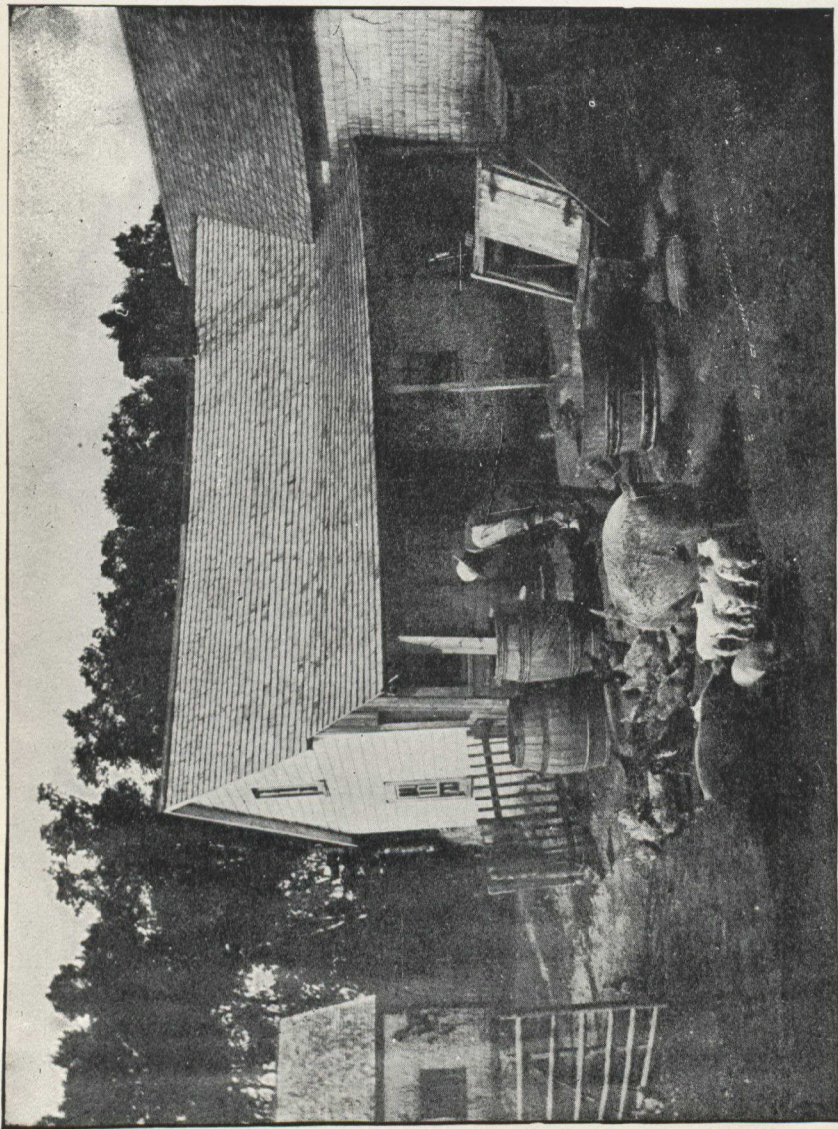


"DINNER
TIME"

This picture re-
presents a scene in
a P. E. Island farm-
yard at meal time.
The photo from
which our engrav-
ing was made was
taken by Mr. W.
A. Cumming at
the farm of John
Robertson, Inker-
man, King's Co.



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The Virtue of Mirth and Value of Laughter.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

THIS is an age of fakes, fads and foolishness. Almost every person we meet has a nostrum for some ailment or other. The quack labors hard to cure people of their complaints, not that he cares anything for them, but because of the money that is in it if he succeeds. We have had the cold water cure, the blue glass cure, the massage, osteopathy, the laying on of hands, the Keeley cure, the faith cure, Christian Science, the galvanic battery, the electric belt, mesmerism and scores of others too numerous to mention. I often wonder why people die at all in the midst of so much that will restore them to health. And yet, I doubt if we are going to live any longer than our ancestors, especially such men as Methusalem, Adam, and a few other old stayers who have had a very pleasant habit of holding on to life.

But I am about to tell you of a greater elixir than any of those I have named—I mean the medicine of mirth and laughter. It is greater, because it aims to avoid rather than allay—to prevent rather than to cure. It glorifies the

home, turns gloom into sunshine, and dispels darkness, doctors and the devil. "Laugh and grow fat" is as true as it is old. When William K. Vanderbilt went to Constantinople he one day visited Coquelin, the elder, to give a private recital on board his yacht. A few days later Coquelin received this account from the millionaire: For tears six times \$600; for laughter twelve times \$2,400. Kindly acknowledge the receipt of the enclosed check for the same. Making money was not the only thing W. K. understood. Vanderbilt wanted health, and he was willing to pay for that which would ensure it.

Now, I do not claim that laughter is a cure for every complaint, but it helps. It is greater as a preventative than a cure. I believe that the future triumph of medical science will consist, not in dispelling the germs of disease from the human system, but in preventing them from finding a lodgment there at ail. Mirth is a tonic rather than an antidote. To be able to cure a wound is commendable, but to prevent its infliction is eminently praiseworthy and vastly cheaper. My pill, therefore, will "purge melancholy," and melancholy once purged will leave behind it a "sound mind in a sound body."

In proof of my position, allow me to quote a few authorities. The Bible says: "Laughter doeth good like a medicine." Sterne contended that every laugh lengthens the term of our lives. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, after spilling buckets of medicine down people's throats—"Mirth is God's medicine." It is a pity that the doctor didn't know this when he was young—it would have saved many a "cultured" throat from a poisonous drug. The merry doctor with a kindly face has cured more patients than all the pills ever compounded. One physician was once sent for by another. "I am surprised you sent for me for such a trifling complaint." "It's not trifling either," said the ailing doctor, "for, by George, I have by mistake taken some

of my own pills." "A hearty laugh," said Talmage, "is a bomb exploded in the right place." Shakespeare, who seems to have known everything, said: "A light heart lives long."

The power of laughter in a sick chamber, has often worked miracles. The body is oftener disordered by the mind than the mind by the body. A few years ago, I was laid up with typhoid fever. The doctors thought I would die, and to tell the truth I had some doubts about it myself. One morning my foreman came to see me. I was running a newspaper at the time. He sat at the head of my bed. While there, an old customer forced his way in to see if he wanted to buy a few cords of wood. "Well," said the foreman, "if you will bring in some good wood I will take it. The last you brought us was bad. Don't bring logs that the devil can't split." The humor of the last sentence, though not intended, flashed across my mental vision, and I laughed outright. Then the foreman saw the point and he laughed, and it was a laugh all round. From that moment my recovery was no longer doubtful. The doctor thought that it was his drugs that did it, but I knew better. Laughter is the axle-grease that lubricates the human machinery. The celebrated doctor W. W. Hall, of New York, once wrote a book entitled, "Fun better than physic." He knew what he was talking about.

A bald-headed clergyman once had a very sick congregation. Everybody seemed to have the influenza. Even the choir punctuated its songs with sneezes. The old man rose and took for his text: "The hairs of our heads are all numbered." When the congregation looked up at the parson, and beheld that head as bare as a billiard ball, and thought what an easy job it would be to number his hairs, they began to laugh, the sneezing ceased, and the preacher got through with his discourse with few more interruptions. Ah, my friends, there is healing power in a hearty laugh.

A poor fellow once went to a dentist with a terrible tooth ache. He fairly groaned with the pain of it, as the doctor was arranging his instruments for the slaughter. Then the dentist told him to open his mouth, and it spread apart like a fox-trap. "That will do," said the doctor, "don't open it any wider. I intend to stand on the outside." The wit of the dentist so tickled the sufferer that the tooth was extracted with comparatively little pain.

I may be asked in which way and by what physical process a hearty laugh does a person so much good. The testimony of great men on this point should have much weight. The gruff old Carlyle said: "Oh, it's great and there is no other greatness—to make some work of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God—to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier, more blessed, less accursed." Goethe said: "One ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, to speak a few seasonable words." Abraham Lincoln kept a copy of the latest humorous work in a corner of his desk, and it was his habit when fatigued, annoyed or depressed as he often was, to take it up and read a chapter of clean, sensible wit, sheer nonsense—anything to promote mirth and make a man jollier.

An eminent medical practitioner tells us how a laugh benefits the human body; laughter begins in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach and other internal organs into quick, jelly-like vibration, which gives a pleasant sensation and exercise, almost equal to that of horseback riding. During digestion, the movements of the stomach are similar to churning. Every time you take a full breath or when you cachinnate well, the diaphragm descends and gives the stomach an extra squeeze and shakes it. Frequent laughing sets the stomach to dancing, hurrying up the digestive process. The heart beats faster and sends the blood bounding through the body. "There is not," says

Dr. Green, "one remotest corner or little inlet of the blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good hearty laugh." "Laughter accelerates the respiration and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, increases the perspiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise which may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a 'good hearty laugh.'"

The San Francisco "Argonaut" tells us of a woman, "a victim of a crushing sorrow, despondency, indigestion, insomnia, and kindred ills, determined to throw off the gloom which was making life so heavy a burden to her, and established a rule that she would laugh at least three times a day, whether occasion was presented, or not; so she trained herself to laugh heartily at the least provocation, and would retire to her room and make merry by herself. She was soon in excellent health and buoyant spirits; her home became a sunny, cheerful abode." That's one way to make a laugh do its glorious work; but physiology asserts that "the great sympathetic nerves are closely allied; and when one set carries bad news to the head the nerves reaching the stomach are affected, indigestion comes on, and one's countenance becomes doleful." A good laugh is the antidote. It is a cheap medicine.

Cheerfulness may be called the new gospel, because it lifts men out of the mire of despondency and places them on the rock of joy. Children should be trained to habits of mirth from the very cradle. Dejection in the heart is apt to become stupidity in the head, and against stupidity "heaven and earth fight in vain. Pillets and pills, capsules

and creosote, porous plasters and painkillers, cod-liver oil and catnip tea, sarsaparilla and syringes all cost something; but a hearty laugh and a happy disposition cost nothing, and are often worth more than a whole drug-store. They tell me that a tree without a blossom will bear no fruit, and a child without merriment will turn out to be a recluse and a pessimist. Lycurgus, the ancient law-giver, set up the god of laughter in the Spartan eating-halls. His argument was that laughter was a better preventive of dyspepsia than any other sauce. The historian Hume found in a manuscript of King Edward II an item of expense which read thus: "A crown for making the King laugh." Lawrence Sterne, one of the greatest of English humorists, said that he was constantly endeavoring "to fence against infirmities of ill-health by mirth, for I am persuaded that every time a man smiles but more so when he laughs, he adds something to the length of his life."

The question now arises, how can we keep cheerful and happy - ever ready to laugh and make others laugh? I answer, by forming the habit of looking on the bright side of things. It is said that one is scarcely sensible of fatigue while marching to music. And one scarcely knows what pain is if he only keeps cheerful. Never borrow trouble." "It is time enough to cross Fox River when you come to it," said Abraham Lincoln. Let us live one day at a time, and live that one well. It is not the troubles of today but those of next month or next year that whiten the hair and furrow the face. Never climb a mountain until you come to it. The man who carries a mouse-trap when he goes on a journey lest he be annoyed by mice, will die of old age before he is forty. It is not work but worry that kills men, said Beecher. Work brightens the blade. Worry rusts it. It is better to wear out than rust out. It is an unprofitable business to be always scanning the sky in search of a cloud. Better try and find the

clear spots, for in a short time the light of the sun will be blazing through them.

Two men take a trip abroad. When they get back to their homes again, one of them tells of all the beautiful things he has seen, the kindnesses he has received. The other makes everybody sad by telling how many times he has been robbed, what hair-breadth escapes he has had, what indignities he has received, what dirty sheets he has slept upon, what tough beefsteak he has gnawed and what hardships he has endured. "How do you feel?" said a friend to the first man. "All right—never better in my life." "And, how do you feel?" "Miserable—my stomach is unsettled, my liver is out of order, my nerves are unstrung. I have a pain in my side, neuralgia in the head, and I fear I have a boil coming on the end of my nose, and I am afraid I won't stand it much longer!" And he won't. If these things didn't come he would die of disappointment, so it is better that he should die of the things he really enjoyed! It is the bright, cheerful, hopeful man who lives longest, is most successful, most respected and most admired.

Benjamin Franklin tells us of a mechanic whom he met every day, who always appeared to be in a merry state of mind. He had a kind word and a smile for everybody. One day the philosopher asked him the secret of his constant flow of spirits. "It is no secret," said he. "I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I come home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." O, I tell you women can do a great deal to make a happy world. Joseph H. Choate, U. S. minister to the court of St. James, upon being asked at a dinner-party who he would prefer to be if

he could not be himself, he hesitated a moment, when his eye rested on Mrs. Choate at the other end of the table, who was watching him with great interest in her face and suddenly replied: "If I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband." This was as beautiful a tribute as husband ever paid to his better half, that is if he was sincere in making it, which I suppose he was. Ella Wheeler Wilcox enlarges on the same idea in this language: "I think if I were a man, above all other qualities I would select mirthfulness in a wife. The woman who sees the funny side of things is a good companion with whom to journey through checkered walks of life; she will bring sunshine out of the darkest nooks and transform tear drops into diamonds. A wife of this sort is worth all the talented and brilliant pessimists the world can hold, and will do more in evangelizing husband and children. The first step toward reform is a happy home."

Mirth and laughter tend to make men and women better and the world happier. "He who laughs," said the mother of Goethe, "can commit no deadly sin." The murders, arsons, and highway robberies are invariably traced to the sour and sore-headed members of society. No jolly, good-natured man ever stained his hands in his brother's blood. I fancy that Cain was as ugly and grum as the old fiddler of Rome himself. It is just possible that a joker might rob a bank, but if he did so it would merely be for the fun of seeing the woe-begone expression on the banker's face as he looked into his till and found it empty. The laughter may tell a lie, just for the fun of it; or beat another in a trade, merely to create a laugh, but he will never hold up a train, or plunge the deadly dagger into a human heart. The cheerful man never beats his wife, nor whips his children, nor starves his servants. A Chicago man once told me that he never saw a jolly woman in a divorce court, but that it was always crowded with the termagants, and a Chicago man ought to be an authority on the subject.

CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER

How Lieutenant Trevelyan Saved Newfoundland —A Tale of the Final War—Concluded.

BY F. FRANCIS LOVEGROVE.

CRA-ASH!!!
Trevelyan felt himself lifted off his feet and flung on the deck, while his whole being seemed for the moment as if it was being torn in pieces by that awful sound.

Several minutes then elapsed before he dared look up. The terrible singing in his ears almost paralysed him. At length, however, he rose and cast his eyes round on the sea. Where was the German destroyer? Gone! The Whitehead torpedo had fulfilled its deadly mission. A few minutes more, and "The Snake" resumed her usual course.

The lieutenant leaned on the rail of the bridge and looked back on the scene of the late conflict.

"There's one consolation," he said aloud. "Dead men tell no tales."

As the day wore on, a strong south westerly wind arose, the sea began to get up, and in half an hour a thick heavy rain was falling steadily. Trevelyan, as he stood on the quarter deck in his oil-skins, noted the change in the weather with great satisfaction. Nothing could have been better for the furtherance of his project. Shortly after the fight with the German destroyer, he had gathered his men together and unfolded his plans to them. His intention was to so arrange the speed of his vessel that he should arrive at St. John's in the small hours of the morning. "The Snake" was to be towed through the channel leading into the harbour by two of her boats which were to be rowed with muffled oars. Then the six submarine mines

were to be given to the six chosen swimmers from "the Victorious," and each had to swim with his mine to one of the six large German men-of-war, to which in some way he was to attach the deadly machine he had in tow. The lieutenant ordered his men to fix them to the stems or sterns of the vessels, as such a course would materially lessen the risk of discovery. He himself would swim with them and attach the wire which would be connected with a battery on "the Snake." In this way the German ships would be completely at his mercy. It was a bold, almost a reckless plan, but in its very boldness lay its chief chance of success.

"The Snake" reached St. John's soon after midnight. Although the wind had abated, the rain was falling faster than ever, and a heavy fog hung over the sea. At the mouth of the channel Trevelyan stopped his engines, which for the last half hour had been going dead slow. Quickly and silently the boats were lowered into the water, and in a few minutes the destroyer was being towed through the channel. A quarter of an hour saw the successful accomplishment of the first part of the daring enterprise. "The Snake" lay just inside the harbour proper, while not more than eighty yards off the lights of the enemy's ships were dimly visible through the fog. They were lying at anchor in close zig zag formation, so that the broadside of every ship could be brought to bear on the town of St. John's. In a few minutes the lieutenant and his six men stripped and were let down quietly into the water. The submarine mines were lowered next and also a small floating raft about three feet square, on which were coils of thin copper wire and two pairs of wire cutters. A thick heavy mist hung over the water, which was smooth and still. Trevelyan assigned a ship to each of his six companions and immediately afterwards the little expedition started, every sailor towing a mine, while the lieutenant swam along with his little raft. The latter had given orders to those who were

left on "the Snake" to turn the vessel round and make for the open sea at full speed if he and his men were discovered.

Trevelyan took a wide detour and reached the stern of the first man-of-war on the left. One of his swimmers was already there. The lieutenant fastened the wire to the mine which his companion was keeping right alongside the side of the vessel's stern. He then ordered the sailor to keep the mine in position, while he went on with his raft to the ship which was lying thirty yards off on the right. Having fixed the wire on to the mine there, he would pull three times, when the sailor was to take a wide detour round the ship on the side farthest from Trevelyan, paying out as he did so a large coil of wire which the latter had given him. Above all he must keep the wire taut, so that the mine might keep its original position. When he had passed the warship he was to bear into the other side, when he would meet the sailor who had fixed the mine to the second ship. They were then to fasten the wires together and take one of them back to "the Snake," where it would be attached to an electric battery. Trevelyan swam to the second ship, fixed the wire on to the mine, and sent the sailor on to meet the swimmer from the first man-of-war. He waited till the signal, three pulls on the wire, showed that the two men had met. Then he went on to the third and fourth vessels, where the same process was repeated with this single exception. The two sailors met and fastened the wire to the middle of that which stretched between the first and second ships. Mines connected by wires were attached to the fifth and sixth vessels as in the case of the third and fourth men-of-war. Rain was still pouring in torrents, and the heavy mist hid the shore from view, while the surface of the water was as smooth as oil. Trevelyan had just fixed the wire on the mine at the stern of the sixth ship, and was waiting for the signal that the last two sailors had met, when a challenge rang out and a marine looked

down into the water over the vessel's stern. Trevelyan's heart sank. Were his plans to be defeated on the very eve of their successful accomplishment? "I tell you," said the marine in German, turning to a sailor who appeared at his side, "there's something on the water there. We had better take one of the boats and see. There was no answer to my challenge."

"Fool!" replied the sailor, "Can you expect a fish barrel to speak?"

A lively altercation ensued between the two men, but the marine's fears were quickly allayed, and very soon he resumed his steady pacing of the deck. Trevelyan breathed again. During the discussion he had been hanging on to his little raft. Sending the latter adrift he made a final inspection to see that the mines touched the sterns of the enemy's ships and also that the wires were all connected together.

Dawn was breaking when thoroughly exhausted he got back to "the Snake." Hurriedly swallowing some brandy he ordered a flag of truce to be placed on the bow of his gig, which was already in the water manned and ready to start. Just before stepping into the boat, he gave his final orders. "Men," he said, "I thank you for the great services you have just rendered to England. I am now going to demand from the German admiral the surrender of his fleet. If in twenty minutes the six vessels have not struck their flags, put the electric current on and blow them out of the water. I shall fire my revolver twice should the enemy attempt to tamper with the submarines. You will then, of course, immediately turn on the electric current. "But what about yourself?" said the old petty officer, to whom Trevelyan had entrusted "the Snake" in his absence.

"Think of England, not of me," was the immediate reply, and next moment, as it began to grow light, the gig

bearing the flag of truce started for the German admiral's flag-ship.

The old petty officer took out his watch and silently waited.

Five, ten minutes—how slowly the time seemed to pass to the anxious watchers on "the Snake."

Twelve minutes—the German ensign on the flagship came down with a run. In eight more minutes the other five men-of-war had followed her example.

The dangerous enterprise had succeeded. Lieutenant Trevelyan had convinced the enemy of the futility of further resistance, and a whole German fleet were compelled to surrender to a torpedo destroyer. In the evening the English squadron appeared off the harbour, when prize crews were immediately put on board the captured vessels. The German flagship was placed in charge of Lieutenant, now Captain, Trevelyan till the fleet should reach Plymouth, when he was to be given command of a first class cruiser.

As he stood on his quarter deck that evening, a soft look came into his keen eyes—he was thinking of a certain little girl in England, whose long and faithful waiting would ere long obtain its reward.

Our Prominent Men—Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

IT is with pleasure that we are this month enabled to present our readers with a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair. For the facts we are indebted to an account recently published in *The Charlottetown Patriot*:—

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, the talented Presbyterian divine and eminent Gaelic scholar, is known far beyond the bounds of this sea girt province. At the centennial celebration of the landing of the passengers of the *Polly*, held at Belfast on Tuesday, August 11, 1903,



REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Mr. Sinclair was chairman, and to his able, energetic and untiring efforts are largely due this historic event and its successful carrying out. Herewith we give a sketch of Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair's distinguished career:

John Maclean, the well-known Gaelic bard, published his poems in 1818, and came to Pictou with his wife and children in the ship *Economy* in 1819. John Sinclair, fourth in descent from the progenitor of the Sinclairs of Strath-Halladale, left Scotland in the ship *Industry*, July 6, 1831, and arrived in Pictou on Sabbath morning October 9th. He was the lucky possessor of a good stock of health and strength, and sixpence in cash. He settled in the woods of Goshen, Guysboro County. He married first, in 1833, Mary Inglis, by whom he had a daughter and two sons. He married, secondly, in 1839, Christy, eldest of the family of John Maclean, the poet, and had by her one son, Alexander Maclean, who was born in Glenbard, Antigonish County, March 1st, 1840.

Mr. Sinclair went to school for the first time in May 1848. He knew the most of the letters of the alphabet then, but his education extended no further. As the school-house was three miles from him, he had the benefit of the physical exercise of walking six miles a day. He took charge of the Lochaber School in the County of Antigonish in September, 1855, and remained in charge of it for a year. He spent the winter of 1856-1857 in the Pictou Academy, and was employed during the last two months as assistant. According to the late Mr. Costley, Principal of the Academy, "his progress in Latin, Greek, Geometry, Practical Mathematics, and English Composition was highly satisfactory, and in Mathematics especially altogether extraordinary." He taught school in St. Mary's, Guysborough County, during the summer of 1858, and then returned to the Academy. He received his collegiate education at the Gerrish Street College, Halifax, and the Truro Seminary.

Mr. Sinclair attended the Normal School, Truro, in 1861, and graduated as a grammar school teacher. He taught school for one year in Canning, Cornwallis. Of his first appearance on a public platform the Rev. William Murray, Presbyterian minister in Cornwallis, gave the following account in the Presbyterian Witness:

"The best lecture on the subject of education to which I have listened for many a day, was delivered on last Monday evening at Canning, by Mr. Sinclair, the grammar school teacher of that place. Mr. Sinclair came to Canning with high recommendations from Dr. Forrester the principal of the Normal Institution at Truro, but he has more than realized our most sanguine expectations. The treatment of the subject, the style of writing, the full-heartedness with which he entered into the subject, as well as his excellent delivery, took us all by surprise. Unlike many uneducated upstarts that come our way, Mr. Sinclair is a very modest young man; his success was therefore all the more marked. It is a happy evidence of the value of the Normal College at Truro that such distinguished young men come forth from it. The rising town of Canning is also very fortunate to be favored with such a teacher." Mr. Sinclair completed his course in arts in the Truro Seminary in 1862, the year before the professors in that institution were transferred to Halifax and Dalhousie College started into existence. He entered the Theological Hall, Halifax, in 1863,

and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Pictou, May 2, 1866. He was ordained to the ministry and inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Springville and Sunny Brae, East River, Pictou, July 23, 1865. He visited Scotland, Ireland, England and France in 1859. He was translated from the East River of Pictou to Belfast in this Island, May 16, 1888. He has been for a number of years a member of the College Board, Halifax, the committee of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and the committee of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Dr. Hector Maclean in Mull made a large MS collection of valuable Gaelic poetry about 1768. Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent a night at the doctor's house in 1773. Mary Maclean, the doctor's daughter, translated a part of the MS for them. Of Miss Maclean, Dr. Johnson spoke as follows:—"She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows, in short, she can do everything." Miss Maclean presented her father's MS collection to John Maclean, the poet, and he brought it to the woods of America with him. The poet himself made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. He travelled through the Highlands and Islands, and wrote down every valuable poem that he could find, except such as had appeared in print. His own collection he also took with him to America. Mr. Sinclair had access from his youth to the two MS collections referred to, and finally became possessor of them. The late Dr. Patterson gave him the whole of the Gaelic MS left by the Rev. James MacGregor, D. D., the first Presbyterian minister in Pictou County. The Rev. D. B. Blair, D. D., bequeathed to him the whole of his Gaelic MSS.

Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, editor of the Keltic Magazine, spent a few days with Mr. Sinclair at Springville in 1879 and published an article about him in his magazine—an article which reads like a description of some wonderful discovery made in the woods of an unexplored region. We make the following extracts: "The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair is really most happy and comfortable in his surroundings, and all he seems to want to make him as happy as this world can, is to have at the head of his household goods a better half, congenial to his cultivated tastes, though at present his mother, a fine old lady, the daughter of the bard of Maclean of Coll, and a walking Keltic encyclopædia, keeps house for him and presides at his hospitable table. But while I envied him the beautiful situation of his manse, the happy concord of the large Highland congregation over which he presides, and the respect paid to him by everyone in the district, I envied him his magnificent and valuable library ten times more. It is almost impossible to conceive that such a rare collection of books could be met with in such an out-of-the-way place. Many people possessing good libraries know very little of their contents, but Sinclair knows every word and is a thorough master of every idea in his splendid collection; the only pity is that he does not give his vast stores of Keltic learning to his fellow country-men."

We may state that Mr. Sinclair acted on Mr. MacKenzie's friendly suggestion. He was married in 1882, and has four sons and a daughter.

Mr. Sinclair has published nine books and three booklets of

Gaelic poems, which were composed chiefly by old Scottish bards, but partly by bards who came to America since 1800. The first of these works appeared in 1881, and the last in 1902. From the appendix to the last work, we give the following extract:—"I have received in free contributions towards publishing old Gaelic poems \$358.00. When I deduct this sum and the amount I received from the sale of the Gaelic books from my actual cash expenditure, I have found that I have lost in all \$242.00. This loss, however, I look upon as my own contribution to the work done."

"I have spent some money on Gaelic poetry, and I am not sorry. I have also spent time and labor, things that are of more value than money. Although I am a Canadian by birth, I am a Highlander by blood, and feel under obligation to do all I can for the sake of the Highlanders, their language and their literature. If I have done nothing else, I have at least preserved and made known a large number of poems, which were likely to perish. Leaving others to do more work and better than I have done, I now feel very much like saying, farewell to Gaelic poetry."

Mr. Sinclair published an anonymous work in English in 1880. It was entitled *Letters on the Anglo-Israel Folly*, by A. Malachi. He published "The Peoples and Languages of the World" in 1894. "The Clan Gillean" or *History of the Macleans as a Clan*, in 1899; and "The Sinclairs of Roslin, Caithness and Strath-Halladale" in 1901. The *Clan Gillean* is a large and handsome octavo volume. It was undertaken at the request of Maclean Association, in Glasgow, Scotland, and sold to Macleans and others in all quarters of the globe at one pound sterling per copy. Among the numerous subscribers to it we find Kaid Maclean, "Instructor in Drill and Discipline" in the army of the Sultan of Morocco. The Kaid, or chief, is a famous fighter, but he seems to have his hands full just now.

We suspect that the poetic genius of his grandfather, the old Gaelic MSS which fell into his possession, and especially the influence of his mother and early surroundings will account to a very large extent for Mr. Sinclair's interest in the language, literature and history of the Scottish Highlanders and kindred subjects.

Aye, There's the Rub,

(SELECTED.)

We all of us try to forgive and forget
 When similar treatment we crave,
 And think we are virtuous paragons, yet
 We cannot forget we forgave.

KINDNESS.

By A. E. B.

'TIS not the biggest things of life
 That bring the greatest joys ;
 'Tis not the sharpest point of strife
 That often most annoys.
 I had more joy the other day
 From out a little gift,
 Which joined two hearts in closest way
 Without the slightest rift.
 Where heart to heart speaks openly
 There only can true friendship be.

I had a little spat last week
 And strange ! for I've had great,
 Do what I can the way to seek
 Out cold Oblivion's gate
 I cannot find: and full heart-sore
 Although I never hope a way
 To bring me back that friend once more
 To you I do make free to say
 That ever to my heart shall cling
 The pang of words I had with him.

Then let us all a lesson learn,
 Which long our life shall cheer :
 That a soft answer's sure to turn
 The wrath that knows no fear;
 And why the little while we're here
 Our hearts with trifles scald ?
 There's care enough our joys to sere
 Which cannot be forestalled.
 Ours to rejoice by "take and give"
 The hearts of those with whom we live.

Great Epochs in English Literature and their Causes.

A Sketch—Introduction.

BY HON. A. B. WARBURTON, D. C. L.

THE literary history of our own and of other languages shows that there are certain more or less clearly defined periods, in the records of each, distinguished, beyond others, by the number and genius of its writers. It has always seemed to me, when considering those periods, that they could be accounted for, and that in each country the causes or influences, which produced, or led to, these periods in any one or more countries were, in the main, similar to the causes or influences to which they, elsewhere, owed their origin. Turn to the annals of Ancient Greece and Rome and one finds epochs of literary greatness distinguished beyond others. If the enquirer's researches be brought down to more recent times, he will be met by like phenomena. Modern Italy has had her literary period: Portugal, small and insignificant though that little Kingdom may be considered, has yet had a literary era to which her children point with pride. Spain, also, has had her noble, intellectual period in letters. France, in days not long subsequent to those sometimes regarded as her palmiest, has had her literary era of great richness, and the same may be said of other lands.

If careful enquiry is made into the history of those countries, it will be found, I think, that these phenomenal periods of literary wealth have been preceded by other periods, which, though differing in many respects, have much similarity of character.

In English Literature there have been four epochs whose

intellectual greatness seems to surpass that of other periods. These are :—

1. The Chaucerian Period, extending over the latter part of Edward III reign and the whole of that of Richard II.

2. The Shakespearean Period, which sheds such a radiance over the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. In the genius of their writers, though not in their numbers, these are superior to those which follow.

3. The third period is the era of Swift, Addison, Prior, and Pope, or during the reign of Anne.

4. The last may be placed in the early part of the 19th Century, and is rendered illustrious by such names as those of Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Moore, and a host of others in poetry, not to mention those taking a foremost place in other branches of Literature. Indeed Scott's enduring fame is as a prose writer rather than as a poet.

In selecting these as *the* great periods in the history of English Letters, the many writers, whose literary genius has shed its light over the intervening times, must not be ingored. To do so would be to evince unpardonable ignorance of the subject of which this series of articles can be but a skeleton sketch. To the enquirer the times which preceded or followed each and all of these periods must be fruitful of interest and of information.

Next to Shakespeare, probably the greatest name in our literary annals is that of John Milton. His genius alone would make his age a great one, and it is difficult to pass by the epoch of the author of Paradise Lost to select another period as greater, though not one of its writers can compare in genius with the sublime poet of the Commonwealth.

In choosing the Chaucerian period as the first of our great literary eras, the fact must not be over-looked that before that time there were writers—and great writers—of whom our Mother Country could boast. Alfred had given the encouragement of royal example and patronage, to men of

letters. The Venerable Bede had produced his works on ecclesiastical subjects, works still extant and to be found, no doubt, in more than one library in P. E. Island. King Canute, having weathered the storms of his earlier life, is said, 'mid the cares of state and in the intervals of his impossible scheme of founding a great Scandinavian empire with England as its head, to have turned his thoughts to the muse, though I am aware of only one solitary stanza, and that betraying no poetical power, attributed to his pen, which has reached our day.

Long before any of these, Cædmon, the Monk, shed a lustre over Saxon times. To those who are curious in such matters, it may be of interest to compare such fragments of the old Saxon as have come down to us, with the writings of Milton. There is a striking similarity in the genius of the two men, though the older poet was uneducated and illiterate, while Milton was, probably, the most profound scholar of his day.

Then, again, in the age before Chaucer, we have the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, an extraordinary monument to the industry of its compilers and a record indispensable to the enquirer into the early history of our race. Despite its bald method of bare entries, there are passages in it, which, in the very nakedness of their tale of trouble and misery, are as full of sadness and deep pathos as can well be imagined. As an illustration of this though it is a digression from the subject of this sketch, take the following few lines setting forth in terse, mournful tones, the miseries the people suffered during the anarchy of Stephen's reign. Speaking of the falseness of the baronage to the King and of the wretchedness of the times the old Chronicle tells us that:—

“They had sworn homage to him (i. e. to Stephen) and sworn oaths, but they no faith kept; all became foresworn, and broke their allegiance, for every rich man built his castles and defended them

against him, and they filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by the thumbs, or by the head, and they hung burning things on heir feet. They put a knotted string about their heads and twisted it until it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons, wherein were adders and snakes and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet house, that is into a chest that was short and narrow and not deep, and they put sharp stones in it, and crushed the men therein so that they broke all their limbs. There were hateful and grim things, called Sachentege, in many of the castles, and which two or three men had enough to do to carry. The Sachentege was made thus: it was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but that he must bear all the iron.

* * * * *

"Then was corn dear, and flesh and cheese and butter, for there was none in the land—wretched men starved with hunger, some lived on alms who had been erewhile rich; some fled the country—never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops nor of priests; but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbor as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed and foresworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn, you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was openly said that Christ and his angels slept."

As a graphic picture of wretchedness and of hopeless woe, as a deep wail of a nation's misery, of suffering and trouble, this passage is scarcely to be surpassed.

Ranching in the Northwest.

BY FRANK R. HEARTZ.

You have on different occasions asked me to write you an article on "Ranching in the Northwest," and hitherto I have not complied, simply because I did not feel that I was able to do justice to an industry that is, without doubt, one of the most important in this great country of ours. Now, after five years' experience in the business, I have decided to give you a short account of this venture, not from a cow-puncher's standpoint, but merely from my own observations at different times, and from facts gleaned during my connection as a shareholder in one of the ranches in Southern Alberta. I want it distinctly understood from the start that I have not had any practical experience on the range, and I have never "rounded up" anything more important than a pair of milk cows; but I venture to say from what I have seen that cattle ranching in the Northwest Territories of Canada is, without doubt, one of the most lucrative and successful industries in Canada, and lately in a two-fold sense, as, owing to the great influx of desirable settlers, land is steadily advancing, in fact in some parts good locations have doubled and even trebled in price during the last three or four years. When that is taken into consideration, along with the cattle business, it is quite readily seen what a chance there is for profits.

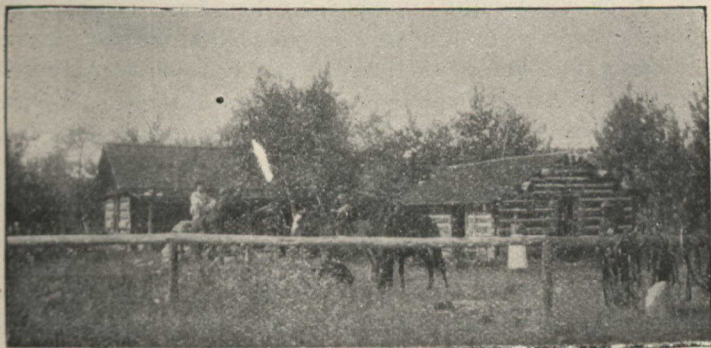
The part of the Northwest in which I am interested is what is called Southern Alberta, and is particularly adapted for ranching, as the grass in this locality is more nutritious than any other part; and, although the winters are generally severe, this strip of land extending from Calgary to McLeod is visited by the "Chinook" winds

before which the snow disappears very rapidly. In fact the thermometer has been known to go from 40 degrees below zero to 35 degrees above in the space of a few hours, and clear away every particle of snow even if it had been snowing for days. The inhabitants believe the "Chinook" winds come from the Pacific Ocean through the mountain passes; anyhow, wherever they come from, they are of incalculable benefit to this portion of the country.

All the Territories are divided into Townships 6 miles square, which are sub-divided into 36 sections one mile square, containing 640 acres each. The Townships are numbered in Ranges East and West from the meridians. Most of the country has been surveyed, and the corners of each section are marked by what is called a "mound," which is composed of four large holes dug in the prairie by the surveyor, and an iron stake in the center. The sections are sub-divided into quarter sections each containing 160 acres, and the corners of the latter are marked by two holes instead of four. Provision is made in every section for roads. It can be readily seen by this arrangement how easily a person can find the particular piece of land he wishes to locate on. The Hudson Bay Co. own one and three-quarters sections in every Township, the Calgary and Edmonton Land Co. own every odd-numbered section, and the government owns all the even-numbered sections. The latter can be located on with the exception of two sections in each Township which are reserved for school sections. That is, the government will give 160 acres, or a quarter of a section, to any man not a minor, who will locate on it and comply with certain conditions. The Hudson Bay Company's land, and Calgary & Edmonton Company's land can be purchased, the price varying according to the water benefits derived. Up to two years ago these companies would sell land at from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per acre; now it is hard to get their land at \$6.00 or even \$7.00 per acre; and

in other parts of the Territories where the C. P. R. own large tracts of land they are advancing in price at the same rate.

In the last two years there has been a great rush of people into Southern Alberta, principally from the Northern States; and these are a very desirable class of settlers as



RANCHE BUILDINGS IN THE FOOT HILLS ON MR. HEARTZ'S WINTER RANCHE.

they are mostly well-to-do farmers. But under the repeated inroads of this class of people it looks as if the ranch business is going to suffer, as they are coming into Canada in such numbers that the range between Calgary and McLeod, the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, and the Bow River, is likely to disappear. The ranching element are buoyed up in the hope that these farmers will not be able to raise wheat owing to the early frost, but the next year or two will decide the question. Before going any further I will explain what a great hurt this farming—if it succeeds—will cause the small ranchers. A great number of the ranchers who own "bunches" of cattle have only a very small piece of land, probably no more than the 160 acres they homesteaded, and they let their cattle wander all over the range at will. Then they have a spring "round up," when they brand their calves, and a fall "round up," when


they get their "beef" in for sale. Now, if the range disappears, these people will not be able to "hold" their cattle on their small piece of land, and you can see the situation they will be in. The ranchers who own considerable land keep their cows and calves under fence, but let their steers go on the range; and they will likewise suffer.

Now, the "outfit" to which I belong have managed to buy considerable land in sections close together, and we are cropping the land at the rate of about two hundred acres per year. We raise one crop of green feed, then a crop of oats; and seed out to timothy and broomis grass, with the result that if the worst comes to the worst we can eventually take in our thousand steers from off the range and "hold" them under fence with the fifteen hundred she-stock now there.


I may say that we have two ranches; one in the foot-hills which we use as a winter ranch, and the other about fifteen miles out on the prairie; the latter is a summer ranch and contains about eight thousand acres, all under a four strand barb wire fence. We raise a great quantity of green feed and put up as much hay in the foot-hills as we can. This year we got an outfit to put up six hundred tons on the prairie outside of our fence; the reason we contracted so much was because we have been led to believe, and from the evidence of our own eyes we consider that this will be the last year that hay can be put up on the prairie, as all the available land is homesteaded or bought in the immediate vicinity. This hay costs \$3.00 per ton in stacks with fence of wire and a ploughed fire-guard around them.

As I mentioned before, we are "holding" about fifteen hundred head of she-stock and will probably brand about four hundred calves this year; and, as a great number of our breeders are young, we will in all probability brand nearly twice that number next year. Now, of the four hundred head branded this fall, 200 will be steers and 200 heifers;

the latter we will "hold" under fence, and the former will be turned loose next spring to "rustle" for themselves, and we will not see them again until they are four years old when they will be fit for the market, and they will be brought in on the fall "round up" of that year. In the meantime if the farming element get a foot-hold in the country we will be obliged to take all our steers in off the range; but we feel now that we will be able to handle a herd of at least five thousand head—twice our present capacity—in our own land; so that, as far as we are concerned, it makes very little difference whether the bald-headed prairie is cut up into farms or continues as it is.

In order to know who owns particular cattle, every animal is branded, and as every man's brand is registered, and the part of the body of the animal on which it is to appear, it is a very easy matter to find your own cattle, or by consulting the brand book tell the party to whom a certain brand belongs; and the "round up" people have no trouble in bringing in the right steers. Our brand is a chair, thus:  and the registered brand book says that this



SMALL BUNCH OF  BRAND STEERS ON PRAIRIE, 10 MILES FROM ANY HABITATION

particular brand is to be put on the left hip for cattle, and the left shoulder for horses. Should we sell any cattle to a person in the country it is necessary to "vent" them, that

is we would put our chair on the left shoulder of the cattle, or on the left hip of the horses sold; then the party buying would put his brand above ours, which would go to show that we had sold these animals and that they were not stolen. Cattle sent out of the country to the markets abroad are not vented.

Several times I have made mention of the "round up," which is a very important part of ranch life. The ranchers, within a radius of say forty or fifty miles, form themselves into an association, a fee of \$25.00 is charged each member every year, and the object of the concern is for mutual protection. In the event of cattle thieves "monkeying" with a man's brand, or stealing cattle, if the party troubled in this way is a member of the association they immediately take the matter up, and the thief instead of antagonizing one man against him has the whole country after him. The executive of the association determines the time of starting the "round up" and notifies the different members who have cattle out to send their man to a certain place on a certain day with his "string" of horses. Each man going on the "round up" has seven horses with him, as the heavy riding necessitates frequent changes of horses. The "round up outfit" operate in a certain territory bounded by certain rivers or the mountains, and are generally away six weeks or two months; the object is to gather the animals of the different ranches represented on the "round up;" or, if a party hasn't many cattle—not sufficient to send a man or two out, and providing he belongs to the association—his cattle are gathered and he pays so much per head. It often happens that cattle belonging to ranchers in one district wander away over a hundred miles into the territory of other "round up outfits." These are gathered by the other concerns, and an exchange takes place; so that when the "round up" comes to the shipping place, if it is the fall "beef round up" they generally have at least a good

percentage of all the four-year-old saleable beef, belonging to their different employers. The spring "round up" is generally to gather in cows and to brand calves belonging to ranchers who do not keep their she-stock under fence. Last winter they had an extra "round up" as owing to the prevalence of "mange" amongst the cattle, they found it necessary to "round up" a great number of animals in order to "dope" them. Sometimes a large ranching concern will supply a waggon, tent and camping outfit, and the smaller ranches can send a man with this party by paying his share of the expenses.

The *modus operandi* of the "round up" outfit is this. The "outfit" consists of 25 or 30 people with about 200 horses, the tents, grub and cooking utensils in a large waggon. They go down south to the boundary of their particular territory, and each morning the "boss" details certain men to go together, generally in couples, and work up the country in different directions, and they "cut out" all the beef steers of the brands represented by the concern. These are brought into camp and held there, and when that locality is worked they move on with what cattle they have, and camp again, where the same performance is gone through until the whole district is worked. They then bring the marketable stock to the shipping place, where the owners generally are, and the cattle are sold to some of the buyers, who ship the "tops" to England and sell the poorer cattle to local butchers who kill them and ship in cold storage to Montreal and Vancouver, or use the meat in the local market. It often happens that the different "round up outfits" come across young cattle on the prairie without a brand, and if they happen to be too old to ascertain to whose cow they belonged they are taken along and sold at auction at the headquarters of the association, and the money thereby obtained is divided among the

hospitals. These animals without brands are known under the name of "mavericks."

Beef is sold in two ways, so much per head and take the "bunch," or so much per pound live weight, generally three cents, less five per cent for shrinkage. This year the price of beef is a little lower than last year, owing to shipments of Argentine cattle to England, but the general opinion is that the drop is only temporary; however, this year's price although it is \$5.00 lower than last year's will give in the vicinity of \$40.00 per head for four-year-old steers and take them as they come. The percentage of loss



RANCH BUILDING OUT ON THE PRAIRIE

in this part of Alberta is exceptionally small, and more so lately, as everybody now puts up hay for winter use, a practice which was unknown five or six years ago, but it is also necessary to have the right sort of cattle. The breeds that seem the best adapted to the country are the Herefords and Shorthorns; other breeds, especially if they are of the milking strain, do not appear to do as well. We have found by experience that the best results are derived from cattle born in the country, as the imported stock known by the name of "Dogies," have first to be acclimated, during which process there is a great loss, and at the shipping time they do not command such a good price. But sometimes it is

absolutely necessary for the new beginner to bring in "dogies" as it is hard to purchase young range-bred cattle when you want them. "Dogies" are imported from Ontario and Manitoba as yearlings or two-year-olds. We sent two train loads from P. E. Island two and three years ago with the expectation of making it an annual thing but we do not think the experiment would pay to repeat again. The three hundred head of steers we sold this fall were composed principally of part of one of these shipments, and



A BUNCH OF SADDLE HORSES IN A CORRAL ON MR. HEARTZ'S RANCH

we have come to the conclusion that it would pay better if we can buy two-year-old prairie-bred steers there, at say \$22.00 per head, the price these Island "dogies" cost us landed at High River, Alberta.

We are breaking up two hundred acres a year which is eventually sown out to timothy or broomis grass, and we use the hay and green feed off this to feed our she-stock, which during storms are driven into corrals or yards, leading

into large sheds built of logs with the chinks filled with mud, the top being old hay thrown over with willows. They are quite comfortable in these quarters as long as the storm lasts, then they are turned out in the pasture to rustle for themselves until another storm. The calves after the fall branding are left in a calf pasture by themselves and fed until they become strong. We have now the nucleus of a great herd and after five years of experience such as we have had I feel that we are in a position to contend with any emergency that may arise.

The idea prevails that it is necessary to keep a great number of men on a ranch; this is not the case. Now, we keep only four men all the year round, and at such times as haymaking and branding we have a few extra men for a month or two at a time. In the winter the men haul hay to the corrals, and get out from the mountains willow posts, droppers for fencing, and to repair the sheds. Ranch hands get from \$25.00 to \$35.00 per month and board; round-up men from \$40 to \$45, and riders who look after cattle under fence \$35 and board. Ranchers who have no women about employ Chinamen and cooks.

The Canadian North-west is a very law-abiding country and order in this vast territory is maintained by one of the finest body of military men in the world, known by the name of the North-west Mounted Police, who number one thousand men when up to the full force and of whom the Indians are very frightened. There are several tribes of the latter, principally Sarcees, Stonys and Blackfeet who have large reservations set apart for them, but being of a nomadic disposition they are met with all over the country. The men are inclined to be lazy and the women do most of the work, but the younger generation are being educated and some of them have fine farms farther east. The noble red man has degenerated in a great many ways, but he still retains his appetite, which is of the chronic order and never

fails, and when seated at a dinner table he is insatiable. With the disappearance of his appetite, his desire for work also vanishes, together with any feeling of gratitude he may



A SARCEE SQUAW, NORTHWEST TERRITORY

have had before he loaded, and it is no matter how small a thing you may want him to do after the filling-up process he invariably wants to know "how much?"

Before finishing this rather rambling account I would like to say a word in reference to the benefits which the North West will derive from the new projected Railway—the Grand Trunk Pacific. In the first place it will open up a new country; and considering the fact that this year 120,000 emigrants came in, and that the emigration department are making preparations for 375,000 next year, it is quite evident that it will be necessary to open up a new country at once. I believe inside of fifteen years we will have three if not four trans-continental railroads in Canada. A person who has never gone over this great country has no conception of its resources; first the wheat land, then the sheep ranches, next the cattle country, and the coal, gold, and other minerals of the mountain regions. Some few years ago we made a shipment of cattle from our ranch to Liverpool as an experiment,

but owing to the fact that there was only one railroad by which to send it to the shipping port, and being obliged to pay that railroad a very heavy rate of freight, we found it would be injudicious to repeat the experiment. Here is where competition in freight rates would be advantageous to the shipper. A merchant of Calgary assured me a few days ago, during my fall visit, that they were obliged to pay thirty per cent freight on some lines of goods from Montreal, which is ultimately paid by the consumer, so I contend that the advent of a new railroad will be an inestimable boom to the Northwest and eventually to the entire Dominion. I find by conversing with the western people that they are, without exception, of this opinion.

In conclusion I would say that from my own deductions I am of the opinion that we have one of the greatest countries in the world today, but we want to start right in and develop our resources without delay: and I would advise young men, who are bent on leaving their ancestral halls, to give Western Canada their attention before emigrating to another country.

Justice.

(Selected)

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my heart:
 I long to help each soul in need of aid:
 In all good works my zeal would have its part,
 Before no weight of toil it stands afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble needs,
 And he does least who seeks to do the whole:
 Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds:
 Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.