhabited country, where supplies were obtainable, to rescue some British prisoners held captive by a tyrant. Europe was in profound peace, so that all eyes were turned in that direction. The expedition cost £9,000,000, and the nation regarded it as well spent. There was little fighting, and not a man was killed. The force which went to Red River had to advance from its point of disembarkation, more than 600 miles, through a wilderness of water, rock and forest, where no supplies were to be had, and where every pound weight of stores and provisions had to be carried for miles on the backs of the soldiers. It cost under £100,000, only one-fourth of which was borne by the British tax-payer. Happily its object was also accomplished without loss of life. But a great war was raging in Europe at the time, and all eyes were directed to affairs on the Rhine. Hence, what was a very important campaign for Canada and the Empire was almost entirely overlooked.*

As to Riel's subsequent career, he was elected to the Canadian Parliament for the French constituency of Provencher, but never allowed to take his seat. After living for some years in obscurity at St. Joseph's, near Pembina, he was again called upon in 1885, by his half-breed friends on the Saskatchewan, to lead them in another rebellion against constituted authority. Being captured, he was tried and condemned to death, and after several reprieves executed at Regina on the 16th of November, 1885.

*It has been determined this year (1898) to bestow a Canadian medal upon those who took part in the Red River Expedition.

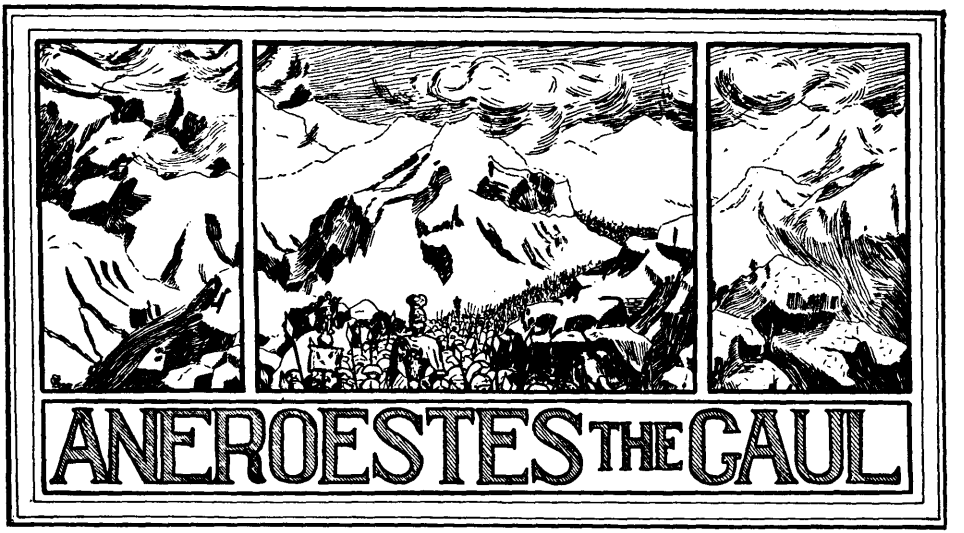
[THE END.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

WHEN thine eyes are closed in sleep,
When the dews of Dreamland steep
Soul and sense in heaven's own light,
Peace be with thee, and Good-night!

When thy busy thoughts have rest,
When repose hath stilled thy breast,
May good angels in their flight
Pause, and kiss thee a Good-night!

J. R. Newell.



A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria. The next day, Hannibal commences the assault, using two rams to batter down the walls. On the second day an opening is made, and Aneroestes starts to open the rear gate for Himilco, Hannibal's lieutenant. As he is doing so, Ducaria appears on the scene. Himilco fancies her and orders Aneroestes to take her to his tent. Aneroestes disobeys; disguises her as a youth and retains her as his servant.

CHAPTER XI.

DISCOVERED.

THE second day after his victory over the Taurini, Hannibal moved eastward with half his army and left the remainder to follow later under the command of Himilco.

The Consul Scipio was pushing forward in all haste, and a complete subjugation ot the unfriendly tribes north of the Padus was deemed necessary by the Carthaginians before crossing arms with the Romans. Hannibal wished to superintend this work in person with the aid of Maharbal, and he expected that the continued presence of Himilco at Taurasia would be sufficient to keep in check the inhabitants of the traversed country.

Aneroestes had hoped that he would be among those to accompany the General, but Maharbal preferred that the Numidians and cavalry from Lusitania should do the work of ravaging the country. The Gallic troops were therefore left behind.

True to his promise Hannibal personally released all the captive Centrones, and while Aneroestes stood by he eloquently explained to them the reason for his clemency.

"This man of your own tribe," he said, "has served me truly and well. But for him we would have lost many more soldiers in yesterday's battle. He

entered yonder city at the risk or his life and remained there two days. In the midst of the storming, when the breach was made, he opened the rear gate and admitted some of my soldiers who were lying in wait without. As a reward for this brave act he asked not for riches or personal gain, but only for the liberty of his kinsmen. Therefore, thank him and not me for the breaking of the slave chains that bind you."

At that announcement the emaciated captives raised a shout of joy. When their limbs were freed they clustered about their deliverer and endeavoured to express the gratitude with which they were filled. Some sank to the ground before him and wept; while others laughed and became wildly hysterical. But Aneroestes said little and appeared indifferent to the homage offered him. He had sacrificed much to obtain the freedom of his captive brethren, and though at the last he had drawn back it was only for love of Ducaria. His thoughts were ever with her. He cursed his stupidity for not having appealed to Hannibal instead of practising deception. But it was now too late.

Ducaria trusted her protector implicitly. His extraordinary devotion overcame every doubt that arose in her mind. He had saved her from Himilco and for no selfish purpose. On all sides she saw her unfortunate sisters dishonoured, and she shuddered at her own escape. But even yet her position was uncertain, as an unwise step would sweep away the protection she now enjoyed. Thinking thus she crouched in a corner of the tent during the absence of Aneroestes.

The warmth of her welcome always moved him deeply and he would whisper encouragement to her so that for the time she would forget her surroundings.

The danger was nevertheless great. Many Taurinian women and a few youths were prisoners in the camp, and as they were allowed considerable liberty, Aneroestes feared that some might come face to face with Ducaria. The result of such a meeting would, perhaps, prove disastrous. And yet publicity could not be avoided, for in order to have it appear that she was his male servant Aneroestes was obliged to impose duties on her. This necessitated a certain mingling with the soldiers.

There had been some comment over the strange behaviour of the mountaineer, and curious eyes often followed Ducaria as she led the horses to the stream. When in the camp he always accompanied his captive under the pretext of seeing that she did her work to his satisfaction. But in the early part of the second day after Hannibal's departure he was called away with several hundred others to accompany Mago on an expedition. He knew he would be absent until evening and cautioned Ducaria to exercise the greatest prudence.

"For," said he, "remember that Himilco is in camp and his eyes are sharp."

"I shall but water the horse," she answered, "and the remainder of the day I shall abide in the shelter of the tent."

Disguised though she was in the costume of one of the opposite sex, Ducaria constantly feared discovery, and it was with unusual anxiety that she awaited the time when Aneroestes should return. Never had it been necessary for him to absent himself for so long before. During the morning she remained within the tent and polished the arms and the trappings of his horse. The day seemed unending. She wondered when escape from the vigilance of the guards would be possible, for Aneroestes had promised to fly with her at the first safe opportunity. It would not now have satisfied her to depart alone. She felt the need of this strong man, and his devotion had awakened responsive feelings within her.

Early in the afternoon a fine rain began to fall and the two occupants of the tent who had not accompanied Mago quickly sought shelter within. Both were Gauls. After watching

Ducaria for awhile they entered into conversation with her Their questionings became awkward.

"Why," asked one, "did your master seize you when beautiful women were plentiful?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Surely he had opportunities," continued the speaker.

"Ask him. He may tell you."

She noted with pleasure that her remark disconcerted the man, who would have feared to anger the mountaineer. To avoid further trouble she explained that the time was at hand for her to attend to the horse.

Though the weather was unpleasant she led the animal to the river and sat on the bank while he drank.

A cutting wind blew raindrops into her face. It was very cold, but she felt more at ease than in the tent where her every movement was watched. Her eager eyes sought the opposite bank of the Padus, gray and forbidding in the semi-mist, but representative of safety. Some day soon she and Aneroestes would escape thither.

Suddenly her musings were interrupted by the arrival of a score or more of soldiers with their horses. Ducaria noticed with some alarm that nearly the whole number were Gauls. She arose and seized her steed. The new comers gazed at her angrily and muttered threats, for they wished no male enemy to live.

"It is the youth taken by Aneroestes," said one.

"A strange choice."

"He first had the corpse of a woman, but that would hardly satisfy him."

This elicited a laugh, and the speaker added: "So he took a youth unto himself."

"He would ape the Iberians," sneered another.

"The Iberians have no such youth as that; none so gentle appearing or finely modelled."

The man was examining her closely, and Ducaria saw with alarm that he was one of those who had accompanied Himilco when he entered the city. He was called Magilus.

She hastily prepared to depart from such dangerous company.

"He does seem fragile," exclaimed a swarthy warrior who stood close at hand.

"I care not for your criticisms," she retorted. "My master is powerful enough to protect me."

"But he is not here."

"He will return soon, and if aught has harmed me his vengeance will be terrible."

Jeers answered the threat.

"His voice is as delicate as his form," cried Magilus. "And see how he colours as though he were a maiden."

Ducaria blushed the more. She had, however, succeeded in mounting the horse, and with a quick movement attempted to force a way through the circle that had been formed about her. But Magilus seized the bridle and the others laughed. By this time, too, other soldiers had been attracted by the commotion, and the unfortunate girl recognized that escape was hardly possible. Still she did not despair. Leaning forward she smote the man before her. He staggered, and the horse dashed forward, but only a few feet. Angry hands again laid hold of her and she found herself a prisoner, hemmed in on all sides.

It was useless to struggle, but she ceased not to do so while her strength lasted.

"Give me justice," she cried. "I am no coward and will gladly fight any man singly."

"And gladly would I see thee fight," hissed Magilus, who advanced near to where she stood and gazed searchingly into her face.

"Then have me released."

"I would have you fight as do the warriors of your tribe," and his gaze seemed to pierce her disguise.

"How mean you?"

"Naked to the waist."

"Think you he has no muscle?" asked one near by. "Surely the blow you received should be sufficient to prove otherwise."

The crowd laughed, but Magilus was determined.

"I care not for the muscles," he replied, "but I will wager my horse that his breasts are larger than a man's should be."

"It is false," shouted Ducaria, and she attempted to reach her tormentor. But she was held back and her increasing confusion seemed to bear out the truth of Magilus's words.

"Will you bare yourself?" he asked mockingly. "'Tis but a little thing for a man to do."

"Why should I?" retorted the girl. "I can fight as I am and overcome you."

"It would be a pity to scratch that delicate skin. Your master would spurn you and your occupation would be gone."

All this vastly amused the audience, and some one called out: "In truth, his breasts heave like a woman's."

Another added: "I wonder what the mountaineer wanted with a youth when the opportunity was his to pick the finest woman in the city."

"His taste is good," remarked several.

"The face seems familiar to me," said Magilus. "I cannot be mistaken."

"You are all liars," cried Ducaria, though her whole bearing belied the strong words. "And you are cowards," she added as the crowd jeered loudly.

The noise attracted the attention of soldiers of various races who came hurrying forward to learn the cause of the excitement. These did not understand what was being said, and concluded that a Taurinian youth was to be put to death. Their faces betokened no intelligence as the indignant speaker addressed her persecutors, but they patiently awaited developments.

"I offer to fight any one of you," persisted the girl, "but you all fear a single combat."

"I will willingly fight if you strip to the waist," retorted Magilus, who still bore the mark of her hand.

"I shall fight only as I am."

"Then others can rid you of your upper garments, and the multitude here assembled will judge of your sex."

"Yes, yes; disrobe him," shouted the Gauls in the rear, for the girl's strong opposition to so simple an act convinced those heretofore in doubt.

Eager hands instantly started the work, and though she resisted with unlooked-for strength it was in vain. She was pinioned and rendered helpless. Her jacket was quickly ripped off, then the tunic beneath. That was all. A shout arose as her magnificent breasts were revealed to view. She attempted to sink to the ground, but she was held up so that all might see.

Surprise was mingled with the admiration of those who were awaiting a bloody denouement. Some advanced nearer with blazing eyes and breath steaming with passion. One called out that he was willing to purchase the prize, but in the excitement and commotion none heeded him.

"She is the same whom Aneroestes declared killed," shouted Magilus in exultation, "but she will not escape now."

Ducaria longed for death, and the eyes that a short time before had been brave in anger, now dropped tears. She saw in her discovery nothing but shame and degradation. Without raising her head she was conscious of the hundreds of eyes greedily fastened upon her. As in a dream she heard the quarrelling between the men who had been instrumental in disclosing her true sex. Some wanted to draw lots for her; others were in favour of a joint ownership; while a few of the more wealthy suggested disposing of her to the highest purchaser.

But as they argued, a commotion on the border of the crowd disturbed the proceedings. Horsemen were advancing at a smart pace. Even the most absorbed among the spectators gave way before the plunging animals and the shouts of their riders.

Ducaria looked up, then started in horror. Immediately in front of her, surrounded by his horsemen, was Himilco.

"What means this disturbance?" he asked, and his voice was as harsh as the expression on his white face.

"We have found a woman in man's attire," replied one of the principals. "She denied her sex and we proved it in the manner you see."

The Carthaginian drew nearer and gazed admiringly upon the semi-nude form that quivered under his inspection.

"It is a pity she should conceal such charms," he said, "for she is certainly most favoured by the gods. How comes it she escaped detection before?"

"She is the same," explained Magilus, "whom you ordered Aneroestes, the mountaineer, to convey to your tent. But he lied to you and said she was dead. He robed her as a youth and she passed as his servant. I suspected her and soon discovered the trick."

Himilco's face brightened and he commended the Gaul for his discernment. Then bending towards Ducaria, he said:

"I recognize you now. You still live and your lover deceived me. It was craftily done, but you are at last delivered into my hands and I will keep you."

"Praise be to the noble Himilco!" cried Magilus.

"I shall take the girl for myself," said Himilco, "and you shall all be amply rewarded."

At this announcement all faces brightened, for it had been at first feared that the officer would possess himself of the prize without considering the claims of his inferiors.

Instigated by Magilus, the crowd shouted: "Praise be to the noble Himilco."

The Carthaginian acknowledged the demonstration with a smile. Then turning to his guards, he said:

"Keep a look-out for this Aneroestes and see that he is restored to the slave-chains that formerly bound him. As for the girl, take her to my tent. Bind her, though not too tightly, and watch her closely. I have yet much to inspect about the camp before my return."

Those within hearing grinned and the shout again arose: "Praise be to the noble Himilco!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE.

Late in the afternoon Mago and his troop returned. The rain had ceased, but thick clouds still hung low in the sky, and a further fall was probable.

Though chilled and tired, Aneroestes pressed forward none the less quickly. He longed for Ducaria. When the camp was reached he surprised his companions by galloping ahead between the irregular rows of tents. Some expected to see the horse stumble, but the rider guided it with safety.

Two of the Gauls who shared his tent were within when the mountaineer appeared at the entrance.

"Where is my youth?" he asked.

The warriors were those who by their questionings had driven Ducaria to seek solitude elsewhere. Neither, however, had suspected her of being a woman, and her presence impressed them but little.

"He has not been here for some time," answered one.

The other added: "He went to water the horse."

"And has not yet returned?"

"We have not seen him."

Aneroestes hurried away without questioning further.

"Surely," he muttered to himself, "none could have discovered her sex."

But he feared otherwise. Arriving at the bank of the river he saw his horse in the possession of an Insubrian. Though many others stood by he could not discern Ducaria. For a moment he thought she had suffered death at the hands of these violent men who hungered after the blood of every male enemy, but as he approached one raised a shout of laughter, in which the others readily joined. While they individually feared the mountaineer their numbers gave them confidence.

Aneroestes dreaded the significance of this mockery, but asked with feigned curiosity: "Why do you laugh?"

They became more uproarious, and slapped each other on the back to emphasize their mirth.

"Surely you must all be fools," he continued, and at this show of anger the laughter became more violent.

"Have you seen Himilco?" asked one.

"Where is your captive maiden?" queried Magilus. It was he who held the horse.

The mountaineer came nearer and snatched the bridle out of the other's hand.

"My horse," he growled.

"Even so, it will be of little use when Himilco encounters you."

"Himilco is naught to me, and I understand not your remarks, for I have no captive maiden."

"Himilco is naught to him—he has no captive maiden," mocked Magilus. "In truth, he has no maiden now."

This last remark caused a fresh outburst of merriment, and Aneroestes glared at the crowd.

"Where is my youth?" he shouted. "I find the horse here in your hands without him."

"Your youth has become a maiden," explained one, "and has been honoured by Himilco. While he inspects the camp she awaits him in his tent."

"And that is why you shout and laugh like fools?" cried the mountaineer.

Magilus smiled.

"We must laugh," he said. "It is so strange. We discovered the youth's sex. The face was familiar, for I was with Himilco when he entered the city. I there saw the maiden you held captive and she was beautiful. I suspected your choice. The heaving bosom could not be hidden beneath the man's raiment. Though she protested—yes, and smote me in the face—it was useless. We tore away the lying dress. And then Himilco came up and ordered her to be taken to his tent."

While the man disclosed the fate of Ducaria the eyes of the mountaineer had become ablaze with an awful fury. He took a step forward, but said nothing. Magilus felt for his knife, though he relied on his companions to guard him from attack. But Aneroestes sprang at him with the rapidity of a wild animal and buried his fingers in the other's throat. There was a short struggle, then the man fell to the ground with face discoloured and a bloody froth on his lips.

At this the rest became silent, and none interfered with the avenger as he led his horse away. Some would have liked to follow him, but the foreboding look on his face intimidated them, and the sight of the throttled warrior at their feet restrained their impulsiveness.

"Himilco will see to the fellow's punishment," muttered one, and with this assurance all were forced to be content.

Aneroestes did not return to his tent, for he felt that Himilco might already have stationed some one there to await his coming. He followed the bank of the river a considerable distance till a bend in its course hid him from the view of the curious. Evening was drawing in and the trees that fringed the water's edge afforded him a temporary hiding place.

He had gathered from the gibing remarks hurled at him that Himilco had sent Ducaria to his tent under the guidance of soldiers, and that it would be after nightfall before he would return from his duties.

Twilight was short-lived and soon the camp fires shone out brilliantly clear against a background of growing darkness. Occasional stars peeped through rents in ragged clouds and the shrill cries of the east wind rose and fell mournfully. The moon was due to rise some hours later and Aneroestes wished to save Ducaria before its white light illumined the surroundings. He had halted about four stades beyond the extreme line of tents at a small grove of trees that suggested a suitable hiding place. Here he tethered his horse. Then throwing himself on the wet ground, he watched the restless Padus.

He had decided on a most venturesome move, but it was necessary to wait

a little for the black reign of night. When the time arrived, he rose to his feet and hastened quietly back to the camp. No sentry noticed him.

Himilco's tent was in the midst of the African infantry who had been assigned a choice plot near the river and farthest removed from the city. Consequently Anerœstes was not obliged to penetrate far into the interior. But great caution was nevertheless necessary in order to avoid awkward questioning, for he spoke not the language of the soldiers thereabouts.

The darkness enabled him to reach the rear of the tent without arousing the attention of the guard on the opposite side. An intense joy possessed him at the thought of again rescuing the woman he loved from the embrace of the Carthaginian.

No movement came from within though he listened patiently. He attempted to creep under, but there was insufficient room and he feared to pull at the base too violently. He inserted the point of his dagger in the canvas covering and made a slit. It tore with a rasping sound and he expected that an alarm would be raised. But the silence remained undisturbed and he regained confidence. Cautiously he pushed his head through the opening, but he could discern nothing. Ducaria might not be there. Himilco might have had her conveyed elsewhere. The possibility of such a thing caused him to tremble violently, and without further hesitation he crept through the aperture. His every movement was silent, but this he did not realize. The darkness of the place was impenetrable. He paused motionless for several moments, but his alert hearing was conscious of no breathing save his own.

Outside the wind moaned fretfully.

Stealthily he crawled on hands and knees, first in one direction, then in another, feeling his way as he advanced. At last his hand came in contact with the skin of some animal. His nervous fingers groped about the covering and touched a form. Instantly a startled cry almost paralyzed him with surprise.

"It is I—Aneroestes," he whispered, for he recognized Ducaria's voice and secreted himself beside the couch.

He was none too soon, for the guard hearing the noise entered the tent. He held the flap open to admit some light from the fire without. Had he brought a torch the rent would surely have been discovered.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

But he was a Libyan and Ducaria could not understand him. She attempted to explain by signs that the cords were paining her wrist, but the man only shrugged his shoulders and retired.

Aneroestes made no movement for some little time, and when he ventured out Ducaria murmured his name. He seized her in his arms and rapturously kissed her. It was the first time; but she made no resistance for she loved him

"I thought you were gone from me forever," he said, "but I have found you. I am not too late."

"Free my hands and feet," she commanded in a soft voice.

"No, no: it would be unwise. We must wait."

"But you will save me, good Aneroestes?"

"Yes, when the camp sleeps We will seek your kinsmen beyond the Padus and you shall be my wife."

"But Himilco," she exclaimed, "do you forget that he will soon be here?"

"He may be late."

"I fear he will be here soon."

"Even so we must wait," said Aneroestes with determination.

"And do you not fear Himilco?"

"No; I shall kill him."

"But he will call the guard."

"He will not have time. When he comes I shall kill him. Our escape will not then be known before morning."

There was confidence in the tone, but Ducaria feared, and she whispered:

"There is much danger in the plan. Let us not wait. Free my limbs and we can escape at once."

But the mountaineer was obdurate.

"Himilco may soon return," he explained, "and if he finds you gone the camp would be at once roused to pur-

sue us. We would surely be captured. So be patient and all will be well."

"Where will you conceal yourself?"

"I shall have to stay without."

Ducaria tightened her hold on him and he continued:

"It is necessary. If I remain I may be discovered. The hole in the tent would be seen in the light of the torch. I must be outside to hold the pieces together. When Himilco approaches the couch his back will be turned to me and I shall creep in. While he talks to you I shall stab him with my knife."

"And if you should fail? If you are seen and prevented from coming to my assistance? Must I submit without a struggle?"

"No, no: I would not have it so. I place this knife in your bosom. He will surely unbind you and if my stroke should fail there is still one way for you to escape him.

"Now I shall be more content, but what weapon have you?"

"I have a larger knife but I may not need it. I can strangle him as I did the Gaul to-day—the foul Magilus who disrobed you."

"You killed him!" ejaculated Ducaria. "It is well. He deserved to die, and I rejoice that you did the deed. But what noise is that?"

"It is time for me to retire. Fear nothing." And before she realized it, he was gone.

The camp had gradually relapsed into quietude. All save the sentries seemed to sleep. The watchers had not long to wait, for shortly after Aneroestes had secreted himself footsteps were heard.

Himilco had returned. He entered the tent preceded by a man who carried a pine torch.

"Has she been quiet?" asked the Carthaginian.

"Once she cried out. I hastened to learn the cause. She held up her hands as if the cords were hurting her."

"Did you loosen them?"

"No, they seemed not overtight."

"Was she searched to see if any weapon was concealed about her person?"

"Yes. Two Insubrian women searched her."

"It is well. You may go; and see that I am not disturbed."

The guard retired.

After relieving himself of his coat of mail Himilco approached the couch. His face was flushed and his eyes shone.

"So the thongs hurt you," he said, seating himself beside Ducaria.

"Yes."

"And will you love me if I free you?"

"No, for I hate you."

She almost hissed the words, but Himilco laughed.

"I shall unbind you, notwithstanding," he said, "and afterwards you will learn to love me."

His sword was near at hand, and seizing it he severed the cord that bound her feet.

"You are still a youth," he remarked, but the costume is less becoming than the one I will give you."

"You have not freed my hands."

"A kiss first," he murmured.

"No, no," she answered. "I am in your power, but at least allow me what little strength I have."

Himilco was amused at the girl's spirit.

"You are not overtamed," he said, "but I can quickly conquer you."

While speaking he freed her hands.

She attempted to rise, but he held her down.

"Am I not a more pleasing master than your mountaineer?" he asked, and in his passion he pressed her hands until she cried out.

She hoped this would bring Aneroestes.

"He is coarse and uncouth," continued the Carthaginian, "and unfit to mate with one of your beauty. He will be restored to slavery for having kept you from me, but I shall honour you. The women of my country live in ease and luxury, and I shall give you all that they enjoy. Your beauty attracts me and I shall not tire of you

soon. Will you, then, yield willingly to me, or must I possess you by force?"

Ducaria shook with excitement. Why did not Aneroestes strike? She did not know he had encountered great difficulty in entering the tent without attracting attention. Neither could she see that he had at last succeeded, and with slow, stealthy steps was advancing towards his prey.

While the passionate words were being poured into her ear she nervously fingered the knife secreted in her bosom. Suddenly Himilco bent down and kissed her. The contact with his lips roused a maniacal rage within her. With a quick movement she drew the weapon. He took no heed of the action, for his burning lips still sought hers, and in an instant the blade had pierced his throat. He started back gasping, and Aneroestes, not realizing what had happened, seized him from behind with iron fingers that soon completed the work. No sound was made, and when satisfied that life was extinct, the mountaineer lowered the body to the ground.

"I did not mean that you should strike the blow," he said, "though it was well aimed."

He stepped over the corpse and took Ducaria in his arms.

"And I had not thought to do so until he kissed me. That maddened me and I was not afraid."

"I was near at hand."

"Yes, but I could not see you, and you were long in coming. See," she added, "my face is covered with his blood."

"It matters not, for the night is dark. But we must not wait longer. Put this cloak about you and keep the knife."

"Is he not dead?" asked Ducaria, as Aneroestes suddenly knelt beside the body.

"He is quite dead. I am but taking his ring. If we are stopped it may be of service. I am ready now. Come."

But Ducaria threw herself into his arms.

"If," she whispered, "aught happens, I would have you know that I love you."

The mountaineer's face glowed with happiness and he crushed the clinging form to him.

For awhile there was silence, then he bade her follow him through the slit in the tent. The night was dark and the fires had burned low, but vigilant sentries paced to and fro within easy distance of each other.

After creeping from the vicinity of Himilco's tent Aneroestes found it would be impossible to get away unobserved, so he whispered to Ducaria and both rose to their feet. They passed the first guard with a nod, but when they reached the outskirts and thought the worst danger over, the man there posted accosted them. He was a Celtiberian and managed to understand Aneroestes, who professed to be a bearer of news from Himilco. For evidence he produced the ring.

But even then the sentry blocked the way.

"You are Aneroestes, the mountaineer," he said, "but who is your companion?"

"My servant—a Taurinian youth."

"The same you have had with you since the city fell?"

"Yes, the same."

The man rested on his spear and roared with laughter.

"It is said that your youth did today become a woman and was taken by Himilco. So I will not let you pass, for——"

Ere he could fiinsh Aneroestes was upon him, and both went to the ground. But the Celtiberian, being of powerful build, was not easily overcome. He clasped his assailant and shouted the alarm in a strong voice that re-echoed on all sides. Aneroestes attempted to wrench himself free, but it was no easy matter and he could make little use of his arms. Plunging about as they were, it was some time before Ducaria could render any adequate assistance. But presently the Celtiberian rolled on top and she plunged her dagger into his back. It was

sufficient, and her companion, thus relieved, sprang to his feet.

"To the river," he said, and seizing her hand he hastened forward into the darkness.

Cries now arose on all sides. Not only had the warning of the sentry been heard, but Himilco's guards had discovered the fate of their master. The camp was in an uproar, but much time had been lost before an organized search was begun.

The moon had just risen and, emerging from behind some clouds, was proceeding with rapidity across a narrow patch of clear sky. The whole country became bathed in the powerful light, and the pursuers raised a loud shout at this unexpected assistance, for it revealed the fugitives to them.

Aneroestes and Ducaria knew they were discovered, but they quickened their steps and soon reached the river. It was broad at this point, but both were strong swimmers, and their sole hope lay in gaining the opposite bank. They struck out boldly and made rapid progress, but a shower of stones and arrows warned them that the danger was great.

None swam after them, as it was felt that one of the many missiles would do the work. Presently the mountaineer was seen to toss up his arms and sink slowly. A savage shout went up from those on shore, and as they yelled the moon burrowed its way into a cloud bank and shut out the scene.

And in the darkness of the night Ducaria struggled against the waters with her burden. For life remained with him, and that life was dear to her.

[THE END.]

DR. PARKIN'S LIFE OF THRING.*

A Review.

DR. PARKIN'S "Life and Letters of Edward Thring," the famous Headmaster of Uppingham School, England, has, though only a few weeks published, been already reviewed with much favour in a score or more of leading English publications. The book has, however, a special interest to Canadians, and will be viewed by us in an aspect in some degree peculiar to ourselves. Here we have one of the most famous Headmasters of his age and an educationist of the highest repute both in England and America, finding in a Canadian, himself the Headmaster of the largest boarding school in Canada, a more congenial spirit apparently, in respect to educational ideas and theories, than he was able to find at home. At all events, to Dr. Parkin, Mr. Thring, by a sort of testamentary bequest, left the task of writing his Life and of recording therein his views upon the subject of teaching. All who are interested in the welfare of Canada must be interested in the subject of the instruction of her sons, and therefore, I take it, many who may not see the book itself may be glad to know something of what manner of man this was who found in Dr. Parkin so much sympathy with, and understanding of, his own views in respect to education.

"Since Friday," writes Mr. Thring in his diary under date March 23rd, 1874, "we have had ——, a Canadian schoolmaster here, and his hearty enthusiasm and hope to do something good out there in the school way has cheered me very much. The New World is opening for the work which I have lately looked to. I feel in talking with him the difference between talking with the blind and one who sees." And again in the entry of the next day: "I feel more and more the bright cheering effect of that Canadian.

*Life and Letters of Edward Thring. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

It is like a fresh breeze let into a sick-room to have had him here. I think his talks with —— and others will have done both them and me good, as giving an outside, enthusiastic, thoughtful view. I have always looked, of late years, to the work and the cause rooting itself in new lands." Dr. Parkin takes good care to drop no hint as to who that Canadian was, but it does not require much thinking to arrive at the conclusion before finishing the second volume, by comparing hints as to dates and places to be found in various pages, that it was Dr. Parkin himself.

Few readers of this article, if any, will require to be told that the word "Public School" as used in England means something radically different from the sense in which the term is used here. What we call public schools are called Board Schools in England. The great Public Schools of England, as everyone knows, are large boarding schools containing, as a rule, from 400 to 600 boys, and are of royal or private foundation, in many cases richly endowed, and of great antiquity. Some, indeed, by reason of their antiquity and general standing arrogate to themselves a peculiar right to the title. Everyone knows the story of the Eton cricket captain who, on receiving a challenge to a match from Marlborough, replied: "Harrow I know, and Westminster I know, but who are ye?" Uppingham, with which we are here concerned, was an old foundation, but it was Mr. Thring who raised it to its present rank among the great Public Schools. Numbering 25 boys when he first became Headmaster, within 20 years he had raised it to 400; while almost entirely at the financial risk of himself and of those masters whom he was able to gather round him and inspire with a like enthusiasm, he had constructed buildings and appurtenances appropriate to such a school. Dr. Parkin records the history of this achievement, and the ideas and principles upon which the work was done; and there can be little doubt that his book will take its place as a literary monument of English Public School life of the second half of the century, as Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold, or perhaps we should rather say Tom Brown at Rugby is of that of the first half.

In the great Public Schools of England with their honourable traditions and the esprit de corps which animates them, a large portion of the flower of England's youth learns much which could never be derived from books alone, and upon them it can scarcely be disputed, the maintenance of the honour and glory of England at home and abroad in no small degree depends. "There is no point," writes Mr. Thring in a letter to Dr. Parkin, "on which my convictions are stronger than on the power of Boarding Schools in forming national character. There is a very strong feeling growing up among the merchant class of England in favour of Public Schools. The learning to be responsible and independent, to bear pain, to play games, to drop rank and wealth and home luxury, is a priceless boon. I think myself that it is this which has made the English such an adventurous race; and that, with all their faults, and you know how decided my views are on this side, the Public Schools are the cause of this manliness." Everyone knows the story of the Duke of Wellington pointing to the playing fields of Eton, and saying hat it was there that the battle of Waterloo was won. And if we are ever to have in our national life in Canada any schools reproducing worthly the traditions of the great English Public Schools, we must encourage such institutions as Upper Canada College; and I may, perhaps, not inappositely quote here an extract from another letter of Mr. Thring's published in this book, where he says: "It is as much a parent's duty to provide mental as bodily food, and it would be as absurd for a parent to be content with what a tax-paying community thinks a good education, if he can afford better, as to be content with the workhouse rations of a tax-paying community."

The ancient Persians who, as Herodotus tells us, taught their boys three things, to ride a horse, to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth, would seem to have understood the duty of educators of youth better than it appeared to be understood in most English schools little more than a generation ago. They evidently saw that physical and moral training had more to do with true education than the mere communication of what is ordinarily understood by knowledge. But in England, at the time I refer to, to pick out a few of the cleverest boys, to cram their minds to the utmost with such knowledge as would best conduce towards University and Army examination honours, to the greater glory and emolument of the schools in which they were trained, would seem to have been the object mainly kept in view by schoolmasters, while for the rest little more was attempted than to urge the mass of boys in droves, with voice and whip, some little way along the road of learning. That the idiosyncrasies of the individual boy should be studied or that the stupid boy had an equal moral claim to attention with the clever boy, were ideas which scarcely seemed to have occurred to masters of large schools. From the first Thring set his face against any such view of the duty of a teacher. In the first place, he by no means identified education with mere book-learning. "Better fifty years of living than a cycle passed in books," writes Thring; and with that sententious wisdom which makes his diaries and his letters such good reading, he says in one place:

"Pouring out knowledge is not teaching.
Hearing lessons is not teaching.
Hammering a task in is not teaching.
Lecturing clearly is not teaching.
No mere applying of knowledge is teaching.
Teaching is getting at the heart and mind, so that the learner begins to value learning, and to believe learning possible in his own case."

He very fully recognized the value of that part of a boy's education that is to be picked up in the playing-fields, and the benefit of recreation to everybody. "My text is," he says in one of his letters, "good amusement for the people is the most religious work that can be done in modern England." I have it from an old Uppingham boy now living in Toronto that Thring used to be fond of saying to his boys:

"The first thing you come to school for is to work, the second thing is to be good at games. If you are not good at work, then you ought to be good at games. But if you are good neither at work nor games, then God help you."

So great sympathy did he show with the many sides and varying needs of boy life that he well deserved to be called "The King of Boys," as he was in the following lines written by one of his old pupils:

"A scholar reared beside the Thames and Cam
Built up an Eton at his Uppingham.
Whence this success? To make all teaching real
Was, with this King of Boys, life's beau ideal.
So, though his bow had many strings, this one
He plied, this always. Thus his work was done.
This made him famous. All should learn from Thring
That he does well, who does his life's one thing."

Truly Thring's bow had many strings. Thus he was one of the first to introduce music into his regular system of education. "This morning at the master's meeting," he writes in his diary, "T. (who is a good fellow) blurted out that 'fellows were doing music when they ought to be doing mathematics.' This was apropos to nothing, but simply a bit of the old-fashioned Spartan brutality theory versus true education. I said I had studied the subject for fifty years both as a matter of human nature and of experience, that a very small part of the day, comparatively, could be given to learning really hard subjects, and that I gave it as my judgment that the study of hard subjects was greatly helped by occupying the mind with other culture of a less serious kind." Then he had also a keen appreciation of the influence of externals upon the mind. He placed great faith in what he quaintly called "the almighty wall."

By this he referred to the importance of appropriate structure in regard to the school buildings and the proper decoration and adornment of the rooms where the boys lived and were taught. "There is no law," he says, "more absolutely certain than that mean treatment produces mean ideas; and whatever men honour they give honour to outwardly. It is a grievous wrong not to show honour to lessons and the place where lessons are given." "I have got," he writes triumphantly, "twenty-six magnificent autotypes of ancient art in upper school now, and I mean to turn out by degrees all the mean furniture of the room, and I hope this will make the low views and meannesses connected with learning and lessons drop off by the mere force of fine surroundings, just as good surroundings have made the whole domestic life of the school higher, and freed it from tricks and petty savagery." And the following enthusiastic language makes one feel that old Uppingham boys are indeed without excuse if they are numbered among the Philistines :—

"Now I unhesitatingly assert that my own work has succeeded with the many just because God gave me a spirit of wisdom to attend to fringes, and blue, and purple, and scarlet ribands, and Pompeian red, and autotypes, and boys' studies, and the colour of curtains to their compartments, and a number of little things of this kind. And I lay claim to have been great as a schoolmaster on this, and on this only, in the main—on having had the sense to work with tools, to follow God's guidance in teaching beginners by surrounding them, as He did, with noble and worthy surroundings, taking care that there was no meanness or neglect; getting rid, as circumstances allowed, of name-cutting in school, which means rebellious inattention, combined with mischief and vanity; or ink-splashing, which means careless dirtiness, and contempt for the great thought-work; and all the little vilenesses which drag the boy-mind down. It is a slow process, but it is a true one; it is not grand, but it is practical; it needs patience, but it works by degrees higher life. May men think of me as one to whom God gave a spirit of wisdom to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work. I take my stand on detail."

But the point on which, perhaps, Thring laid most stress, as is abundantly shown by Dr. Parkin, was the duty of the schoolmaster to the average boy, and to the average boy considered individually. "I am very strong," he writes to an applicant for mastership, "on the matter of teaching, by which I mean applying knowledge to the average boy, however stupid he may be. I consider it a great science of infinite interest." And again: "I want a master with go and teaching power for a low class. By teaching power I mean that a man looks on the boys as his subject, and on his books as things to be adapted to them, and accepts as his motto, 'the worse the material, the greater the skill of the worker.' Thus a low class is not low work." And once more: "We schoolmasters," he says, "have this mission, if we are true—a mission to give every one, be he clever or be he stupid, a fair chance in life, and not to be, as has been too much the case, murderers,—for it is nothing less,—of the higher life of the great majority of mankind. Power-worship and contempt for ordinary minds, and putting knowledge above thought, is the modern Moloch." He became so famous for this view of his duty that, he tells us in one place, it became very much the custom in England to send the dull and difficult boy of the family to Thring, and the other boys to other schools.

To carry his theory into practice, however, Thring most conscientiously, and though it constantly involved him in financial difficulties, persistently restricted the number of his school, quite refusing either to allow the whole number of boys to exceed 400 or to allow each house-master to have more than thirty boys in his house. For I should, perhaps, have mentioned before for the benefit of those who may not already know it, that one distinguishing feature of the great Public Schools of England is that the boarders are not all housed in one large building as is the case at present, as I understand, in Upper Canada College, but are divided up in various houses, each presided over by

a house-master. The benefit of this system and the advantages it possesses over the other are too obvious to need pointing out. Each house, if the numbers are confined to between thirty and forty boys, may partake of something of the character of a home, and the master who presides over them can easily become acquainted with the qualities and needs, mental and bodily, of each individual boy in a way which is impossible if they are all herded together, and if no master is specially responsible, out of class, for the general welfare of each boy.

But space compels me to leave many points of a very notable book, and many aspects of Thring's life and work and character, unnoticed. It must, no doubt, always be difficult for a strong man not to be somewhat domineering, and Thring was, perhaps, not altogether free from that spirit. He thinks a schoolmaster's life would be pleasant if one could only get rid of the under-masters, and records that he told one of the latter—"That I did not like fighting, but if I fought I liked being licked still less, and have stood at bay here against the world and masters, too, with ruin at my feet, and did not fear, I thought, the face of living man." But though among his boys he seems to have had a reputation for coldness, which interfered with his popularity, many an example of the real tenderness of his nature comes to light in Dr. Parkin's pages. One entry in his diary which illustrates this is so charming that I cannot refrain from quoting it. "This morning," he writes, "I was greatly delighted at hearing that little Francis Harmon, who was ill last term, burst into tears at seeing his brothers coming back to school, because he was not yet allowed to go. Truly, to have drawn tears from a little boy's eyes because he could not come back to school, is something worth having lived for, when I think what bitter tears I shed at having to go back at his age."

Then the living sense of religion which animated the hero of this book is most conspicuous. Generally, he ends the record in his diary of important incidents in the life of the school with some such expressions as "Laus Deo." And in one place he writes: "One thing I feel more than I have ever felt, that a great shaping power is round about me, guiding and ruling and making and moulding this fierce crucible work, and fiery rush of evil and danger and friendship, and help all round about one, and that some strange birth of strange, good and marvellous Divine purpose is to come out of all." This is in connection with a wonderful achievement most interestingly described by Dr. Parkin, namely, the temporary removal, pending a period of epidemic at Uppingham, of the entire school, bag and baggage, to the seaside village of Borth in North Wales. But I must refer, readers, to the Life itself for the account of this successful and novel experiment which gained for Thring the name of the "Mobilizing Headmaster;" as I must also do for two of its most interesting features, a correspondence with the late R. L. Nettleship, and the story of the fervid, and one might almost say romantic attachment which Thring conceived for Horatia Ewing from a perusal of her books. "My Queen," he used to call her, and for nine years corresponded with her without having ever had the much-desired opportunity of a personal meeting, which finally came to him when she was on her death-bed. If, however, I have conveyed in this article some idea of the educational theories which animated "Uppingham's Great Headmaster," I have succeeded in effecting the main object I have had in view, and in advancing what is obviously the main object of Dr. Parkin's book

A H. F. Lefroy.

THE TRANSITION OF CONSTANCE.

CONNIE.

"YES! It will be quite the match of the season! Let me congratulate you, Miss Blake," making an elaborate courtesy, showing a flash of dazzling teeth and a fleeting dip of dimples, as she smiled at the pretty reflection in the tall silver-framed mirror that hung in the innermost recess of her maiden sanctum sanctorum.

"It is quite true," she went on, still speaking softly to the dainty young person before her, "that Corson would never have proposed if I had not compelled him, but no one knows that but you and me," nodding sagely to the now sober little face in the glass, "not even Corson himself.

"A dear, stupid fellow," she went on, with something very like a pout of the rosebud lips, "but, oh!" clasping her hands and admiring the while her latest acquisition, a hoop of fire-flashing brilliants, "but, oh! of such good old stock and with lots of 'spondulix,' too.

"Ugh! you vulgar girl! Will you never cease to talk slang, I wonder," shaking a slender forefinger admonishingly.

"Dear old Guardy! How very solemnly he said it—'Connie, child, are you sure you love this young man?' and I said, 'Sure, Guardy.' 'Then the question is already settled,' he answered.

"Good old Guardy! He looked ill. Maybe that was the reason he sent me away without another word.

"I think my conscience did give just the littlest bit of a twinge, though, when I answered him, and then my good sense came to my rescue. I just gave myself a shake, and said 'Connie Blake! behave yourself. Isn't Corson Weyland passable looking as young men go? Isn't he rich? Isn't he from one of the very first families? Isn't he fond of you? Pray don't begin to talk any absurd nonsense. Of course you love him!'

"He isn't so nice as Don, to be sure, but, dear old Guardy! there are none that are like him!

"Well, it is late," stretching her arms above her head, and making a distracting little moue at the face gazing earnestly at her from the glass, "and my list for to-morrow is a fearfully long one,—so, good night. On the whole," nodding her head in a sage little fashion, "I think you a very sensible sort of young person."

DON.

Below stairs, in his own particular den, Donald Orton sat crouching over a fire, and although the nights were not yet cold, he shivered. Gaspingly he pressed one hand over his heart, and with an inarticulate cry sank back in his chair. Slowly, very slowly, the colour flowed back to his bloodless lips, and the man straightened himself.

"These attacks have not troubled me for a long while now," he murmured. "Well, maybe it is best they should come now and end it all. My occupation will be gone when I lose her—my wee white Blossom. She must never know the effort it all cost me.

"An old fellow like me seems quite a patriarch to her, no doubt. Thirty-nine and nineteen. No—she must never know of that wild impulse, that insatiate longing to take her in my arms and claim her mine—all mine! by right of long years of love and watchfulness and care. To the child I have been a father—nothing more—oh God! nothing more."

CORSON THINKS IT OVER.

Leaning lazily over the side of the "Eurydice," her white sails bellying above her head, and looking far out to where

"The great tides of the tumbling bay
Swing glittering in the golden day,
Swing foaming to and fro,"

Corson Weyland communed with himself.

"By Jove! Wonder how I came to do it! Always thought it would be a hard thing to do—propose to a pretty girl. It just sort of slipped out; she had accepted me and it was all over before I realized it.

"Sober duffer, that Orton—good sort, too, I guess. Settled the whole business for me in a dozen words without making things awkward either.

"Well! the Mater will be satisfied now. I will settle down, and the best thing I can do, too.

"She's a dear little girl, pretty as a picture and quite exceptional. Even the Mater will acknowledge that.

"Heigh-ho! I'll go home now—tell the glad tidings and be rejoiced over accordingly."

HER RUBICON.

Connie, in her bridal robes of heavy ivory satin, stood again before the tall, silver-framed mirror in her dressing room. Around her stood her maids, picturesque in nile and helitrope, azure and rose, great picture hats and long gloves of black, making sharp contrast with the dainty gowns.

Since nine of the clock Connie had been in the hands of her dressers. The dainty filberts of nails were polished and pink, the refractory curling locks were piled high on the proudly poised little head. Everything was in readiness but the filmy veil, and it was as yet only eleven by the clock. Connie glanced uneasily at the tiny silver timepiece and gave a sigh of relief.

"One whole hour yet," she murmured; then, turning to her attendants, "I shall not have the veil arranged till the very last minute. Baxter, tell Mr. Orton I should like to see him in my boudoir.

"Dear girls," to the admiring group in their dainty gowns, "you look beautiful. I am glad I insisted on that colour scheme. It is certainly picturesque. Now leave me. Go and see the rooms; Baxter says the florists are gone."

Left alone, Connie still stood before the glass. It was a troubled and a pale little face that looked back at her to-day. Overwhelmed for weeks with trousseau and what not, it had not been till the very last night of her girlhood that she began to feel, as she tossed restless and wide-eyed, the gravity of the step before her. Oh for a reassuring mother-love to enfold her in soothing arms and quiet her fears! It was the first time she had ever missed a mother's care. Don had been so good to her, so good through all the years; he had been father, mother, brother, friend. Life without Don was a something she had never faced before, and only last night he had talked of a long journey — had spoken vaguely of Abyssinia and Afghanistan and Ashantee.

She stood looking at her reflection in the mirror, feeling strangely alone in the great empty world. A wild longing for comfort seized the girl and unnerved her. A well-known step in the outer room caused her to turn swiftly and move forward. With outstretched hands and pleading, troubled eyes, she half-sobbed as she went:

"Oh, Don! Don! take me in your arms and comfort me as you used when I was only your little 'Blossom' for I am afraid! afraid!"

"Connie! Blossom! my darling! my darling wee girlie! you are mine—by every right of God and man. You are mine and not this other man's. I claim you! by my overpowering, consuming love!" he exclaimed, raining all the while passionate lover's kisses on throat and eyes and lips, on hair and cheek and chin.

"Oh, Don! Don!" she exclaimed, a flood of rosy joy overspreading brow and neck. But the man, loosing his hold of her, pushed her roughly from him and raising his hands in a bewildered way to his head cried,

"My God! my God! what have I done?" Then, throwing himself on his knees, prostrating himself before

her, ringing his helpless hands, he sobbed,

"Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me."

Her woman's wit came quickly to her rescue and she grew quiet. She was very white, but the hand she laid on the man's shoulder was firm.

"I have been wicked—wicked! but I did not know—I could not guess. See, my Don—you are always good and brave. We must be brave now, you and I."

They had changed places these two. It was the man who needed comfort most. A moment before it was a child who cried out for sympathy—now it was a woman who sympathised, so quickly does one pass that Rubicon that lies just beyond girlhood.

A SOLEMN SERVICE.

There was a low murmur of admiration as the bride, leaning on the arm of her guardian, passed slowly up the aisle of the flower-embowered church.

The last note of the organ swelled out on the perfumed air and ceased. The Bishop's sonorous voice rolled forth the words of the old solemn service:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony." On and on, and at last to the old question,

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

Donald Orton, stepping back after the presentation, was seen to stagger and press one hand quickly over his heart. There was a stir far down the aisle, the swift approach of quiet feet, a shuffling noise for a minute or two as some persons went towards the vestry, but the Bishop's voice still rolled on and the group at the altar stirred not.

When the last sonorous "Amen" sounded a buzz of excited talk and the pealing chime of bells sounded through the building. Attention was divided between the procession winding down the aisle and the closed door of the vestry.

The bridal group passed but the crowd waited, talking excitedly the while. Quickly the word passed from lip to lip, "Dead! How shocking! Heart trouble, the doctors say. Oh, poor Constance! Poor little bride."

THE WOMAN.

Clad in the simplest of white breakfast gowns, Constance stepped from her dressing room, for the second time that day holding out pleading hands for sympathy to the man before her.

"Dear little wife, let me comfort you," said Corson, touched to the depths of his simple nature by the solemn service and more solemn afterscene.

For a few moments she stood still, her head on his shoulder; then, looking earnestly in his face,

"I will be a good wife to you, Corson. God will help me, and indeed I will try hard."

"Yes, yes darling. A far better wife than a useless fellow like I deserve," he said, feeling vaguely a something above and beyond him in the tense quiet of her voice.

And so, to earth's long list was added one more of those dear uncanonized saints, who, overcoming self and inclination, take up dun threads of duty, and one by one weave them faithfully into life's warp and woof, that the completed web beyond the vale may shine with the light of the Throne.

And so standing, her husband's arm encircling her, her vacant eyes seeing only the things of the far future, from somewhere, the depths of her innermost consoience mayhap, Constance heard a voice, and the voice said,

"There be harder things in life than burying our dead; there be greater strifes in living than in dying; but for him who overcometh there awaiteth a crown of victory."

E. Ray Lounsbury.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE treaty of peace has been signed at Paris and the United States are at length the owners of foreign possessions. This forms, by all odds, the most remarkable event in these latter days. The plenipotentiaries and the attaches, we are told, struggled for the possession of the pens that signed the treaty. Let us hope that on none of them, hereafter, will it be possible to engrave the words, "This instrument contributed to the ruin of the United States." Indeed it is not necessary to take so gloomy a view of it, because the policy of the country is mobile enough to enable it to retrace ill-advised steps. That in the meantime the expansionists are in the majority there can be little doubt, and, although the section of the nation which ought to be its leaders is set against hurrah experiments in colonization, it is to be feared that the unthinking element which is numerous and has votes will have its way.

A man needs have courage who tries to stem the expansionist current. He is far more likely to be met with abuse than argument. The tyranny of the mob which will tolerate no opinion but its own is the worst form of tyranny which can afflict a free community. The spirit which met the strictures of President Norton is a hateful spirit and a people can hardly expect to grow wiser or better when self-criticism is so brutally repressed as in the case in question. President Norton's criticism may have been ill-founded or exaggerated, but surely the proper way to meet it was to controvert it. America should be jealous of liberty of speech. It should not be forgotten that Chatham and Burke stood in a hostile community for the rights and privileges of the mutinous colonies across the Atlantic. There can be no doubt that the impassioned sentences of the two statesmen were quite as unwelcome to the ears that heard them as President Norton's utterances are to the Americans of to-day. Yet how happy would it have been for Britain if some good angel had prompted her to listen to them? The speech on conciliation should be the vade mecum of Colonial Secretaries to-day. At all events the principles which it inculcates are the foundations of the relations which now exist between the colonies and the Mother Country. When they were uttered, however, they sounded to the advisers of George like treason. It would have been well if that voice had been heeded. America is in a similar position to-day. The people are inclined to be angry with anyone who counsels prudence, or quotes the maxims of the fathers or the spirit of the constitution. Yet there can be little doubt that what the minority is arguing will be recognised in the future to be the voice of wisdom just as truly as Burke's was more than a hundred years ago.

It would be fruitless to enumerate in detail the various problems that will arise to vex American statesmen in connection with the new possessions. We may be sure that they will all ultimately be overcome, but in the meantime they will involve an amount of labour and planning that might well be better applied at home. It is easy to say, let us have a large standing army and a powerful navy, but the realization is not so easy, although a large standing army and, still more, a powerful navy are indispensable accompaniments of foreign possessions. In time of danger and with a conflict in sight there will never be any difficulty in getting 100,000 or for that matter any number of men prepared to fight for the nation. It is altogether different in times of peace. The standing army amongst our neighbours was supposed to consist of 25,000 men. The fact is that it was not anything near that number. Almost every regiment was

from 30 to 40 per cent. below its full strength. When war broke out there was not much difficulty in recruiting up, but the injection of this large infusion of raw material among the trained soldiers was deleterious and the regiments were greatly weakened thereby. Now, if it was difficult to keep up an army of 25,000 men to its normal strength, surely it will be much more difficult to keep it up to 100,000.

JUDGE DAY.

Head of the United States Peace Commission.

The prospect of serving in the fever-haunted tropics, where 50,000 of them, Gen. Corbin says, will be required, can scarcely be an attractive one. Certainly, after a man has put in his term of enlistment there, he will not be eager to renew it. The difficulty previous to the war of keeping the navy fully manned was freely commented on and now that peace is restored the same difficulty will crop up again, accentuated by the greater number of vessels to be supplied. A great army and a great navy will contravene the ideas of the Fathers in more than one respect. Standing armies and bristling war vessels they regarded as instruments of despotism. Still further will their ideas be contradicted, however, if it is found possible to man a great navy with free-born American citizens. Dr. Johnson used to express his wonder that men could be found to be sailors, for he used to argue that any man could get into jail, and it was better to be in jail than to be aboard ship. Allowing for the doctor's exaggerations and for the wretched conditions of sailor life in his day, there is a sense in which his assertion is true. The lot of a sailor is by no means an enviable one any more than that of a soldier, and when a large number of Americans can be found to adopt either it will be a proclamation that the era has arrived when desirable occupations are getting scarce in the great Republic and that European conditions have arrived. It is true that we did not need such an intimation to be aware of the near approach at least of such a day, but this would be a public notice that the hour had come.

It is stated in some quarters that all difficulties about getting a full supply of men for either branch of the service can be overcome with money. Raise the pay is their remedy for slackness of enlistment. This is, undoubtedly, a remedy, and perhaps a rich community like the United States can stand it, but it is just well to remember that Secretary Gage's statement of the condition of the finances by no means indicates a healthy condition. The year of a deficit, with a still greater one in view for next year, is not a happy time to be making light of still further calls upon the taxpayer.

The pension-list that remains as a

memory of the Civil War, amounts to nearly $150,000,000 a year. It is calculated that before all is done, the Spanish-American War will swell it to $170,000,000 a year, which is only $20,000,000 short of the annual cost of maintaining the British army and navy, including all pensions and retired pay. The United States army, which in an exigent emergency could only furnish 15,000 men, nevertheless cost the country $55,000,000 a year in time of peace. If it is increased to six or seven fold we may presume that the cost will go up proportionately. The navy in a year of peace cost the country $29,000,000.

United States finance is buoyant enough, doubtless, to bear all these burdens for a time at least. The man with splendid physique and abounding health thinks his strength exhaustless, and makes reckless drafts on it until the collapse awakens him to his folly.

This is looking at the matter from the standpoint of an American citizen who cherishes the older traditions of the homogeneousness and unity of his country. His neighbour may point to the fact that in their present expansionist mood the United States is encouraged by Great Britain. Now, there can be little doubt that in the Spanish-American war the sympathies of England and her colonies were with the Cubans. They were unquestionably badly governed. In the efforts to suppress their protests against ill-government terrible cruelties were practised. Whatever faults the Anglo-Saxon may have he cannot be charged with callousness to oppression or suffering. Cuba's woes awoke his sympathy, and to that extent he gave America his godspeed in undertaking the task of liberator.

English public men seized the opportunity of promoting a better understanding between Britain and America. Following this idea, they have adhered to the United States view of things through thick and thin, although there is now undoubtedly a pretty general feeling that the Yankee has shown no overplus of generosity in dealing with his helpless victim. This feeling is probably repressed because in the advent of Uncle Sam in the Philippines Lord Salisbury and his colleagues see a possibility of having a powerful ally in the maintenance of the principle of the open door in the East. Is it not just possible that the official class in England perceive that in expanding the United States actually weaken themselves? In the event of a quarrel with a strong naval power the United States will be a more vulnerable power with Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii, Guam, Alaska and the Philippines to defend than when she stood four-square to all the world within the invulnerable confines of her original solidarity. Machiavelli is still perused by modern statesmen. It is seldom that we see much enthusiasm among the various states of the world when a sister state is visibly strengthening herself and looming up in portentous proportions, overshadowing and darkening all that stand about her. If I were an American I would regard the genial encouragement which England extends to the expansionist movement with some suspicion.

There need be no apology for devoting so much space to what may be called the evolution or devolution of the United States. It is certainly one of the most remarkable events of the century and while one feels that they are making a mistake from their own point of view there can be no doubt that the islands which are now passing under their sway (for we may as well dispense with the Cuba Libre fiction at once) will benefit materially to an enormous degree by their closer connection with one of the great nations and the energy that will be applied to their hitherto but feebly developed resources. That there will be many difficulties we may be sure, but that they will all eventually yield to the ingenuity and indomitableness of our neighbours we may well believe.

An odd but inevitable event of the month is the evacuation of Crete by the Turks. What the feelings of the Sultan must be is not hard to conjecture. He is compelled to leave Crete and sees the son of the man whose armies he chased across the classic ground of Northern Greece, take up a position as practical ruler of the Island which furnished the nest-egg of the quarrel. Spain's loss of her colonies and Turkey's loss of Crete shows that the "decaying nations" are beginning to drop to pieces.

DREYFUS.

Sir Edward Monson's speech seemed like an unnecessary aggravation to a power which has had unpleasant things "rubbed in" to it frequently of late. It is not without astonishment that we see the country of the Grand Monarque and of the first Napoleon baited and bullied as if she were a second-class power. She certainly drew the Fashoda humiliation on herself, and we may hope that her people, and especially her public men, may do some earnest thinking on the annals of the last few months.

Sir Wm. Harcourt's letter and John Morley's sympathetic reply to it are the sensations of domestic politics in Great Britain. A reforming party comprising men in all stages of reforming zeal from moderate Conservatism to ultra-Radicalism, requires a dominant and stirring spirit for leadership. This Sir William Harcourt does not supply, and it is questionable if an occupant of the feudal chamber can supply what is wanted any better. During the high tide of Imperialism Lord Rosebery may, and probably will, eventually fill the breach, but the leader of the Liberal party must be in the House of Commons. A party which is constantly in a state of hostility to the House of Lords and led by a peer would be an anomaly.

John A. Ewan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHATEVER history may say of the man, whatever critics may decide as to his style, whatever there may be of weakness in his arguments and conclusions, Kingsford's "History of Canada" is a greater monument than any Canadian of recent years, with perhaps one exception, has been able to raise to his own memory. Sir John Macdonald was a great man and Canadian Confederation is his monument, though he alone did not erect it. Kingsford gave the most mature twelve years of his life to a ten volume history of his adopted country, and passed away a few weeks after the completion of his task. Mr. Shannon's estimate of him in this issue is fair and candid, and is well worth a serious reading.

But just here it may be well to consider what is historical research and what is not. Some time ago a gentleman living near one of the old historic forts of Canada, sent THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on the Fort. It was composed mainly of quotations from Kingsford and other writers, the only original work being the photographs which accompanied it. That man was not an historian, although he certainly thought he was. An historian must use much from his predecessors, but he must use more from the original documents—official correspondence, official reports, contemporaries' writings and printings. Kingsford went to original sources, hence his work is truly historical.

W. H. P. Clement writes a history of Canada which entailed very little if any original research; J. Castell Hopkins writes a "Life of Gladstone," though he never saw his private correspondence, and probably never heard the aged statesman speak; R. T. Lancefield writes a "Life of Queen Victoria," though he could never have spent more than a few days in England. These gentlemen write very readable books, but they are not historians—do not claim the title. Parkman devoted his life to a study of the French Regime in North America and produced history. So did Christie and Garneau and John Charles Dent. Adam Harkness wrote the "History of Iroquois High School," and wrote history in the true sense. So did Calnek in his posthumous work, "History of the County of Annapolis." Sir John Bourinot, D. B. Read, George Stewart, Benjamin Sulte, Abbé Casgrain, and a few others have done or are doing genuine historical work; but there are a number of other so-called historians who are merely clever purloiners of facts which have been worked up by other and much more conscientious men.

We cannot all be great historians, but we can all appreciate the work which one of them does. There are various kinds of appreciation of true historical labour. Mr. W. C. Macdonald, of Montreal, a man of considerable wealth, has endowed a William Kingsford Chair of History at McGill. Mr. Macdonald has probably seen enough of inferior workmen to recognize genuine and superior effort when it comes in sight. He has gone farther than the mere endowment of a university chair. Knowing that the late Mr. Kingsford made no profit out of his work, Mr. Macdonald has asked the widow to accept an annuity of $500 a year. This is a noble gift—and I confess my appreciation of it,

though I am opposed to the accumulation of large fortunes by single individuals or by corporations. This is one kind of appreciation of historical research—a rare kind. The other varieties are more common, and require no special comment.

Mrs. Kingsford is also in receipt of a present of £150 from the Royal Literary Fund of Great Britain. This is the result of the kind interest taken by the Marquis of Lorne in the deceased historian, and in the country of which the Marquis was once Governor-General.

Canadian short story writers cannot complain of lack of appreciation these days. The New York syndicates give Canadian writers an equal opportunity with United States writers; it has not required a new reciprocity treaty to secure that. The London market is also open to Canadians. Parker, Barr, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Cotes, Phillipps-Woolley, W. A. Fraser, Grant Allen and one or two others find a ready sale there for all that they write. Any Canadian with a fair local reputation receives generous treatment in both these great Anglo-Saxon cities.

At home, too, the market is expanding. Never were there published so many short stories by native writers; and, as a corollary, never were there so many bright Canadian stories offered to the publishers. While the writers with the best reputation get, in London and New York combined, from $200 to $400 for their best short tales, the price paid by native publications runs from $10 to $50. This is a considerable difference. Nevertheless, Canadian publications are paying more than they ever did, and the outlook is very encouraging. Already several newspapers and magazines are paying a cent a word for good work of this kind.

The Christmas numbers have used a great deal of this abbreviated fiction. *The Gentlewoman*, published by Alex. J. Warden, in Arundel Street, Strand, has issued an Imperial Christmas number contributed entirely by colonial writers and artists. The Jubilee has opened new fields to colonials. Canada's representatives are W. A. Fraser and William Wilfred Campbell. The Canadian artist is Louis Knight, who seems to be a makeshift. His Canadianism depends on his having spent at one time a few weeks in this country, and his drawings indicate that he knows as little about Canada as about art.

The Christmas number of the Toronto *Globe* easily takes first place among Canadian issues. The stories are contributed by Charles G. D. Roberts, Joanna E. Wood, Duncan Campbell Scott, W. A. Fraser, J. Macdonald Oxley, William McLennan and John A. Ewan. The letterpress, the illustrations, the cover and the coloured plates are, everything considered, the best productions of this kind that have ever delighted the Canadian reading public.

The *Saturday Night* Christmas issue is also very praiseworthy. Stories by Mack, W. A. Fraser, Mrs. Lawson, Marjory MacMurchy and Charles Lewis Shaw, and other tales and articles make up a generous and readable issue. The illustrations are plentiful, and show that Canadian illustrators are rapidly learning what is required of them.

The Christmas Special of the Toronto *Mail and Empire* is accompanied by several coloured plates of special merit. The cover and text of the issue are not so well printed as might have been expected, but are passable. The stories and the illustrations are exceptionally good considering that they are all contributed by the staff. Kit's Irish story is a charming piece of literary work, as is Mr. Charlesworth's fragment of drama.

The Montreal *Gazette's* five cent Christmas Number is, considering the price, equal to any of the foregoing. A poem by Dr. Drummond, stories by Louis Frechette and William McLennan are among the specialties. The cover is rough-and-ready, but rather striking.

Many of the smaller dailies through-

out the country have issued special Christmas Numbers, all of which indicate great progress in the mechanical arts connected with publishing, and a growing appreciation among journalists of art and literature.

There is no more striking evidence of the growth of Canadian nationality than the increased attention paid to native art and literature. The rate of progress is not phenomenal, but it is appreciable and hence encouraging.

Speaking of the Council of the City of Toronto, the Evening Telegram says: "The point is that a Council is never better and seldom worse than its constituency." This is wisdom. And the same may be said of our provincial legislatures and of our federal parliament. An M.P.P. or an M.P. cannot be expected to be strictly righteous and honest in his legislative or parliamentary duties, if his constituency contains a large number of voters who demand pay for their support, and a smaller number of party hangers-on who are clamouring for offices and jobs. The revelations which from time to time result from the trial of election protests, show clearly that there is a percentage of voters who are barefacedly dishonest. Their lack of common decency, of public spirit, and of intelligence of a superior order, is something which must make an independent citizen sympathize very keenly with the men who must appeal to these pseudo-citizens for their suffrage. In the Philadelphia schools they teach, once a month, a lesson on the duties of citizenship. It is quite apparent that some teaching of this kind is required not only in our schools, but in our newspapers, our social gatherings and our lodges and clubs.

Canada is still without an adequate population in spite of all our writing, talking and immigration expenditures. For years we have been pursuing the senseless course of going to Europe for settlers, instead of trying to retain those we have. We have paid large prices for young Russians and young Galicians, and seem never to have thought of buying young Canadians. There are hundreds of young farmers in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, who could be bought to settle in the North-West. If they were each given a free farm and $200 a year for five years, under certain conditions, they would go out there and cultivate the land. And one young Canadian is worth five Galicians or five Russians.

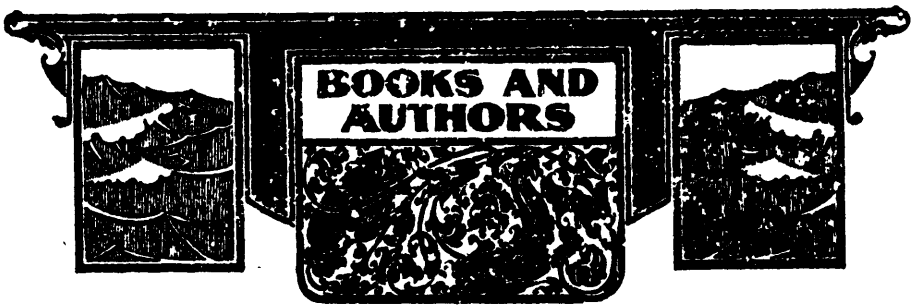
There are millions of Canadians in the United States, and there are scores going there every week. A large percentage of these could be retained if the Government would spend its money on them instead of on the riff-raff of Europe. Mr. Sifton should send for me to re-organize his immigration department. Under my scheme, no politician would get a free trip through Europe as a reward for party service.

The St. Thomas *Journal* is finding fault with Canada's independent journals and incidentally says that independent journalism is a delusion. It should not confuse the two ideas. Canada's independent newspapers may have faults, but that does not prove that independent journalism cannot be justified. I quote a few lines:

"So it is with other so-called independent papers. They pick their favourites, enthrone them and ask the public to fall down and worship them; always, of course, taking care to provide something to abhor as well. The main difference between the party and the 'independent' journal seems to be that the public helps to select those to receive favourable attention from the former and the editor or proprietor does the choosing for the latter. Anyone can see which would be the easier influenced by designing persons."

If our independent press is not really independent, not judicially impartial, it should be criticized. But independence in journalism still stands as the beau-ideal—the goal at which all newspapers, writers and publishers should aim. The blind adhesion to one party, on the part of either a newspaper or a voter, must give way before the steady advance of broader ideas of citizenship.

John A. Cooper.



WE do have occasional bursts of genuine criticism in this country. Martin J. Griffin, writing in the Montreal *Gazette*, has this to say of George W. Steeven's new book, "With Kitchener to Khartoum":

"It is one of the smartest pieces of journalism published in our time. Published originally in the *Daily Mail*, as letters, it was issued in book-form before the troops had returned from their battlefield. It is eloquent, and shrewd, and spirited. But it has been received by even some staid critics as a supreme piece of literature. That is insincere exaggeration. The volume is marked by faults of taste and temper inseparable from the difficult and exciting conditions under which it was written. And the exaggeration in description of men and movements is very obvious. There is a very marked attempt to out-Kipling Mr. Kipling in strong crudities of phrase. And there is a too evident attempt to coin epigrams and to out-shout the man in the street. The campaign is exaggerated, and the commanders are wildly overpraised. We are told that the fights at Atbara and Omdurman are the great feats of the century, and so on. Now, the most elementary knowledge of even the history of Egypt would have prevented this exaggeration. An army of some 30,000 men, well equipped, with a railway behind them, defeated some 50,000 rather ill-armed but desperate and heroic barbarians. Well and good. But in the days of Napoleon, in the first year of the century, an army of some 12,000 British soldiers, fresh to battle, and just landed from ships, fought two bloody and victorious battles against the heroes of the army of Italy, captured Cairo and Alexandria, and caused the surrender of some 24,000 of the bravest troops of warlike France. We will back Sir Ralph Abercromby and his generals against all the modern heroes in the ultimate verdict of history. The man in the street does not dictate that verdict."

NEW FICTION.

"The Golden Age in Transylvania,"* by the author of "Black Diamonds," is a picture of Austro-Hungary in the seventeenth century, when there was no Austro-Hungary—one of the many pictures of the past which modern novelists paint for those of us who live too close to nineteenth century civilization to see its romance. But Maurus Jokai is no mean painter, and there is enough of common humanity in this piece of work to make it a masterpiece among modern historical romances. It has not the daring of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and, perhaps, less grace of style; but it is fully as realistic and possesses much more of the quiet dignity which impresses.

"Father and Son"† is the name of a novel which has been running serially in the London *Times*, and now appears in book form. It is the tale of a son whose father was a returned convict, the two living in close business relations, but unknown to each other. At least, the father knew the boy, but the latter did not know his father under his assumed name. The plot is very simple, hardly a plot at all, in fact. The author's style is very similar to the plot—plain, unassuming, straightforward, almost commonplace. With all due deference to the editor of the greatest paper in the world, I must say that I believe that I have read fifty recent novels fully as clever. The only reason why it should have

*The Golden Age in Transylvania, by Maurus Jokai. Translated from the Hungarian by S. L. and A. V. White. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

† Father and Son, by Arthur Paterson, author of A Man and His Word, etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

been published is that it has the aroma of London and of business, and is not varnished with the sentimentalism and exaggerated romance which make the names of Doyle, Weyman and Hope the heroes of the hour. Of course, this sentimentalism and exaggerated romance are wrong; but Arthur Paterson neither uses them nor offers anything as a substitute.

The Zulu is a fresh character in the realm of fiction, but Bertram Mitford makes good use of him in his new novel, "The Gun-Runner."* He describes one of the black man's characteristics, after exhibiting him buying a candle and a box of matches:

"For to-night this child of Nature will set up that candle on the floor of his hut, and he and his kinsfolk and acquaintances will squat around to watch it with intense and absorbing interest until it burns down to the last fraction of an inch."

And in this and less formal ways he draws the bronze warrior's picture. Yet his leading character is a renegade Britisher. Lorraine, the Gun-Runner, is a man who was engaged in the dangerous business of supplying the snuff-consuming natives with firearms. One of his schemes was to import a cottage piano, which was filled with rifles instead of steel strings and sounding-board. His life is a strange, startling, wonderful drama, and the man who tells it misses no point in the wonderful tale. The war between the Zulus and the British is one of the most stirring that the nineteenth century has seen, and the particular part played by this desperado and outlaw is even more stirring.

"Windyhaugh,"† by Graham Travers, is a cleverly written book. The author of "Mona MacLean, Medical Student," has a very thorough knowledge of human nature, and exhibits it in a most pleasing and assuring manner in this new novel. Wilhelmina lives with a religious grandmother who is very anxious that she should be converted and become one of the elect. The child is worried with religious problems, and becomes moody on account of the religious atmosphere which the over-anxious grandmother creates. The story of Wilhelmina's life before and after her grandmother's death is interesting and at times pathetic. The characters are cleverly drawn. Mr. Darsie, the grocer, is very quaint indeed. He was a religious man, in a way, but as the author says:

"Mr. Darsie's was hardly a devotional nature. It may almost be said of him that he collected theological books and theological views as other men collect butterflies or stamps or rare china. Among the green pastures and beside the still waters he wandered as far as he readily could, but his tether was short."

"The Duenna of a Genius,"‡ by M. E. Francis, has a certain crispness and freshness which makes it pleasant reading. Valerie, the Genius, is a violin player, but her genius is not equal to her idiosyncrasies. Margot, the sister, cares for this genius, acts as business manager and is "Bon Pappa." Both fall in love fittingly, the genius with a great musician, the Duenna with a practical Englishman; and the author has them both happily married before the last leaf is turned. From this point of view, the novel is very successful and satisfactory.

Edna Lyall is a fair, but not a strong writer. Her latest story, "Hope, the Hermit,"§ is an English domestic tale of the latter part of the seventeenth century, told in the language of the latter part of the nineteenth century. It is interesting, but not phenomenal, either in its entirety or in any particular part.

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* The Gun-Runner, by Bertram Mitford. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

† Windyhaugh, a novel, by Graham Travers, author of Mona MacLean, Medical Student. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ The Duenna of a Genius, by M. E. Francis. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

§ Hope, the Hermit, by Edna Lyall. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The opening chapter describing the birth of the hero and the death of his mother is perhaps the strongest part of the book.

Two of the latest issues in Unwin's Colonial Library are "Love is not so Light," by Constance Cotterell, and "Ricroft of Withens," by Halliwell Sutcliffe. The former is an English love story, epigramatically told; the latter is a Scotch tale strung out to great length.

"Dwellers in Gotham" * is a romance of New York, and the author is Annan Dale, who is, I believe, a critic on one of the New York papers. The book's worst fault, perhaps, is its clumsiness, its lack of grace, its ponderous formality—for all these are but one fault. The story is a very fair one, and social problems are considered incidentally, yet to a considerable degree. The author is undoubtedly a thinker, and to some extent also a phrase-maker, but thinking and phrase-making do not necessarily result in good novels. To these must be added the quiet grace which comes from years of education, good society and hard study. It is this quiet, unobtrusive grace which this book does not possess. Otherwise it is a very fair novel.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

VERY soon, parents will have very little responsibility in connection with the education of their children—in the Province of Ontario, at least. Our public schools teach temperance, which means that alcoholic liquors have a chemical action on the stomach and bowels which prevents a man having an opportunity of getting into Heaven. They teach, also, under the curriculum, that smoking tobacco is a practice which will cause sudden death in a very few weeks—months, at least. They instruct the children that if a person lives five minutes in a room with all the doors and windows closed, he will be poisoned; if the child finds by experiment that he doesn't die under such circumstances, and thus loses his faith in "temperance and hygiene," that is no fault of Ontario's school system—the grandest educational system (on paper) in the world.

The kindergarten takes the place of the mother by taking the four-year-olds and the five-year-olds and teaching them to draw and paint, how to cut up newspapers, and how to amuse themselves while their minds are developing.

In all the schools there is religious teaching—not very much, but enough to include the rhythm of the Psalms and the words of the Lord's Prayer. The clergy of the two Catholic churches—the Episcopalian and the Roman—are moving for a development of this. They desire separate and voluntary schools which will be one-half "Sunday-school" and one-half "Day-school" in character. The parents are to be relieved of all religious training.

Recently another step has been taken in this grand and noble work of relieving the parents of responsibility. The children are now to be taught sewing and cooking. The young ladies who are taking courses in the Normal schools of the Province with a view to qualifying themselves for high-grade public school teachers are compelled to take lectures in sewing and cooking, and to write on papers on these subjects. To be sure, they are not "plucked" if they do not answer well; but that only shows that a wedge must have a thin end, and this must be inserted first.

In addition a text-book, entitled "Public School Domestic Science,"† has

* Dwellers in Gotham, by Annan Dale. Toronto: William Briggs.
† Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

been compiled, and is authorized by "The Education Department of Ontario." On its title-page is the significant phrase: "This book may be used as a Text-book in any High or Public School, if so ordered by a resolution of the Trustees." Again, the thin edge. The Department is not sure that it is a right and proper book, or a necessary part of the curriculum; but the trustees will decide that.

Let us consider the book itself. It is written by Mrs. J. Hoodless, of Hamilton, who seems to know a great deal about her subject. She says in her Preface:

"The aim of this text-book is to assist the pupil in acquiring a knowledge of the fundamental principles of correct living, to co-ordinate the regular school studies so as to make a practical use of knowledge already acquired."

Mrs. Hoodless supplies to education the linch-pin, the key-stone. She has come, after long decades of ignorance and incompleteness, to "co-ordinate the regular school studies." Hereafter there are no fragments; everything is in the blended whole. All other studies are to be subsidiary to domestic science—the crowning glory of an educational system. She does not confine her study to the girls, but apparently it is to be indulged in by boys; therefore the "new man" shall share in the crowning glory—the knowledge of domestic science.

This "primary text-book" with its noble aim, its unifying and completing mission, might reasonably be expected to be impressive. And it is. Chapter I is entitled "The Relation of Food to the Body," and the first piece of information in that chapter is the approximate analysis of a 148-pound man: The analysis is given thus:

Oxygen	92.1	pounds	Sodium	0.12	pounds
Hydrogen	14.6	"	Iron	0.02	"
Carbon	31.6	"	Potassium	0.34	"
Nitrogen	4.6	"	Magnesium	0.04	"
Phosphorus	1.4	"	Silica	?	"
Calcium	2.8	"	Fluorine	0.02	"
Sulphur	0.24	"			
Chlorine	0.12	"		148.00	

Then an even more technical explanation follows. What a sensible array of facts to set before a child of ten, or even of fifteen! The table and the explanation thereof presumes a university course in chemistry; yet, it is set down in the opening chapter of a text-book for public and high schools!

On page 5 is the rule: "To obtain the carbon in proteid food multiply by 0.535." I wouldn't like to be asked to teach that rule to a class of fifteen-year-old pupils.

On page 6 we learn all about fats, protein, proteids, albuminoids, gelatinoids, carbohydrates, celluloses, tissue-builders, and force-producers.

On page 10 she tells the pupils that "it is not within the scope of this book to deal with the science of nutrition." Poor boy! Poor girl! "Science!" "Nutrition!"

On page 48 she states that "tannin is an astringent of vegetable origin which exists in tea." And again: "Tea is a preparation made from the leaves of a shrub called Thea." I am glad I am not growing up; that sort of teaching would bother more than the old master's rawhide.

There are 56 pages devoted to this "crowning glory" study. Then follow many pages of recipes, suggestions for infants' diet, menus, young housekeepers, other beautiful chapters and the inevitable appendix.

R.

HOODOO McFIGGIN'S CHRISTMAS.

This Santa Claus business is played out. It's a sneaking underhand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who has been expecting a ten-dollar watch and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the son and heir of the McFiggins, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five-cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a puppy dog and an air-gun and a bicycle and a Noah's ark and a sleigh and a drum—altogether about a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. I woke him up and he sat up in bed, his eyes glistening with radiant expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully as he began undoing it. "I'll bet it's the puppy dog, all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice, strong number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus," and underneath Santa Claus had written "95 net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice, brand new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face all crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the packet was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy, trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it! I'll fire some off now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs not caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a toothbrush. Yes, it was a toothbrush—a regular beauty, pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, and the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with his toothbrush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft and bulky. It had been too big to go into the stocking and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in the anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped, "It's the drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants—a pair of the nicest little short pants—yellowish-brown short pants—with dear little stripes of colour running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there *was* something wrapped up in it. Oh, yes! There was a pair of braces wrapped up in it, braces with a little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said, as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy stories or adventures. Oh, I hope it's adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had now seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of play-

ing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his toothbrush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed, I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels bring.

Stephen Leacock.

THE QUEEN AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

A traveller in northern British Columbia tells the following story:—"An incident was recounted to a few of us at Lowe Inlet that is worth remembering, as it contains a sentiment which shows that there are Indians who really deserve the term 'noble red men,' so frequently uttered in a sneering way by the whites.

"Chief Shakes of the Kitimaats, who has a very good house at Lowe Inlet, also owns the fishing privilege below the falls on a stream close by. It seems that during one season the chief sold 60,000, for which the manager of a cannery paid him $5,000. In the exuberance of his spirits and loyalty the chief conceived the idea of sending $100 as a present to Queen Victoria, and handed the sum to Indian Agent Todd, to be forwarded, which was done.

"In due time her Majesty caused to be sent to Chief Shakes a letter showing her appreciation of his loyalty, and she asked him to accept a very fine steel engraving of herself, set in a beautiful frame, together with two plaids of sheep's wool, just of the kind to delight any native chief. These were forwarded through Mr. Todd for presentation to the venerable chief. Shakes called his people together on the day of the presentation. Mr. Todd read the Queen's letter, which was interpreted to the old chief. When Mr. Todd handed the queenly gifts to the chief the old man, in responding, said it made his heart glad to know that an humble individual residing so far away from his good mother had not been forgotten by her, and that he would continue to love and revere our great Queen. He added that although he could never expect to see her here on earth, he would try to lead such a life as would enable him to meet her in heaven. And then, overcome with emotion, he burst into tears."

CAUSE FOR CORRECTION.

It was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance.

"Somethtn' wrong, stranger?" inquired the man who came to answer his knock, noticing his excited condition.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was. I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you."

"Long, gawky boy with a coon-skin cap?" asked the man in the cabin.

"That's the one," returned the stranger. "He had a gun and was evidently out after squirrels."

"Big, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading gun?" suggested the native.

"Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is," answered the stranger. "I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle-loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was Ike all right enough," said the native. "What d'ye want of him?"

"I want him thrashed," replied the stranger, with emphasis. "I want him thrashed good and hard so that he'll have a little sense."

"That's takin' a purty big contract, stranger," said the native, doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy, an' there ain't any one in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me."

"Well, you're the one that I want to thrash him."

"Oh, that's differ'nt. I thought mebbe you was goin' to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin' him when it's needful, jest so's to keep him in line an' teach him that the ol' man has some consider'ble yet. What's he been doin'?"

"He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger.

"Sure about that?" asked the native doubtfully.

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, and he was going to wing me just to teach me to keep out of the way. Then he took deliberate aim and fired."

"An' you're here to kick about it!" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good and plenty, and don't you forget it. Aimed at you delib'rate an' never hit you, did he? Why shootin' like that'll disgrace the hull family. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin' as you go down the road you kin know I'm teachin' that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin' to suffer fer it.—*Chicago Post.*

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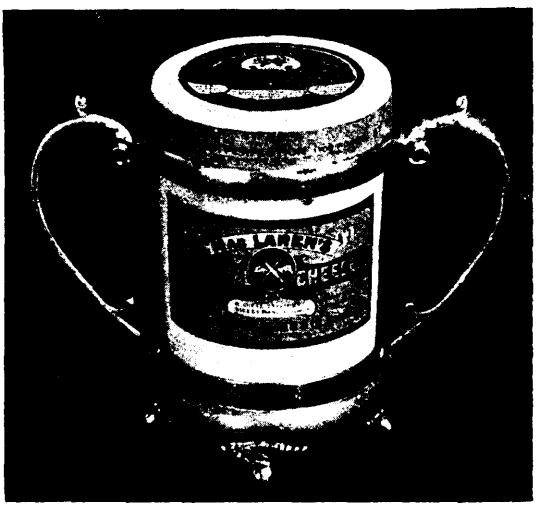

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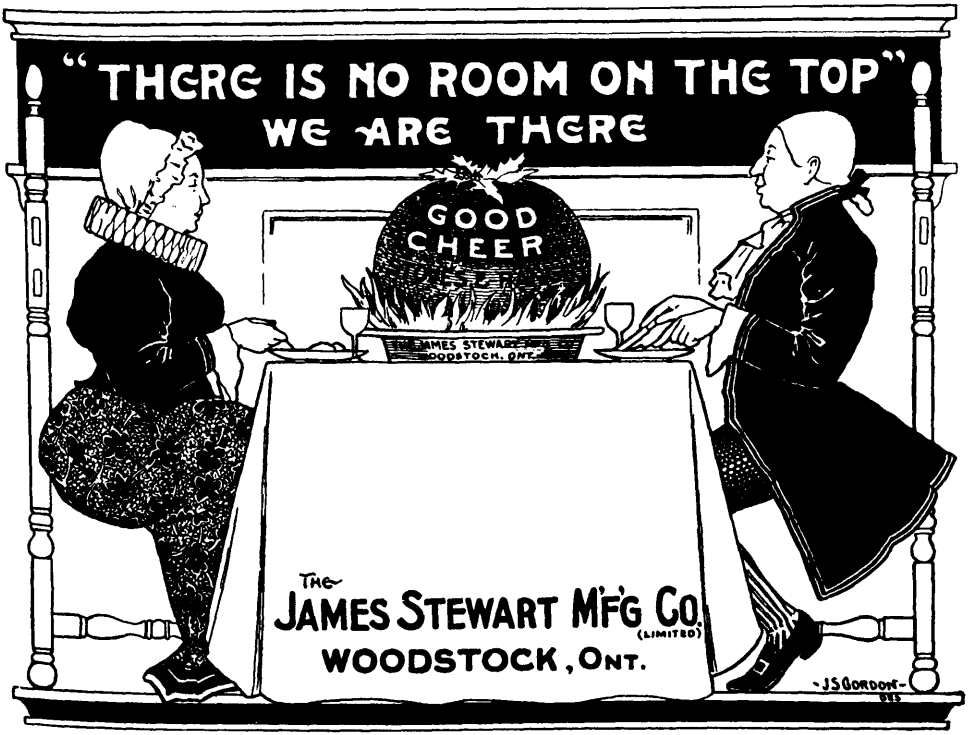

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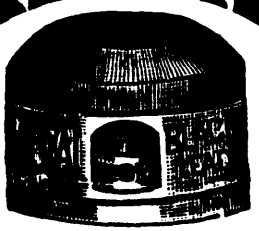

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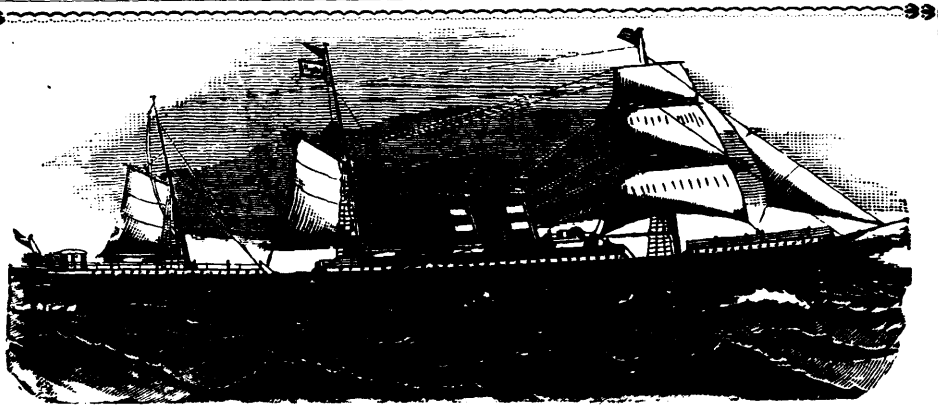

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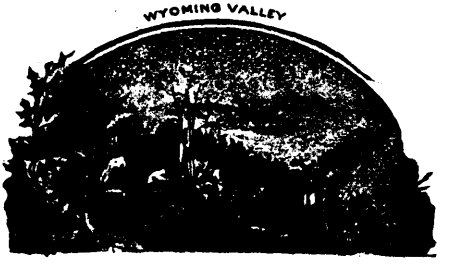

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