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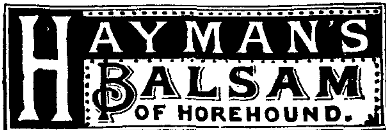

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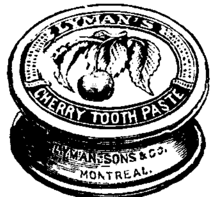

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THE CENTRAL TOWER FROM THE "QUAD."

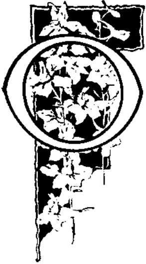
See "The University of Toronto."

// MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1897. No. 2.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY WILLIAM HOUSTON, M.A.

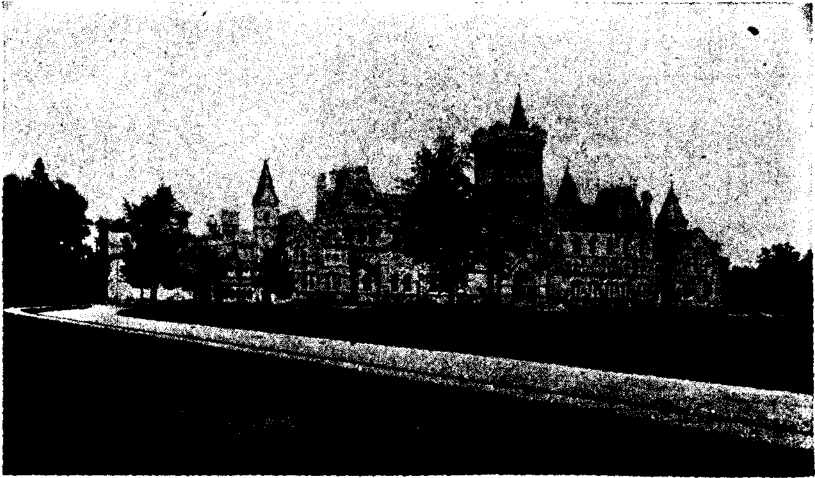


NE of the favorite ideas of John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, was the establishment of a "College of a higher class," which would "give a tone of principle and manners that would be of infinite support to Government." He feared that, "owing to the cheapness of education in the United States, the gentlemen of Upper Canada would send their children there, which would tend to pervert their English principles." Just before the close of his *régime* in 1796, he urged the Colonial Secretary to have set apart, out of the Crown reserves of public lands, enough to erect and endow a University, "from which, more than any other source or circumstance whatever, a grateful attachment to His Majesty, morality and religion, would be fostered and take root throughout the whole Province."

His advice was taken shortly after his retirement from office. An address to George III. by both Houses of the Parliament of Upper Canada was the immediate occasion of the appropriation of half a million acres of land for the establishment and maintenance of four public schools and the proposed University. To this day the endowment of the University of Toronto rests on this land grant of 1798.

It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to narrate with any minuteness of detail the efforts made during the early years of the present century to realize the noble ideal which Governor Simcoe had cherished and promulgated. The contemplated schools were established, but the University remained in abeyance until 1827, in which year a Royal Charter of Incorporation was granted to it by the name and style of "The Chancellor, President and Scholars of King's College, at York, in the Province of Upper Canada." The first Chancellor was the then Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland; the first President was the Rev. John Strachan, D.D., afterwards the first Anglican Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto. Having been mainly instrumental in securing the Charter of the University, Dr. Strachan, quite naturally, saw to it that the provisions were satisfactory to his Church. By its terms the Bishop of the Diocese was made *ex-officio* Visitor of King's College; the Archdeacon of York was made *ex-officio* its President; each of the seven Professors who were to be members of its Council was required to be also a member of the "Established United Church of England and Ireland, and, before his admission into the College, to sign and subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion as declared and set forth in the Book of Common Prayer." Provision was made for the recognition of Divinity as one of the teaching faculties, the "declarations and subscriptions" required for a degree therein being the same as those required for any degree of Divinity in the University of Oxford.

It was not in Dr. Strachan's energetic nature to allow this Charter to remain a



THE MAIN BUILDING BEFORE THE FIRE.

dead letter, and, accordingly, steps were at once taken to organize the University by appointing a Council, and vesting in the corporation a definite land grant of 225,944 acres. Meanwhile strenuous opposition to the sectarian character of the Charter was started in the Legislative Assembly, largely at the instigation, and under the direction, of Marshall Spring Bidwell and John Ralph. For ten years the controversy raged with extreme bitterness, the Colonial Secretary and Lieutenant-Governor making sure that no steps should be taken to put the Charter in operation until some agreement was arrived at between the Legislative Assembly, which favored a non-sectarian University, and the Legislative Council, which stood by the proposed Anglican College. An important landmark in the history of the institution is the Act passed in 1837, to amend and secularize the Charter, by making it no longer necessary that any person connected with the administration of the institution should hold any ecclesiastical office, or even be "a member of the Church of England"; but the faculty of Divinity was retained, and, as a matter of fact, though no longer as a matter of course, the control of the corporation remained in the hands of representatives of the Anglican Church.

The Rebellion of 1837, and the proceedings connected with the reunion of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, occupied public attention for some years, to the exclusion of educational matters, but when Sir Charles Bagot became Governor-General of Canada and *ex-officio* Chancellor of the University, he gave his sanction to the inauguration of King's College and the erection of a building in which to carry on the work which it was incorporated to perform. Lands scattered through other parts of the province were sold, and the proceeds were invested in the purchase of the lots lying between College and Bloor Streets, and extending from near St. George St. on the west, a short distance beyond the boundary of the Queen's Park on the east. The avenues to Queen and Yonge Streets were laid out, and at the head of the former, where the Parliament Building now stands, a site was selected for the proposed College building. On the 23rd of April, 1842, its corner stone was laid by Sir Charles Bagot, and eventually the east wing of the proposed edifice was completed. Owing to the passage of an Act in 1853, appropriating the same site for the erection of a Parliament Building for Canada, the College edifice was never completed, and when the Ontario Legislature authorized the erection of the present provincial building, the old College wing was taken down, and the material was utilized in the erection of its successor.

THE MAIN BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.

King's College, as a teaching institution, was inaugurated with great ceremony on the 8th of June, 1843. Its work was carried on in the old Parliament Building on Front Street, pending the erection of the new building in the Park, and in the latter it was carried on until the completion of the present University building in 1858. This was erected at a total cost of $355,907. It is the most beautiful large building in Canada, and there is none to surpass it in America. Its most formidable rival was the original Parliament Building at Ottawa, but the unquestionable beauty of that edifice has been partly destroyed and partly obscured by subsequent additions to itself and by the erection of other large buildings in its vicinity.

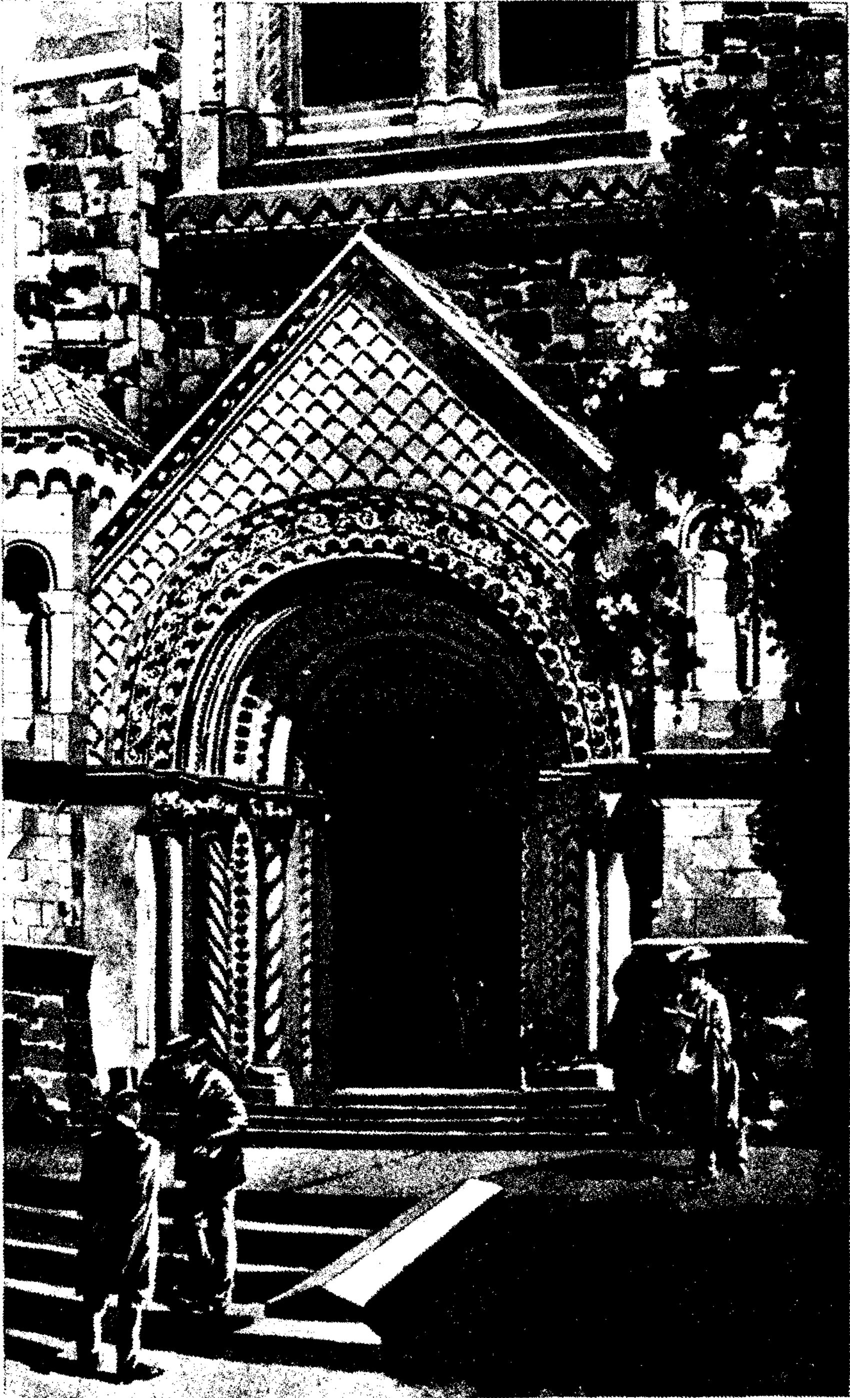
The architects of the present University building were the late F. W. Cumberland, who was afterwards Manager of the Northern Railway, and the late W. G. Storm, whose fame as an artist would have rested on a secure foundation in Toronto, apart altogether from the University, as he was the architect of St. James' Cathedral, St. Andrew's Church and Victoria College. The University building was partly destroyed by fire in 1890. At that time Mr. Storm was alive, and actively engaged in professional work. The obviously proper course for the University authorities was to entrust him with the task of restoring the edifice of which he had been one of the original designers, the more especially as he had all the plans in his possession. For some unexplained, if not inexplicable, reason, this was not done, and those who are interested in the institution have now to content themselves, so far as outward appearance goes, with a mere restoration, where there might have been a real artistic improvement. The architect of the beautiful library building, which was erected after the fire, was Mr. D. B. Dick, who also had charge of the restoration of the University building. The latter has been greatly improved in its interior, especially by the introduction of modern appliances for heating, lighting, and ventilation.

When King's College was organized in 1843, it was still for all practical purposes an Anglican institution, and it so remained until the Legislature, in 1849, passed an Act which abolished the Faculty of Divinity, and completely secularized it in every respect. By the same Statute its name was changed, the new style being: "The Chancellor, Masters and Scholars of the University of Toronto." The intervening six years had been filled up with incessant polemics, in which the representatives of the different religious denominations took an active part. Owing to the sectarian character of the King's College Charter,

the Methodist Church had secured from the Parliament of Canada, in 1841, University powers for Victoria College at Cobourg. Owing to the same cause, the Presbyterian Church had obtained, in the same year, by Royal Charter, University powers for Queen's College at Kingston. The promoters and supporters of these institutions endeavored to obtain a share in the benefits of the endowment of King's College, but the latter was secularized in 1849 without any partition of its funds. In 1853, it was divided into two corporations, the University of Toronto and University College, the latter charged with the task of training students, the former with the function of conferring standing and degrees on successful candidates. The University is still separate from the

DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE LABORATORY, FROM THE LAWN.



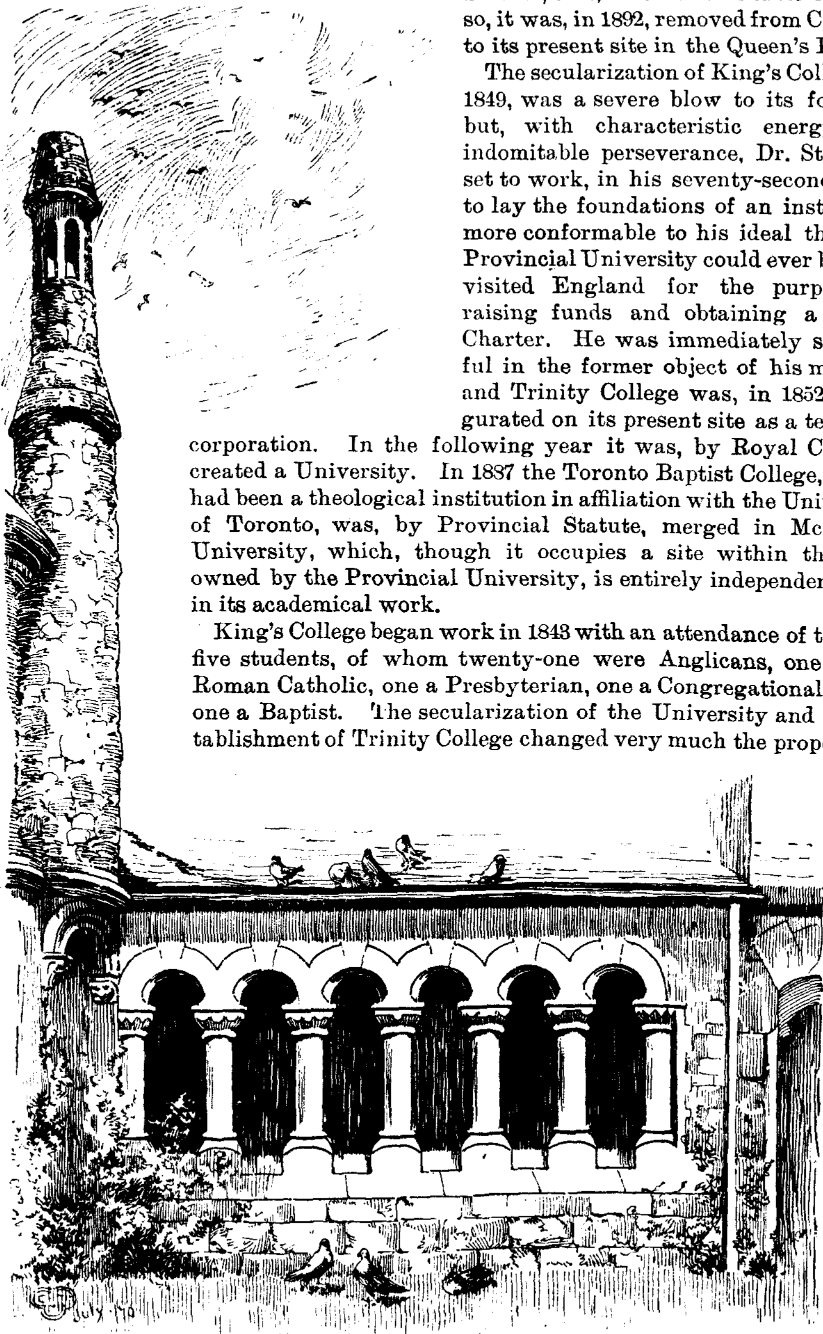
DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE MAIN DOORWAY.

College as a degree-conferring corporation, but the work of tuition was divided between them by the University Act of 1887, which also provided for the federation of other Universities with the University of Toronto. Victoria University is the only one which has taken advantage of the provisions of this Statute, and, in order to enable it to do so, it was, in 1892, removed from Cobourg to its present site in the Queen's Park.

The secularization of King's College, in 1849, was a severe blow to its founder, but, with characteristic energy and indomitable perseverance, Dr. Strachan set to work, in his seventy-second year, to lay the foundations of an institution more conformable to his ideal than the Provincial University could ever be. He visited England for the purpose of raising funds and obtaining a Royal Charter. He was immediately successful in the former object of his mission, and Trinity College was, in 1852, inaugurated on its present site as a teaching corporation. In the following year it was, by Royal Charter, created a University. In 1887 the Toronto Baptist College, which had been a theological institution in affiliation with the University of Toronto, was, by Provincial Statute, merged in McMaster University, which, though it occupies a site within the area owned by the Provincial University, is entirely independent of it in its academical work.

King's College began work in 1843 with an attendance of twenty-five students, of whom twenty-one were Anglicans, one was a Roman Catholic, one a Presbyterian, one a Congregationalist and one a Baptist. The secularization of the University and the establishment of Trinity College changed very much the proportions



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

of students belonging to the different denominations. In 1843, the staff consisted of four Professors in Arts, three in Medicine and one in Law, Divinity being assigned to one of the Arts Professors. The curriculum of the College included six Departments: (1) Classical and Modern Literature, (2) Physics, (3) Mental Philosophy, (4) Theology, (5) Jurisprudence, and (6) Medicine. By expansion of the scope of the curriculum and differentiation of the included subjects, the number of departments has been greatly increased, so that now a student may obtain an Arts degree in any one of the dozen different groups of subjects.

The most marked feature in the recent history of the University of Toronto is the great increase which has taken place in the attendance of students. This is owing partly to the increased efficiency of the secondary schools of the province, but partly, also, to the decentralization of the matriculation examination. The attendance, which had increased slowly till about twenty years ago, has ever increased with growing rapidity.

At that time the matriculation of the University was assimilated to the examination conducted by the Education Department as a test for Public School teachers, and, shortly afterwards, those who wished to matriculate were allowed to take their examinations in the schools which they had attended. The attendance of regular undergraduate students has, as a consequence, run up to about 800 per annum, and it has been found necessary to increase the teaching staff *pari possu*.

DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE SUN DIAL IN THE DEAN'S GARDEN.

Women began to be admitted as students of University College about ten years ago. Their admission was at first bitterly and persistently opposed by the College Council, but since that time the

authorities have made as ample provision for the convenience of female students as the nature of the original building permitted. They now constitute fully one-third of the whole student body, and as their attendance is increasing more rapidly than that of the male students, it seems quite probable that before the end of the century the proportions will be half and half. It remains to be seen whether this ratio of increase will be kept up, but, as a University degree is no longer looked on by all University women simply as an aid in making a professional living, and as attendance at the University is no longer regarded as unconventional, there seems little reason to doubt that before the end of the first decade of the twentieth century the number of female students will be, at least, double that of the other sex. If this change in the student body is not allowed to lower the standard of higher education, there does not seem to be any reason for regretting that so large a proportion of women are now seeking the advantages and enjoyments conferred by liberal culture.

William Houston.

SERENADE ON ARROCHAR.

WHERE the sky hangs violet-blue, Love,
Set off by an opal star,
And the clear-cut scimitar moon, Love,
Swings clear of Arrochar,

My soul goes gathering dreams, Love,
Down ways of jasper and pearl,
Through gates of wander and wonder, Love,
Where the flags of sunset furl.

The dull cruel world behind, Love,
As I clear the sunset bar,
To the land of longings fulfilled, Love,
In the light of our opal star.

The doubtings and pain let fall, Love,
Forgotten the cut and the scar,
As my heart, set free for a night, Love,
Swings clear of Arrochar.

Theodore Roberts.

LIFE IN FIJI.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

IT was in November of 1893, that one of the most improbable of my early dreams was realized, and I found myself breathing the balmy, spice-laden air of Fiji. That I should one day be in the land of the fiercest cannibals and most powerful savages on the face of the globe—in the centre of heathendom and among the Coral Islands of the Pacific—seemed to my mind the idlest of fancies. But strange things come to pass in the flight of years.

There to our right lay the Volcanic Islands of Mbengga and Ono, the surf breaking over the reefs and sending showers of crystal spray high up against the towering cocoa palms that fringed the shore. Covering the hill-sides and filling the valleys, was that brilliant and varied wealth of vegetation which marks the tropical springtime. There, too, were the fibre homes of the whilom warriors, nestling against the slopes and embowered in groves of waving banana trees. The whole scene was one of extravagant and intoxicating beauty, suggestive of that sensuous paradise to which Orientals direct their hopes, and I instinctively thought of Bishop Heber's immortal lines, slightly altered to suit the latitude :—

> Waft, waft ye spicy breezes !
> Blow soft o'er Fiji's Isle ;
> Where every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile.

A FIJIAN WARRIOR.

No spot of earth has a darker history ; no spot presents to-day a brighter picture of triumphant civilization. It seemed impossible to realize that the dusky fellows who came out to meet our ship in their strangely made canoes, and babbled away in the soft vowels of the South Sea tongue, still carried in their blood the hot passions and revolting ferocity of their Anthropophagous ancestors. Yet the parents of these bushy headed men had counted it their happiest day, when the ovens sent forth the savour of roasting human flesh and the larder was stored with scores of victims awaiting the club or the rope of the strangler. Heredity is too tenacious and inexorable to warrant the belief that long established instincts and habits can be eradicated in one generation.

Let me draw a hasty, and necessarily imperfect sketch of these fascinating Fijians. First, as to their appearance. I am bound to say that I never saw a finer showing of physical development than was made by the six stalwarts who rowed the quarantine officer out to the "*Arawa*" in Suva Bay. They were nearly six feet in height, magnificently proportioned as to arms and limbs, strong as lions and active as cats. In color, they were of a pure deep bronze, and their clothing, weighing perhaps four ounces, consisted of an eighteen inch strip of cot-

A FIJIAN CHIEF'S HOUSE.

ton pinned in the form of an exceedingly short skirt at the hips. What struck me most was their hair, which stood up straight to a height of from three to six inches, giving their heads the appearance of an enormous brush. This hair is black by nature; but the use of lime as an insecticide bleaches it to a rich terra cotta shade—thus producing a most peculiar effect. The women who are the physical equals of the men, wear a single petticoat reaching to the knees, or a short fringe of fibre, to which simple outfit is sometimes added a bracelet, or a trinket at the neck. In that land of perpetual summer, where the thermometer never falls below 65, nothing more is necessary, and with a stubborn sense of independence the natives cling to the meagre garments of their savage parents, despising the cumbersome fashions of the Europeans. The girls in the Mission Schools are required to wear a loose fitting blouse, or a "Mother Hubbard"; but the great mass of the people, living outside of the towns, prefer the exceedingly picturesque costume to which I have alluded. The faces of the girls are seldom handsome; but many of them have beautifully rounded and statuesque forms. As for the men, strength of body and fierceness of mien are their chief characteristics; and as I looked at the broad shoulders and bulging biceps of the oarsmen at our ship's side, I realized how easily their ponderous clubs could be made to do murderous duty.

Before proceeding, an outline of two or three important points of history and geography may be in place. When Captain Cook made his famous voyages to the Pacific in 1768-77, he appears to have missed the Fijian group entirely. From the Friendly Islands he went directly to the Sandwich Islands. Very little seems to have been known of the heathen kingdom of Fiji until about 1825, when missionaries of Tahiti sent word to England that a populous group of islands without gospel light lay to the north, in about latitude 20 S. That would be 1200 miles below the equator, over 2000 miles south-west of the Sandwich Islands and 1600 miles north-east of Australia. It was not until 1834, however, that the first missionary and his stout-hearted wife came out from England, and amid hardships and daily perils began to study the language and the habits of the savage people. Although slaughter went on continuously about them, they were not molested, which was probably due to

the fact that the natives regarded the flesh of white men as "salty" and unsavory. From the start, too, aided by the powerful support of a few Tongan proselytes, they made nominal converts; so that by 1840 a small circle of Christianized natives had been established in Lakemba. They afterwards discovered white men on one of the islands, and learned that in 1804 seventeen refugees from the lash and dungeons of Botany Bay had reached Fiji. Their muskets being useful in the wars, they were made much of by the chiefs; but being vicious and desperate men by nature they sank still lower in their new tropical habitot. They opposed rather than helped the missionaries. But the dauntless Cross, backed by Cargill, Hunt, Calvert, Jagger, Williams and Watsford steadily fought their way into the darkness. The picture they have left of Fiji up to 1860 almost staggers belief. When however, they succeeded in winning Thakombau, the nominal king of the Islands, the pivotal point was turned, and thenceforward their work was comparatively easy. Old Thakombau not only protected the missionaries, but in 1874 led the way to the complete cession of the Fiji group, numbering some 200 islands and embracing a population of 120,000, to Great Britain. Then Fiji became a Crown Colony, with Sir Arthur Gordon, youngest son of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, as Governor.

Cannibalism has been stamped out and other revolting practices suppressed. Nevertheless, an outbreak among the hill tribes in 1894, in which the ovens were once more heated and victims marked out for slaughter, emphasized the urgent need for unremitting vigilance, in order that a lapse into savagery might be prevented. Up to twenty-five years ago the annual waste of life in Fiji was awful, owing to the barbaric instincts and insatiable love of human flesh which dominated the natives. In 1849, a young chief was converted to Christianity, and one day he showed the missionary the tally kept by his father of the number of bodies he had eaten. The account showed that the monster had actually consumed 872 human beings in his life-time; but it is only fair to say that he was considered, even by the Fijians, to be somewhat of a hog. As late as 1851 the missionaries were compelled to witness the baking of fifty bodies for one feast, and some fifteen years earlier they knew of a similar event at which five hundred bodies were served up to the savage host. Williams in his missionary report of

AN AQUATIC EXPEDITION.

A TYPICAL FIJIAN HOME.

1858, says that men, women and children, regardless of age, were given to the oven, and when the supply was abundant, the cannibals used only choice parts. The heart, thighs and arms were preferred; and to-day in Fiji, if you ask an old native if human flesh tasted as good as pork, his eyes show fire and he repeats the word " pork " in a tone of disgust that leaves no doubt as to his view of the comparison. An instance which I select among many in the records now before me, illustrates the common experience of the early missionaries. "On July 26th, 1853," says the biographer of Rev. James Calvert, "a messenger informed Mr. Calvert that eighteen persons had just been taken to Mban, some

PREPARING FOR A FEAST.

A TYPICAL COAST VIEW, FIJI.

dead and some alive. Mr. Calvert at once crossed over and reached the place before sunrise. The mangled bodies of the dead were exposed there. Mr. Calvert at once went to the king, who firmly refused to hinder the horrible feast for which preparations were already made and the ovens heated. As the missionary then approached the big temple, a dead stillness rested upon Mban, which was suddenly broken by a great shout announcing that Thakombau had just drunk the Yaquona of the Vunivalu, during the preparation of which none were allowed to move about. Another shout from the Lasakau quarter made known that the bodies were being dragged; and soon the horrible procession came up—the dead and the dying dragged along by their hands, naked, with their heads rattling and grating over the rough ground. As each approached the temple, the head was violently dashed against a stone." The shocking story at some length then goes on to say that five ovens were filled with parts of the bodies; but in the end, strange to relate, the missionary alone among that crowd of frenzied butchers, succeeded in stopping the feast. It was not, however, until 1875 that an expedition under Mr. Arthur Gordon, late Governor's Secretary in Canada, suppressed the last traces of cannibalism and forced the savages to be content with the less toothsome fare of pork and yams.

A FIJIAN BELLE.

Scarcely less revolting than the eating of human flesh was the sacrifice of life whenever a man of rank died. According to the old Fijian teaching, there was nothing more distressing than the thought of passing alone into the unseen world. Therefore, when a chief died, his wives or a number of his friends, often including his mother, were dispatched to keep him company. In December, 1852, Mr. Watsford, a fellow missionary with Mr. Calvert, was present at the funeral ceremonies of Chief Tanoa. I cannot do better than give the words of the missionary's biographer:—

"Early the next morning he went back to Mban and found that Tanoa was dead. Hastening on to the house where he lay, Mr. Watsford saw six biers standing at the door, from which he knew that five victims, at least, were to accompany their dead lord to the grave. Within the house the work of death was begun. One woman was already dead, and the second was kneeling with covered head, while several men on either side were just pulling the cord which wound around her neck. Soon she fell dead. Mr. Watsford knew her. She had professed Christianity, and shrunk from death, asking to go to prayer. But when called she rose, and passing the old king's corpse, spat on it, saying: "Ah, you old wretch! I shall be in hell with you directly!" Mr.

Watsford pleaded with the king, but Thakombau replied: "We also love them. They are not many—only five. But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled." Just then the third victim, a fine-looking woman, who had offered to die in the place of her sister, came forward. When about to kneel, she saw that they were going to use a shabby cord, and haughtily demanded a new one. All this time the assembly gazed at her with delight, gently clapping their hands. The cord was adjusted and the large covering thrown over her; and while the men strained the cord, a lady of rank pressed down the head of the poor wretch, who died without a sound or struggle. Two more followed. Thakombau ordered that one of them should live; but she refused, and her own son helped to strangle her. A cheerful composure seemed to possess all who took part."

Until Christianity was generally accepted throughout Fiji, the social customs of the people were desperately heathen in character. Polygamy was universal, and out of this grew an enormous amount of infanticide. Boys, however, were spared oftener than girls. The root cause of this destruction lay in the feeble affections of the people and an utter disregard for life. One day, on his rounds, a missionary asked a native what had become of his wife. "Oh! I took a fancy to her last week and ate her!" was the unconcerned reply. He had no notion that he had done wrong. The Fijians are sensual in the extreme; and there is little tenderness between man and wife, and perhaps less between parent and child. In the old days a boy's education began when he was able to kick his mother, and then he was supposed to be ready for the development of that fierce nature which has made his race the terror of the South Seas. To the sick and infirm they were utterly heartless, and cripples were never allowed to live. The aged rarely died a natural death. If the father, who knew what was to be expected, did not name the day for his funeral, his children did; and postponements were unknown. At the time appointed they gathered around him, with many demonstrations of affection, and dug his grave; he voluntarily laid down in his lowly bed, made himself comfortable, and was then buried alive. Had he chosen he could have been strangled. They knew of no sweet euthanasia to soften the pangs of dissolution. In their homes the women were often beaten most cruelly; but like our Western Indians, the men never corrected their boys. In their marriages the acceptance of a present by the bride's father or brother was the chief part of the ceremony, and then the woman became a drudge. Man and wife lived apart, meeting only in secret. Divorce was easy to obtain on either side.

That land, once so dark and hopeless, is to-day dotted over by more than 1,000 churches, and all Fijians are nominally Christians. The natives are proud and indolent by nature, having for generations had no incentive to work; but they are being slowly taught habits of industry and usefulness. Nevertheless, for the coffee, cotton, tea and spice plantations, labor has had to be imported from India and the Sandwich Islands. Sir John Hurston, the Governor of the colony, has given up his life to the task of making Fiji a prosperous, and valuable portion of the British Empire. Already the commerce of the islands is considerable, and capital is slowly finding its way into the plantations. Our interest in his efforts lies in the fact that Figi is our nearest sister colony in the Pacific, and is connected with the Dominion by the Canadian-Australian line of steamers, plying between Vancouver and Sydney. Whatever else Sir John Hurston has done, he has made it possible for a white man to live with as much safety in the heart of Fiji as in the heart of any Canadian city.

J. Lambert Payne.

WAS SHE NOT RIGHT?

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

MURCIA CARBERY was a young widow. She was tall and slender; she was graceful and pretty; and she was very rich. What better gifts could a young widow desire to have—since the condition of widowhood had to be accepted? Even that condition Mrs. Carbery was free to accept with less complaint or remonstrance than many of her sisters in widowhood.

The late Mr. Carbery had been the husband of her youth—but she had not been the wife of his youth. He was elderly when he declared himself in love with her, and asked her to marry him. Her father was a man of good family, and at one time of fairly good estate. But latterly the farms would not let, and Murcia's father had begun to recognize the fact that he, too, was in his way a victim to the great land question. He complained of American beef, and he chided in vain at Australian mutton. So when a rich man asked his daughter to become a wife, Murcia's father strongly and even sharply urged on the marriage. Murcia's mother was long since dead, and there was no one to think for her, and take her young heart into consideration. So Murcia married Mr. Carbery and made him a good wife until his sudden death. He was killed in the hunting field. "Died like a gentleman, by Jove!" was the epitaph pronounced upon him, on the spur of the moment, by Murcia's father.

Mrs. Carbery did not go back to her father's house. She went abroad with him, indeed, for some months, and then settled down in her own town house. It was not a large house, but it was charmingly appointed, and it stood in a very convenient and desirable quarter of the West End. It must be owned that, after a certain interval, Murcia Carbery found life begin to be endurable, and even agreeable, once again. She was still quite young, and however long the winter lasts the sap of the spring runs through the stem and the branches once more—for a time at least. Mrs. Carbery had by no means overpassed that time.

She got into the way of seeing company, and giving nice little dinners; and she contrived to send about, in some more or less accredited way, the report that she was determined never to marry again. For she really did not, by any means, want to marry again, and she dreaded the idea of being worried by proposals from men who only cared about her money. So she became, after awhile, almost unconsciously, but not at all reluctantly, a sort of little queen of society in her own limited sphere. She liked it all, and she liked her friends, men and women. But of them all she liked best one, Leonard Fenwick.

Leonard Fenwick was a man belonging to an occupation and an order which have taken a distinct place in the modern life of the civilized world. He was a War Correspondent. A War Correspondent, as every one knows now, must be a man with a curious combination of capacities. He must ride like a centaur. He must be absolutely fearless. He must be able te take his life in his hand. Even if he should be killed, there is no official honor for his memory and his valor. The military authorities only ask why he didn't get out of the way. He must have an iron constitution; must be able to endure all manner of privation; must be able to talk to everybody—to put up with everybody—and above all to pencil his account of a battle as he sits in his saddle with the shell screaming in his ears. Murcia had heard of the fame and the exploits and the literary gifts of Mr. Leonard Fenwick, and she was anxious to see him, and in her little-queen-of-society way she asked someone to bring him to her house, and the someone prevailed upon

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him to allow himself to be brought, and he was brought, and she took a great liking to him. He was not a very striking personage to look at. He was well set up and strong — he was nearly forty years of age—he was shy in ordinary society, but he could talk freely, and even charmingly, with those whom he knew and whom he liked—and he never, unless when he was very dexterously drawn out, said one word about his adventures. "Is he handsome?" Murcia often asked herself, and even anxiously, and the answer she often gave herself was, "I don't know—I think so—but some people say he is not —and—well—I don't know."

But the first time she saw him she said to herself—"Now I should like to have that man for a friend." And soon she had him for a friend. He became her very devoted friend. I shall see you next—when?" she often asked as they were parting. His answer generally was, "Whenever you like." But he never came uninvited. He never paid a formal call, or came, unless she specially wished it, on one of her "at homes."

So they became recognized friends—but never were talked of as likely to be anything more than friends.

These were times of peace. Leonard Fenwick had only a comparatively small retaining salary as War Correspondent, when no war was going on—and he was not much of a writer on ordinary subjects. His inspiration came with the smoke of the battle and the thunder of the cannonade. He could not, therefore, make much money by mere literature. He had now become so communicative that he could talk over all this with Mrs. Carbery, who listened delighted—not delighted that he was in difficulties, but genuinely delighted to be taken into his confidence and to be favored by some of his grumblings. They were not unmanly grumblings by any means—they were given out in a jerky, involuntary sort of way as if Leonard Fenwick felt that the sympathy of her presence and her influence drew naturally all his secrets out of him, as the magnetic power of the loadstone rock in the Arabian Nights' story drew all the bolts and nails out of the ships.

"So I want another war," he said one day. "It is terribly selfish—but we are all terribly selfish when we are hard up."

"But look here—I heard of several secrets of yours quite lately," Mrs. Carbery interposed.

"Secrets of mine? I don't think I have any."

"Oh, yes—I know. I have heard about the money you give away in charity. I have heard it from grateful people whom you have never supposed that I knew anything about—"

"Oh—that—there's nothing in that. It would be cheaper to be dead, if one might not do a good turn for some decent folks in distress every now and then. I don't do it because I am a charitable or generous sort of fellow; I do it because it pleases me."

"Yes; but then the pleasure of giving money away in charity is a luxury for the rich, I am afraid."

"It's a luxury you indulge in a good deal, I am told," he said, with a glance of kindliness and admiration at her.

"Yes," she replied, simply, "but then I am rich."

"But if you are rich, you are not unsympathetic."

"How; what do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that you would understand why a poor fellow should like now and then to have his little spree of indulgence in some of the luxuries of the rich."

"Oh, yes; only you must think of yourself."

"I don't believe thinking of one's self does a fellow any particular good at any time."

She would have liked to say to him, "Then I wish you would think of me," but she said nothing of the kind, and, indeed, had no intention of saying it; only the impulse was there.

"Well," he said, rising to his feet—he had been sitting near her—"I ought to go. I am sure I must be boring you."

"Oh, no," Murcia replied, composedly: "If I had anything else to do, or if you were boring me, I should tell you so at once."

"What! If I were boring you, would you tell me?"

"Yes, indeed, I should, straight out."

"But a man wouldn't quite like to be told that he was boring a woman—now would he?"

"Most men wouldn't like to be told it, by most women; but I for one woman should not in the least mind telling it to you, for one man."

"I am very glad," he said, quite sincerely.

"Yes; why should I? Suppose I had a bad headache—suppose I had an attack of neuralgia—every woman has neuralgia now at one time or another—why should I mind telling you that I couldn't stand any more talk? I couldn't tell all that to the ordinary visitor—if I did he would be offended, and would go away and never come back again, and I hate offending people. But you; you are a friend and a comrade, and you would go away and come back the first moment I wrote and told you that I was all right and wanted to see you again. Wouldn't you?"

"Why, of course," he answered, fervently.

"Well, that is just what I was saying." She settled herself back composedly in her chair, as if to intimate that that matter, at all events, was settled to their common satisfaction. Then she straightened herself up again as if going in for a new theme. "That's why I don't want you to go away just yet," she said. "I want to talk with you."

"Yes, all right—about what?"

"About you."

"About me! What about me?"

"Well, I think you are wasting your life, and you don't seem to know what to do with yourself."

"No more I do," he murmured, grimly.

"No, of course not—do you think I can't see that? Well, look here the truth is, my friend, that you ought to get married."

Get married! He sprang from his chair with a flush of anger on his face—and a perfectly new revelation in his heart. He had not known it before. He had sat with her and talked with her day after day; he had been her friend, and had heard her call him her comrade; he had found her friendship grow, day by day, more dear to him and more needful for him; but he had never until now realised the fact that he was absolutely in love with her. How did he come to realise it now? Just because of the few words of easy, kindly friendship she had let drop, in which she told him he ought to get married—to get married to some other woman, and be Murcia's comrade no more! "So then," he said to his own soul, "she cares nothing about me—nothing at all—except as a friend!" And when he entered her house that day he had no other thought about her than the thought of being her friend.

Murcia went on without seeming to take any notice of his emotion—if indeed she had noticed it.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, sweetly.

He sat down with something rather like a growl.

"Yes," she went on, "I am quite convinced that you ought to get married—and to a woman with money."

"Do you mean to annoy me?" he asked, angrily.

"Do you really believe—you—you who say you know me so well—do you really mean to say that you believe I am a man to sham love to a woman, to swindle her out of her money? Is that what you think of me? Really—really?"

"I didn't say a word about swindling a woman out of her money."

"No—of course—you did not say that. But what else is it, if one makes sham love to a woman in order to get hold of her money?"

"But why make sham love to her? Why not get to love her—in spite of her money? Suppose I knew a young woman who admired you greatly, and had money, and who, I think, would marry you if you tried for her—"

"Tried for her—what a way of putting it!"

"My friend, do not be too exalted—do not insist on riding the high horse quite so much. We are people of the world, you and I—"

"I am not," he interrupted, "and I didn't think you were, either."

"Oh, well, we live in the world, and we have to recognize its ways and to fall in with them—more or less. Now, sup-

pose this young woman did admire you, and that I told you I thought I could help you, and make things easy for you, why should you not begin by making love to her, and end by falling in love with her—before or after marriage? I don't think it matters very much, but on the whole I fancy it had better begin after than before."

"You are in a chaffing humor to-day," he said, moodily.

"I? Not the least in the world. I am thinking only of your good."

"Then please don't think of it any more—in that way."

"In that way? Why, what harm could it do you to marry a rich young woman who would be very fond of you?"

"But I don't care about her—I don't know her. Who is she?"

"Oh, come now, as if I could tell you her name after the way in which you have taken my offer."

"Your offer! You have no right to make any offer of the kind. You are not the *Matrimonial News,* or whatever it is called."

"But now, seriously," she said, "is it fair that my friend should be cut off from marrying the man she admires—and very likely loves—or would come to love—merely because she has a lot of money? Is she to be left to the delicate attentions of the mere fortune-hunter?"

"Mrs. Carbery, I don't know anything about the young woman, and, without being rude, I hope, to her or to you, I must say that I cannot get myself to take any interest in her, or to believe in her existence."

"Oh, yes, she exists, and I am sure she loves you."

"You are chaffing me again," he said, sternly.

"Indeed, indeed, I am not."

"Well, let the young woman be, at all events. I know nothing about her, and I don't believe she cares twopence about me."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Well—if you press me—I can say that I don't care twopence about her."

"Oh; why?"

"You are in a teasing mood to-day, and I had much better go away. What could I say more than that I have never seen her?"

"But you can see her."

"I don't want to see her."

"But why?"

"Well, if you will have it, because I am in love with another woman! Good-bye."

"No; I must hear more about this. You never told me you were in love with another woman. I thought you told me everything."

"I didn't know it until to-day."

She had guessed at all this, yet a flush came into her cheeks, and for a moment she was silent. Then she said, "I think now you had better go."

"I'll not go until I have told you all! I am in love with you, and I did not know it until this very day—until just now, when you talked so complacently of my marrying some other woman."

"But I didn't," she said quietly.

"Didn't? Why, what do you mean? Didn't you urge me to marry a young woman with money? Didn't you urge it on me, and say the young woman was in love with me?"

"Why, of course I did, and I stand to it. But I did not say it was any other young woman!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and his delight found no other word.

"Sit down beside me, Leonard," she said.

"Don't you know that it is Leap Year?"

So he sat beside her.

Justin McCarthy.

SIDE LIGHTS ON OLD TIMES.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

A GOOD deal, in one way and another, has been written about Lord Durham and the famous report which bears his name. Opinion, for a time, has been much divided as to the real authorship of the work, many attributing it to Mr. Charles Buller, His Excellency's chief secretary. It seems fairly well established, however, now, that to His Lordship belongs the credit of having written the major part of the document. Mr. Buller, no doubt, supplied much of the information on which the report was based. Apropos of the discussion which has lately arisen throughout the Dominion, on this interesting subject, the reader will find a good contemporary account of Lord Durham's mission in that scarce book, "Trifles from my Portfolio," second volume. The author, Dr. Walter Henry, at first published the "Trifles" at Quebec in 1839, under the pseudonym of, "A Staff Surgeon." He was an Irishman by birth, keen-witted, and at heart, thoroughly Tory in politics and life, though he professed an independence of party, which will amuse, even at this day, the peruser of his entertaining volumes. He had just passed his teens when he entered the army, as an hospital assistant, and enrolled his name with his comrades of the gallant old 66th Regiment of Foot. This fine corps did great work in the Peninsular War, the Nepaulese War, and in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8. He also served at St. Helena during the enforced stay of the Emperor Napoleon. It was Dr. Henry, too, who prepared the bulletin of the *post-mortem* appearance of the body of the "Little Corporal," which was sent out by the Imperial Government. In 1827, he came to old Canada, and in 1841 was transferred to Halifax, N. S. He was a voluminous writer for the press; politics, poetry, sport and society forming his principal themes. A lively vein of humor pervades his lighter writings, though he could be severe when occasion stimulated his critical pen. He was the terror of the mess of his regiment, for in some of his lampoons there was a decided sting. The 66th was evidently not a marrying regiment, for in the *Nugæ Metricæ*, Dr. Henry publishes an address to the officers, on leaving Quebec, purporting to come from the belles of that picturesque town, May, 1830:—

"Though blooming Spinsters first ye found us,
The self-same Spinsters we remain;
No marriage tie with you hath bound us—
We never wish to meet again.

"Ye might be lions in the Battle,
We found you lambs when at the Ball;
Ye may be great midst Cannon's rattle—
Midst *ours* ye have been mighty small.

"Though numerous victories deck your banners,
No trophies here you e'er could win;
Go—hang yourselves! or mend your manners—
We care not which, a single pin."

Dr. Henry was always of the opinion that Buller wrote the Durham report, which he stigmatizes as a "most imprudent, unpatriotic, erroneous and inflammatory document." "The chief secretary of the Governor General," he adds, "was in the habit of sending his servant into the low taverns, in Toronto and Quebec, to glean what he could from the conversation of the people frequenting them; and the drunken gossip thus obtained figures prominently in the report, as the public opinion of the Province." So much for the servant. The Doctor reserves his sharper weapon for the master, whom he presents in anything but a favorable light. His faults are magnified, the vagaries of a temper not always sweet, are greatly enlarged upon. And the littleness of the truly able man are remorselessly held up for every one to moralize over. Lord Durham, he tells us, was a martinet of etiquette in his official and domestic life. The menial tasks of servants were allotted to important members of his suite, who were compelled to wait upon his com-

pany at their arrival, to doff and receive the wrappings of the ladies, and to fetch his hat or cloak when he wanted it. On one occasion, and this Dr. Henry singles out for particular mention, an officer of his household was ordered to hold His Lordship's stirrup. His aids-de-camp, according to the same authority, were regarded as mere slaves, upper servants, in fact, and he "kept them in as much awe as any planter ever inspired into a gang of negroes. Once, at a ball on board H.M.S. *Hastings,* a young lady who was dancing with Captain Conroy, was horrified at finding her partner called off to get the Governor his hat, when he wanted to retire." This was dreadful enough in all consciousness. The highest member of his staff fared no better. Even Mr. Buller was rated roundly and publicly, in His Excellency's own drawing-room, for the *gaucherie* of spilling some coffee on a number of the *Westminster Review*, which "probably contained a panegyric of himself," in all likelihood the essay by John Stuart Mill. Determined to have the last word, Lord Durham continued to berate his unhappy man of business and confidence later in the ante-room for the same outrageous offence. Indeed, he was heard "continuing the jobation." One day, the key of a cabinet was mislaid, and the terrified suite, fearing his irascibility, sent for a smith to pick the lock and make a new one. But, alas, they reckoned without their host. He dropped into the room where the man was busy. Without uttering a word he seized the astonished mechanic by the shoulders, dragged him through the door and gave him a tremendous kicking. His Excellency did not get off this time, as easily as usual, for it required a pretty stiff *douceur* to induce the locksmith to pocket the affront against his dignity, and to hush the matter up.

The sight of a beggar aroused in Lord Durham very bitter feelings. In his eyes, the needy were the real pests of society. To them he gave nothing in the way of alms, and he even forbade the churchwarden, in the house of God where he worshipped, to approach him with the poor-box. Neither would he put up with criticism from the pulpit, on the morals of the time, if it differed from his views. He was indignant at the Rev. Mr. Mackie, curate of the Bishop of Montreal, for having preached a sermon containing unfriendly allusions to the theatre and the race-course. He looked upon the young clergymen's strictures as a personal insult to himself, and the height of presumption. In vain it was pleaded that no personality was intended, and that the blast against certain amusements would have been given, even if His Excellency had not been present at the service. Lord Durham was obdurate; he complained to the Bishop and insisted on having the offender silenced. The Prelate declined to interfere, and Lord Durham promptly withdrew his countenance from the church, and commanded the military chaplain to officiate every Sunday, at the vice-regal residence.

Little breaches of etiquette touched him sorely. He was forever fancying affronts against his person and dignity. At Kingston, he was distressed to find no guard of honor awaiting him, though he arrived in the old Limestone City in the middle of the night, and, says Dr. Henry, for this slight he never forgave Colonel Dundas of the 83rd. He forbade smoking on board of the steamboat in which he traveled. Once, while on Lake Ontario, he smelled the smoke of a cigar, and he sent the captain off to find the daring smoker. The search was unsuccessful, and was so reported to His Excellency. "Go back, sir," he shouted to the captain, "and discover who is smoking, instantly—at your peril." This time the captain found the culprit, who was no other than Admiral Sir Charles Paget, who was enjoying a quiet whiff in a remote corner of the steamer. "Humph," said His Lordship, "I suppose we must let *him* smoke." When the steamer returned, Sir Charles did not accompany the Governor General. That was his way of giving vent to his feelings.

The imperious and impulsive representative of the youthful Queen made the journey from Cornwall to Côteau du Lac, in the steamboat *Neptune*, which he had chartered for the sole use of himself, his family and his suite. The party arrived at Cornwall on a

Saturday and immediately embarked. A Presbyterian clergyman of high attainments and much respected—the Rev. Mr. McNaughten—in accordance with his usual custom of preaching on certain Sundays at the village of Lancaster, half way down Lake St. Francis, took passage on this boat. As the mail was always dropped there, no inconvenience could be caused by the reverend traveler. He took the precaution before stepping on board, however, of asking the permission of an aid-de-camp to do so. It was readily granted, though the officer gave the clergyman a pretty broad hint to keep out of His Excellency's sight. Lord Durham, who had a keen eye for everything, soon discovered Mr. McNaughten, and at once became furious with rage and indignation. He scolded the captain of the boat, and, in vigorous language, castigated the poor parson himself for this daring intrusion on his privacy, the like of which he had never known in his whole lifetime. He was paltry enough to add to the general unpleasantness of the situation by refusing to allow Mr. McNaughten to land at Lancaster, nor would he allow the mails to be dropped there, though only five minutes delay would have occurred. The *Neptune* was sternly ordered to Côteau, at the lower end of the lake, about forty miles out of the way, and as no boat returned to Cornwall until Monday, of course, the good people of Lancaster had to do without their sermon or their letters.

In these glimpses of the personal side of Lord Durham, who was always flying into a passion from one cause or another, of course, the reader will discover the pen of prejudice. But Dr. Henry was a man of strong emotions, and the fact that Lord Durham was a Liberal in politics was quite enough for him. Dr. Henry, moreover, was violently opposed to responsible government, then just beginning to loom into prominence, as the rallying cry of the rising democracy of Canada. He thought, that there could be nothing better for this country than government from England, and the "Family Compact," in his eyes, was a very glorious thing indeed. It is amusing at this date, to read his sincere appeal to the Canadian people to keep the *Statu quo*, and to banish all thought of self-government from their minds. It would be so dangerous to take the leap—a real leap in the dark. "Beware of building up a New France on this continent," he said to the French Canadians, and that advice was good then, as it is now. Dr. Henry should have stopped giving advice at that point. But he was too much of the old fashioned Tory, not to fling right and left, his opinions against everything that could be twisted in favor of giving to Canada the right to manage her own affairs. That he was wrong, everyone, both here and in Great Britain, now heartily agree. But it will interest numbers of the present enlightened generation, to read the views which he puts forward—views which a good many thinking men fifty years ago, also considered to be just and correct. There was talk in Dr. Henry's time, of union between Upper and Lower Canada. In the Doctor's humble opinion, the experiment would be of doubtful value, but it would be preferable, on the whole, "to the violent disruption of Lower Canada, by attaching Montreal to the Upper Province, and Gaspé to New Brunswick—a proceeding of a repulsive character of force and injustice." He terms "Responsible Government," a Will o' the Wisp, the pursuers of which, he fears, will certainly get into trouble. "Give up this foolish chase," he implores; "the political theory with which you have become suddenly enamored has, as you perceive, been utterly repudiated by the ministry as entirely inconsistent with the relations of colony and mother country, and if under the ban of the Whigs, you may be certain it will be abominated, *a fortiori,* by the Conservatives. You have as much constitutional liberty as is good for you, and were all thriving and flourishing as long as you attended to your business, and considered politics as a secondary object. But your provincial and domestic misfortunes began when you neglected your families and your farms, and your mills, and your shops, to run open-mouthed after such blackhearted agitators as MacKenzie

and his crew. They found you ready dupes, and had little difficulty in persuading you that you were terribly wronged and misgoverned, or in turning your few molehill grievances into mountains. You are still, my good folks, only a branch of a great tree, and yet scarcely able, like the bough of the banyan to draw nourishment independently from the earth. But you are rather too old for engrafting on another stock, and would be very apt to wither. It will, therefore, be wise policy to continue for some time longer connected with the Parent Oak." He feared the movement would be a step toward earlier independence of Great Britain. Canadians have lived to see the argument of his agreeable old gossip refuted, one by one, by facts. But at this day it is interesting to recall the fears of the persistent advocates of the good old time, and apron-string methods. Dr. Henry was a staunch, loyal soldier, and citizen, despite the narrowness of his views on political topics. He often declared his intention of some day "settling under the British Flag," which he loved so well. His wish was gratified. In 1852, he became Inspector General of Hospitals in Canada. Four years later he died at Belleville, Ontario, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, the number of his old and much beloved regiment.

George Stewart.

A MORNING SONG.

LOOK thou, my Soul!
At the dawn of the day now breaking;
All that remains of the clouds of the night
Will be of thine own stubborn making.
Rise! a tremor of light cometh over the hill,
There is music in woodland, meadow and rill;
The flash of a sword's not more bright
In the hand of the valiant, fresh-drawn for the fight,
Than this gleam through the mist,
When Daylight hath greeted the Darkness and kist
Her tear-drops away!
See! they fall on the grass and are lost
In the smile of the Morn;
Ah! listen, and hear murmuring everywhere
Glad songs, sweet and clear,
For Hope is new-born—
It is Day, it is Day!

Alice S. Deletombe.

RAINBOWS.

A Comedietta in One Act.

BY MARY SOLLACE SAXE.

Dramatis Personæ:

MR. JULES KIDD .... *A Naturalist.*
MISS AMY KIDD..*A Niece.*
MISS BLANCHE BOND ....*A Step-daughter.*
MR. JOHN BRANT (JACK)........................*Engaged to Blanche.*
MR. STEPHEN WHITE ....*A Theologue.*
MARY ....*The Maid.*

SCENE.—(*Sitting-room in home of Mr. Kidd; Blanche Bond discovered gazing out of window in rear. Amy Kidd sits front left, sewing flowers on a straw hat.*)

AMY.—Well, Blanche, what are the signs, good or bad?

BLANCHE (*turns from window*).—It is just no use, Amy; you may as well abandon that hat; there is a steady downpour of rain; the west is a bank of black clouds without even a rift of light, or a glimmer of hopeful blue, so a lawn party is quite out of the question. (*Sinks into chair.*)

AMY.—But Mrs. Grant said if it was dubious without, one would be entertained within, so there will be a party whether or no.

BLANCHE.—Weather or no, you mean, but it will be a forlorn party without tennis; Mrs. Grant's indoor parties are funereal.

AMY.—What Grossmith calls "comfortable" parties, I suppose, where there are more chairs than guests; but I want to go, anyway.

BLANCHE.—But consider, now consider—how are you to get there? It is too far to walk, you know.

AMY.—Won't Uncle Jules let you have the carriage, Blanche?

BLANCHE.—My dear, I have sent a regret. She failed to ask my Jack, and so I shall not go. I would coax step-papa for you, only I know he never allows the horses out in the damp, and I dare not mention rain to him, or he would think of his precious umbrella, and observe that it is gone from out the hall-stand. Oh dear, if I only—only knew where it was. I did not sleep last night thinking of it, and the morning is wearing away and it is not yet found. (*Walks up and down.*)

AMY.—How absurd you are. One would think you were an abused step-daughter the way you talk. I am sure Uncle Jules is very good to you, and if you explain you took or loaned it by mistake, he won't kill you.

BLANCHE.—Indeed, he would. It has been fair weather ever since you came, while I have known him for some years in fair weather and in storms. He is amicable enough on some subjects, I admit, but about that umbrella he is a crank. I may go a step further.

AMY.—A step-father you mean.

BLANCHE (*nods*).—And say he is a beast.

AMY.—What language!

BLANCHE.—Made to order.

AMY.—What, the language?

BLANCHE.—No, the umbrella made to order, handle of orange wood; cut from his grove in Florida, extrá heavy ribs, dark green silk covering, soothing to the eye. Name and address painted on the inside—that is my only hope. The idiot who carried it off, if he has a spoonful of brains, will read the owner's name and return it.

AMY.—Why I thought you carried it off yourself?

BLANCHE.—Well, you see Jack drove over for me yesterday, and I had on my new muslin and was so absorbed arranging it that it should not get mussed driving in his cart, that I never observed when he said, "I have borrowed an umbrella from your hall, as we cannot risk that pretty dress, Honey, though I hardly think it will rain." I do remember him calling me "Honey." (*Sighs.*) Oh dear!

AMY (*laughs*).—So Jack was the idiot with the spoonful of brains. I suppose the honey went to your head?

BLANCHE.—I never saw that big, yellow handle sticking out from under the seat until we arrived at the Blacks', but when we left after tea—I had made Jack carry it indoors and leave it in the hall, before we went onto the tennis court—but when we left it was gone. Miss Black says Jim Gordon carried off an umbrella, and Jack said he would get it this morning, but I did not sleep a wink worrying over it.

AMY.—Your Jack will find it, of course.

BLANCHE.—He promised to go on his bicycle to see several people who left before we did, but why does he not come? Oh, how it pours now.

AMY.—Do you expect him to go for you on his wheel in such weather?

BLANCHE.—For step-papa's property, certainly, not for me.

AMY.—It is unreasonable in such weather.

BLANCHE.—I should have gone myself if he had not offered, and I wish I had, he is so slow. It is almost lunch time.

AMY.—Lunch time will bring him, never fear. How do you like my hat? (*Holds it up.*)

BLANCHE.—Pretty and stylish; you are a born milliner. (*Enter Jack. Blanche runs to him, takes both his hands.*) Oh Jack, did you leave it just where you found it in the hall?

JACK.—My rain coat?

BLANCHE.—No. No.

JACK.—My hat? Yes.

BLANCHE.—No. The umbrella—step-papa's.

JACK.—Oh to be sure, I had forgotten; the joy of seeing you, and all that, you know.

BLANCHE.—Tell me quickly.

(*Amy goes to mirror and tries on hat, twisting and turning with hand glasses.*)

JACK.—I went over to Jim's the moment breakfast was over, and he said he thought the Draper girls carried home an umbrella.

BLANCHE.—Yes? What did they say?

JACK.—They? Who?

BLANCHE.—Why, the Draper girls. What did they say?

JACK.—Why, you see I don't know the Draper girls, and I couldn't go away up there in this downpour. (*Blanche sinks into chair, and takes out handkerchief.*)

AMY.—And so you and Jim spent the morning playing billiards, didn't you?

JACK (*laughs*).—I say, Miss Amy, you are rather a mind reader, arn't you?

AMY.—Oh no, I was only reflecting—in the mirror.

BLANCHE (*rising with dignity*).—Do not await luncheon for me, Amy. I must go over to the Drapers' at once.

JACK.—By George! in this rain; I won't allow it. (*Enter maid.*)

MARY.—If you please, Miss, the plumbers is in the dining-room; will yous have lunch in here. Master is just going out.

BLANCHE.—Going out. He must not. Oh, stop him, stop him, quick!

AMY.—How absurd.

BLANCHE.—Jack, if you love me, stop him before he reaches the umbrella-stand.

JACK.—How? Shall I trip him up? Suggest some way.

BLANCHE.—Quick, take this (*runs to fireplace and takes a lump of coal out of grate*). Tell him you found this on top of Pine Ledge; see the fern-like tracery?

Ask him what it is. Argue, contradict, ask to see all of his specimens, open up vistas of reflection—only be quick—quick. (*Pushes him.*)

JACK.—I'll be a second Ananias, if you'll promise not to go out in this rain.

BLANCHE.—Yes. I promise, only go—go. (*Exit Jack.*)

MAID (*who has stood by with mouth open*).—Please, Miss, will yous have luncheon in here?

BLANCHE.—Yes; tell the cook luncheon for four people. I'll set the table, and if you will go at once on a message for me, Mary, I'll give you a dollar.

MARY.—Lor', Miss, I'd go most anywheres for a dollar.

BLANCHE.—Very well. Go up to the Drapers' and say—I haven't time for a note, but say Miss Bond sent you for the large umbrella they carried away from the Blacks' yesterday. Can you remember?

MARY.—Yess, Miss; which Black's?

BLANCHE.—I cannot recall Mr. Black's name. The boot and shoe people—but they'll remember where they were, yesterday.

MARY.—Yess, Miss, but its an awful ways. I am afraid I won't be back to wait on table for yous.

BLANCHE.—I'll attend to all that—but make haste. (*Exit Mary, muttering, "Miss Bond sent me for the mistake you carried orf from the - the boot-black's yesterday."*)

AMY.—To send her out such a day! Don't you think it was unnecessary?

BLANCHE.—Unnecessary! When you know if that umbrella were missed Jack would be torn from me, and I should be shut in my room and never trusted with the house-keeping again? (*Exit for dishes, etc.*)

AMY (*takes up book*).—She is so interested with her Jack and herself that it never occurs to her how very sorry I am to miss the party this afternoon. I wonder if Uncle would refuse me, his guest, the carriage. I believe I shall ask him, if the weather clears a bit; Stephen is sure to be there, and I promised to meet him there—if he goes on Monday, we may never meet again—the idea of that umbrella spoiling my prospects for life.

BLANCHE (*entering with tray, etc.*).—Is your book interesting, Amy?

AMY.—No. Too much thud and blunder for me.

BLANCHE.—Horrors! Hide it, please.

AMY.—Shall I call them to lunch?

BLANCHE.—Yes, please—and will you keep on the right side of step-papa coming through the hall so that he won't see the umbrella stand. I am going to pin a note on Jack's napkin to keep off the subject of the weather.

AMY.—I'll get on the right side of Uncle Jules—never fear. (*Exit.*)

BLANCHE (*writing, and reading aloud*).—"My Darling,—I have sent maid for umbrella at Drapers'. Don't mention weather, please." (*Pins this on his napkin.*) Oh, I am so nervous.

(*Enter Mr. Kidd, short, red face, white hair, fussy manner—Jack and Amy both walking sidewise at his right.*)

MR. KIDD.—Daughter, these plumbers seem to be ubiquitous; I was going to take my luncheon at Neil's on my way to the museum, when your young friend detained me—so I asked him to lunch with us, *sans ceremonie.*

JACK.—I fear I intrude.

MR. KIDD.—Not at all. Not at all. You must see those minerals unless you have another engagement?

(*All sit down.*)

JACK.—Delighted to stay, this beastly weather—(*Sees note, Amy laughs, Blanche makes a face.*)

MR. KIDD (*looks out of window*).—Bad weather, is it? Dear me! I had not observed, but that never bothers me, I have an umbrella that keeps me dry, perfectly dry.

JACK (*aside*).—Yes, he is dry. I've found that out. Perfectly dry.

AMY.—But cannot you and I go out in the closed carriage, if it is bad, Uncle?

MR. KIDD.—Carriages! My matched pair in this dampness! All mud bespattered! If you must go out, my dear, wear your old clothes, rubbers, and take an umbrella, but do not impose upon the dumb animals—take a quinine pill when you come in, change your clothes—the horse can do none of these things. I am astonished that you should be so utterly thoughtless.

JACK.—Cheer up, Miss Amy. I've heard dampnes is good for the complexion.

AMY.—Is it? Perhaps we can all do without umbrellas and become perfectly beautiful.

MR. KIDD.—These flimsy affairs made for women, which snap in the first gust of wind, are no protection; now, my umbrella is a thing of beauty, made by—

BLANCHE.—Mercy!

AMY.—Why, what is it?

MR. KIDD.—Are you ill, my dear?

BLANCHE.—My—my—tea was too hot.

AMY.—The subject was too hot. (*Aside.*)

BLANCHE (*to Jack*).—Change the subject, quick!

JACK.—Er—did—did you read the morning paper, Mr. Kidd?

MR. KIDD.—No, I did not. What was there of interest, young man?

JACK (*aside*).—*I didn't read it myself.* Er—er—the bicycle races at—at—

AMY.—Why Uncle won't be interested in races.

BLANCHE.—You see Jack has found you quite companionable, and so forgets there is any difference in your ages.

MR. KIDD (*beaming*).—Quite true; I am young at heart. Will you tell me again, my dear fellow, just where you found this interesting specimen. (*Takes out coal.*)

JACK.—Oh, on the top of Pine Ledge. I can't lead you to the exact spot—you see, I was going along on my wheel, when—

AMY.– Your bicycle on the top of Pine Ledge!

MR. KIDD.—Impossible!

JACK.—Er—on my wheel at the foot of the ledge, when it looked so warm and sunny on top, you know, that I got off and climbed up, ever so far up—up—up—

MR. KIDD.—A true lover of nature, I see.

AMY.—Well, what happened at the end of the up? You know what goes up must come down.

JACK.—I lingered to look at the view—

MR. KIDD.—And where did you find this specimen?

BLANCHE.—A lovely view it is, too—

JACK.—Away off on the horizon.

MR. KIDD.—Found this on the horizon?

AMY.—Impossible!

JACK.—I was describing the view, I beg your pardon—

AMY.—Like a true lover of nature.

MR. KIDD.—And you found this—where?

JACK.—As I was coming down. As Miss Amy says—What goes down must come up.

BOTH GIRLS.—Oh!

JACK.—I beg your pardon. (*Aside.*) Help me out; where do such things grow?

BLANCHE.—You told me you found that in a hole.

JACK.—Yes, I found it in a hole.

MR. KIDD.—Quite possible.

AMY.—Found yourself in a hole—very possible—

MR. KIDD.—Was it a large hole?

JACK.—Yes, a great hole.

AMY.—How do you spell it, g—r—a—t—e? (*Mr. Kidd rises.*)

BLANCHE.—Have some more tea, step-papa—or ham, or bread—you've eaten so little. (*Tries to keep him.*)

MR. KIDD.—I have fared very well, my dear. I want to show Mr. Brant the difference between this and a common lump of coal, not recognized by the ignorant.

(*Goes to fireplace and takes up another piece of coal.*)

JACK (*who joins him, and they talk earnestly*).—Most interesting—absorbing—

(*Enter maid sneezing, water pours from her hat, and skirts are dripping.*)

MARY.—Ha—chew. Ha—chew. Here is a note and the um—

(*Hands both to Blanche.*)

BLANCHE.—Hush. Take your money—go and change your dress, and then come and clear the table. (*Exit maid sneezing.*)

BLANCHE (*reads note to Amy*).—"My dear Miss Bond,—We did not know this funny old umbrella was your property, or you should have had it long ago. Is it an heirloom?"

(*Blanche takes paper off; an old, rusty, torn umbrella is revealed.*)

AMY.—The wrong one after all your bother.

BLANCHE.—An heirloom. The rude, rude things. I must let Jack know the blunder; he must stay all afternoon.

MR. KIDD.—Come here a moment, my dears. This is an interesting find, so like and yet so unlike coal.

AMY (*runs to him*).—How wonderful. (*Looks through the magnifying glass.*)

BLANCHE (*aside to Jack*).—The Drapers sent a wrong one, old and ragged, and ask if it is an heirloom.

(*Maid enters and clears off table.*)

MR. KIDD.—Blanche, my dear, Mr. Brant is a clever young man. I am pleasantly surprised, my dear.

BLANCHE.—Don't you think you could spare time to show him more of your collection, dear step-papa; you know he is still groping while you—know it all.

MR. KIDD (*looks at watch*).—A committee meeting at four, my dear, but I will show him my crystals, if he will be satisfied.

JACK.—Delighted. I will be there as soon as I can say good-bye to the young ladies. (*Exit Mr. Kidd.*)

AMY (*opens old umbrella over head*).—Is it an heirloom? (*Laughs.*)

JACK.—Plenty of air I should say.

BLANCHE.—How can you laugh when that lost umbrella, like a sword of Damocles, hangs over our heads. If you let him escape, Jack, before it clears—all will be over between us, remember that. I don't see what makes you so heartless.

JACK.—Cheer up, Blanche, I'll do my best. (*Kisses her hand. Amy tips the umbrella towards them.*) Faint heart never won fair lady. (*Exit Jack.*)

BLANCHE.—Now for a council of war. Is there any place nearby where I could ask for it—while I send Mary to the Simpsons?

AMY.—Send her out again. You are a wretch. (*Enter maid.*)

MARY.—There's a (*sneeze*) gentleman in the par-(*sneeze*) lor for you Miss Amy.

AMY.—Thank you, Mary. Take care of that cold.

MARY.—Yes, (*sneeze*) Miss. (*Exit Amy.*)

BLANCHE.—I am sorry you have taken cold—but I am in trouble—and its—(*maid sneezes*) nothing to sneeze about either.

MARY.—No, (*sneeze*) Miss. (*Exit maid.*)

BLANCHE.—Alas! I cannot send her again. It would be murder, perhaps. I must go myself. (*Jack rushes in.*)

JACK.—It is all up, Blanche. He is going out. I did my best; asked all sorts of foolish questions; but he is changing his slippers for his shoes, and I saw him get out his galoshes."

BLANCHE.—O, Jack! What can we do? Let's hide!

JACK.—Let me make a clean breast of it. He'll ask you where it is first.

BLANCHE.—Well, I can look him in the eye and say, "I have no idea." That is true enough, you know.

JACK.—Then he will ask you if you have taken it at any time.

BLANCHE.—I can say I never touched it.

JACK.—The court will object to slang, my dearest.

BLANCHE.—You are a born lawyer. Well, what shall I say when he asks where I saw it last?

(*Jock gives a prolonged whistle*).

(*Enter Amy and Mr. Stephen White, arm-in-arm.*)

AMY.—Blanche, Mr. Stephen White proved to be the idiot who carried off uncle's property yesterday, but, having the spoonful of brains you mentioned, he read the owner's name, and has returned it.

MR. WHITE.—It reposes in the hall-stand—and I suppose I may beard the lion in his den on another and more interesting subject. (*Smiles at Amy.*)

BLANCHE (*grasping Jack by the shoulders*).—Jack, we are saved—saved!

AMY.—Let's all be saved. (*Puts old umbrella over their heads.*)

(*Enter Mr. Kidd, holding huge umbrella in his hand.*)

MR. KIDD.—Well, well, if any of you young people are going my way I will share my good old parachute with you.

(*They are all dancing a ladies' chain.*)

JACK (*bows low*).—Thank you very kindly, but that last was a clearing shower.

MR. WHITE.—Yes; the sun is coming out.

AMY.—Then, there will be a rainbow.

JACK.—Said like a true lover of—of nature.

MR. KIDD (*flourishing umbrella*).—There seem to be several rain beaux.

AMY.—Oh, Uncle!

BLANCHE (*Shaking her finger*).—Dear step-papa, I fear you see double.

CURTAIN.

Mary Sollace Saxe.

"HARK! WHEN THE MIDNIGHT RAIN."

HARK! when the midnight rain creeps o'er the hill,
And hastens, like a herald of the night,
To bear his message e'er the dawn of light,
There wakens in my heart that erst was still
And calm in sleep, a thought of coming ill.
Then nursed by fear, all faith is put to flight,
And as the rain beats o'er the mountain height,
I do not hear her song, and never will.

So Sorrow comes and knocketh at my gate
When in my quiet life I sleep in peace;
And when I hear her calling, desolate,
I cry for Joy to send me swift release.
But oh, the music of the voice of Pain—
Like the low monotone of midnight rain.

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE 13TH BATTALION OF HAMILTON.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

IF a Toronto man were asked to name the finest regiment among the many fine regiments comprising the Canadian Militia, his answer would probably be, the "Queen's Own" or the "Grens." or the "Kilties" according to his own predilections for one or other of these battalions. A Montrealer might say, the "Vics." or the "Royal Scots," and a Kingston resident would answer probably, that the "14th," if all things were equal, would head the list. But there can be no possible doubt what a Hamilton man would reply to the question, and as he answered he would marvel at the ignorance of the questioner in not knowing, that the "13th Battalion of Hamilton is the first of all Canadian Militia regiments in everything, and that compared with their excellence the rest are nowhere."

Such is the unanimous opinion of Hamiltonians, and though it is naturally not fully shared in by people who do not live in the "Ambitious City," everyone who knows anything of military matters is willing to concede that the 13th Battalion is a splendid specimen of the Canadian Militia, and that with citizen soldiers such as they are, Canada "shall not be ashamed when she speaks with her enemies in the gate."

LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. J. M. GIBSON, HONORARY COLONEL 13TH BATTALION.

The 13th was raised in the year 1862, its first commanding officer being Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan; but previously to the year named there were three rifle companies in Hamilton, one of them being a Highland company, which had been embodied under the provisions of the Militia Act of 1855.

Of these companies it is not necessary to say much; they were fairly well drilled and officered, but their discipline was of the most rudimentary nature, and they possessed more the character of military clubs than of efficient soldiers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Buchanan was the first commanding officer of the 13th, being gazetted November 28th, 1862, and the officers commanding companies on the organization were Captains J. E. O'Reilly, Cattley, Skinner, Brown, Mingaye, McInnes and Bell. Subsequently Captain McKeown was appointed, the regiment then consisting of eight companies. A few weeks later a ninth company was added under Captain Law. During the latter part of 1863, Nos. 7 and 8 companies were gazetted out, and in 1865, the same fate was shared by No. 3 which was replaced by No. 9; at that date the 13th became a six-company battalion.

"By general order of 23rd May, 1867," to quote Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's interesting sketch of the battalion, "the Dundas Infantry Company (Captain Wardell) and the Waterdown Infantry Campany (Captain Glasgow) were attached to the 13th Battalion for administrative purposes as No. 7 and 8, and remained so until by general order of May 23rd, 1872, the 77th Battalion was formed in which they are now Nos. 1 and 2 companies."

A most important event in the history of the regiment occurred on September 1st, 1863, when the 13th Battalion received their colors from the hands of Mrs. Isaac Buchanan.

The escort for the colors was under the command of Captain Henderson, who had succeeded Captain O'Reilly in command of No. 1 Company, and the officers deputed to receive them were, Ensigns Watson and Buchanan. In making the presentation, after prayer by Rev. J. Gamble Geddes, for so many years the esteemed rector of Christ Church, Hamilton, now the cathedral, Mrs. Buchanan said:—

"Officers and men of the 13th Battalion of Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia of Canada:

"I have great pleasure in presenting to you these colors which have just been set apart to the service of our beloved Queen and country.

"The blessing of the Almighty has just been invoked upon your Arms, and so long as you keep these colors unsullied from the stain of dishonor, you may indeed expect the blessing of the God of Battles to fall upon your Arms, for they will never, I trust, be taken up by you, save in a righteous cause—the defence of your homes, which you declare yourselves *Semper paratus* to defend, if need be, with your lives.

"This color—the Queen's—the meteor flag of our dear old England—wonderfully glorious wherever it flashes, ever the harbinger of peace and prosperity, and the pledge of protection to all who shelter beneath its folds. Ever ready is it to be unfurled in a just cause, on the side of the weak against the strong. This flag, which has been the symbol of freedom and justice in the past ages, will still, in the ages to come, flutter in the van of the triumph of the right over the wrong, and just because and so long as it is carried on the side of justice.

"This color you are entitled to carry in virtue of the uniform you wear, and which makes it your duty to take heed that no aggressive foe tries to snatch Canada from Britain's glorious diadem. May God long spare our beloved Queen to command the services of our best and bravest.

"This color is yours as belonging to the 13th Battalion of Canadian Volunteers. And what does this imply? Simply, that you are prepared in an hour of need, should such unhappily come upon us, which God forbid, to form part of a fence around Canada, between us and the foe. The best guarantee that such a day shall not dawn upon us, is that you volunteers be indeed *Semper paratus* not only for such parades as this, but for the stern realities of the battle-field. We are all interested that so untoward an event as war be averted; how deeply interested who among us could say—for are not the lives of our best beloved at stake? But peace will not be maintained by folding our hands and shutting our eyes to the possibility of war, and crying peace. We must prepare ourselves for possible troublesome times now, as the best earnest we have of continued peace. Strive to master all the details that are to make soldierly men of you now, so as to have nothing

of that sort to learn when the day of action arrives. You will never be called upon to take part in aggressive warfare—to tarnish the silver wing of peace, and desolate homes; but not the less courageously will our own homes be defended; and let the foe who would tread on Canadian soil beware! He could only dare this in ignorance of the defence around us—men with the hearts and souls of men who will not flee even from the face of death if there lies their post of duty.

"Imbued with feelings of devoted loyalty to our beloved Queen, we have, at the call of her representative in this province associated ourselves together for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the use of arms, not for mere pastime or parade, but to enable us to do our duty as men, should ever our services be required in defence of the British Empire on this continent. We know not what the future has in store for us; we pray for peace, but should it be the will of the All-wise Disposer of events

LIEUT.-COL. MOORE, COMMANDING 13TH BATTALION.

to afflict our beloved country with the horrors of war, I feel every confidence in assuring you that the 13th Battalion will be found ready to do battle for our Queen and country, whether assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors.

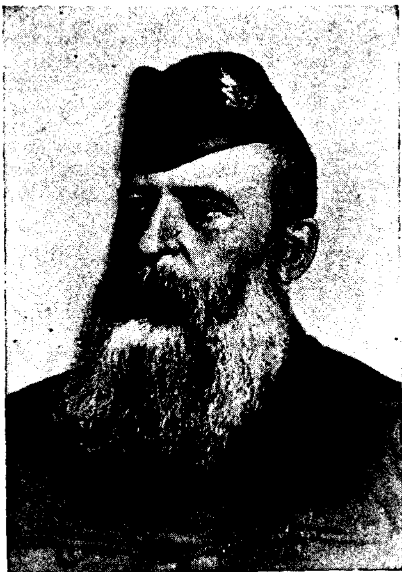
"I would again thank you, Madam, for those splendid colors. I trust they will be the means of inspiring us with renewed energy and attention to our duties, and I confidently express the hope that so long as an officer or man of this regiment can wield a weapon in their defence, they shall remain unsullied from the stain of dishonor."

"I have much pleasure in handing over to your safe keeping these colors, in full confidence that you will be *Semper paratus* to defend them."

Major Skinner was in command of the 13th on the occasion, and he made reply as follows:—

"Mrs. Buchanan:

"Madam,—In the name and on behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 13th Battalion Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia, I thank you for your very beautiful gift.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. SKINNER.

Two days after the 13th received their colors, the regiment made their first appearance at a review which was held in Brantford, when General Napier had no less than 3,500 men under arms. Of these, 1,000 bayonets were British Regulars and the remainder were Canadian Militia. It is evidence of the splendid state of efficiency the regiment was in, even at that early date, that only two officers were absent from the parade, each company, with but two exceptions, and these unavoidable, having its captain, lieutenant and ensign present with it. Such efficiency is worthy of being recorded for it must be borne in mind that in those days the Canadian Militia was by no means a very popular force. It had not become fashionable then as it is now, and many people laughed and jeered at those, both officers and men, who accepted commissions or joined its ranks, saying: "It was playing at soldiers," with other remarks of a derisive or deprecatory nature.

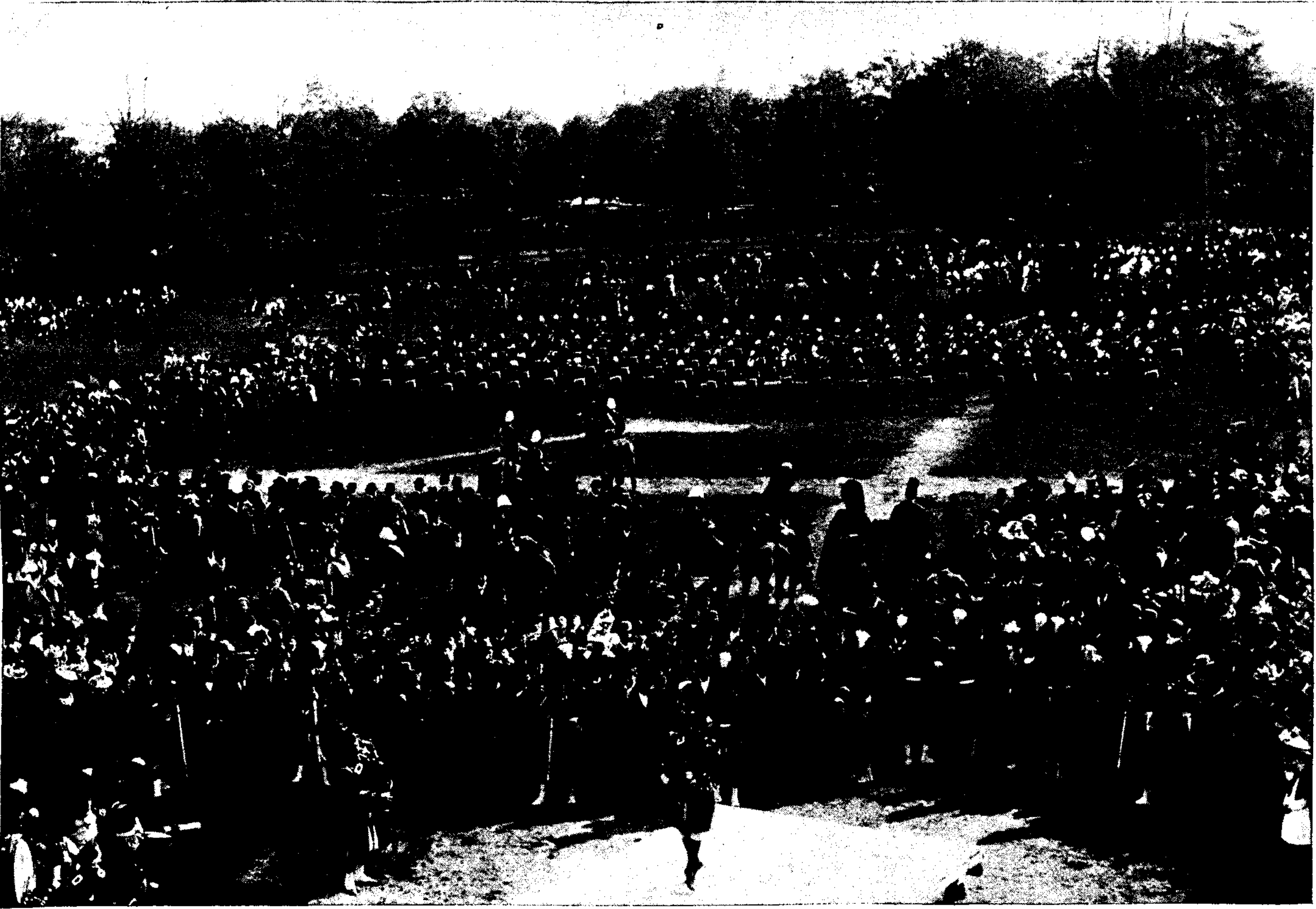
Nous avons changé tout cela. Now the mere fact that a man belongs to the militia is considered a credit to him, people no longer talk about "playing at soldiers," they recognize the public spirit and patriotism that induces men to give up their leisure and their means to provide for the defence of their country.

At the review just referred to, the 13th distinguished themselves for their general proficiency and received well merited commendation from the general officer commanding.

Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan retired from the command of the 13th, retaining his rank, December 30th, 1864, and on January 27th, 1865, was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Booker, who had commenced his career in the Canadian Militia in the Hamilton Field Battery of Artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel Booker retained the command until August 10th, 1866, and was followed by Lieutenant-Colonel James Skinner, who, for more than twenty years was the commanding officer. On the retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Skinner, he was succeeded by Hon. J. M. Gibson, under whom the regiment attained a degree of efficiency alike creditable to itself and to the force of which it forms a part. Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson retired from the active command at the close of the drill season of 1895, having served in the regiment for over thirty years. So great was the estimation in which Lieutenant-Colonel

MAJOR J. J. MASON.



BAYONET EXERCISE AT DUNDURN, 1896.

MAJOR STONEMAN.

Gibson's services were held, that he was, on his retirement, not only allowed to retain his rank, but was appointed honorary lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a distinction not previously granted to any retiring commanding officer of any regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson's successor was the present commandant of the 13th, who has held a commission in the corps since September 14th, 1866. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, the regiment has fully retained its prestige and the *esprit de corps* of the battalion has been in no wise lessened.

To resume the regimental history, the first service—apart from the usual routine of drill and parade—the 13th Battalion experienced was in April, 1865, when a company, drawn from the various companies composing the regiment, was sent on frontier duty, and stationed at Prescott under the command of Major Cattley, who had as his subalterns, Lieutenant Watson and Ensign Jamieson. This company remained on duty until November, and during the whole time they were embodied no serious charge was made against a single man. There were trifling offences, no doubt, but anyone who knows anything of the rigor of "good order and military discipline" in a camp, will understand how a very trifling misdemeanor in itself may constitute a breach of discipline, consequently a military crime.

Frontier duty came to an end in the autumn of 1865, the last company of the 13th which had been on duty having been stationed at Windsor, commanded by Captain A. E. Irving.

In the early part of 1866, there were many rumors throughout the country that the Fenians, who had congregated in large numbers in the Northern States, contemplated an invasion of this province. The 13th, in conjunction with the great mass of the militia of the province, were called out for active service on March 8th, 1866, and remained embodied, performing the regular routine of drill and duty appertaining to a British regiment of the line, until March 28th, when the daily duties were dispensed with by an order from the Major-General commanding, though two days' drill per week was still required of the battalion.

Hamilton at this time presented very much the appearance of being in a state of siege; a guard, consisting of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, and twenty-four men, were on the drill sheds, a sergeant and a guard of twelve men

MAJOR McLAREN.

THE OFFICERS OF THE 13TH BATTALION OF HAMILTON, 1894.

SURGEON H. S. GRIFFIN.

were stationed at the artillery sheds, and an officers' guard mounted daily at the Mountain View Hotel.

In the beginning of April, the fears of an invasion by the Fenians had subsided, and matters, not alone in Hamilton but also throughout the province, were progressing as usual. This state of things, though, was not destined long to continue, for the month of June had barely commenced when the cry, "To Arms!" "To Arms!" rang throughout the length and breadth of this fair province.

The Fenian Raid took place on June 2nd, 1866, and the 13th took part with the Queen's Own Rifles and 10th Royals of Toronto in repelling the invasion. The 13th formed part of the force who met the Fenians at Ridgeway, being brigaded with the Queen's Own Rifles under Lieutenant-Colonel Booker. That this engagement ended as it did was no fault either of the Queen's Own Rifles, the 13th, or the officer in command. So gallantly did the 13th advance that the Fenians believed they, the 13th, were British regulars, and were on the point of retiring, when some one raised the cry, "Prepare for cavalry." Instantly the attacking party were formed into squares, so as to meet the expected onslaught of the mounted force. The Fenians at once took advantage of the mistake, and, as the Queen's Own Rifles and 13th stood in square, poured a murderous fire upon them, whereby some were killed and more wounded.

Under such circumstances, seasoned troops might well be excused for wavering, and it is not remarkable that the attacking body, in this case, were compelled to retreat and fall back upon their supports.

The officers of the 13th, present at Ridgeway, were: Lieutenant-Colonel Booker; Majors, Skinner and Cattley; Captains, Watson, Askin and Grant; Lieutenants, Sewell, Ritchie, Routh, Ferguson and Gibson; Ensigns, McKenzie, Baker, Armstrong, Roy and Young, with Captain John Henery as Adjutant. Ensigns Armstrong and Baker carried the colors.

The 13th had a long list of casualities, the wounded being Lieutenant Percy G. Routh; Privates, J. Dallas, John Donnelly, Edwin Hilder, George McKenzie, Richard Pentecost, and J. G. Powell. Besides these, though, Private Morrison died from the effects of the campaign, as also did Larratt W. Smith.

The 13th returned to Hamilton about the middle of June, and received from

SERGT.-MAJOR HUGGINS.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 13TH BATTALION OF HAMILTON, 1894.

their fellow-citizens a well-earned ovation.

Nineteen years later, in 1885, when the troubles occurred in the North-West, the 13th fully expected that they would be permitted to share the dangers and honors of the expedition sent to quell the disturbance. Greatly to their chagrin, though, they were not called upon, the reason given being inexplicable to anyone not versed in the mysteries of "Red-tape" and the "Circumlocution Office," otherwise the Department of Militia and Defence.

It is worth noting, though, that if the 13th were not sent in the second North-West expedition just referred to, they furnished thirteen non-commissioned officers and men towards the first expedition, sent in 1870, under Colonel, now Field Marshal Lord Viscount Wolseley.

It is greatly to be regretted that exigencies of space prevent one from saying all that ought to be said about the history of the 13th Battalion, and that it is only possible to deal with some of the more salient points in a period covering just thirty-four years.

One of the most noticeable features in connection with the 13th Regiment is its magnificent band, which was organized in October, 1866, under Mr. P. Grossman, and now is one of the very best in the Dominion, which among its military bands numbers such crack bodies of musicians as the bands of the Queen's Own Rifles, the Royal Grenadiers, the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, and the 48th Highlanders. Among those who have been in this band at various times may be mentioned M. Wilson, H. Fricker, I. Snelson, A. Rupell, a famous piccolo player; Hutton, Complin, Dellow and Walsh, cornet players, besides many others. Mr. George Robinson became bandmaster in 1873, and has continued in that capacity ever since. To Bandmaster Robinson's untiring efforts, the 13th band owes the celebrity they have attained.

"The soldier who cannot shoot is an encumbrance to the service." This sentence, years ago, used to be printed in the Musketry Instruction Manuals issued to the regular forces of the Crown, and it may be yet. Whether it is or not, every one will admit its truth, and those who know the 13th also know its utter inapplicability to that battalion. As a shooting battalion, the 13th have attained a splendid record, both at home and abroad! Have they not captured prizes galore at the D.R.A. matches and at the O.R.A. competitions, and have they not been represented on almost every Canadian team sent to Wimbledon and Bisley since 1871?

Have they not, too, the honor of numbering among their non-commissioned officers, Thomas Hayhurst, who, at Bisley, in 1895, carried off the Queen's Prize against all competitors? This was the first time that valuable prize and coveted distinction was gained by a member of any corps outside the confines of the United Kingdom. That Hayhurst received an all but royal welcome when he returned to Hamilton from Bisley, goes without saying; the citizens were as proud of him, and as gratified at his success, as were his officers and his comrades.

Of the many camps and field days in which the 13th have taken part, there are some which a special reference must be made to; notably the camp at Grimsby in 1870, when, for the first time in Canada, a city battalion put in its drill under canvas.

The Militia Report for 1870 speaks of this camp in laudatory terms, and declares that the 13th performed its duties "in a manner which reflected great credit on the commanding officer and those under his command."

The camp just spoken of showed that the 13th were good soldiers, and in the long years that have elapsed since, the prestige of the corps has increased year by year, and never waned in the least. In 1893—not for the first time—the 13th went to Toronto and took part in the field-day and sham fight which took place on Thanksgiving Day in High Park, on the western boundaries of that city. Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson was in command of the attacking brigade on that occasion, and was warmly commended by Major-General Herbert for the manner in which he carried out the duties assigned to him. But the 13th never appeared to greater advantage

INSPECTION AT DUNDURN; LIEUT.-COL. MOORE AND VICE REGAL PARTY.

when away from Hamilton than they did in 1894, when they again proceeded on Thanksgiving Day to Toronto, to take their share in the review and sham battle, which was held to the north of the city. The battalion detrained at the foot of Brock Street, Toronto, about ten in the morning, and marched up Spadina Avenue to the fields north of Bloor Street, a distance of about a mile and three-quarters. They might have been veteran troops for the appearance they presented. Proudly did they swing along the noble avenue, and loud were the cheers that greeted them as they marched. Toronto people felt that, proud as they were of their own city's three regiments, their visitors were men whose soldierly bearing and discipline were such that in coming to Toronto they as much honored the city as they were honored by their hosts.

Once more, in 1896, did the 13th visit Toronto, when they again took their share in the work and responsibilities of the mimic warfare which was waged on the banks of the "Classic Don," to the east and north-east of the Queen city.

The Queen's Birthday parade in Hamilton on May 24th, 1896, was another red letter day in the history of the 13th, when they took part in the review held in Dundurn Park, when, among other troops present, were the 48th Highlanders from Toronto, and the 7th Fusiliers of London. The 13th on this occasion fully deserved all the praise so freely bestowed upon them, alike by visitors and their fellow-citizens.

The Gzowski Cup, presented annually since 1891 to the most efficient corps among city battalions in Military District No. 2, has been secured by the 13th on every occasion, with but two exceptions, since its institution, a fact of which the battalion is pardonably not a little proud.

In conclusion, one more feature in the history of this popular regiment may be recorded, and that is the annual balls given by the officers in the Hamilton Drill Hall. These are always looked forward to by the fashionable world of Ontario with pleasurable anticipation, and after they are over they afford to all those who have been present at them the pleasantest memories.

The 13th is now an eight-company battalion, and the following is a complete list of the officers at the present date, some of whom can boast of more than a quarter century's service with the colors:

HONORARY LIEUTENANT - COLONEL.—Hon. J. M. Gibson, A.D.C.

LIEUTENANT - COLONEL, COMMANDING.—Alexander H. Moore.

MAJORS. — Henry McLaren, John Stoneman.

CAPTAINS.—E. G. Zealand, B.M.; E. E. W. Moore, B.M.; S. C. Mewburn; F. B. Ross; W. O. Tidswell; R. H. Labatt; J. H. Herring; C. A. P. Powis.

LIEUTENANTS.—George D. Fearman, W. H. Bruce, J. D. Laidlaw, T. W Lester, F. R. Waddell, W. A. Logie, Ralph King, C. G. Barker.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS —W. R. Marshall, F. Parsons, R. A. Robertson, O. R. Rowley, A. Pain, W. L. Ross, J. Billings, Jr., J. W. Ambery,

STAFF OFFICERS.— Adjutant, Captain and Brevet-Major, J. J. Stuart.

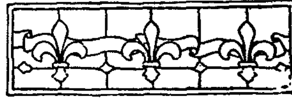
PAYMASTER.—Honorary Major, Chas. Armstrong.

QUARTERMASTER.— Honorary Major, J. J. Mason.

SURGEON-MAJOR.—H. S. Griffin, M.D.

SURGEON-CAPTAIN.—George S. Rennie, M.D.

Thos. E. Champion



A WOMAN'S WAY.

WITH a hopeless, helpless longing,
  I hungered for thy love;
But ah! 'tis far from me, dear,
  As far as Heaven above.

Unknowing and uncaring,
  Thou did'st steal my heart away,
And I must bear in silence,
  My loneliness alway.

For though thou lovest me not, dear,
  I bear that as I must;
But thy scorn would bow my head, dear,
  Down to the very dust.

For a man may speak out boldly,
  Whether he lose or gain;
But a woman's unrequited love,
  Is a woman's bitter shame.

Kathleen Blackburn.

GILBERT PARKER.

An Interview.

BY W. J. THOROLD.

A man who is not without honor in his own country—Canada—and not without greater honor among the distinguished people of a greater country—England—must needs be a man of the most ample intellectual endowments and one who has made good use of his splendid gifts. Such an one is the novelist who for a decade or more has been so steadily and quietly climbing upward to a place among the foremost authors of our time—Gilbert Parker. Nature was very kind to him and he has been very severe with himself—hence his present position. But this has been the way with every famous man.

GILBERT PARKER.

Whatever the laurel crown represented in ancient days, the writer's coveted

reward now is artistic success coupled with financial prosperity. This has come early to Gilbert Parker and is exceedingly substantial. Great Britain and America acknowledge him a favorite. London is his home—and happy he is in it; a handsome residence in Park Place, St. James', S. W., the most fashionable portion of the metropolis, not far from Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace. Even if envy be a serious sin, his career almost gives one the wish to be a novelist. It certainly makes one feel proud of the fact that Gilbert Parker is a son of Canada.

At home, on the street, in his books, everywhere, in everything—he possesses one noticeable characteristic: lack of affectation. He is always himself and never poses for mental impressions or photographs. Eccentricity of person, manner or dress, he regards as not at all a necessary adjunct of a literary man. It is a poor reputation that cannot be made or sustained without such aids. See him walking on the Strand or driving in Hyde Park and you might easily mistake him for some wealthy metropolitan lawyer or banker. With admirable taste he refrains from parading his profession by any outward insignia, to use a euphemism. Nor has prosperity spoiled him in any way, rather has success deepened his sympathies. He is constantly helping some struggling and ambitious youth to get a few rungs higher up on the ladder. There are not a few who owe much to the kindly influence of Gilbert Parker exerted for their advancement.

But I am running along about his home and personal traits—and as he happens to be one of those who think the private life of public men should not be given undue publicity, I must not tell all I know.

It is most interesting recreation to read Gilbert Parker's novels in chronological order and observe the growth of the man and the development of his art. Beginning with "Pierre and his People," then going on to "The Trespasser," "Mrs. Falchion," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Trail of the Sword," a volume of poems called, "A Lover's Diary," then those three brilliant novels: "When Valmont came to Pontiac," "An Adventurer of the North," and "The Seats of the Mighty." So superb in style, dialogue, characterization and plot is this last named, that many place it as a great historical work of fiction with "Rienzi" and "The Last Days of Pompeii."

There is strength and genius in his style, and his books throb with vitality. The men and women of his pages are no mere shadow shapes flitting across the landscape of a dream. They live. Your blood warms while you enter into their life, for they are frank and daring spirits—and they love in the old straightforward passionate way. Gilbert Parker's novels are pocket theatres where stirring dramas are presented of love and war, enacted amid picturesque scenery, with an abundance of charming romance and thrilling adventures.

I found it quite true the words he wrote me: "Canadians are always heartily welcome at my table, and kinsmen in my craft receive that same welcome with an accent." At Westgate-on-Sea one day after luncheon and during the enjoyment of a delightful Havana I said to him:

"What do you think of Canada as a field for the novelist, Mr. Parker?"

"That" he answered," is very like asking a man from Newcastle-on-Tyne what he thinks of Newcastle as a mart for the coal merchant! I, who have made my living for a certain number of years out of this ground, from the incidents of history and life in Canada, must necessarily turn a smiling face towards her, for my income has chiefly come from her. But if you ask me what sort of a field Canada is to work in—to find material in—whether it is quartz country or wheat land; rich grass or only good for the oats and Indian corn of literature, as it were, it is a very serious question; because I have often had to make bricks out of very scattered and sometimes very scanty straw. I mean that portions of Canada are serenely unpicturesque."

"In natural scenery, or people, or both?"

"The country is new (leaving out the Province of Quebec,) therefore the houses are more or less plain and in their aspect unsoftened by the finger of Time. The

very bright sunlight, the raw surroundings, are apt to produce an effect of garishness, and the life of the people, being largely agricultural, has no glamor upon it."

"As has, for instance?"

civilization. These are the vivid contrasts which are made by setting against them the life of another dominant, aggressive, unpoetical race of a simpler, more active civilization—the Westerner, the Occidental!

KATE RORKE AS "ALIXE DUVARNEY" IN *THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY*.

"Take India—what a splendid background of unusual life in the eyes of the Occidentals! Temples, palaces, cities, the wonderful colour, the costumes! The very dirt is picturesque! Yellow-robed priests with their bare shoulders, the antique vehicles, the ways of the old

"In addition to its being picturesque, is it dramatic?"

"Everything that is picturesque is dramatic; that is, properly handled. Nature itself, although picturesque, is not dramatic until it is artistically handled. Else there was no use for the

FROM PHOTO BY AIMÉ DUPONT, NEW YORK. COPYRIGHTED.

BEERBOHM TREE AS "DOLTAIRE" IN *THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.*

painter or the dramatist. The painter, the dramatist, the sculptor selects and rejects, and presents nature in focus as it were, leaving out the non-essentials. He only uses that which stands out—gives character to a landscape or a life—that which is indicative of the meaning of that character or that life, and that is all your spectator should see. The painter gathers down into twelve feet of canvas a vision of twenty miles square. The novelist selects only that which is absolutely essential to the picture of life which he is to present."

"Yes."

"That brings us to the position which the novelist or painter holds towards Canada. In Ontario, in the Maritime Provinces, largely in the North-West, and in British Columbia, he has one type of people which presents no startling contrasts to any other type of people by which it is surrounded. It was present in the days of Fennimore Cooper—barbaric conditions and the clash of race."

"Is the clash of race a dramatic essential?"

"Certainly not, that is only one phase; but it is a tremendous leverage. The man who deals with it has the game made easy to his hand. You have, at the present day in Canada, human life, and that is immensely interesting, and to bring it out of unpicturesque surroundings and give it eminence requires not only great art, but great humanity; therefore, we who are not great, have a hard task because we have no adventitious aids to fame. Speaking for myself, I recognized that. That is why I went where there were contrasts—to Hudson's Bay which still provided great elements of contrast. The Hudson's Bay Company is the one link that binds us to the times of King Charles the First. The House of Commons, the Church, political, commercial, and social conditions have been altered, but the Hudson's Bay Company goes on unchanged with the same methods and the same policy. As civilization forces its way upward, it goes nearer the pole, and so obtains the same ground for exploration, drawing the cold robe of antiquity round it. Therefore, you have the contrast which lent itself to my prentice hand. It also is provided in Quebec, by reason of the clash of race—English and French. I tried to present that in "The Trail of the Sword;" developed it, I hope, to some better ends in "The Seats of the Mighty," because the circumstances were larger, the stake greater, the surroundings essentially picturesque. The times of Louis Quinze and the Grande Marquise were picturesque—a big moment for England and France—when the fate of two nations was decided on the heights of Abraham. The man who treats of French Canada now-a-days, although he has the contrasts, has to deal with simpler, graver surroundings; his task is infinitely more difficult artistically."

"Do you think it possible to write a popular novel of French Canada of today?"

"Of course. It is merely a matter of ability and power. Given the man, the genius, the revealer, he will make the standing-rock give out its streams of water; the hearts of lives will be opened up to him."

"What do you think of the artistic spirit of Canada; how is it developing?"

"Like everything else in Canada, slowly, I should say, but let us hope surely. This by reason of the comparative lack of wealth of the country. In Australia, for instance, which is not a wealthier country intrinsically, but from a standpoint of acquired wealth, the Governments have been purchasing Art Galleries which would do credit to countries twice as old. The Governments there spend every year about £30,000 in the purchase of new pictures for the country. Art Schools are supported by Government. The people there buy more books than the Canadians do as yet, because they have more to spend and the Government is lavish. More popular novelists have come out of Australia. But Canada has one great thing: it has an upright, high-souled, ambitious people. The young men are courageous, fine-spirited, generous in temper, eager to achieve—reaping rewards wherever they go. It is essentially a country of manliness; and the cause of that—the one thing absolutely necessary in every artistic development—is right-mindedness.

Given that, with a fineness of intelligence and imagination, and a temperament, there are no bounds to which artistic development may not go. I believe all that pioneer development of Canada in that inspiring climate goes towards making a fine-souled people; and fine-souled people make artists.

"At the recent dinner given in your honor by the New Vagabonds, Mr. Zangwill, I believe, complimented you upon having turned dramatist, and having had a play accepted by one of the foremost actors of our time—Mr. Beerbohm Tree."

"Well, you see," smiling: "nothing really points so much to my comparative obscurity, as the fact that I began my career as a dramatist—that I had had four plays produced before I had written a book."

"Indeed! And they were?"

"'An Adaptation of Faust,' 'The Vendetta,' 'No Defence,' and 'A Dead Letter,' which were produced by George Rignold in Australia, and have since been played in different parts of the world, and from which I still derive a small income. George Rignold was the famous Henry V. of fifteen years ago. I rather turned novelist than turned dramatist."

"Therefore I should imagine your interest in the drama is very keen?"

"Of the keenest, and neither incidental nor temporary, I hope."

"As your countrymen hope, too. How closely are the two professions allied? Is it easier for the dramatist to become novelist, or the novelist to be-dramatist?"

"The workmanship of the dramatist and the novelist has few points in common; the methods are different."

"Is the mental equipment different, also?"

"No; but the mental habit is. The dramatist is bound by a convention which he himself cannot make—which has been made for him by the exigencies of the stage, from all time. The novelist can write as he pleases, having absolute freedom—the freedom of a novel by Richardson, such as "Clarissa Harlowe," or of Goldsmith's simple narrative, or of Robert Louis Stevenson's autobiographical style. "The Seats of the Mighty" is in that respect a combination, as to method, of autobiography and correspondence. Understand me to mean, not an imitation of Robert Louis Stevenson, or Goldsmith, or Richardson, but of forms of writing which existed before any one of those men."

"Further—the novelist can put into his book explanatory scenes and situations which are not possible on the stage. He has freedom to expand, to muse, to indulge in retrospection; but the dramatist can neither comment, nor deduce morals, nor take to reminiscences, and succeed. He has to tell in three hours what your novelist spreads over a hundred or five hundred hours of reading.

"And as to limits?"

"The dramatist is bound by entrances and exits; by necessities of scenery; by duration of acts, and by the fact that he cannot use pages of explanation to account for certain incidents. They must be mathematically and philosophically logical: everything must be accounted for before the eyes of the audience, and done also—it cannot be told. The dialogue of a novel may be expansive; of a play it must be telegraphic in its brevity. It must be the essence of character as well as of idea. Therefore the two processes are as unlike as Jews, Greeks, Turks, infidels and heretics."

"How does that apply to the "Seats of the Mighty," as a book and as a drama?"

"I have founded my play, "The Seats of the Mighty," upon the book, "The Seats of the Mighty." I have lifted out certain characters and certain incidents, have rejected certain characters and certain incidents, in order to get a direct run and sequence of logical events. There are a few characters in the play which are not in the book—talk about La Pompadour's relations with the King, with Doltaire. I show Doltaire and La Pompadour in a prologue portraying the Court of France, and the matter of the fatal and compromising papers, which is the secret of Moray's long imprisonment. Two things run side by side—the papers which La Pompadour wants, and Moray and Doltaire's love

for the same girl. Therefore, you have all the time two things pursuing and persecuting Moray, the fatal scrap of paper and the hatred of a rival in a lady's love; the said rival being a man with a bad past and a bad present.

There are scores of things that are effective in a novel which cannot be used before the footlights; which are dramatic in a literary way, but not dramatic so far as the stage is concerned."

"Is it not satisfactory to you to have your play, founded upon Canadian events, given such an imperial and trans-continental significance?"

"That is the question which the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was good enough to ask me lately. We all know how deeply Canada and its fortunes and development entered into Lord Dufferin's heart; how constant and loyal has been his interest since he left there. And his words of congratulation and satisfaction, while giving great pleasure to myself, also made one to see that absence had not made his heart less fond of all those things which tend to bind closer the outposts of the empire with its centre. Lord Wolseley also, whose career in Canada as Colonel Garnet Wolseley, has been most interested in this story of a country which gave him his first dramatic prominence in imperial eyes."

"The Seats of the Mighty" is the first drama by a Canadian author, on a Canadian subject, produced by a great metropolitan actor manager, and with it Beerbohm Tree intends opening his new Her Majesty's Theatre upon his return to London. The play differs markedly from the novel. Those who have seen the former and read the latter will notice what wise selection, governed by an intimate knowledge of stage possibilities, Mr. Parker has made from the wealth of dramatic material in the book, in which there is enough for several plays. The one now being presented in the principal cities of America was written especially to suit Sir Henry Irving's great rival. Moray might have been made the leading character, but he is merely virtuous and brave. Bigot is little more than dignified and authoritative. By reason of his exceptional powers of psychological analysis and expression, Beerbohm Tree appears to the best advantage in the portrayal of men of subtle and intricate natures whose motives are highly involved. Doltaire can be virtuous or brave or dignified as suits his purpose. He can be anything: he is everything by turns. Love and ambition rule him as they do every villain or hero who is human. On the surface he is a polished gallant of the wittiest and wickedest court the world ever knew; at heart he is a fiery demagogue. With the bar sinister across his escutcheon, his mother a peasant, his father the king, brought up very near the throne, he has the mind of a philosopher and the soul of a revolutionist. His keen intellect always devises a way out of every emergency—except one. This character as drawn by Gilbert Parker and created by Beerbohm Tree is certainly one of the most masterful in fiction and the theatre. It reminds one of Bulwer Lytton's Arbacès or of Goethe's Mephistopheles.

The production of "The Seats of the Mighty" is a veritable triumph in all the kindred arts that help to make the stage so fascinating. Money and thought have been spent lavishly. No embellishment has been spared that could add to its completeness. The costumes are historically accurate to the minutest detail and the costliest that could be obtained in London and Paris. Each act is a revelation of scenic magnificence. The prologue representing a room in the old palace at Versailles looking out upon the gardens that were a very earthly paradise, is one of the most beautiful that the imagination could picture. The scenes of the four following acts take place at Quebec. The play is a charming and impressive lesson, not only in the ways of human hearts, but also in the history of Canada.

W. J. Thorold.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

BY J. W. HANNAN.

THE pure, bracing air of the North Shore wafted itself lazily through the neat little dining-room like the currents from a gently-wielded fan, while the active steps of Madame, the mistress, who waited upon the tables, and the brisk tongues of her hungry guests, kept stirring accompaniment to the music of knife and fork. A tone, sharper and more peremptory than the average, made its clear-cut record through the commingling sounds.

"Is this the spring water, Mrs. Julien?"

"Yes, Miss Adams."

"Then they must have got it from the wrong spring! It tastes simply horrible. Mother," with a haughty sneer, "will you pass me another piece of that delicious corn bread? Water I shall have to do without! I really cannot drink this."

"The water is the same as you had for your breakfast, Miss Adams. I would not put the well-water on the table."

"But there are two springs on the Island, you know, Mrs. Julien, and I am sure they must have brought this from the wrong spring. I cannot drink it, anyway. Girls, what else can I help you to? Some fresh peas, perhaps, but, ah! I forget, there are none! We had them once."

A weak voice here enjoined silence, but to no purpose.

"Do you know, girls, we have actually had corn bread every day this week! If it comes on again to-night I shall positively be taken ill."

The voluble chatterer was a sturdy, headstrong young girl of, perhaps, eighteen years of age, who, with her invalid mother and several sisters, was partaking of a really creditable meal, at the new summer hotel at Echo Bay, and words cannot express the arrogance, the rudeness and the saucy impudence with which her remarks were made, or the ignorance and thoughtless heartlessness which they betrayed.

The sweet-faced, patient and obliging little woman, who was intended to smart under the lashings of this ill-bred tongue, was a Frenchwoman of good family, and was undergoing her first year's experience in catering to the demands of the pleasure-seeking public. She had married a man not her equal, a Montreal produce dealer, and, after nine children had been born to them, the husband failed in business, and was forced to retire without a dollar. In this predicament, a colonization agent offered Mr. Julien the management of the new hotel at Echo Bay, which he was only too glad to accept. Though inexperienced, and never reared for such a position, yet Mrs. Julien had taken hold with a will, determined to please and succeed; and, with little help and the care of her nine children, was slaving hard from morning often until morning again, doing everything in her power, and really satisfying abundantly all reasonable demands.

The young girls who taxed her patience so, and clouded her naturally sunny face, were the daughters of the colonization agent, and doubtless felt the dignity and importance of their position, while their natural, headstrong disposition had grown unchecked, owing to the weakness of their mother, and the constant absence upon his business of their father. Just now he was in Montreal, and the family were summering at the new resort.

As he listened to their insolence, the heart of the philosopher, who was enjoying his meal at the other table, grew sad, for he looked into the future and he saw the pretty, plucky little Frenchwoman gradually worn out by her too heavy work, her children, and the whimsical complaints of a cruelly thoughtless public, until health, strength, beauty, spirit, good nature—all were gone, and she became a poor, crushed, mechanical drudge, without hope, clinging to life only that she might fulfil more than duty to husband and children.

That night the philosopher dreamed. The first picture was brilliantly effulgent. In the midst of the light stood a heavenly messenger, and where the rays fell strongest knelt the brave little Frenchwoman. Her face was pinched and dull, her frame weak and bowed, and the note of courage in her voice when she spoke was replaced by one of dejection, but written on her countenance more plainly than ever were patience and resignation. The angel spoke:—

"Poor child, it is too hard! Your torture has been severe. You have done more than your duty. Come with me!"

For a moment the broken face lighted up, then she said:

"Good Angel, gladly would my spirit go, but there are husband, children, and duty. I cannot leave them. My dear ones need me. I must help them still. But, O, heavenly messenger since I cannot go with thee, send me, while I yet remain, a little bit of that Heaven which awaits me! Only a little bit! I do not mind work; I do not mind toil. It is not that which has crushed me, but the worry, the meanness, the cruel thoughtlessness that has smitten my spirit day by day. Send me, then, O, good angel, I pray thee, while I still remain on earth, only a little bit of that happy heaven whence you come!"

The heavenly messenger smiled gravely and sweetly, and with a gentle inclination of the head vanished with the dream.

The second dream passed like a series of panoramic views. The little hotel was all in a bustle, for there were new arrivals that day, two young women, sisters and kindergarteners, so someone said, and already Madame Julien's face was looking brighter, for these latest guests were apparently a new kind of humanity. They were courteous, pleasant, kind and good. The afternoon had scarcely begun before they had made friends with the children; and for the first time in many days Mrs. Julien prepared supper in peace. The sisters had a good word for the corn-bread, and for all Madame's dishes, which were really good. They gathered flowers for the tables, and more than once made Mrs. Julien lie down and rest while they cleared up the dining-room themselves. In mysterious ways the children's clothes were mended, and by a dozen methods they so lightened the mother's burdens, with scarce an effort to themselves—for no one seemed to enjoy life more than they—that at the end of a week the little French mother looked ten years younger, and had actually gained three pounds in weight. The cheery presence of these sisters, with their hearty appreciation, and their warm kindliness, was itself a benediction, and seemed, throughout every picture of this dream, to shed a soft, subtle radiance, like unto the heavenly brightness which had illuminated the first dream.

The philosopher awoke weary and unrefreshed, for his brain had been too busy, but he pondered long upon his dreams and wondered if the heavenly messenger had sent the bit of heaven, and, if so, how; and ere he left that day he gathered the thoughtless ones around him, where the little piazza overlooks the channel to the bay, and without comment told them his two dreams.

As the afternoon train carried him rapidly away, he prayed (for philosophers do pray) that the little bit of heaven might come soon, and come often, to the little Frenchwoman starting out on a thorny road so bravely; and as he prayed, he thought, surely there are many such good angels upon earth, many who are longing to carry the little bit of heaven, if they only knew where, if they only had the address. And so, when the philosopher reached the city he sought an advertising bureau, and thus it was that in many papers, for many days, there appeared this curious advertisement:—

WANTED:

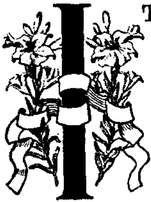
A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
ON EARTH,
BY MY NEIGHBOR,
ON MY STREET,
IN MY TOWN
OFTEN IN MY OWN HOME.

They who supply it will be doubly remunerated. As a speculation the opportunity is unsurpassed.

J. W. Hannan.

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE.

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY.



IT was a dark night in early summer, the moon hung a slender crescent in the sky, even its pale light obscured every once and awhile by passing clouds.

A belated traveller driving along the quiet country road between Niagara Falls and the county town, might, on this particular night, have heard a sound detach itself at intervals from the cursory sounds of the place, the chirp of the cricket, the croak of the frog, or the soft sigh of the wind in the trees, a dull grating sound which ceased at intervals, to begin again. And if he was curious enough to go a few yards from the main road in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he would find an old dilapidated burying-ground, its long grass the unmolested home of the toad and the snake, and many curious and creeping things, and in the corner of this burying-ground, a high weather-stained paling enclosing two graves. A man within the enclosure was shovelling the earth off one of the graves. He was tall, slender and youthful; one could tell that, even in the darkness. A lantern was on the ground, throwing a light on his work only. He would shovel awhile, the steel grating sharply against the gravel, making to his excited imagination, a horrible noise, then the wind would unwontingly stir the branches over his head, or a pebble would roll off the mound of earth he had made beside the grave, or a field-mouse returning from a midnight raid, would scurry past him, and the perspiration would start in great beads on his brow, and the cold chills chase each other up and down between his shoulders; and resting on his shovel, with his head bent to one side, he would listen, then reassured by the silence, he would begin his digging again.

But, who is this young man? And how came he to be at his gruesome work? John Ballington is a medical student. He is the son of a farmer's widow; there is a large family, and they are poor. At least John feels decidedly poor. He is the second son. The oldest boy had decided to stay at home and work the farm, but John, with a third-class certificate, has earned enough money to put himself through one year at college, with a view to becoming a medical doctor. But prospects are poor for the coming year, and John feels his poverty keenly. He is home now for the long summer holiday, and it occurred to him he might do some studying, if he only had some bones. He was very devoted to the profession of his choice, and thought long and deeply about the matter of the bones. At last, it came to his recollection, that a few years before, an old couple living alone on a quiet country road leading out from the Falls, had, one night, been cruelly murdered. The old man had once lost some money in a bank, and from that time had no faith in banks, and kept his money in a great oaken chest in his own home.

It was known that the day previous to the murder, he had sold his farm and received several thousand dollars in gold, and the following night, he and his wife were murdered, and the price of the farm, and all other accumulated moneys were taken. The old couple were buried with their predecessors, by the country road; the murderer never was found, and in time, all excitement and almost all thought of them and the awful deed which had hurried them into eternity, had passed away.

It occurred to the young medical student, that in these graves were bones whom no one would object to his taking. He reasoned with himself that the old couple had no relatives, no one to feel hurt at the desecration, and why might he not as well have the bones? He wondered for a moment, as memories of his

childhood's faith flitted before him, whether his meditated depredations would interfere any with the resurrection of the just. But meanwhile, he went on preparing the old stable lantern, enclosing it in a tin box, one side of which he could open and flash the light on his uncanny work—dark-lantern fashion.

All scruples had been laid aside, and he is right in the midst of his work when we find him. He digs on, notwithstanding the little interruptions, for he has good stuff in him, and by and by he is gratified by the sight of the white bones he is seeking. The wooden cases have fallen to decay, the flesh has returned to the earth from whence it came, but the bones are in good condition. He flashes the one eye of his stable lantern into the grave, and drawing on a pair of gloves, he begins to pick out the bones. But what was that? He hears a chink as of coin, when he moves the bones of the arm, and flashing the light of his lantern again into the grave, and lifting more of the arm bones, he sees a pile of gold coins, lustrous, large and thick. Is he dreaming? Or has he lost his senses? He passes his arm over his eyes to clear his vision, or dispel the dream, if dream it is. He looks again into the grave, the pile of gold remains. He thinks for one short moment, of throwing the bones back into the grave and covering the whole thing up. Then reaching out his gloved fingers, he cautiously picks up one of the coins, he sees it is a twenty-dollar gold piece, then he picks up several more—they are all alike. He chinks them together in his hand. "Genuine gold," he whispers, as he listens to the music of their clear ring. Then a strange, new light comes into his eye, the color floods his face, which, before was pale, he rises to his feet and looks all about him. "This money is mine. I found it. No one else has any claim on it," he mutters in a voice hoarse with excitement. And after listening for a moment, and looking more carefully around than before, he stooped, spread his large handkerchief on the ground, and began to pick up the money. First he took it in single coins, and then in handfuls. He handled it timidly at first, but before he got through, he was gloating over it like a veritable miser. His way was clear, he could study his beloved profession to his heart's content. He became instantly possessed with the idea of concealing his good fortune—someone might claim the money, someone who had no better right to it than he; so he decided that not even his most trusted friend should know anything about it. He put the bones back in the grave and covered them up. What did he want with bones now? He would go back to college for the summer session. His hands trembled, not with fear any longer, but with ecstacy. He scarcely had patience to fix the grave so no one should know it had been disturbed. With his pockets and handkerchief full of the gold coins, and his head and his heart full of his first secret, he went back to his home. Divesting the lantern of its tin box, he put it back on its nail in the stable, and went on with his precious burden to the house. Fortunately the family had retired, and more fortunately, his eldest brother, who occupied the same room with himself, was from home that night, so he got a chance to store his gold in his wooden chest and turn a key on it. He tried to count it that night, but his head swam so he could not, and throwing himself on his bed, he lay wide awake, building castles of immense proportions until daylight.

Very soon after that, he surprised the family by announcing his intention of going off for the summer. He somehow gave the impression to the home-folk and the neighbors, that he was taking some agency to make money for the next fall, when in reality he went to Toronto to attend the summer session of the medical college.

In the city he procured for himself a boarding-house of such comfort and even elegance as he never before thought possible, and the power of money grew in magnitude daily before his eyes, and he congratulated himself ovor and over again on his good fortune. His chosen work became the passion of his life, all the working days of the week he faithfully toiled over books, and every Sunday he visited the hospital, for the pleasure of meditating on the various ills of the patients, and the possible remedies

for those ills. At every visit he noticed a face, a man's face, seamed and hardened with crime. He had never given this man more than a passing thought, until one evening he received a note from a hospital nurse—"The man in ward 8 is near death, and is constantly asking for you." He remembered that was the ward of the evil-faced man, but without delay, he repaired to the hospital. The dying man signed to him to draw a screen around the bed, and take a chair by his side. Then in a hoarse whisper, he said,—"I've been watchin' you fur weeks, comin' here every Sunday. You're an honest looking chap, an' fur some reason, which I cannot explain, I want to make my confession to you, an' git you to set to rights what I hev put wrong." Then with many pauses for breath, the dying man confessed that he was the murderer of the old couple on the Niagara Road, that he took the gold and hid it for months, but was afraid to spend any of it for fear of being discovered. The old man seemed to grow stronger as he continued, and in a voice preternaturally distinct for one in his physical condition, he continued,—"There was a grandchild of the old couple who should hev inherited the money, an' I thought someone would be lookin' fur the money fur it, an' I made up my mind to put it out o' the way too. So one dark, rainy night in November, I hid in a barn fur that purpose. I knew the woman who cared fur that child, was to pass there with it that night. I could easily take it from her an' git off in the darkness, an' the rest wouldn't be much trouble fur me. About half-past nine, I was settin' on the barn floor with my ear to an opening in the door, when all at onct the barn door opened, an' there stepped into the darkness, a man. He dropped upon his knees a few yards away from me, an' began praying—'O, God,' he said, es if speaking to someone he was sure would hear, 'if any foul crime is about to be committed here to-night, by Thy Almighty power, stay the hand that would do it.' I knew es quick es I heerd his voice that he wus an eccentric Methodist parson, who held meetin's thereabout. I felt es if I had been struck by lightnin'. He said more, but I did not hear it. Then he got up an' slipped out o' the barn es quick es he had come in. I lay most like a dead man. In half an hour the woman and child passed, but all the murder was gone out o' me, an' from that time on, I wanted to git red of the plaguy gold. I thought of how I could git quit of it day and night fur a week, an' at the end o' that time, I carried it back an' put it in the old man's grave—under his arm. So he can't go up to the jedgment an' say I hev his money, I gev it back to him, " he vehemently gasped, "every cent of it."

"Now," he added when he had recovered his breath, "I hev been watchin' you around fur weeks, an' I hev decided to leave the job with you, of puttin' things to rights. The kid is in the orphan's home in this city, same name as the old folks; bring it out an' git the money, an' give it to it. It is it's by rights."

A half an hour after the old man made this confession, he died. It seemed as if nature had rallied all her powers to assist him in his desire to make restitution. And John Ballington walked out of that hospital to wrestle with the temptation of his life. An evil voice whispered in his ear, "Don't bother yourself about that money, the old man is gone, the secret is between you and the dead."

He was young, and he walked the streets far into the night, like one in a dream. One moment he shook as with an ague chill, and the next, a raging fever coursed through his veins.

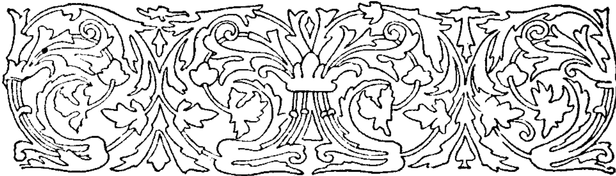
There are fiercer and more strongly contested battles fought in many a human breast, than eye has ever witnessed; verily, greater than he that taketh a city, is he that ruleth his own spirit.

He walked north, not knowing whither he went, until he reached the suburbs of the city, and coming to a knoll crowned by pine trees, he threw himself on the ground, face downward, and pressed his hot cheek to the cool earth. Through sheer mental exhaustion, perhaps partially soothed by the whispering pines over his head, he fell asleep. During the half hour he slept he turned over, and when he awoke, he opened his eyes on the over-arching heavens. To his newly awakened consciousness, the fair,

pale moon seemed to be on some high mission as she sailed serenely through the heavens, and the millions of stars like faithful sentinels, holding through the ages their heaven-appointed posts. As he continued to gaze into the many-worlded canopy above him, a sense of infinity smote him as never before.

"We arrive at a knowledge of the infinite by wings, not by steps." Life took on a new meaning He wondered how he could have felt as he did half an hour before—how he could have entertained, for a moment, the thought of carrying a guilty conscience through life. He could not have told afterwards, how long he lay there under the pines, or what hour he sought his boarding house; but the next day, he took steps to have the money restored to its rightful owner, and went out on his third-class certificate to earn money for the further study of his beloved profession.

Adeline M. Teskey.



PATIENCE.

WHILE I lay prone, Pain stood at my right hand,
And with hot fingers seared her furrows wide
Through nerve and muscle; till to longer stand
Her cruel torture seemed too hard! I cried,
"Enough!" But sounded softly in my ear
A tender voice, "A little longer, dear!"

Whiles, the sweet speaker beckoned t'ward the night,
And broad-browed Courage took his place by Pain,
And so we fared, until the morning light,
Courage and Pain and I; nor e'er again
I cry, "Enough!" but meekly turn to hear
Great Patience speak. "A little longer, dear!"

Grace E. Denison.

MONTY'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. NORRIS.

IN a canyon of the Rocky Mountains, not far from the dividing line between Montana and Idaho, is a mining camp, at one time known as Merrywell. It is one of the very oldest gold camps in Montana, and has several times undergone a change of name; therefore, I am not certain that it is still known as Merrywell.

Many fortunes have been won and lost there, and many lives sacrificed to the only god worshipped in Merrywell—gold.

In this camp, not a great many years ago, there dwelt an old man and his daughter. So long had the old man been associated with Merrywell, and so often had he been heard to declare that he was never beyond the boundaries of Montana, that wherever he was known at all, he was known as Old Montana, or Old Monty, for short. He had married in early life, and had lived happily for years, loving his wife and daughter as he had loved gold. But death visited the mining camp, and Old Monty's partner left for a State where gold is so common that the streets are paved with it, and pearls and diamonds are so plentiful that the poorest wear them.

Monty's daughter grew to beautiful womanhood. She was now seventeen, and Monty loved her as he had never loved anyone before. With little companionship but that of Nature, and with no world but the world of Merrywell, she grew and developed under the influence of her mountain environments. She was tall, graceful, beautiful, fair as a lily, supple as a fawn, and her step so light as not to crush a mountain daisy. The miners adored her. I said they worshipped no god but gold in Merrywell. I must now withdraw the statement. They did. They worshipped Lizzie, Old Monty's daughter. There was not a man in the camp who would not empty his six-shooter in her defence, or throw down his life at her feet.

Lizzie was seventeen when Merwin Gray came to the gold camp. Gray had the manners of a gentleman, but the heart of a fiend. To Lizzie, his polished manners and fine speech were a revelation. Accustomed as she was to the rude speech of the rough miners, this new form of language, with its subtle sweetness, was wholly irresistible. Merwin Gray's conversation intoxicated her, and when he told her of the manners and customs of the big outside world, she felt like a caged bird. The monotony of her old home became more irksome, and it was rapidly loosing all its attractions for her. In the evening, when the setting sun threw the shadows of the great mountains upon everything in the rude camp, she looked off to where the far-away foothills were bathed in light, and longed, with an unspeakable longing, for the pleasures of that mysterious outer world. To live with Merwin Gray in that pleasure-land, far away beyond the foothills, where all was beautiful and bright and pleasant; where the ear was never offended by foul oaths, coarse jesting and ribald song, and where fighting and drinking were unknown;—this was her ideal, this was her day-dream; and her day-dream continued until it ended in the nightmare of reality.

One morning Lizzie failed to appear at the usual hour, and Old Monty, fearing that she might be ill, tapped lightly at her bedroom door. There was no response. He pushed the door open and entered. Lizzie was not in the room, and her bed had not been slept in. He walked over to the little dressing-table and found thereon a slip of paper with these words pencilled upon it:

"DEAR FATHER,—You may think, when you read this, that I do not love you, but I love you dearly; only this life is too dull and lonely for me. I am going away with Merwin. We shall be married in the city. Merwin is rich; he came here only for his health, and he

is taking me back to the city to make me his wife. Try to forgive me, and forget me if you can. LIZZIE."

Old Monty stood for a moment, as still as the mountains behind Merrywell, then he staggered and fell upon the bed. "Good God!" he moaned, at length, "my Lizzie gone! my Lizzie gone! gone with that infernal villain;" and Monty put up his hands to his face, as if to keep out the dread thought which was stilling the blood in his veins, and turning his heart to ice. Suddenly he sprang from the bed, uttering awful imprecations, and rushed to his own room. His eyes were wild, and his face was white to ghastliness. Instinctively he drew a pistol from under his pillow and thrust it into his pocket; then, hardly knowing what he did, he sank upon his knees and prayed his first prayer since childhood. "Oh, God," he pleaded in his madness, "save my poor Lizzie's soul, and damn eternally the soul of Merwin Gray!" With the bitterness of this petition in his heart, he rose from his knees and rushed from the house. "Curse him! curse him!" he muttered as he hurried down the mountain path, "I'll follow him to the end of time. I'll scatter his brains to the wind."

Away out beyond the foothills, two fugitives are flying on horseback towards the distant city. The sun is just rising, and to one of them it seems a symbol of the life she is about to enter. Alas! there is no one to warn her of the fast approaching sunset, and of the dark shadows that lie beyond.

Back in the mountain an old man is hurrying down the path that leads from the canyon to the outer world, and his face is drawn with anguish. "Curse him! curse him!" he reiterates; "I'll follow him to the end of time; I'll scatter his brains to the wind!" And the morning sun seems to shine with an equal warmth upon all three.

Years of darkness are in store for Old Monty; years of lone wandering and vain search; years of pain and doubt and passionate longing; years full of the laughter and derision of the unkind world. Through all these years must Old Monty pass with but one prayer upon his lips: "God save my poor Lizzie's soul, and damn eternally the soul of Merwin Gray.

* * *

Six years later, on a beautiful day in early October, an old man enters the Salvation Army Rescue Rooms in Winnipeg. He is bent with age, and his hair and beard are white as wool. He is a wreck, mentally and physically. One hand is in his pocket—a poor, old, trembling hand, too weak to hold a toy gun steady—and the nerveless fingers are clutched mechanically upon the handle of a pistol. As if impelled by habit, he glances searchingly about the room, then hobbles up to the first man he sees, and addresses him in broken accents: "Stranger, you haven't seen my Lizzie, have you? She left me six years ago, and I have never seen her since. I am getting to be an old man now, but I must see my Lizzie once more before I die. I have been asking God all these years to save her soul, and to damn the soul of her destroyer—and I believe he will. She is in some big city, stranger, and I must see her before I die. Perhaps you've seen her; 'tain't hard to know her, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her." Then Old Monty describes his daughter—his Lizzie—in the same way in which he has described her a thousand times before, in a hundred different cities. He frequently breaks in upon the details of description with the sweeping assertion: "'Tain't hard to know her, stranger, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her."

A sweet faced woman, who had been listening eagerly to the old man's narrative, steps forward and touches him upon the arm. He turns in a dazed sort of way and looks at her. "Come with me," she says, gently: "I'll take you to your Lizzie."

He has been disappointed often during the past six years. Often his hopes have been raised up only to be dashed down again, and, instinctively he feels that he can bear no more.

"Are you sure it's my Lizzie?" he asks, falteringly.

"Almost sure," the lady answers, confidently.

"Is—is Merwin Gray with her?" and the nerveless fingers make a vain attempt to close more tightly upon the handle of the pistol.

"No; I know nothing of him. But come with me, and see your Lizzie." With childlike obedience he places his hand in hers, and together they leave the room.

In a neat, plainly furnished parlor in a small cottage on —— Street, sits Lizzie, Old Monty's daughter. There are some marks of suffering on her face, but it is more beautiful than ever. A chastened and purified spirit has given it an added grace. Christianity has rescued her from sin. She hears the outer door open and close; then, footsteps along the hall. The footsteps stop at her door. The door opens, and her lady friend stands there supporting an old man whose hair and beard are as white as wool.

"Lizzie!"

"Father!"

And Old Monty's wanderinge are ended. He has found his Lizzie. All the miseries of the past six years are nothing to him now; they are like vanished dreams at the break of day. The pain, the grief, the bitter disappointments, the hopes awakened only to be destroyed again, the heart hungerings are all forgotten, all blotted out, for Lizzie's arms are about him, and Lizzie's kiss is on his forehead. The old man's joy is too great, and he is fainting in his daughter's arms. "Put me to bed," he whispers, wearily. "Put me to bed, Lizzie, for I'm tired. I've walked very far to find you, my girl, and I'll need a good long rest. Put me to bed, and put your hand in mine while I sleep, so it will be there when I wake again."

Tenderly he is carried to bed, lovingly they watch beside him. Lizzie's tears are falling like rain. The sight of her grief seems to rouse him, and he tries to soothe her. "Don't cry, Lizzie, don't cry, little one. We have had a hard time of it, both of us, but it's all over and we can rest now. All these years I have been praying for you, praying that God might save your soul, and damn the soul of your deceiver."

"Hush, father, hush!"

"But I have, Lizzie, I have. There was never a night that I did not pray for you; never a morning that I did not ask God to bless you. Out on the prairie, or up on the mountain, or down in the city my thoughts were always of you. I never forgot my prayer, and God has heard it; he has saved your soul, and damned the soul who led you astray."

"Oh, don't, father; don't say that."

"But I will, I will, I must—Lizzie, where is he? Where is Merwin Gray? Give me my pistol! Give it here, quick! and show me where he is—the villain who wronged you—and I'll scatter—"

"Hush, father, hush!"

"But I won't hush, I won't, I tell you! Show me where he is, be quick! for I must do what I've sworn to do before I die. I'm dying now, Lizzie, I'm dying now!" he adds, as his head falls back upon the pillow, from which, in his excitement, he had tried to raise it.

"Be quiet, father; rest now, and when you are strong enough I shall tell you my story. As for Merwin Gray, I do not know where he is. We must only forgive him, as we hope to obtain forgiveness."

"Forgive him," cried the old man, struggling to raise himself again from the bed. "Listen to me, Lizzie. Though hell should gather me to its bosom, and hide me there forever, I'll never forgive him, so help me God."

"Oh, father, don't say that! I know you have suffered a great deal through my folly. It was all my fault, and I ask you to forgive me, as well as to forgive him."

The light of an unquenchable love creeps into the old man's eyes as he answers fondly: "Forgive you, Lizzie, yes, I forgive you a thousand times—but him, never. Don't tell me it was your fault; it was not. You were a good girl always, until that damned villain—"

"Hush, father, hush!"

—"Crossed your life and mine, and you're a good girl yet, Lizzie, a good girl yet."

Thus the old man wanders on, appealing, in the same breath, to Heaven for blessings and for curses—blessings for Lizzie, curses for her deceiver. Now he speaks of his wanderings over the mountain and prairie; now he is in the city

mission-house describing the lost one. Over and over again he repeats the description, and the burden of the refrain is this, "'Taint hard to know her, stranger, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her." Then he comes to his meeting with the woman who had rescued his daughter, and he whispers fervently, "God bless her, God bless her."

After a brief pause, during which time the watchers think he has slept, he opens his eyes wide, and asks:

"Are you there still, Lizzie?"

"Yes, father," she answers.

"Are you holding my hand?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I thought you had left me. Hold my hand tight in yours, Lizzie, so I can feel it, and don't leave me again. I'm an old man now, and 'twould kill me if you left me. I have no strength to search for you more."

After another pause he goes on:

"Do you know, Lizzie, what I'm going to do, if I can, after I die? I'll thank God for saving your soul, and damning the soul of him who deceived you."

The poor girl, seeing that remonstrance was in vain, only weeps and prays in silence, asking God to find and bless him, as He has found and blessed her. At length the old man sinks into quiet slumber. The sun dips below the prairie, night creeps down over the city, the stars peep out, and still the girl watches and prays, and holds her father's hand in hers. The night wears on, and the first faint fires of dawn are kindling in the east, when Lizzie is roused by her father's voice, strong and clear as of old.

"Lizzie?"

"Well, father?"

"I'm dying."

Whether it is the unnatural strength of his voice, or whether it is the coldness of the hand she holds in hers which convinces her, she knows not, but she feels that he has spoken the truth. She knows he is dying. She wishes to speak to him, and there is no time to be lost.

"Father," she says, "I have one request to make of you before we part. If you grant it I shall be happy through life; if you do not I shall be miserable."

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Say that you forgive Merwin Gray."

There is a moment's silence and a brief struggle, but the approach of death has softened the old man, and he replies, slowly but decisively: "I do forgive him, Lizzie."

She kisses him, and Monty says: "Do you think God can forgive me, Lizzie? I know I have done wrong in praying that Merwin Gray might be damned, but I was only a rough old miner, and you were all I had; so, maybe God will make allowance for me in the reckoning up. Oh, I am so thankful that you are saved, and so thankful to the woman who saved you. Do you know what I want you to do when I am gone? I want you to ask God every day to bless Canada and Canadian women, for 'twas a Canadian woman gave you back to me. I was never much of a hand at praying for myself, but I hope God has forgiven me my trespasses as I have forgiven him that trespassed against me. Do you know all that prayer, Lizzie?"

"Yes."

"Will you say it for me?"

"I will."

And that divine prayer, taught long years ago upon an eastern mountain, rises in tender supplication, from a prairie city of the Far West:

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispers Old Monty.

Surely the God who had heard and answered Old Monty's prayer, had heard and answered the prayer of his daughter.

The morning sun rays touched the white hair into silver, and fell aslant of the worn old face upon the pillow. It was the face of a corpse. Old Monty had gone to join his partner in the goldfields of Eternity, that lie beyond the foothills of Time.

J. Norris.

THE JESUIT'S WELL.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

I.

IN the early seventies, when I was a clerk in the Civil Service at Ottawa, where I had charge of the old Upper Canada Official Papers, my fellow-clerk, an eccentric old Frenchman named Lombard, died suddenly, leaving me, as a legacy, a package containing a memorandum, which read as follows:

"For John Bertram: Read papers in package tied with red tape in section 38. Open French, English inside. Marry the girl. Pierre Lombard."

When opened, it also disclosed an exquisite miniature painting on ivory of a very beautiful young woman of a past century, and on the back of the miniature was written in faded ink: "My great-grandmother, the Countess of Lombardy. P. Lombard."

I searched in section 38, and found the French papers, and on my opening them out fell a small bundle of letters. They were in English, and were written by one, John Gillis, manager of a branch of the old Canada Bank at a place called Northampton, on Lake Huron. They were, for the most part, on business matters, relating to monies, land, patents, etc.; but, examining them carefully, I came to a short one addressed to "Donald Gillis, Ayr, Scotland." It was the strangest letter I had ever seen, and contained the following meaningless jumble of words: "Left drawer in bottom first chart well get in Jesuit's ring the sunset the the pull a over half league boat west take dead from landing alternate back. J. Gillis."

After studying it for the whole night, I had a sudden inspiration that the last two words were a direction to be followed, and reading the rest backwards and alternating the words, got the following: "From landing take boat dead west, half a league over the sunset. Pull the ring in the Jesuit's Well. First get chart in left bottom drawer."

All was clear so far. This was a clue to a secret, no doubt, which I intended to fathom. I next found Northampton on the map, and went to bed to dream of buried treasure and a beautiful face that looked at me from an ivory portrait, and to study out, sleeping or waking, for evermore, the mystery of the Jesuit's Well.

Three days afterwards I arrived in Northampton. Next morning I stepped out in front of the tumble-down hotel and found the great sweep of lake and drifted beaches before my gaze, and I made up my mind that if a secret were hidden anywhere, it was here it would keep its history inviolate.

The whole atmosphere of haze-wrapped lake, sky and drifted sand shores, with these storm-blown battered buildings, seemed to belong to a remote past.

Upon enquiring as to the whereabouts of the former residence of Gillis, the bank, I discovered, had been closed for some years, and the residence, sold for a rectory, was now vacant.

The church clerk, a garrulous little man, accompanied me to the house, and then left me to my ruminations, after having informed me that at the top of the house were some articles belonging to the former owner.

I trod some rickety stairs and entered an old garret dimly lighted, and there in front of me, with its dust-covered, time-stained drawers partly open, stood the desk that my hopes were builded upon.

Trembling with excitement, I opened the left hand lower drawer, only to find emptiness and much dust. I could have cried out in my angry disappointment. I had feared that the desk might be gone, but never dreamed the papers could be missing.

I took out my package and studied it anew. Undoubtedly this was the right desk, but there it stood with the important left hand drawer empty. My chagrin was complete. Was the whole thing a dream of Lombard's?

I laid the ivory portrait on the desk. Was this also a part of his dream?

"It is remarkable," I ejaculated, aloud.

"It is, indeed!" chuckled a voice behind me, which caused me to start. I turned and caught the ghoulish little church clerk peering over my shoulder, with evident amazement, at the ivory portrait.

"What is remarkable?" I demanded, annoyed at the start he had given me and at his espionage of my actions.

"Don't be angry," he answered; "you were so absorbed in that old desk that my curiosity overcame me; but I will answer your question if you will tell me what you expected to find."

"Some old documents," I answered, in more conciliatory terms.

"You are mistaken," he said; "I was the first person to overhaul these things, and there were no papers in that desk. Gillis was a peculiar man, and he burnt all his papers before he died. He had one eccentricity: he was always looking for something. I guess it was buried gold. Many have come here on the same hunt. Lately, an old Frenchman came and stayed a week. He was very close until he got drunk, then it came out what he was after. He was the first to ask for Gillis. The others just went over and dug by the old fort."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"On White Sand Island, out there about two miles."

"Did they ever find anything?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "it's all nonsense. I think Gillis was a little crazy, or, at least, I did until I saw that picture."

"What do you mean?"

"If you can row, I will show you," he returned.

"Certainly I can. But was there nothing in that desk?"

"No papers, I am certain; for all I did find was there," pointing to the lower left-hand drawer.

"What was it?" I questioned, eagerly.

"Nothing, only a life of Captain Kidd," he returned.

"Was there nothing in it?"

"No," he answered; "I have read it a number of times; but I will send it to you this evening."

Soon we were rowing towards a small island, where a tall, stone lighthouse loomed against the horizon. Before us a long, low island lay like a line of smoke across the western horizon.

"That's the place," said the clerk; "you can see the fort from here. A lot of Frenchmen were murdered there once by the Indians. It has a bad name."

A sudden conviction came to me that here was the place where I should find the Jesuit's Well with its remarkable secret.

Before long I was following my guide through some shrubbery to the light-keeper's house. He knocked loudly. The door opened, and a young girl about seventeen years old, but the very image of the woman in the ivory portrait, stood before my astonished gaze.

II.

All that day the problem of the mysterious girl, the haunted island, the old fort and the dead Frenchman whirled through my brain, and I eagerly waited for evening.

About dusk the book arrived. It was a small volume, bound in cheap board covers, containing a history of the life and death of Captain Kidd, but, though I searched carefully from cover to cover, found that it contained nothing more than the plain narrative.

I made another diligent search, but without avail. I was about to throw the book down in disgust, when I noticed something that made my heart beat quicker. The last flyleaf had been carefully glued to the cover. Turning to the front I discovered that the same had been done there. Procuring some hot water, and having soaked the book, I soon separated the leaves, and drying the flyleaf by the lamp, read as follows: "C art to ind Jes ell." The rest was obliterated, but this was enough; it was part of a map. The second flyleaf would not come off as the other had done, so I could only make out a small portion, evidently the rest of the map, but I deciphered some writing in one corner. It ran: "Can not find Jes. Well; pot there. Can't get right angle for fort. Find child." This was all; but something to work on.

Next morning, with a spade, pickaxe,

a boat and sufficient provisions, I started early, steering straight for the fort.

As I rowed out past the island lighthouse in the hazy morning light, I saw, on a spit of white sand, a quarter of a mile away, the figure of a young girl, watching something intently out on the lake. It was Laeta Merton, for such, the little clerk had told me, was her name, the heroine of my dreams.

I noticed that she was looking at a point away at the north end of the island, toward which I was going.

After half an hour's hard rowing I reached the island. I have been in lonely places, but this was the loneliest I ever was in. Even in the middle morning it gave me that eerie sensation some places impress upon one at night, and an idea possessed me that I was in a place where some awful crime had been committed, and that the presence of the guilty dead still lingered.

It was a long, low, sandy spit, about half a mile in length, out of which jutted at the north end a huge rock shelf, that rose up and projected into the lake. Midway in the island stood the old fort. It was nothing now but ruined walls, with a great chimney at one end, and a huge, rugged doorway that looked lonesomely landward, and could be seen for miles.

For fully an hour, I examined every crevice, chink and wall in the old ruin, sounded its grass-grown floors for underground hiding-places, and satisfied myself that nothing was to be discovered here. I saw that others had been before me, for the whole place had been ransacked. Stones were pried up and holes dug, but whether the mysterious dog had kept faithful guard, or they had been successful, I could not tell.

It was patent that this kind of searching would not discover the Jesuit's Well. I must find the landing mentioned in the description, and take a line dead west. Taking out a small pocket compass, I began to make calculations. I took several points on the shore for the supposed landing, but none of them would lie dead east of the fort. I had to construct an angle, and working backwards, find the landing if possible. With compass, paper and pencil, I set to work. Taking the backbone of the island as a base, I found to my astonishment, that the line of its centre ran direct to the spit where the young girl had stood as I passed. A light flashed upon me; I had, or fancied I had, two points of the triangle, and the third was somewhere on land, and there would be the old landing. Without being a professional surveyor, I had some slight knowledge in that line, so with two poles at right angles, and the aid of my chart, I drew a rough diagram by which I got the point on shore, the lost corner of the triangle. But a line drawn due west from this point, I found, did not touch the fort at all, but ran across the centre of the great rock shelf at the north end of the island. This was a great surprise. My calculations were right, and Gillis was wrong in looking about the old fort where people would naturally search for treasure.

With pickaxe and spade I started towards the grim rock shelf that rose grey and gruesome out of the white drifted sand.

After climbing from plateau to plateau of rock, keeping the backbone of the island well in mind, I came out on top near the north end, and there in a slight indentation of the surface, lay an innocent looking slab of slate, covered partially by some drifted sand that never had come there by natural causes. Throwing my spade on the ground, and wedging my pickaxe under the slab, I turned it over to one side and revealed a ragged funnel, like a chimney that went on down and ended in an open cave. There was light below, and I could hear the ripple and fall of water, and knew that I had found the Jesuit's Well.

With a strange feeling of uncanny dread, I made up my mind to descend. As the walls were jagged, this was not hard to do, so, after tossing down my pickaxe, I climbed down about twenty feet, and found myself in a small, open cave, whose rock floor was thickly filled on the inside with fine, white sand, and which opened on the outside onto the open lake, but a few feet below the place where I stood. I went to the edge and leaned over, but started back, for I realized with amazement, that the waters from their inky blackness were of im-

mense depth. Turning around, I heard a sound of bubbling water, and going forward, saw against the inner wall in the corner, a clear spring of water that bubbled from the sand and fell with a musical sound into a curiously moulded iron pot, from whence it flowed into the lake below.

Here, indeed, was the well, and here the pot, but where was the ring to pull? With a rapidly beating heart, I examined the sides of the cave, but found nothing. Then I took the pickaxe, and began to probe the sand floor. I was much excited and worked hard, but was getting discouraged, when my axe-point struck something hard. Hastily brushing the sand aside, I found an old rusted iron ring. Inserting the axe-point, with a wrench and pull, up came a small square of wood like the hatch of an old boat, which revealed an opening in which was another iron pot filled with something that scintillated in the afternoon sunlight that now slanted into the cave. Wrenching up the pot by its rusted handle, a sight met my eyes that I had never dreamed in my wildest moments It was filled to the brim with jewels of wonderful beauty, and doubtless of inestimable value.

I sat down in a dream and emptied its contents out on the sand, and counted nearly fifty necklaces and bracelets of pure gems strung together in a fine setting of antique gold.

They were of but three kinds, rubies, emeralds, and opals, but all apparently of the purest water. There was no clue of any kind to explain the mystery of their presence, but there they gleamed red, green and violet in the lonesome sunlight, and my mind began to conjure up the old-time beauties whom they had once adorned, until a sense of their great value grew upon me, and of the responsibility of the vast wealth that had come into my possession.

Just then a movement of my foot overturned the hatch, and there, attached to it, face downward, where it had evidently kept silent watch during all those years, was a hideous grinning skull.

Then a horror of the place and jewels overcame me. The gems seemed to move as if touched by unseen hands. Suddenly, an eerie laugh sounded through the cave, and with a cry of terror, I sprang to the chimney and climbed rapidly up, and fell shaking and exhausted out into the upper sunlight.

Even out there, with the lake and sky all about me, it took some time for my nerves to recover from the horrible sensation that that skull and those jewels had conjured up; but that laugh, it could hardly be mere fancy. Cursing myself for my cowardice, I climbed down once more. The spring and the pot were as before, but the gems and the skull had vanished, and the place was as silent and empty as the tomb.

For a moment I stood in amazement, while my terror returned; again that laugh rang out, but nearer, and I turned to retreat, but started back in wonder and astonishment, for before me appeared a most remarkable and beautiful sight. Between me and the opening where the afternoon sunlight and the blue lake shone in, stood Laeta Merton, her beautiful dark face wearing a half mocking, half playful smile, and her splendid arms, head, breast and neck literally gleaming with the magical radiance of those mysterious jewels. It seemed as if by heredity, something subtle in those old gems had passed into her simple girlish nature, transforming her; for she looked, standing there, like some magnificent reincarnation of old days.

Intoxicated, carried out of myself by her strange, fatal beauty, I sprang forward, with a cry of passion and wonder.

"Laeta," I cried. But her face on the instant changed as I have never seen face change before or since. In it there grew infinite scorn and defiance, and as if to escape, she stepped quickly back, when her foot slipped, and in an instant with a quick cry she sank into the inky waters outside.

With a shout of horror, I sprang forward and leaned over the edge, but saw only the inky deeps that blinked at me from below. She and the jewels, between which and herself, was such a strange, mysterious association, by some mystic fate had sunk forever, taking with them the secret that enshrouded them.

W. W. Campbell.

HIS OWN LITTLE BLACK-EYED LAD.

IT is time for bed, so the nurse declares,
But I slip off to the nook;
The cosey nook at the head of the stairs,
Where Daddy's reading his book.
"I want to sit here awhile on your knee,"
I say, as I toast my feet,
"And I want you to pop some corn for me,
And give me an apple sweet."

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please can't I Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his little black-eyed lad.

"You can't have a pony, this year at all,"
Says my stingy uncle Joe,
After promising it—and there's the stall
Fixed ready for it, you know.
One can't depend on his uncles, I see,
It's daddies that are the best,
And I find mine and get up on his knee
As he takes his smoke and rest.

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

I want to skate, and oh, what a fuss
For fear I'll break through the ice!
This woman that keeps our house for us,
She isn't what I call nice.
She wants a boy to be just like a girl,
To play in the house all day,
Keep his face all clean, and his hair in curl—
But Dad doesn't think that way.

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

"You're growing so big," says my dad to me—
"Soon be a man, I suppose,
Too big to climb up on your old dad's knee
And toast your little toes."
Then his voice, it gets the funniest shake,
And oh, but he holds me tight!
I say, when I can't keep my eyes awake,
"Let me sleep with you to-night."

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

Jean Blewett.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

THE Duchess of Manchester, (formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, a noted creole beauty of New Orleans) the godmother and namesake of the young Duchess of Marlborough, has joined the rank of aristocratic authors, and has recently published a very dainty and well-written monograph on the town house of her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Devonshire. Devonshire House is one of the historic palaces of the British metropolis. Situated at the upper end of Piccadilly, with a frontage on to the Green Park, and the back looking on to Berkeley Square, it has been, ever since the beginning of the last century, when it was built by the famous architect, Kent, the headquarters of the Whig party, the centre of fashion, and the scene of more magnificent entertainments, than any other private residence in London. Every distinguished personage who has visited the English metropolis during the last two hundred years, or who, being a native, has played a rôle in the social, political or military affairs of Great Britain, may be said to have participated in its associations. With such material at her disposal, it is not astonishing that the Duchess of Manchester should have been able to write a very interesting book. Literature may be said to be quite largely represented with the ducal strawberry leaf. For the Duchesses of Rutland, of Sutherland, of Wellington, of Beaufort, of Bedford, of Leeds, of Atholl and of St. Albans, have all of them either written books or magazine articles, some of them being of no small merit. Those who do not write, go in for public speaking, and there are several of them who go by the name of "spouting duchesses."

THE late George Du Maurier had not the slighest idea of fashion, or what was the correct thing in women's dress. People supposed that he noticed these things, and society girls, magnificently gowned, used to call upon his wife and daughters, expecting that he would want to put them in his drawings, or would at least get some ideas from them. But he had not the least notion of what they had on. His daughters looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passer-by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and his daughters would protest: "Why, father, you musn't use that in *Punch*. Nobody wears those things now; they're dreadfully old-fashioned," and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment. He was even putting Trilby in those Latin Quarter scenes of forty years ago, into modern garments and had to be brought before the family tribunal for that. He finally got some old-style clothes, and he had models for the postures, and so on, though the face of Trilby was purely ideal. Little Billie's sister and sweet Alice were both taken from photographs.

Mr. Du Maurier found it tremendously wearying to supply *Punch* regularly with jokes and caricatures for so many years. People used to send him jokes from all over England, but he seldom found them available. At least three-fourths of all those which appeared were his own, and to see him walking up and down a room trying to think of a joke, was quite awful.

After his books became so popular, he

was overwhelmned with letters from all parts of the world. A good many came from admiring women, and some of them were vastly amusing. He used to let his grandchildren answer most of these, and no doubt his fair friends were rather disappointed on learning that he was not a young man. Then there were numbers of letters relating to the dream part of "Peter Ibbetson." He didn't really believe in any of that, of course, though he wrote it as if he did. Many people, however, took it seriously, and there was no computing the number of inquiries he had about it. "I have tried sleeping on my back," one would write, "with my feet crossed, as you described, but I can't succeed in dreaming true." Such complaints used to amuse him very much. He considered hypnotism an interesting subject, but did not investigate it particularly, nor believe much in it. Most of the personal characteristics of "Peter Ibbetson" were actually Mr. Du Maurier's own. He put himself into all his books; perhaps more directly into that than the others. The dislike of cruelty to animals, which he mentions in several places, was one of his conspicuous traits. As a young man, he would not shoot or hunt in any way. He did not object to boxing or any sort of reasonable encounter between men, but the idea of hurting helpless creatures lower in the scale, was very repulsive to him.

As a lecturer, Mr. Du Maurier was not altogether free from that distressing feeling called "stage fright." He was to lecture once in a large hall, upon his work as an artist for *Punch*, and went down with his wife beforehand to look the place over. The manager took them upon the stage or platform, which was unusually large, and told Mr. Du Maurier that that was where he would stand. "And I suppose," said the lecturer, "the people who are to listen to me will just sit around here on the platform, too, won't they?" "Why, no!" exclaimed the manager, in amazement. "On the platform! My dear sir, this place will be packed to the ceiling and to the very doors," and he indicated the immense size of the house. "What!" exclaimed Mr. Du Maurier, "you don't mean to say there'll be people on all those hundreds and hundreds of seats? Heavens! I can never do it in the world." But he did, and it was a great success, his voice being heard in every part of the house.

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THERE is much nonsense extant about the sensation writers experience while composing, and if the following confession from Mr. Barrie is to be taken in good faith, then it is well that he does not write in public.

He says: "It is my contemptible weakness that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously, if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer, if he is a coward, or given to contortion, I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely." This is simply awful, and one cannot but think the gifted author is poking fun at Mr. Howells, who recently laid bare his throes of composition to the readers of a popular journal.

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA. Advices from London state that certain prominent persons there are complaining that Canada has failed to contribute one dollar to the relief fund instituted by the Lord Mayor for the alleviation of the starving people of India, and the taunt is thrown in our faces that in spite of our Imperial boastings, Canadians have so far failed to loosen their purse-strings in a cause which should appeal to them as readily as to the people of England.

With the complaint we have much sympathy; though we do not go so far as to say that Canadians are reaping the benefit of India's misfortune.

Nevertheless, now is the time for Canadians to make good their claims to sympathy in Imperial matters. This is emphatically Canada's opportunity. If the Press throughout the country would take the subject up in a fearless way, we have not the slightest doubt that the people of Canada would come forward with a fair share of assistance for the people of India, and give a practical illustration of the fact that Canadians can act as well as talk. We, in Canada, have had so much to say with regard to Preferential Trade, an Imperial Zolverein and our allegiance to the Empire, and have boasted so frequently of our fellow-feeling with all things relating to the well-being of the sister colonies, that it would be humiliating and positively disgraceful for us to allow this opportunity to go by without an effort to show that Canadians can extend sympathy to their famished fellow-citizens of the Empire in India in a more practical way than by soft words and messages of condolence.

There are millions of people on the verge of starvation in India. Throughout the entire wheat district—the central and north-western provinces— the dearth is complete. There are over half a million people now on the relief list, but this is not a tenth of those famishing from hunger throughout the vast territory that is afflicted. The British and Indian Governments are doing all they can to relieve the distress, but they have been utterly unable, so far, to meet the demands that have been made upon their charity. It must be borne in mind, also, that those who are already on the relief list must be provided for for five or six months to come.

Hitherto Canada has never been backward at contributing to a cause where the call of humanity was heard appealing for help against grim starvation, and although she may have been backward in this case, it is not too late to redeem her good name. After the Jamestown flood and the Homestead riots, the sufferers received notice at the hands of Canadians; relief was sent also to the sufferers of the St. Johns', Newfoundland, fire, and $100.000 voted by the Canadian parliament for the relief of the starving people of the west coast of Ireland, who a few years ago were in dire distress through the failure of their fisheries. Then again, if further proof is wanted, Canadians have liberally contributed, only recently, to the relief of the persecuted Armenians. Is it to be said of Canada that she is more willing to lend a helping hand to the subjects of the Sultan in Armenia, than to Her Majesty's subjects in India? Now is the opportunity for our men with Imperial ideas to show that they are practical. If they do not move now, Canadians will begin to discredit their professions.

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THE PHILIPPINE UPRISING. The insurrection in the Philippines which, at first, was thought would help the cause of Cuba, is likely to have a reverse tendency. The celerity with which the rebellion in Spain's Malaysian archipelago has been got under control, will

cause a feeling of confidence and self-reliance among the Spanish troops in Cuba, that has hitherto been noticeably absent. It appears that 10,000 troops in the Philippines have accomplished what 200,000 have failed to do in Cuba. The conditions governing the two cases are hardly analogous, but, nevertheless, the result in one case cannot fail to have a determining influence upon the result of the other. It is likely that Spain will now attempt, with a stronger hand than ever, to subdue the Cuban uprising which has hitherto brought nothing but shame and disaster upon her arms.

It seems that the rebels in the Philippines have been driven into a quarter of the island forming a peninsula which is connected with the mainland by two necks passing on each side of a lake, and from this position there seems to be no escape. Thus the Spaniards are in a position to attack either from land or sea with a fair chance of success in either case, though probably a land attack will be made, for the reason that any withdrawal of troops from either neck of land to aid an attack by sea would leave an opportunity open for the rebels to force their way out and escape to the hills where, like the Cubans, they would be able to evade the troops.

The rebels in the Philippines made the fatal mistake of meeting the Spaniards in battle. The results have been disastrous to them in each engagement, not so much through a lack of bravery as on account of poor equipment. In cases of this kind, where the chance of victory is so remote against such odds as the latest war appliances entail, it would have been better policy to have pursued the course adopted by the Cubans, and carried on a guerilla warfare by means of which much damage could have been done and the interests of Spain incessantly harassed without the danger and risk which a drawn battle means to a force poorly armed and without a proper commissariat.

Regarding the final outcome of the trouble; a Yokohama paper, *The Japan Gazette*, draws attention to the fact that the Philippine Islands were captured by England in 1762 and given up again in 1764, in consideration of the sum of £1,000,000 sterling, which, it is stated, has never been paid. The journal says: "If any question as to the disposal of the islands should arise, a fact so pertinent is not likely to be forgotten in Downing Street." The paper goes on to state that Japan would not allow England to establish herself there unchallenged. From this it would appear that even the Japanese are beginning to realise the power and influence which the British Empire must exert over the world in the future.

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FIRE INSURANCE SWINDLES.

A year ago, the country was in a state of great excitement over the numerous life insurance murder trials that were in progress all over the Dominion, but the law made it so uncomfortable for those implicated, that there was a complete falling off in the number of such cases at the last Assizes. Instead, however, the criminals seemed to have turned their attention to obtaining money by swindling the fire insurance companies.

In various parts of Ontario, lately, there have been many trials for arson, arising out of a desire to beat insurance companies, and in Dufferin County there appears to have been even an organization of criminals of this class banded together for the express purpose of defrauding the insurance companies by means of fraudulent fires. This class of crime cannot be stopped too soon. The man who fires property upon which he has placed excessive insurance with the object of realising upon the policies, is only one degree removed from the criminal who deliberately plans the death of some unfortunate individual with a similar object, for he is trafficking in elements beyond human control. A fire once kindled, frequently burns farther than was intended, and loss of life not infrequently results. In some cases where it has been impossible to arrest the fire in time, whole families have been burned to death, and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed.

Criminals of this class, like those engaged in swindling life insurance companies, cannot be dealt with too severely.

BOOK NOTICES.

Nepheli. By Francis W. Bourdillon. New York: New Amsterdam Book Publishing Co.

In years gone by the author of "Nepheli" thrilled the reading public with a tender little lyric which may be new to some of our readers:

> "The night has a thousand eyes,
> The day but one,
> Yet the light of a whole day dies
> At set of sun.
>
> "The mind has a thousand eyes,
> The heart but one,
> And the light of a whole life dies
> When love is done."

When attempting to crystalize in sentences the elusive charm of this his first romance in prose, one instinctively echoes the query of Carlyle: "Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that!" The romance is a sonata in classical English, and the reader, whose knowledge of music is but initiatory, shrinks from handling a theme at once so strong and so ethereally delicate. Crudely outlined, the story is that of a young musician, Endymion Gerrard, who meets his twin-soul in the affianced wife of his most intimate friend, and the tragedy develops through his struggle to be true to his ideals of honor. Of the heroine, Nepheli, we are told that she was a musician cf rare ability and talent, that she drew true words from other lips, even when talk was lightest, as the magnet draws iron out of dust, and that she was endowed with rare and wonderful beauty. "As every one knows, the Southern beauty of dark eyes and dark hair is usually the more mastering and impressive, while the Northern beauty of lighter hues is the more artistically lovely. But now and again, rare as the centennial aloe-bloom, is seen a face, fair as the Orient day-spring, in golden hair and heaven-blue eyes, yet full, also, of the haunting wistfulness that usually looks out at us from the depths of dark-brown eyes. . ." The absolute knowledge of their affinity comes to them while they are performing on violin and piano a sonata of his composing, and this love is so interwoven with the supernatural, soars so far above the usual passions of every-day lovers, as to leave the reader powerless to analyze or explain. The story is of surpassing beauty, and, though taxing the imagination and making heavy demands upon credulity, few of us, let us hope, would care to challenge its possibility.

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Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. Urban and Suburban Sketches. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is seldom the reviewer finds a happier task than in scanning the pages of this delightful book. It is a gem intact; a triumph of the bookmaker's skill; a portfolio of some 200 illustrations, each a tiny masterpiece and all in unison with the text: it is a collection of sketches flooded with the sunshine of to-day and toned with the soft light and tender haze of yesterdays which look backward with a smile; it is, first and last, a book to linger over, to handle with gentle touch, to place among the few intimate belongings which have grown about one's heart. Two of the six chapters are sympathetic reproductions of the world-known "Bowery and Bohemia," of New York and the squalid "Jersey and Mulberry" slum of the same city. The author is avowedly "an ardent collector of slums," has missed art galleries and palaces and theatres and cathedrals (cathedrals particularly) in various and sundry cities, but has never missed a slum. Guided by his ripe experience, we learn the twists and turns of those tortuous ravines of tene-

ment houses, and we marvel at the splendid temerity of Mulberry babies that swarm in the middle of the street and never get run over, as they have a perfect understanding with the peddlers who drive their wagons in Mulberry Bend. But not all the children know this glad freedom. In these hives of humanity are many little hermits locked in one small room from daylight until dark. "In the window next to Mamie's is a little putty-colored face, and a still smaller white face that just peeps over the sill. One belongs to the mulatto woman's youngster. The mother goes out scrubbing, and the little girl is alone all day. She is so much alone, that the sage-green old bachelor in the second den from mine could not stand it, last Christmas time, so he sent her a doll on the sly. That's the other face."

In the suburban sketches, "Triman's to Tubby Hook," "The Story of a Path" and "A Letter to Town," we trail through patches of wood and tropical tangles of wild grass and azalea and know again all the sweet and gracious influences of life in quiet places. In the story of "The Lost Child," we find the supreme beauty of a volume which contains only the beautiful. We touch hands with the helpful, homely, kindly neighborliness of small communities and with certain gentle sympathies which thrive so poorly in crowded cities. And in one of these friendly little towns, in the early hours of a summer morning, there runs an awful message: "That boy of Penrhyn's—the little one with the yellow hair—is lost . . ." Line by line the picture grows, here the sure, clean stroke of a master-hand, there the light touch of one who lays bare the innermost sancity of human hearts, the love of a mother for her son. Men of all classes meet at the appointed rendezvous, "the Gun-Club grounds on the hill," and learning each his allotted territory, start on their pitiful quest. A few neighbors remain with the child's parents to help them through the hours of suspense, Presently from the searchers far below, by the river and hillside, comes the changeful, uneeven, yet cruelly monotonous cry of "Willy! Willy! Willy!" "It was a cry of many voices, a cry that came from far and near, a cry at which the women huddled together and pressed each other's hands and looked speechless love and pity at the woman who lay upon her best friend's breast, clutching it tighter and tighter. Of the men outside, the father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair. The others saw the great drops of sweat roll from his brow, and they turned their faces away from him and swore inaudibly." All day the searchers meet and part, hither and thither through the hot lowlands, signalling the news to heights above with the despairing sign which meant, "None yet!" When the late afternoon was come with its awful thread of impending night and the level red light had left the valleys and low places, and lit alone the hilltop where the mother was watching. "A great shout came out of the darkness, spreading from voice to voice through the great expanse below, and echoed wildly from above, thrilling men's blood and making hearts stand still; and as it rose and swelled and grew towards her out of darkness, the mother knew that her lost child was found." This is an outline, meagre and much broken, but the picture one should see for one's self.

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How Women Love, and other Tales. By Max Nordau. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Soul Analysis" is the sub-title and indicates the standpoint from which the stories have been written. M. Nordau's women are an extraordinary collection and we cannot congratulate their creator upon his proprietory rights. Their love is always at concert pitch and makes the reader so very, very tired. People who have small leisure and who desire to extract the best from whatever book is at hand will do well to skip the expounding, "How Women Love," and turn their attention to the other tales which are clearly defined, well told and of greater or less interest.