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THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY

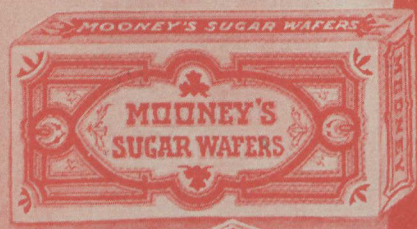
Vol. XXXVI

No. 4

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVI.

No. 4

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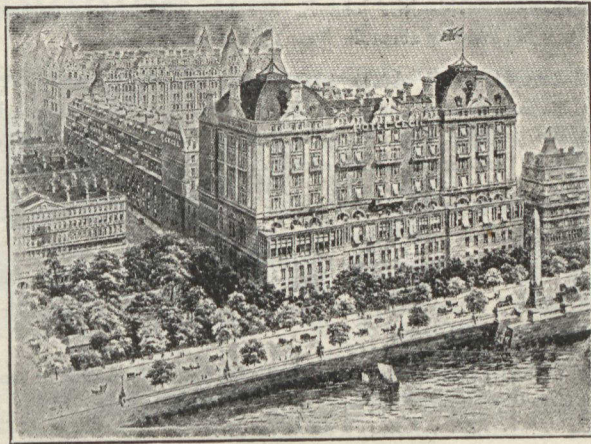
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The Canadian Magazine for ... March ...

THE SURRENDER OF POUNDMAKER—Major C. F. Winter, of the Canadian Militia Staff, was present when the famous Indian Chieftain Poundmaker surrendered to Major General Middleton. He has written for The Canadian Magazine an account of that memorable meeting, giving the impressions that he as an eye-witness received. The article is well illustrated.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS—Mr. W. Lacey Amy concludes his treatment of this far-away part of the Dominion, giving attention in this article mostly to the people, their habits of life and the grim yet wholesome struggle they wage continually against severe elements.

THE STORY OF A LOVE—This is a short story by the author of "Anne of Green Gables." Miss Montgomery is one of the most charming of Canadian writers, and her circle of readers is rapidly enlarging.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY—Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has been making an impression with what might be called mind-mystery stories. These stories have all the fascination of the detective story, with the added charm of fine writing. Read the one in the March Number.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON—Mr. John E. Webber will continue to keep his readers well informed on the things worth knowing about the New York stage.

CANADIAN COLLECTORS AND MODERN DUTCH ART—This is a subject of peculiar interest to Canadians, because Dutch Art has had both a good and a bad influence on Canadian collectors. Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., the noted "criminal" lawyer, who is a collector himself, has written for The Canadian Magazine an appreciation of the best Dutch painters and a warning to buyers.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK"—Professor Clarke concludes his masterly review of this great Browning epic. Professor Clarke is a Canadian, and just now is lecturer on English literature in the Peabody College for Teachers at the University of Nashville.

WHAT IS EMPIRE? Particularly just now this paper by the Honourable William Renwick Riddell will be read with great interest.

BUILDING THE HABITAT—The frontispiece will be a reproduction of another of Mr. C. W. Jeffery's paintings of Canadian historical subjects. It will be shown in three colours.

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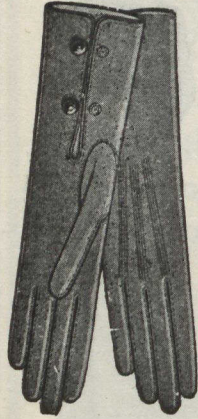
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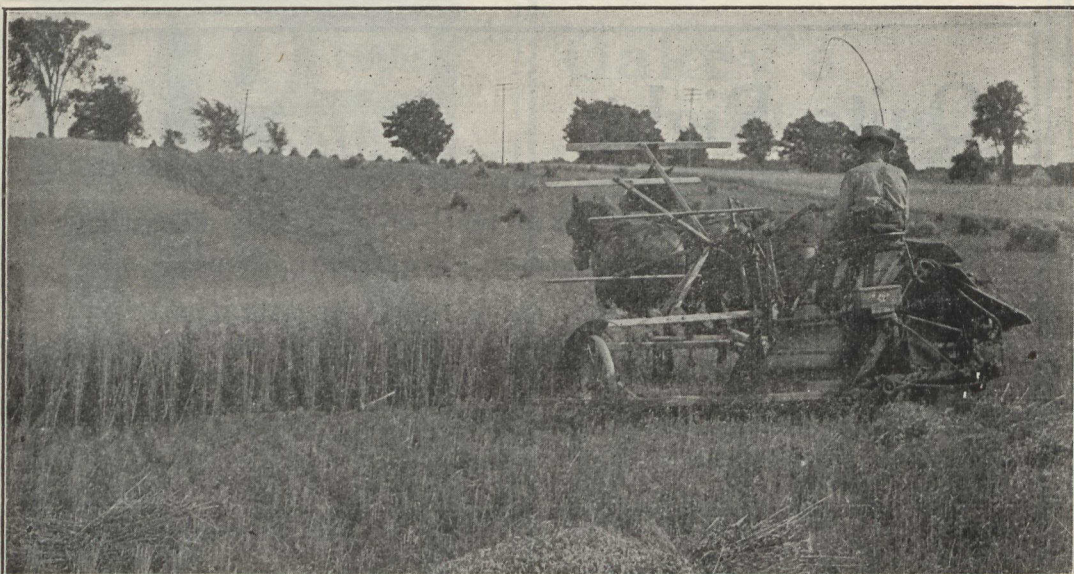
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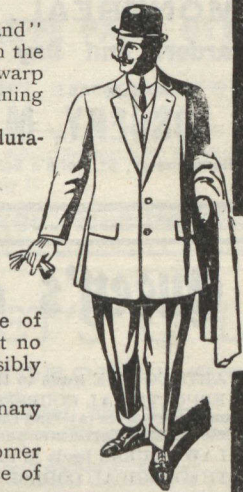
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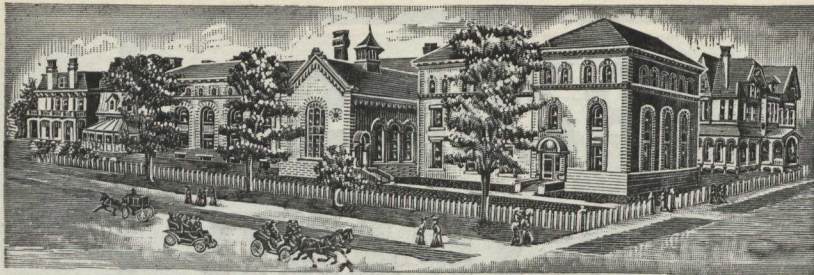
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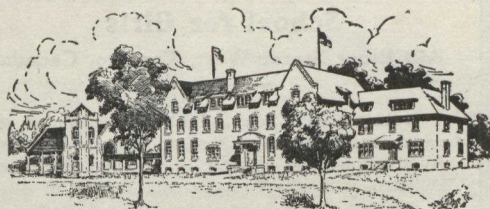
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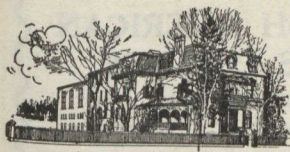
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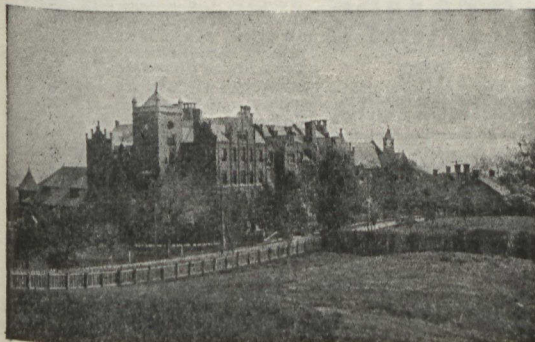
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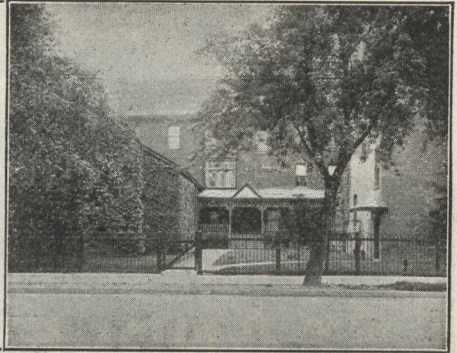
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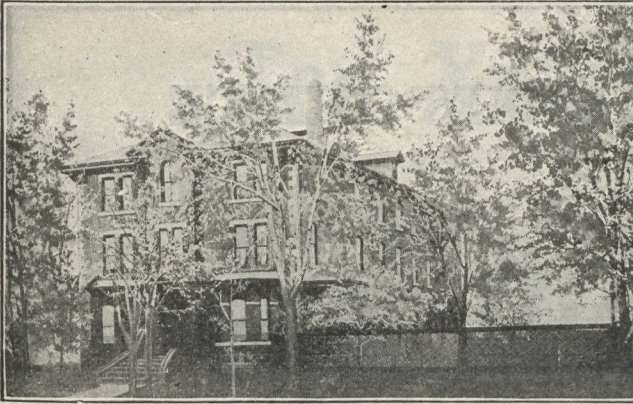
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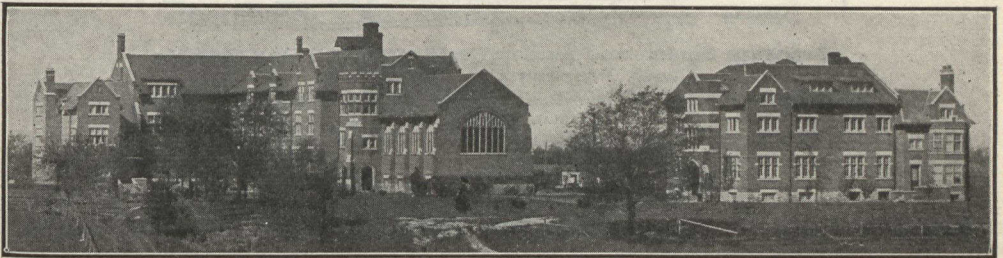
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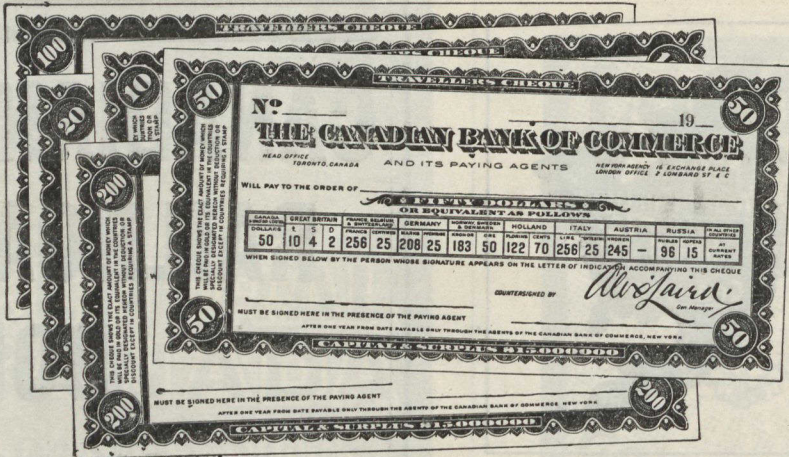
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HEAD
OFFICE: **TORONTO, CANADA.**

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RECORD OF PROGRESS FOR FIVE YEARS 1905-1910

	1905	1910
Capital	\$3,459,585	\$4,000,000
Increase	- - - - -	\$540,415
Reserved Funds	\$3,968,631	\$4,944,777
Increase	- - - - -	\$976,146
Deposits	\$21,367,075	\$36,985,719
Increase	- - - - -	\$15,618,644
Loans & Investments	\$27,433,324	\$40,605,531
Increase	- - - - -	\$13,172,207
Total Assets	\$32,806,741	\$50,314,397
Increase	- - - - -	17,507,656

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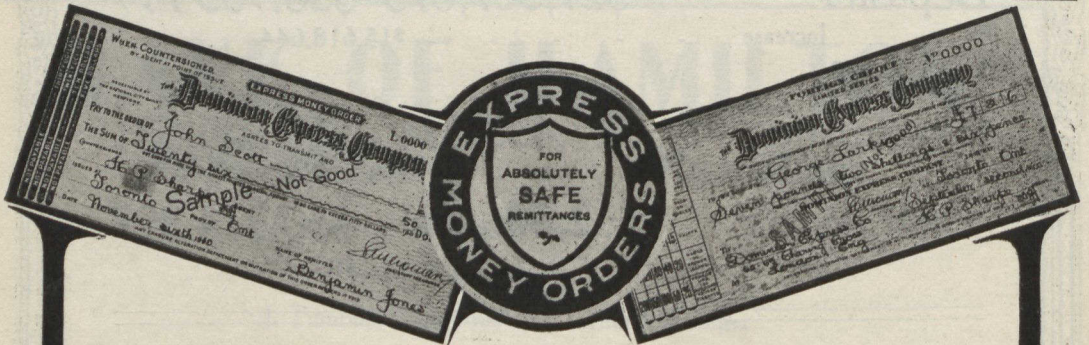
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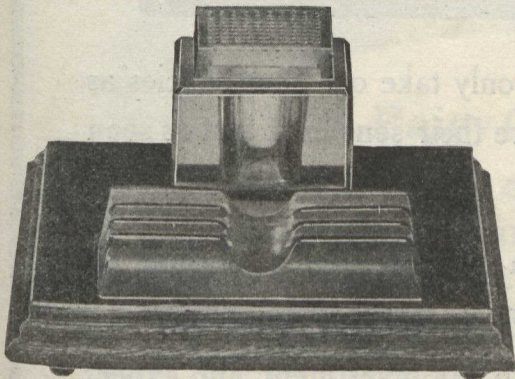
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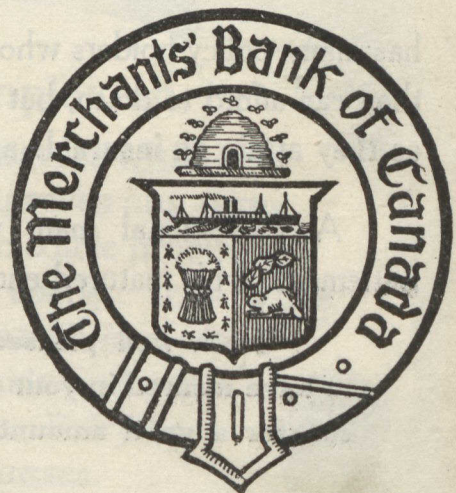
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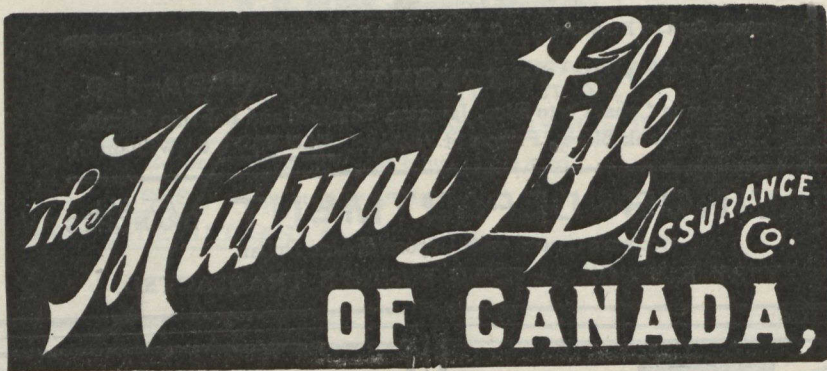
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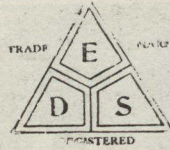
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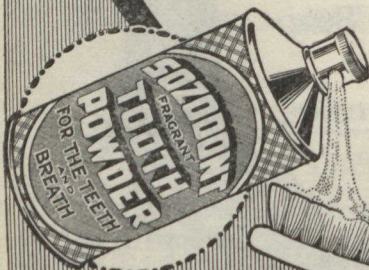
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No particle of grit. No taint of acid.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 4

STORMONT: A TOWN UNBUILT

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

Photographs by Lyman Fancy

"Except the Lord do build the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchman watch in vain."

TROY town fell and furnished thereby subject for an epic and material for some few mounds on a windy plain. In this "Town of Stormont, in the County of Guysborough, Nova Scotia," and its desolation there is, beyond dispute, no material for an epic, though perchance somewhat for a plain history, conceiving that history to be an account of people who would have built a town and of that town as it is today.

During the struggle that ended in the separate establishment of the United States, the last Royal Governor of North Carolina, Sir Charles Grenville Montagu (to whose memory there is, by the way, a tablet in St. Paul's Church, Halifax), formed a regiment—the King's Rangers—of volunteers and volunteers persuaded. He found his men in the colony of which he had been Governor. This regiment fought through the war, and when the treaty was finally made was of course disbanded. But to those who had composed it, there was scant prospect of making any comfortable settlement with the new authorities

who were founding the great republic. New homes were therefore the question, and these were offered in Nova Scotia, an unconsidered place to them hitherto, unfamiliar to their minds in every way.

Nevertheless, they put to sea from St. Augustine, in two transports, and came late in 1784 to Halifax, which was dreary enough at that time of fall gales, no doubt, but to them, in some sort, a city of refuge. They had already provisions, farming tools, and clothing for three years; and at Halifax one of the transports took on a deck-load of lumber. They were ready, as it seemed, for their venture, for their entrance into their heritage. Yet they were, it is said, unwilling to go on just then, though surely the future should have seemed fair enough. To each one had been given "a building lot in the town of Stormont, on the east side of Country Harbour." Well provided for as they were, what else could they reasonably ask? Perhaps they thought, and surely not without reason, that the chill of this new land of promise might strike harshly on blood tempered beneath a warmer sky; perhaps they (or some black woman among them with a touch of African witchcraft) divined afar off the sweep of

icy north wind down Country Harbour; perhaps it was no more than a sub-tropical unwillingness to work. At any rate, their leaders, Captains Leggatt and Dawkins, urged a move forward, and perhaps wisely enough. The Halifax of 1784 had small accommodation for such guests.

That Country Harbour, whither they were bound, lies about one hundred miles eastward along the coast from Halifax. All the shoreline is a succession of harbours, but this one stands among them without equal: a deep gash between hills; a mile or more wide, and perhaps ten miles from harbour mouth to where the tide

northerly gales of the season, and the company that looked up at that snow-clad slope must have known more than a little discouragement. Snow and desolation, desolation and snow! It was melancholy enough to look at, more melancholy to go into and by force of muscle and courage make homes. It is not hard to think, surely, that they looked back, some of them at any rate, to Christmas days spent riotously perhaps, yet merrily: kept with old-world pomp and circumstances or with homely good cheer, certainly in care-free fashion and under kindlier skies. Be that as it may, they went on shore at last, and



DARBY'S POINT. NEAR HERE STOOD THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE

is lost; spacious and safe; such a haven as those that elsewhere have sheltered half the world's shipping, though scarce a keel furrows its waters. The western shore runs far out forming one side of a wide bay.

Hither the "King's Rangers" came, on Christmas Day, 1784. About three miles up the harbour on the eastern side a steep hill runs down in a wooded slope to the water's edge, and at the foot of this, at the place now called Niblett's Landing, they went on shore. But only one of their ships had arrived; the missing one, with their lumber, had been blown off shore in one of the fierce

in good time came the other transport; but the lumber that was to have built their shelter had been swept overboard in the gale! A problem now arose, one to them almost unsolvable; to make in this wilderness some protection from the weather, whose quality they had already tested.

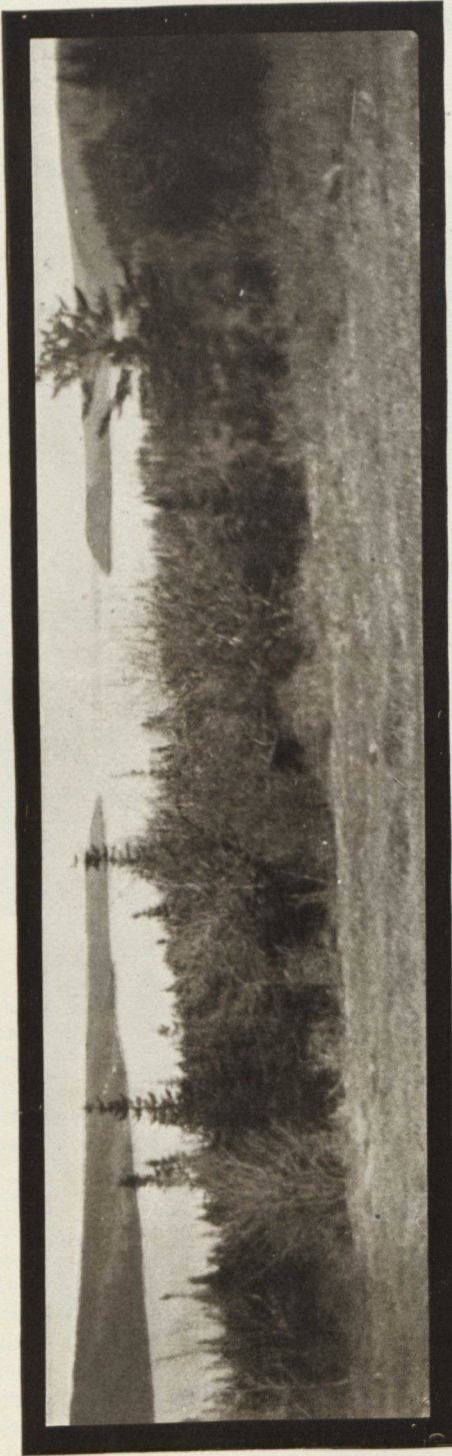
So they began work. They were not pioneers by blood, but of the same type and class, many of them, as those "poor gentlemen" down whose sleeves Captain John Smith poured cans of water in Virginia. Not hardy New Englanders these, moving on into deeper forest unafraid, but



AT "THE WILLOWS"



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN STORMONT. IT WAS BUILT BY GUY MORRIS MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO



THE HARBOUR FROM HIND'S PLACE. MOUNT MISEEY IS THE MOUND-TOPPED HILL THAT FORMS A PENINSULA ON THE RIGHT

slave owners and what are called now-a-days "poor whites," the last breed in the world to put down on the coast of Nova Scotia in mid-winter and bid seek out the "many inventions" of the successful pioneer. And altogether, men women and children, white and black, there were about nine hundred of them.

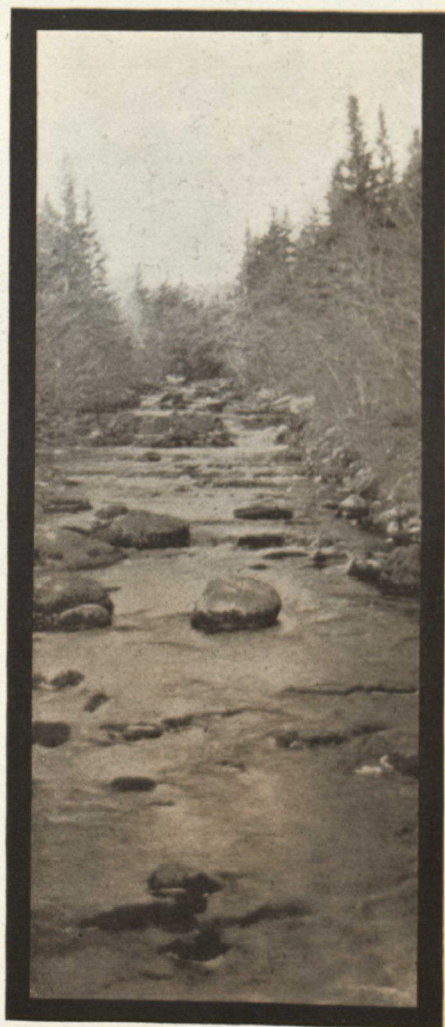
Along the face of the hill they built, with who knows how much needless labour (the sure penalty of lack of skill), log cabins, filling the chinks in the walls with moss. So far, so good; the four rude walls would withstand the wind and even keep most of it out; but the problem of roofing confronted them and found either them or their resources inadequate; they roofed their cabins with brush, the thick, strong-looking fir and spruce brush that was so plentiful, and no doubt looked so fit to keep out the snow. They did not count on the rain!

But the rain came, in perhaps, one of those January thaws that are a feature of the Nova Scotian climate, and soaked unflinchingly through their roofs and into their cabins, so that they took cold and died, many of them, and had no further use for their town-lots, except as earth for shallow graves. Those who lived learned by experience, and tried another scheme for roofing. They took tree-trunks and split pieces from them, somewhat like stavewood, and made their roofs of them, with better results. Somehow they struggled through the winter. Three hundred of them died and were buried all along the slope of the hill; the rest lived through it in their leaky cabins, not, it is easy to imagine, with any rose-coloured hopes for spring, but with who knows how much of anguished looking forward to that season and surprise that was half terror at its lateness.

There had been other enemies than cold during the winter. With but little practice in restraint, brought to



PART OF THE OLD ROAD BETWEEN LEGATT'S AND MARSHALL'S



"THE BROOK . . . WHERE THE GHOST OF A MAN FOULLY SLAIN WALKS AT TWILIGHT"

despair by the implacable winter and disease, the less responsible class among the settlers ran wild. Strange tales of sudden death were told around the cabin fires, of brawls with the Indians and atrocities that followed, of all the riot and disorder that might have been expected. Those who had money hid it in the chinks of their cabin walls; and women, left alone while their men were hunting, dared unbar the door to none. Then,

and even later, it was no uncommon thing for the owner of one of those town lots to barter it quite openly for a pint of rum; even their wives, some said, were exchange for the "sovereign" elements.

Spring came at last by the infinitely slow degrees peculiar to the climate. In April there was snow on the ground; in May it flew in the air, but the grass began to look green, and by the first of June there were leaves on



THE HINDS BURYING GROUND

the trees. The colonists, or rather some of them, began to take heart and to think of the town yet to be built. Others, of less daring fibre, refused to cast in their lot with an enterprise that was, they said, patently doomed from its beginning; and mindful of that hill so liberally bestrewn with graves, they went their way elsewhere; back South, to other settlements, anywhere, away from that place of evil omen.

The others, those who stayed, cleared the land where they had landed and for about two miles down or up the harbour, at intervals, as far as the head of the tide, along the western side of the harbour, notably on that hill, aptly named Mount Misery, where the initials of five of them are still to be seen cut in a rock near the summit, with the date—1785. One went far out into the forest on this western side, and there cleared a farm and worked as a cooper. Another, Hinds by name, a young man, married the daughter of one of his officers and built a sturdy house of logs, with a chimney of stone and

wicker work, opposite to and a little above their landing-place. Around this he planted in course of time an orchard whereof two old trees stand to this day. He had a cider press and a tannery. With his own hands he chiselled stones for his gristmill, one of which is still to be seen and was in use not so many years ago. He reared cattle and sheep and swine, had a loom in his house, and wove cloth; learned to make shoes, and made them, out of leather of his own tanning; and so lived and brought up his family, in prosperity, homely enough, but still untroubled.

Farther up on this same western side lived coloured people and, farther down, an eccentric person, Doctor Deal, whose house stood in a clearing still to be seen—a tiny plot of bright green grass, circled by tall trees, a fearsome place at twilight. And there he lived with his negro wife, whom he taught, so they said, strange arts of compounding medicines.

On the eastern side, near the original landing-place, was the most thickly-settled spot. There two of

the officers, Marshall and Darby, built houses of some size, and around them clustered others, whose names are not preserved except in the casual mention given them in a book, now nearly destroyed, but still profoundly interesting, if only for its unsatisfactory glimpses into the past—the "Records of the Town of Stormont," begun about 1785. This book was kept by a succession of officials. It recorded births and marriages, transfers of land, and sheep marks. In it are names quite forgotten, others barely remembered, native hints of scandals more than a century old, tantalising suggestions of romance unremembered for fifty years. It has lost many pages, and its brown sheepskin covers have suffered; but, in spite of all, it retains a subtle air of confidence with the past, of being essentially a link with those who wrote in it.

Far up the harbour settled the Hudsons and a Doctor Cornwall (mentioned in the book), from whom the "Doctor's Brook," a romantic, pebbly stream and the scene of one of the best of Stormont's many ghost stories, takes its name.

As time went on, all this scattered life began to crystallise around one point—the "Willow Trees," as it was called, where the senior captain of the regiment, Leggatt by name, had built his house. He had come better provided with money and slaves than any of the others, and his house—two-storied and capacious—became the centre of this exotic community. He was the great man of the settlements. On him fell, to a great extent, the charge of its government. The greater number of his large family were born at Stormont, and are duly recorded in the book, and each is furnished with a name of imposing length, according to ancient custom. The great house by the water swarmed with servants and hangers-on, white and black. Wide Southern hospitality was dispensed there, and it must have seemed that around this

nucleus would grow up the town of promise.

There was, moreover, trade: an export of timber, for the forest beyond the hills was hardwood and absolutely untouched. This, with the energy of some few of the settlers, seemed to make prosperity an assured fact; and they must have taken heart not a little as, in the first quarter century after their landing, large and comfortable houses rose here and there along the water-side, as orchards bloomed on the slopes of the hills, and as yearly more and more ships dropped down stream, timber-laden. The spirit of the first winter had never died out, and with prosperity came opportunity. There were still tales, less openly told now, of cruelties to Indians, of murder done quietly and covered hastily, of rebellion threatened among the negro slaves and punished with quick and secret death. Riot and drunkenness still led to their old results and, if less discussed, brought their punishment. It was when the place had been settled for nearly thirty years that a privateer came into the harbour one day, a Liverpool privateer, fitted out and commanded by that shrewd old citizen of Liverpool, afterwards the Honourable Enos Collins. It cast anchor off the "Willow Trees," where the great house and store indicated a place of mark, and there the crew went on shore. What riot there was that night could only be guessed at by the shouts faintly heard from the ship. But the privateer sailed next morning with a man missing, and not long after a body drifted ashore on the little beach, "Dead Man's Beach" they call it now, at the foot of Mount Misery. The body was buried quietly, and no more was said about it. But it has stood as an unhappy memory of the place.

Thus it went on, till finally, it is said, a crowning act of cruelty brought a curse on the place, a curse of desolation and misfortune, even to the seventh generation, a curse laid

on it by an Indian, one of the last of his race. A useless thing, seemingly, to call down desolation and failure on a town built on the shores of a superb harbour backed by heavy-timbered hills, and already becoming a shipping port. Useless, seemingly, but significant, as it expressed what already hung over the place; the doom of lawlessness or indolence in the greater part of its settlers.

In truth, it was not long after this that the first stroke of deadly misfortune fell on Stormont. About the year 1817, a great gale, accompanied by a phenomenally high tide, ravaged all the south coast of Nova Scotia. At Halifax its effects were bad enough, but on Stormont a sudden and terrible misfortune fell. The great forests, the source of its chief industry, were so ravaged that scarce any timber of value remained, for the salt wind had killed and laid flat the trees.

At the "Willow Trees," too, the storm did its utmost. The master of the house was on his way home from Guysborough, the county town, riding through the woods by a bride-path. When at last, wearied out and ill (for he had been seriously hurt in falling from a cliff a year or two previously), he reached his home it was to find scarcely its ruins. The tide, rising above the road, had swept both house and store away. Completely disheartened by this calamity, he was carried by his servants up the dark wind-swept road, about two miles, to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Morris, with whom his wife and family had already taken refuge. There, broken down by disease as well as misfortune, he died; and his widow and younger daughters, left homeless, went to England. His sons found their way out into the world and a more eventful life. One daughter, a Mrs. Goudge, of Halifax, afterwards built the Anglican Church still standing at Stormont, and for many years she took a generous interest in some old coloured servants of the family.

But at her death all connection of the Leggatt family with Stormont ceased. The Morris house, too, had its share of misfortune. Its owner bled to death there from a wound, some time after Captain Leggatt's death, and his widow moved away.

From the time of the gale onward Stormont continued to go down hill. There were gleams of prosperity, it is true, but no venture prospered steadily, no family made for itself a secure home; and this, too, in spite of efforts repeatedly made. Whatever may have been the underlying reason, some malignant fate seemed to work against all who tried to bring back the prosperity that had seemed the place's right. Their houses were burned, their fortunes wasted, their plans over-thrown. More and more people followed those who had moved away in the first years of hardship. They went, some to Guysborough, some to Halifax, and in their places came in time, new adventurers, with new plans and new hopes.

Early among these were a Mr. Stuart and a Mr. Archibald, partners in a saw-milling and ship-building venture. For a while all went well. The Archibald family moved to Stormont and lived in a large house far up the harbour. "Squire" Archibald filled, in a sense, the place that Captain Leggatt had held, and around his house and shipyard as a centre gathered the social and industrial life of the place. Stuart married a widow, Mrs. Stephens, whose parents, the Stevensons, had been among the original settlers and who had some little fortune. With her husband she left the Stevenson place, the property of her mother (near where the old family burying-ground still remains); and, buying the Morris house, they moved into it a spacious, stong-built house, standing to this day, finished quaintly within, with panelling and heavy cornices, and obtaining up till a few years ago, sundry treasures of mahogany furniture and old china.

But though a son of the buyer still occupies this house, neither the mill nor the shipyard prospered. Less and less came in every year, till the owners were fain to give up in despair. The Archibald house was deserted, as the family died out or moved away. Mill and ship-yard had become the regulation Stormont venture.

Another bid for success was made by a man named Modstock, son of one of the original settlers. He traded for a number of years, and not unsuccessfully; he made money, and built therewith his house. Then to him, when, with several others, he put most of his capital into the schooner *Reindeer*, came the seemingly inevitable. Swiftly his luck turned and left him as poor as it had found him.

Almost the last of these who fought against the adverse fate of Stormont was yet another ship-builder and a captain of ships as well. Captain Ira Pride set up his shipyard not far from the original landing-place of the settlers, and he built there a house and store. He had energy and skill, but no better fate than the others. The shipyard did not pay, it was deserted, and finally buildings and all were burned in a forest fire. So that to-day there is scarcely a trace of the life there of forty years ago. Little was done after this, and when the brig *Wanderer*, launched from Hayne's yard, dropped down the stream the end of Stormont's ship-building had come, and its ancient quiet settled down once more over almost the whole region.

Such a quiet! It is to-day almost as still as before the King's Rangers made their landing. On "The Commons," as it is called, on the east side of the harbour, opposite Mount Misery, a few descendants of the early adventurers live, notably Jesse Clyburne, and his wife, who was Sarah Hudson. They make a little garden, and they like to talk of that picturesque history now fading out of re-

membrance. The old man's father was the first white child born in Stormont. So close is this link with forgotten things! The few cleared fields among which they live are being gradually reclaimed by the forest; but here and there among them is a wide space, the site of some of the larger houses of the old days. The wooded spaces farther back are pitted with old cellars, overgrown now with blackberry vines and ferns. Overgrown, too, and lost somewhere in the tangle is the Leggatt burying-ground nobody knows just where.

On the western side of the harbour, at the Hinds place, there is more show of life and movement; there are more people and more houses and a certain air of prosperity. But the original home farm, deserted many years ago, is fast being overgrown with alders. Only the site of the house remains, a distinct cup of green, with a great stone where the door hung, and on the sunny hill-slope before it scattered patches of columbine show where the garden once flourished. Here, too, by the brook, are two old apple-trees, the last of the orchard. And not far from the present house is the family burying-ground, for like the Stevensons and Leggatts, they kept up the old Southern custom.

Up the river, at the Archibald place, and above, there is something life-like and properous. There is no ship-building, no export of timber, none of the life that was there for some fifty years of last country; but there is a certain amount of lumbering and farming and an air of chastened enterprise. There are, moreover, two types, persistent still; the mild, sandy-haired, invertebrate, poor white, and the military-looking, well set-up representative of a fiercer breed—interesting, perhaps, to the observer of such things.

But at the "Willow Trees," where the vivid life of the place first centered, there is no promise of enter-

prise. The turf, with scarcely the faintest outline of a house, slopes green below and above the old road. The great willow trees that marked the spot have fallen, and from their trunks a mist of new shoots has sprung up. The road down the harbour from here leads past the deserted Marshall and Darby places, past the mound that marks the Marshall vault, past the little house where two old people live with their memories; down still, till it loses itself in the thick woods on Douglass' Mountain. This eminence is named for yet another of the colonists, he who dealt so promptly with rebellious slaves.

A quiet road now, grown grassy and edged in spring with delicate young leaves, and yet, not so long ago, within the lives of the fathers of some now living, it was the artery of how keen and colourful a life! They lived with all the warmth of the blood that was in them, intensely, heartily; and in the affairs of that living they passed along this old road, where to-day even the birds are fearless, so quiet it is. They passed along this road, beyond the "Willow Trees" and over the brook just above them, where the

ghost of a man foully slain is said to walk at twilight, and up into the stretch of road that lies between that brook and Pride's deserted shipyard. Did they feel, ever in the old days, the weirdness that is in the air there now? Who knows? The road runs at the foot of the hill where they built their cabins in that first winter. All along the sides of the hill, overgrown now with a thick wood, are the graves of the three hundred who died before the first spring came—those dead people of whom they said, "The good sleep in peace, but the bad walk." So that, even in those days, there rested on the place a sort of shadow. Now the trees are high and dark above the path; the wind blows softly, and the sky and the light seem far away over this place, in a greater degree than anywhere else in Stormont, hangs the shadow of failure, almost of tragedy. Truly, they lost their pain who built. And of their hopeful building so little remains!

A lonely road! Lonely, though the hill-top above looks southward across the deserted fields and out over the wide sweep of the harbour to the bay, where the ships go by in the sunlight.

THE CANYON

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

DOWN in the trampled street a twilight of mirk and mist!
 Blank looking window-eyes that flare into sudden light,
 Up and up, till we strain to follow their weary height—
 And, above, a sky as gorgeous as ever a sunset kissed.
 Purple and gold and gray, with silver space between
 Billowing opal waves, their flaming crests wind-curved,
 Light that glitters and heaves and breaks on a rounded world,
 Breaks and scatters in glory and slips to the vast unseen!
 Down in the muddy street the toll that the night demands;
 Red staring window-eyes up, up till the eyeballs pain,
 Soul-weary men, earth bent,—and this is the thing we gain
 When we shut ourselves in a canyon, built up by our own mad hands!

"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

AN APPRECIATION OF BROWNING'S GREAT EPIC

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

ONE lays down this great work with a sense of a confusion of voices sounding and echoing within—voices that declare and argue, that doom and defend, that explain craftily, grieve comfortlessly, plead tenderly, that review and adjudge, that execrate and blaspheme. Is there any common calculus here,—any one principle to which all conform? Various and incongruous as these voices are, all alike seem to be seeking—though few sincerely—a single centre, truth. Let them be heard a moment, one by one:—

Half-Rome.

" . . . Now, am I fair or no
In what I utter? Do I state the facts,
Having forechosen a side? I promised
you!"

The Other Half-Rome.

"All is told."

Tertium Quid.

"The long and the short is, truth seems
what I show."

Count Guido Franceschini.

"Now for truth!"

Giuseppe Capensacchi.

"Well then, I have a mind to speak, see
cause
To relume the quenched flax by this dread-
ful light,
Burn my soul out in showing you the
truth."

Pompilia.

" . . . 'Twas truth singed the lies
And saved me, not the vain sword nor
weak speech."

"Well, and there is more! Yes, my end
of breath
Shall bear away my soul in being true!"

Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis.

"Explaining matters, not denying them."

Juris Dr. Johannes-Baptista Bottinius.

"Able once more, despite my impotence,
And helped by the acumen of the Court,
To eliminate, display, make triumph
truth!"

What other prize than truth were worth
the pains?"

The Pope.

"Pleadings and counter-pleadings, figure
of fact

Beside fact's self, these summaries, to
wit,—

How certain three were slain by certain
five:

I read here why it was, and how it went,
And how the chief o' the five preferred
excuse,

And how law rather chose defence should
lie,—

What argument he urged by wary word
When free to play off wile, start subter-
fuge,

And what the unguarded groan told, tor-
ture's feat

When law grew brutal, outbroke, over-
bore

And glutted hunger on the truth, at
last,—

No matter for the flesh and blood be-
tween.

All's a clear rede and no more riddle now.
Truth, nowhere, lies yet everywhere in
these—

Not absolutely in a portion, yet
Evolvable from the whole: evolved at last
Painfully, held tenaciously by me.

Therefore there is not any doubt to clear
When I shall write the brief word pres-
ently

And chink the hand-bell, which I pause
to do."

Guido.

"Sirs, my first true word, all truth and
no lie,

Is—save me notwithstanding!"

These several recurrent expressions of loyalty to truth can hardly be looked upon as the result of a literary accident. From Browning's point of view, they are significant and deliberate, ranging all the way from skilful deceitfulness, through conventional credibility, to a childlike simplicity, a manly passion for truth, and a wise appraisal of human instinct and evidence as seen in the light of history and religion.

And then? In which of these hearts lies the final truth? Whose mouth utters it? May we find it at last in the scorn, the sorrow, the despair of Caponsacchi, in the smiling innocence of the child-woman, Pompilia, or in the aged virtue

" . . . of an old, good man
Who happens to hate darkness and love
light?"

In none of these, the Poet seems to say, loyal and noble spirits as they are; else why hear so carefully each of the three, with the sinister Guido and the lesser persons that have but a public or professional interest in the case? All must speak freely and be heard patiently, nay eagerly, because the being of truth is spiritual and eternal and universal; while language is human and mutable and partial; because, although Art cannot be content to formulate expressions of fact merely, it can and does evoke spirit from spirit, flashing out truth in the process—essential truth, as Mrs. Browning calls it in her "Aurora Leigh," not "relative, comparative, and temporal truths"; because—and now it is Browning himself speaking directly:—

"Because, it is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at
least.

How look a brother in the face and say,
'Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet
art blind;

Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, des-
pite their length:

And, oh, the foolishness thou countest
faith!

Say this as silverly as tongue can troll—

The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear—but here's the
plague

That all this trouble comes of telling
truth,

Which truth, by when it reaches him,
looks false,

Seems to be just the thing it would sup-
plant,

Nor recognisable by whom it left:

While falsehood would have done the work
of truth.

But Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to
men,

Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the
thought,

Nor wrong the thought, missing the
mediate word.

So may you paint your picture, twice show
truth,

Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—

So, note by note, bring music from your
mind,

Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—
So write a book shall mean beyond the
facts,

Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

In these lines are found Browning's apology for his ample epic, in which he seeks to get at the eternal significance (that is, the truth), of an Italian murder case of the seven-teenth century. If it were the final legal or humanly moral pronouncement that Browning had hoped to disengage, his task might justly deserve Carlyle's bit of badinage: "What a wonderful fellow you are, Browning; you have written a whole series of 'books' about what could be summed up in a newspaper paragraph!" But though Browning is here patiently caring for the truth of fact, he does so only in order that he may with constant honour and cumulative power strike through to the truth of life, the true truth, as the French call it, back of its human shadows and semblances. What that true truth is, all who read this monumental poem may come to feel, and may make it their own possession through mental intuition and emotional sympathy.

It is a singularly invalid objection to urge against "The Ring and the

Book," that its theme is a sordid one. Says William Sharp: "There is nothing grand, nothing noble here; at most only a tragic pathos in the fate of the innocent child-wife Pompilia." "The subject," says Stopford Brooke, "is not great, the fates concerned are not important, and the same event runs through twelve books and is described twelve times. This is more than the subject bears, and than we can always endure." With the latter part of this objection—though this will be noticed again—we have already dealt; let the charge of unimportance be considered a moment.

Viewed merely as a matter of record, the source-book of "The Ring and the Book" is, of course, criminal and gruesome enough; but so are many of the bald themes of Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles; of Shakespeare's "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear"; of Shelley's and of a host of modern plays and novels. If the criminal element were to be eliminated from literature, a scanty little would remain. Cruelty and struggle are necessary to tragedy, and these reach their supreme human expression in murderous crime, which thus becomes the touchstone of tragedy. And tragedy, for its part, as the writer has tried to show elsewhere, is the greatest form and atmosphere of drama—of all literature and all art—because of its mystery. "The idea of tragedy," (I quote from my treatment of "Hamlet"), "is the deepest idea of life—portent, riddle, Destiny, yet in the very storm and stress of its assault upon the Sphinx of Existence it becomes the most dynamic form of literature, and teaches implicitly the inevitableness of eternal growth." To condemn the subject of "The Ring and the Book" as sordid and uninteresting is to condemn life at one of its most awful, yet powerful points of symbolic virtue. Crime, as the agent of tragedy, gathers into its in-

ner history not only the fiercest meanings, but the intensest. It is not, I think, too much to say that a crime requires a constrained, if momentary, sincerity of character that through the genius of a master-interpreter may light up a world of darkness. Murder both complicates and in some sense solves its own mystery.

"The murder-poem," then — as Browning calls his masterpiece in a letter to Miss Blagden—let it remain. Its history is, is brief, as follows:—

One June day in 1860, just about a year before Mrs. Browning's death, the Poet found among a miscellany of second-hand wares, displayed for sale on a stall of the Piazza San Lorenzo, "odds and ends of ravage," a square old yellow vellum-covered book, "part print, part manuscript." A glance or two sufficed to convince him that he had a prize of unusual worth to such a mind as his. He bought the book for a single *lira* (eightpence), reading it all the way back to Casa Guidi, and there at home read on copiously until he had mastered the contents by nightfall. Stepping outside upon the narrow terrace of his home, he passionately dreamed his way through the summer night to.

" . . . Arezzo, the man's town,
The woman's trap and cage and torture-
place,
Also the stage where the priest played
his part,
A spectacle for angels."
Thence the tragedy moved itself to Rome, and, scene by scene, was re-enacted before his inner eye, while
"The life in me abolished the death of
things,
Deep calling unto deep."

For four years he brooded his epic, before beginning the actual writing of it—years filled with the crushing sorrow of his wife's death, with readjustments, caused by the removal from Italy to England, the editing of Mrs. Browning's last work and the production and arrangement of much of his own. "The Ring and the Book" was

published at last in four parts of three books each, during the winter of 1868-69. Its title refers to the source-book whose story we are now about to tell, and to the image of a ring worn by his wife and carried by Browning on his watch-chain after her death. As the soft gold could not be rounded into

"The roudure brave, the lilled loveliness," save by admixture with gold's alloy, so, though by reversal, the crude, hard fact of the Book's record cannot be made to yield pure truth save by admixture with the softening alloy of fancy, for truth being spiritually born is spiritually perceived, and the very hardness of fact makes it alien to the gentleness and pervasiveness of truth until mingled with the directing, controlling power of the imagination. Fancy and fact combine, then, to round out this epical ring of truth, which becomes "just one fact the more."

The source-book, evidently preserved by one Cencini, a friend of Guido's advocate, contains virtually all the important documents in the case—pleadings and testimony, letters and court-records, with the Latin title-page transcribed by Browning:

" . . . A Roman murder-case:
Position of the entire criminal cause
Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain Four, the cutthroats in his
pay,
Tried, all five, and found guilty and put
to death
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,
ranks,
At Rome on February Twenty-two,
Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety-Eight:
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
Husbands many kill adulterous wives, yet
'scape
The customary forfeit."

It sets forth the following facts:

In the year 1679, Pietro and Violante Comparini, Romans of the middle class and past fifty years of age, were living in a seemingly well-to-do way but in reality beyond their means, being secretly in receipt of the papal bounty. Both loved good living, but

were improvident. Their debts were pressing, but, being childless, they were unable to touch their capital, held in trust for a distant heir. Violante at length conceived the idea of misleading the law and her husband alike by pretending to become the mother of a babe and thus relieve their financial situation by freeing their tied-up capital.

The plan was skilfully carried out, Violante privately visiting and bargaining with a disreputable mother-to-be, who agreed to forego all maternal rights in her infant in consideration of a certain sum paid to herself, and another, no doubt, to the church for

" . . . mass to make all straight." In due time, then, the doubtful Pietro doubted no longer, but rejoiced to find himself father of a child indeed—a girl-babe, upon whom he and Violante next day proudly bestowed the name of Francesca Camilla Vittoria Angela Pompilia, and who for twelve years was tenderly nurtured in father-love and mother-love until she became

"The strange tall pale beautiful creature
grown
Lily-like out o' the cleft i' the sun-smit
rock
To bow its white miraculous birth of buds
I' the way of wandering Joseph and his
spouse—
So painters fancy: here it was a fact."

Pompilia was now marriageable, and her repute as a beautiful young heiress began to extend among the local gossips. It was heard of by Paolo, second of the three brothers Franceschini, a noble family of Arezzo, Guido being his senior and Girolamo his junior. Paolo was sly and shrewd, had become priest and Abate, and was at this moment anxiously seeking to advance the impoverished fortune of his brother as head of the family by arranging Guido's marriage with a woman of wealth. Guido himself was forty-six years of age, and his affairs had been deeply embarrassed for many years.

He had been sent to Rome at the age of fifteen to make his way to purse and place under the ægis of the Church, wherein he had taken four minor orders. For thirty years he had played the gallant and the courtier, only to see his fellows advanced and himself ignored, until he felt himself constrained to choose between a profitable marriage and the retirement of defeat at Arezzo. Accordingly, he accepted his brother's advice and, old and unpleasing as he was, became a suitor for the hand of Pompilia. Both Paolo and Guido overstated the financial condition of their family, and Pietro, after making some inquiries, declined to countenance the suit; but Violante was dazzled by the idea of wedding Pompilia to a nobleman, and deceived her husband a second time by arranging a secret marriage in the church of San Lorenzo, in Lucina, where Pompilia had been baptised and where her dead body was afterward displayed. The poor young frightened girl was hurried through a cold and stormy December evening to the church; the door was locked;

" . . . for the customary warmth,
Two tapers shivered on the altar. 'Quick—
Lose no time!' cried the priest. And
straightway down
From . . . what's behind the altar where
he hid—
Hawk-nose and yellowness and bush and
all,
Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there
was I
O' the chancel, and the priest had opened
book,
Read here and there, made me say that
and this,
And after, told me I was now a wife,
Honoured indeed, since Christ thus weds
the Church,
And therefore turned he water into wine,
To show I should obey my spouse like
Christ.
Then the two slipped aside and talked
apart,
And I, silent and scared, got down again
And joined my mother, who was weeping
now.
Nobody seemed to mind us any more,
And both of us on tiptoe found our way
To the door which was unlocked by this,
and wide.

When we were in the street, the rain had
stopped,
All things looked better. At our own
house-door,
Violante whispered, 'No one syllable
To Pietro! Girl-brides never breathe a
word!'"

Three weeks later Guido claimed and carried off his bride to Arezzo, accompanied by her foster-parents; for Pietro saw no alternative but to submit, and even agreed to pay an instalment of Pompilia's dowry in cash, and to complete the residue by making over to husband and wife virtually all of which he was possessed, on condition that he and Violante were to be provided for at Arezzo during the remainder of their lives. Actually, however, their stay was of short duration. They seem to have been treated with impatience and contempt, if not with cruelty, and returned sorrowfully to Rome.

As Violante had before found it impossible to use the family capital unless she could become a mother, so now that all had been transferred to Guido and Pompilia, she resolved to annul the transfer by confessing the deceit she had practised as to Pompilia's birth. This she did, and the case was carried into court, which issued a compromise decree, allowing Guido a fraction of Pompilia's dowry, but cancelling Pietro's renunciation of his estate, appeals against which decision on both sides were now pending.

Meantime Pompilia, the lamb, remained in the cruel clutches of Guido, the wolf. She seems to have sunk into a state of quiet self-effacement and unresistingness, an attitude that provoked Guido's fury, already kindled and flaming with the discovery of Violante's deceit and the fear of his own financial loss. But Guido was crafty and avaricious as well as selfish and brutal, and he plotted to ruin his wife by an accusation of marital infidelity that should seem to have ample support in fact. There was a

young Canon, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, who had once seen her distantly at the theatre and had seemed struck by her beauty and innocence. Him Guido selected as his rival-to-be, sending him forged love-letters ostensibly written by Pompilia, intercepting those that came in reply, and substituting others to be read to unlettered Pompilia by her waiting-woman, so that Guido completely controlled the fictitious romance, and hoped that he was making it appear a reality to both priest and wife.

Suddenly and strangely enough it became a reality. The letters Caponsacchi received ceased to invite his presence, urging him instead to stay away for his safety's sake. The young priest was no coward, and he was, besides, growing tired of a plot through which he saw clearly enough. This time, therefore, he went directly to the Franceschini palace, meaning to beard Guido on watch and tax him with his duplicity. Pompilia, meanwhile, had apparently yielded to the constant urgings of her maid and Guido's mistress, Margherita, who was persuading her (always at Guido's instance), of the love of Caponsacchi. The young bride bade Margherita have her will at last and appoint an hour for the meeting—hence the cleverly luring letter that brought the priest. A cross-tangled state of affairs, through which only the fine souls of Caponsacchi and Pompilia saw with any clearness! Pompilia, aware of approaching motherhood and unable to enlist the aid of either Archbishop or Governor, had now resolved for her babe's sake to leave Arezzo and fly to Rome at any cost, and Caponsacchi, himself looking Romeward, was her only hope in this extremity. As he waited in the street, she addressed him from the terrace in an appeal of exquisite purity; his heart was melted within him, and he accepted her trust. Despite misgivings, only overcome indeed by another sight of her,

he made the necessary arrangements, and the two left Arezzo together just before daybreak by carriage for Rome. All that day they journeyed, with slight pauses, and the succeeding night and day, until at sunset Pompilia's strength failed her and they were forced to rest at Castelnuovo, only a four hours' stage from Rome.

Here Guido overtook the fugitives, precisely the end toward which he had been working, and procured their arrest and trial on the charge of adultery. The letters which each had supposedly penned to the other, besides a number more alleged to have been found by Guido in the inn at Castelnuovo, were introduced in evidence. Notwithstanding the weight of testimony, however, the attitude of the fugitives, as against that of Guido, created an impression so favourable to them that the court regarded its duty lightly and imposed only a nominal punishment, sending Caponsacchi to a retreat in Civita Vecchia for three years, and relegating Pompilia to the Monastery of the Convertites for women.

This outcome was not altogether pleasing to Guido. He sought a complete divorce, and entered suit for one through his brother Paolo in Rome. Pompilia remained at the Convent only a short time, and was allowed to return to Pietro and Violante in Rome prior to the birth of her child. Once born, the infant was safely carried away and concealed, and soon afterward Guido, seeing that his monetary rights were now secured in the person of his son, and burning with the desire of revenge against both his wife and her parents, broke at night with his hirelings into the lonely villa through a subterfuge, and there slew all three of the inmates.

An account of the crime was written in full in a pamphlet issued immediately after Guido's execution, a copy of which Browning secured in London, and from the translation of

which I quote several paragraphs:

"Being oppressed by various feelings, and stimulated to revenge, now by honour, now by self-interest, yielding to his wicked thoughts, he devised a plan for killing his wife and her nominal parents; and having enlisted in his enterprise four other ruffians, labourers on his property, started with them from Arezzo, and on Christmas-eve arrived in Rome, and took up his abode at Ponte Milvio, where there was a villa belonging to his brother. Having therefore watched from thence all the movements of the Comparini family, he proceeded on Thursday, the 2nd of January, at one o'clock of the night (i.e., the first hour after sunset), with his companions to the Comparinis' house; and having left Biagio Agostinelli and Domenico Gambasini at the gate, he instructed one of the others to knock at the house-door, which was opened to him on his declaring that he brought a letter from Canon Caponsacchi at Civita Vecchia. The wicked Franceschini, supported by two other of his assassins, instantly threw himself on Violante Comparini, who had opened the door, and flung her dead upon the ground. Pompilia, in this extremity, extinguished the light, thinking thus to elude her assassins, and made for the door of a neighbouring blacksmith, crying for help; seeing Franceschini provided with a lantern, she ran and hid herself under the bed, but being dragged from under it, the unhappy woman was barbarously put to death by twenty-two wounds from the hand of her husband, who, not content with this, dragged her to the feet of Comparini, who being similarly wounded by another of the assassins, was crying, 'Confession.'

"At the noise of this horrible massacre people rushed to the spot; but the villains succeeded in flying, leaving behind, however, in their haste, one his cloak, and Franceschini his cap, which was the means of betraying them. The unfortunate Francesca Pompilia, in spite of all the wounds with which she had been mangled, having implored of the Holy Virgin the grace of being allowed to confess, obtained it, since she was able to survive for a short time and describe the horrible attack. She also related that after the deed her husband asked the assassin who had helped him to murder her, if she were really dead; and being assured that she was, quickly rejoined, let us lose no time, but return to the vineyard; and so they escaped. Meanwhile the police having been called, it arrived with the chief officer, and a confessor was soon procured, together with a surgeon, who devoted him-

self to the treatment of the unfortunate girl."

All five miscreants were discovered and arrested at the Merluzza Inn, some twenty miles distant, whither, failing other means of escape, they had made their way on foot. The trial was long, and involved, until all the murderers confessed under torture, and, notwithstanding the skill of their defenders, were sentenced to die by public execution, the Pope affirming the sentence upon appeal. The execution took place on the Piazza del Popolo, in sight of a multitude, Franceschini being beheaded and his companions hanged.

Such is the framework of the story of "The Ring and the Book." What now of the structure of the epic itself? One recalls the difficulties experienced by Tennyson in rounding out the magic number of "Idylls of the King," inserting in the final edition "Balin and Balan," which made eleven, and cutting "Geraint and Enid" in two, in order to make twelve. From the first, Browning had frankly planned an epic, and his twelve-book scheme has not only traditional literary justification, but its own peculiar validity as well. It has been likened by James Thomson to a vast Gothic cathedral—"for here truly we find the soaring towers and pinnacles, the multitudinous niches with their statues, the innumerable intricate traceries, the gargoyles wildly grotesque; and, within, the many coloured lights through the stained windows, with the red and purple of blood predominant, the long, pillared, echoing aisles, the altar with its piteous crucifix and altar-piece of the Last Judgment, the organ and choir pealing their *Misérère* and *De Profundis* and *In Excelsis Deo*, the side chapels and confessionals, the fantastic wood-carvings, the tombs with effigies sculptured supine; and, beneath, yet another chapel, as of death, and the solemn sepulchral crypts. The counterparts of all these,

I dare affirm, may veritably be found in this immense and complicate structure, whose foundations are so deep and whose crests are so lofty. Only as a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling hot, swift life through all its marble nerves." Again it has been likened to "a great fugue, blending, with the threads of its crossing and recrossing voices, a single web of harmony. The 'theme' is Pompilia; around her the whole action circles." (Symonds). To the present writer it seems that the work progresses like a mountainous country from irregular foothills to higher and higher peaks until Pompilia is reached—the spiritual height that dwarfs even Caponsacchi and the Pope, to say nothing of the limited, self-satisfied lawyers. Or, again, it may be seen to move as a day from the slow sunrise of doubt and hope and conjecture to high noon of truth and purity, and slowly down again to blood-red sunset in Guido's doom. Or, better than either, perhaps, of these two figures, may be suggested the image of a slowly kindling fire, lit in the Introduction; giving forth in Books II to IV thick, obscuring smoke with scant warmth; in Books V to VII mounting into keen flame with heat and brightness; in Books VIII and IX fading into an afterglow, which still claims to be fire, while in Book X it is calming, graying, reviewable; in Book XI sunk into the black clinkered ashes of hatred and despair; in the Epilogue, shaken and cleared away. The Poet himself more than once suggests at least the momentary application of such a figure. Despite Sharp's and Brooke's strictures, the order of the several Books is no whit irregular or haphazard, but as nicely fashioned in the relation of part to part as the more obviously articulated moments of a drama. Indeed, one may discern here the rising action of the sad story towards the crisis of Pompilia's

deathbed utterances; the falling action in the failure of Guido's base purposes; the final suspense in the review of the case by the Pope and the last desperate hope of Guido; and the catastrophe in the public execution.

In the Prologue or Introduction the Poet describes and accounts for his material, sets forth his purpose in fashioning it into a work of art, and explains his method of dramatic monologue as conditioning the epical development of his theme. Apart from the Prologue and Epilogue, there are to be ten Books, representing the opinion or testimony of nine persons (one of whom, Guido, speaks twice), touching the murder and its meanings. But a tale so often told, it may be objected, must grow wearisome. A superfluous objection! since it is not with the matter of his tale-telling that Browning and his readers are here chiefly concerned, but rather with the study of the mental and spiritual reactions of the story upon the several persons recounting it, and of the value of those reactions as contributing to our knowledge of the final, inalienable, eternal truth.

"Well, now; there's nothing in nor out
o' the world
Good except truth."

Truth is the precious ore for which art must now adventure, and art must be long and catholic and very patient. "The poet of the old epic," says Chesterton, "is the poet who had learnt to speak; Browning in the new epic is the poet who had learnt to listen. This listening to truth and error, to heretics, to fools, to intellectual bullies, to desperate partisans, to mere chatterers, to systematic poisoners of the mind, is the hardest lesson that humanity has ever been set to learn. "The Ring and the Book" is the embodiment of this terrible magnanimity and patience. It is the epic of free speech."

First of all, then, we are to hear

the rumouring, differing voices of citizens, bystanders, public opinion—of Half-Rome, The Other Half-Rome, and Tertium Quid. Thereafter Count Guido Franceschini will appear, as after torture he proffers his defence to his judges in a small room adjoining the court. Then the young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, summoned from Civita Vecchia to assist the court with his knowledge and counsel, and only now informed of the murder of Pompilia, reviews the whole matter with often interrupted self-control, with a breaking heart. Then Pompilia speaks on her deathbed:—

" . . . a soul sighs its lowest and
its last
After the loud ones—so much breath re-
mains
Unused by the four-days'-dying; for she
lived
Thus long, miraculously long, 'twas
thought,
Just that Pompilia might defend herself."

Her dying witness is followed by the studied professional speeches of two lawyers, one for each side, Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius.

"Then comes the all but end, the ultimate
Judgment save yours,"—

the decision of the old Pope, Innocent XII, upon appeal made to him in Guido's behalf. Lastly, Guido himself, during the night before his execution, bares his soul before the two confessors sent to solace his last hours, bares it in hatred, desperation, and agonised entreaty. The Epilogue follows, rounding out the whole. Prologue and Epilogue are not only complementary in purpose, but are further connected by three specific ties, half-ironical addresses to the then Browning-indifferent British public; movingly beautiful apostrophes of invocation and dedication to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Poet's "Lyric Love"; and the creative artist's command for the existence and spiritual persistence of his dead-alive world:—

"Let this old woe step on the stage
again!"

"So did this old woe fade from memory:
Till after, in the fullness of the days,
I needs must find an ember yet un-
quenched,

And, breathing, blow the spark to flame.
It lives,

If precious be the soul of man to man."

The speaker in Half-Rome is a jealous, oldish husband, whose own wife's conduct is evidently the subject of his keen suspicion, deserved or undeserved. He is delighted to have encountered, just outside the Church of San Lorenzo, where the bodies of Pietro and Violante are exposed and whither his morbid interest has led him, the cousin of one whom he has come to regard as his wife's lover; and he proceeds to set forth his views of the crime with zestful implication, being temperamentally garrulous and personally aggrieved. He is almost as fond of praising his own style and discernment by way of narrative-recess as our good friend Nick Bottom the weaver, to whose essential character, indeed, his own, despite his superior education, bears more than one point of resemblance. He regards Guido as a doubly defrauded man, deceived as to Pompilia's birth and wealth, and again betrayed as to his honour by her guilt with Caponsacchi. Nevertheless, it is difficult for him to show great enthusiasm for Guido's character, for it seems to him that the nobleman has been oversimple, under-suspicious, and has handled matters justifiably indeed, yet rather awkwardly. Pompilia, of course, has been a sly, soft schemer—he even likens her to a viper—whose impending death is richly deserved and whose last confession cannot but reveal her iniquity. For a moment, when his narrative reaches the dramatic scene at Castelnuovo, Half-Rome shows a superficial admiration for Pompilia's splendid menacing defiance of Guido, but it is superficial only, rhetorical indeed, and intended merely to attest his judicial fairness. His language

touches vital truth here for the moment, but touches it falsely. Caponsacchi he sees as a typical seducer—a Paris matching Pompilia's Helen, a "bold, abashless one." All through Half-Rome's account we may feel that his interest is personal to himself rather than vicarious for Guido. His insinuating references to his hearer's dangerous cousin are very deftly introduced:—

" . . . Do you hold
Guido was so prodigiously to blame?
A certain cousin of yours has told you so?
Exactly! Here's a friend shall set you
right,
Let him but have the handsel of your
ear."

" . . . there's more to come
More that will shake your confidence in
things
Your cousin tells you—may I be so bold?"
"(Have not you too a cousin that's a
wag?)"

" . . . a matter I commend
To the notice, during Carnival that's near,
Of a certain what's-his-name and jackan-
apes
Somewhat too civil of eves with lute and
song
About a house here, where I keep a wife.
(You, being his cousin, may go tell him
so.)"

And in the passage beginning:—
"The proper help of friends in such a
strait,"

he speaks feelingly and from first-hand experience. For the rest, the course of his life has made him cynical enough. He has slight faith in law, despising Roman justice, as Hawthorne saw it two centuries later, as a byword. "Thus," he cries:—

" . . . Thus
Was justice ever ridiculed in Rome."

The Other Half-Rome represents the reverse side of popular opinion. The speaker is a young unmarried man of good heart and generous sympathy. He speaks two days later than Half-Rome, and wonders to hear that "little Pompilia," as he affectionately calls her, is still withstanding death. As he thinks of her "patient brow" and "lamentable smile" and "flower-like body," he is moved with a deep

pity, and speaks with earnest chivalry. He has not the intellectual power to strike through to the core of truth, and therefore gives more than their due weight at times to the accusations against Pompilia and the Comparini, while he seeks to minimise their offences. He has a certain "balancing" propensity, which marks him as habitually a rather cautious, conservative thinker, who appreciates some of the finer shades of ethic truth only because his nature is fundamentally kind and just. While he pities Pompilia, "the little solitary wife," he allows himself to be disturbed by a minor discrepancy in the respective testimonies of the wife and the priest. On the whole, nevertheless, he firmly believes Pompilia's flight justified, and herself innocent of crime. She had fled from cruelty to kindness, from night to day. And if Caponsacchi had loved her, how could he be blamed, who had yet acted honourably in all his relations with her? He was "lamb-pure, lion-brave." Guido is condemned as a brutal husband, a rash and wanton murderer, whose pitiless act is not only an offence against Christ, but a gravely defiant invasion of the dignity of the law, which had already pronounced its will in the premises. Let him therefore suffer, alike as a wilful, impetuous, avaricious tyrant, as an enemy of the social order. That this speaker is much finer-grained than his predecessor is shown not only in the content of his utterance, but also in its diction. He has a touch of poetry in him, seems to delight in euphony, alliteration and assonance, and mints such phrases as these:—

"No sparing saints the process!"
"She went first to the best adviser, God."
"At last she took to the open, stood and
stared
With her wan face to see where God
might wait."

Cool, calculating self-interest sets the next person talking, and such talk it is!—cynical, snobbish, nicely balancing the pros and cons, but disdain-

ing to seem to pronounce at any point, bruited many conjectures but, without vital interest in any one of them, bruited them idly, as a testimony to his own chosen “catholicity.” “One and one breed the inevitable three. Such is the personage harangues you next;

The elaborated product, tertium quid:

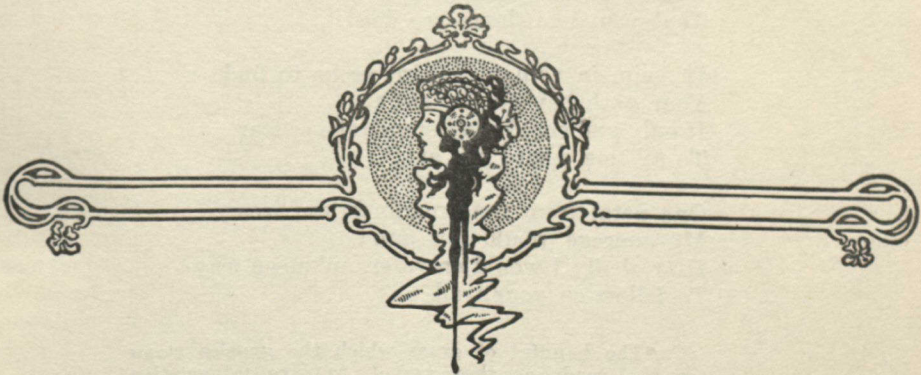
The critical mind, in short.”

On account of his very coldness of nature and false social ideals, the speaker leans at heart towards Guido's side of the case, and is unable, despite his assumed neutrality, successfully to conceal that leaning. In the two Guido Books, the Lawyer Books, especially the second of these, and Tertium Quid, Browning's dramatic success is the more striking when it is considered how utterly alien the characters presented are to his own. Tertium Quid is of that worthless type—the social and political snob, hollow and falsehearted. He pours out his scorn publicly on the *plebs*, and privately upon his audience, a group of two listeners, Prince and Duke, who seem to have temporarily quitted the card-table to hear his views expounded (merely as an item in their evening programme), in the gilded gaming saloon, and who are joined now and

then by another listener or two who casually drop into the group and out again, while the presence of the Cardinal, the man of most power among them and social ruler, therefore, of the roomful, who sits preoccupied at cards, lends zestful double-meaning to some of the speaker's remarks.

Not a gleam of Pompilia's purity nor of Caponsacchi's manhood seems to be able to strike through into the decorously-shuttered soul of Tertium Quid. All he cares about is to maintain a reputation for dispassionate analysis and balanced wisdom, to show nothing so ill-bred as emotion, to please his hearers and so advance his private aims and prospects. Like certain other critics, both before and since his time, he takes pains to dissipate in a second moment any seeming sincerity of thought or theory he may have uttered in a first. Nor does he forget to pay the appropriate concessive compliments from time to time to his hearers' mental powers, “idiots” though he finds them in his final aside. The reader will notice too, in Tertium Quid's monologue, tinges of personal bitterness as to his own fortunes, especially where their case seems to parallel Guido's early history.

(To be Concluded in the March Number.)



PATTERAN*

By GEORGIA DAVIES

WHEN cold, bare fields break into blossoming,
 Wooded by the sun and rain,
You search the pasture slopes with me and find
Arbutus buds again.

Long-lost, yet near. The first gay robin's call,
The flag-flowers tall and blue,
Each simple joy which marked our calendar,
I share again with you.

Bright cowslips, honey-sweet, you pick for me:
White clover breathes your name;
Against the wall we see japonica
Break into scarlet flame.

All the familiar, oft-recurring things,
The same, *yet something more*;
The very grasses seem to murmur low,
Your feet have passed before.

I walk the woods. I see the fairy-plants
You loved the best of all:
Red cup-moss, fragile ferns and linnæa,
And hear again the call

Of that shy bird whose two notes pierce my heart
(How oft we paused to hear!).
So, month by month, by some remembered sign,
I trace you through the year.

But wistful autumn comes incarnadined,
And summer birds are fled;
Then faded flowers whisper to my heart,
That you, like them, are dead.

In vain, in vain, my spirit seeks to find
Your path beyond the stars;
If only you could send some token, dear,
To tell me where you are!

One petal from the amaranth you wear—
My courage would not quail,
How gladly I would crave an unknown way
To follow on your trail.

*The handful of grass which the gypsies strew
on the roads as they travel, to give information
to any of their companions who may be behind as to
the route they have taken.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

BY W. LACEY AMY

Photographs by the author

YEAR by year in Canada it is becoming more difficult to find a spot with the fascination of the "new." The advent of the tourist, Canadian and foreign, as such an important factor, has covered the country with a people who, while ever anxious to discover nature at its origin, are not content to leave it so.

But there is still one accessible spot, far removed from the dust of the automobile, the studied *négligé* of the summer tourist and the commercialism of the tourist-spoiled servant—a place where the people, the life, as well as the scenery are yet unspoiled. As such it is not advertised with pictured folder and enticing description. It has had no recommendations of pleased patrons; but it has provided for the privileged few who have visited it the rest from turmoil and rush that makes it almost vandalism to assist in introducing it to the average traveller.

It was by mere chance that a talk with Kellogg, "the bird man," several years ago, and the casual remarks of the Intercolonial folder aroused the wish to spend my holidays in the Magdalen Islands. And further attempts to learn more of these out-of-the-way Islands but added to the attraction. An exhaustive search in the Toronto reference library revealed but three articles on the Islands, two of them in United States magazines more than twenty-five years old, and the other written by one who had not left

the steamer that makes the semi-weekly trips between the mainland and the Islands.

Correspondence with the owner of the steamer brought nothing but the names of a number of possible houses at which board might be secured, and inquiries addressed direct to these houses added information of varying importance. One woman was unable to take boarders because "my husband has been drowning since——." Another answered the requests for information by saying that her rates were "six dollars a week. When are you coming?" A man in a little French village, where, I discovered afterwards, only two or three could speak English, assured me that: "The rate of board is generally five dollars a week and fifteen dollars a month, this is what tourist give, but will say, what, being you are from, we may reduce it some." And this delightful unconventionality continued to the last moment of my stay on the Islands.

In many ways it is difficult to discover why this group of Islands is neglected by the tourist. Easy of access they are, and the transportation comforts are surprising. The Intercolonial carries one to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in the unsurpassed accommodation it affords. From Pictou a staunch little 650-ton, 165-foot steamboat runs twice a week to the Islands, just making both ends meet by means of a \$15,000 subsidy from the Gov-

ernment. From the obliging Captain Burns to the single waiter the service is surprisingly good.

On the Islands themselves the visitor experiences all that quaintness of people and life that is the result of long generations away from the toil and competition of the outside world. Seven thousand French and a thousand English, the former the descendants of old French-Acadians exiled from the Annapolis Valley in the time of history, and the latter offspring of the immigrants brought by the English Admiral who owned the Islands for so many years, thickly cover the group. These families have grown up together for generations, or have lived side by side in different sections of the same island, working at the same business in the same indifferent, satisfied way.

Perhaps not one out of a hundred of the present population has ever been on the mainland. The fishing grounds are the limits of their wanderings. Even those who have taken the steamer over to Pictou know only that town, or perhaps Halifax, where the store supplies come from, and Quebec, the seat of Government, hundreds of miles away.

The location of the Magdalen Islands may have been more or less familiar to us when the name came in the list of Canadian Islands, but geography does not keep fresh unless business or public affairs revive it periodically. And assuredly the Magdalens would provide no reason for remembrance, except to those who visit them.

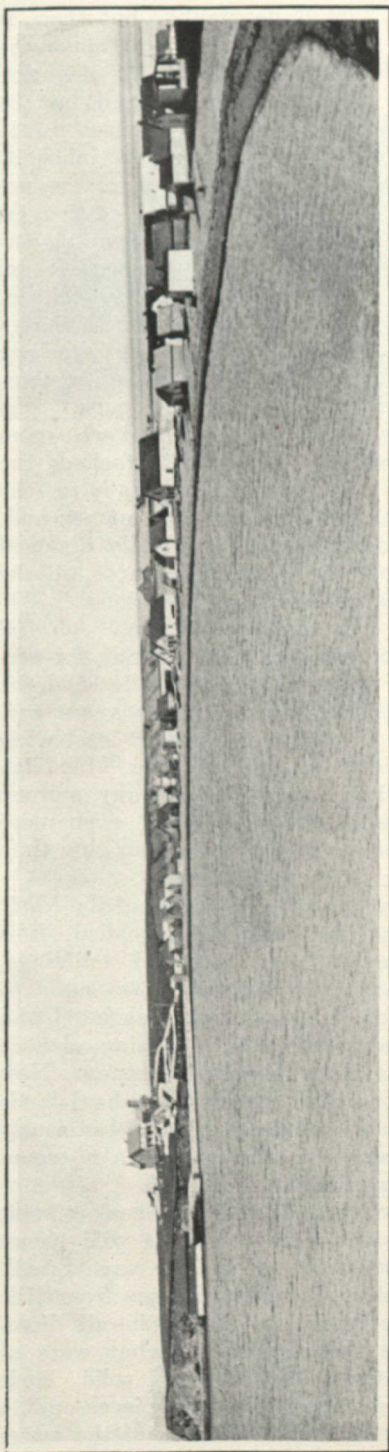
Away out in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence they lie, a series of mountain tops that managed to get above the water. And, without a break in their fury, the wild waves of the Gulf sweep down for two hundred miles from the cold shores of Labrador. Eastward a hundred miles stands the bleak western coast of Newfoundland. Cape Breton is seventy miles to the south, and Prince Ed-

ward Island noses out into the Gulf the same distance westward. From Pictou, the mainland port, to Amherst, the nearest port of the Islands, is 127 miles.

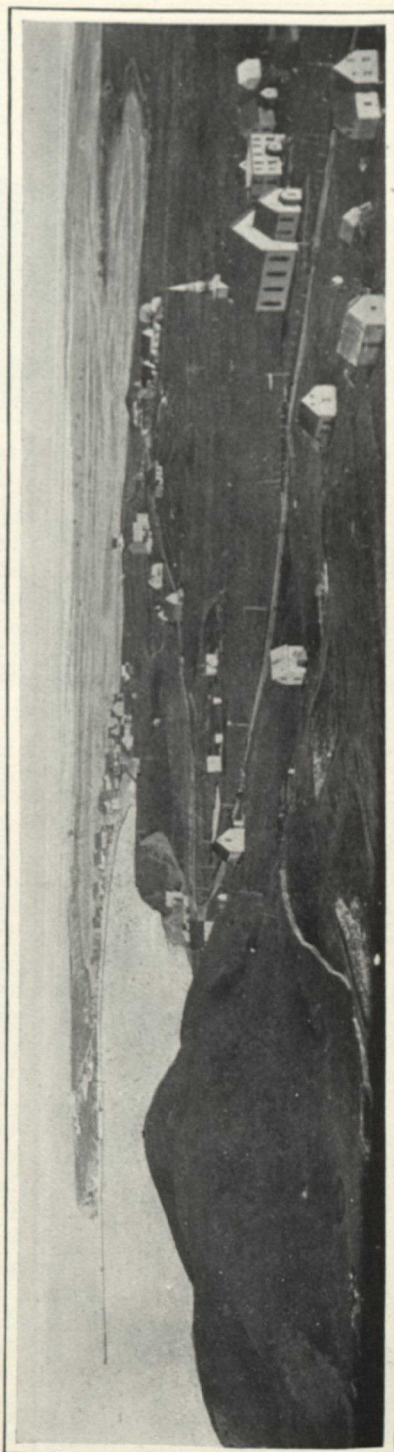
At high tide there are thirteen islands, but when the slow-moving ebb is completed, with three feet of water lost, seven islands are joined by a low strip of land, making a continuous stretch of fifty-three miles. Over this sand road, treacherous with its quick-sands and dangerous to any but the resident, it is possible to drive from Amherst Island at the southwest, over Grindstone, Wolf, and Grosse to Coffin in the northeast. The disconnected islands are Deadman, on the west, Entry and Alright, on the southeast, and Bryon and Bird Rock, far away to the northeast.

Deadman Island is but a long peak of rock with but sufficient shore to allow the erection of a few rough shacks for the sealers in the spring. Entry is peopled exclusively with English, has no port, and is worthy of notice only for having the highest peak in the group, 530 feet high. Alright is divided from Grindstone by a mere channel over which a rope ferry makes the transfers. The convent is situated here. Bryon Island is a small fishing island eight miles north of the main group, where but a few families remain in the winter.

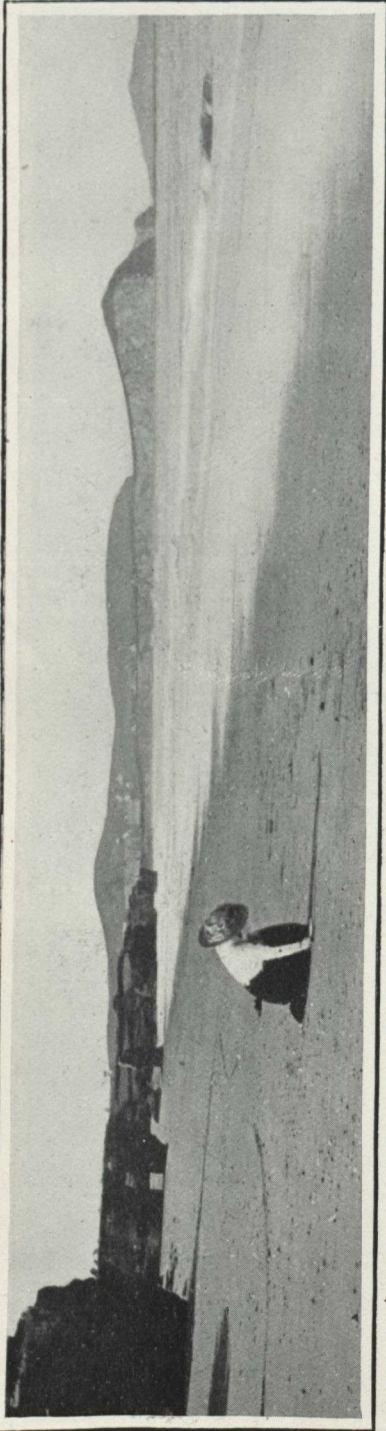
Most interesting of the smaller islands is Bird Rock, a tiny peak of six acres, 125 feet above the water, accessible only by means of windlass and bucket. On its top the birds flock in white clouds, and the only human beings are the light-house keeper, his wife and two assistants. All year round they are forced to remain, since the ice of early spring and late fall prevent access to the rock, and in none but the quietest weather and water can a boat approach. Twice a year the supply boat carries provisions, but for the rest of year the lonely family is cut off from the outside world.



AMHERST, FISH-TOWN, MAGDALEN ISLANDS



AMHERST HARBOUR, FROM DEMOISELLE HILL



THE BEACH AT GRINDSTONE, SHOWING THE WEARING AWAY OF THE ROCK

All that is geography; but there is most interesting history to make the Magdalens worthy of more attention than they receive. It need but be touched here. Cartier himself made the first visit to the rocky, inhospitable shores in 1534, but it was not until 1663 that the first settlement was established by Honfleur fishermen. A Frenchman placed them there, and, sailing away to France, returned in the spring to find that a Cape Breton official had sent a colony over and the two groups had combined and sailed away to Gaspé. The Frenchman tried again and was more successful. His son attached the name "Madeleine Islands" to the group, using his mother's name; and, although this was gradually changed officially to Magdalen, most of the people still call it "Madalens."

In the course of time Admiral Coffin acquired the Islands for services rendered, and to his descendants they belonged until three years ago, when they were sold (or at least what remained to sell) to the Magdalen Island Development Company, a group of Montreal men who are even more anxious to dispose of their rights than was the English family.

Now the only remnants of the M. I. D., as the company is called, is a group of large, deserted buildings, into which \$200,000 was sunk to develop fishing in cod, mackerel and lobster, sealing or anything else in which there might be money. Now but one man remains on the Islands for the company; he is anxiously looking for a purchaser or a re-organisation scheme.

Each island is but a peak of soft sandstone into which the wild waves are gradually eating their way. Small, vari-shaped mounds rise from the water along the shores in all directions, the remains of what were at one time stretches of solid land. Every storm claims its piece, and in time the serious inroads of the water will leave the Islands but a memory.



THE WHARF AT GRINDSTONE

On Entry Island the former light-house was engulfed by the steady wearing away of the rock at its foundation. The present beacon is a quarter-mile inland from the sheer cliff over which it sends its light to add to the other dozens of light-houses that make navigation possible amongst the dangerous shoals and islands.

My first sight of the Islands was in the early morning as we cast anchor off Etang du Nord, a small French village on the west coast of Grindstone Island. Just back of us loomed the forbidding rock of Deadman, its cold whiteness standing out mysteriously against the lighting sky of the morning. Over the peak of grindstone the sun was just showing, scattering little rays through the clouds on the rippling water. In under the shore the fishing fleet was stringing out for a mile—a hundred of them—on its way to the fishing grounds. The black sails, prepared with a tamarack solution, made them like phantom ships in their strangeness.

From the shore a dozen herring-boats were paddling leisurely out to us, or moving along under small sails. The fishermen were coming with their boxes of fish and would unload the salt, which is the principal freight. Lazily they came, and my

first impressions of them were fully justified by further experience. From both sides of the boat they unloaded, handling their awkward craft in the ocean swells with careless ease.

The passengers for this stop were unloaded with some difficulty into one of the boats, and, with the mail, they set out for the shore. The mail would be taken by a driver four miles across to Grindstone, then fifteen miles to the top of the Islands and return to Grindstone by the time the boat made the trip of forty miles around Amherst Island to Grindstone in the afternoon.

After four hours' unloading, the fishermen going back and forward to the shore as if the boat had the whole day ahead of it, we got away for Amherst. At Cabin Cove, a small group of houses snuggled under the highest peak on Amherst Island, another stop was made for the fishermen to unload salt.

Rounding between Entry Island and the long Sandy Hook of Amherst harbour, which extends but a couple of feet above the water for three miles, we approached the first wharf on the Islands. There are but three of these, and the unprotected harbours expose them to the waves to the dangerous sinking of the ends. At the other calling-places the weather

is the deciding factor, weeks elapsing before some of the stops can be made.

There is but one protected harbour among the Islands, Grand Entry, and the entrance to it is so shallow that it can be made by the steamboat only in calm weather and at high tide. In a storm the bottom of the entrance shows up through the waves, and a visit is impossible. Pleasant Bay is a nice-sounding title for the large body of water enclosed in the instep of the long boot that is the general shape of the group, but a wind from the east makes it more dangerous than the open.

It is in these storms that rage so frequently around the Islands that lies one of the reasons for the limited number of those who make the trip out. Within two hundred yards of the house where I stopped for a week were the wrecks of four large schooners driven on the shore last year. A quarter of a mile out in Pleasant Bay the spars of another protruded from the water, the result of the shifting of a load of loose herring purchased for bait. One day during my visit the fishermen brought in on their little *charettes* cod thrown overboard from the wreck of a 100-foot schooner that was being lightered by the owner in the hope of saving the hull.

Just a mile away the *Lunenburg*, the predecessor of the present steamship, ran ashore in a snowstorm of late 1905. Only five of the sixteen on board were saved. And all along the shores as we steamed could be seen the hulks of former wrecks, not many seasons old, for the drifting sands quickly cover them up.

Light-houses adorn every point as the limit of precaution, but the shoals and reefs, the hundreds of projecting bars and points, the shifting winds and fierce waves of this district prove too much for the most experienced of mariners. Pleasant Bay has been the scene of one of the most disastrous calamities of fishing experience. The Lord's Day gale of 1873 caught in this

deceptive harbour hundreds of fishing schooners fleeing from the wind outside. The sudden shifting of the gale caught them in the trap, and the shore was strewn with the hulls of boats and the bodies of fishermen. Within sight of the boarding-house mentioned a stretch of four hundred yards of beach was covered with forty-five schooners.

So many old hulls lie under the water and on the sands that the fishermen claim the clams of Amherst harbour are unfit for use because of the rusty poison they have drawn from the metal. Whether this is the reason or not, the fact remains that the clams caught on the shore are poisonous and of a rusty colour, fit only for bait.

There is little that is attractive in the distant appearance of the Islands. At one time covered with large trees, the inhabitants cut so recklessly for shipbuilding and firewood that entire islands are without so much as a shrub. Grindstone Island is the prettiest, because of tracts of short spruce and fir, unfit for use, but taking away the bald look that makes Amherst Island, for instance, appear so bleak.

Approaching the landing-place it is a pretty sight to see the white-washed houses stretched out irregularly over the land. There are no villages, as we understand them, the houses being placed without regard to the location of the stores or post-offices. In fact, there is little of the Islands that is not peopled. The population is much too numerous, and it can only be a year or two until migration must take place to make room. The tiny farms that occupy the fishermen between fishing seasons are not large or productive enough to support the rapidly-increasing population.

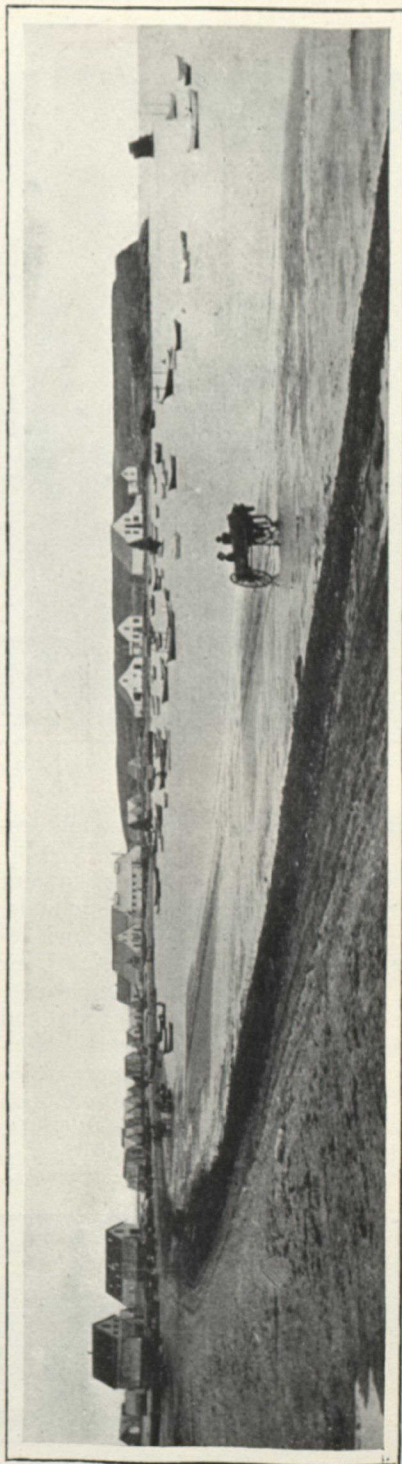
The houses are whitewashed, and with few exceptions shingled all over. The roofs are treated with a coat of whitewash or tar, not only to preserve them, but to assist in keeping out the bleak winds that roar over the

Gulf in the long winter. Inside, many of the houses are papered over cloth which blows and waves in the winds outside.

When the winter comes the Islanders are cut off from the outside world save for the cable which connects the north-east point with Cape Breton. (During the past fall a wireless connection has been established). For five months no boat can weather the ice-floes and storms of this section of the Gulf. The Magdaleners must provide their own amusement, with only such information of the outside as comes over the wire to the little telegraph stations that are used only in emergency. The boat runs as long as the ice will allow, usually being forced to stop before the first of December. In April it sometimes starts again, but May more commonly sees the break in the long isolation.

There are sixteen telegraph offices under the direction of M. Le Bourdais, a French sailor wrecked thirty-nine years ago, in winter, on the north shore, his legs cut off above the knees owing to the exposure. He was obliged to take this means of earning a living. And the number of messages does not overwork him. One office had not sent or received a message for fifteen months, but the operator received \$150 for his share of the idleness. Another operator was paid \$100 for one message.

Two years ago the wire broke in December. It was impossible to mend it at that time of year, and the isolation after years of cable connection which was seldom used worried the islanders. At last one of them rigged up a molasses cask with a tin sail and set it adrift, with letters sealed in lobster tins. Ten days later it was picked up at Post Hastings, Cape Breton, and the letters were delivered. From the first of December to the first of May that was the only connection the Islands had with the mainland. Then the government ice-breaker smashed its way through the un-



ETANG DU NORD FISHING-HARBOUR



A WRECK-STREWN SHORE

usually late ice-floes and brought relief.

And what of the simple, quaint fisher folk who inhabit these Islands, who fish for cod and lobster and receive little for their labour? Their life, their happiness and innocence, their limited wants, their toils and sports are worthy of separate attention. Living in all the dangers of ice and storm and wind, content with little and not working hard for it,

their life is the relief from strain and struggle that would send a business man back to his work with renewed energies and revived strength, with a mind that has been unable to do anything but rest. A quaint, old-fashioned people, I found them, as yet unspoiled by the outside world, uncommercial, unambitious, and ignorant of life as others know it, but unique in their simplicity, friendliness and habits.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Amy on this interesting part of the Dominion. The second will appear in the March Number.)



SOFTY

BY F. H. SHAW

WILLIAM MENPES trembled violently, and his lips moved, but no sound issued from them. He was gripped deeply in the greatest fear he had ever known. They called him "Softy" in the township, but though there were times when his brain refused to obey his needs, such a time was not now. He realised to the full the predicament he was in, and he knew the terrible justice of that wild land, whereby a man must pay with his life for his crime.

"Waal, boys, guess ther prisoner's been found guilty, according to law." It was Jasper Fergus who spoke, and his jaw shot out cruelly. The coming task was one in which he delighted; he had sworn a solemn vow by all the lesser gods of the West to stop this constant and growing crime of horse-stealing. "Yew're all sartain on that head, I take it? You, Ed Fitzgerald? You, Mike Donoghue? You, Sim Lofty? You, Jake Merrill? You, Bryan—. Whar in h—'s Bryan gone?"

"Loped off a while since," said Sam Lofty. "Streaked it like a flash ter the north. Guess his stomick sickened at what were comin'."

"Don't make no difference," said Fergus. "Guess thar's enough of us hyar for ter form a quorum. Yew've heard the evidence; thar ain't no doubtin' as haow Softy stole that hoss, thar ain't no doubt as haow he intended fur to steal it; we found ther hoss on him—ter be more kerrect, he were on ther hoss, he were riding towards Booming Bluff; he intended fur ter

sell the cayuse; he's as guilty as ever a man were; an' the sentence air —" He paused impressively.

"Death," muttered the little chorus. And Fitzgerald took up the tale, as if he needed to defend himself against his verdict.

"This horse-stealing's got to stop; let one man go, what's the result? Another man comes along and steals another horse, maybe two. He gets off; another follows suit; and before we know where we are, we haven't a horse left in the town. We've got to make an example of Softy to encourage the others, as the Frenchmen say."

"That's right, that goes to ther root o' ther matter," grunted Donoghue. "Blurst Frenchmen, says I, but when they talks sense like that, goes. Let the sweep hang. Tain't as ef he misunderstood. He's been warned; he's been told fer ter keep his hands off them hosses; but he goes an' does it right away. He's a bad lot—pretends fer ter be looney, when he's as clear-headed as you'n me. He stole that hoss knowin' that hoss-stealin' meant death; then he's got ter swing, sharp an' suddint."

"Waal, seein' ye're all o' one mind, he shall swing," said Fergus. "He's been took red-handed, an' seein' thar ain't a properly-qualified jedge within miles, an' seein' as haow Softy's as slippery as an eel, up he goes one-time. Anyone got anythin' ter say?"

No one had anything to say, but all made comments on the matter. Some were vitriolic, some were sneering and

cold as a Rocky frost; but amongst them all there was not one softening word of mercy. It was not to be expected; in a semi-lawless community justice must necessarily be sharp and summary. The execution now meditated would have a most drastic and deterrent effect on other mavericks in the vicinity; masterless men who lived by their wits and their cunning. Softy possessed an unsavoury reputation at the best of times; he had been mixed up with many a shady transaction; there was little in him that was good. No one knew whence he came, save that he had drifted into the district in a promiscuous manner many a year before, and had gained his living as best he could. But twice he had been imprisoned on charges of felony—that was when the judge was alive; twice he had been driven away from the remoter boundaries of Cleft Rock; he had returned after varying lapses of time, to be accepted with a certain amount of distrust, and warned to be on his best behaviour. Never before had he faced death so closely as now.

He, wavering in wits as he was, recognised the justice of his sentence. He had meant to steal the horse, it was the best in the town, and his eye had been taken with it. On its back he could join up with the old gang of outlaws and hold his own with them in their deeds of daring and devilry; he could elude pursuit and win clear to freedom, no matter how close the corner in which he was held up. It was Fred Simpkin's Bayardo that he had stolen, and Fred was away on a journey, so men would have it; but the absence of the horse's owner made no difference. There were a dozen men ready to swear to the animal's identity, and of that dozen not one but coveted the beast greatly.

"'Tain't as ef we knew any good o' Softy," said Fergus, anxious to stand well with himself. "He's bad right through—as bad as they make 'em.

Thar ain't a good p'int in him; an' like as not we'll save him from goin' a bigger cropper by swingin' him now. A man what would steal another man's hoss 'ud cut that man's throat just so soon as look at him. We ain't takin' no chances this time, an' Softy's goin' out according to lynch law."

"Ain't he got nuthin' ter say fer himself?" asked Donoghue. "He's glib enough at most times." But Softy had nothing to say. Cold fear had paralysed him completely; the muscles of his mouth were not under control. Long ago he had heard members of the gang speak in terrified whispers of this strange black silence which men called death; they had shrunk away from its grip; they had cried aloud in fear when it seemed to hover about them. Death must be a terrible thing; he could not face it. He must speak—but though he tried, no sound came from his parched throat. Death—he trembled, his knees weakened beneath him, he could not stand. One of his judges hauled him to his feet and propelled him violently towards the single tree that stood, a lone sentinel, on the barren hillside.

He screamed, the awful, inarticulate scream of a wild animal facing its end. To softer hearts such a cry might have brought pity, but not one of those stern men who had not suffered in some way from similar depredations. Mercy had fled before the sweep of grim necessity; the man was a common pest, as such he must be eradicated on the shortest notice, lest the infection should spread. They were unconsciously cruel, perhaps, but only by the making and enforcing of such laws could they hope for peace in such a mixed community.

"Yew've got a rope, Ed," said Fergus. "Pass it over. Seein' as haow I'm jedge, I'll be hangman too. I've got the courage o' my convictions, I have, an' I'm not afeared to own up to havin' strung the scum."

Softy looked about him. He saw a ring of merciless faces, sunburnt, hard, keen of eye, dogged of jaw. These were his judges. A little distance away grazed the object of dispute, Fred Simpkin's Bayardo; a horse that filled the eye, and presented a picture of equine perfection, despite the fact that it had been ridden hard during the preceding night. The horses of the posse, breathing deeply still, and sweating, grazed here and there on the sparse grass that filled the hollows in the rocks. Rock and scant herbage spread as far as the eye could see; for the range was almost in the foothills of the Rockies, and the chase had been long towards the West.

In the farther distance towered the great sentinels, a continent's massive backbone; they upreared their cold heads into a sky that showed like turquoise. But that sky gave back no smile of mercy, the stones gave no sign. Justice had spoken its final word; all that was needed now was for the sentence to be carried into effect.

"Ain't ye goin' to say nuthin'?" asked Fergus keenly. He remembered courts of justice of the olden time when bewigged, red-gowned justices had given convicted felons one last chance of appeal before the final words were spoken, and he had no wish to be unjust, however merciless he might appear. Softy tried to speak; so much depended on his words; if he could lie plausibly, if he could only tell them that Simpkin had ordered him to fetch the horse—a hundred excuses ran through his brain, but not one of them found utterance.

"Hyar goes, then," said Fergus, and knotted a noose in the rope that Fitzgerald had provided. The gnarled tree stump possessed a single branch that was eminently suitable for the purpose afoot they decided to attach the rope to it.

"Yew'd better say yer prayers, Softy," grunted Fergus, laying the

noose around the condemned man's neck. "Thar ain't no goin' back onct yew've started this journey. Donoghue, shin up an' cast this rope about that branch, sharp an' secure." It was done; the rope hung loosely. Fergus gazed about at his men, and frankly disliked the task that was set him and them.

"Ef we all swing tu that rope he'll go up," he said; "but 'tain't a kindly job. How'd it be s'posing we mounted him on Bayardo, an' let ther hoss do the work?"

The men sighed their relief; it was no wish of theirs to haul the choking man from his feet and into eternity.

But Bayardo was not easily caught, he eluded them with a snort of satisfaction and galloped away. Some time passed before Donoghue roped him and brought him to his senses; but this was done eventually, and the horse was led near to the tree.

"Hoist him up, boys," said Fergus. "That's the fashion. Haow, Softy, yer time's up. Yew've been a bad lot, but ther reckonin's come at last."

He arranged the rope about the condemned man's neck carefully, and backed Bayardo under the tree.

"Haul that rope tight an' make it fast, someone." It was done. Softy realised to the full the horrors of his position. He closed his eyes, and shivers of deep dread shook him. He opened them again, for he could not bear the darkness, it terrified him. In another minute such a darkness as that would close down on his senses for ever.

He was terribly afraid; more afraid than ever he had been in his life before. His sins came to his mind; he had been a bad egg from the beginning; he had never had a chance. Sweat beads stood out on his forehead, his breath came chokingly. What was that?

It was a long-drawn cry from the distance; a cry that caused Bayardo to whinny loudly and welcomingly.

Softly opened his eyes again; he had closed them as the moments passed, and away in the distance, just topping a rise in the ground, he saw two mounted men galloping as fast as their horses could put foot to ground.

"We ain't stoppin' for no one," said Fergus, and lifted his quirt to strike the horse across the quarters. Clear as a bell through the rarefied mountain air came a commanding voice: "Stand, Bayardo?" And the horse stood like a rock, it refused to move even when the lash stung it cruelly.

"Get up, yer brute," snorted Fergus, snatching at the bridle, but the horse planted its forefeet solidly and would not budge an inch. It had heard its master's voice bidding it stand, and stand it would until the order was countermanded.

"Curse it! Ther blame cayuse won't move," said Fergus, and as he wrestled with the stubborn animal the sound of galloping hoofs drew near and nearer. Fred Simpkin pelted up on a wellnigh spent horse, and flung himself to the ground.

"What's to do here, boys?" he asked. "Why, you're not going to hang old Softy, are you?"

"That's about ther size of it, Fred," explained Fergus. "We'd got him all fixed just-so, but this yer hoss o' your'n won't budge. Naow, yew kin just tell him tew march, and we'll get done with a nasty piece o' work."

"But, you're not going to hang Softy!" Simpkin stood squarely in the sunlight, and his face was stern with determination. "Come, lads, say it's only a joke you've been playin' on him. Why, Softy's never deserved hanging in his life."

"It's ther toughest kind o' joke that's ever been played on him, Fred. Don't yew interfere; he's been tried accordin' to Jedge Lynch, an' he's been found guilty. Jest yew tell that thar cayuse tew move on, will yer?"

"Bayardo doesn't move a step until

Softy's let down from that tree," said Simpkin, fondling his horse's nose. "What's the charge, anyway?"

"Yew know it, Fred. It's your hoss that's been stole, and there's been a round dozen stole within the past month. We're goin' to put a stop tew it onct an' for all. Softy's found guilty, Softy swings. That's all there is tew it."

"Hold on a bit. Take your hand from your belt, Fergus. Quick—drop that gun! There was the click of steel in Simpkin's voice, and the unwavering muzzle of his swiftly-drawn revolver covered Fergus squarely.

"I'll shoot if you don't stop it," he said, and the pistol the big man had pulled dropped with a thud.

"That's better and don't any of you draw a gun—I mean what I say, boys. We'll reckon this thing out squarely, and Softy won't hang if I can help it." Simpkin dominated the situation as much by force of his strong personality as by any hostile action he had taken. Some of the better thinking of the men began to feel honestly ashamed of the part they had played; to look at Softy, sitting Bayardo still with his jaw fallen and a blank look in his eyes, was enough to convince them that the law-breaker did not deserve the same treatment that was meted out to others. He had sinned—heavily according to the penal code of the camp, but to him the dividing line between right and wrong was so narrow as to be hardly perceptible.

"Now, we'll see what can be done." Simpkin's voice was perfectly level, but he was aware of a queer thrill at heart; he knew that a false move might precipitate disaster. But none could have guessed the fact as he moved round to Bayardo's side, and caught the prisoner's foot in his hand.

"Shift that rope, someone," he commanded, and Donoghue did it, unwillingly, perhaps, but he did it nevertheless. Then the rescuer launched

Softy over the sleek back of the horse, and he dropped heavily to the ground.

"To condemn a man, there's to be a prosecution," said Simpkin. "I don't intend to prosecute, and the horse is mine. Look at it whichever way you like, you haven't a case."

"He's been tried and condemned already," said one of the men.

"Yes, illegally. Mind you, boys, they aren't in favour of too much lynch law hereabouts—with a murder it's different. And Softy—why, Softy's Softy—that ought to be explanation enough."

"Yew'd better mind yer p's and q's yerself, Fred," growled Fergus, in a voice that was suggestive of a spent volcano. "I've seed men swung up theirselves for doin' just so much as yew've done; no more. Accessary arter the fact, don't they call it?"

"I'll risk that. Boys, Softy's been pretty near the divide to-day, and I guess it's taught him a lesson. We won't play any more fancy tricks of this kind; he knows now what the punishment is, and he won't risk it again. Will you, Softy?" Softy, remembering the shocking horror of the past hour, shook his head dumbly from side to side, where he crouched on the parched grass.

"Then, that settles it. The prisoner has promised amendment, and the prosecutor refuses to prosecute. I declare Softy free, and if there's anyone here doubts the judgment he's only got to interview me." He looked big and brave, an undesirable morsel to tackle, as he stood there, one strong, brown hand on Bayardo's neck, the other grasping the revolver. If he had shown a moment's weakness it is likely he would have been rushed, shot down, and Softy dragged to his death. But the men about knew that if any one made such an attempt, one or more of their number would go out; and each man imagined the revolver muzzle was covering himself. The tables

had been well turned and competely.

"Come on, boys, let's light out o' this," said Fergus, turning away and stooping for his revolver. "After all, we was a bit hasty, p'raps. He was trying to put as good a face as possible on the matter. But"—he wheeled round suddenly—"what we want to know is this, Fred. Who's responsible fer Softy? What proof hev' we that he won't go for ter do it all over agin? Once a hoss-thief, allus a hoss-thief, that's my idee."

"Don't worry about that, Fergus. I'll be responsible for Softy. I'll answer for anything he might do in future; not that he'll do anything. But I give you leave here, before witnesses, to hang me if Softy goes off the straight again."

"That goes, Fred. Mind yer, we'll keep yer to it. If thar's a hoss stole agin, an' onless Softy kin prove a mighty good alibi, you answer fer him, or deliver him up. Come on, boys."

Simpkin had conquered; and as he watched the impromptu court mount and ride away, he wondered what strange whim had caused him to interfere. He had no particular affection for the culprit; he had much for Bayardo. And yet, when Bryan, riding at a furious gallop, had come upon him where he was prospecting, within a couple of miles of where Softy had been held up, and when Bryan had thundered out the tale, Simpkin had got to saddle as quickly as ever he had done in his life, and spurned the earth beneath him in his haste to intervene. Why? He asked himself the question curiously, and could find no reasonable answer. Softy was a wrong 'un, looked at from any point of view; he was a blot on the little community; he was more than half suspected of having a finger in many nefarious pies. Only six months before suspicions had gone out in his direction, connecting him with a notorious gang of outlaws away higher up in the mountains. There were some who had sworn to recognising

him in company with Burke, the leader of the gang. And yet, here was Simpkin risking the hostility of all his friends in the settlement, merely to save the worthless one's life. He marvelled at himself for a clear minute.

"It's one of those sudden impulses a man can't account for," he told himself at length. And then he surveyed Softy, where he still lay on the ground, his arms tightly bound by the elbow.

"If Bryan hadn't known the exact spot where I was prospecting, Softy," he said slowly, "you'd have been explaining yourself to a Greater Judge than Fergus. D'you understand that?"

The culprit wagged his head side to side. Simpkin stooped, drew his knife and cut the thongs. "Get up," he commanded, and Softy rose stiffly. "I'm asking for no explanations; you'd likely find a hundred if I gave you the chance. But remember one thing, Softy, I'm responsible for you. If you play the fool again I go out, not you. And so, if I so much as hear again of your making a wrong move I'll attend to you myself. Now, vamoose." But Softy, instead of availing himself of the permission, remained where he was.

"I ain't to be trusted, Fred," he said slowly. "Times thar's a feelin' comes over me as haow I can't help myself. I tries to be decent, but the feelin' says: 'Yew go an' take this, yew go an' take that,' an' I can't resist it; I jest can't."

"You'll have to make a fight, my lad, that's all. It's the rope for you and me if you don't."

"Haow kin I? Ain't every man got his hand agin me? Kin I keep a job a week? Soon's anythin' goes wrong it's Softy that's ter blame, allus Softy. An' even if I'm inner-cent, ther blame holds jest the same. What kin a chap do agin that? Ef yer turns me adrift naow, Fred, I'll go the same road—I could no more

help stealin' your hoss 'n I could help sleepin' when I was tired."

"Well, what do you want? You poor devil, I suppose you never had a real chance in your life. What do you want?"

"Let me hang out along er yew, Fred. I'll work hard an' honest, I will, so be you give us a chanct. I don't want no dollars, narvy cent; just my bare keep an' a place to lie o' night. I want ter be straight, but I can't be 'thout someone helps me. I'm a bit weak here," he tapped his forehead; "an' I can't tell any difference at times atween right an' wrong. But ef yew took me in hand, why, there ain't no tellin'."

Simpkin thought for a moment. Probably enough it was as the man said. He was a social pariah; every man's hand was against him; inevitably his was against every man; it was the law of the world. To release the man from death and to throw him at large on a hostile world was practically doing no more than postpone the inevitable evil day. He studied the loose-lipped, unintelligent face closely.

"You can dig out with me," he said at last. "I dare say I'll be able to find you a job. Now, come on." He mounted Bayardo's bare back, and set his horse's face towards home. Softy strode along beside him, his eyes on the ground, and something that he was entirely unfamiliar with welling up in his heart. In all his life he had hardly known the feeling of gratitude, but his disordered brain was slowly making queer, rambling resolves.

II.

Within a month Softy was accepted as being as much a part of the establishment as the big stove in the corner. Cleft Rock, a place where memories were conveniently short, forgot his share in the horse-stealing, and as there was no more such stealing, refrained from hurling their earlier epithets of abuse at the man.

The unfortunate toiled ceaselessly from dawn to dusk, for only by so doing could he fight down those terrible pangs of fear that remained to him as his heritage from the past. He went abroad, armed with Fred's great axe, and painfully, laboriously, hewed down the sparse trees that grew in the mountains, dragging them one by one back to the settlement. He made no inquiries as to Simpkin's daily labours; his saviour had told him on the morning after his salvation that he was going prospecting, and that was enough for Softy. Washing the rough dirt-stained shirts of his friend, or splitting the logs for the stove, Softy thought constantly of his benefactor, and muttered curious, grotesque sentences between his teeth.

Winter closed down in all its rigour, and there was nothing to be done outside. Simpkin had done much work in the open months, and now, as he could no longer continue his lengthy journeys, he was quite content to sit at home and discuss the future with any who came his way. But the men of Cleft Rock, whilst not holding any grudge against him for his intervention, yet seemed to slacken in their cordiality ever so little; and so, it was only natural that Simpkin should find himself thrown more and more on Softy's society.

Little by little Simpkin confided his story to his henchman's willing ears. He was not a man of fluent speech, but as the reserve of the man wore down he became almost eloquent.

"There's a girl in England, Softy," he remarked one night, when the snow lay thick outside and a harsh wind roared sullenly round the hut. "That's why I'm out here. You wouldn't understand it all; but it eases me to tell you. She's not the sort of woman you see away out here, she's all pink and white, and young, Softy—young and tender. She's got a mother, too—darn her!" He reached inside his coat and drew out a

little miniature, at which he gazed almost pityingly.

"There she is, Softy; and I'll swear you never saw anyone to touch her." The ne'er-do-weel took the picture with reverent hands and gazed upon such a face as had never passed his way since remembrance began.

"She's like—like—ther dawn in spring," he said wonderingly. "Gee, ain't she Number One all right?"

"She's all that, and a good deal more. It's on account of her I'm out here. What use is an engineer in London these days, unless he's specialised?" went on Simpkin half to himself. The market's overcrowded for engineers, unless they've got capital to start in a big way. And that girl's mother's got her ear-marked for a rich man, Softy. I came out here to grow rich, and it's slow work, it's slow work." Softy crept nearer.

"It's like music fer ter hear yew talk, Fred," he said. "Ain't thar no more?"

"Oh, there's lots more, if it comes to that. It does a man good to get it off his chest at times. She said she'd hold out against her mother for two years; but that she didn't think she'd be able to do more. And eighteen months are pretty nearly done. She writes me letters, Softy, and tells me how hard it is to hold out against her mother's persuasions. I'd like to—to—" He set his teeth firmly, and a look of bitter determination came into his eyes.

"Like ter string her up, same's they nigh strung me up?" asked softy, out of his limited intelligence.

"Well, not quite so bad as that, lad, perhaps; but she's a harpy, a beast. She's doing her best to marry my girl to a millionaire, a drunken hound who'd lead her the life of a dog; but he'd put lots of money into the way of my girl's mother, and that's all she thinks of. Not about her child's happiness—she doesn't care if Maisie goes to hell in torment, so long as she herself lies soft and

warm, and has fine clothes to wear. Not much chance there for a poor devil of an engineer who's got nothing beyond a couple of bare hands and a bit of grit."

And Simpkin relapsed into mournful silence.

"Wisht I'd a gold mine ter give ye, Fred," said Softy. And Simpkin laughed; it was so impossible to imagine Softy, who had never been known to possess even a whole shirt for more than a week, to give him anything.

During those long winter months the young man talked much to his companion, and little by little the meaning of what winning Maisie Ridout meant to his patron penetrated into Softy's brain. Love for a woman was a thing he could not understand, but he could and did understand how Simpkin's heart hungered for the girl away in London. He, Softy, could not help Simpkin to the realisation of his ideal: which was to make a fortune, and, returning, drag the girl from under her mother's very nose; but he could realise that Simpkin needed encouragement as the months wore on, and he gave it, in his own grotesque fashion.

And then the spring came round; the white blanket began to disappear from the world, the sound of pick and shovel was heard in the land. Simpkin resumed his lengthy absences from home, and Softy stayed behind guarding Simpkin's possessions jealously.

"Pack up everything that matters; we're moving out o' this," said Simpkin, one day, bursting into the place. "Look alive, Softy. We'll slip off to-night." And he helped Softy to dismantle the simple dwelling of everything that was worth while. Toward evening a waggon drew up at the door, and the two men piled a curious mass of belongings into the vehicle; Simpkin cracked his whip as the last movable was in place, and they set

forth into the night. That night and the next they travelled, and then arrived at a spot which Softy had never known before. Here they halted.

"We'll stop right here," said Simpkin. "We'll run up a bit of a shed, Softy, and start afresh." And further explanation he would not give. Softy was obedient, and in his hands the axe did marvellous things; but Simpkin could hardly spare the small time necessary for the erection of the shack; he was afire with a strange eagerness.

"Finish it yourself," he said, throwing down the hammer. "Softy, I've found a fortune, I believe." And he hastened down to the bed of a little creek. There had been a landslide with the movement of the snow, and the prospector had found undeniable traces of the precious metal he was in search of. He had discovered a pocket containing nuggets, the soil in the bed of the stream was rich with gold-dust.

"I want a month here, that's all," he said to Softy. "After that all the world can know about the find; but we won't say a word to a soul yet. We'll live on what we can shoot, Softy, and we'll stow the gold away all snug; we won't take it into the settlement. Here's where we'll stow it."

He was feverish, excited beyond his wont. Experience told him that his find was a valuable one; a king's ransom lay within reach of his hard-working hands. But to work by night was impossible, they had no lamps of any account; and, too, the sight of a burning light in that deserted cañon might attract the attention of undesirables.

Simpkin lifted a board of the floor and took up his pick. "We'll dig a hole here, Softy," he said, and fell to work, his companion assisting him. The earth was hard, and it was toilsome labour; the sweat ran down their faces, but they did not think of desisting until they had excavated a receptacle that would have held gold to

an incredible and fabulous value.

"That's where the gold's to be stored," said Simpkin. "And you've not got to breathe a word to a living soul about it, my lad. You see, I'm trusting you, in spite of what you did before, but I believe you're going to make good, Softy, and you'll get a share of whatever gold's lifted."

Between them they had washed and found close on ten thousand ounces of gold; it was a thing almost unheard of. Only another month, and then Simpkin could go boldly to Maisie's mother and lay his winnings before her, could claim the girl by right of his love and his wealth—love for the girl, wealth for the mercenary mother—and the end would be wedding bells. He opened out still further from his habitual reserve, and told Softy more and more of his dreams.

"I'll take on big contracting work; I'll be a millionaire in five years," he said. "Maisie'll have everything she wants, and we'll pension off the old woman so she won't interfere. It's a good world, Softy, a good world. We'll stop another week, Softy, and then we'll clear. But—I'll prepare her for what's coming, lad, I'll prepare her." Six days later Simpkin saddled his horse that had grazed at large in the neighbourhood, and set off towards the settlement. "Back in three days, Softy," he said. "You look after the place."

He rode off leaving Softy alone. He would return in three days, and those three days must be filled in somehow. Softy found stout nails and secured the loosened floor-board in place. He stamped on it, and found that it gave no indication of a hollow space beneath; it was packed with bags of gold; it sounded dull and solid. The first two days were put in adding a little more to the treasure. The third day Softy took Simpkin's shotgun, and went into the woods. Returning towards evening. He cooked the bird he had contrived to

shoot, and ate it; then he sat down before the stove—up there the evenings were chill—and in the glowing embers traced the face of the girl. He laughed to himself, rubbing his hands, chuckled at thought of the surprise that would be hers. Then he heard the rapid beat of hoofs outside, and got up in haste.

Fred must be back—it was almost time. Only Simpkin would ride in such hot haste. But there were surely two horses; ah, Fred would have brought another, of course, in order to drag back the laden waggon as swiftly as possible.

Softy opened the door and went back to the stove to pile fresh logs into it; he must give Fred a welcome home. Feet sounded without—he straightened his back and turned to the door. And then his face whitened, his jaw dropped; here was no Fred Simpkin, instead two men, vile of feature, clad in coarse shirts, stood in the entrance. His hand flew to his shirt bosom, his fingers gripped the butt of the old revolver.

"Hands up!" He refused to obey and pulled the weapon forth, as he levelled it a pistol cracked, and his hand fell uselessly to his side, the pistol dropping to the ground.

"None o' them tricks here. I said 'Hands up!'" Softy recognised his impotence, and his foot that had been reaching out to the fallen weapon, was withdrawn.

"What d'ye want?" he asked sullenly. "Thar ain't nuthin' hyar."

"Yes, Softy, there's suthin' hyar we wants. An' yew've got fer ter give it to us, mind ye that."

"An' durned quick, too," growled the second man. They both entered the hut and closed the door behind them. At close quarters, with the light upon their faces, Softy named them for two of the old gang, desperate men, who would allow nothing to stand in their way. What could they want?

"Strap him up wi' thet old hide-

rope," said the man who had challenged and fired, and the other man obeyed. They thrust Softy down on the packing-case beside the stove; so close to the glowing erection that he could feel the skin of his back scorch.

"Naow, Softy, old pal, yew've got to speak a word er two ter-night," growled the man he had recognised for Jim Burke himself. Softy's heart drummed painfully against his ribs; he was beginning to understand.

"We're wise on some things," said Burke, playing with his revolver. "We ain't intendin' fur ter resort ter extreme measures, Softy, 'cos yew'll be reasonable, bein' an old pal. Tell us in three words whar Fred Simpkin keeps his bold." That was it—he had known it all along. And because two pairs of eyes were watching him narrowly, he refrained from glancing towards the spot where the floor-board covered the treasure. It required herculean effort, but he refrained.

"Thar ain't no gold," he said, lying bravely.

"Thar's a lot o' gold somewheres," said Burke. "'T won't pay yew fer ter lie ter me, old son. I don't mind tellin' ye haow I knows. We've watched Simpkin an' you hereabouts, an' we've tumbled. We was in Clef Rock yistiddy, an' me, sendin' off a letter, seed Fred Simpkin come inter the post-office. I seed him write a tellygraft, an' he wrote that enthusiastic, he pressed deep. I read every word he'd written on ther paper underneath. An' what he wrote was: 'Struck it rich, comin' home.' An' he ain't been to ther bank, an' he ain't got the gold on him. So it's hyar, an' we means fer ter have it."

"It's not hyar," said Softy sullenly. "I tell yer, it's not hyar."

"It's hyar, Softy. Come, yew're not going' back on an old pard. Yew up an' tell us whar it is, an yew'll get yer share."

He approached the bound man and, as if in play, thrust his head down towards the stove. With the hot

breath from the glowing iron scorching his chin, he held him fast.

"Tell us, Softy," he coaxed. And Softy wriggled in anguish. His poor brain had become clear once more, as clear as it was that day when Fred Simpkin had saved him from the rope. He was able to think it all out clearly. These men knew the gold was there; they haw raced ahead of Simpkin in order to possess themselves of it and be away before his return. And Fred had promised to be back that night.

Burke had intended to take the gold and Softy with him, until the presence of the semi-idiot became too embarrassing, when he would be dispensed with. Simpkin would naturally suppose that the temptation of the gold had been too strong for the man he had saved, and suspicion would only rest on Softy—who had always been under a cloud. It was an ingenious idea.

Softy held out until a blister appeared on his cheek. Then he gasped, and Burke released him.

"Come on, Softy; yew'll only lay up trouble fer yerself ef yew don't tell us quick. Thar ain't no time ter waste."

"Waken him up; there'll be hell ter pay ef Simpkin comes back afore we're through," growled the second man.

"Leave him ter me, Burke, an' I'll make him speak." Burke moved away with an ill grace, and left Softy seated by the stove. The other man, Jinsy Craggs, pulled his revolver out.

"Will ye speak?" he asked, and fired. The bullet cut a score in Softy's shoulder; he yelled aloud with the pain.

"Next time it'll be ter kill, not ter hurt," said Jinsy, drawing back the hammer slowly. "Naow, will yer tell?"

It would be so easy to divulge the secret of the gold's hiding-place; a couple of words would do it—nay, even a single glance. Burke, leaving the unfortunate in the hands of his accom-

plice, was ranging the place, searching everywhere—turning out the old boxes, seeking under the beds, tapping on the walls. Softy feared death greatly; but there was something within himself stronger than his fear. Simpkin had left him in charge of the gold; he had trusted him, whom no man had ever trusted before. And that gold meant so much to Fred—life, happiness, love — more than these, indeed, the happiness of that wonder-woman whose pictured presentment filled Softy's dreams.

"Ther gold ain't hyar," he repeated stubbornly, with a curious little glint in his colourless eyes, and a quaint setting of his stubbly chin.

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it? Wall I'll give yew one more chanct. Naow, one, two—whar's that gold?" The revolver was levelled at Softy's breast; allowing for the throw-up of the muzzle, the bullet would take him fairly between the eyes. He could see the hard, brown finger tightening on the trigger, and, almost unconsciously, he could smell something—burning skin. But not his own—not his own; he felt no pain in his hands or back. Ah! he had it—the hide rope that bound him was being charred through!

"Will ye tell? Three!" And the pistol cracked. But the aim was not intended to be immediately fatal. As he fired Jinsy threw the muzzle down and a bullet took Softy in a lobe of the left lung. He coughed huskily and worked at his bonds and felt them give.

Now was his chance — he would never tell. They might tear him limb from limb, but the gold had been entrusted to him, and he would hold the secret with his life. It was only the pain of the burning he feared. The gold belonged to Fred, to the man who had saved him and treated him as a white man. The rope snapped. Softy, making no sound, reached for the revolver. Burke and the other man were conducting a search on their own account, tapping the walls, stamping

on the floor, and feeling everywhere.

"We'll cut him up—hi!" cried Burke, turning, and Softy grasped the pistol-butt. But as he lifted the muzzle Burke fired, and the bullet was aimed truly and well. Softy dropped back with a groan, but he still held the pistol, despite the fact that the bullet had almost touched his heart.

Dying as he was, a gleam of his old cunning came back to him. Fred must be here anon; he must hold out until then. If the men believed—believed—

He wearily crawled across the floor of the hut, away from the place where the gold was hidden. The men watched him through narrowed lids.

"He'll go to it now—he's all in!" said Burke. Softy had counted on this, and he made shift to lift the pistol that was growing so heavy now.

"Come an' take it," he gasped and fired wide.

"Drop him! The gold's underneath!" said Jinsy, cocking his revolver. As his finger pressed the trigger again Softy groaned, and that groan reached the ears of a man who stood in the doorway. Fred Simpkin, hearing shots, had halted at a little distance from the shack, dismounted, and crept forward on foot. On the grass his feet made no sound. But the door was open, and he saw every detail of what was transpiring within. He said no word as his revolver flashed forth; he said no word as his finger pressed the trigger, but Jinsy went down with a bullet through his brain.

"Move, and I shoot!" came a stern voice, and Burke fired—a second too late. His arm was shattered at the elbow; he gave a roar and plunged towards the door, but the pistol-butt took him fairly on the temple, and he went down like a pole-axed ox. A mist was before Softy's eyes, but the well-remembered voice penetrated to his dimming brain.

"Fred, I saved ther gold!" he said weakly, and died.

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

ORGANISATION, EDUCATION, CO-OPERATION

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

A FEW weeks ago the world rubbed its eyes in amazement at the spectacle of eight hundred farmers from all over Canada appearing before Parliament at Ottawa and demanding justice. What was even more significant, those farmers represented immediately an organisation of almost forty thousand farmers of Canada and indirectly four million souls who subsist through agricultural industry. No spirit of undue humility marked the presentation of their case to Parliament. Full and intelligent realisation of their importance as the groundwork of the national fabric was a feature of "Farmers' Day" on Parliament Hill.

That the representatives of organised agricultural industry in Canada should find necessary the expenditure of time, money and effort sufficient to lay their case before Parliament is a striking commentary on the Canadian system of Government. It was a public manifestation of the widespread feeling among the great wealth-producing class that so-called democracy in Canada is largely a myth, that special privilege is in control, that representative Government is broken down, and that only through a united and determined effort on the part of the common people will they secure protection of their interests. Those farmers were erstwhile followers of two historic political parties, but now they acknowledge no party ties.

The appearance of the farmers at

Ottawa was a warning to both political parties that all the Canadian people will not always bow allegiance to any but constitutional power. Since the Western farmers spoke their minds so fully and freely to Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he visited the prairies last summer they have been misrepresented, for selfish reasons, in every Anglo-Saxon country. Their descent upon Ottawa will terminate that campaign. The world now knows the truth.

But the questions now are, Will this farmers' organisation live? Has it any stability? What is behind it? It is patent to all that if the farmers remain shoulder to shoulder their cause must ultimately triumph. Former articles by the writer have set forth the rise and some of the accomplishments of the farmers' organisations in Western Canada, and it is the purpose of the present article to indicate the certainty of their permanency.

By an analysis of the organisations in each of the prairie provinces a better appreciation of the scope and importance of the farmers' work can be had. In the Province of Manitoba there are to-day two hundred local Grain Growers' Associations; in Saskatchewan, three hundred and fifty Grain Growers' Associations, and in Alberta two hundred local unions of the United Farmers of Alberta. Each local organisation of farmers holds meetings either monthly or semi-monthly for the discussion of matters

purely local, such as purchasing supplies, marketing produce, municipal laws, and other subjects of paramount interest to the immediate community. In addition provincial matter relating to government ownership of elevators, direct legislation, co-operation, meat packing plants, mortgage laws, taxation of land values, supplying seed grain and scores of others receive attention. Probably greater interest is taken in such national questions as the tariff, public ownership of public utilities, government ownership and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway, railway legislation, the banking system of Canada, and the conservation of natural resources. These local meetings are proving of untold benefit for educational purposes and are rapidly bringing about a healthy interest in all public questions. Each year there is an annual convention held in each province where from five to six hundred delegates from the local associations assemble to legislate for the provincial organisations. Farmers' parliaments will meet this winter at Brandon, Regina, and Calgary.

It is at these parliaments that the policy of the associations is laid down and plans outlined for future progress. These parliaments are becoming recognised as factors of great importance in Western civilisation, and they receive due attention by the press. It is at these meetings that the tariff, elevator, and Hudson Bay Railway policies are formulated and written down.

The local associations in the three provinces are bound together by central organisations, which form the connecting link and unite the three provinces for one purpose. In Winnipeg is the central office of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association, presided over by R. McKenzie, Secretary, an Ontario man of Scotch descent, who has spent more than a quarter of a century in Manitoba, and who is familiar with the problems of Western

farmers. Moose Jaw is the headquarters of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, where F. W. Green, Secretary, is in charge. He is a native of the Mother Country, but he has spent nearly a generation in Canada, and has become one of the big farmers of Saskatchewan. In Alberta the central office of the secretary is at Innisfail. It is presided over by E. J. Fream, another native of England, whom nineteen years in Canada has transformed into a thorough Canadian. Every member of local associations pays one dollar a year, half of which goes to the support of the central office. The Grain Growers' Grain Company, realising the fact that the associations have built up the company, support the central offices by generous grants of money. Saskatchewan and Alberta associations receive small grants from the provincial governments, but such grants in no way affect their independence. The farmers' organisations of Western Canada have no political nor governmental strings upon them—and therein lies their strength. The function of the central offices is to supply information for the guidance of the locals and for discussion at their meetings; to conduct the organisation work throughout their respective provinces, and to watch the interests of the organised farmers upon all occasions. During the winter months organisers are sent throughout the country by the central office, and addresses are delivered on topics in which the farmers are interested. Each central office is an information bureau for the local associations, and it also furnishes inspiration and incentive for greater activity where needed. The central association has regularly elected presidents, and other officers and a board of directors for the conduct of its business. The Saskatchewan association has inaugurated a life membership scheme at twelve dollars a year, and the funds are lent on farm mortgages

to supply a permanent fund from the interest for the support of the central office. The Manitoba and Alberta associations are also working towards the same end. It is the aim in all the provinces to have a more highly organised central office through which the work of the organisations will receive greater impetus. It is no temporary scheme upon which the Western farmers have embarked, but one which they hope to leave in a state of great efficiency for the benefit of their descendants.

Despite the rapid progress that had been made towards the ideals set by the farmers' organisations in the Western Provinces, it was felt by the promoters that a central bond of union was needed in the shape of an independent journal which could be used as the official organ. Two years ago the Grain Growers' Grain Company, which was the only farmers' organisation with a financial standing, offered to finance such a paper for the associations, and *The Grain Grower's Guide* is the result. It was started as a monthly in June, 1908, and was adopted by the three provincial associations as their official organ. So well was it received that a year later it became a weekly paper. It is the only paper in Canada, owned, controlled and edited by farmers for farmers. It is not a purely agricultural journal, but, as set out by the promoters, it is "Designed to give uncoloured news from the world of thought and action, and honest opinions thereon, with the object of aiding our people to form correct views upon economic, social and moral questions, so that the growth of society may continually be in the direction of more equitable, kinder and wiser relations between its members, resulting in the widest possible increase and diffusion of material prosperity, intellectual growth, right living, health and happiness." No member of any of the associations is compelled to subscribe to or read it.

The spirit of co-operation is permeating the prairie country very rapidly. The farmers needed only an object lesson on the value of working together, and they have had it. The agitation demanding general co-operative legislation from the Federal Parliament has behind it a widespread desire upon the part of the Western farmers to conduct their own business. They know that the present institutions are not right. There is too much duplication, too much profit taken in the wrong direction, and too lax a system of business among the farming people. The farmers are now very strongly considering the advisability of entering into all commercial lines where they will buy their produce and distribute the profits co-operatively amongst themselves.

The credit system is the curse of the West as of all other countries where it prevails. The farmer raises his wheat and sells it for cash always, and then carries on a credit system with the local merchant, which is poor business for both. The co-operative stores which the farmers will operate will be conducted upon a cash basis. If the farmer has not sold his wheat he will be financed through the bank, and in this way be able to meet all his obligations. By having no bad debts, the stores will be able to give much better prices and also be able to buy with cash. Already there are co-operative institutions among the farmers at Red Deer, Alberta; Sinaluta, Saskatchewan, and in several other places in the Western Provinces. The Sinaluta scheme has been in operation for only a few weeks, but it is apparently a great success. The local stores in the town are being bought out by the farmers and consumers, so that there will be no duplication of business, and the best service will be secured at the lowest possible cost. The present co-operative scheme will widen out till it embraces every portion of the West.

It is not peering too far into the future to see co-operative stores in the various country towns. The farmers will own stock in them and after a fixed rate of interest is paid the balance of the profits will be given back to the patrons in proportion to the amount of business they have done at the store. This is the basis upon which the vast co-operative business of England and Scotland has been worked up so that it now amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars worth every year. The co-operative scheme is but another move towards the establishment of right relations between man and man. It tends to break down the lines of suspicion and distrust and bring the co-operators closer together and to a better understanding of each other. It promises the difference between the producer and the consumer and applies the profits from commercial transactions where they are justly due. Such a system is something that will grow in favour as its principles become better understood.

A feeling is becoming current that something should be done to remove the injustice under which the farmers of the West labour on account of the tremendous areas of vacant land that are held out of use by speculators. This land lies along the railroads by the tens of miles, while behind it and farther away are the farmers working for a living. While they work they enhance the price of the vacant land between their farms and the railroad, and yet the farmers get not a single cent from the "unearned increment" of the vacant land. There is a strong feeling that some of the principles of the Lloyd-George budget should be put into effect upon the Western prairies; the vacant land would then be put into use. It would pay to have land worked, whereas now it pays to keep it idle.

The farmers are day by day getting clearer in their minds what they need,

and what Canada needs, in the way of reform. How are they going to get it? That is really the great problem. It is one thing to know what is needed, but it is a greater thing to know how to get it. Both the present political parties in Canada are hopeless as at present constituted. True, the people of Canada are divided among the two great classes, and they vote for one or the other. They did the same in the United States, but times are changing over there now. The people are fast awakening. The same move is afoot in Canada. The new order of things is approaching rapidly. Down in the States they are smashing the power of the political bosses and bidding fair to restore the power of the common people. The formation of a third party is a hazardous undertaking and one which is very liable to defeat the purpose for which it was undertaken. The logical method to be pursued then is for the people to adhere to the respective names which once designated parties and take charge of the party caucuses and see that the men nominated for Parliament are men who will support the demands of the people. This is the probable move that will be made during the next year. There is a strong probability that there will be a Federal election before the end of 1911. Of course, it is not due for another year, but circumstances demand peculiar actions at times. If it comes, the West will be deprived of twenty new members on account of increased population. If the people who want things different get the proper candidates into the field they will have the battle half won at the start. Already this movement is under way on the prairie. If it results in placing even ten stalwart champions of the people into the Federal Parliament they can leaven the whole. They will be able to force the tariff down to a "revenue" basis, that is, where the revenue will be for the

Government and not for the manufacturers; they will be able to force the hands of Parliament for government ownership of public utilities and for legislation that will give a square deal to every man. The Western farmers want "special privileges" to be prevented from robbing, and they are not asking power to rob anybody else.

The organisation, education and co-operation that is being spread over the prairies day by day is making its mark upon the national life of Canada. The West is already a strong factor at

Ottawa, and every five years it will be stronger. If the West is made to suffer to-day at the hands of more powerful and more grasping sections of the Dominion then the West will not be to blame if the spirit of retaliation manifests itself in the day to come when the balance of power is not so much towards the Atlantic. "Live and let live" is something that appeals to the Westerner, and he wants to be allowed to live just now. In fact, he has almost a determination that he will live—even though there are elements that point otherwise.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES*

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

IN some dim æon of the distant Past
 God gave the waves in wedlock to the strand
 And blest the mating, that the restless Sea
 Should harbour find about a stalwart Land.
 The Sea our Mother and the Land our Sire
 The swelling breast unbounded, vital, free
 That suckles life among her storm-cast babes
 And gives them guerdon of their worthiness.
 A pleasant Land! A strong and tender Land!
 The tempered seasons mingle and succeed
 In sequent equity of shade and grace,
 Green, sun-kissed, russet-golden, snow-caressed.
 Some seek my Mother's deep-sea wedding-dower
 'Mid tempest and in smiling, sunlit ways,
 And some return low-laden to the land,
 And some fare forth to nevermore return.
 Some dally in the upland orchard-dales
 Or delve the mine or sow the golden grain,
 And all who labour, all who love or hate
 Shall reap the fitting harvest of their hands.
 And others—well all know them, though unnamed—
 Gifted with insight past their passing days,
 Statesmen who saw the Vision Realised
 You told, in council, what we are to-day.

* First of a series of poems on the Canadian Provinces.

COIFFE AND SABOT IN BRITTANY

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

Illustrations from Photographs

IN America some are voluntary slaves of the tyrant Fashion, and some are dragged at her chariot wheels unwillingly enough, but bold is the man or woman—almost heroic indeed or foolhardy—who bids her decrees open defiance. Even would-be rebels, for the most part, profess the allegiance that galls them, make clumsy attempts to simulate the liveries of their mistress, and only venture when they think her back is turned (like the small boy who grimaces at his teacher) to wave the flag of liberty. From the man who dare not take his seat in his accustomed pew on a sweltering July Sunday, unless habited in his full panoply of broadcloth and starched linen, to the woman who thinks to satisfy her exacting sovereign with feeble imitations of bulging sleeves and hats only two instead of ten sizes too large—we are all in slavery. In this respect our boasted freedom is a myth or a memory, for to-day Fashion has on this continent as many and as abject bond-slaves as anywhere in the wide world. In the "Old Country" elderly folk often manage to break away from their thralldom, but here it is few indeed, young or old, who can refrain from joining in the grotesque and exhausting gyrations of the dance that Fashion leads her votaries. Smiling or protesting, they foot it in breathless haste to keep

time to the rattle and clink of the money-bags of Paris man-milliners or New York *modistes*. To this tuneless jingle the dance goes on, fast and furious, and in keeping step with it humanity seems subject to changes as startling as those which perplex us in the low life of gelatinous sea-creatures. Heads are now large, now small, shoulders broad or narrow, waists appear and disappear, figures lose or regain their shape, till humanity seems a mere adjunct to the clothes it wears.

Moralists, mindful of the toil, the expense, the too frequent folly of it all, declare that these things ought not so to be, and some of them insist that the whole question should be faced in a strictly utilitarian spirit, paying due attention to health, comfort and decency, and stopping short there. For most of us, though we indignantly disclaim "the love of dress" as being amongst our faults or virtues, this is not enough. Deep down in our secret hearts we know that, while the love of beauty in flowers and fields, in seas and sunlit clouds, in noble faces and fair pictures is a precious gift and a possession to be cultivated, the love of beauty in dress can hardly be a crime.

And the love of beauty does not exhaust all the possibilities of simple, innocent pleasure in dress. While some people can derive no satisfac-



A YOUNG MAN OF SOUTH BRITTANY



A BRETON BRIDE



THE OLD EMBROIDERER OF PONT L'ABBE



A GIRL OF LANNION IN HER COIFFE DE CEREMONIE

tion from garments lacking harmony of tint or line sheer novelty is enough to give delight to folk differently constituted. Others again find their chief satisfaction in the connection of dress with character. Students of human nature, they read in

the garments of their fellows hints as to their habits, their labours, their mental and spiritual qualities; and to the eyes of these hats and coats are eloquent self-expression and the cut of a gown may suggest history. The enormous popularity of the modern



TERRA COTTA FIGURES IN THE MUSEUM AT QUIMPER REPRESENTING "AN OLE-TIME BRETON WEDDING"

pageant is an unconscious tribute to the importance of clothes, for, if the costumes were subtracted, what would remain?

Now, anyone, who, for any reason, loves dress (which, by the way, like conscience, laughter and the practice of cookery, is one of the grand characteristics distinguishing man from the brutes) may have a rare treat by going to Brittany. There, indeed, Fashion reigns supreme; but, instead of the indecorous haste which prompts the women of this continent to fling away their clothes before they have had time to catch any of the individuality of their wearers, the Breton peasants make their garments on the same model year after year, wear them for a life time and, in some cases, hand them down as heirlooms to their successors.

For the tourist, however, these very fashions have the charm of novelty, of change depending not on time but on place. In a few brief hours' travelling, you may, as it were, turn the pages of a whole volume of Breton modes, all still extant and up-to-date, but varying from village to village and district to district, as our fashions vary through a decade, yet still preserving some semblance of unity, which would serve at any moment to differentiate them from such alien styles, as those, for example, of Turkey or China.

In Brittany, wherever you go, the outstanding characteristics of the peasant women's attire are wooden shoes, skirts of extraordinary amplitude, and aprons and caps for outdoor as well as indoor wear. Once, by the way, as the eighteenth-century traveller Kalm would inform us, the *Canadiennes* of Quebec and Montreal had the same idea that they were not properly dressed without their caps; and this applied to great ladies as much as to humble folk. Breton great ladies, however, dress like the rest of French society dames; and it is the peasant costumes which chiefly interest us,

showing within the limits of the general features I have mentioned an almost bewildering variety of detail.

In the Côtes du Nord, about the somnolent cathedral town of Tréguier, along the rocky coasts of Ploumanach and in the districts surrounding the fisherman's port of Paimpol, the dress of the women is as sombre as the legends they learned at their mothers' knees, as dull of hue as the clouds that so often overhang their gorse-fenced fields and old-world towns and so frequently drown out all life and colour from the prospect with sheets of heavy rain. No wonder that the *Bretonnes* of this region are almost never seen in public without large stout umbrellas, for though their dresses are as austere devoid of ornament as the robes of the nuns, and as substantial in material, the rain of Brittany comes, not in light showers, but in a soaking long-continued downpour. The full-skirted gowns are generally black. The aprons are black also (or occasionally dark blue) and the shoulders are covered with a large shawl or a short round cape of real or imitation lambskin, dyed black.

The draperies of these women are indeed so funereal that a stranger, coming into one of the gray old towns on a Sunday or a market day, would have good excuse for fancying that half the population was in mourning for some widespread calamity. Even the *coiffe*, light, transparent, quaintly winged and sometimes adorned with a band of lacework across the back, is suggestive in its pure white of the headgear of a widow. The "grandmothers"—a portion of the population much in evidence in self-abnegating attendance on those small sovereigns of every household, the latest-born—wear the *coiffe* drawn well forward over their scanty gray hair to the line of the forehead. The younger women pin it well back on the tight coils of their black locks and, at the best of times, this particular type



A BRITTANY PARDON—PILGRIMS AT STE. ANNE D'AURAY TAKING BREAKFAST IN THE OPEN AIR

of cap is to an unaccustomed eye more curious than beautiful. As I write, however, the exception to this generalisation rises in my memory, and I see again the sweet, brown sun-kissed face of a little daughter of Brittany, with roguish dark eyes, lips of coral and a witchery of smiles and dimples that turned the *coiffe* with its droll wings into a halo—for a very mischievous-looking angel. The little maid was only a *femme-de-chambre* of a queer *Hotel du Commerce*, but her deft service and her pretty friendly manners made us feel strangely at home in that unfamiliar place of our brief sojourn.

But not all the young girls of Brittany, especially in the northern part, care to wear the costume of their race. They often affect a style of dress, influenced—at a distance, like our own—by the deliberate and often unhappy inventions of Parisian *costumiers*, bent on novelty at all costs of grace and convenience. Most of the children, moreover, instead of being burdened with voluminous skirts and aprons after the pattern of

their elders, are clad, at least on common occasions, in loose, simple frocks and blouses like our own little ones. There is, however, one day in the year when the attire of the little folk becomes a matter of vast importance to all the mothers and grandmothers and perhaps also the fathers of the community. Once a year (for two or three years in succession, we were told) the lads and lasses of very tender age "make their first communion."

We were at Tréguier when this great event occurred there, and from early morning the town was filled with the children and their relatives. We saw them fluttering about the square—anxious mothers in their gloomy raiment, carrying for sons or daughters candles three or four feet high, decked out with strange convolutions in wax and trimmings of gold or silver paper; small boys, with fine new prayer-books and long streamers of white ribbon tied on their left arms; little girls, looking like tiny brides, in full long dresses of filmy white and diaphanous veils

which covered their small persons from head to foot. We followed them into the damp moss-covered interior of the stately cathedral, and witnessed the perilous lighting of those huge candles, held in very weary and often tremulous little hands. Later we saw the small people pass out again into the sunshine, mincing across the "*place*" like a flock of white doves, in meek, self-conscious appreciation of their own fair plumage. But, poor little maids, who can grudge them this one "white day," when before them, for all the remainder of their pilgrimage as wives, mothers and grandmothers, lie those woeful trappings of black! Poor little maids; and almost before they grow accustomed to that mournful garb their faces will doubtless have caught from their elders or perhaps from the neighbouring sea (which for centuries has been bringing into the lives of Breton folk elements of strength and tragedy and wild superstition) that sad seriousness which is a characteristic of their race.

Why the people of North Brittany should appear in so sad a guise, I do not know; but, as I said above, it is widely prevalent, and though the caps at least vary slightly in the different villages, the resemblance is more easily perceived (by a stranger) than the divergences.

Entering a village church near Lanion, we had the good fortune to come upon a peasant wedding, and so saw not one but many of these marvellous decorations for the head. This is indeed the way to see them to advantage, for, quite frequently, while a solitary *coiffe* appears only odd and *bizarre*, the effect of a group of women *en coiffe* is picturesque in the extreme; and markets, weddings and *pardons*, at which the peasants congregate in multitudes, all give excellent opportunities for the study of the characteristic costumes of Brittany.

It was in the market-place of Morlaix, an ancient town in the de-

partment of Finistère, remarkable for its magnificent viaduct and its quaint old houses, that we first discovered that the sombre clothes of the Tréguier district were beginning to give way to gayer costumes. Some of the women—buyers, sellers, or perhaps only passing visitors like ourselves—wore close caps, dresses with square-cut necks and becoming little bands of velvet at their throats. Others had checked "cross-overs," or handkerchiefs on their shoulders; and some displayed the queer cap, which we afterwards saw at home in the quiet, legend-haunted little town of St. Pol de Léon. There the little girls wear stiff, small, white hoods, but as they grow into womanhood, don caps (made sometimes of muslin and sometimes of a material almost as coarse as mosquito-netting) which have an odd little hump at each side, as if to give room for budding horns.

At Morlaix, too, the costume of the men began to be interesting. About the market loitered rustic dandies wearing vests adorned with velvet and low-crowned felt hats from which depended two long velvet streamers. At Quimper, the next stage in our journey, every turn round a street corner brought into view some new and delightful variety of costume worn by young or old, male or female. In this district a particularly pretty, broad, white collar is in vogue. Resting on the shoulders and open enough to display the soft curves of a shapely neck, it is extremely becoming to a pretty *fillette*, especially when worn with a dainty open-work chemisette. Some form of this collar is much worn, about Quimper, Quimperlé and Concarneau. One may see it on women working in the fields or doing their everlasting washing in the open air beside some little pool or down amongst the boats tied up at the fine quays, which are a feature of these Breton towns.

Quimper, which impressed us during our brief stay as a clean, bright,

lively town, centres about a beautiful cathedral, much of which dates from the fifteenth century or even earlier. It is notable for its rich old glass, but it is the shadowy gloom of its vaulted aisles that dwells in my memory. That and the nobly carved west doorway—a wonder of delicate stonework—through which at every hour of the day passed and repassed figures like pictures wandering from their frames. Now a mendicant, with staff and outstretched hand, dragging his *sabots* slowly over the pavement; then a gay wedding party, with the chief actors in modern attire, attended by some guests in rich Breton costumes, including a tiny maiden of three or four, who looked like the quaintest and daintiest of wax dolls. Next came a baptismal party, all in the peasant dresses, the baby resplendent in a wonderful worked shawl or blanket.

Later, looking out from the door of a shop down the narrow *Rue Kéréon* which ends in the stately grace of the twin-spired cathedral, we were happy enough to catch sight of another wedding party—all, this time, in costume. It was headed by two young couples, walking like children hand in hand, all four abreast, across the roadway, while behind came a procession of parents and relatives. Whether or not it was a double wedding, I do not know, but the garments of all four young people were marvellous in colour and decoration. I cannot pretend to describe them in detail. I only know that the coats of the men glistened with gold braid and dazzling buttons and that the costumes of the women were gay as the plumage of tropical birds. No widow-like habiliments for these daughters of southern Brittany; or, if indeed they still cling to black gowns, it seems merely as a foil for many-coloured embroideries, gorgeous petticoats, *coiffes de cérémonie*, and aprons—pink, purple, vivid green or blue, made of a kind of “watered” velvet, silk or satin,

trimmed with lace and elaborately adorned with needlework. (In southern Brittany, by the way, the art of embroidery is not an accomplishment exclusively feminine, and the portrait of the “Old Embroiderer of Pont l’Abbé” is said to be that of a man at his daily task.)

Costumes and customs change slowly in Brittany, and if you care to see how closely a peasant wedding of to-day resembles one of a few generations ago, it is worth while to visit the Museum at Quimper, where there is a most interesting representation of an old-time *Noce en Bretagne*. The figures, modelled in terra-cotta and realistically tinted, are life-size. The costumes are actual garments, though time has softened their once vivid colouring. The poses are so natural, the faces so expressive, that one could easily imagine the company to be living men and women, charmed by some wizard’s touch, at the height of their festivity, into a sudden age-long sleep.

But, indeed, a similar fancy that the hands of time have been strangely arrested starts up many a time in the quaint towns of old “Armorica,” especially when one chances on a group of men clad in garments gay as those associated in our thoughts with the days of the Cavaliers or on a knot of children in *coiffes*, long skirts and aprons of a pattern hardly distinguishable from the garb of their mothers. Colours may fade, embroideries fray, black velvet turn rusty, but none of these accidents can rob the Breton costumes of their charm. In fact they only serve to assure the on-looker that he is occupied with real life, not merely assisting at some gigantic stage-play or pageant.

As an opportunity for seeing costumes, nothing exceeds one of the *pardons*, the great religious festivals of Brittany. To these gather all sorts and conditions of folk, beggars and well-to-do peasants; aged women, little children, young lovers, helpless

invalids, priests and nuns, mountebanks and fortune-tellers, and all put on their best clothes in honour of St. Jean, St. Yves, or Ste. Anne, as the case may be.

Many *pardons* are held at different times and places. One of the most largely attended is that of Ste. Anne d'Auray, which falls on July 26th, the supposed birthday of the saint. On the eve of the festival multitudes, seeking healing of soul or body, keep a long night vigil in the great, dusky church, and a strange scene it is. The crowd, (when we were present) consisted mostly of women; and in the dim half-light of a very few lamps, the bowed, *coiffe*-covered heads suggested a vast company of sheeted ghosts, chanting in monotonous unison the praises of Ste. Anne. Suddenly they surged out of their seats, pausing a moment at the door to light each a candle; then, led by their priests, they began to march in slow irregular procession about the church precincts, still singing as they went the glories of "the grandmother-saint." On the morrow, the great day of the *pardon*, were more services and processions, and a kind of miracle-play, setting forth the discovery by a Breton peasant, in the seventeenth century, of the wonder-working image of Ste. Anne and the founding on the spot of the first humble chapel in her honour.

By afternoon, though the rain poured down in torrents, the village resembled a fair. Pilgrims from afar clustered like bees about the booths where souvenirs or sweetmeats were on sale. Rustic swains in coloured sashes whispered sweet nothings into the ears of *becoiffed* damsels; young mothers, with gowns well tucked up, toiled through the mud with gaily-attired little ones clinging to their dazzling skirts; whole families, in fiercely contrasting reds, blues and violets, refreshed themselves under temporary shelters; in fact, despite the dismal

weather, the village seemed possessed by colour run riot. It was gorgeous in the rain; what would it have been in sunshine?

In the midst of it all, some worn, deep-lined face, mocked by a *coiffe* of filmy lace, some pair of lean, brown, knotted hands half hidden in velvet cuffs, some stooping, overworked-looking figure under a *bizarre* arrangement of fringe and glistening beads, provoked the question—Is this hard-won magnificence worth its cost in toil and sacrifice? Probably to the wearers of the amazing finery life without it would seem hardly worth living; and the stranger can but wonder and pass on.

Yet if Breton folk do indeed love dress too ardently, they can be very generous and very serious, with a seriousness born of that ever-present sense of the unseen, which proves often an antidote to light vanity. So at least those who know them best represent them; and in this connection a piteous little story, read I do not remember where, but stated to be fact, seems worth repeating.

Years ago, on a night of fearful tempest, a foreign ship was dashed to pieces on the coast of Brittany. Many bodies were washed ashore, amongst them those of women in their night-clothes. Rocks and breakers had played sad havoc with the poor corpses, and the pitiful Breton maids, whose imaginations are ever haunted with thoughts of the dead, tender or terrible, brought out their glittering, *costumes de fête*, and as if for a grim masquerade, arrayed in them the poor stiffened victims of the sea. Then, in the cherished finery, representing one knows not what hours of loving labour, what dear hopes of future joys, they laid the strangers to rest in their nameless graves.

Dress may mean much, very much, to Breton folk, but, as this pathetic incident suggests, not everything.

A 'VARSITY ELECTION IN THE 'EIGHTIES

BY J. H. BOWES

IN the good old days of 1884, the most important event in Toronto University life was the annual election of the Literary Society. The meetings of the Society and the elections were held in those days in a certain rusty-white building that lay to the south-east of the main building at the summit of some rising ground. A dark, damp gloomy-looking place it was, with faded green shutters shading the windows and surrounded by melancholy trees. It might have been the scene of tragedies rather than of jovial student gatherings. But gather there the students did, right merrily, and there was a touch of home about the place, after all, for here lived the Janitor of the University, a fat and very lazy man, with a plump and good-looking wife and two boys—twins—as good-looking as their mother. Custom we are told is second nature, so I suppose the little family grew accustomed to the noises attendant on student meetings, but it must have been an unpleasant experience for them at first.

For a proper election there must be opposing candidates, and to have opposing candidates there should be opposing parties. There was the difficulty to get some dividing line. The race question in the United States, free trade and protection in England—these are questions to divide on, but it is generally difficult to find

anything analogous in University life. In early days there was a natural cleavage between the residence men and those who did not live in residence—otherwise outsiders, whence arose the great inside and outside parties. This was well enough when Residence had a solid forty and the Outside a more or less disunited eighty; but as time went on Outsiders increased greatly in numbers, whereas Residence was of necessity limited to forty, for there was room for only that number.

For a while this disparity in forces was balanced by the adhesion to Residence of some of the Outsiders; that is, of men who did not live there but whose sympathies were with the Inside party, and it was still possible in the 'eighties to put up a respectable fight with this dividing line. Just what the difference between them was it would be hard to say, but shortly after 1884 so many students were enrolled (there were thousands where a few years before there had been hundreds) that the old Residence party was submerged, and what takes its place now this chronicler knows not. But, as I have said, in 1884 a healthy fight was in progress, and it had what is much needed nowadays—good leaders on each side—Residence had for leader, a man who had never lived there—the famous E. P. D. What a character he was! He was taking three honour courses in his final

year, and the energy be expended in other directions was equal to another course at least—energies manifested in leading parties of students down the streets on what were known as theatre nights, "raising Cain" with the officers, and generally giving the authorities lots of bother. One night he led a party of students through the town, closely followed by the police, and just when it seemed that all was up with them and arrest certain the resourceful leader nimbly crossed the line—Bloor street—that divided the city from the Township of Yorkville and out of the Jurisdiction of the city police, and there, mounted on an empty barrel, he harangued the crowd on the Yorkville side, while the baffled officers glared at him from the other till the barrel caved in and the orator tumbled to the ground and the crowd dispersed.

Now, with such a leader for one party, it follows almost as a matter of course that the leader for the other side should be of a different calibre. John —, the acknowledged leader of the Outside party, was a theological student for one thing, which of itself pretty effectually differentiated him from D. In his own way, however, he was just as capable. He was a fluent speaker, was possessed of any amount of self-confidence. He was adroit, and, what D. was not, diplomatic. No leading of boisterous students for John. No addresses from empty beer-barrels. That was not John's style at all, nor would it have suited his followers, many of whom were studying theology; but there were many other more places for speech-making, and John was always on hand to speak.

The two parties were now pretty evenly divided. Residence had, of course, its solid phalanx of forty, together with all the graduates who had ever been there—nearly all the athletic men and their friends and a number of others who for one reason or other were friendly to it, while on

the other side were all the theological colleges other than Wycliffe, which was always friendly to Residence; and in fact, at one time there were two Wycliffites in Residence who seemed quite at home there.

Then, as to candidates, the Residence party took a bold step. At the present time there are a number of colleges affiliated with the University, but at the time of which I am writing, affiliation was a tender plant that needed careful watching and tending. It was the particular desire of the authorities to encourage it as much as possible, and they were anxious, for reasons that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon, to bring the Roman Catholic College into line. How far the Residence party was impressed with this view or whether it was from a desire for innovation, it is hard to say; but this much is sure, they nominated a Roman Catholic priest as their candidate and, as this was the first time that a minister had been nominated, the innovation caused a great deal of discussion.

Of the candidate no one could say anything but good, for Father Teefy was an admirable man—broad-minded, cultivated, prepossessing, and one of the best friends of the affiliation ideas that were springing up in the University world, and which in later days have been so successfully developed. Now the right things, no doubt, would have been for both parties to accept him and to battle as merrily as they liked over the other offices. But, then, where would the fun of the election be? It would be a very tame affair with no president to elect. At any rate, the Outsiders chose their man—a young Science graduate whose hobby was military matters, a very well-liked man with those who knew him, but not well known among the Arts men. With the nominations of the candidates, about two weeks before the day fixed for voting, the fun began. Nothing was thought of, nothing was talked of but elections. In

the corridors of the main building there was much button-holing of doubtful men by those strong in the faith—much canvassing and lobbying. Enough energy was expended to run a Dominion election twice over. Where did the young fellows get their knowledge of election tactics? Some from their fathers, I suppose, some from books, some from perhaps their inner consciousness, and some from practical experience. But wherever their knowledge was acquired it was much in evidence at this period.

Is there bribery and corruption in Parliamentary elections? So, I am afraid, there was in this—of a very mild type, no doubt, but still there it was. Persuasion, wire-pulling, misrepresentation—all were “tried” on the unwary elector, and for a while the halls of learning were given up to politics.

One unfortunate incident threatened to create trouble. About three days before the eventful night some one posted notices around the building and grounds bearing the words “No Popery” in large letters. It was never positively known who did this. The Inside party, of course, blamed the Outsiders, while they retaliated by accusing the others of doing it to win sympathy. The University authorities took what action they could and let it be known that if any more untoward incidents took place, if religious matters were dragged in in any form, shape or way, there would be no election. How they could have stopped it is perhaps a question—but it was never necessary, for all the better feeling of 'Varsity was entirely opposed to such doings. It was generally supposed that the Inside party was responsible, and it lost votes in consequence.

The day of the voting found everyone in a state of excitement, for even the professors were not unmoved regarding doings, which they respected as interesting phenomena in student life and therefore worthy of observa-

tion. The arrangements for voting were peculiar in this, that while the polling opened at a fixed hour it closed only when there were no more voters available, and so it happened more than once, and in this particular instance, that not till five in the morning were the elections over.

At seven o'clock in the evening a throng surged around Moss Hall—voters, candidates, their friends, and mere onlookers, together with a sprinkling of newspapermen, who thought there might be a good story in the incidents of the night. Each side had a representative to check over the names on the voters' list, as the voters passed the doorway—not a very accurate system, by the way, for a great many voters including lawyers, doctors, and even judges avoided the doorway altogether and went in and out by a convenient window at the upper storey reached by a ladder. Inside was a scene of confusion. The returning officer was at a large table in the middle of the room, and at small tables at each side of him sat the treasurers of the two parties, each with a goodly roll of bills sticking out of his pockets to pay the fees of any voter who would not pay his own; for among those on the list, it is sad to say, there were some who would not take the trouble of paying the one-dollar fee for the privilege of casting a vote. There were not many of these, but a much larger number, especially of graduates, refused to take the trouble of walking up to the Hall to vote. If a carriage came for them they would consent to be driven there, otherwise not, and so on election nights the cab-owners did a roaring trade, and carriages came and went at a great rate till morning.

In as much as voters were many and polling booths few, there was a good deal of waiting, and sometimes might usurped the place of right. In other words, the stronger pressed forward out of their turn to cast their votes and crowded back the weaker.

Once in a fit of wild enthusiasm some of the footballers formed into a flying wedge or something of the kind, uttered a loud yell and forced their way to the holy of holies, the returning officer's table, regardless of priorities. But this was considered unsportsmanlike and was not repeated. In the large hall, where on other occasions debates were held, the students romped and sang, the favourite song being, of course, "Old Grimes," with "There is a Tavern in the Town," a close second. And as time went on the crowd grew more lively. Refreshments in the form of tea, coffee and sandwiches appeared from some mysterious source and a little drink still stronger appeared from some still more mysterious source.

But at last it was all over, and the result was a defeat of the Residence party, which did not return a man. Five o'clock saw the leaders in one of the rooms. There a bottle of beer and some bread and cheese helped to pick them up, but it was a tragic sight. A very trifling matter it seems to us in this year of grace, 1911, but if we turn our thoughts back twenty-six years and become students again in fancy, we shall regard it differently.

"Whatever possessed them to vote that way," said the puzzled leader. "I don't know anything we did that we should not have done or any thing we didn't do that we ought to have done." What indeed? Nobody could say, but a solemn league and covenant was entered into there and then to establish and strengthen the Inside party by every means and, as a natural result, to annihilate the other.

Next night came the climax to the doings of the election. All the good people of Toronto know the great cannon that are mounted to the south of the Queen's Park, with their big mouths pointed towards the famous half-mile avenue of chesnuts that runs from Queen street to the Park. These

cannon were presented to the city by her late Majesty Queen Victoria and were captured from the Russians at Balaklava. So far as any person knew, they were purely ornamental, but on this night—the night after the election—there was a terrible uproar in the direction of the cannon, one of which belched forth a volume of smoke and powder with a sound like thunder. Crash went the windows of the nearby houses, while their walls shook and out poured their inmates. The fire-engine clanged its way along the streets, while excited crowds asked, "What was it?" and then "Who did it?" The first question was easily answered. Some one had fired off the cannon, but as to the second it has remained a dead secret to this day, although a gentleman who afterwards became a judge in the far West could have answered it.

This election was about the last of the Inside and Outside fights. As I have mentioned, the Outsiders grew so numerous that the old Residence party had no chance. Besides, other interests arose, other dividing lines were formed, and one great factor in the old combats was swept away. Moss Hall itself was torn down to make way for a huge stone and brick structure for the Medical Faculty, and the Literary Society had to find other quarters for its elections and meetings. Meeting-places were easily found, so were election halls, but the spirit of the old-time election was gone forever. No more did learned graduates climb up and down ladders (like the angels seen by Jacob, as some irreverent spirit said), to cast their vote. No more did the Hall and its environments resound with mirth and song. Elections now became tame and dignified, and in process of time other societies waxed strong and ultimately usurped the place formerly held by the Literary Society.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE last group of plays under review showed an almost entire absorption in farce, some excellent and some—well, they are beyond the reach now of either imprecation or praise, so we will let them be. Later offerings, curiously enough, recorded a distinct wave of domestic or family sentiment, some of it as puerile as that commodity ever became in the palmiest days of orange blossoms and betrayed woe.

A psychological explanation of this change of current—having, at least the merit of plausibility—might be found in a theory of retribution. We had become too hilarious, made too merry over many of the cherished sentiments of life, and reaction was inevitable. We are still young, unsophisticated and provincial; still in bondage to a domestic ideal, wriggle as we may, jest as we will. If this theory is too fanciful, another is at hand in the popular success of the forerunner of the group, "Mother"; a poor enough play from any critical standpoint, but, through the genius of Miss Dunn's acting in the title rôle, raised to an artistic and popular triumph. While motherhood and family sentiment are the popular theme, interest centres always in the sympathetic interpretation of the little mother with her apron and smiles, her ready practical wit, and an unflinching sense of humour, which lighted the whole of her troubled way. Disappointment did not narrow her vision, ingratitude and wrong showed not so much as a ripple on the outer surface of her life.

Mothers of such charm, wit, tenderness, forbearance and wonderful resources under trying conditions as this, are rare enough either on the stage or in life. But they are none the less conceivable. And Miss Dunn succeeded in visualising all these qualities in a vital, living portrait all the more real and persuasive for the soft outline in which it was drawn. In the quiet blending of humour and pathos; in the great heart-breaking sobs one felt rather than heard; in the scenes where her woman's wit was pitted against a designing, malevolent adversary for possession of her second son, right to the final note of triumph, when faith and love had won the day, she never failed for a moment to make the illusion perfect. Very few of our American stage women could give us a characterisation so vital and so consistently and harmoniously developed. Though still very young, motherhood has been Miss Dunn's stage portion for some time. Some years ago she played the mother to the late Richard Mansfield's "Peer Gynt," and would no doubt have then won as popular recognition as now (and that in an artistic and literary setting more worthy of her talents), but for the tyro whose egotism was never at rest, and who did not even stop at physical brutality to crush the soul of any genius that challenged his own. That, however, is now stage history. The chief actor in that drama has gone to his reward, and Miss Dunn, by less violent cosmic changes, has come into hers.

It was a troublesome brood that this little mother brought into the world. The milk of human kindness of all but one had curdled on their lips, and the mother's indulgence had fostered only selfishness and cruelty. One son was in danger of the penitentiary, and the second was in the coils of a characterless woman for whom he was prepared to sacrifice his entire family. The exception was a daughter who had inherited some of her mother's capacity for self-sacrifice and self-immolation.

The dramatic action revolves around the mother's dual efforts to save the elder, prodigal son from the consequences of theft and forgery, committed at the dictation of an unscrupulous wife, and the younger fool son from the clutches of her equally unscrupulous sister. The best scene is that in which the mother, by clever simulation of friendly sentiments toward the girl, explains the family circumstances, commends the girl's sacrifice and, of course, accomplishes her object. Another scene showing her innate sense of humour was the ruse by which she brings about the elopement of the self-immolating daughter. The high comedy relief is furnished by a pair of irrepressible youngsters, twin boys, whose capacity for slang, mischief and boyish escapades might reasonably excite the envy of the heroes of the daring "Dick" novels they are surreptitiously devouring in the nursery. The clever acting of the Masters Ross in the twin rôles was a feature of the performance.

A play owing to the title of "The Family," by Robert H. Davis, proved a variation of the time-honoured Where - is - your - wedding-ring Lucy series. The variation took the agreeable form of a background of comedy and a setting of not too rapacious virtue. The chief members of this family are a father and son, both amiably inclined toward a horse-race and idleness, and a highly tempera-

mental young daughter, to whom the village life has grown somewhat tedious. The chance passing of a good-looking young major *domo*, provides an opportunity to satisfy the longing for life and she promptly elopes. A



MR. FRED TERRY, AS "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

few weeks later the family surprises the eloping pair in a neighbouring town, and there the discovery of the missing symbol is made. The daughter, already awakened to the

deception, is easily persuaded to fly home, and, when a day or two later a providential train wreck crushes out the life of the gay deceiver, the members of the family resume their interrupted village life, unhaunted by fear of the scandal.

John Westly, last seen in "The Three of us," played the boy, and in the one opportunity he had (the discovery of the deception practised on

verted a considerable portion of the family income, leaving the wife and daughters in obviously straightened circumstances. The ostensible purpose of the family effort at concealment is a prospective judgeship for the philandering husband and the social and marital ambitions of the daughters. The play had plenty of incident and the observation was far from ordinary, but a hopeless disproportion in



MISS JULIA NEILSON. WITH FRED TERRY, IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

his sister), made evident once more a considerable talent for the portrayal of strong emotion.

"Keeping Up Appearances," by Butler Davenport, concerned itself with the efforts of another unhappy family to preserve appearances in the face of rather disagreeable facts. A brutally selfish husband has deserted his wife and family for the society of another woman. He has also di-

character-drawing and the lack of any definite dramatic purpose foredoomed it to failure.

This play did suggest, although it was not within its purpose, the dramatic possibilities of a development of the theme of the profession of wife. The author at least made us aware of such a "profession," and he was also at some pains to have us believe it a noble one, especially in

contrast to the profession of mistress. In fact, his evident and almost savage bias went a long way towards defeating his purpose. Charity suffereth long and is kind, we are told, but the spiritual fruits of this life of charitable sacrifice to a domestic principle were conscious moral superiority, overbearing unctiousness, and patronising magnanimity. "It's the female you want, not the wife," on the wife's lips, was the crowning arrogance of the domestic ideal. To patronise, alas, is to hate. There was one bright, human spot in the play, the acting of Miss Pamela Gaythorne in the rôle of a highly-practical, unromantic daughter. Her account of a successful angling expedition for a husband disclosed a vein of real comedy.

Pinero's unpremeditated contribution to the family group, "The Thunderbolt," is at least not open to the charge of puerility. It is a relentless and powerful drawing of the greed, meanness and hypocrisy that sometimes lurk in human nature and only await an opportunity to give them full expression. Pinero has provided an opportunity in the death of the rich *Edward Mortimer*, and his picture of the bickering relatives gathered to discuss their sudden good fortune is one of the grimmest on record. Vulgar, grasping, cruel, they perch about his sitting-room like crows, while he lies dead in the room above. They had all despised their benefactor in life, because he made his money in a brewery. They revere him now that the money, as they suppose, has been left to them.

The rapid, concise characterisation, the keen penetrating insight, the raking fore and aft of this provincial, vulgar set, show Pinero at his best. The dramatic structure, however, is inferior. The incident is developed on broad lines, with considerable cumulative effect, but discursiveness hampers the action, and the climax so carefully prepared produces nothing of the

real impact which its title promised.

"My Man," adapted by Forrest Halsey from his own novel of the more euphonious title, "The Quality of Mercy," in spite of certain crudities of exposition, had some moments of real drama. It laboured somewhat hard in the development of the narrative, and the humorous interpolations, excellent enough in themselves, were often forced and irrelevant. But the theme was poignant, the characters well drawn, and once the situation was developed and the action fairly underway, the play's grip was unmistakable. A betrayed girl, a sick child for whom she is tempted to theft, a broken parole, the effort to possess the honest love of an honest man, without betraying her secret, his mental and spiritual conflict on its discovery, her voluntary return to prison to complete her term, with the prospect of ultimate domestic happiness on a basis of truth, were the chief elements in the melodramatic appeal. "My Man" holds the promise of better things to come.

"New York," by W. J. Hurlburt, a serious and ambitious drama owing to American authorship, was sent to the public pillory for crimes against decency it did not commit, while a grave technical fault passed unnoticed, possibly on theory that the greater always comprehends the less. A murder has been done. The murderer is the bride elect of the man whose illegitimate son she has slain without any knowledge of the relationship, in defence of her virtue. Horrified at first by the enormity of her deed, she is later stung by unjust reproaches to defend the crime. She finally succeeds in convincing the father that a son of such mad passions is better dead than alive. The reasoning is indisputable and any modern rationalist would accept this view without hesitation. But the point is that tragedy knows no reason, and the dramatic fault lay in the attempt to



MISS LULU GLASER, IN "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER"

reason away consequences that by every law of tragedy are inevitable. The curtain goes down on a prospect

of happiness, but we know that a volcano smolders underneath the surface. The play should have succeeded, if only for the admirable performance of the two women, Laura Nelson Hall and Mary Shaw.

The wave of family sentiment fortunately did not quite submerge the comic spirit and leave us joyless. A few seeds of the early farce crop had taken root in public favour, and on the bare spots left by others, new seeds that at least held the germs of mirth were scattered. Of these some fell by the wayside with a scriptural exactness that was touching — "The Other Fellow" for instance, or "Mr. Preedy and the Countess"— and others on soil too shallow to afford much root.

We had an agreeable revival of Oscar Wilde's social satire, "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Concert," adapted by Leo Dietrichstein from the German; a new comedy by Avery Hopwood, "Nobody's Widow," another comedy by the same author with musical interpolations; "Judy Forgot," with Marie Cahill in the forgetting rôle; and that other fun-maker of the American stage (a Canadian, let us not forget), May Irwin, who shone in a new farce that bore the shining title, "Getting a Polish"; "The Nest Egg," with Zelda Sears in the leading rôle. completes the group.

The Oscar Wilde comedy returns after an absence of fifteen years with interest apparently undiminished. Its form is old, and many of the lines come like answers to familiar conundrums. But the lustre remains, and the purity and simplicity of the style show a form more nearly approaching certain classic French models than we are accustomed to in comedies of English origin. The theme is slender, but it holds a charming grace, while poignant wit and keen-edged satire hold our deeper interest. Mr.

A. E. Mathews, the clever young English comedian who scored in "Love Among the Lions," played *Algernon* in a very agreeable vein.

"The Concert" is the familiar triangle once more, only from a somewhat different angle. A musician whose artistic impulses seem to nourish on fresh amours, has led one of his pretty pupils up the mountain—to a bungalow in the Catskills, to be precise—for a week-end. His wife, an unusually practical, common-sense sort of person, learns of it and follows. She is accompanied in her pursuit by the "eloping" pupil's husband, an equally practical good sort of fellow, who, instead of wanting to shoot, is concerned only that his young wife's happiness is safe in the hands of the eccentric artist.

By simulating a mutual affection for each other, the pusers arouse pangs of jealousy in the erring twain, with, of course, expected results. And in the final adjustment—the elements of the little domestic comedy resolve themselves into their original parts. Janet Beecher was excellent in the rôle of the practical wife, and Leo Dietrichstein, as the musician, has a part admirably suited to his acting gifts. Thanks to the magic of Mr. Belasco, its producer, "The Concert" is one of the few unqualified successes of the season.

"Judy Forgot," has to do with the experience of one, Judy, who suffers a temporary attack of forgetfulness while on her honeymoon. A train wreck is the cause, and the mental oblivion that follows erases all recollection of the recently-acquired husband. The humorous complications that arise furnish comedy of the sort in which Marie Cahill shines conspicuously. The lines are bright, and altogether "Judy Forgot" is a sparkling trifle interwoven with a number of unusually pretty songs and dances.

In "Getting a Polish," by Booth Tarkington, May Irwin has a comedy

very much to her hand. In the first act she is keeping a boarding-house in a Western mining-town, and at the same time secretly nursing the hope of a strike in the gold mine she is working. The strike is made, of course, and we next find her in Paris living in the traditional splendour of Americans suddenly endowed with wealth. Her chief concern in life is for an orphan niece and nephew and her comic efforts to get them and herself a polish furnish the grater part of the comedy.

Although Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson failed to repeat on this side the London success of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," their visit furnished discriminating theatre-goers with two of the most agreeable experiences of the present theatrical season. In "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a highly decorated romantic comedy, which has for its background the French revolution, Mr. Terry plays the rôle of an adventurous Englishman who amuses himself by rescuing French aristocrats from the guillotine and finding for them a haven of refuge in England. His success in baffling the French police and keeping his exploits and his identity a secret, supply most of the humour as well as the excitement.

In the first act he appears in the guise of an old hag, gaily carting through one of the guarded gates a victim of the plague, who, of course, afterwards proves to be a very live and very much sought for aristocrat. This is one instance of the many successful hairbreadth encounters which prove the character and quality of his remarkable resources. The dramatic interest lies in the mistrust and consequent misunderstanding of his wife, a French lady whose sympathies on one occasion at least were not with the aristocracy. However, her loyalty and devotion are proved in the end at a moment when she has unwittingly betrayed her suspicion that he is the long sought *Scarlet Pimpernel*,



A DAINY BIT OF STYLE, FROM "THE GAMBLERS"

thereby placing him in danger for his life.

Mr. Terry played the romantic rôle with splendid abandon, suggesting in the adventurous situations a gay unconcern, recklessness and matchless courage. Why "The Scarlet Pimpernel" should have failed in the face of such splendid acting and mounting, surely shows a decline in public taste. Patriotic reasons, no doubt, helped to realise its extraordinary success in London, but even allowing for this, the comparison is not highly favourable to us. In "Henry of Navarre" Mr. Terry deepened the personal impression he made in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and gave an admirable portrait of the adventurous Huguenot striding across the bloody and stirring page of French history.

In "The Gamblers," Mr. Charles Klein again shows a strong predilection for matters of contemporary public interest. He also shows his skill in locating the *set* of new currents of opinion, and launching his theatrical enterprises where the stream may be trusted to carry them on to popular favour. "The Gamblers" is nothing more than an indictment against the now discredited muck-raker, in which is argued, rather too conclusively perhaps, that patriotism and public spirit are not the only springs of action in this field of high moral enterprise. We are consequently reduced to the old adage of the rogues with a prayer that they may occasionally fall out and give the honest public its due.

Mr. Klein's much-raker—in this instance a special prosecuting attorney—is actuated we find by very personal ambitions, to which he is prepared to sacrifice wife, friendships, loyalty and even a fine sense of honour. To thoroughly round out his muck-raking propensities, private feelings of hate and jealousy are introduced. Behind the muck-raker looms the shadow of Washington, insistent on victims to allay the popular clamour against capi-



A SCENE FROM "MARY MAGDALENE," WITH OLGA NETHERSOLE (ARMS EXTENDED, NEAR CENTRE) IN THE TITLE ROLE

tal. On the other side of the case, we have a little financial group, dominated by a leader of spotless manhood, forced to a technical violation of the banking law to save themselves and their depositors from the greedy maw of the larger capitalists. It so happens that just as they are about to make restitution, the authorities swoop down, find a *Judas* among them ready to betray his fellow-directors, and the net is drawn, but not until the representative of the much abused financial group, *Wilbur Emerson*, generously elects himself scape-goat for the party and sets about the rescue.

That virtue may not go unrewarded nor matinee audiences be disappointed, a love interest is developed under melodramatic circumstances between the young financier and the neglected wife of his enemy the attorney. Certain papers which incriminate his fel-

low-directors having fallen into the prosecutor's hands, he attempts a burglarious raid of the attorney's premises to rescue them. While engaged in the operation he encounters the beautiful young wife. Courage, self-sacrifice, and other engaging manly qualities win a heart already gnawed by hunger; and, notwithstanding that the hero faces a term in prison, love and open arms await him at the other end, when the gates shall open outward.

Mr. Klein has thoroughly mastered his theatrical medium, and although, like the late Clyde Fitch, his genius still remains hopelessly *bourgeois*, theatrical effectiveness cannot be denied him. In point of construction the new play is his best. The technique is firm, the action swift and logical, and in spite of obviousness of theme, artificiality of sentiment, we are hurried

with sure step to an exciting if not convincing close. It takes a genius of a certain kind to do this, and Mr. Klein has done it so well in "The Gamblers" that he has scored the one dramatic success of the first half of the season.

The "Mary Magdalene," of Maeterlinck, produced at the New Theatre, held a moving dramatic appeal throughout and some scenes of start-

ling theatrical effectiveness. It was staged and acted with every regard for the reverent dignity of its theme, and proved in every way to be a beautiful, convincing performance. Miss Olga Nethersole in the title rôle was eloquent, passionate, earnest and sympathetic, realising admirably the visual demands and for the most part the spiritual conflict of the woman of Judea.

SAE LEAL WAS SHE

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

I WAS but halfens weet wi' dew,
 But she was weet frae head to heel:
 She cam to meet me in a stew
 For fear I'd think her less than leal,
 Sae leal was she!

Out o'er the mine an' through the rye,
 Lang ere the coming day had waked
 The drowsy birds an' calvin' kye,
 The drowsy birds an' calvin' Kye,
 Sae leal was she!

She Kenned fu' weel a fause, fause word
 Had gane abroad, she wadna keep
 Her promised tryst; an' I had heard,
 An' sae she broke her beauty sleep,
 Sae leal was she!

The sun shot upward as she sped,
 An' showed the rose her race had wrought
 (Nae poppy glows sae saft a red):
 All breathless her to heart I caught,
 Sae leal was she!

A TRAVELLER IN UPPER CANADA IN 1837

A REVIEW

BY IDA BURWASH

IN the month of December, 1885, Toronto received a distinguished guest—a lady of letters, famous in her day as an essayist and art critic. The object of her visit was to join her husband, Robert Jameson, the Attorney-General of Upper Canada; she was planning also to write a book descriptive of a journey through the province. With this end in view the lady-traveller kept a careful diary, which, on her return to England, conveyed to her friends there such a lively impression of her Canadian experiences that they persuaded her to allow it to be published shortly after in the shape of a modest little book entitled "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," but in the preface to the work its author frankly states that it was practically her private journal.

Her first entry dates from arrival in Toronto and her criticism both of place and people has been censured as severe. By comparison to-day, her observations would seem to have been more superficial than unkind, and one may regret, with reason, that a writer who was usually so accurate should have slipped into the error not uncommon of that time—that of judging the struggling rough-hewn settlements of Upper Canada by the standards and conventions of the European world.

Mrs. Jameson, it is true, records the fact that the spot on which Toronto then stood had been but thirty years before unbroken wilder-

ness. Still, she did not in the least understand the immensity of that fact. She was later to learn what "breaking the wilderness" meant. But at the moment she had no means of judging of the courage and energy which had effected the changes occurring in those thirty years, nor did she realise the achievements that appeared to her so trifling when citing so glibly in her journal—that the shops of Toronto were beginning then to specialise, that two private houses boasted conservatories, and that five churches, a hospital, and the Parliament Buildings, built of brick, stood out "conspicuously ugly."

To the reader in general, however, the most interesting pages of this journal will be those which have to do with Western travel. For between the fifteenth of June and the fifteenth of August this persevering lady managed to make her way alone, overland, from Toronto to Chatham, and thence by steamer to the Great Lakes, returning by way of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe to her starting-point.

Early in the year, before planning this uninterrupted trip, Mrs. Jameson had visited Niagara, to which place she had been driven over in a sleigh, that she might see the Falls. Her notes of this excursion are interesting as showing the state of the country round the upper end of Lake Ontario in '37. At first she felt oppressed by the "silent stretches of unpeopled

land," by the "white wastes" of snow and the absence of any living creature within twenty miles, except a solitary eagle floating high above her in the wintry heavens. She mentions, however, passing slight settlements at Springfield, Oakville, Sixteen-Mile-Creek, Wellington Square and Port Nelson, before she crossed the tongue of land dividing Burlington Bay from Toronto. On the other side lay Stony Creek, Beamsville, St. Catharines, and Niagara; and all seem to have been of much the same character, consisting for the most part of a few log houses, fewer frame ones, an occasional Methodist church, usually painted white and green, and the ubiquitous tavern. In civilisation, St. Catharines took the lead, boasting a population of 700 and a good school.

Her first sight of the great Falls, so eagerly anticipated, was a disappointment. Instead of the "towering height" which she expected, her impression was that of a "vast extensive plain without light, shade, or colour, the sun having just gone within a cloud." The two great cataracts were visible, "but only as features in this wide landscape." She was evidently not yet accustomed to the whole grand scale of proportions of the New World. Hitherto she had compared the giant dimensions of Niagara only with the garden world of England; unable, therefore, to analyse her impression of the moment, she was horrified. In her journal she calls herself "an ass's head, a clod, a stock, a stone," to have seen Niagara, that world-wide wonder of wonders, only to be disappointed. Later, however, this obtuseness was atoned for, when after a second visit to the Falls she notes: "All those, indeed, who have spoken of these Falls have surely never done justice to their loveliness—nothing ever was so transcendently lovely—so grandly uniform in its eternal sound and movement."

About the first of June she made a further visit, pleased to have the opportunity of spending a few days at Erindale, where she was the guest of an old Irish clergyman, a friend and compatriot, who had settled on the river Credit.

Arriving there one sunny morning, she was Irish enough to plunge with delight into the unusual bustle going on in the household. For it was Parade Day, the fourth of June, when the district militia was to be turned out. In these days of eager discussion of Canadian defence, it is amusing to follow her description of this early Canadian review:

"On a rising ground above the river, which ran gurgling and sparkling through the green ravine beneath, the motley troops, about 300 or 400 men, were scattered; a few log-houses, a saw-mill on the river-bank and a little wooden church crowning the opposite height formed the chief features of the scene. The boundless forest spread all around us. A few men, well mounted and dressed as lancers, in uniforms, however, which were anything but uniform, flourished backwards and forwards on the green sward to the manifest peril of the spectators; themselves and their horses, equally wild, disorderly, spirited and undisciplined, but this was perfection compared to the infantry. Here there was no attempt at uniformity, of dress, of appearance, of movement; a few had coats, others jackets; a greater number had neither coats nor jackets, but appeared in their shirt-sleeves, white or checked, clean or dirty, in edifying variety. Some wore hats, others caps, others their own shaggy heads of hair. Some had firelocks; some had old swords suspended from their belts or stuck into their waistbands; but the greater number had sticks or umbrellas.

"Mrs. M—— told us that on a former parade day she had heard the word of command given thus: 'Gen-

tlemen with the umbrellas, take ground to the right! Gentlemen with the walking-sticks, take ground to the left!' Now they ran after each other and elbowed and kicked each other, straddled, stooped, chattered and if the commanding officer turned his back for a moment very coolly sat down on the bank to rest."

Lax in discipline these first Militia may have been; but it is well to remember that disciplined or not, neither they nor their descendants have ever failed to answer promptly to the call to arms, whether in defence of colony or Empire.

Mrs. Jameson's description of the household life of her pioneer friend reads like a chapter from the Swiss Family Robinson. Together, father and sons had not only built themselves a comfortable house, but by patient work had cleared and cultivated 150 acres. They took the greatest pride in being their own architects, masons, smiths, carpenters, farmers and gardeners, even in, as they laughingly told her, their own surgeons and lawyers, for the father was magistrate as well as parson. As the guest strolled with her host about the premises, the body-guard that gradually formed behind the well-loved master, from the little black boy Alick, and stout servant-girl with a little sucking-pig in her arms, to the favourite old mare and the barnyard fowls that trooped about his feet, seemed to her more touching than amusing. So gracious was the hospitality received, that though the visit was a short one it speeded the stranger on her way with an entirely new outlook upon the country and its people.

On returning to Toronto she found to her surprise that her prospective journey westward was the topic of the town—that it was considered "wild in the extreme" by certain "conventional minds," while others were pleased at the prospect of a new book on Canada. The writer's courage, if

nothing else, deserves remembrance. In those days railways were unheard of, and what the roads were in Ontario, is best described from the traveller's personal experience.

At that time it was certainly a daring thing for a woman to think of visiting the Indian reserves without an escort. In her secret heart Mrs. Jameson was not too sure that she could manage it, when on the morning of departure that fortune which favours the brave, materially helped her on her way. While awaiting the coming of the boat she was informed that Mrs. MacMurray, the half-breed wife of the Anglican Missionary of Sault Ste. Marie, had arrived in town. An interview was hastily arranged, and from this dark-eyed, soft-voiced lady the writer learned that the trip in question was quite feasible as far as Mackinaw Island, which was then on the line of the Chicago steamers. Mrs. MacMurray thought it possible also that a *bateau* could be found there to convey the stranger to the Sault, to which, with true Western hospitality, she invited her, adding the comforting assurance that her sister, Mrs. Schoolcraft, the wife of the Indian Agent for the United States at Mackinaw, would be pleased to entertain her there and speed her on her way. "She then thanked me," writes the delighted journalist, "for my interest in her people, and gave me a few hints as to travel."

Next morning found the traveller at Niagara, where her doctor had advised a two weeks' rest before venturing on this "reckless expedition." And by the time the two weeks were over her plans were well arranged. From Niagara to Hamilton by stage, and from Hamilton *via* Brantford and Woodstock to Blandford was her itinerary for the month of June. With the road to Hamilton she had no fault to find, nor with the "buck-board" that carried her to Brantford, but for the rest of the way the Can-

adian roads surpassed her powers of imagination.

"Though the whole drive was beautiful," she writes, "the roads were so execrably bad no words could give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axletree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, where my poor bones were dislocated, a wheel or broken shaft by the wayside telling of former disasters. In some places they had in desperation flung huge boughs of oak into the mud abyss and covered them with clay and sod, an illusive contrivance which sometimes gave way, and we were nearly precipitated into the midst." Her hands swelled and were blistered from clinging to the iron bar in front to hold her into the waggon.

July, meanwhile, was holding in reserve a richer experience in ways and means. At Blandford she secured a baker's cart with springs, to carry her to London (then a town of 1,300 souls). After resting there a day, she prepared for a visit to Port Talbot, then and since so memorable in the annals of Ontario. The best conveyance forthcoming for this journey was a common cart with straw at the bottom and no springs; the passenger's seat hung on straps, while a board nailed in front served as seat for the driver. "Such," writes the undaunted tourist, "was the equipage in which the Chancellor's lady, as they call me here, paid her first visit of state to the great Colonel Talbot."

This "grand bashaw" of the wilderness, as the writer terms him, was a tyrant of the first water. In his "shack," perched high on Erie's central cliff, he lived alone, ruling arbitrarily his great tract, said by this writer to be 650,000 acres. To his visitor, fresh from her interest in the outer world, his indifference to all outside his own domain was appalling. "Dynasties," she writes, "rose and fell, battles were lost and won, king-

doms passed into other hands—he neither knew nor cared. No letters or newspapers were seen at his table. Politics, social changes or public opinion were all the same to him; the principal event from which he reckoned being the war of 1812, when he had almost been taken prisoner and his house ransacked and his cattle stolen."

In those early days of Ontario there was room and to spare for individuality. More than one "original" encountered by this writer on her travels, issues to-day from her pages ready with suggestion for the coming novelist of Upper Canada. Even the solitary Colonel in his eyrie was powerless to escape romantic incident, though oftener than not it was due to his own peculiarities. Conspicuous in contrast to this grizzled pessimist is the character presented by the traveller of the genial old Admiral whom she visited at Blandford—a man ever ready to welcome the world to his curious abode, an establishment he had fitted out with "nautical inventions" of his own, "contrivances" that proved to be a never-ending pride to himself as they were a never-ending joy to his neighbours. Nor will the eye of the imaginative reader fail to mark that third personality sketched so deftly by this passer-by—that of the unworldly and scholarly old parson, who though "buried in the bush," remained like his famous prototype of Wakefield, ever a child at heart through all experience.

Charming though Port Talbot proved to be, the middle of July saw the tourist on her way again—and a truly awful way it was, once she was out of the Talbot District. For the road led through swamps, pine-woods, corduroy, holes, ponds and sloughs, ending in a blazed path through the forest.

Arrived at Chatham, she was relieved to learn that she was in time to catch the little steamer down the

Thames. Later, on crossing to Detroit, she was delayed there a few days by illness. But by the fifth of July she was able to go on board the "Thomas Jefferson," en route to Mackinaw once more, her interest now heightened by the possibility that she might still be in time to see the distribution of presents to the Indians at Manitoulin Island.

Before daybreak on the twenty-first she was a hundred miles out on Lake Huron, and as the boat drew in towards the Island, the dawn was glimmering in the east. To her old-world eyes the beauty of the scene appeared more magical than real. On a point of the bay stood the little mission-church, its light spire and belfry "rising dark between the glories of the sky and water." On the heights the little fortress gleamed white among the trees. At the base of the cliff clustered the Indian wigwams; while the whole scene was reflected in the water from the slightest twig to the dusky figures of the Indians standing motionless with folded arms or pushing out in their light canoes. "There was not a breath of air," she writes, "and the glow and colour, the delicious serenity and stillness were wondrously beautiful and strange."

Mrs. Jameson was landed on the wooden pier with three of her companions, whom she followed to the little inn kept by a half-breed "Madame," where they breakfasted well on white fish and coffee. On calling later at the Schoolcraft house, she found that not only was she expected but that her room had been prepared and her boxes sent for.

Matters were now proceeding beyond her brightest hopes. She had come to Canada eager to see the Indians for herself. Here she had not only opportunity for personal inspection of their ways but the benefit also of information from an educated member of their race. She was obliged, notwithstanding, to confess that

their real status was a shock to her when compared with the romantic pictures she had formed from reading Cooper's books.

Her stay at Mackinaw was most enjoyable. Her host and hostess were hospitality itself, desirous of showing her all phases of Indian life possible. Her visit, too, was well timed, as fresh bands from the different tribes were constantly coming in, all on their way to Manitoulin Island for the Grand Council at which the tribes received their yearly presents from the British Sovereign.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth, news was brought to the mission-house that a *bateau* was starting for the Sault. All was bustle instantly, as Mrs. Schoolcraft and her children made ready to accompany their guest. Everything was soon in order: *voyageurs* in their places, provisions stowed away at the ends of the boat, the passengers in the centre; and, the breeze being fair, the square sail was hoisted and good speed made. At seven they landed for tea, but the mosquitoes were so bad they were glad to push out again to manage in the boat as best they could. When the breeze fell at sunset the men rolled themselves in their blankets and slept, but Mrs. Schoolcraft and the steersman, an Indian boy of sixteen, sang softly together as the *bateau* floated down with the current. After midnight it was moored to a tree, but by daylight they were off again, passing Grand Detour, all huge and solitary.

On leaving Joseph Island, where they breakfasted, the traveller had her first experience of piping heat, as they rowed along the south shore among the fields of rushes—the men slow—the sky speckless—the water smooth—with no sound but the dip of oars or the splash of a sturgeon. The current was strong in St. Mary's river and the clouds so threatening that the men kept to their oars through the

night. Luckily they arrived at daylight, just as the rain began to fall. The MacMurrays were on the beach to welcome their guest, who parted here from Mrs. Schoolcraft, who with her children crossed over at once to her mother's house on the American side.

The Rapids of the Sault enchanted the visitor, "as they came fretting and fuming down, curling their light foam against the opposing rocks." The settlement on the Canadian side was then very small, consisting merely of a little trading-post, with lower down a Chippewa village, and the MacMurray's house and the mission-church and school on the hill above it. Every fishing season the missionary's house was filled with swarthy visitors who came and went according to their will. All were harmless in intention, the smell of "Kinnikinnic," the Indian's tobacco, seeming the greatest drawback to the guest.

The chief pleasure of this week to Mrs. Jameson was a visit to Mrs. Johnston, the Indian mother of her new friends. In her journal she describes Mrs. Johnston as a woman of marked Indian features, of benevolent and intelligent countenance, with a voice low and musical and laugh soft, when pleased. On the occasion of this visit Mrs. Jameson was astonished at the ease with which the fishers in the rapids managed their canoes. On strolling by the river with Mrs. Johnston's son, she casually expressed the wish to run the rapids herself. Her companion, delighted, soon found a canoe about ten feet long, "light and elegant as a bird." In this she was seated in the bottom on a mat; "and down we went," she writes, "with a whirl and a splash, the white surge leaping round me. Over the edge of the canoe I could see the passage between the rocks sometimes not more than two feet wide, and the sharp angles visible through the transparent water, yet I had not the least

sensation of fear but one of giddy, breathless and delicious excitement." The whole run from start to finish occupied just about seven minutes, the run three-quarters of a mile, the fall twenty-seven feet. The Indians were pleased, as she was the first European woman to run these rapids; while Mrs. Johnston, laughing and clapping, adopted her into her family as "daughter," naming her in Indian *Wah-sah-ge-wah-no-qua* or the "Woman-of-the-bright-foam."

Fortunate truly was the Woman-of-the-bright-foam in these new found friends, a fortune which she fully realised when the MacMurrays next morning proposed to take her by *bateau* to Manitoulin Island. And throughout her whole journey she seems to have been as fortunate in weather as in friends. From August first to the fifteenth the only two rainy days are noted in the journal. And as she goes on to describe the glowing sunsets of these days, the pitching of their tents beneath the stars, and the twilights brightened by the camp-fire leaping on the shore, the picture stirs the blood of every true-born camper.

"On August second," she writes, "we had not a mosquito; the sun bright; the lake rough; the little boat rocking on the glittering waves as Contant washed the plates and the others cooked on shore." On the third they were in Aird's Bay passing countless islands of all shapes and sizes. The fourth brought startling tidings. In their haste to reach their destination, they started out at dawn, surprised to notice in the slumbrous calm the hull and masts of a vessel standing black against the sunrise. Hailing her for news, the little party sat speechless on hearing that King William IV. was dead and Victoria now Queen of England. They learned also from the schooner's captain that the Superintendent of the Indian Department had taken the place of the

Governor, who had been called back from Lake Simcoe by this news, and that the presents were to be distributed that morning. The *voyageurs*, encouraged, bent afresh to their oars, but they arrived unfortunately just too late for the distribution.

This disappointment was soon forgotten in the kindly greeting all received from the Superintendent and the Agent, who assured them that they were still in time for the Council to be held at noon. The meeting-place appointed for this yearly gathering was certainly a chosen spot—on the shores of a small circular bay opening from the main one out on the water, just off the main bay, where, as they entered, a hundred canoes were darting hither and thither.

The Council was held in the log house belonging to the Agent. At its upper end stood the Superintendent, Mr. Jarvis, with his "grand vizier," Major Anderson, and their two interpreters. At a little distance were placed the new-comers, with a young son of the Lieutenant-Governor who had come on with Mr. Jarvis, there were also three Methodist ministers, and two Roman Catholic priests. The chiefs came in without order or precedence. They numbered about seventy-five in all, and half of them were smoking. The noon-day heat was blazing, and the doors and windows all filled in by an eager crowd. To the London lady the atmosphere suggested purgatory. Yet in all the hundreds of that crowd no squaw was visible. The Superintendent's speech was short and was interpreted by Blackbird, an orator famed for once having spoken steadily from sunrise to sunset.

The day altogether proved to be the most varied of those experienced by the traveller on this long trip. At sunset she was called out by Major Anderson to watch a canoe-race he had arranged for the squaws. He had offered as prizes twenty-five

pairs of silver earrings, and the wildest excitement followed as twenty canoes took their places, each paddled by twelve squaws. At a signal they were off like arrows from so many bows, the onlookers leaping, whooping, clapping their hands, and acting as if mad at the finish, the men darting into the water to carry out the winners, the squaws laughing and panting for breath, crying "N'ya! N'ya!" while the men shouted "T'ya!" till the woods rang. But the greatest good-humour prevailed, with no note of jealousy or anger. "In those days," continues Mrs. Jameson, "we were twenty whites in all among 3,700 Indians, yet the only precaution I found necessary was to hang a blanket before my window to avoid a too intrusive gaze."

The evening that followed was one of tranquil beauty. At nine o'clock there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the voice of an Indian boy reading the gospel to Mrs. MacMurray in the Agent's house—a picture in himself, with his feathered head-dress waving, his silver armlets glistening on his dusky arms. While standing in silent enjoyment of the scene, news was brought to the stranger that the natives were preparing a war dance in her honour. "In a few minutes more," she writes, "the drum, the shriek, and the long tremulous whoop were heard. A large crowd had gathered silently in front of the house, leaving an open space in the midst. Many of them carried great blazing torches made of bark rolled up into a cylinder. The innermost circle of the spectators sat down and the rest stood around. Meantime the drumming and yelling drew nearer, and all at once a man leaped like a panther into the very middle of this circle, and flinging off his blanket, began to flourish his war-club and caper. Then they stamped round and round and gesticulated a sort of fiercely grotesque pantomime, and sent forth their

hideous yells, while the glare of the torches fell on their painted, naked figures."

Next morning it was with sincerest regret that the traveller parted from the hospitable missionary and his wife. But one more experience remained for Mrs. Jameson—a canoe-trip home by way of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe. Mr. Jarvis had kindly offered to find a place for her among his party, and as she watched the luxurious arrangements being made for her comfort she congratulated herself upon this opportunity.

In the first canoe, paddled by seven *voyageurs*, went Mr. Jarvis, young Mr. Head, Mrs. Jameson, and old Solomon the interpreter. In the second were stowed provisions and camping apparatus. Not only was a cushioned seat placed for the lady of the party, but note-books, sketch-book and travelling-basket ready at hand, while guns and fishing-tackle replaced the note-books for the gentlemen. Martin the Indian pilot was picturesque in the extreme, with his scarlet beaded sash, long hair, and graceful movements. The men, who were picked half-breeds, were full of glee, as with bright sashes round their waists and gay kerchiefs round their heads, they took their places. With flag flying, they made a gallant start, cheered by the major and the schooner's crew on shore, and honoured by a volley from the Indians and copious cries as the seventy-two canoes of the Iroquois dipped their paddles at the same time *en route* for the west—and this on a glorious morning with a cloudless sky above them, and the water so clear that the fish were visible swimming in its depths.

The scene was one of bewildering beauty all the way, as they paddled along through countless islands, all gay with green and flowers in the morning, at evening their purple edges fringed with fire. At intervals

the men sang gay songs; the tourist sketched; and the gentlemen hunted or fished as occasion offered. The fare was beyond reproach; the fish and pigeons good and well-cooked; the Madeira excellent. Nightly the traveller found her tent pitched in the most chosen spot, her bed of elastic boughs luxuriously spread with robes and blankets. On the eighth they passed French River, paddling still among the islands "set like gems in glowing blue," and it was not until they were near their journey's end that they had their first day's rain.

On the ninth they reached Penetanguishene, where they rested two days. And on the twelfth they crossed the sixteen-mile portage to the "narrows" of Lake Simcoe. Here the "passenger" was persuaded by her party to join them in an excursion to Lake Couchiching, to see the rapids of the Severn, forming, she writes, "an exquisite finish to the paradise of beauty" through which she had journeyed now for seven weeks. On the fourteenth she accompanied her escort on board the *Peter Robinson*, and it was then, as they steamed across Lake Simcoe, that she realised for the first time how civilised indeed were those clearings she had thought so crude before. From Holland's Landing the road lay through the oldest settlements of Upper Canada, with their harvests rich and ripe in the August sunshine; they looked to her eyes now accustomed to the wildness to be not only civilised, they also indicated clearly the settler's growing wealth.

Here with the description of this drive the journal ends, and its last words are slightly triumphant: "For at three o'clock in the morning," concludes the traveller, "just as the moon was setting in Lake Ontario, I arrived at the door of my own house in Toronto, having been absent on this 'wild expedition' just two months."

PITT THE ORATOR

A REVIEW OF LORD ROSEBERY'S "LORD CHATHAM"

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

THE Earl of Rosebery found a congenial occupation when he undertook to write a biography of the Earl of Chatham. He himself is acknowledged on all hands to be the greatest orator in Great Britain to-day. Pitt is acknowledged to have been not merely the greatest orator of his own time in Great Britain but of all time. One or two persons who heard him in the House of Commons were so inspired by his flights that they wrote down their opinions, giving him eminence as a rhetorician above either Cicero or Demosthenes. Rosebery has had the good sense to perceive that all such comparison must be vain. While Pitt's admirers had access to the compositions of Cicero and of Demosthenes, they had no real knowledge of the tones of voice in delivery, nor did they know aught of the orators' mannerisms, of their gestures, of the fires that flashed from their eyes, of the thunders, if any, that accompanied their most vehement declamation. All they had was the compositions of the orators and the testimony of those who had heard them pronounced. We believe, as Rosebery in his book believes, that Pitt was a public speaker of transcendent magnetism and power, but we actually have fewer proofs of it than his contemporaries had of the two great classic orators. Parliamentary reporting as we know it was a

thing unknown in Pitt's day, and while we have snatches here and there of this great commoner's brilliance of satire and aptness of metaphor, we are never quite sure of the preciseness of phraseology. Records of parts of his speeches and impressions of his delivery are still preserved, but they are not wholly satisfactory. His most famous utterances were made, apparently, without deliberation, and he seldom, if ever, used notes.

The impression that Pitt made on his own generation, an impression that has deepened with the progress of time, is a fine example of the elusiveness of the greatest of all the arts. Had he been a painter like his contemporary Reynolds, we could examine his art with intelligence. Had he been a writer like his friend Fielding, we could estimate his worth at first hand. Had he even been a cabinet maker like his countryman Chippendale, we could test his beauty of line and contour in the shop window of any first-class dealer in antiquities. But Pitt was an orator in whose time there was no phonography, no parliamentary report, no political stump even—nothing that we can set up as a concrete example of his art. He had first to impress his hearers, and the impression had to be such that it would not vanish immediately on the

* "Lord Chatham: His Early Life and Connections," by Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper and Brothers.

rising of the House; it had to be such that it would be repeated in the coffee-houses, on exchange, at the club, in the market-place, carried by favourable winds to all corners and quarters of the realm, and handed down from father to son and son to grandson, generation after generation. In this respect Pitt was on a common ground with Garrick and indeed with all who rest their claims to greatness on histrionic talent, on elegance of voice, on grace of gesture, on majesty of pose.

So the fame of Pitt's oratory has come down to us. A century and a half ago, when Pitt was at the zenith of his glory, letter-writing and the diary had almost superceded tradition, the lampoon and the chronicling rhyme, and the active agency of the press, with full parliamentary reports, was on the eve of its greatness. Pitt, therefore, just preceded the reports, but he was not the type of man to be lampooned or described in vagrant and jingling lines. Rosebery, like all the others of Pitt's biographers, has had to rely for personal touches on tradition, on letters still available and on private diaries. Naturally, the great events of his career and all his achievements and failures in the public service are on record, but, as Rosebery laments, there is nothing wherewith one might break through the halo of mystery that seems to have always surrounded this great British statesman.

Statesmanship was one of Pitt's chief attributes as well as oratory, but in the life that is reviewed by Rosebery (that is, up to the time of Pitt's elevation to supreme power after the downfall of Newcastle), oratory is the keynote of his success. The book deals with "His Early Life and Connections," and notwithstanding the human proneness to worship heroes, Rosebery has put forth an honest effort to see Pitt in his true light. That it has been difficult, indeed impossible,

to so see him, he admits, but he has succeeded in presenting a convincing picture and an entertaining chronicle. As a statesman, or perhaps better, as a most fearless parliamentarian, Pitt stands without a peer. He came into the arena at a time when it was almost impossible for a commoner to attain eminence. The King's hand was against him, and his voice was against the King. It is a marvel that an ambitious politician could muster the temerity to rise in parliament and cast aspersions on the Sovereign and on the Sovereign's Hanoverian connections. Pitt was ambitious, nevertheless he was courageous, and one would judge that he repeatedly sacrificed his ambitions on the altar of his courage. One of the few reports that we have of a Pitt parliamentary speech, one which, curiously enough, did not see print until fourteen months had passed after its deliverance, gives a good idea of the fearless manner in which he sometimes addressed the commons. The debate was on the motion to continue the British troops in the Hanoverian service.

"It is now too apparent," said Pitt, according to this report, "that this powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate, and that, in consequence of a plea formed long ago and invariably pursued, these (Hanoverian) troops are hired only to drain us of our money. . . . How much reason the transactions of every year have given for suspecting this absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality, it is unnecessary to declare. . . . To dwell upon all the instances of partiality which have been shown and the yearly visits (by the King), which have been made to that delightful country (Hanover), to reckon up all the sums that have been spent to aggrandise and enrich it, would be an irksome and invidious task, invidious to those who are afraid to be told the truth and irksome to those who are unwilling to hear of the dishonour and injuries of their country. I shall, however, dwell no longer on this unpleasant subject than to express my hope that we shall no longer suffer ourselves to be deceived and oppressed."

Rosbery writes:

'Conceive the position. On the one side a King born and bred in Hanover, to whom the honour and welfare of the Hanoverians were everything, whose paradise was Hanover, who counted the days of his annual visit to Hanover as a school-boy counts the days to his holidays, who held Hanover as his own absolute monarchy and property as compared with the limited interest and power of the British throne; a King, moreover, courted by all, whose favour was necessary for the obtaining of office; accustomed to unstinted adulation and homage. On the other, this young jackanapes, an official in the court of his (the King's) detested son, declaiming against him with every art of the actor and the rhetorician, with every power of voice and eye, holding him and his Hanover up to every kind of ridicule and contempt, before an audience mainly of place-hunters and place-holders, half trembling, half chuckling, as the philippic proceeded.

'Why did Pitt take this line? If he wished for office (as he undoubtedly did), it seemed madness: he was committing something like suicide. 'But pique,' as Sir George Savile well said, 'is the spur the devil rides the noblest tempers with'. . . . That pique and a most ignoble rage had much to do with this philippic we may well assume. But we may also surmise that his attitude was not devoid of calculation. The veto of George II. (The veto had been repeatedly placed against Pitt by the sovereign) was not to be removed by deference, so he would, like another Hannibal, destroy the obstacle with vinegar. The King had been exasperated by the lambent play of Pitt's earlier insinuations; he should be made to know how Pitt had then held his hand, what thunderbolts he had kept in reserve, what unspeakable things awaited the Prince who should frown on him. 'All the things I have told you,' said Sancho Panza, 'are tarts and cheese-cakes to what remains behind.' George II. should learn that the innuendoes that Pitt had levelled at him before were tarts and cheese-cakes compared to what he had the power of producing. Pitt, in a word, had made up his mind that his only means of achieving his objects was by terror. He had thrown away the scabbard. Moreover, he was appealing from the Court to the people. The court was foreign, immoral, unpopular: the very name of Hanover was detested. And although Pitt's actual words reached the people late or not at all, there was an echo which was

audible, and made known all through the three kingdoms that there was within the walls of Parliament an intrepid, perhaps incorruptible orator who feared the face of no man, and who was embodying in fiery words the antipathies and distrusts of the nation."

Rosbery has escaped the common fault of biographers, that of seeing nothing but goodness in all the acts of their subjects. Unlike Thackeray, he does not attempt to remove from Pitt the odium of vacillation, nor does he hide from his readers his impression that Pitt was in all his public acts an actor with a definite purpose in view. It is Rosebery's belief that everything Pitt did was done because of the effect it would have on the public mind. Pitt had a genius for divining what would please and influence the public, and he acted accordingly. If (as he did when he became Paymaster, declining to take poundage on all subsidies paid to foreign princes, as had been the practice), he refused to enrich himself by what were then regarded as permissible spoils of office, his refusal was due not so much to qualms of conscience as to his belief that it would have a powerful psychological affect on the nation. In this respect he was no doubt correct in his surmise, for in those corrupt days Pitt stood out from all his contemporaries as the one statesman whose character and dealings were above reproach. But Rosebery takes care to point out that while Pitt was shrewd in refusing emoluments that might have come to him through his public office, he was not so scrupulous when it came to monetary assistance of a private nature. Mention is made of the acceptance of a legacy from a duchess, who gave it merely because she had seen in Pitt the one who had the courage to arraign her own peculiar enemies; but, of course, that is a legacy that anyone might accept. But it was different with Pitt when it came to giving up his seat for Old Sarum and accepting a safe one from the

hand of Newcastle, whom he suspected and despised; and indeed again, when it came to his dismissal from the Government's service and his acceptance, in view of his tight circumstances, of a thousand pounds a year "until better times" from Lord Temple, "whom, from close intimacy and kinship, he must have known to be an intriguing politician, who was not likely to give without expecting return."

But notwithstanding all that Rosebery has been able to discover about Pitt, following the many other biographies of the same person, and with the additional and invaluable assistance of the Dropmore papers, he has been induced to admit that Pitt is still an enigma. Nothing seems to be known, or at least very little, about his private life. Glimpses are caught of him nursing the gout, from which he was a life-long sufferer, and occasionally he is seen flitting to or from Bath, whither he went to take the waters. But he seems to have had a genius for obliterating the intimate recesses of his heart and life and, on the other hand, for keeping himself almost constantly, whenever he wished it, in full view of the public eye. He might be regarded as the first person to realise the advantage of judicious advertising, and yet he has of all persons succeeded in shrouding his real self in mystery. According to Rosebery, he was an actor always, an actor in whom acting in everyday life had become as second nature.

This book of Rosebery's is admirable in tone, and while it is judicious, as a literary feat it is disappointing. But it has a pretty good beginning and a splendid close. The middle chapters

are written with care but not with brilliance. However, it is in the summing up where we find the author at his best, where we find passages that prevent us from reverting too longingly to the masterful picture drawn by Macaulay; it is the orator's appreciation of the orator, and although we must express regret because the narrative does not continue until we see Pitt as the first statesman of England, with the British arms triumphant in America, on the Continent, on the high seas and in the East, we are content to set the book down with this excerpt from the author's summing up:

"Whatever his failings may have been, his countrymen have refused, and rightly refused, to take heed of them. They have refused to see anything but the supreme orator, the triumphant minister of 1757-1761, the champion of liberty in later years at home and in the West. With Pitt, as with Nelson, his country will not count flaws. What do they matter? How are they visible in the sunlight of achievement? A country must cherish and guard its heroes.

"We have climbed with him in his path to power. We have seen him petulant, factious, hungry, bitter. And yet all the time we have felt that there was always something in him different in quality from his fellow-politicians when they aired the same qualities, that there was an imprisoned spirit within him struggling for freedom and scope. At last it bursts its trammels, he tosses patronage and intrigue to the old political shylocks, and inspires the policy of the world. Vanity of vanities! Twenty years after his epoch of glory, three years after his death, Britain has reached the lowest point in her history. But still she is the richer for his life. He bequeaths a tradition, he bequeaths a son, and when men think of duty and achievement they look to one or the other. It will be an ill day for their country when either is forgotten."





At Five O'clock

LIFE'S INN.

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

The Wide World Stands a-welcoming be-
side the sunny way,

For page and squire and knight and
dame to halt and ride away;
And crimson sweet the roses flamed that
lay upon my breast,
When all the world was but an inn, and
I a welcome guest.

The knights were lion-hearted and their
ladies lily fair;
The silver armour glittered bright upon
the roadway there,
When each far distant turning held the
promise of a quest,
And all the world was but an inn, and
I a welcome guest.

No knock was there of Misery nor step
of grimy Toil;
But bold Adventure raised the latch,
his palfrey heaped with spoil,
While Romance flew to hold his rein and
wait on his behest,
When all the world was but an inn, and
I a welcome guest.

And what care I that youth must fade,
and love locks turn to gray?
Forsooth, at every inn there lies some
reckoning to pay!
I've warmed my heart beside their fire,
partaken of their best,
When all the world was but an inn, and
I a welcome guest.

So why should I complain and curse in
spiteful accents shrill
Because another draws his rein, my
wonted place to fill?
But ere Old Age the taper takes, to light
me to my rest,

I'll draw his chair and drink his health,
and make him welcome guest.

—*The Smart Set.*

*

WHAT a fascination there is for
most of us in the picture of the
Old World inn—the inn of the poets
and writers of romance—ivy-covered
and quaint-gabled with the scent of
lavender in the low-ceiled bedrooms
and the fragrance of good fare on the
broad threshold of the dining-room.
From ancient days, the inn has been
associated with good cheer and jollity
—and even if a brawl arose, it was
conducted with a vigorous hilarity
which lent variety to the after-dinner
repast. The inns of Old Normandy
and the inns of Merrie England could
tell tales more wild and enthralling
than ever flowed from the pen of Du-
mas or Weyman. But the prosaic
present is changing even the old inns,
and the "honk" of the automobile dis-
pels the last echoes of the trouda-
dour's song.

Yet the legends and traditions of
the inn die slowly from our minds,
and to many of us the world, itself,
becomes only an inn, where we tarry
but a day. The guests who come
riding in the early morning are
so full of life's joy and adventure that
they fill the old rooms with song and
laughter ere they go on their dauntless
way. But the afternoon hours mean re-

pose and the fading light of day brings the tapers which shed but a faint glimmer in comparison with the glow of "glad, confident morning." Yet there has been good cheer at the inn and we all can remember with gratefulness the sturdy words of Chesterton:

"For you and me and for all brave men, my brother, there is good wine poured in the Inn at the End of the World."

*

IT is a lamentable fact that we learn what is worth while in this world, just as we are almost ready to depart from the scene. We may be in a position to make use of our earthly experience on some other planet, but it *does* seem rather a pity that we should be so long in acquiring a knowledge of "the things that really count."

For instance, we are accustomed to regard sickness or isolation as a condition to be dreaded and expend much sympathy on the invalid, writing pathetic paragraphs and weepy poems on "shut-in lives." I have always regarded an invalid's lot as one to be shunned and abhorred—but that was before I made acquaintance with its infinite restfulness. It is, in reality, the most delightful condition in the world, and the hospital, which looked so forbidding in the days of health, becomes a safe and comfortable retreat from all the woes which flesh is heir to. Of course, if you are so imprudent as to insist on having a really painful complaint, such as sciatica or rheumatic gout, the state of invalidism has its serious drawbacks; but, if you have the good taste and good fortune to select such suffering as merely makes the convalescence a season of languid enjoyment, why, "The Land of Counterpane," as Stevenson called it, is the most blissful realm in the world.

As a primary advantage, you are not allowed to hear anything disagreeable, or to know that there is such a matter as an unpleasant occurrence.

Doctor and nurse and everyone else appear with smiling faces and you are convinced that it must be a jolly world which is inhabited by such cheerful creatures. Of course, you are going to get well, but, as the days go by, you are less and less in a hurry to confront the world again, and look forward to noisy street and bustling shops with a dread of their disturbance. "But there is such a lack of interest in an invalid's life," objects a strenuous creature who has never known a day's illness. On the contrary, the invalid takes an extraordinary and keen interest in trifles light as air, which afford daily and unflinching entertainment. While the outside world is running for cars and then being jammed in sardine fashion by the powers which run the "trams," the invalid is taking a placid interest in capsules and tablets and the next dish of junket. You pity the healthy people, who are walking about on their sturdy feet and eating solid food. What do they know of the joy of having things brought to you on a tray and being coaxed to take a little cream soup or a trifle of jelly?

Then it is so important to be an invalid, especially if you have never succumbed before to these light afflictions. You find out that there is such a state of being as a temperature and, when the thermometer goes under your tongue, you are thrown into a delightful condition of excitement as you wonder what would happen if you swallowed it. Your pulse, also, is a matter of interest and you watch the "beats" in fascinated concern, lest something not quite "normal" should occur. In fact, you are surprisingly absorbed in yourself, and find that your heart and head are to be taken quite seriously, in a world of ups and downs.

Many have been the words of commendation bestowed upon the Canadian nurse—but not one word too many.

New York papers have declared that she surpasses the nurse of other lands and that she is in constant demand. It is one thing to echo the praise from hearsay, and it is quite another to speak out of the fulness of experience. But I hereby profess most profound allegiance — and what is more, obedience—to the blue-uniformed and blue-eyed ministrant in misery, who poked the thermometer under a too-busy tongue and dispensed the nauseous mixture known as pep-tonised milk. The nurse, when she is all she may be, is far ahead of all the rest of us, and for all her gentle, cheering ways, she may have our vote and influence, if she ever happens to run for office.

Yes, indeed! It is a great and deplorable mistake to remain healthy and industrious. Just wake up some dull and dreary morning and decide to be an invalid, instead of going down to the office or getting up and preparing breakfast. Betake yourself to the isolation of a private ward, where you will hear nothing of wars, murders or marriage, and where you will not care whether the Honourable David Lloyd George or Mr. Austen Chamberlain act as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and where you will be lazy and "dozy" and care for nothing but Your Own Sweet Self.

*

EARL GREY has been a good friend to the country in which he represents the royal authority. He has done us good service in a variety of ways, and his latest contribution to national criticism is worthy of serious consideration. In his address as "Chief Scout of the Dominion of Canada," the Governor-General said that there is a defect in the training ordinarily given in the public schools; namely, the lack of good manners. He called attention to the error of those who think that "rough manners are a sign of manliness and that gentle man-

ners are a sign of servility" and asserted that gentlemanliness is dependent, not on wealth, but on reverence and high ideals. The following words should provoke heart-searching, as to the ethical side of our public school system: "It is because the Scout movement tends to supplement the inefficiency of your educational system by implanting in your boys the ideals they do not seem to learn in their schools, that I so earnestly commend to your acceptance that movement, which, if it be properly supported, promises to become a real blessing to this country."

A Canadian editor remarks in connection with the above criticism: "It becomes at once a question why it was left to a soldier to inaugurate the Scout movement, and why the daily personal intercourse of thousands of teachers with their pupils should count for so little."

It is entirely natural that a soldier should inaugurate the movement which appears to have appealed so successfully to Young Canada. We have the poet's testimony to the fact that:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

We may all exult in the disappearance of war, but we should be very sorry to see the disappearance of the military virtues. More than a century ago Edmund Burke exclaimed—"But the age of chivalry is gone!" It had not really departed, however, and it will be a dark age for the world, should the reflection of the great Irish orator ever prove true. If the spirit of true chivalry is not encouraged in the young generation, the grace and delicacy of life will have vanished—and all the wheat and silver in our fields and our mines will not make good the loss. Earl Grey spoke discerningly when he associated this gracious manner with reverence. We are known by what we laugh at. Those

who see in old age or weakness legitimate objects for ridicule and who take a delight in the downfall or the degradation of humanity can hardly be regarded as civilised.

Matthew Arnold declared many years ago, that, while he had found many admirable qualities in the people of the United States, he had discovered two glaring defects, a lack of reverence and a lack of dignity. This criticism might be extended beyond the forty-ninth parallel. We are rather fond of proclaiming our virtues. Let us be honest about our faults and not bristle in childish contradiction at the slightest hint that we are not perfect and that our public school system is not the last word in educational development. We have much to be proud of in our educational system, but it leaves something to be desired. Respect for authority is more important in the Young Person than a "development of selfhood." If Earl Grey is speaking according to facts in his remarks on our school training, then it is time for us to consider our ways and manners and give heed to the principles of the Boy Scout movement.

The ultra-democratic spirit which is constantly asserting: "I am as good as you," is not conducive to that gentle grace of manner which implies: "You are as good as I." It is the small courtesies, the dainty remembrances which make Life worth while and give us to forget the hard places and keep in mind only the flowers. Sometimes it seems as if the rude and blustering nature is the one which succeeds—that it is the selfish alone who get and retain. But a more careful study of the conditions of human happiness shows that such vampire creatures miss all that is worth while

and are without that beautiful gift of friendship which is the heritage of those who are true in heart.

The curious error, that there is something unmanly in consideration for others and a display of courtesy towards them, is to blame for much of the boorishness and barrenness of daily intercourse. The East and the South may teach us much of this virtue, and it will not endanger Northern aggressiveness to learn something of the gentler side of life. The linking of "delicacy and fortitude" in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's prayers is a happy blending of qualities which are all too often put asunder. In his own suffering yet gallant bearing, we see the finest exposition of that spirit of meeting Life gladly — whatever the day may bring. And what delightful stories they are — of his sojourn in Samoa, where everyone was kind to the loved Scottish exile. It would be hard to find a daintier or tenderer repartee than the reply of the Samoan friend who had prepared a favourite dish for "Tusitala"—as his adopted people called the writer.

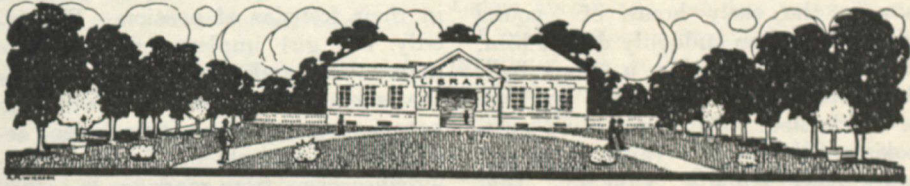
"Great is thy skill," said Stevenson in gratitude.

"But the other shook his head in gentle denial. "Ah, No! Great was the love."

With this appreciation of the grace of courtesy is associated a gaiety which is all too rare in these hard and hurried times—a sense of the joy of Life which helps to plant the primroses along the path of pain. Dull natures are nearly always impolite and uncouth. Sparkle and sunshine go together in happy comradeship. Let us be merrier and more mannerly, even if we should lose a dollar or two in the polishing process.

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

WHO would not rather take Quebec than be the author of "The Trail of Ninety-Eight"? Who would not rather not take Quebec than be its publishers? It is "A Northland Chronicle and Romance," by Robert W. Service, author of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako." The mere fact that it is selling so well that "we cannot keep up with the demand," according to the publishers, puts a serious mask on the situation, and makes us wonder whether it sells on its absolute and abundant and incomparable demerits or on the author's reputation as a forceful versifier. For we know of no book quite so bad as this one, and if it is selling so well on its badness, the outlook for clean, wholesome literature in Canada is not very promising. We once heard the remark about a melodrama, "It's so bad, it's good," and one might almost go the length of applying this opprobrium to Mr. Service's novel. If the book scored on any one point it would not be so hopeless, but, according to our opinion, it is a conglomeration of offences against all the senses. It has no morality. It has no literary merit. It has no heroism. It has no good, genuine adventure. It has no lofty ideal of womanhood. It has no real romance. But, on the other hand, it traduces the ennobling passion of love. It uselessly shows contempt for

the conventionality of marriage. Its essays at description are grotesque. Its brutality is inhuman, its vulgarity nauseating, its very commonplaceness something stupendous. In figure of speech it is frequently much forced, as, for instance, "I proved myself a perfect *artesian well* of conversation," (the book is written in the first person); "The *surface ripple* of a sob"; "In a few moments I was *dead to the world*"; "we were in a hollow cavern roofed over with *slabs* of seething foam"; "on pinnacles of terror our hearts poised nakedly." Sticklers for grammatical construction will object to the following sentences: Every slim woman I saw in the distance looked to be *her*"; "Not one of his sledge-hammer smashes reached *their* mark"; "I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army, when *who* should I see but Mervin and Hewson." Even the spelling is inconsistent.

The narrative is based largely on the author's experiences during the Yukon stampede of 1898, but it is so wildly imaginative that what truth there is in it is clouded by the false. It begins in Scotland, takes the reader sweepingly across Canada, and down into southern California, and then back and on up to Dawson City. It must be granted that the descriptions of the trail and of Dawson City are very vivid, but the reader

has confused impressions of almost simultaneous obstacles in the form of snow and ice on the one hand and mosquitoes and muskies on the other hand. Tricks are played with time, so that one may be tracking the villain in the early hours of "young dawn" and then suddenly detect him, at midnight, entering a dance-hall. But these are minor slips, and can be overlooked. But there is no overlooking the chapter (and there are many more equally violent), that tells about *Berna*, the girl, and *Athol*, the man, going on a raft down Squaw Rapids. The reader is wondering how it is possible for any person to keep his balance under such conditions, when the girl impetuously throws her arms around the man's neck, and in the embrace, lips to lips, they ride on into the "roaring torrent." The diction is not restrained:

"We took the rapids broadside on, but the scow was light and very strong. Like a cork in a mill-stream we tossed and spun around. The vicious, mauling wolf-pack of the river heaved us into the air, and worried us as we fell. Drenched, deafened, stunned with fierce, nerve-shattering blows, every moment we thought to go under. We were in a caldron of fire. The roar of doom was in our ears. Giant hands with claws of foam were clutching, buffeting us. Shrieks of fury assailed, as demon tossed us to demon. Was there no end to it? Thud, crash, roar, sickening us to our hearts; lurching, leaping, beaten, battered. . . . It seemed the last had come. Up, up we went. We seemed to hover uncertainly, tilted, hair-poised over a yawning gulf. Were we going to upset? Mental agony screamed in me. But, no! We righted. Dizzily we dipped over; steeply we plunged down. Oh, it was terrible! We were in a hornets' nest of angry waters and they were stinging us to death; we were in a hollow cavern roofed over with slabs of seething foam; the fiery horses were trampling us under their myriad hoofs. I gave up all hope. I felt the girl faint in my arms. How long it seemed! I wished for the end. The flying hammers of hell were pounding us, pounding us—Oh, God! Oh, God . . ."

That is merely an instance of what the volume contains in superabundance. It is enough to make even

Rider Haggard himself stagger.

The girl (*Berna*) who figures as the heroine is a pale, "lily-white" insipid creature, and in the love passages both she and *Athol* are lamentably small in their outlook upon life and ridiculous in their frenzies of passion. Repeatedly the girl implores the man to marry her, and repeatedly she says that she should not associate with him because she has no name, no acknowledged parentage. Repeatedly he wriggles away from marriage to afterwards berate himself for a coward and fool. Towards the end these two live together as man and mistress, and in the end they marry—after everything has been smeared and besmirched. What a horrible picture this whole book crudely paints of blood-thirst, unreal adventure, pygmy love, murder, manslaughter, "hell-houses," sickening debauches, women of the gutter, men of the brothel, thieves, rogues, fighters, gamblers, pitched battles, and the degradation of brotherly affection! (Toronto: William Briggs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT is one of our most respected poets. His poetry is respectable. While he does not perhaps scale the heights that are reserved for geniuses, he composes poetry that can be understood, that is gentle and wholesome. Nature—the sky, the sea, clouds, trees, flowers, rivers, the moon, the sun, and the stars—have an important place in his thoughts and if one wished to criticise the quality of his latest volume of collected poems, one might say that it does not contain enough surprises, or perhaps better, sufficient versatility. Mr. Scott is a clergyman, a resident of Quebec City. Frequently his verse displays the influence of his environment; for instance, the sonnet which we reprint:

The Laurentians.

These mountains reign alone, they do not share

The transitory life of woods and streams
 Wrapt in deep solemnity of dreams,
 They drain the sunshine of the upper air,
 Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds,
 here and there,

Take counsel of the wind, which all
 night screams
 Through gray, burnt forests where the
 moonlight beams
 On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth
 and bare.

These mountains once, throned in the pri-
 mal sea,

Shook half the world with thunder, and
 the sun
 Pierced not the gloom that clung
 about their crest;

Now with spent force, toilers from toil
 set free,

Unvexed by fate, the part they played
 being done.

They watch and wait in venerable
 rest.

Some of the poems have never be-
 fore appeared in a volume. One son-
 net ("To a Greek Statue"), appeared
 first in the *Globe Magazine*. It is an
 interesting composition, and its in-
 terest is heightened by the fact that
 it was illustrated, the drawing show-
 ing a nude figure to represent the
 statue. Whatever the author's con-
 ception was, here at any rate is the
 sonnet:

What eyes have worshipped thee, O pas-
 sionless

Cold stone, thou darling beauty of dead
 men

And buried worlds! What hearts in
 those days when

Beauty was god have longed for thy
 caress,

As 'mid voluptuous feast of wild excess
 They saw the dawn-light in the Eastern
 skies

Crimson that brow and kindle in those
 eyes,

And felt their glutton passion's emptiness.
 And still thou mockest us, O cruel stone,

And still their eyes are gazing far away,
 Drawing out man's love that loves thee
 all in vain.

Yea, to all time, thy beauteous white
 lips say,

Love's deepest yearnings leave man most
 alone,

And in man's deepest pleasure there is
 pain.

(Toronto: The Musson Book Com-
 pany. London: James Constable).

*

A GREAT amount has been writ-
 ten and published about the Great
 Lakes within the last few years, but
 one of the most comprehensive treat-
 ments of the subject is the volume
 entitled "Our Inland Seas," by James
 Cooke Mills. As readers of *The Can-
 adian Magazine* know, Mr. Mills has
 made a deep study of the significance,
 history, and importance of the Great
 Lakes, and it is gratifying to see that
 his fugitive magazine articles on the
 subject have resulted in a book of ex-
 cellent and permanent value. As the
 author himself says, the purpose of
 the story, contained in the book is "to
 show the development of the Great
 Lakes marine, from the Indian canoe
 to the great modern leviathans, and
 the intimate relation it bears to the
 prosperity of the whole country and
 the contentment of millions of
 people." The volume contains many
 illustrations from photographs and
 maps and drawings. (Chicago: A. C.
 McClurg and Company. Cloth,
 \$1.75.)

*

NOTES.

—It is gratifying to learn that an-
 other edition has been printed of a
 book of such excellent merit as "The
 Mystery of Golf," by Arnold Haultain.
 (Toronto: The Macmillian Company of
 Canada).

*

—"Commentaries on Sin" is the
 title of a small volume by George
 Frederick Jelfs. (Boston: Sherman,
 French and Company. Cloth, \$1).

*

—"Dust and Ashes" is the title of
 a volume of verse written and pub-
 lished by A. C. Stewart, of Winnipeg.

*

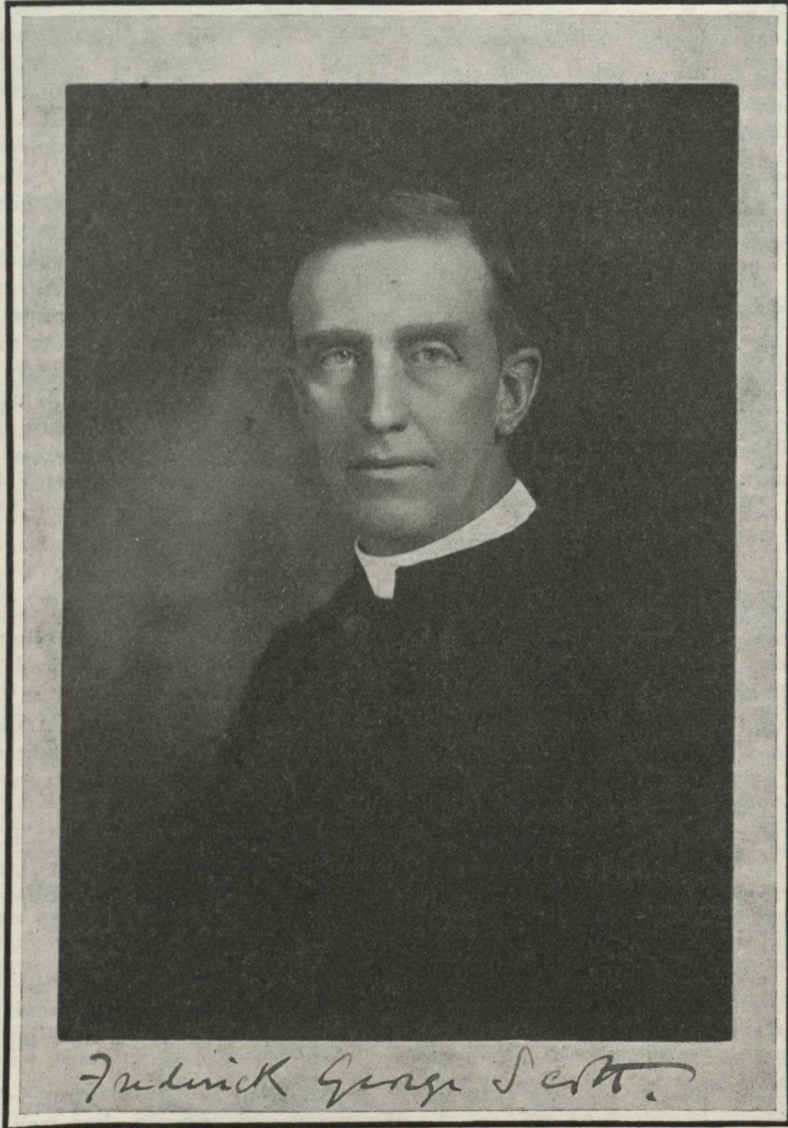
—Professor W. J. London, of the
 University of Toronto, has written a

treatise on "The Small-mouthed Bass." The volume is illustrated. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company).

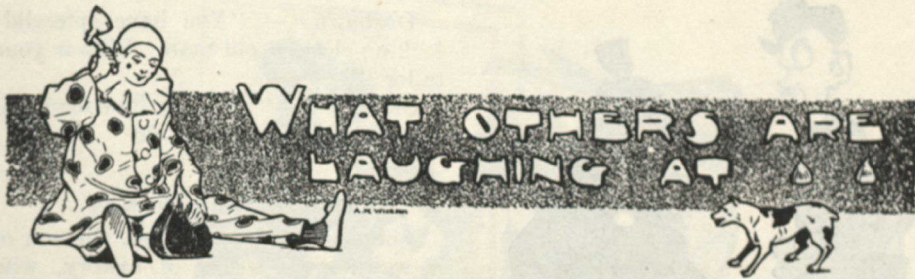
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—The *Studio* for December contains a well illustrated article, by Selwyn Brinton, entitled "Modern Mural Decoration in America." Examples are

shown of the work of Maxfield Parrish, John La Farge, John W. Alexander, John S. Sargent, Charles Sprague Pearce, Edward Simmons, Violet Oakley. There is also a very fine article on the work of James Paterson, R.S. A., R.W.S., as well as other notable contributions. (London: The Studio Publishing Company).



REVEREND FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT



IRISH GENEROSITY

"Patrick Shields!"

Three times the court house corridors echoed with the name.

"Where is that Irishman that licked three men and then called the coroner?"

Then the crier of the court, with a regular Irish bull, reported that the missing Irishman could not be found.

The case, that of Raphael Delio, charged with assaulting Patrick Shields on the night of December 17th, was called in the police court this morning, but as Shields was not present to answer the charge, the case was dropped.

Delio, together with two other Italians, undertook to crowd Shields from the sidewalk. Shields objected to the advances made by the strangers, and after a short argument Delio was said to have drawn a knife, which was used freely on the Irishman until such time as the latter got his fists working, after which he laid the three Italians side by side in the snow and proceeded to notify the police and coroner.

Two of the Italians were taken away by friends after Shields started for the police, and the only one found on the spot when the police arrived was Delio, who was arrested and charged with assault.

Shields was to appear in the police court this morning to press the charge, but it was explained that he had secured a good job near Three Rivers and would not bother coming back un-

less sent for by the court. It was also stated that Shields had expressed himself as satisfied to allow Delio to go with the punishment handed out by him.

"Funny fellow, that Shields," said Saumerez Carmichael, who was standing near. "I was called out of bed early one morning, and a wealthy compatriot of Shields wanted to know whether I had seen the report of the incident. I had not. So I had to read it while my friend waited. Then he said, 'Just you go down to the court, bail out that beauty of an Irishman; if he is fined pay his fine; then get him a good job and send him to me; I'll look after that fellow. He is a beaut.'

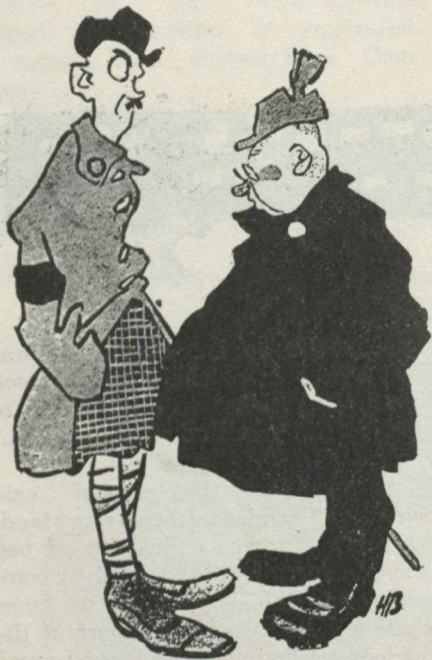
"So I looked Shields up, but there was no charge against him. We got him a job, but he had got one himself in the meantime, and is too busy tending to it to come to court. He thinks the other fellow got enough of it, anyhow, and just says, 'Aw lave him be.'"—*The Montreal Star.*

*

IGNORANCE PUT TO SHAME

Tommy—Pa, what is an equinox?

Pa—Why, er—it is—ahem! For goodness' sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology, at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half-horse, half-cow. Its name is derived from the words "equine" and "ox." It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!—*Ideas.*



FAT MAN (looking at crape on sleeve) — "Poor chap! He was our mainstay."

THIN MAN — "Yes, he certainly left us in poor shape."
— *Jugend Berlin*

BEING ONLY THE KING, EDWARD APOLOGISED

King Edward was never at a loss for a quick, suitable answer. One day he was coming around a street corner on one of his periodical walks in London when he collided with a very stout person, who, being nearsighted, did not recognise the King, took him by the lapel of his coat and gave him a tongue-lashing.

"Do you know, sir," finished the irate man, "that I am a member of the London Council?"

"In that case I beg your pardon," replied the King, "for I am only the King of England." — *Ladies Home Journal*.

*

NARROW ESCAPE

He — "I worship the ground you walk on."

She — "That let's me out." — *Brooklyn Life*.

OLD FAITHFUL

Dashaway — "You have splendid-looking clothes, old man. Who is your tailor?"

Clevertons — "He's the first man you see as you go out." — *Life*

*

HOW BRITAIN DOES IT

There is a lad in Boston, the son of a well-known writer of history, who has evidently profited by such observations as he may have overheard his father utter touching certain phases of British empire-building. At any rate, the boy showed a shrewd notion of the opinion not infrequently expressed in regard to the righteousness of "British occupation." It was he who handed in the following essay on the making of a British colony:

"Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England does it. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says: 'Let us pray,' and when all the eyes are shut, up goes the British flag." — *Harper's Magazine*.

*

RUDE HASTE

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife." — *New York Evening Post*.



"Say, Mabel, can you see yourself in anything as awkward as that skirt!"

—*Life*.

A FANCY DISH

New Boarder—"Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?"

Rural Landlord—"Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that moustache-cup your grandfather used to use!"—*Puck*.

*

NO BRIDGE

"It seems a chasm is opening between the King of England and the people."

"Yes, and apparently he won't bridge it with new peers."—*Baltimore American*.

*

THE REAL BOSS

"Your clerks seem to be in a good humour," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. My wife has just been in and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."—*Philadelphia Record*.

A REAL ARTIST

Visitor—"I envy you that light and skilful hand of yours!"

Young Sculptor (flattered)—"And so you saw my 'Amazon'?"

Visitor—"No, but I hear you shave yourself."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

*

THOSE STRIPS

"Now, children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a zebra.

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

*

EVEN WITH THE GAME

"How are you?"

"Oh, I am about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe." — *Saturday Evening Post*.



LES DERNIÈRES CARTOUCHES

— Mon Dieu ! vous tirez sur les choux maintenant !
— Ben Oui : j'ai déjà tué toutes les perdrix.
— *Le Rive (Paris)*

POOR CHILD

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"That's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend on my birthday provided I raise a similar amount."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

*

HIS LAST CHANCE

Priscilla had just told John Alden to speak for himself.

"I shall do it for you after we are married," she added.

Herewith he hastened to seize the last chance.—*New York Sun.*

MY HOBBLE

I love my new hobble,
It clings to my form;
And if I am careful
'Twill do me no harm.

It hangs in my closet
Stretched over a broom;
For one thing I'm thankful
It takes up no room.

I brush it, and press it,
And tend it with love;
And if I grow stouter
'Twill fit like a glove.

I love my new hobble,
Its cling is so warm;
And if I don't wear it
'Twill do me no harm!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

*

HIS CHOICE

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."—*Lippincott's.*

*

SOME VERSE

Eminent Poet (to his betrothed)—
"Darling, how did you like the poem I sent you? Did it seem too sweetly tender?"

She—"Oh, it was lovely. It was lovely. I got seven-fifty for it at the church fair."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

*

THIS FROM HARVARD

Butler—"Is it your will to ride, m'lord?"

M'Lord—"Nay, 'tis me wont."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

BOVRIL

CHEERS AND INVIGORATES.

Pure blood gives power to resist sickness. Bovril makes rich red blood and builds up a strong vigorous body.

Great dependence is placed upon an occasional cup of tea as a reviver.

Bovril has much greater value than tea and is equally enjoyable. Your afternoon callers will appreciate it.

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GOLD MEDAL



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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE
SHORTEST DISTANCE
BETWEEN TWO POINTS



Snyder's



World Famed

CHOCOLATES
& BON BONS

MOST
ACCEPTABLE
GIFT

"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS",

OF COURSE
IT'S

Snyder's

SHE
WANTS

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR
PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

When near our Store, a glass of our Unexcelled
Chocolate Ice Cream Soda and other Fountain Drinks
will refresh you.

Snyder's

130-132 Yonge St.
TORONTO, Ont.

Our Candies are made on the premises

PEARLINE vs SPONGY WASHING POWDERS

No. 1.

Soap Powder like Sponges absorbs Moisture which makes the Powder heavier—**YOU BUY WATER.**

Soap Powder like Sponges can be filled with Air which makes the Powder Fluffier—**Bulky. YOU BUY AIR.**

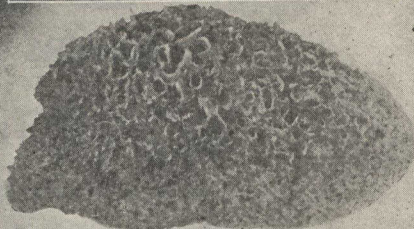
It's hard to keep the water in—tho' they have found a way. Open and expose a package of fluffed Powder and see how rapidly the Water Evaporates and the Weight Decreases—Bought at Soap's prices—foolish!

PEARLINE—like Sponge No. 1 is Dry—Dense—Condensed and more than ever **BEST BY TEST.**

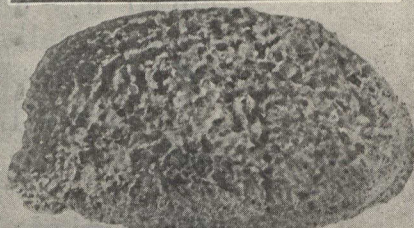
A Tablespoonful of PEARLINE is equal to several of the Spongy powders.

TRY TO MAKE SOFT SOAP OF THE SPONGY POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS. SEE WHAT YOU GET.

REDUCED PHOTO OF NEW SPONGE: DRY—IT WEIGHED 1½ OZS. AND MEASURED 3¼ x 1¼ INCHES.



THE SAME SPONGE SOAKED IN WATER WEIGHED 17¾ OZS. AND MEASURED 7½ x 4 INCHES.



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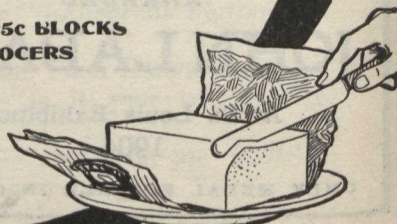
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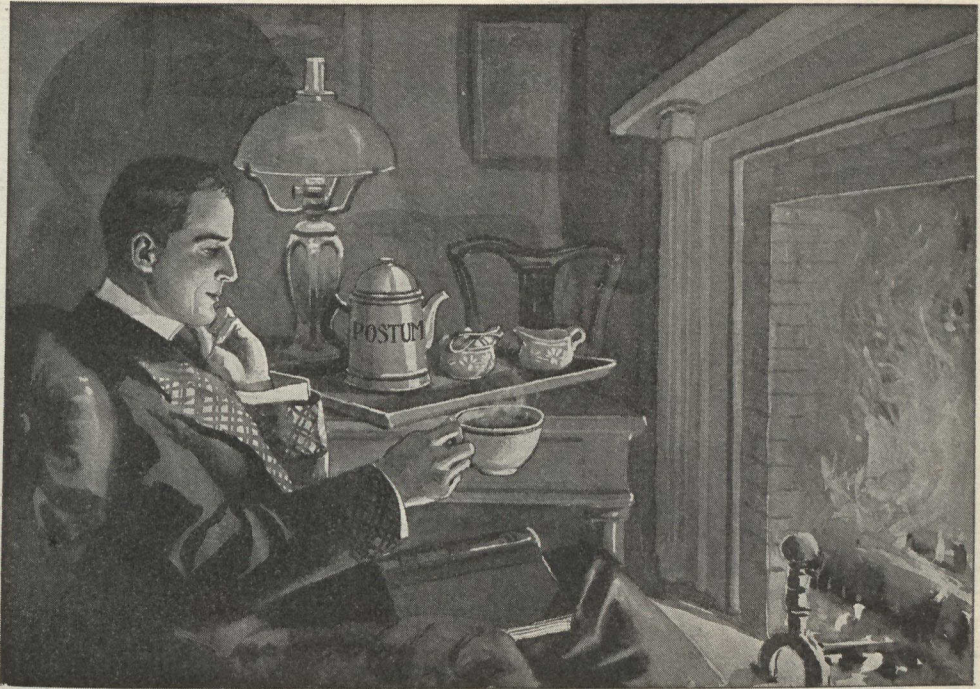
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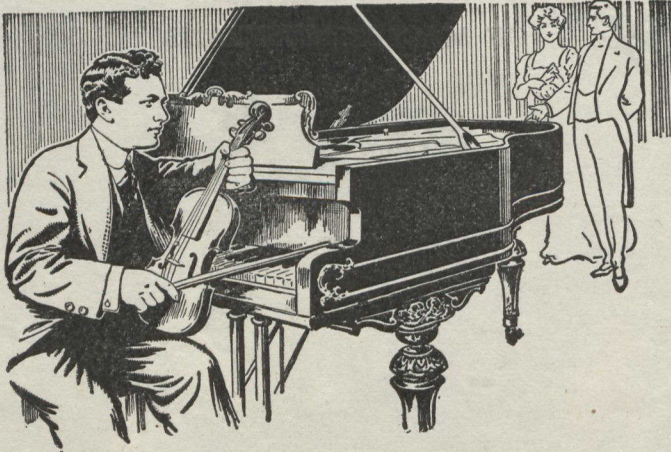
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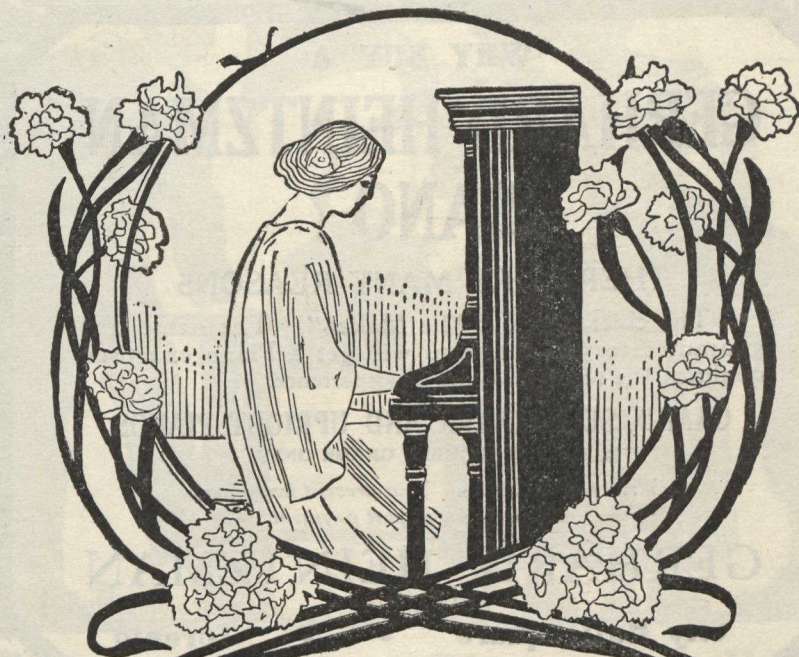
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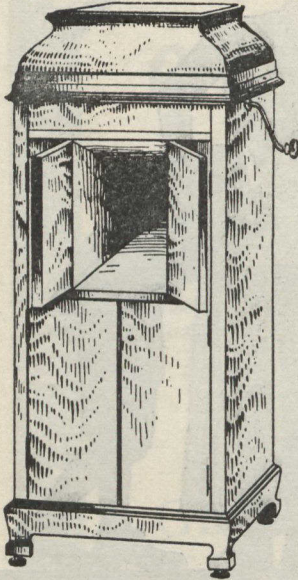
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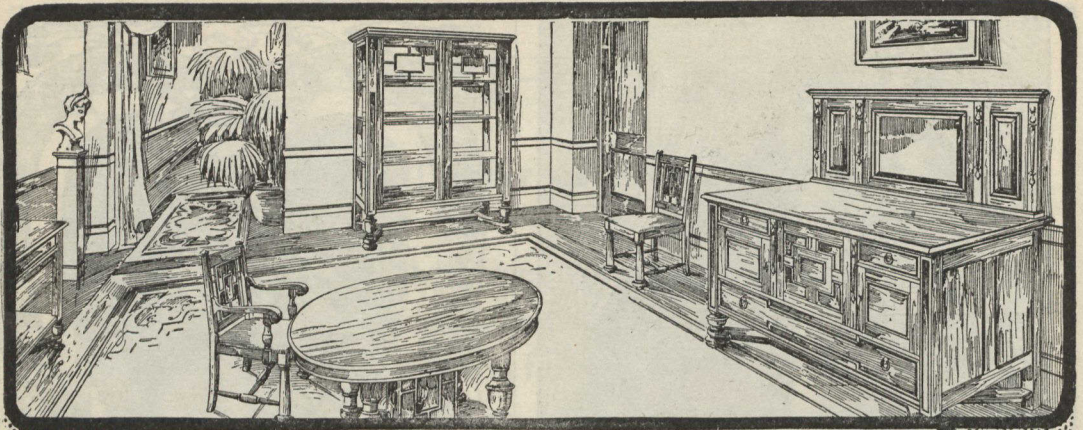
- $\frac{1}{4}$ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 2 cups milk.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
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- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful salt. 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

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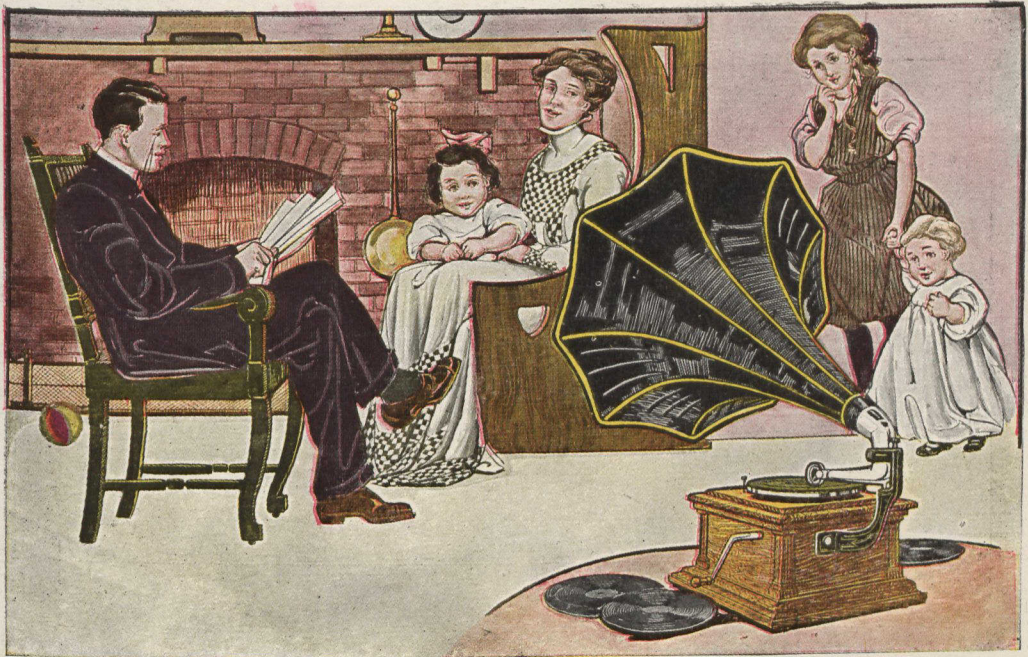
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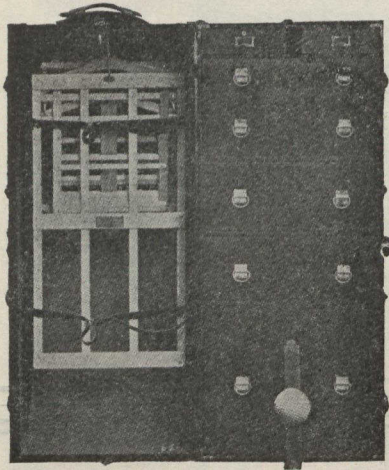
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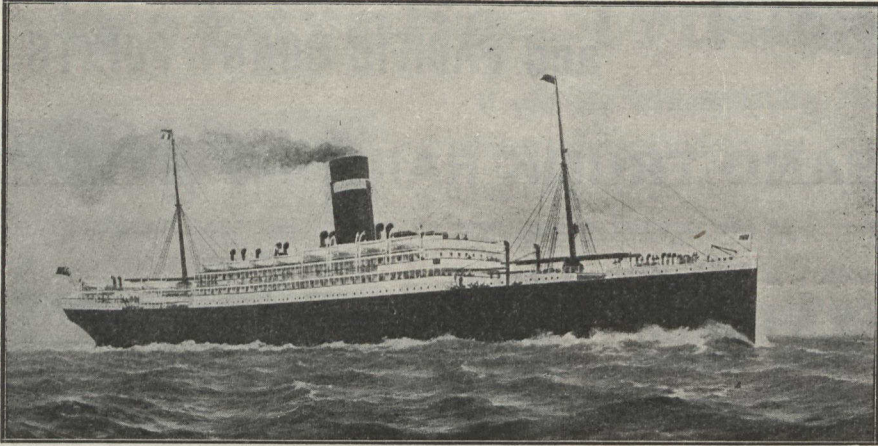
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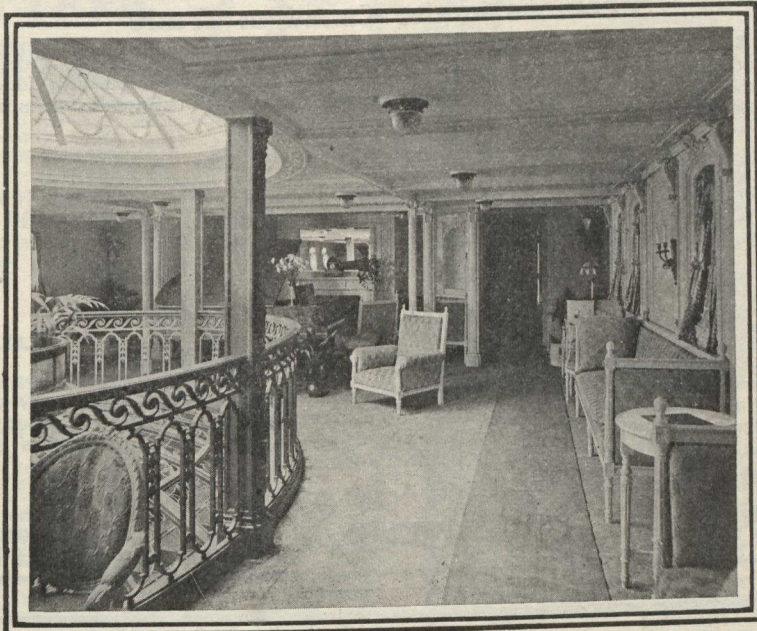
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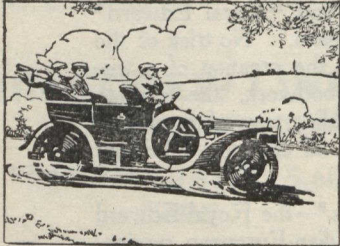
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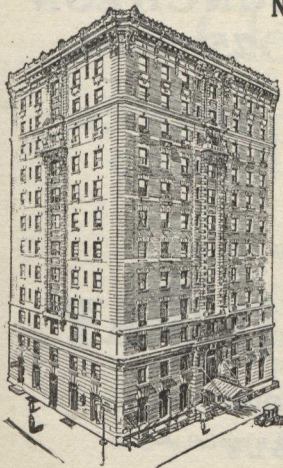
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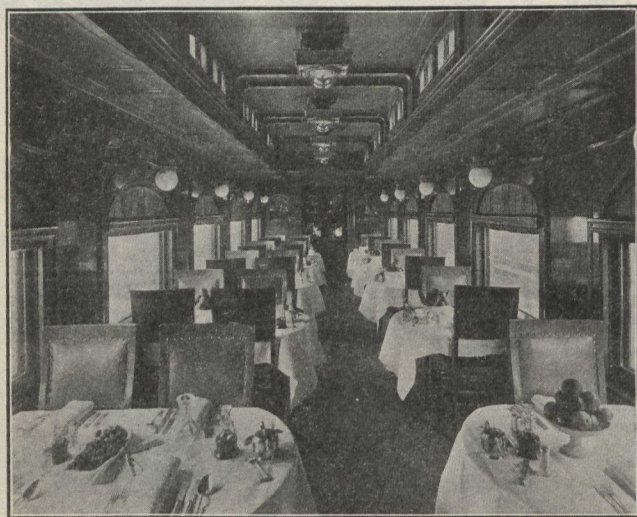


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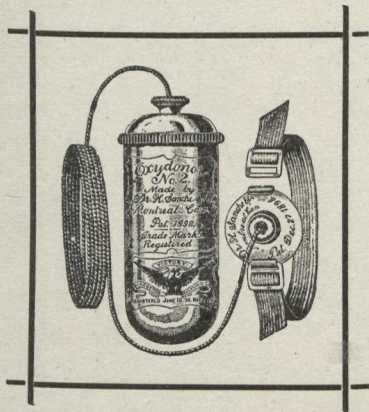
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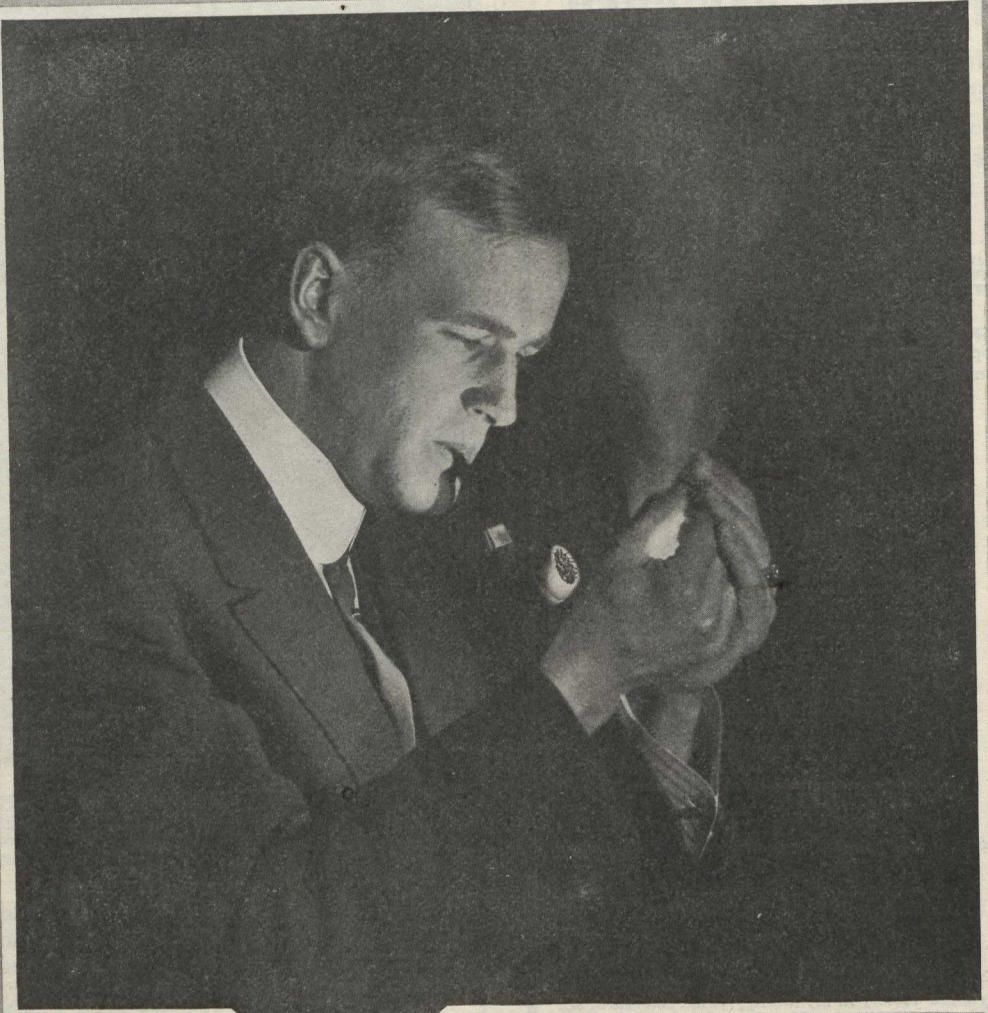
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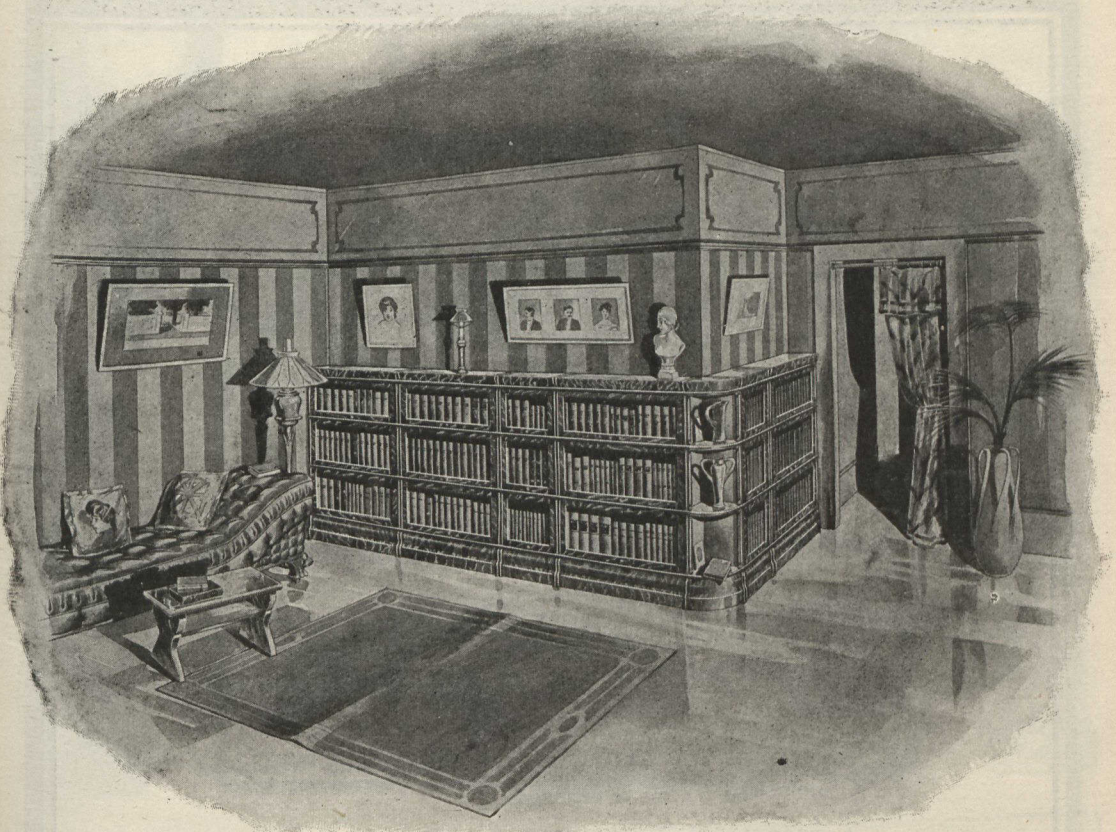
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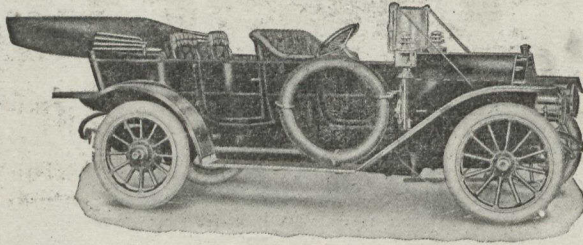
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Promptly relieve hoarseness, loss of voice, coughs, sore throat, bronchitis and asthma.

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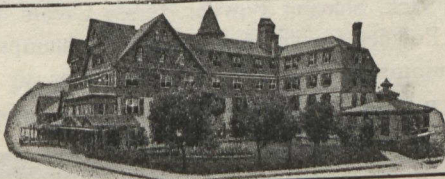
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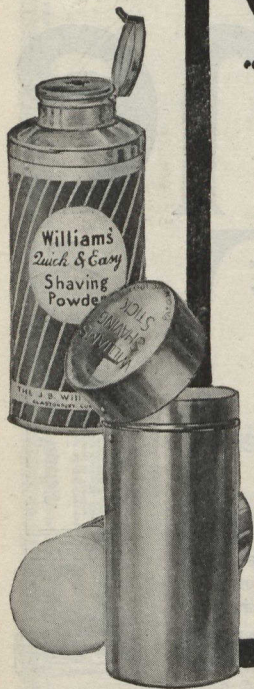
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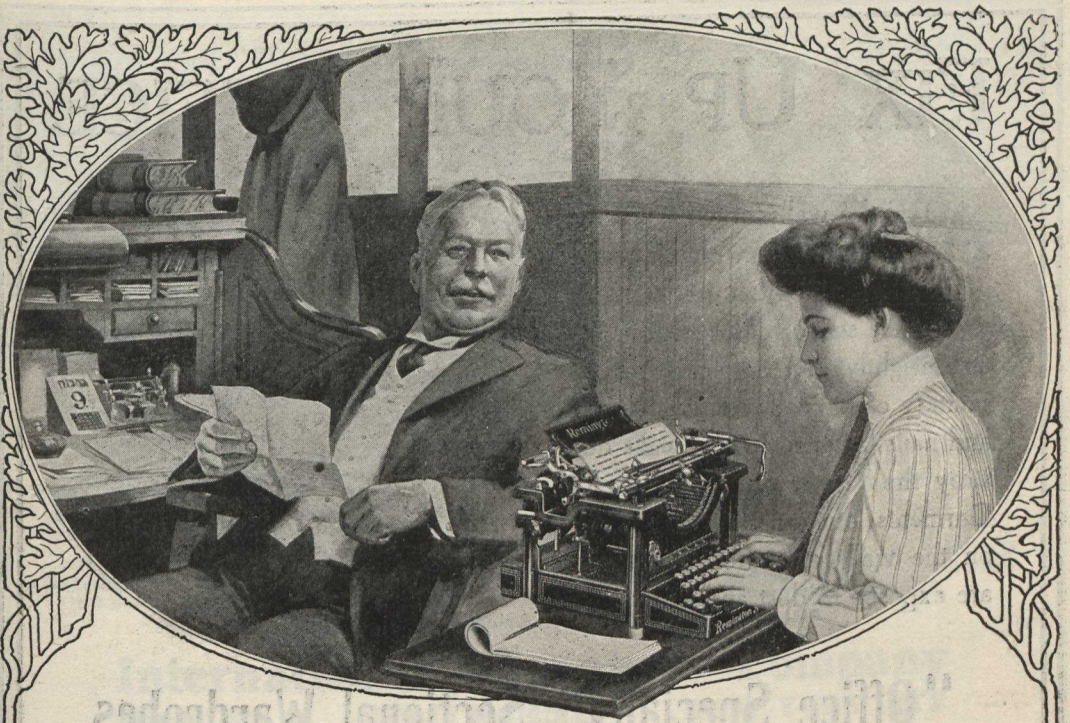
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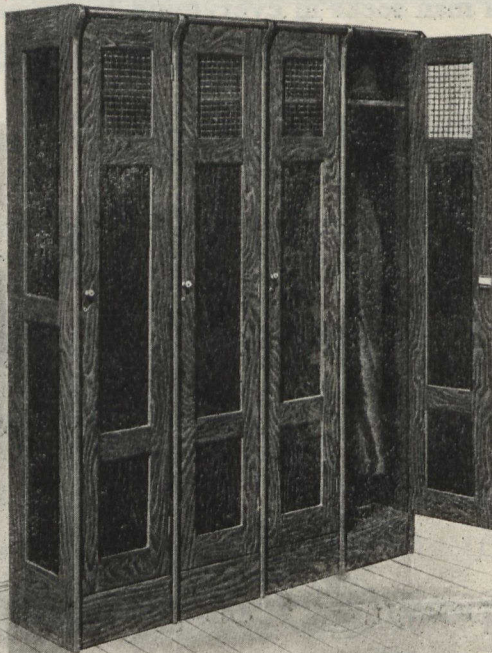
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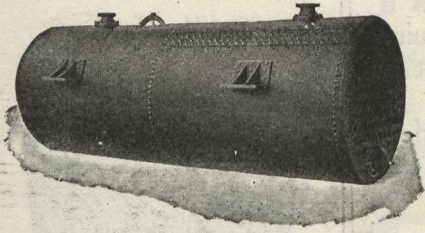
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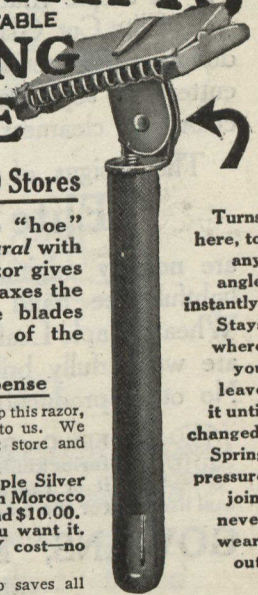
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A washer guaranteed to take out all the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

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TO produce ordinary commercial cut glass is a simple matter. To produce the genuine Elite Cut Glass involves the employment of designers of remarkable taste and ability, of cutters of supreme skill and of glass of perfect color and clearness.

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Elite Cut Glass costs no more than inferior kinds. All good dealers have it or can secure it for you. Look for the trade mark on every piece.



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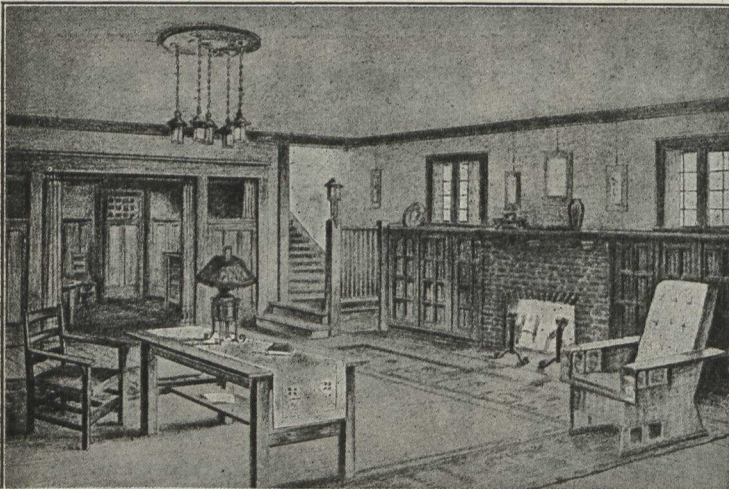
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Tumbler in the Butterfly
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Put in a
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Their cosy appearance - artistic designs and beautiful colour effects make them a real pleasure to possess.

They give an especial air of comfort and refinement to the Library or Den.
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MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. LTD.

MILTON, ONT.

Toronto Offices, Janes Building.

La Diva Corset

Medium Sized Women

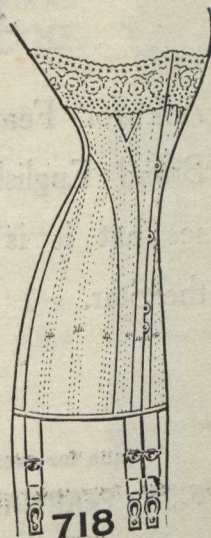


The La Diva Corset No. 718 which is here illustrated is unequalled for short and medium figures, especially those requiring short boned corsets. It increases the apparent height, giving to the figure a graceful, svelte appearance, and insuring the proper set of the gown. While snug and cosy, the fit is so perfect that absolute comfort is achieved with it. The price is only \$3.50. Imported corsets of equal value cost about \$5.00 owing to duty.

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DOMINION CORSET CO.,
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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS D & A CORSETS



718



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Brand English Bacon and
see that it is branded with
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Made for over 50 Years by

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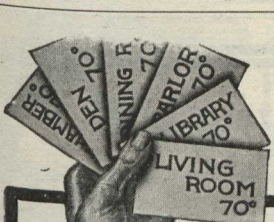
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Electric Light Throughout.



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ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

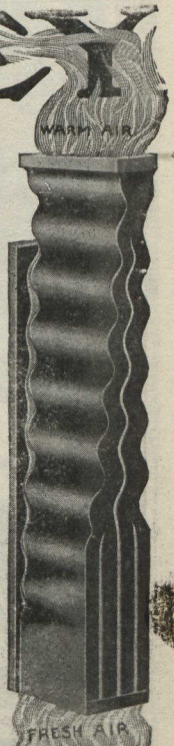
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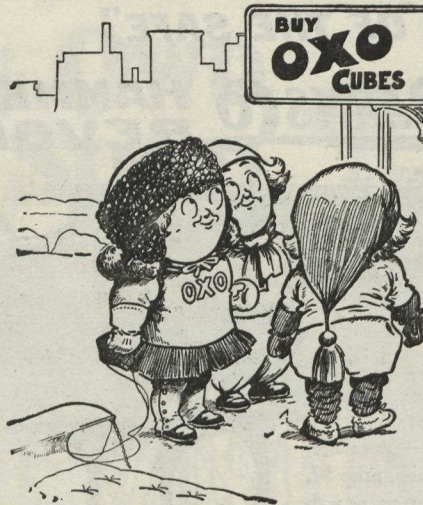
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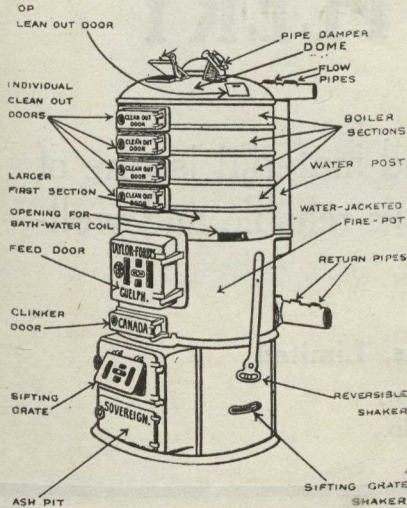


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is a pure hard Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes, and is good for all general uses.

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**A Perfume for the
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BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

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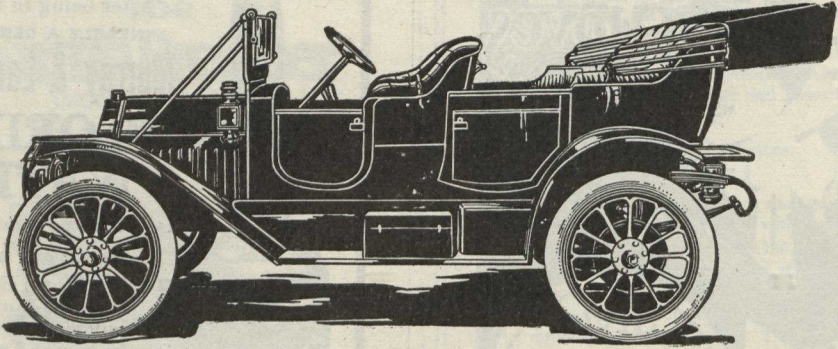
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Get a tin at your grocers

WM. CLARK, :: :: MONTREAL.
Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties.

"One Grade only and that the Best"

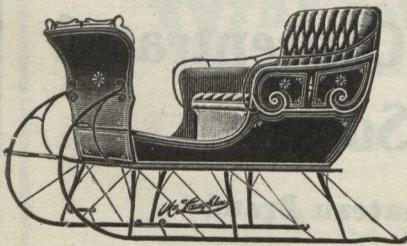
(Our motto for Forty-three Years of successful Vehicle Manufacturing)



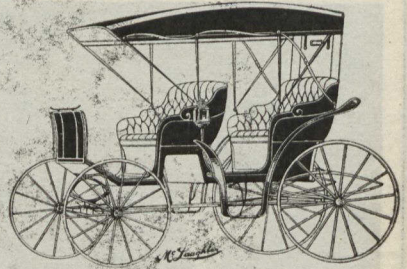
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It's on every garment of "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR and means **absolute underwear comfort.**

A guarantee of the best material and perfect fit.

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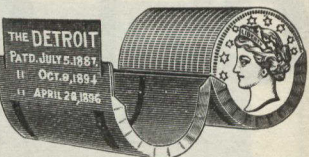
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Made linen is now the
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But

You haven't found the Way to make a
MATCH like

"EDDY'S SILENTS"

NO NOISE
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SPUTTER

THE ACME
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ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY



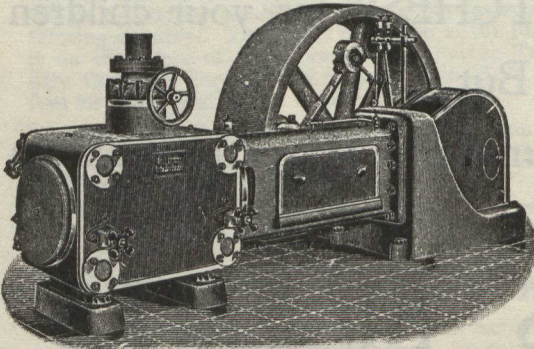
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Grain Exchange Building, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager

A Reasonable Plea for the Stomach

If Your Stomach is Lacking in Digestive Power, Why Not Help the Stomach Do Its Work—Especially When It Costs Nothing To Try?

Not with drugs, but with a reinforcement of digestive agents, such as are naturally at work in the stomach? Scientific analysis shows that digestion requires pepsin, nitrogenous ferments, and the secretion of hydrochloric acid. When your food fails to digest, it is proof positive that some of these agents are lacking in your digestive apparatus.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but these natural elements necessary to digestion and when placed at work in the weak stomach and small intestines, supply what these organs need. They stimulate the gastric glands and gradually bring the digestive organs back to their normal condition.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been subjected to critical chemical tests at home and abroad and are found to contain nothing but natural digestives.

Chemical Laboratory. Telegraphic address, "Diffindo," London. Telephone No. 11029 Central. 20 Cullum St., Fenchurch St., E. C.

London, 9th Aug., 1905.

I have analysed most carefully a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets (which I bought myself at a city chemist's shop for the purpose), manufactured by the F. A. Stuart Co., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C., and have to report that I cannot find any trace of vegetable or mineral poisons. Knowing the ingredients of the tablets, I am of the opinion that they are admirably adaptable for the purpose for which they are intended.

(Signed.)

John R. Brooke, F. I. C., F. C. S.

There is no secret in the preparation of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Their composition is commonly known among physicians, as is shown by the recommendations of 40,000 licensed physicians in the United States and Canada. They are the most popular of all remedies for indigestion, dyspepsia, water brash, insomnia, loss of appetite, melancholia, constipation, dysentery and kindred diseases originating from improper dissolution and assimilation of foods, because they are thoroughly reliable and harmless to man or child.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are at once a safe and a powerful remedy, one grain of these tablets being strong enough (by test) to digest 3,000 grains of steak, eggs and other foods. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest your food for you when your stomach can't.

Ask your druggist for a fifty-cent package or send to us direct for a free trial sample package and you will be surprised at the result. F. A. Stuart Co., 312 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich

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come only to those who are fortified by abundant health and vigor against cold and exposure. Bodily warmth comes from good digestion and good food, not from flannels and overcoats.

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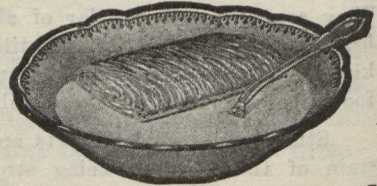
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Food Products



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Libby's Catsup and Chili Sauce are made from sound, red, vine ripened tomatoes. All the skin, cores and seeds are discarded and only the luscious red meat and juice go into the kettle, along with the choicest spices, pure granulated cane sugar and high-grade vinegar. The perfect blending of these choice ingredients gives Libby's Catsup and Libby's Chili Sauce a fine, spicy taste that is neither too mild nor too sharp.

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