

516/K/3414
CANADIAN WRITERS ONLY.

R-12

OUR MONTHLY



A MAGAZINE
OF *Canadian Literature*
Science & Art.

GEORGE MOFFAT. PUBLISHER.

McKINNON BUILDING, MELINDA ST. TORONTO. CANADA.

*One Dollar a Year. * * Ten Cents a Copy.*

JUNE, 1896.



This Magazine

is printed on ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Canada
Paper Co.'s
Celebrated

No. 1 Litho Book.

For Fine Printing ❁ ❁
this paper is not excelled
even by the finest coated
papers. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁
Can be had of all printers.

CANADA PAPER CO.,

Toronto AND Montreal.



516/K/34/4 -
THE DAY LOAN
PREY-MEME JOURNEE

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by George Moffat, at the Department of Agriculture. All rights reserved.

OUR MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1896.

- PAGE Frontispiece: "Helen."
85 Dusk and Dawn
Sonnet. By JOHN KELICK BATHURST.
86 Canada's Defence and Defenders
By J. CASTELL HOPKINS. Two illustrations.
91 The Test of True Love
By J. MACDONALD OXLEY. Two illustrations.
100 Possessed by the Devil
A Psychological Study. By PHILLIPS THOMPSON.
103 The Power of Discrimination
By EDGAR MAURICE SMITH. Two illustrations.
110 The Heretic
By GWYNNE SEREN.
114 The Capture of the Canton
By WILLIAM ALEXANDER FRASER. Four Illustrations.
122 The Record of Muhgeek
Poem. By R. D. MEYERS.
124 Literary Men and Women of Canada
ROBERT REID (Robt. Wanlock), Montreal; by REV. W. WYE SMITH. FAITH FENTON; by ALICE ASHWORTH. LOUIS FRECHETTE; by EDGAR MAURICE SMITH. Illustrations from photographs made expressly for "OUR MONTHLY."
133 The Plague of Print
By P. JELLALABAD MOTT.
135 Home Again
From the French of GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By J. RAMSEY MONTIZAMBERT.
Two illustrations.
140 One Touch of Nature
By NORA LAUGHER.
143 Musical Notes
By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE. Six illustrations from photographs.
149 Ceramic Art in Canada
By Mrs. M. E. DIGNAM. Eleven illustrations from photographs.
158 Scientific Notes
By C. A. CHANT, B.A., University of Toronto.
160 Sir John Schultz, K.C.M.G.
Two illustrations from photographs.
162 An Unsophisticated Guest
By JAMES HEDLEY.
165 June
Poem. By CY. PRIME.
166 Art Notes
By E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.
168 Kacha-Chiz (Raw Things)
Behind Stone Walls; by LEILA PLUMMER. Wa-Wa; by VALANCE BERRYMAN.
171 Pages in Waiting

All communications should be addressed to the Editor and Publisher.
Letters containing sympathy, subscriptions and other enclosures of value should be registered.

GEORGE MOFFAT, Editor and Publisher,

McKinnon Building, Melinda St.,

TORONTO, CANADA.

OUR MONTHLY.

\$672.00 for \$100.00.

What Man, Woman or Child would refuse that?



During the year 1895 for every Dollar received by the MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY on account of premiums paid on policies which matured by death, the Company returned to the several beneficiaries the sum of \$6.72 (six dollars and seventy-two cents), six hundred and seventy-two dollars for every hundred.

Now, by what other scheme of man's devising, except life insurance, is it possible to provide such a cash asset for a family at the death of the bread-winner? In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the death of a man means the death of his business. A man's investments may be all right in his lifetime, but if his family at his death find it is necessary to realize upon them, then their troubles begin. To the man with thousands in vested interests, and to the man without a dollar invested anywhere, life insurance is an equal necessity. It is ready money at a crisis, and happy are they who can avail themselves of its benefits when the crisis comes.

If you are thinking about taking some life insurance 'twill be to your advantage to see an agent of the MANUFACTURERS LIFE about it. Every life and endowment policy issued by this popular and progressive Canadian Company is without conditions as to habits of life or manner of death. Every policy is a straight promise to pay the insurance if you pay the premium. It is a National Policy that will make you rich.



Manufacturers Life

Insurance Company,

Yonge and Colborne Streets,

TORONTO, CANADA.



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.—New Premises, King Street, cor. Bathurst, Toronto, Canada.

To the Remnant

WHO ARE NOT SUBSCRIBERS.

GREETING:—

Dear and Esteemed Reader,—

This is the second number of "Our Monthly," a magazine of Canadian Literature, Science and Art, (the first number was published last month).

I hear that you are interested in Canadian literature, and that nothing would please you better than to see a good magazine in this country, devoting itself to that cult, and produced entirely by Canadian writers upon Canadian subjects.

You see such a magazine NOW. This is it. OUR MONTHLY.

You are interested.

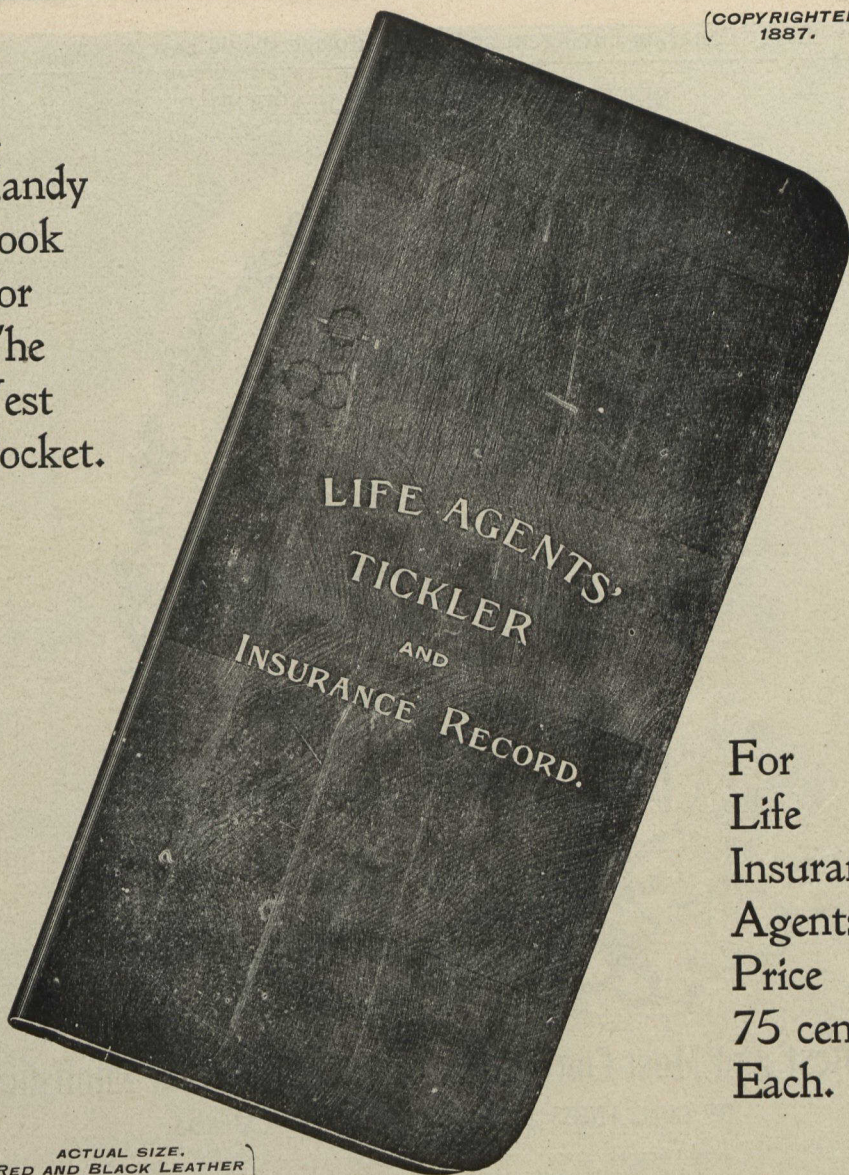
So am I.

The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, and if you are interested to the extent of One Dollar, cut out the enclosed subscription order and send that amount to me in stamps, P.O.O., cheque, draft, note, I.O.U. or any other obligation, and I will send you for twelve months, post free, OUR MONTHLY.

"Our Monthly,"	<u>SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.</u>
GEORGE MOFFAT,	189
Publisher Our Monthly, McKinnon Building, Melinda St., TORONTO.	
Please send OUR MONTHLY to my address as given below, for one year from date above given, for which I enclose herewith the sum of \$1.00.	
Name,	
Address,	
.....	

(COPYRIGHTED)
1887.

A
Handy
Book
For
The
Vest
Pocket.



For
Life
Insurance
Agents.
Price
75 cents
Each.

ACTUAL SIZE.
RED AND BLACK LEATHER
COVERS.

Life Agents Tickler AND Insurance Record

PRICES: {	No. 1. MANILLA BINDING,	25c. Each.
	No. 3. CLOTH BINDING,	50c. Each.
	No. 4. LEATHER BINDING,	75c. Each.

For 10 cents a line extra we will print agent's name in gold on the covers of Nos. 3 and 4. For instance: Name, Business Title, and City and Province will usually take three lines (unless of unusual length), and cost 30 cents extra.

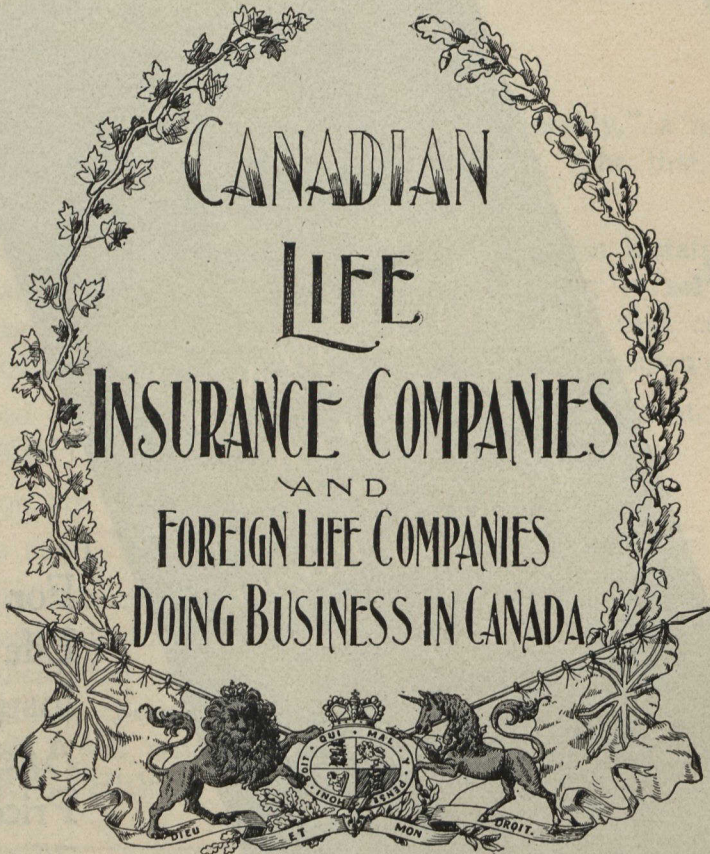
For small orders remittances are requested with the orders.

F. H. LEAVENWORTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Insurance Publishers, McGraw Building, DETROIT, MICH.

OUR MONTHLY.

Every Canadian Life Agent and Policy Holder should have a copy.

SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION,
1896.



The Best and Most Convenient LIFE CHART ever Published
OF COMPANIES DOING BUSINESS IN CANADA.

☞ Will be sent express charges prepaid, if remittance is received with the order.

PRICES:

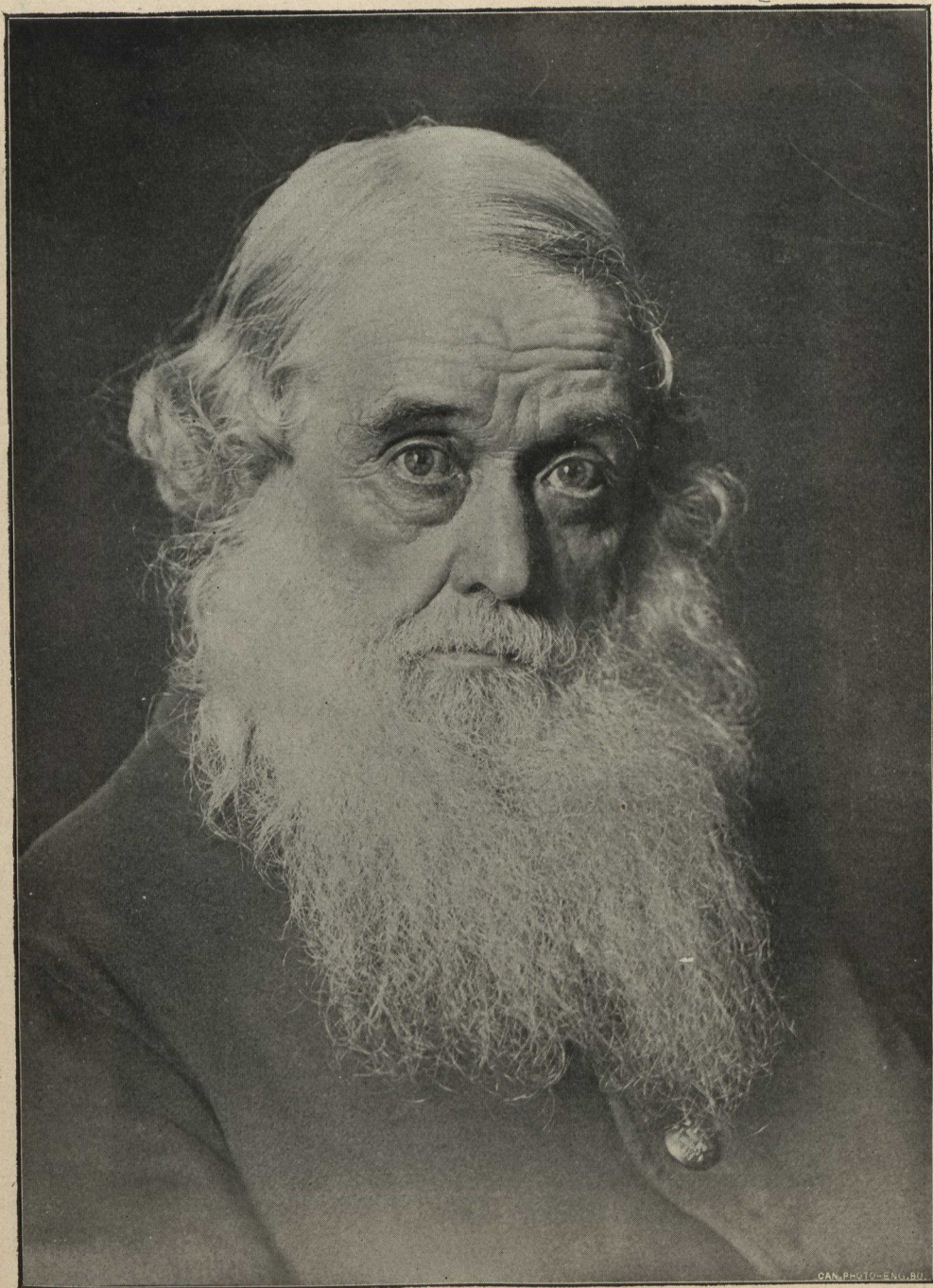
1 SINGLE COPY, 25 Cents. 12 COPIES, \$2.25. 25 COPIES, \$4.50.

☞ We also furnish this Chart with a handsome, substantial **detachable** leather case or pocketbook, that will last several years, which will be sent express charges prepaid, if remittance is received with the order.

1 SINGLE COPY, with Leather Pocketbook Case, 75 Cents.
12 COPIES, " " " " \$7.50.

☞ Request your Company to furnish you with this Chart, or order Direct of the Publishers,

F. H. LEAVENWORTH PUBLISHING CO.,
McGRAW BUILDING. DETROIT, Mich.



By permission of F. A. Mulholland & Co., 159 Bay St., Toronto.

THE VETERAN.

“B’jingo he was at Batoche,
An’ fit at Fish Creek too, b’gosh.”

THE KHAN.



CAA PHOTO-ENG. BU.

By permission of F. A. Mulholland & Co., 159 Bay St., Toronto.

“HELEN.”

“Possessed of all those glowing charms
That fired the Trojan boy,
And kindled love in war's alarms
Around the walls of Troy.”

OUR MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Canadian Literature, Science and Art.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1896.

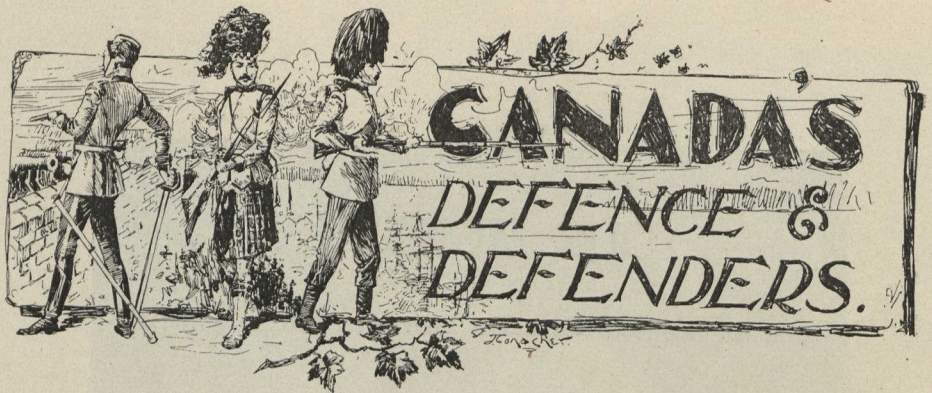
No. 2.

DUSK AND DAWN.

BY JOHN KELICK-BATHURST.

DOWN swoops the dusk upon the dying day,
And with dun wing enshroudeth all the scene,
Till vanished now are woods and uplands green
Where lately danced the sunbeams in their play.
Yet doth mine eye perceive to-morrow's ray
Glow o'er the earth and gladden with its sheen,
For nigh at hand, the Love that aye hath been
Stands waiting with the morn and shall always.

So from the heart of man shall fade the night,
The cold, drear gloom of self, where none may see
Aught of the glories which around him lie :
Then shall all paths be golden to the sight,
Gilded by Love's warm sunlight, sweet and free
In that glad morning, born no more to die.



By J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

NO COUNTRY in history has had a sterner struggle with the varied elements of war and nature, than Canada. No people, not even the Greeks, in their far-famed conflict with Persian power, have had more stirring annals than those shared by the settlers and early defenders of our broad Dominion. Yet no important events in the record of the nations have been so persistently ignored, so entirely misunderstood, or so steadily misrepresented, as the battles in which Canadians have figured, or the wars in which they have been concerned. Up to very recent years the English school-boy knew little of the conquest of Canada and the great results which flowed from it, although he had probably heard of Wolfe's capture of Quebec.

Europe knows nothing of Canada, and of struggles worthy to rank with those of Switzerland and Holland, except that it is a country mixed up in some way with America or the United States. The average school-boy in the neighbouring Republic is taught that the country to the north, so vaguely defined on his maps, is cold, dreary—and British. Being all these things, and especially the latter, it is a good country to keep away from. He knows nothing of its history; of the defence of its broad territories in 1812, under circumstances which dwarf his own Revolutionary War in heroism and difficulties; or of its development since

that time. He grows up ignorant of these things as well as of the fact which James Russell Lowell once so eloquently indicated, when he declared that "Wolfe's victory upon the Plains of Abraham had made the United States possible." And the newspapers, which, because of this, and similar speeches, were always more or less hostile to Lowell, keep the pupil in this condition of ignorance after he has grown up.

It is all a sad mistake and pity. The United States is too great a country, and too enterprising and energetic a community, to make this sort of education and hostility either necessary or desirable. It won national independence under circumstances which all American history for all time will consider glorious, though the impartial annals of the world will record certain obvious flaws in this claim, and memories of United Empire Loyalists will turn over at least one unpleasant American page. It maintained its independence against the half-hearted attacks of Great Britain in 1812, and in doing so, turned its guns and forces upon Canada in an effort to destroy the independence of the young country to the North. It maintained its commercial independence with much more signal success and honour in the years from 1800 to 1860. It maintained its national union in a struggle which stamped American history with many pages of undisputed glory. Why then

should its writers discredit themselves by attempting to minimize the claims of Canada and Canadians to a share in the world-wide history of British pluck and English-speaking freedom and progress? They have too much to be proud of to render such depreciation either comprehensible or reasonable.

And there is no real grievance against England. British arms, after a prolonged and bitter contest, crushed the power of France upon this continent, kept Spain in order, and Russia in the distance, only to find the Thirteen Colonies in ultimate revolt allying themselves with France against their mother country, and buying Alaska from Russia in order, as Mr. Seward put it, "to check British development upon the Pacific coast." Yet, as Mr. Lowell truthfully indicated, the British conquest of Canada and the consequent millions of pounds sterling of expenditure—still included in the National Debt of England—enabled the Thirteen Colonies to develop peacefully without fear of France, and to obtain and maintain their independence. This the shrewd Marquis de Montcalm clearly saw and predicted in 1759, on the eve of his own defeat and death, when he is said to have written a correspondent in Paris that:

"The Anglo-American colonies, each become a self-sufficient province, would have long since repudiated British domination and declared their independence but for the constant fear of the French, always at their skirts and ready to come down upon them in force. If masters they must have, they preferred to have them of their own rather than an alien race; taking special care, however, to bend to their compulsion as little as possible. But let Canada once be conquered, the Canadians thereby becoming as one people with them, and old England still continuing to assert her supremacy over them in any marked way, can you believe that they would longer submit to it?"

But more than this. Great Britain gave the Republic in 1783 all the vast territory now included in Ohio and neighbouring States, practically as an unappreciated present, Lord Shelburne receiving assurances that for all time to come it would be open and free to British trade and commerce. As a result of mistaken diplomacy the Americans got Maine and Oregon and other territory rightfully belonging to

Canada. During the Civil War, all the persuasions of Napoleon III., all the dictates of hostility in certain influential quarters, all the national tendencies to ambitious rivalry, all the sufferings of cotton operatives and the cotton trade, were disregarded—and the independence of the South remained unrecognized by England when its recognition might have meant permanent American disruption.

Such is the general situation, and before referring in detail to the earlier events of Canadian military annals it may very pertinently be asked why this old-time hostility should be kept up, and the friendliness of Canada and Britain disregarded and declined. So far as Canadians are concerned they feel so proud of their past, so certain of their present power of self-defence, so assured of British strength and union, so confident of their own great future as part of a vast Imperial system, that they are more than willing to be the closest possible friends with the great Republic. But they are not prepared to forget or depreciate the services of Canadian forces upon the battle-fields of Canada, and would like to see the early and historic struggles of our people better known abroad and more appreciated and understood even at home.

The romance of Canadian annals is exceedingly varied and striking. It began with the adventurous travels of French voyageurs and trappers and hunters through the wild forests of Lower Canada, and the self-sacrifice heroism, and true Christian zeal shown by early French Priests amongst the Indian tribes, in the teeth of probable torture and almost certain death. It was continued in the founding of Montreal; in the wars with the Indians; in the wild and solitary life of the first settlers; in that prolonged struggle between France and England which made the northern part of the continent blaze with guns and cannon, and its soil wet with the blood of two great nations contending for supremacy. It was still further marked by the refusal to join the American Revolution, and resistance to both American threats and persuasions. It was illustrated by

the history of the citadel of Quebec, where

"In war's alternate chance
Waved the flag of England and the flag of
France."

It was adorned by the struggles of the Acadians in Nova Scotia and the heroism of La Tour. And it was rendered glorious by the hardships, and sufferings, the patriotism and honour, of the United Empire Loyalists.

In all history there is no more beautiful and pathetic memory than this last. From various parts of the Thirteen Colonies the British loyalists came towards and into Canada. They knew nothing of its resources, little of its past, and could guess nothing of its future. But they were loyal to the King, loyal to British principles of government, loyal to British connection, and for these reasons abandoned, or were driven, from home and fireside and wealth. They

"Loved the cause
That had been lost; and scorned an alien name,
Passed into exile leaving all behind
Except their honour and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to King."

The sufferings experienced by these loyalists in making their way by thousands to British soil, and in carving out homes for themselves and their families in wastes and wildernesses which were untrodden save by Indians and wolves, or by an occasional daring hunter, is worthy of many pages in the annals of heroism. Lesser deeds and sacrifices in Europe, or under the British banner in India and in the United States itself, have been sung by the poet and depicted by the painter until the whole world echoes with the refrain. Very important were the results of this migration. To quote Sir Richard Cartwright at the Centennial celebration, June 16th, 1884:

"We have numerous proofs of how powerfully these men's acts and feelings affected the whole destiny of this country. Gentlemen, the loyalists builded better than they knew. They came a mere handful of men, perhaps four or five thousand souls, to the Province of Ontario, and yet they have given to a very great extent impulse and direction to the feelings and destiny of four or five millions who now inhabit the Dominion. But for the effect of the example and traditions they left behind them, I believe you would not see yonder flag float from this ground to-day. If there be here, as possibly there may be, a few of those

veterans who recollect the war of 1812 and 1813, they will tell you how powerfully the example of the loyalists strengthened their hands for the desperate struggle to preserve Canada to the British Crown."

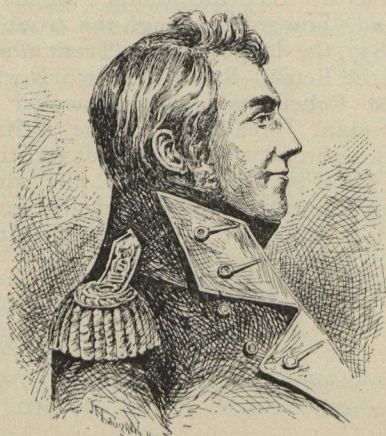
That struggle was a sequel to the War of the Revolution. Intense distrust and dislike of Great Britain had remained rankling in American hearts despite all the conciliatory conduct and wishes of the former nation. And these feelings were increased by the sweeping successes of England upon the sea and the re-conquest of the United States by British manufacturers, which for a time menaced its people with commercial disaster. Its popular sympathies were all with France. Napoleon had become Emperor of the French and had crowned himself King of Italy. He had overthrown Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, crushed Prussia at Jena, and then launched from Berlin the thunderbolt which was to destroy British commerce, British shipping, and British naval power, at a single blow. That it did not have the desired effect was due to Nelson and the British navy and from no lack of military might and genius in Napoleon. Nor was it from want of sympathy in the United States whose commerce was more or less affected by the retaliatory Orders-in-Council, and whose people even the power of Washington could hardly hold in check.

By 1812, however, the latter was in retirement, and Madison reigned supreme. The Orders-in-Council were vigorously condemned, the Berlin decree generously condoned, if not approved. War was declared and the conquest of Canada entered upon with a light heart and assured confidence. England was to be humiliated, the Stars and Stripes were to float upon the ramparts of Quebec. This undertaking, easy as it appeared—even to many British officers—was to be facilitated by the preliminary purchase of Canadians through bribery and promises. Similar efforts in 1776 were forgotten, Montgomery's fate was disregarded, England's gallant stand for the liberties of Europe was either misrepresented or misunderstood, the protests of Boston and nearly all of New England against an unjust and oppressive war were despised, and the

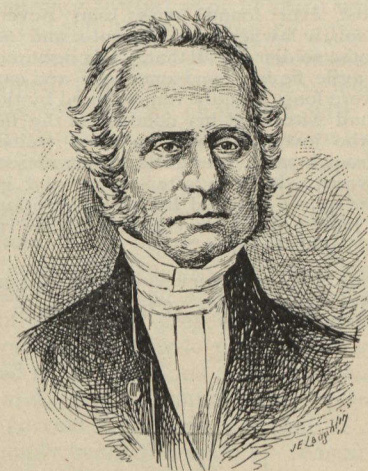
cry of Fenians and filibusters and foreigners prevailed over the calm common-sense of the community, as it would have done in 1862, had not the South proved in the meantime too formidable an antagonist.

Canada at once prepared to do its best. But the defences of the country were in a deplorable condition, and England was straining every nerve in Europe. To man its few fortresses and its immense frontier there were only some 5,000 regulars, and of these Upper Canada had little more than 2,000, with perhaps 1,800 militia. And despite the warnings of Governor Simcoe, and the belief of General Brock that war was inevitable at some time in

Wellington crossed the Agueda to commence the Salamanca campaign and carry the Peninsula conflict to its glorious conclusion. To the side of Brock there at once rallied all the best men of Upper Canada, as well as the mass of the population. Although the entire people of British America, scattered as they were over a vast wilderness and forest, numbered but 300,000 souls, there was no hesitation in facing this tremendous struggle with a nation of 8,000,000, possessed of immense resources; and having considerable military experience. When the special session of the Legislature of Upper Canada was called on 29th July, Brock's clear and patriotic words rang



SIR ISAAC BROCK.



SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, BART.

the future and should be prepared for, hardly anything had been done to defend Little York—as Toronto was then called—although it was the General's head-quarters and became the centre of his operations and administration. In February, however, matters appeared so menacing that he obtained from the Legislature after much pressure a special militia act, a vote of \$20,000, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the latter as a protection against the numerous body of American citizens then in the Province.

War was proclaimed on the 18th of June following, and three days later

out in language as memorable and noble as any ever addressed to the Swiss mountaineers, the Waldensian Protestants or the followers of Wallace or Bruce:

“We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and despatch in our councils and vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and constitution can never be conquered.”

Amongst the men who rallied to the standard in this hour of peril were many who afterwards became well known in Canadian history. Lieut. James B. Macaulay, who formed the

Glengarry Fencibles and served with distinction at Ogdensburg, Oswego, Lundy's Lane and the siege of Fort Erie, was always in the thick of the fight and never shrank from privation or difficulty. A succeeding generation knew him better as Sir James Macaulay, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Lieut. Robinson, was one of a hundred volunteers who followed Brock in the Detroit expedition, helped in the capture of that place, and served with credit in subsequent military operations. Of his services at Queenston, and the distinguished future which came to him, Colonel Coffin says:

"The men of Lincoln and the brave York volunteers with 'Brock' on their lips and revenge in their hearts had formed in the last desperate charge, and among the foremost, foremost ever found, was John Beverley Robinson, a lawyer from Toronto, and none the worse soldier for all that. His light, compact, agile figure, handsome face and eager eye, were long proudly remembered by those who had witnessed his conduct in the field, and who loved to dwell on those traits of chivalrous loyalty, energetic talent and sterling worth which, in after years, and in a happier sphere elevated him to the position of Chief Justice of the Province and to the rank of an English baronet."

Lieut. McLean served with honor and became afterwards Chief Justice of

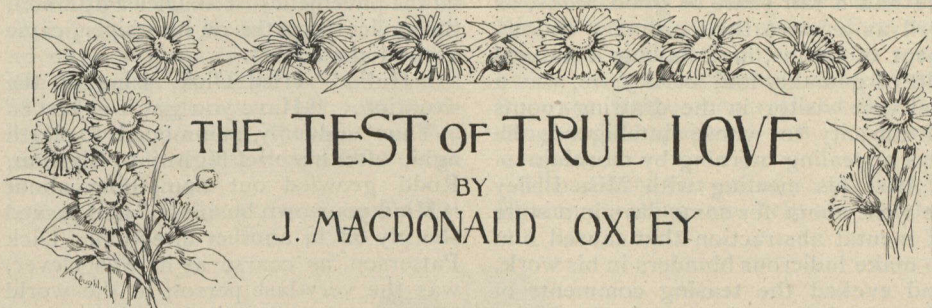
Upper Canada. But to give a list of even the most distinguished of those who fought under Brock or de Salaberry or FitzGibbon would be impossible. Excepting in the county of Norfolk, which contained a great many Americans, nearly every family of the Province contributed some member towards the defence of home and country in this hour of desperate need. And they

"Have left their sons a hope, a fame
They too would rather die than shame."

So also among the gallant French Canadians, whose discontents and rivalries and national prejudices were all laid aside and forgotten, in a common union for the protection of their fire-sides and the soil of Canada from unprovoked aggression and invasion. And as we trace the military annals of Canada onwards, through the troubles of 1837, the dangers of the Trent affair, and the Fenian Raids, the two North-West Rebellions, and the career of individual Canadians in the British armies abroad, we cannot but feel that the same sterling qualities, the same loyalty to the Crown and the same military courage, have been presented and will be perpetuated.

(To be continued.)





THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY

I.

“Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the highest part,
Love me in full being.”

“Love me with thy thinking soul,
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with the thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.”

“Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman’s love no fable,
I will love thee—half a year—
As a man is able.”

The voice that had begun the recitation of the verses in a jocular, taunting tone grew suddenly serious when the last two lines were reached, and murmured them in a hesitating way, as though they too frankly expressed a thought not altogether timely.

“Who wrote that?”

“Mrs. Browning. Don’t you know her little poem, ‘A Man’s Requirements?’”

“No, and I don’t want to, if such are her sentiments. They’re not fair to us at all. Do you believe that these verses have any application to a love like mine?”

The speakers were sitting in close proximity on a rustic bench in a secluded corner of a large and beautiful garden. They had come there in order to be sure of freedom from interruption, for this was the last talk they would have together for many months, and they had much to say to one another.

When Rodd Maclean had first met Inez Illsley he experienced a sensation of temporary bewilderment that made him feel highly provoked with himself for yielding to a weakness quite unworthy of the assistant editor of a morning daily. She was fresh from the

completion of her course at Toronto University, and he met her while still in the full flood of congratulations and glory poured upon her because of the brilliancy of her record.

Assuming in that cynical spirit which he was assiduously seeking to cultivate as a necessary part of his professional equipment that this Miss Illsley, whose praises society was chorusing with remarkable unanimity, would prove upon acquaintance to be simply another species of “blue stocking,” with glistening glasses balanced upon her nose and a general air of being competent to say the last word on any given subject, Maclean was taken aback in no small measure at being presented to a graceful young girl, whose merry blue eyes needed no adventitious aid from a *pince-nez*, and whose symmetrical, springy form carried a countenance that, if not classically beautiful, was, by reason of blooming cheeks, flashing white teeth, bewitching dimples and the most forgiveable of freckles, set off by an aureole of golden brown curls, extraordinarily attractive.

He felt the charm of her personality at once. It summarily put to rout the masculine conceit with which he had been diligently seeking to clothe himself as with a coat of armour.

“No falling in love for me,” he had been wont to say to himself. “Journalism shall be my only mistress, until I’ve made my way at all events. I’m not going to make the mistake that other fellows have by handicapping myself with a burden of domestic cares.”

This philosophy had hitherto stood him in good stead, although he mingled as freely in society as the arduous and

absorbing nature of his work permitted. He had a fair share of good looks, as well as a more than ordinary endowment of brains, and, having a natural gift of geniality and *savoir faire*, was a welcome visitor in the drawing-rooms of the city to whose intelligence he was appealing morning by morning.

After his meeting with Miss Illsley he went about for some days in a state of mental abstraction that caused him to make ludicrous blunders in his work, and evoked the teasing comments of his associates, who enquired of one another in stage whispers:

"What's struck Rodd? Is he plotting out a great Canadian novel, or inventing a new way to play poker, or has some girl made a mash of him, after all?"

This last phrase stung him like a slap in the face, and he found it tremendously difficult to overcome the impulse to hurl his ink-bottle at the grinning speaker. He detested slang himself, and never used it in his speech, which made it all the more galling for so vulgar and senseless an expression to be applied to the feelings Miss Illsley had aroused within him.

If indeed it were a case of love at first sight, what could be farther removed from mere fleeting fancy, tickled by purely surface charm, than his profound appreciation of the mental and spiritual even more than the physical endowments which were so harmoniously and happily blended in this, to him at least, entirely new type of girlhood?

After protracted and anxious communings with himself, in the course of which he had opportunities of extending his acquaintance with Miss Illsley, Rodd one night, walking home after his work was finished, threw up his head in the way that signified he had reached a decision, and said to the stars that seemed to twinkle in approving assent:

"It's no use fighting against Fate. Life henceforth will not be worth living without Inez Illsley. I must win her if I can."

Then, immensely relieved at having thus brought to an issue the long struggle with himself, he snapped his

fingers joyously and cut a pigeon-wing on the pavement just as Dick Patterson, the police reporter on his paper, came around the corner.

"Hullo!" cried Dick, sizing up the situation. "Have you got it at last?"

Thus suddenly summoned to earth again after his brief flight into Elysium, Rodd growled out something about "Mind your own business," and turned sharply off in another direction. Dick Patterson, as coarse as he was clever, was the very last person in the world whose society he desired just then. The stars were quite sufficient company for him, and he continued walking under their kindly beams, building one castle in Spain upon another until the dimming of their light warned him that, if he would have any sleep that night, he had better betake himself to his room.

II.

If the resolution to win Inez Illsley had been arrived at only after much dubitation, the carrying of it out promised to be attended with an even greater degree of difficulty. Judge Illsley, who took no less pride in his brilliant daughter and only child than he did in his family connection and professional standing, had a future in view for her in which a simple journalist, however promising, could hardly hope to have a part. Unable to confer upon her himself the dower he deemed essential to her happiness, his mind was quite made up to have it furnished by some more happily circumstanced father with an eligible son. Not that he would have been a party to the deliberate sale of his daughter for a bank account even of the most conscience-smothering proportions. But he looked about him, and beheld a number of wealthy young men, who were pretty decent fellows on the whole, and from this class he desired his daughter to select her husband.

Rodd Maclean had enlightenment upon this point so soon as his interest in Miss Illsley passed beyond mere social acquaintanceship into the sphere of undisguised attention. The Judge was a sturdy, strong-voiced man, who laid much stress upon the quality of candour. He believed in speaking his mind like a man, particularly when the

performance served his purpose. Accordingly he seized an early opportunity of imparting to Rodd, apparently with no ulterior purpose than to give him due warning, the views he entertained as to his daughter's career, and, reading between the lines, the quick-witted assistant editor knew precisely what was meant.

But he was not to be so easily dis-

—for thus it presently came to be on both sides—ran anything but smoothly. Yet, in the end, as so often before, and hereafter shall be, all obstacles were overcome, and a reluctant consent won from the Judge, who realized that his daughter's happiness was hopelessly involved.

Then did the two young people bask in Elysian sunshine, and help one another



“THEN DID THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE BASK IN ELYSIAN SUNSHINE.”

posed of as that. He had good reason to believe that Inez regarded him with far from unfavouring eyes, and he was a sufficient believer in woman's rights to consider that in the end the woman herself, and not her parents, ought to have most to say in the matter of the choice of a husband.

As a natural consequence to this conflict of interests the course of true love

to fashion forth glowing programmes of future achievements in which, to their credit be it said, the part played by mere material gain was notably insignificant as compared with the roles assigned to social and intellectual development.

Into the midst of this halcyon period came a disturbing note that yet held promise of recompense. A door of

opportunity opened to Rodd through which he might enter the arena of metropolitan journalism. Had he only himself to consider he would have sprung to the chance incontinently, but consideration for Inez made him pause, and it was not until with no small persuasion he had gained her approval that he accepted the really flattering offer which had been made him by a former chief, now managing editor of one of the "great dailies."

The new sphere of work had to be entered upon the first of October, and the last evening of September was the occasion of the repeating of the lines from Mrs. Browning which Rodd so indignantly refused to accept as an accurate presentment of the difference between love feminine and masculine.

"Now, seriously, Inez," he continued, "do you share in the slightest degree those notions? I know somebody else has said that with man love is a story, with woman a history. But while such a statement may make a very neat epigram, it is no more true than if it read the reverse way."

"No, Rodd, I don't share them the very least bit," responded Inez, with emphasis, taking his right hand between her two, and pressing it warmly. "Man's love should, if anything, be stronger, deeper and more enduring than woman's, for his is the stronger nature. Don't you think so?"

"At least as strong in every way," assented Rodd, highly gratified at this implied assent to masculine superiority; "as you shall see proved in our case, my darling," he added in an exultant tone, supporting his assurance with a fervent caress.

III.

With a foreboding chill at her heart, for which she was fain to sharply reproach herself, Inez bade her lover farewell. Through a woman's subtle instinct she had perhaps fathomed his nature better than he had ever done, and she found herself assailed by apprehensions lest the greedy metropolis, engulfing him in its bewildering whirl, should work changes in his point of view which would not make for their mutual happiness.

By him, on the other hand, the mere suggestion of such a possibility would have been regarded as a positive insult. The metropolis thus demoralize him! Had he not come to it to influence it for good through the columns of the *Morning Leader*? Little fear indeed that with such a mission the effect should be the other way.

Proud of his position and exulting in his work, he wrote to Inez letters that surely ought to have satisfied the most exigent of sweethearts, and that certainly did go far to still the tremours of her tender heart. The day was not far distant, he predicted, when he would be able to say to her: "Come; the throne is ready upon which you shall sit as queen," and he delighted to draw pictures of the charming circle they would have about them, in the midst of which she would take her place as its brightest ornament.

He dwelt much upon her beauty, seeming to take pleasure in the prospect of revealing her physical rather than her intellectual qualities to his friends. So frequent were his references to this that, despite the pleasant flattery implied, she began to feel restive, and at last she rallied him upon the point.

"You so often make mention of what you are good enough to see attractive in me," she wrote, "that sometimes I wonder whether the entire loss of my good looks would work any change in you."

To which gentle challenge he responded in strong words of disavowal of any such possibility. The love that he bore would outlast all changes that time or chance might cause, and he reproached her for suggesting that it could fall out otherwise.

Thus matters went on as the months slipped by until suddenly a hideous shadow darkened the Illsley household. Inez had a heart full of tenderness for fellow-beings to whom the lines had not fallen in pleasant places, and was a frequent visitor among the poor. One day she happened into a wretched tenement, where she found a poor woman dying alone and neglected, and not until too late to withdraw unharmed did she learn the nature of the sufferer's disease. It was small-pox, and the

awful contagion fastened itself upon her.

Full of harrowing anxiety were the days that followed. Thanks to a superb constitution and the best of medical skill, Inez found her way through the valley of the shadow, but alas! she paid heavy toll for the passage. Scarce a trace of her former loveliness was left her. Looking upon her sadly-scarred countenance, one had difficulty in realizing how the epithet "beautiful" could ever have been justifiably applied to her.

Although all through her illness Rodd had manifested the keenest concern, insisting upon being kept informed from day to day as to her condition, on her convalescence she would not see him until her strength had been in a large measure restored. She shrank from the ordeal her delicate intuition told her the meeting could not fail to be. At last he was admitted, but it was to a darkened room, in which he could with difficulty discern the form, and could not at all make out the face of his beloved.

Never in his life did Rodd feel more at a disadvantage. His words were right enough in themselves, but he could not hide from himself the fact that they had a strangely hollow ring, which nevertheless he seemed powerless to overcome. The meeting so eagerly anticipated appeared to have somehow the atmosphere of a dream, and a disagreeable dream at that. He felt conscious that he was not doing himself justice, and that Inez realized this also. In the end he came away much sooner than he had intended, and in a very disturbed state of mind.

As for Inez she hastened to her room, and throwing herself upon the bed buried her face in the pillow, repeating with heartrending sobs:

"I feared it would be so! Yes, I knew it from the first; but, oh God! it is hard to bear."

IV.

On Rodd's return to Toronto his letters continued to appear with their wonted regularity; but a less keen apprehension than Inez's, if given an opportunity to compare them with the

earlier ones, could hardly have failed to discern a difference. They seemed as full of fond expressions as ever, and graphic details were given as to his own incomings and outgoings. Yet somehow or other they had not the same spirit of spontaneity. They were apparently written because they ought to be written, not because they could not help being written.

In truth Rodd was in no condition of mind to do justice to his correspondence. The cruel fate that had befallen Inez affected him profoundly. That it called forth his utmost powers of sympathy need hardly be said. At the same time it wrought a change in his feelings towards her that, although he despised himself for harbouring, yet took deeper hold upon him with increase of days. His was a nature that instinctively craved beauty. He had a quick eye for all that was externally attractive in humanity and in nature, and had early made a covenant with himself that in his choice of a wife beauty should be an important consideration. The loss of Inez's loveliness was therefore a bitter blow to him. It brutally shattered the fair fabric of future happiness he had taken such delight in constructing. He could no longer exult in the thought of his wife receiving the homage of admiring friends. The roseate hues of that vision had vanished, giving place to a gray pallor as of a sunless dawn.

In all fairness to Rodd it has to be said that he fought gallantly against the creeping paralysis of his love. He vowed to himself again and again that he would fulfill his engagement without permitting Inez to discover the faintest trace of disappointment on his part, little imagining that all the time his letters were revealing between the lines the secret he supposed to be hidden in his own heart.

In Inez a struggle of no less intensity, yet of a different character, was going on. Reading in her lover's letters far more than he intended to convey, the problem of self-sacrifice, that is never welcome even to the most heroic natures, stood before her demanding solution. So deep was her love that she might, without exaggera-

tion, have said that her soul was "bound in the bundle of life" with Rodd Maclean, and the prospect of life without him was that of a desert, appalling in unrelieved dreariness.

Yet it was because of the very profundity of her passion that the thought of renunciation pressed upon her.

"It will be better for him, however I may suffer," she said to herself sadly. "I would only be a drag upon him, instead of the help that I hoped to be."

This conviction gathered strength as the days went by, and at last, although she seemed to be dipping her pen in her heart's blood, found expression in a letter to Rodd asking that their engagement be brought to an end.

Rodd did not, as she had half hoped, hasten to her at once instead of having recourse to pen and paper. He wrote a long letter full of apparent surprise and indignation, and protesting that he would be no party to the severance of the tie that bound them. Yet, in spite of the strength of his language, the letter had a curious suggestion of the polite phraseology with which a host, who is quite ready to say farewell to his guest, wards off his protestations that it is full time he was taking his departure.

Whatever uncertainty lingered in Inez's mind this letter dispelled.

"It was all as I feared," she cried, the burning tears flooding her pale cheeks. "He will be glad to get his release. Ah! Mrs. Browning, little you knew with what bitter truth you were writing my pitiful experience."

So a second letter went from her, more explicit and decided than the first, at the receipt of which Rodd affected to take umbrage and to compound with his conscience in this fashion:

"You have done me a great injustice in conceiving me capable of desiring to withdraw from my engagement, as I believe you will ere long come to see. In the meantime I yield to your wish that we should be no more than friends, assuring you that whenever you are willing to change your present attitude you will find me ready to respond without delay."

This concluding paragraph cost him a world of pains, but when it was com-

pleted he viewed it with considerable satisfaction. If indeed in the last analysis his conduct did bear somewhat the character of a retreat he had certainly, he flattered himself, covered that retreat in a way that could not be regarded as otherwise than creditable.

V.

During the days that followed Rodd heard little of Inez, although she continued to keep well informed concerning him. He sought relief from the disquieting thoughts that would obtrude themselves by plunging into his work with intenser energy, and measurably succeeded in his object. He made rapid progress upward on the *Morning Leader*, passing from desk to desk until at last he was assigned the place he most ardently coveted; to wit, that of chief leader-writer.

Although he did not wholly forswear society, he was altogether innocent of an individual interest in any of the women he met. He felt no disposition towards marriage, now that the romance of his life had been so rudely dispelled, and he tried to persuade himself that his work filled the place in his heart which Inez once occupied.

Two years had thus passed away when Rodd's good fortune, hitherto so notable, seemed suddenly to desert him. A change in the control of the *Morning Leader* brought into power a managing editor who, so to speak, "knew not Joseph," and who had his own ideas as to how the paper should be conducted. These, as it happened, conflicted directly not only with Rodd's principles, but with his interests also, and the situation presently became so strained as to leave him no other honourable alternative than to resign, which he did with the feeling that, after all, he had toiled in vain and that the world had no place for him.

It was but the following night when even worse ill-fortune befell him. Walking through one of the most densely populated streets, the cry of "Fire" attracted his attention, and hastening to the spot he found a large boarding-house in flames. Its windows were filled with shrieking women and screaming children. With no concern for

personal danger he rushed to their rescue, and was rendering signal service when a staircase gave way, precipitating

A long period of unconsciousness in a hospital ward followed. When he came to himself it was all dark about



“BORE HIM INSENSIBLE AND TERRIBLY BURNED.”

him into a sea of flame, out of which a gallant fireman bore him insensible and terribly burned.

him, and, stretching out his hands, he asked in a bewildered way:

“Where am I? What has happened?”

To which a voice that seemed strangely familiar replied softly:

"You are in the hospital, Rodd, for you know you were dreadfully injured at the fire."

With a wild bound of the heart he turned towards the speaker, exclaiming in an anxious tone as though fearing lest the answer should be in the negative:

"Inez! is it really you? How did you come here?"

To his infinite relief the reply was:

"Yes, Rodd; it is Inez. I came because I thought you needed me."

Rodd's lips quivered, and the tears brimmed his eyes as he murmured:

"I'm so glad! How good you are! I do not deserve it." Then after a brief pause, with a note of apprehension in his voice: "But why is it so dark? Why cannot I see you?"

"Your eyes are bandaged, Rodd," replied Inez soothingly. "Don't ask any more questions, please; you must be quiet now."

Although his brain was surging with inquiries Rodd lay back upon his pillow in obedient silence. The presence of Inez in his sore distress was so welcome that he felt eager to do her slightest bidding. It was the only way in which he could manifest his gratitude.

When he was strong enough to bear it she tenderly told him the full truth about himself. His escape from death had been little short of miraculous, but although he would in due time overcome the injuries to his body, one hurt was alas! irreparable. His eyesight was gone forever!

The grief and despair this discovery aroused in him were very pitiable.

"Oh! let me die," he groaned. "Why should I drag out a miserable useless existence?"

Inez found it no easy task to bring him to a calmer state of mind. His career seemed so hopelessly blighted that at first he could not conceive of any other alternative than degrading dependence upon charity.

But, when the first frenzy of feeling was over, he was more ready to listen to reason; and in her strong, sweet way, Inez outlined for him a plan of life that brought cheer and hope to his harrowed soul. His mental and physi-

cal powers were not impaired. He only needed someone to be eyes for him in order to continue his work.

At this last suggestion, a thought leaped into his mind that caused him to spring up suddenly, and throw out his arms as though striving to take hold of something. But, quickly checking himself, he fell back again muttering:

"No, no; it is too late. God forgive me for my folly."

Inez saw the action, and a deep glow of colour burned on her pale countenance. She opened her lips to ask a question, then closed them tight again. It was not yet time for her to speak.

When she next visited Rodd he evidently had something on his mind which he longed to utter and yet shrank from expressing.

At last as his hand, moving restlessly over the quilt, chanced to encounter Inez's, who had leaned forward to adjust his pillow, he caught it up, and, lifting it to his lips, kissed it fervently, murmuring in a tone of keen contrition, touched with pathetic appeal:

"Inez, darling, can you ever forgive me?"

Oh! the radiance that shone upon that face of blighted beauty at these words. The very light of heaven seemed to illuminate it, and Inez was fain to cover it over with her hands, lest the others in the ward should be observers of her joy.

"Forgive you, Rodd?" said she softly. "Indeed I can; I came here for that very purpose."

A few minutes later, as they talked together in the full freedom of perfect mutual understanding, Rodd, with an expression that was half-smile, half-sob, asked:

"What would Mrs. Browning say to this, Inez?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Browning," she responded with a happy toss of her head. "That is past and over forever, isn't it, dearest?"

"It is; it is," he ejaculated fervently, "and all the future is ours to be shared together."

As soon as possible after the completion of his recovery they were married in her own home, a pathetic wedding

in many ways, but abounding in joy to the chief actors. At the end of the honeymoon they returned to the metropolis, where Rodd found no difficulty in securing a lucrative appointment on the staff of one of the leading journals.

His wife was not only eyes and pen for him, but her bright, well-cultured brain supplied many a happy thought and timely suggestion, so that his work reached a higher plane than it had ever done before, and presently extending

beyond the bounds of journalism won for him a reputation in literature that was very grateful to both.

Their life was one of unclouded happiness. Ever eager to make atonement for his lapse, Rodd's devotion to his wife was that of the lover rather than the husband, and Inez drew from it rich and satisfying recompense for all she had suffered and all she had ventured because of her unselfish love.



POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY. BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

T was kind of you to come and pay me a last visit, Dick, for the sake of old times. I didn't expect it. Very few of my old friends have come near me since the trial, and I can't blame them. And when it's all over to-morrow—when the executioner has done his work, and the body of Mark Holloway rests in a corner of the jail yard, few indeed will care to acknowledge that they were ever on terms of friendship with the frenzied maniac—the devil incarnate, the murderer of his wife and children. Men will think of me as one of the vilest, and most bloodthirsty wretches that ever polluted the earth with his presence, and the most charitable judgment that I can expect is that I was temporarily insane when I committed the crime. It is not so. It was altogether against my strongest protest that my counsel urged that ineffectual plea at the trial. It was sufficiently negated by my own evidence and demeanor, and the testimony of medical experts, and the jury found the only verdict possible under the circumstances. It is just that I should die; and the sooner the world is rid of me the better. I have no wish to live even if I could step forth as a free man to-morrow. With the memory of that terrible crime forever with me the fairest spot on earth would be a veritable hell to me. I seek not, I have never sought in any way to escape the death decreed by the law, or to extenuate my guilt. Public opinion which unanimately upholds the justice of my condemnation, is not a whit more stern—more remorseless—more alive to the absolute need of carrying out the sentence, than my own calm deliberate view of the case. And yet—and yet, while I admit that I deserve death, I cannot feel that I am morally responsible for the crime.

You don't understand? No, of course

not. How should you? I hardly understand myself. It would have been worse than useless to try to deprecate popular indignation by a rehearsal of what I am about to tell you of the inner secrets of my life; even had I wished to escape the gallows. They would have laughed such a defence to scorn. What do the judges, lawyers and jurymen know of such abstruse problems of life and mind beyond what they have gleaned from the gibes of newspaper witslings?

No, I repeat I am not insane, never have been insane, and yet I am no more morally responsible for the awful tragedy wrought by my own hand than you are. I have never said this much to another soul, and I only tell it to you now, because, as you have stood by me through it all, it is right that you should know the exact truth. You may not believe it, but standing as I do on the brink of eternity without the shadow of either a hope or a wish to avert my fate, I have no object in deceiving you.

In a word, Dick, I am simply the victim of a morbid, uncontrollable homicidal impulse—something wholly outside of myself, entirely foreign to my nature and temperament.

It is nothing akin to rage; for passion has nothing whatever to do with my own feelings towards the person against whom it is directed. It is not madness, for when it comes upon me I am always perfectly rational, entirely conscious of the diabolical character of the impulse, and able—until that last terrible seizure—to repress it by a strong effort of the will. As I said before, it is not of myself. I have a sense of double consciousness at such times; a motiveless, irrational prompting to kill, contending with my natural disposition of kindness, and horror of brutality.

You remember how the entire ab-

sence of motive was commented on by Judge Whittaker at the trial, how it puzzled the newspapers, and formed the solitary point of my counsel's defence. How witness after witness testified to the excellence of my character, and more especially to my habitual gentleness, and kindness of heart.

I have always been sensitive with regard to the suffering of others. Even as a boy I could never witness without a shudder the infliction of pain. Our schoolmates, you remember, used to ridicule me as a "Mollycoddle" and a "Milk-sop" because of my aversion to anything like violence or cruelty. I would never join them in abusing animals, and even stood aloof from their rough games which sometimes led to blows. They thought I was a coward, Dick, and taunted me with my want of spirit, for, no matter what the provocation, I rarely raised a hand in self-defence. Even you, who were my most intimate comrade, once reproached me with being "afraid to fight." Yes, Dick, I was afraid to fight, though for a reason you little suspected—afraid to rouse the devil in my heart that kept whispering to me "Kill, kill."

Do you remember how one fall, about sixteen years ago, you and I went out shooting squirrels in the Long Swamp? You were very near death that day, Dick. It was bright, beautiful weather, and we were both of us in unusually good spirits. I should have known better than to have trusted myself with a gun; but the fact is, I had not been troubled with homicidal promptings for two or three years before, and I fancied that the evil influence had left me forever. For years I had prayed, struggled and fought against it. I had sought to strengthen my naturally kindly and sociable instincts; to avoid all occasions likely to rouse my passions, and above all, to shun the handling of deadly weapons, or anything capable of inflicting a severe injury. For I had noticed that the devilish suggestion usually came upon me most strongly when the means for carrying it out were ready to my hand. It was only when, as I supposed, I had obtained complete freedom from the impulse to bloodshed that I ven-

tured to cultivate a taste for field sports.

How happy we were that morning! You were full of hope and animation over the prospect of leaving home to establish yourself in business in the West. I felt a delightful sense of freedom and exhilaration in the long tramp through the woods in the glory of their autumn foliage. We laughed and joked and revived the memories of our boyish days.

We had been out some hours when in the course of our walk we came across a snake fence; you were a few yards in advance and climbed first, resting for a second on the top rail. Suddenly like a flash, before I had time to summon up my powers of resistance, overwhelming will, conscience, reason, everything—the old, long dominant, demoniac impulse took possession of me; I felt I must kill you; my gun was at my shoulder in a twinkling; I took a steady aim and fired, but just as I pulled the trigger the momentary seizure passed away, and by a strong effort I threw up the gun, and the charge passed harmlessly over your head. I told you I had fired at a squirrel, and you suspected nothing. You thought I acted strangely when I neglected to reload, and though game was plentiful refused to fire another shot that day. I have never had a gun in my hand since.

As I have said, the murderous spirit is entirely independent of any ordinary human motive. It has come upon me time and again ever since without regard to time or place or person; sometimes at short intervals of a day or two, but occasionally after the lapse of months or years. Though the last manifestation robbed me of my nearest and dearest, in the majority of cases, its suggestions have been directed against utter strangers. Often when walking along the street I have felt the imperative prompting to seize a brick, a stone or any heavy object that might happen to be in my way, and dash out the brains of some entirely unknown and unoffending person passing by; or failing any instrument, to seize on and throttle them. Once, about two years ago, it came upon me so strongly that

I followed a gentleman for several blocks in obedience to the infernal impulse, which I strove in vain to shake off. Had a paving stone, a street laborer's tool or any kind of deadly weapon lain in my way, nothing could have saved him. I fought against the awful fascination with all my strength of mind; I strove to cry out and warn my victim, to tell all around of the impending danger that they might avert it, but I could not. As we approached a police station I mastered myself sufficiently to enter with the full intention of telling everything and asking to be placed under arrest. But as I approached the sergeant's desk a feeling of shame overpowered me. They would think me drunk or insane. I should be put in the cells with common drunkards and tramps; my confession would be blazoned abroad in the newspapers as a strange case of temporary insanity. I could even see in imagination the headlines of the next day's issues, magnifying the sensation. My business prospects and my social standing would be ruined; for who would not avoid all contact with a dangerous maniac? I hesitated, and stammering out some excuse, I know not what, passed out into the street.

But I must hasten, for our interview can only last a minute or two longer. You know too well all the hideous details of that fatal evening when the appalled and horrified neighbours found me prostrate with grief beside the mangled bodies and bespattered with their yet warm blood. They would have lynched me had the police been a few seconds later. Would that they had! I would have been spared the farce of a trial; the lingering suspense of these weeks and months; the agonies of reflection and remorse. But, upon my soul, I am not guilty. I was possessed at the time—possessed by the devil of bloodshed that controlled my will, my hands, my faculties in the commission of an act that was never more abhorrent to my real self than at that very moment.

The people were shocked at my "hypocrisy" when anguish and remorse stifled all thought of self-preservation. That I should weep my loss, added to

the blackness of my guilt. But as God is my judge, my sorrow was sincere. I loved my wife and children dearly. Never since the day of our marriage had the shadow of ill-will or disagreement come between Laura and myself. Our home was a happy one. Even the rigid investigation of crown prosecutors and detectives, anxious to discover the motive for so unnatural and fiendish a deed, failed to discover anything in our relations which offered a clue to it. There was simply no motive. I see by your face that you are incredulous. No wonder. I hardly expected you to believe me, even you who have known me so well. How then is it possible that others should not misjudge me?

No, I never ought to have married. There, I grant, I was to blame, greatly to blame. But the fact is, that sometime before I had met and loved Laura, I had been free from the impulse to kill, except occasionally, and I fancied that new interests, and preoccupations, energetic devotion to business would banish it forever. Never did I dream of the possibility that I could—but it was not I. God knows how I loved her!

She never knew, never. Thank heaven for that. One swift, sudden, crushing blow, and all was over. The minute before we had been laughing and chatting together as she sat at her sewing. We were planning a trip into the country for a few days' holiday. By some evil chance a heavy hatchet had been left in the room. I rose to take it out to the shed where it was usually kept. In another second she was lying lifeless at my feet.

I rushed upstairs—the children—but you know it all. Ah, the horror of it! The agonized terrified look of my darling little Henry as he clung to me and pleaded for his life as though I could help him. I, who would gladly have died for him, *I* was a prisoner. It was not Mark Holloway—no, no! I realized, felt, knew, everything, but was crowded back into a corner of myself by the overmastering fiend.

Good-bye for the last time on earth, dear old friend! You know it all now. Pity me and pray for me who have hardly dared to pray for myself. Thank heaven, it will be all over to-morrow!

The Power of Discrimination,

by
Edgar Maurice Smith.



Author of

“A Daughter of Humanity,” &c.



WELL, you might give a little to the organization,” said I to my friend Atchison, as we walked home from dinner one evening in the early spring.

“Not a cent,” answered he, “though I’m not close, Harry; you know that.”

I did know it, and nodded emphatically.

“I like to help the poor,” he went on. “I always have done so and always will, but I disapprove strongly of these societies. They remind me of the middleman between the manufacturer and the consumer—quite unnecessary, and what’s more, expensive.”

Atchison was a good speaker; in fact he was leader of the Opposition in the Mock Parliament, and I was no match for him in debate, but I had promised a very interesting person that I would do my utmost to enlist the support of my friends in a new charitable society of which she was an active member, and as Atchison was my closest companion as well as roommate, I thought I would start the ball rolling with him.

“I’m afraid you don’t grasp the idea,” I commenced, but Atchison interrupted me.

“Oh, yes, I do,” he said. “I grasp it quite well. The idea is that the organization is a charitable society de-

pending upon soft-hearted people’s money for existence.”

“But it’s to be run on a very economical basis,” I explained. “The ladies in charge ask nothing for their services. They will investigate every application for charity, and, if worthy, will give the necessary help. It’s really a capital idea; nothing new, perhaps, but quite practicable.”

“That’s what they tell you,” said Atchison grimly, “and it sounds very fine; but in plain English, Harry, the whole business is a farce. The ladies in charge of the thing mean well—I grant you that—but they’re hopelessly ignorant, and haven’t the first idea of proper discrimination. They’ll get control of a lot of cash, and be fooled into assisting drunkards and cheats, while honest people starve.”

I expostulated, but in vain. Atchison was determined in his opinion, and my appeals could not move him.

“I’ll always help the unfortunate,” he said, “but I’ll take good care that only the deserving profit by it. I’m the distributor of my own alms, Harry, and I flatter myself that my discernment is pretty correct.”

“How do you do it?” I asked.

“Well,” he explained, with an importance that was very apparent, “one must possess the gift of reading char-

acter quickly. For example, if a person appeals to me for charity, I first ask a few sensible questions, and while doing so scan the face very closely. I draw my conclusions largely from the expression in the eyes. I can't describe it to you very well, but I may say that I've never been fooled, and this I know because I've gone to the trouble of verifying the stories told me."

"And you've been appealed to by frauds?" I asked.

"Frequently; but I've always sent them away feeling pretty cheap. A couple of pointed questions and a piercing glance will break through their guard of deceit."

"I haven't been so fortunate," I replied with some sorrow, for I envied Atchison his powers of discernment.

"That's because you've not studied your subject," said he. "The next time, remember what I've told you, and keep watch on the eyes."

We were still talking on this matter when we reached our boarding house, where we were surprised to find a small object curled up in one corner of the steps. I poked it gently with my stick, and a pitiful voice cried out: "Please, sir, don't hit me, I ain't doin' no harm."

"What are you doing here," I asked.

A pair of small bright eyes peered at me from beneath the peak of a monstrous cap, and the same small voice replied: "I was tired an' sat down here to rest. I didn't mean to go to sleep."

"Why aren't you at home?" asked Atchison sharply, and I could see his eyes trying to read the boy's thoughts.

"I'm scared to," he whined; "I'll get licked."

"Who would lick you?" asked his interlocutor.

"Pa'd lick me, an' so'd his new wife."

"His new wife!" I echoed. "Does he get new wives frequently?"

"My ma's only bin dead a little while," explained the boy; "but pa, he's got married again."

"Your father doesn't believe in wastin' any time," I remarked.

"They don't want me now," continued the boy; "an' they don't want Cora."

"And who is Cora?" asked Atchison.

"Cora? Oh! she's my sister."

"And where is she?"

"At home; but she's scared to be there, too. 'Tain't as bad when we ain't both there, so I stay out all I can."

Such self-sacrifice in one so young appealed strongly to me, and I looked at Atchison to see how it affected him. A troubled expression had ruffled his face, and for the moment he appeared to be in a quandary. Then he suddenly asked the lad where he lived.

"In Pearl Street, sir."

"What number?"

"Hundred and fifty-three."

"And what is your name?"

"Sam'l Kennedy."

The questions were answered without hesitation, but Atchison still persisted in his cross-examination.

"What does your father do?" he asked.

"He don't work steady," replied the boy. "Sometimes he keeps at it fer a couple o' months, but oftener 'tain't more'n a month 'fore he's off on a drunk."

"Oh, he drinks, does he?"

"Yes, it was his drinkin' as killed mother, but he won't stop."

"Does he keep you pretty well?" I asked.

"No, sir, he don't. Sometimes sister an' me don't have nothin' to eat all day, an' if we asks him for anythin' he gits mad an' licks us. I sells papers, I do; but I ain't got many customers, so I don't make much."

"And what do you do with your earnings?" demanded Atchison sternly.

"When he don't take it all from me, I buys bread for me an' Cora."

"That sounds very nice," remarked Atchison harshly, but how do we know that it's true?"

"Oh! it's true! true!" exclaimed the lad plaintively. "I don't get much out o' sellin' papers, 'cause the Jews spoils the trade, but when I makes anythin' I buys somethin' for Cora. That's true, mister; Cora'll tell you so if you don't believe me."

Atchison appeared satisfied with this voluminous explanation, and asked Samuel in a more gentle voice if he always went home in the evenings.

"Not nice nights like this," answered the boy.

"Where do you sleep then?" I asked.

"Anywhere, sir. Sometimes the sheds ain't cold, an' I'd rather stay there than go home."

"Come in with us and we'll see

stairs and put him into a capacious arm chair, where he curled himself up into a most fantastic shape, and, while Atchison and I talked, fell fast asleep.

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked.

"It's a very sad case," murmured Atchison, not heeding my inquiry.



"HE CURLED HIMSELF UP INTO A MOST FANTASTIC SHAPE."

what can be done for you," said Atchison firmly.

I looked at him in surprise, but determination was written on his face, so I meekly fell behind the boy, and in this order we entered the house.

We trotted the youthful vagrant up-

I thought so too, but contented myself with putting another question.

"Do you believe all he says?"

"Yes," responded Atchison; "all he has told us is true."

"How do you know?"

"By his eyes; no humbug there."

"You're sure of it?"

"Quite. Look at that boyish, innocent face, and say if you can find any sign of guilt in it."

I turned my gaze towards the dormant figure, and saw a shock of red hair, a squat nose, and a large mouth wide open to admit and emit the tremendous pressure of air that coursed to and from a set of evidently powerful lungs. The face was not as wan as might have been expected after Samuel's description of the spare diet he had been accustomed to, but then on reflection I remembered that the face was frequently a poor index to the body's avoirdupois, and so chid myself for entertaining any suspicions. I will admit that the object of our charity seemed honest in my eyes, but he was woefully attired in a perforated pair of trousers, and a coat minus one sleeve; while his feet were encased in mammoth shoes that seemed ready to swallow him up. His hat lay on the floor—a faded cloth affair with a peak to it large enough for a fireman's helmet.

"Well?" asked Atchison.

"I guess he's all right," I answered; "but I haven't had a good look at his eyes yet."

Atchison smiled.

"I have," he said. "They were the first things I looked at. My mind was made up as soon as I saw them. The questions were a mere matter of form."

"Good eyes?" I enquired.

"Not beautiful, Harry, but good. In fact they are splendid eyes—intelligent, and mirrors of honesty."

I thought "mirrors of honesty" a very poetic expression, though hardly appropriate to Samuel, but I held my peace rather than argue the matter with Atchison.

"The poor little chap's trousers are things of the past," I remarked, as I walked over to my cupboard and rummaged through my assortment. It was not as large and varied as I would have wished, but a medical student cannot expect everything in this world. There was my best pair, the shepherd's plaid, and those I wore to college; that was all. I could spare neither, and yet I felt I must do something. Then my eyes suddenly lit upon the

ones in which I was encased—my oldest, but for all that, quite good and free from holes. Just the thing, I thought, as I prepared to make the necessary change. True, they would be a great deal too big, but I was bent on clothing Samuel's limbs with something.

"What are you up to?" asked Atchison.

"You see," I explained blushing, "I'd like to give the boy a decent pair of trousers, and the ones I have on are the best I can spare."

"That's very decent of you," said my friend, approvingly. "I wonder if I can't scare him up a coat."

"Of course you can," I replied. The rough tweed one you wore in the winter."

Atchison looked dubious.

"I always liked that coat," he said, "and it's quite good yet; but I can't think of anything else that would do. Still, it's so nice and warm."

"Yes," I urged, "just the thing. See how cold the child looks."

"He does seem chilly," remarked Atchison, as he jerked the blanket off his bed and put it carefully about the sleeping figure. "He shall have the coat," he went on.

"And what about boots?" said I, excitement running away with discretion. "I've got a fairly good pair of black ones that might fill the bill;" and suiting my actions to my words I disappeared into the recesses of the closet and emerged with a stout pair of bluchers.

"Rather large," remarked Atchison, "but good."

"Cost me a V," I rejoined laconically; "and there's not a rip in them."

"What else is required?"

"Something in the shirt line," I suggested.

"Open front shirts are hardly appropriate," said Atchison, "and I have nothing else."

"Nor have I," I murmured.

"What will the poor little beggar do?" exclaimed Atchison. "He can't go about in his present state."

"Certainly not," I acquiesced. "I was thinking you might let him have your football jersey. It will be miles

too big for him, but it will keep him warm."

Atchison walked to the wardrobe and took down the black and white jersey.

"Here it is," he remarked as he laid it down on the chair beside the other clothes.

"And here's a decent cap for him," said I, tossing my knock-about on the pile. "That's everything necessary, I guess."

"Socks," murmured Atchison.

"That's so," I exclaimed.

"I'll give him a couple of pairs of good strong ones," said Atchison.

"Now, we have everything I fancy."

"But what are we going to do with him?" I asked.

"The point I've been worrying over," said my friend. "Suppose we go and consult Mrs. Robinson. She's a motherly woman and will be able to give us good advice."

"It would be a shame to send him back to his drunken father," I remarked.

"Certainly it would; we must do something for him. Come on; let's go and see Mrs. Robinson."

The lady in question was a widow of middle age and moderate circumstances who occupied a small room on the upper flat. She took an interest in young men, and as she liked Atchison and me particularly well, we never hesitated to ask her advice in matters that were too perplexing for us.

"Well, gentlemen," she said as we entered her room in response to the gentle 'come in,' "What is the news this evening?"

"We've been engaged in charitable work," explained Atchison, a trifle nervously.

"Yes," I added, "we have him down stairs."

"Have whom?" asked the bewildered woman.

"Oh! of course!" I exclaimed in more confusion than ever. "You haven't heard about it, but the fact is we came across a sad case this evening."

"Very sad!" murmured Atchison.

"A little shivering chap was asleep on the steps," I went on, "and he tells such a heart-rending story."

Mrs. Robinson looked first at one and then at the other.

"Do you think it's true?" she said.

"Oh! yes," I answered hurriedly.

"Atchison looked at his eyes."

"Yes, I looked into his eyes," explained Atchison; "and it's all right. That's the way I always read character."

"How funny!" murmured Mrs. Robinson.

"It's very simple," said Atchison, with returning assurance. "But," he added, "of course one requires practice and experience."

Mrs. Robinson nodded acquiescence.

"We've come to ask your advice about the boy," I resumed. "His home life is miserable—his father drinks and his step-mother abuses him."

"And his sister," interposed Atchison.

"Yes, she abuses his sister too," I continued. "The poor little chap is half starved, and—would you believe it, Mrs. Robinson?—he often sleeps out all night because he's so afraid of his parents."

"You forgot," said Atchison, "to mention that he stays away at times on his sister's account, as the presence of the two in the house rouses the anger of the step-mother."

"How sad!" murmured Mrs. Robinson.

"I thought it would appeal to you," said Atchison; "and it shows how necessary individual charity-giving is."

The hit was at me but I held my peace for want of a suitable reply.

"The truth is," continued Atchison, "I have no faith in these charitable societies. They seem unable to discriminate, and the consequence is the unworthy profit at the expense of the worthy."

"Still they do good," put in Mrs. Robinson.

"To a certain extent, perhaps; but not as much as if each member was her own agent and gave where she saw the necessity. The societies, Mrs. Robinson, are operated by well-meaning but inexperienced women. Then, too, there are expenses in connection with these organizations which, as I was just saying to Harry, makes them resemble the

middlemen in business. If we give direct the commission is saved and the recipients profit."

"I am never opposed to a person giving to the poor in any way," said Mrs. Robinson, "and if, Mr. Atchison, you think it better to dispense your alms in person it is quite right for you to do so. But, now, what do you wish me to do about your protégé?"

"Tell us what to do with him," said I. "We've provided him with an entire new outfit of clothes, but that's only temporary relief."

"Merely temporary," put in Atchison, "and will not do away with his unhappy home surroundings. We must try and get him comfortably placed in some situation."

"He might do as an office boy," I suggested.

"No," said Atchison; "the pay would be small and the prospects poor. It would be better to apprentice him to some trade."

"Even then he will require assistance," remarked Mrs. Robinson.

"Very little," explained Atchison. "Harry and I can keep him in clothes without going to any expense, and we could each stand a few dollars a month for his board."

I nodded assent.

The tears came to Mrs. Robinson's eyes as she stepped forward and took us each by the hand.

"You are noble boys," she said, "and I hope I may live to see the day when the little waif, now in your room, will thank you in his prosperity."

"Come down and see him," said I huskily (I hate a scene of any kind and took this opportunity of putting an end to one.)

Mrs. Robinson accepted the invitation and the three of us descended.

"He isn't much to look at," said Atchison, as he pushed open the door of the room and stood aside for the visitor to enter, "but he's an honest little chap and—hello! where is he?"

Atchison's voice had changed from

apologetic flats to discordant sharps. I peered about the room but Samuel was nowhere in sight. We looked at each other in blank astonishment.

"Gone!" I muttered in a stupefied tone.

"Gone!" echoed Atchison.

"Perhaps he felt frightened at being left alone and crept away," suggested Mrs. Robinson soothingly.

"He took good care to change his clothes," I answered, pointing to the heap of rags that Samuel had left as a memento.

Atchison was standing by the bureau, looking absently at the pincushion, when his eyes suddenly became bright with anger.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "my scarf pin has disappeared."

A cold tremor ran through me as I turned my gaze towards the dressing table on which I had laid several dollars in silver. They were gone.

Mrs. Robinson looked compassionately at me and then at Atchison.

"Never mind," she said; "you did your duty, and if the object of your pity proved unworthy you are not to blame."

"He was a cheat," I muttered. "I don't believe he had a father at all." Then I corrected myself and said, "*drunken* father."

Atchison growled out something about step-mothers, but I didn't quite catch what it was.

"Fred," said I; "what about those eyes that you likened unto mirrors of honesty?"

But he didn't answer me, and I felt too cheap to give vent to further levity before a third party.

The next time, however, that I referred to the "mirrors" Atchison offered me hush money, which was accepted and handed over to the treasurer of the society that Atchison had a short time before refused to assist. He speaks no more of the powers of discrimination, and angrily repulses every ragged applicant for charity.



Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

—Milton—*L'Allegro*.

THE HERETIC.

BY GWYNNE SEREN.

THERE is in Canada a well buttressed veneration of traditions that seldom exists in new countries. Few who have come to her to make their homes have altogether wrenched old ties of country and religion, and they are here in groups, working out ambitions—of course for the future of the new land, but from roots struck in the old. Continuing through three or four generations this begins to develop into a type neither predominately English, Irish nor Scotch, but in which all the roseate hues of English character, the brilliant green of the Irish, and the more sombre shades of Scotland are blended, as in the maple leaf, kissed by the earliest frost.

It is an intensely loyal character which admits of extreme partisanship; and patriotism is sub-divided into several orders, in the same manner as orthodox Christianity is divided into camps, each clustering around the especial doctrine. Generally, for argument's sake, the lines are pretty sharply drawn, and the followers of one standard regard the others as the actual enemies of their country; but on every appearance of some new political creed, some modification not held and handed down by anybody's grandfather, they turn to their hereditary foes, or to their natural friends, and unite against the unpedigreed invader.

Of all places in Ontario perhaps Vinedale presented the largest proportion of politicians and defenders of the faith. There was not a grown man who had not been born into a respectably antique solution of the country's problems, which, while growing, he had threshed over with all the other lads, who were now the solid men of the place. They grew up with the keenest zest in arguing; though to what purpose they entered into discussion is hard to tell; for, if a man should change his reli-

gious or political principles, he would be universally regarded with suspicion. "If ye sows wheat, why it's wheat as comes up of course," was the way in which Williams put the case. Any departure from this rule in the inheritance of beliefs could be accounted for only as a freak, and no one in Vinedale felt called upon to make the account. Marriage was the only revolutionizing agency commonly entering into their calculations. No sooner was it known that a young couple began to be exclusive than the fortunes and tradition of the two families represented became the subject of discussion at the store; while, long before the wedding, the women had settled, according to the number and location of the acres represented on each side, as to which of the three churches would gain by the union; but changes of this kind were as natural as the graft-change in the vine.

John Cairnsley was a freak; no one ever held an argument with him, though he was the subject of more discussion than any other local celebrity. The older men could remember that, years before, the minister visited the Cairnsley's as often as any farmhouse in the district; but there was talk of a difference of opinion between them on some cardinal doctrine, and soon afterwards John read himself out of church. Mrs. Cairnsley continued regularly in her attendance at church and at every little gathering, picnic, wedding or funeral, until her husband's heresies became the sole topic of conversation, and the kindly meant commiseration for her made her decide that, though she did not understand him, or had her own fears for him, she would stay even from church rather than be pited on his account.

After this they seldom met their neighbours, except at the fair, or something of almost as general interest;

then they would be greeted with "Howdy John," and "glad to see y' out, Jane; children all well?" but none would join them in conversation, or stop to be company with them, even by the pen of John's prize hog.

The doctor used to spend an evening with him long after the minister's calls ceased; he was a jolly fellow, this doctor of Vinedale; a rather discreet fellow, too. He had jokes graded to suit every class, jokes for the minister, with very apparent morals to them, jokes for the men at the store, that impressed them with his professional familiarity with all the orders and disorders of body and mind; there were his two standing jokes on the first baby, and he never delayed longer than was necessary to know whether it was a boy or a girl to know which of these two jokes to use; his joke at the second about the quiver full, and so on up to thirteen, beyond which the little doctor was without a compass, and on one occasion had foundered back into number two, and on the other to the joke on the grandchild. The doctor was too busy to take much interest in politics, but he always had jokes that gave the supporters of both parties a hearty laugh at each other's expense. He was a little bit of a sceptic himself, so he informed John (in a joke) soon after the falling out with the minister. He admired John for being a kicker, and related the story of the two frogs in the milk bucket, the one who kicked, churning an island of butter on which he escaped. "After all, though, Cairnsley," he continued, "seriously speaking, you know, a man may get beyond the depth of his neighbours without telling them they're wading in dirty water, and refusing to touch bottom and come in with them—sure they can't preach a hell too hot for ye if you take it all as a joke the way I do."

But the doctor came away one evening with what was for him a very serious countenance; he had diagnosed a condition for which he had no story ready. Cairnsley was a heretic from his standpoint also. In his presence the youngsters had been given aconite and bryonia homœopathically. Argument was useless, it was not the doctor's

forte, and Cairnsley was made of pretty tough fibre; and as to jokes:—the doctor's case had not been filled for this emergency.

But afterwards he had them. They were brand new jokes to every one in the store, and after the doctor had told of the *little* speck of sugar, and the *big* goblet of water and the awfully tiresome job of stirring and stirring and stirring, all the men discussed it philosophically and analytically for weeks, after which they concluded "there were a goin' ter be a jedgment on them Cairnsley folks, jes' you wait an' see."

And they waited; but the effect of the doctor's story upon the women was quite different; they reached very much the same conclusion without the weeks of discussion; and while they hugged their own little ones more anxiously—"for there were a power o' sickness with the children of the dale that year"—and frightened them into taking the medicine the doctor had left, by asking, "did they want to be like them Cairnsley young'uns, who didn't get no good medicine?" Their naturally generous instincts were all alive to the feelings of poor Jane, whom they regarded as "jus' bein' rode over by that brow-beating, self-conceited husband of her'n, an' afraid to say her soul's her own."

And when they heard that little Jem Cairnsley had the diphtheria, and then that the three children younger than he had taken it, the discussion about "that new way of doctoring" revived, but nothing was said about the "jedgment;" it was felt. Only once, when Henry Williams "wondered if they'd have the minister at the buryin' if any of 'em was to die?" McKenzie turned upon him savagely with—"Time enough t' let minister an' Cairnsley do their ain work if any ill happen th' bairn, which, please God, it don't."

That evening Aunt Emma Calhoun went out on an errand of mercy. She had about two pounds of sulphur in a bag, several mysterious compounds in bottles, one of which was a gargle for which she had been famous for years. She made up her mind on the way over that she would just have to meet Cairnsley as if he was a wild animal.

She was to tell him he was a fool, and if he didn't have no sense, nor no feeling for his wife and children, he must just get out o' way while them as had feelin's and had sense, kem in an' did their Christian dooty like Christians. Jane, she had no doubt, would be all of a tremble, and feared for that man o' hers 'd tell her to go home; but she wouldn't go 'thout doin' what she kem out to do; then, dear angel of mercy, she felt warm as she thought how grateful Jennie would be.

When she got to the house and John opened the door she felt cold and forgot what she was going to say as John seemed glad to see her and said, "howdy Emma, it's good of you to come over; it's the time to know your friends when there's few of them and they come if there's trouble. Jane 'l be glad to see you, she's up with the children now; step in and take a seat till I call her down."

And when Jane came down her manner of receiving "Aunt Em." made her dear old soul feel that she had been a criminal for ever staying away. She found it difficult to get to the real object of her visit, asked about the children, said she had brought over a few things which she thought would come in handy. There was some sulphur which they was to put on a shovel of hot coals and let the children hold their face over it and inhale the smoke, it would break up the diphtheria right away; and there was a gargle which everybody knew was the best thing they could get for their throats; then they was to get some red flannel and put some of that goose grease on, and so she ran on about the merits and mode of application of each compound.

Jane looked at her husband and smiled, and they both thanked her for her thoughtfulness; but Aunt Em. had recovered the first shock of kindness, and was now full of her original purpose. She wanted to get that sulphur to the children at once. She would manage it, for she knew all about the scimmages the young 'uns made.

Poor Jane, there was nothing to do but to waive off this first friendship that had been offered for months. It nearly broke Aunt Emma's heart to hear that

the sulphur was not to be tried, ("not in this world," John said to himself) that the gargle and other applications were considered too violent.

She afterwards told them at home how "it had give her a turn when she heard about those helpless little babies havin' nothing but that outlandish doctoring, and she had just packed right off and had forgot her store teeth, she was so worked up, and then just think of it, they wouldn't let me do nothing, and Jane was ten times worse nor John."

The children got well; but Aunt Emma was not the last friend to think the case of the Cairnleys hopeless. The school teacher gave them up after finding John had radical notions of his own about education, and that he was an anti-vaccinationist. About the last friend to leave him was a politician who looked forward to the prospect of a seat in Parliament. He made a great deal of capital telling how he repudiated the friendship of a man who held such seditious ideas as John Cairnsley, and would rather never represent the people in any capacity than take a seat through the vote of such men.

Several years afterwards, one night at the store the discussion was on the news that young John Cairnsley was going to marry Bertha Ludgate. Bill Cucksie asked the company "what's the difference atween a hatheist and a hinfidel?" No one seemed quite certain; Williams said, "they was both bad;" McKenzie thought "it might incline a little worse to one, but he had heard Cairnsley say he was not an atheist nor yet an infidel."

"Then," said Cucksie, "there's a agernostic and a 'eretic and it's one o' them as Cairnsley is, but wot was botherin' me's this: you say ye think now 't young John 'l cut out from the ways of *old* John an' be respectable. Well, if it were to be that way it ud a *been* that way afore now, an' w'en Bertha Ludgate goes an' says, 'John, you're a hagnostic, or a 'eretic, an' I knows all about it, but I'l have you, why, you jus' mark my words, Bertha Ludgate, as is the prettiest girl in Vine-dale, and the best too, is goin' to be a hagnostic or a 'eretic or I'l be blowed.'"



Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes,
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
An' then she made the lassies.

—Burns.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CANTON

BY
William Alexander Fraser.



WHEN a man is born with the temper of a deputy-governor, it does not improve it to go to sea. And if the man gets command of a ship, the temper becomes still worse, and is apt to take command of the man.

That was what was the matter with Captain Strong, a matter of eighty years ago, in command of the "Canton," as she lay at her dock in the Port of New York.

The Captain was an ex-naval officer, and the "ex" was a sort of perpetual delight to his erstwhile brother officers in the Navy. Not but what he had good streaks about him, but the villainous temper had tried their patience sorely, and they were glad when he was out of commission.

The "Canton" was bound for British Columbia on a fur trading expedition. When she sailed she carried a party of explorers and traders who were going out there in the employ of her owners. She also carried one lady passenger, Ellen Thorndyke. Miss Thorndyke was going out to join her father, who was in charge of one of the fur trading posts. With these two elements on board—the Captain's temper and a handsome young lady, it was a million to one that the men, who would lie idle so many moons during the long trip

around the Cape, would find some mischief to do.

If tall, handsome Fred Munroe, who was to act as chief trader to the expedition, had not fallen in love with Ellen Thorndyke, the record of the voyage of the "Canton" had not endured all these eighty years, as a tale to be told by the dying embers, with strange ghost-like shadows flitting about the room; for after all these eighty long years, the tale of the "Canton" is still fresh in the minds of dwellers on the Pacific Slope.

But that was only half of it; the Captain was also in love with her, which completed the circuit, and opened up a field for unlimited deviltry.

Bad blood makes fast, when it is between strong men, and by the time the "Canton" touched at a small barren island in the Pacific for water one spring morning, the Captain was ready for anything. The "anything" proved to be the hastily given order to "make sail," leaving young Munroe on the white gleaming beach of the island with a single companion.

The Captain was remonstrated with, but he turned a passion-closed ear to their entreaties to "put about and send a boat off for Munroe."

"I command this ship," he said, sullenly, "and when I give the order to get under way at ten o'clock, that means that the ship is to sail at ten o'clock, and those who are not aboard can stay ashore till we call to bring them off."

It looked rather desperate for Munroe, for the island was uninhabited and out of the track of passing vessels, and to be left there meant death to the marooned.

There was a consultation among the passengers, and then a "Round Robin" was presented to the Captain with the

compliments of a committee. It was a curious, imperative sort of "Round Robin," too, as Jack Smith, a brother-like friend of Munroe's, held it up for the Captain's inspection. The throat of the "robin" was filled with powder and ball, and the sunlight glistened ominously from the bead-like sight just back from the dark muzzle which confronted Strong.

That was about the only sort of argument the Captain could understand, and as he looked along the steel barrel and into the blue eyes beyond, he realized that he was beaten.

He was no coward, bully though he was, but they were as desperate as he, and there were more of them. The argument was irresistible, and within an hour Munroe and his companion were brought off to the ship.

Things went smoother after that for a time; just as Vesuvius lies quiet and peaceful after smothering the cities at her base in burning lava and hot ashes. The hate smouldered. By-and-bye the "Canton" came to Na-wi-ti, where a big trade in fur was expected.

That was after they had left Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. There Ellen Thorndyke had joined her father, who was in charge of the fort at Astoria.

At Na-wi-ti, Munroe went ashore to trade with the Indians.

As the Captain had been to the whites, so was he to the Indians who came on board the ship—harsh and domineering. This made the Indians distrustful, and filled them with covetous, revengeful thoughts.

Their Chief, Wa-nook, was no more of an angel than Captain Strong, besides killing was to him as the potting of ducks—the only distinction in the slaughter of game to be considered, being the difficulty thereof.

"It will be easy," he assured the others, that night, as they sat in a circle about the fire in the big ranch; "Wa-nook will prepare the e-a-ke-nook against this devil chief who treats us as the dog-fish treats the moon, and when it is complete we will rise up and kill him, and the cursed white faces who are of his bidding. Wa-nook will do all this, I say; he, who is your Chief, and,

as you pull the fish out of the sea, so shall you throw their bodies out of the big canoe with its white wings. And all that is theirs shall be ours, and the furs that are here shall abide here. Then shall Wa-nook give a potlatch, like unto that which his father gave when your fathers slew the Nim-kish."

Words of wisdom these, the others thought, for was not devilry wisdom with the Na-wi-ti, and was not Wa-nook prince of the devils. Had he not before given them slaughter, and plunder, and potlatch greater than any other chief?

"The Chief that is here among us," said Wa-nook, "is not like this devil that keeps the canoe, for he is like a brother, but also will he fight, therefore must he die, too, lest we get not the things which are there."

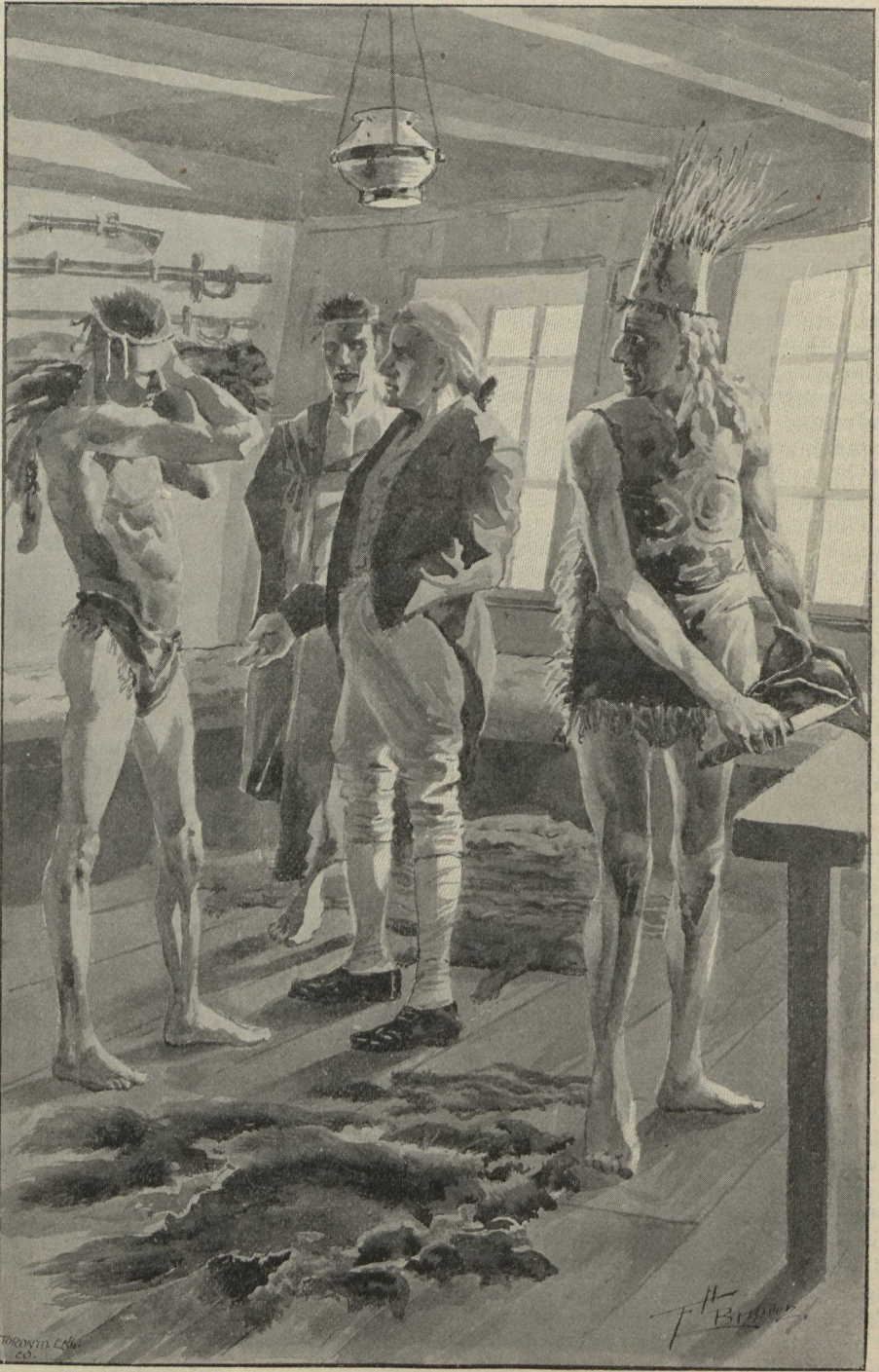
Then they traded liberally with Munroe, making his heart glad with the piles of fur they brought him; and he slept with them, and traded with them, and was happy. The commission that would come to him from his great bargains would smooth the way for the little marriage he had talked over so quietly with Ellen.

And Wa-nook and one other old Indian, as close unto the devil as was Wa-nook himself, went off to the ship unarmed, and bearing a handsome robe as a present to the Captain. He received them surlily, taking the robe as one takes an apple that falls from the tree—quite as a matter of course.

But this did not matter to Wa-nook, he had his mission to fulfill, and the reckoning would come after. If he could get but a lock of the Captain's hair, or a piece of his sleeve, or of the rim of his hat, or anything which had received the perspiration from his body, he would prepare an e-a-ke-nook charm, which buried in the ground in a human skull, would quickly place the Captain's destiny in his hands.

Soon he saw the Captain put his hat down for an instant. His ready knife was out, and quicker than a fish takes the bait, he had a piece of the rim hid away in his clothes.

When the Captain put his hat on again, his thumb rubbed against a jagged edge which was not there when he had taken it off. He could not under-



"HIS READY KNIFE WAS OUT."

stand it; in fact, understanding things was not much in his line, but it was something to resent.

He called the Interpreter, and through him accused Wa-nook of the sacrilege. Of course the Chief denied it, but that did not make any difference; it ended by Wa-nook receiving a blow in the face from the Captain's fist, which sent him sprawling.

That sealed the Captain's doom. Whether the charm worked or not after that, Wa-nook meant to have his assailant's head to decorate a post just in front of the big ranch.

The Interpreter told the Captain to look out for trouble after this, but he only laughed at him. "I could lick a shipload of those niggers myself," he said, in his disdainful, insolent way. "That blow will teach him better, and he won't bother me any more."

And it really seemed as though the Captain's words were true, for the blow seemed to have humbled Wa-nook completely. He and his men came off quietly in single canoe loads unarmed, and traded their furs in the most liberal spirit on the ship. This put the Captain in a good humor; he smiled grimly as he thought that he would get more fur on board than Munroe got in the village. So he in turn gave them liberal bargains, and things were running along more smoothly than they had been for some time. "If something would only happen Munroe," he thought to himself, "off there among those niggers, I dare say all the money I'd make over this trip would help to win Miss Ellen around to my way of thinking." That was his idea of "the grand passion." He knew more about getting into a passion than he did about the working of one.

Thus Wa-nook hatched the deviltry he was planning; brooding moodily over the blow he had received from the Captain. He had buried the charm, and all the tribe had great faith in its efficacy, for Wa-nook was a great e-a-ke-nook among them. But all this quiet did not deceive the Interpreter, for he knew their ways, even as he knew the ways of himself, for he was a half-breed. Captain Strong laughed scornfully whenever he mentioned the subject to him. Then he went to Munroe and told him, and Mun-

roe spoke to the Captain, but the result was the same—a polite invitation to "mind your own business!"

By the fourth day the ship was simply overrun with Indian traders, and the water about her was alive with their canoes. It seemed as though the "Canton" would do the greatest trading business that had ever been done.

"We shall take home fur enough to make us all rich," said the Captain to the Interpreter; "but if I were afraid of these niggers as' you would have me, I should get nothing."

Munroe could get nothing in the village now, so he was forced to abandon his post, and go back to the ship. At this the Captain laughed immoderately. "You're a great trader," he said, insultingly, "and a good fellow, too. You go ashore to the village to trade, feed the natives on pap until they get sick of you and come off to trade with me;" and he pointed to the thronged deck derisively.

The natives seemed so peaceable that even the Interpreter was thrown off his guard, and they were allowed to come and go now pretty much as they liked.

The morning after the Captain had spoken to Munroe, broke hot and close. The sun shone through a smoky atmosphere, a lurid ball. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the lazy folds of the ensign which hung listlessly at the peak.

The whole village of Na-wi-ti seemed to be afloat, the water was dark with their canoes; they were hurrying in with the last of their trade, for the "Canton" was to sail and work her way over the bar at the turn of the tide next morning. The sailors were putting the ship in trim for her return voyage, and the others were idling about the deck.

Nobody noticed that the Indians wore loose cloaks thrown over their shoulders and about their loins.

Canoe after canoe shot up alongside the ship, and the occupants clambered over the wooden rail and helped to throng the deck.

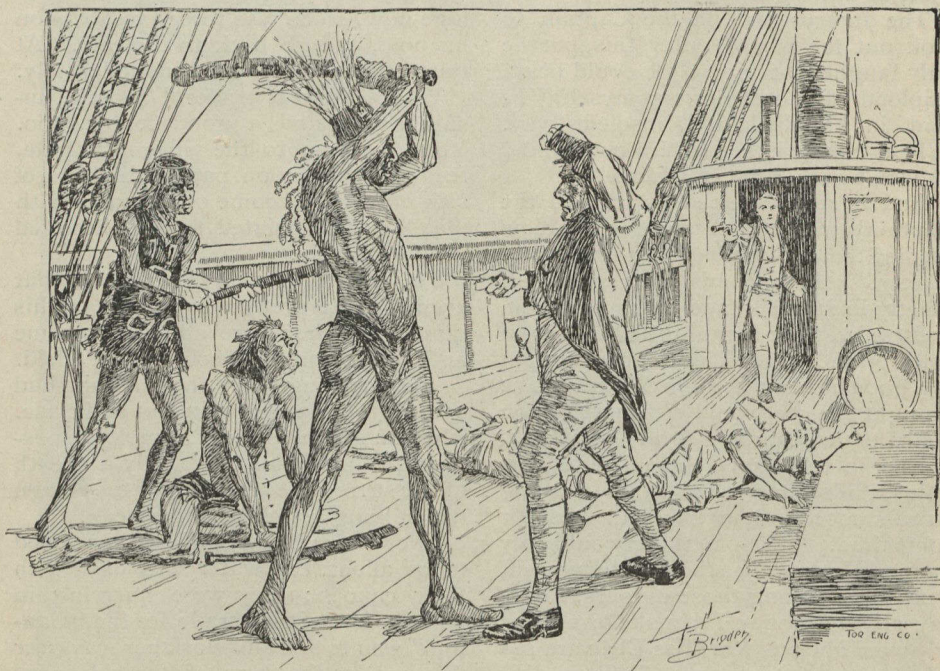
Suddenly a wild fierce cry broke from the lips of Wa-nook. Instantly the body of every Na-wi-ti glistened in the dead sunlight; the cloaks had been thrown from their shoulders—and they were armed. Then the slaughter began.

The whites were unarmed, and outnumbered ten to one, and the cunning Na-wi-ti had taken care to work in between them so that they were separated. The Captain and Munroe instinctively made a rush for the cabin where the arms were kept. A solid wall of Na-wi-ti stood between them and the companion-way. Munroe had chanced on a belaying pin, and with this he fought his way through the mass in front of him.

The Captain was fighting with a clasp knife, the only weapon he could lay his

nook will give back blow for blow. Stand back!" he screamed to the other Indians, "he is mine! The e-a-ke-nook has given him into my hands. I, your Chief, Wa-nook, will kill the white Chief!"

He swung his mighty *pantu-maugau*, half sword and half club, just as Captain Strong rushed at him with his drawn knife. But Wa-nook was too quick for Strong; the Chief's weapon came crashing down through his frail guard and stretched him senseless on the deck. With a yell of triumph Wa-nook raised



"HE SWUNG HIS MIGHTY PANTU-MAUGAU."

hands on. A score of pushing, fighting, demoniac Indians surrounded him, thrusting and striking at him with their war clubs and swords. In peace his temper was not over-sweet, and now he fought like a demon. Three times the knife was driven home in a dark body, and three treacherous Na-wi-ti lay dead on the deck.

Then up rose Wa-nook in front of him like an evil spectre. A savage look of exultant fury was in every curved line of his ferocious face. "Now, white Chief!" he yelled, in Na-wi-ti, "Wa-

his weapon to strike again, but as he did so there was the sharp crack of a pistol, and he tumbled forward in a heap on the deck.

Then Munroe darted forward from the cabin door, for he it was who had fired the shot, and grasping the Captain's body, dragged him into the cabin and bolted the door.

The natives had been too much startled by the shot to offer any resistance. It was the one thing they were afraid of—the white man's firearms; besides, the boatswain, who had man-

aged to escape to the cabin, too, had been covering Munroe's retreat.

Then the Na-wi-ti gave the cabin a wide berth, for Munroe and the boatswain opened fire on them from the window. They went to the assistance of their other tribesmen, and soon they were in full possession of the ship. With the exception of those in the cabin, not a white man was left alive of all that crew.

While the boatswain kept watch at the window Munroe tried to revive the Captain. After a long time he succeeded, and Strong opened his eyes in a dazed, bewildered sort of way; but Munroe could see that the poor battered body before him would not long hold the life which was flickering so feebly, like the last slender flame in a dying fire.

When the Captain had quite regained consciousness, he spoke to Munroe. All the bully had gone, all the harsh arrogance; only the brave qualities of the man remained, for he *had* been brave.

"You must not waste time over me, mate—I may call you mate now, for though we have been enemies, and all my fault too, yet you tried to save my life just now, and I am dying. You must try to get away from the ship alive, for there is a little woman waiting for you. Yes, I loved her too, and it's for her sake as much as for yours that I am going to do this thing—this thing of which I am now to speak. You must call a parley with the natives. Show them a white flag—they will know what that means; and if you can make them understand that you will give up the ship to them if they will let you go off in my gig, which is lying astern, then I will hold the ship for you until you are well clear, and I will undertake that not one of them follows you. But first you must lay a fuse to the magazine for me, and I will wipe out the score with one wipe."

Munroe was staggered by this proposal and flatly refused to have anything to do with it.

"It's no use," said the Captain, "I can't live. I could not live to get over the bar, if I could get away. Their knives have pierced me so that I am bleeding internally." And so it was.

Even as he talked to them choking fits took possession of him, and it seemed as though he might die any moment.

"You cannot hold out against them here," he continued; "they will loot the ship, and then burn her to the water's edge. It will be *no* lives lost and two lives saved, so far as we are concerned, for I am as good as dead now. And I have some money there in my locker, which I want you to take to my mother, who is dependent on me for support."

Munroe and the boatswain held out for a long time. The Captain was growing weaker physically, but not in his determination.

"In a few hours I shall be dead," he said, "and you, too."

From the window Munroe saw that of all the crew only the Interpreter was alive; the Indians had spared him, perhaps for the purpose of making use of him for his knowledge of the two languages.

Toward evening, seeing that the Captain could not last much longer, Munroe gave in, and waved a white handkerchief out of the cabin window. Soon two of the leading Indians came forward, pushing the Interpreter in front of them.

Munroe made the proposition to them, stipulating that the Interpreter and the Captain be allowed to accompany them.

The Na-wi-ti readily assented, for they knew that the part of the loot they were most anxious for—the liquor—was in the cabin, and while the white men were there with their firearms they could not get at it. "We will get them when the night falls," they thought, "anyway, for the tide is beating in over the bar now, and they cannot get out."

The gig was hurriedly got ready; water, provisions and arms put in, and then Munroe asked the Captain to let them put him in also. But this he refused flatly. "We should all be killed before morning," he said; "at least you would, for I have not many hours to live anyway. Just lay the fuse for me to the magazine, and place me where I can touch it off, and hurry while I have strength to do it."

It was a bitter thing to do—to leave one of their number behind, and Munroe picked him up bodily, determined to carry him into the gig. As he did so the blood spurted from the Captain's lips, a ghastly pallor spread over his face, and his head fell back limply.

"He's gone!" said the boatswain, in an awe-stricken whisper.

Munroe laid him tenderly down on a sofa in the cabin, and poured a little brandy down his throat. Presently he opened his eyes again; they waited.

Soon he motioned Munroe close to him, and in a voice that Munroe had to strain his ear to catch said: "I am going—not with you, but somewhere else. Go, I pray you, for Ellen's sake and my mother's. Place me where I can touch the fuse. It is awful, but there is no other way."

There *was* no other way. Munroe saw that, and at last complied with his wishes.

He touched his lips to the forehead of the already dying man.

"For her sake," whispered Strong.

Munroe bolted and fastened the cabin door to keep the savages out while he and his mates got clear of the ship;

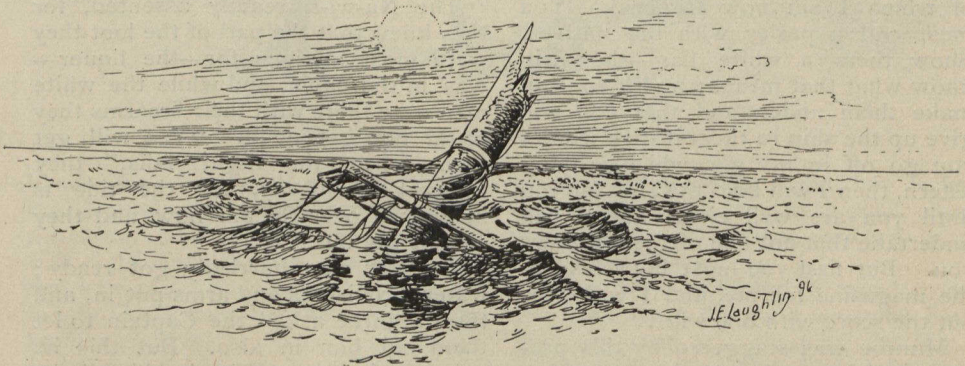
then they quickly dropped through the open stern ports into the gig.

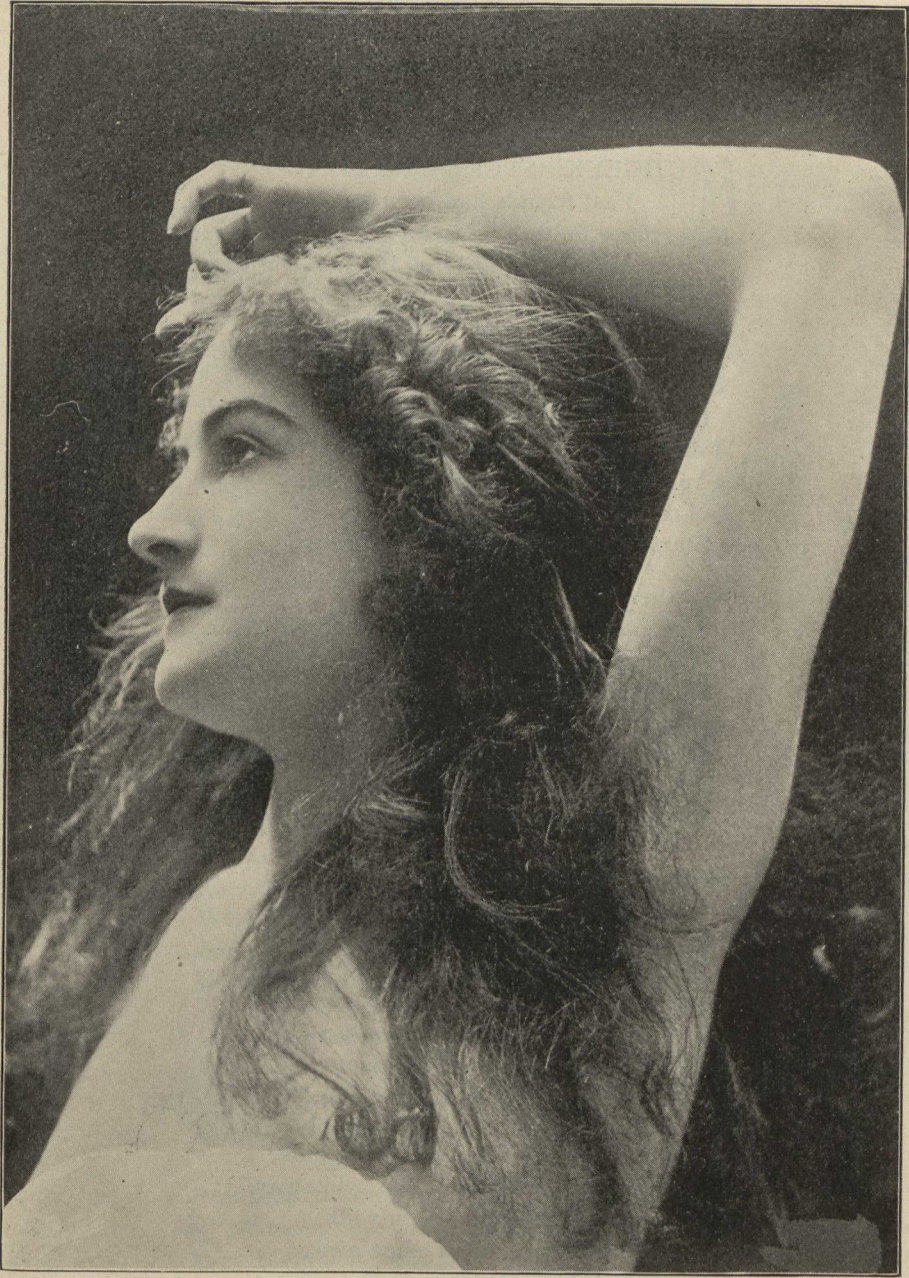
The impatient Na-wi-ti rushed aft, uttering fierce exultant cries as the little boat shot out from under the stern. But the strong oaken door stood like a barrier between them and the prize. Munroe could see them battering at it with their clubs and swords, snarling and pushing among themselves like wild beasts. All the Indians were on the ship now, and her decks were black with their bodies.

Some of them brought a loose spar and swung it as a battering ram. There was a crash as the door gave way, and the big spar went through, carrying some of the Na-wi-ti with it.

Before they had time to pick themselves up there was a roar. A column of water shot into the air, carrying with it shattered fragments of wood and torn bodies.

The sea receded for a moment in all directions until a great hollow was scooped out of its level surface; then the waters rushed hungrily over the spot again, and only a few floating spars told where the Na-wi-ti had captured the "Canton."





O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Marlowe—The passionate Shepherd to his Love.

THE RECORD OF MUHGEEK.

BY R. D. MEYERS.

MUHGEEK, the Chippewa, and I
Fast friends had been for many a year,
Since first we chased the mountain goat,
With red flag lured the jumping deer.

And many a quiet spot we knew
Where the shrewd beaver, careless grown,
Ne'er having heard a human voice,
Laborious still had built his home ;
Where otters slide in happy play,
And martens bask on Banksian pine,
And caribou with lordly tread
Starts sudden at the coyote's whine.

Together by St. Mary's lake¹
Saw snow-tipped mountains mirrored clear,
As painted by the hand of God
On the calm bosom of the mere ;
Or from the summit of Trois Buttes
Watched the brown myriads² through the day
To the broad grass clad northern plain
Eager, though weary, press their way.

So on a spur of Pasquah's³ hills
We built our camp, below us lay
The Seven Lakes, their shores engirt
With aspen woods grown bright in May ;
To east the Skatask,⁴ to whose banks
The tribes of plain and forest go
Receiving thence its soft Cree name
" Where nations meet, Kinistino."

'Twas in these woods, amid these hills,
A moose with charmed⁵ life held sway,
Tho' many a hunter sought his life
Yet none e'er scathless came away.
Even Jean Constant, best of all,
He who was never known to fail,
His broken gun and splintered axe
And mangled body told the tale.

For one full moon we vainly watched
 By willow thickets, reed-fringed lakes
 In poplar glades where moosewood grows,
 For signs the forest king aye makes.
 Yet never once in all these days
 Heard aught or found the slightest trace,
 'Twas as he had divined our quest
 To dark pine forest bent his pace.

At length, at dusk returning slow,
 Breasting the gale, for prairie storm
 Followed the summit of the ridge,
 The valleys swept since dismal morn,
 A sudden crash! Before us stood
 A gloomy form with lowered crest
 And eyes of fire. We knew our game
 By the white tussock on his chest.

And darting each behind a tree,
 The wily monarch's game to play,
 The fire outstreamed from Muhgeek's gun
 With quivering limbs the giant lay,
 But only stunned. Quick Muhgeek sprang
 With knife in hand to end the strife,
 Yet swifter still the moose upheaped
 For the last effort of his life.

"Ogemou,⁶ Fire!" Alas, too late
 The bullet winged its fatal way;
 Hoof battered, torn by cruel horns,
 His soul went forth as closed the day.
 I saw by lightning's vivid flash,
 With arms outstretched near antlered head
 And smile on lips as brave men die,
 Muhgeek, the Chippewa, lay dead.

In his rude grave of unhewn logs
 The hunter waits the last great call,
 By him his gun, his axe, his pipe,
 The sun bleached antlers watch o'er all.
 In many a teepee, freighter's camp,
 And prairie home, with bated breath
 And glistening eyes, the children hear
 How the moose hunter went to death.

¹ In South-West part of Alberta, sixty miles from Fort MacLeod.

² The spring migration of the buffalo.

³ The Basqua Mountains, which rise near Batoche and reach to Lake Winnipegosis.

⁴ Skatask goo seepe - River of the Wild Carrot.

⁵ Supposed to have been bewitched, the natives had tried to kill him with silver bullets

⁶ Chief or Master.



ROBERT REID (ROB. WANLOCK).

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

THERE is no reason why Canada should not produce worthy poets as well as worthy labourers in any other department of thought or action, and within our own memory she has very notably been doing so. Like some of our professors and many of our scientists, a portion of our poets are transplanted ones, who sing wonderfully apt under what seem at first "alien skies," but soon become familiar. When the old Greeks colonized they took their wives and children, their household gods, and their patriotism with them, and thenceforth the city they founded and where they dwelt was their "home," and all their patriotism centred there. We find it difficult to do, as communities, what they did—and as we ourselves do as families. Nevertheless, we welcome a cannie Scot who does his best to be a Canadian, and to build up the land which he has

chosen as his home, and who promises us "his children shall be Canadians!"

Such a man is Robert Reid, of Montreal. It is not the fault of his fellow-citizens of the Dominion, but entirely his own, that he has lived among us for nineteen years and has been so little known. The exacting claims of business—or a homesickness it took years to heal—or simply a modesty that became a fault—or something, kept him in the background till his volume published a year ago brought him into general view. Had, however, Mr. Reid written more of late years, he could not have remained hidden. A dainty volume is before us entitled "Poems, Songs and Sonnets, by Robt. Reid," and bearing the imprint of "Alexander Gardner, Paisley." We will promise a dollar, any day, to help to put up a monument to Alexander Gardner, (and would rather do it in his

lifetime), for the way he has brought forward recent worthy Scottish poets, and re-habilitated old ones. Now this is Reid's second volume, the first being "Moorland Rhymes," when he was twenty-four years of age. His third volume will be Canadian lyrics, and we will eagerly look for it. Some of his best work has been done in Canada, though not always on Canadian themes. His poem "Kirkbride," written since the publication of his first volume, and presumably in Canada, is one of the finest things of its kind ever penned. One of Reid's ancestors, John Reid, was ousted from his farm and in danger, during the days of the Scottish Covenantant, and the Covenanting blood asserts itself in the poem :

Bury me in Kirkbride,
Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie :
The auld kirkyaird on the grey hillside,
Under the open sky ;
Under the open sky
On the breist o' the braes sae steep,
And side by side wi' the banes that lie
Streikt there in their hinmaist sleep :
This puir dune body maun sune be dust,
But it thrills wi' a stoun' o' pride
To ken it may mix wi' the great and just
That slumber in thee, Kirkbride !

Little o' peace or rest
Had we, that hae aften stude
Wi' oor face to the foe on the mountain's crest,
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude ;
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude
For the richts that the Covenant claimed,
And ready wi' life to mak' language gude
Gin the King or his Kirk we blamed ;
And aften I thocht in the dismal day
We'd never see gloamin' tide
But melt like the cranrench's rime that lay
I' the dawin, abune Kirkbride.

But gloamin' fa's at last
On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,
And the trouble through whilk we hae safely
past
Has left us weary and wae ;
Has left us weary and wae,
And fain to be laid, limb free,
In a dreamless dawm to be airtit away
To the shores o' the crystal sea ;
Far frae the toil, and the moil and the murk,
And the tyrant's curséd pride,
Row'd in a wreath o' the mists that lurk,
Heaven-sent, aboot auld Kirkbride.

Wheesh! did the saft win' speak ?
Or a yamerin' nicht bird cry ?
Did I dream that a warm haun' touch't my
cheek,
And a winsome face gade by ?
And a winsome face gade by,
Wi' a far-aff licht in its een,
A licht that bude come frae the dazzlin' sky,

For it spak' o' the starnie's sheen :
Age may be donart, and dazed and blin',
But I'se warrant, whate'er betide,
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ain,
And the tryst-word seemed, Kirkbride.

Hark ! frae the far hill-taps,
And laich frae the lanesome glen,
Some sweet psalm tune like a late dew draps
Its wild notes doun the win' ;
Its wild notes doun the win' ;
Wi' a kent soun' owre my min'
For we sang't on the muir, a when huntit
men,
Wi' oor lives in oor haun' lang syne ;
But never a voice can disturb this sang,
Were it Claver'se in a' his pride,
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd
thrang
Forgether'd abune Kirkbride.

I hear May Moril's tongue,
That I wistna to hear again,
And there—'twas the black McMichael's rung
Clear in the closin' strain ;
Clear in the closin' strain,
Frae his big heart, bauld and true ;
It stirs my saul as in days bygane,
When his gude braidsword he drew ;
I needs maun be aff to the muirs ance mair,
For he'll miss me by his side ;
I' the thrang o' the battle I aye was there,
And sae maun it be in Kirkbride.

Rax me my staff and plaid,
That in readiness I may be,
And dinna forget that THE BOOK be laid
Open, across my knee ;
Open, across my knee,
And a text close by my thoom,
And tell me true, for I scarce can see,
That the words are, "Lo, I come ;"
Then carry me through at the Cample ford,
And up by the lang hillside,
And I'll wait for the comin' o' God, the Lord,
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride !

In the volume before us "The Auld Grey Glen," "May Moril," "Hame's aye Hame," and "Something Wrang," along with "Kirkbride," we would fearlessly match against any other five poems of any Scottish poet whatever, with the possible exception of Burns. This is high praise, but we utter it deliberately and advisedly. Henceforward, (Mr. Reid now drawing out of his retirement), he is to be a Canadian poet, and having sufficiently exploited his regrets for Scotland, he is to buckle on his armor and win Canadian laurels.

Some of his poems on Canadian themes are very pleasant, but his best work, as yet, is in Scotch. Last spring, after Prof. Blackie died, he sang, in his Montreal home, a Scottish dirge that has never been surpassed. We give two stanzas out of seven :

There's dule i' the auld mither's heart at tynin'
 o' her bairn,
 Though like her ain his winsome heid has lang
 been sillar grey;
 And but and ben her wee bit hoose she hirples
 sair forfairn,
 And ferlies wha'll uphaud her at the doonfa' o'
 the day?
 For ane by ane they've dwin'd awa—the blythe
 lads and the bauld—
 In mony a clime ayont her ken hae they been
 stricken doon;
 And noo the blythest o' them a' lies streikit
 stiff and cauld,
 Across her knees, against her heart, in Edin-
 boro toon.

* * * * *

Wheesh! for I hear them comin', they're
 trampin' up the street;
 The bonnie street he often trod, and likit aye
 sae weel,
 And eh! the bagpipes' wailin' note amaist wad
 gar ane greet,
 Sae eithly as it airts him to the dear Land o'
 the Leal.
 O safely may his boatie sail to that far shadowy
 shore,
 And kindly be its welcome i' the port to whilk
 its boun'!
 For lang we'll miss that face and form, the
 hinmaist o' the core,
 That held the causey-heid sae lang in Edin-
 boro toon!

We would add this poem of 1895, "Blackie and Edinboro," to the other five, as completing the posie he has laid at the feet of "the auld mither," Scotland. The New-Year song of 1896 was published in the last number of OUR MONTHLY.

The lines on his child's grave in Mount Royal, "In the Garden," "The Two Gardens," and a sonnet on "Spring," are a good beginning for a Canadian fruitage of his genius.

Robert Reid was born in Wanlockhead, a lead-mining village in the north of Dumfriesshire, on the eighth of June, 1850, and after receiving, like every other Scotch boy, a good common school education, betook himself at fifteen to Glasgow. He had been rhying from the age of twelve, and in 1874 issued his volume of "Moorland Rhymes." Never was book more aptly named. Burns was the poet of the streams and hills, and "never opened his eyes but he saw a lark above him or a flower at his feet," but Reid is the poet of the moors, and

The whaup's wild cry in the gurlly sky is music
 in his ears.

A writer in the *People's Friend*, Dundee, in reviewing his recent volume, says:

"Mr. Reid is the true poet of the moorland: the silence of the hills, the scent of the heather, the cry of the whaup, the sense of freedom of the mountains, the breeziness of the heights—all are heard or felt in his poems, while his patriotic fervour and passionate love of country lay hold of the Scot with irresistible force."

In 1877 he emigrated to Montreal, where he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits ever since. He lives at Outremont, a suburban village of Montreal, and has been Mayor of his own municipality. He married, as he tells me, "an Edinburgh lass," and they have a family of three children. Did space allow, we might have given his poem on his wee Marjorie determining to sit up to see Santa Claus bring her a winking doll, but falling asleep on his knee and being put to bed, just opened her sleepy eyes for a moment, and seeing him thought next morning she had seen Santa, "and he was just like you."

Some years ago the *People's Friend* said, "After Hew Ainslie and Thomas C. Latto, 'Wanlock' is beyond question the most gifted, most spontaneous, and intensely Scottish singer that the gold of America has yet tempted to leave his native shores." ("Rob. Wanlock" is the *nom de plume* by which Mr. Reid is best known in Scotland).

Once only he re-visited Scotland, in 1890. Since that date people in Montreal have begun to find him out. A writer in the *Witness* said some time ago: "I determined to look him up. A month after I met with him, and a few of us decided to ask him to give us some recitations at the Caledonian literary entertainments. He did so, and those who heard him were surprised and delighted." Indeed, as with his older confrere, the late Alexander McLachlan, reading is one of his strong points, and we would give a good deal to hear him read "Kirkbride" in Toronto. As one reviewer says, this piece shows him "in the zenith of his power," and will probably be that with which his name will be popularly attached, unless, (as we hope he may), he gives us some

Canadian idyll to link his name indelibly to this soil.

Some of his songs are good—though we have all too few of them. One, "Come and woo," (p. 41 in his last vol.), won the first prize in a competition open to all Scotland. He has drifted too much into the "Sonnet," of which he has no fewer than sixty in his recent volume: just fifty too many! It is an exotic that does not take well in our soil and under our skies. There are not half a dozen sonnets in our

language anybody cares to read or repeat. We keep only one green in our memory, Tom Hood's:

"Look how the lark soars upward and is gone!
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, but body there is none,
To fix the vague excursions of the eye!"

There is still room for glorious Canadian songs, and still the pathetic appeal of poor Thomas McQueen may be repeated, "Will nobody write a few songs for Canada!"





Faith Fenton.

REALLY I don't know that there is much to say about me; you know it is not as if I had published a book," was her deprecating remark, when I suggested to her that the many admirers of Faith Fenton's writings would probably like to know more of her personality.

But, knowing that what she has written would fill many books and that her words have in all likelihood reached more Canadian homes than had they been issued in any other form, I venture to differ with her modest estimate of herself, and to believe that the numerous readers to whom her name has become a household word, will be interested in learning something of this clever journalist.

By the way, a question often arises among those acquainted with her writings as to whether the name, "Faith Fenton," is really her own, or a *nom de plume*.

The surname "Fenton," belongs to her by direct inheritance. It is the family name on her father's side.



BY ALICE ASHWORTH.

Henry Fenton, her father's father, was a member of an old-established family, yet flourishing in one of the Midland counties of England. Of artistic tendencies, and both musician and songwriter of no mean merit, he threw aside the professional life for which he was being educated and went upon the stage.

A "play-actor" fifty years ago occupied a very different position socially from the stage-artist of to-day. Mr. Fenton's family cast him off, and in return he indignantly accepted their course, repudiated the family name, and left his home forever.

His only child, Faith Fenton's father, has retained the assumed name of Freeman, by which he has been known during the upgrowing of his family.

Miss Fenton was born in Toronto, and most of her life has been spent in this vicinity.

She is one of a large family, and when her education was completed followed the course of so many girls of the present day and taught for some years, occasionally contributing to vari-

ous periodicals until finally she devoted herself entirely to literature.

When the *Empire* newspaper was established, she was attached to the staff, and continued to contribute the "Woman's" department of that paper until its consolidation with the *Daily Mail* took place.

At present she is editor of the *Canadian Home Journal*, and also contributes to other magazines and periodicals.

Perhaps the prevailing characteristic of her writing is a quaint and quiet elegance, that is well adapted for expressing what is generally touching and beautiful both in sentiment and expression.

There is a dainty ideality, and much of poetry in the calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling often shown in her work, though it is rarely she expresses her fancy in verse. The diction is always rich and melodious, with touches of graceful humor and feminine tenderness.

Thoroughly patriotic, and deeply imbued with the grand possibilities of Canada, with its vast resources of mineral wealth, richness of prairie, noble rivers and sublimity of mountains, she delights to present to us many of the less known bits of beautiful Canadian scenery, with a picturesque fidelity to Nature that cannot be too highly praised. We are indebted to her for many striking sketches of Canadian scenery and life, and there is always a vividness of color about her word-pictures that appeals to all.

Evidence of a deep and powerful moral feeling shows through all her writing, and there is also that insight into human nature displayed—that touch—which quickly brings her into sympathy with her readers. To this quality, the many letters of approval and enjoyment of her articles from people personally unknown to her testify.

"Did you begin to write while very young?" I once asked her, "and what was your first 'literary effort'?"

"I think I was nearly ten. It was about a dandelion—a very funny little attempt! If I remember rightly I called it an 'ode.' My brother found it, and how well I recollect the way he teased me and used it as a power over me if I refused to do as he wished. I was childishly sensitive and afraid of being laughed at, and when he would mischievously stand at a safe distance and begin to read a stanza or two I would capitulate at once. After that I did not try again for years, though the desire—the undefined intention of sometime writing—was always with me."

Slightly below the average height, rather slender and of graceful carriage, Miss Fenton is a decided brunette, except that the expressive eyes are of that shade of blue sometimes found when one would expect to meet brown ones.

Pictures of her are, as a rule, strangely unsatisfactory. It is more in the play of feature, the changing expression, the lighting up of her whole countenance, than in regularity of outline, that the charm of her face lies. She has a pleasing, musical voice in conversation, and that rarer thing, a delightful laugh.

In literature, after the standard English authors, Miss Fenton confesses to a decided admiration for the works of New England writers, particularly those of Mrs. Whitney, a volume of whose works, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," being given to her as a school prize, and read and treasured by her, did much to form her tastes and style. There is a delicate dreamy idealism, a philosophical strain running through the works of these writers which she finds charming. "Prue and I," by Curtis, and "Hitherto," by Mrs. Whitney, are perhaps her favourite books.



BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH,

Author of "A Daughter of Humanity," &c.

IN Louis Fréchet Canada possesses a native born poet who has successfully wooed the divine muse with songs that breathe of the grand, the pure and the beautiful. He is the uncrowned laureate of our Dominion, and has inter-

preted to the people's understanding the language of the frolicking mountain streamlet, the deep purr of the soft flowing river and the sweet sad dirge of the wintry wind as it smites the palm trees. His rhythmic lines speak to us of nature, quieting our heated senses

with the perfume of the fresh green woods or with a health laden zephyr from the lake's rippling surface.

Louis Fréchettes has attained an eminence which the thousands struggle for, but which, like prizes in a lottery, falls to the few. In the rough path of journalism there are those who, with the assistance of perseverance and energy, overcome many serious obstacles, but later come to a halt because true genius is not theirs. They see fame in the distance dazzling their eyes like the June sun, but all efforts to grasp it are futile. Real genius is the gift that few possess, but it is the open secret of Mr. Fréchettes's success. Poetry—the idealization of humanity and its works, the realization of beautiful Nature in all her chaste glory, is the revered goddess at whose shrine this sweet singer of the St. Lawrence breathes his adorations.

Unfortunately for the great majority of Canadians, Mr. Fréchettes gives expression to his ideas in the musical language of his fathers, and is entirely opposed to anything in the form of a translation. "The French language is the most exquisite in the world!" he exclaims, and while speaking his strong intelligent face shines with pride. "There is music in every word and meaning in every syllable. It can be moulded like pure gold into the most exquisite and original designs. No other tongue possesses its great powers of expression; none can clothe an insult in such delicate language. How can its beauties and subtleties be translated? You may get the sense—the general idea—but what else? Nothing. I have read excellent English translations of Coppelée's poems, but they were not Coppelée. It is impossible that the thought conceived in French and written in French can be reproduced in English. And there is so much lost by this. You do not know Hugo. You cannot discern the genius that runs through every sentence of his works—almost every word. The mere sound of some of these words give a meaning that is totally missing in the translation."

At the present time Mr. Fréchettes is engaged in writing two plays for Sarah

Bernhardt, who was much taken with the beauty and strength of his works. One of the plays is to be Canadian in character, while the other will be Florentine. Both, when completed, will be forwarded immediately to the great actress who will, of course, produce them first in Paris. It is an honor that Mr. Fréchettes is naturally proud of, showing as it does an appreciation of genius.

"The plays are to be written in verse," explained Mr. Fréchettes, "and I am getting on with the work very nicely. I first write it in prose, then convert it into poetry. In this latter my average is forty lines a day."

"And is it your first attempt as a play writer?" I asked.

"Oh, no;" he replied. "I have written several other pieces, but though they were brought out I did not think very much of them." A remark which led me to believe him to be a severe critic of his own work.

In prose, as well as poetry, Mr. Fréchettes has been a very prolific writer, as will be seen from the following, which besides being a complete list of his published works, include several now in press.

Verse.—*Mes Loisirs*; *La Voix d'un Exilé*; *Pêle-Mêle*; *Les Fleurs Boréales*; *Les Oiseaux de Neiges*. (These two last were crowned by the French Academy and were unanimously awarded the first Montyon prize); *La Légende d'un Peuple*; *les Feuilles Volantes*.

Prose.—*Lethes à Basile*; *Histoire critique des Rois de France*; *Originaux et Détraques*; *Lettres à l'Abbé Baillargé* (educational).

To be printed soon.—*Vieux Cartons*; *Masques et Fantomes*; *Coutes de Noël*.

Translations.—*A Chance Acquaintance* (W. D. Howells); *Old Creole Days* (Geo. W. Cabb.)

Mr. Fréchettes's talents have met with the most laudatory recognition abroad as well as at home, and some fifteen years ago he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor. He is also an officer of the Academy of France (not the French Academy); member of the Academy of Rouen, the second of its kind in France; and member of the

Superior Institute of England. In this country the Universities of McGill, Laval and Queen's (Kingston) have accorded him the degree of Doctor.

Coming down to more biographical particulars, it might be mentioned that the subject of this sketch was born at Levis on the 16th of November, 1839, and received his education at the College of Nicolet. He was admitted to the Bar in 1864 and has since that time practised altogether for ten years. He resided in Chicago for five years from 1865 to 1870, and there published a journal entitled "L'Amerique." Later he became foreign correspondent in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railway. In 1871 he returned to Quebec to resume his legal practice, and three years later he was elected to the Federal Parliament as representative of his native county. He supported the Mackenzie Government during its four years' existence. In 1879 he married and settled in Montreal, where he has since remained, though his duties as clerk of the Legislative Council necessitate his passing some weeks each year in Quebec. With this exception, he devotes all his time to writing, for aside from his poetic work he is a frequent contributor to the local press, and for the past three years has carried on a bitter controversy with some members of the clergy on educational matters. His articles, moreover, occasionally appear in such high class magazines as *The Forum*, *Arena*, *Cen-*

tury and *Harper's*, where his advanced political ideas have been given prominence.

"I am a republican," he said, "and I think that Canada would accomplish more by annexation than remaining in her present state, or going in for Imperial Federation. As for Independence, I have no faith in it. Our population is small and scattered over a vast territory. What is more, the different races are not united, and Independence would simply aggravate the bad feeling that exists. I am a French-Canadian, and am proud of it, but I am not blind to the good qualities of other races, and recognize that when the English language becomes universal in this country it will be well for the people. As we are now, race is everything. If a man is to receive an appointment, it is asked whether he is English, French or Irish, while across the line it is only necessary for him to be an American. I have a great admiration for England, but feel that this country deserves to be something more than a mere colony. By joining hands with the United States, we would advance with them and become great and prosperous."

In conversing with Mr. Fr chet te one feels that he is a man above his fellows; not only in the noble profession he has adopted, but in matters of state and public importance. It is such men as he that can turn their attention to any manner of work and succeed.



THE PLAGUE OF PRINT.

BY P. JELLALABAD MOTT.



CAN I see the file of the *Montreal Star* for——?”

“Upstairs to your right, as you go out,” answered the alert Public Library girl, with an air of perpetual abbreviation, as she turned to explain to a painstaking and weary-looking old man that a red piece of tin had been shoved in a hole where a blue piece should have been.

The old man walked resignedly to an adjacent corner and knelt reverently on the floor. There was an unnatural stillness in the place, but it seemed forced and depressing, suggestive rather of prison discipline than devotional emotions. Some men give vent to their devotional feelings with a brass band accompaniment. There are few sacred things that have not been set to a brass band score in some way. But the man who simply communes with the immaterial whenever the spirit prompts belongs to a different family. You do not feel that he is flaunting something sacred in your face, but rather that you are intruding in sacred precincts. I felt constrained to turn modestly away from the patient figure kneeling in the corner, when I discovered that he was peering intently into the glass-bound barricade and comparing something with a card. He had merely returned to consult again the red and blue tins that had deceived him before.

Upstairs to my right, as I went out, the most noticeable feature was an official silence that obtruded itself along the narrow cells occupied by the inmates. Newspapers in every style were nailed, without prejudice, to the wooden partitions, and readers with pained but impenitent faces posed before in all the possibilities of anatomical distortion. A long, thin man, with a co-relative nose, was trying to read the lower extremity of an adjacent editorial. It was nailed at both top and bottom, lest he should pull it out and bend over

it. He could not telescope himself to the requisite shortage, so he bent out in the middle like a measuring worm on a gooseberry stalk. It was an aggressive attitude from the standpoint of the short, fat man, who was on his toes straining at the top of some European despatches nailed to the opposite wall. He turned about and looked unutterable things at the encroaching curve of the oblivious measuring worm, but the severe discipline of the place restrained his complaint. A youth who had been straining on his toes beside the dispossessed fat man announced with a sigh that he had reached the comfortable point in his column. He quickly suppressed the sound and looked about with a startled expression, as if in fear of official retribution. Soon afterwards he was striving to shrink to the bottom of his column, and the only episode was forgotten. I have since learned that officials were distressed by seeing frequenters not only reading in comfort, but actually dozing over the profundity of print. For that reason the labour test is now applied to all applicants for literary relief. It has not proved a decided success. The lady in the box was more leisurely in her ways and allowed me to explain that I wanted to see the file of the *Montreal Star* for January.

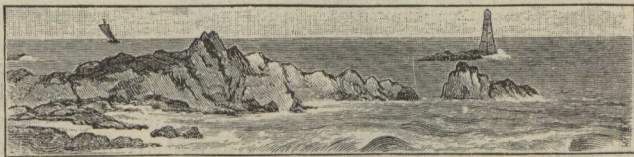
“It’s out around the corner on Adelaide Street.”

She seemed serious and intelligent, so I repeated the question, being rewarded with the further information that there was an entrance there. In the open air the thought that I might speak to anyone, if so inclined, brought a sense of relief. But duty demanded another incarceration, and it would not do to yield to natural inclinations. In the Adelaide Street appendage there were rows of carefully-guarded books, books by the square yard, the toise and the ton, a vigorous silence, some old

men sitting at a long table reloading their intellects, a railing and a young lady attendant. Books are companionable things. It is a natural recreation to wander among them exchanging a word here and there, taking in now and then a welcome thought or expression, and paving the way for a profitable intimacy and lasting regard. It is pleasant to take them from the shelves and estimate how long they have remained unread, to catch the author unawares in the middle of a chapter and observe his natural ways in an unconventional interview. But to face a counter according to regulations and order a book as one would a sirloin and baked beans, turns the literary stomach, and produces a typographical nausea that remains for days. Can anyone profit by a book taken from a public library? Arrangements are not suited to bookworms, but to book bo-constrictors, who can squeeze and contract a volume beyond recognition, take it with a single gulp and pass into torpor till the hunger be again awakened. The lady behind the desk took on a pained expression and passed behind some shelving when I explained my quest. In a short time she came back, still looking pained, and informed me, pained also, that the supervisor was at his dinner. If I would fill out a blank application and return in the afternoon, she would intercede on my behalf. It was pleasant to learn that the officials ate and otherwise comported themselves as human beings; besides, there was an excellent explanation to the conscience for going away without seeing

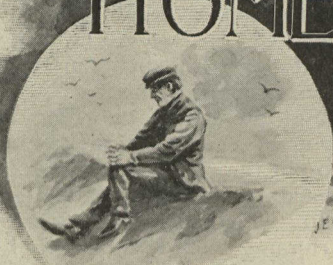
the papers. In the afternoon I came back, but the typographical nausea and chill took hold of me so forcibly at the door that I could not risk further exposure to it.

The preacher warned the people early against many books, but his words fell like other good advice. They have gone on in their ways till they have precipitated this intellectual cataclasm—a public library. In looking on its rows of volumes, tier above tier and storey above storey, I am impressed with the overwhelming magnitude of my own ignorance. If gifted with no other mental equipment, it is much to be thankful for. A man must appreciate his ignorance to thoroughly enjoy it, and appreciation can be best cultivated in a public library. Literary statisticians say that on an average a new book is produced every eight minutes. It is said also that drunkards die with the same distressing frequency. Who can say the one infliction is not sufficient to cause the other. At a noteworthy Prohibition conference a bell was tolled every eight minutes to impress the ghastly alcoholic record on all within hearing. Why not impress the awful truth of book production in the same way? Let every public library be surmounted with a deep-toned, resonant bell. Every eight minutes let it toll out its warning peal, and let the chief librarian come forth in a black robe (always more impressive than coat, vest and pants), and solemnly repeat the words of Ecclesiastes: "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."



HOME AGAIN

FROM THE FRENCH OF
GUY DE MAUPASSANT
By J. RAMSAY MONTIZAMBERT, M.A.



THE sea is lapping the shore with a short, regular beat, and little white clouds, borne on by the swift-moving breeze, are skimming like birds across the open blue, and the village in the deep fold of the dale trending towards the ocean basks in the sun.

Just at the opening stands the Martin-Lévesque house, alone, close to the roadway. It is a little fisherman's cot with clay walls, its thatched roof decked with blue iris. A garden as big as a door mat, where onions, a cabbage or two, some parsley, some chervil, are coming up, lies square before the door. A hedge shuts it off from the highway.

The goodman is away fishing, and his wife, in front of the house, is mending the meshes of a great brown net, stretched on the wall like a huge cobweb. A girl of fourteen, at the entrance of the garden, seated on a straw chair tilted back against the gate, is mending linen, poverty-stricken linen, patched and darned already. Another youngster, younger by a year, is cradling in her arms a very small child—too young to move—too young to speak, and two urchins of two and three, squatted on the ground face to face, are grubbing with their clumsy little hands and throwing fistfulls of dust in each other's faces.

No one speaks; only the mite they are trying to put to sleep keeps up a continuous wail in a weak, sharp, little voice. A cat is asleep on the window-sill; and some stocks in bloom make, at the foot of the wall, a pretty border

of white flowers, over which a whole horde of flies is buzzing.

Suddenly the girl sewing by the gate calls out "Ma!"

Her mother answers, "What's the matter?"

"He's there again."

They have been somewhat put out all morning by a man who keeps strolling about near the house—an old man, and poor. They noticed him when they went to see the father off in his boat. He was seated on the dike opposite their door. Then, on returning from the beach, they found him there again, gazing at the house. He seemed ill and very wretched. He had not stirred for more than an hour; then, seeing that they looked at him askance, he had got up and tottered away.

But presently they had seen him returning with his slow and tired step, and he had again taken his seat, a little farther off this time, as if to watch them.

Mother and daughters were afraid. The mother especially was bothered, as she was of a timid disposition, and her husband, Lévesque, would not be home from sea until dark.

Her spouse's name was Lévesque; she was called Martin, and the family had been nick-named the Martin-Lévesques. For this reason: she had married, in the first place, a sailor of the name of Martin, who used to go every summer to Newfoundland for the codfishing.

After two years of married life, she had borne him a little daughter, and a

further addition to the family was to be expected shortly, when her husband's ship, the *Two Sisters*, a three-masted vessel hailing from Dieppe, disappeared.

They never heard of it again. None of the crew returned, and it was looked upon as lost, cargo and all. Mrs. Martin awaited her husband's return for ten years, bringing up, by dint of hard work, her two children; then, as she was a fine-looking woman, and an honest one, a fisherman of those parts, a widower with one son, proposed to her. She married him, and in three years made him the father of two more children.

They lived hard and laborious lives. Bread was dear and meat was an almost unknown thing in the house. They had even to run into debt with the baker sometimes in the winter, during the stormy months. The children kept well, however. People said: "They are a good sort, the Martin-Lévesques. Mother Martin is a tremendous worker, and Lévesque hasn't his equal at fishing."

The girl seated at the gate resumed: "You'd think he knew us. He's p'r'aps some beggar from Epreville, or Auzebosc maybe."

But the mother made no such mistake. It wasn't anyone from this part of the country, for certain.

As he remained fixed as a fence post and kept his eyes obstinately fastened on the Martin-Lévesque home, Mother Martin became exasperated, and, fear lending her boldness, she grasped a shovel and went to the front.

"What 're doin' there?" she shouted to the tramp.

He answered in a hoarse voice, "Takin' an airin.' Doin' you any harm?"

"Why 're you spyin' 'round my house like that?"

"I'm doin' no harm. Can't I sit down on the road?"

Finding nothing to say to this, she went back to the house.

The day dragged slowly on.

Towards noon the man disappeared. But he passed by again about five o'clock. They saw him no more that evening.

Lévesque got back at dark. They told him about the man. "Pooh! It's some sneak thief or dead beat or other"—and he went to bed in peace.

But his consort kept thinking and thinking of the wanderer who had gazed at her with such curious eyes.

When morning came it was blowing hard, and the sailor, as going to sea was out of the question, helped his wife to put the children in order.

Towards nine o'clock the eldest girl, a Martin, who had gone out for bread, came running back with a scared look, crying out "Ma, he's there again!" Her mother felt a thrill of alarm, and, pale as a ghost, said to her husband: "Go and talk to him, Lévesque; tell him not to bother us like this. It upsets me, it does."

And Lévesque, a huge salt with a brick-coloured countenance, a thick red beard, a blue eye with its bright bead-like pupil, and a strong neck, wrapped, as ever, in wool for fear of wind and rain in general, went out calmly and drew near the tramp.

Then they began to talk.

Mother and children watched them from a distance, anxious and trembling.

Suddenly the unknown got up and came with Lévesque towards the house.

Mother Martin, alarmed, shrank back. Her husband said to her, "Give 'im a bit o' bread an' a glass o' cider. Hasn't had a bite to eat since the day before yesterday."

And they went into the house together, followed by the woman and the children. The tramp sat down and began to eat, his head bent under the fire of all their eyes.

The mother, standing, scrutinized him steadily. The two bigger girls, the Martins, leaning against the door, one of them carrying the youngest child, kept their eyes greedily fixed on him, and the two little brats seated among the ashes in the fire-place, had stopped playing with the sooty pot to gaze on this stranger too.

Lévesque, having taken a chair, asked him:

"You've come a long way, then?"

"From Cette."

"On foot, eh?"



"SHE THREW HERSELF ON HIS BREAST, SOBBING."

"Yes, on foot. When there's no other ways, you have to."

"Where 're you goin'?"

"I was comin' here."

"You know some'un here then?"

"That's as may be."

They grew silent. He went on eating slowly, though he was famished, and took a gulp of cider after each mouthful of bread. He had a hard-bitten face, wrinkled and hollow, and looked as if he had gone through great trials of some sort.

Lévesque asked him bluntly "What's your name?"

He answered without raising his eyes "My name's Martin."

A curious trembling shook the mother. She took a step forward, as if to see the vagabond at closer quarters, and stood facing him, her arms hanging down, her mouth agape. No one said anything further.

At length Lévesque went on:

"You come from here?"

"I come from here."

And, as he at last raised his head, the woman's look and his met and remained fixed, mingled, as if their gaze had become petrified.

At length she exclaimed suddenly, her voice changed, low, trembling,

"It's you, husband!"

"Yes, it's me."

He remained sitting, still munching his bread.

Lévesque, more surprised than excited, exclaimed:

"It's you, Martin!"

"Yes, it's me."

The second husband asked "Where've you come from then?"

The first replied "From the coast of Africa. We capsized on a reef. Three of us was saved, Picard, Vatinel an' me, an' I were taken by the savages. They kep' me for twelve year. Picard an' Vatinel's dead. An English traveller picked me up in passin' an' brought me back to Cette, an' here I be."

Mother Martin had begun to cry, her face in her apron.

"What's to be done now?" exclaimed Lévesque.

"You're her husband, are you?" asked Martin.

"Yes, sure enough."

They gazed at each other in silence.

Then Martin, contemplating the children gathered around him, with a wag of his head indicates the two girls.

"Them's mine?"

"Them's yours."

He did not rise—did not embrace them. He merely said: "My eye! how they've grown!"

"What's to be done?" repeated Lévesque.

Martin, perplexed, knew no more than he, but finally declared: "As for me I'll do what you like. I want to do the square thing. It's bothersome, all the same, considerin' the house. I've two children, you've three; each his own. But the mother, now. Is she your wife or mine? I'm ready to do what suits you. But the house? It's mine, seein' my father left it to me and I was born here, and there's papers about it at the notary's."

Mother Martin kept crying and crying; little sobs hidden in the blue linen of her apron. The two bigger girls had drawn near, and were gazing at their father in a disturbed sort of way.

When he had finished eating, he said in his turn:

"What's to be done?"

Lévesque had an idea: "Must go to the curé; he'll decide."

Martin got up, and, as he advanced towards his wife, she threw herself on his breast, sobbing out: "Husband! You're back, Martin; my poor Martin, you're back!"

And she held him in her arms, sharply thrilled by recollections of other days, by a great rush of memories bringing back the days of her youth and their early courtship.

Martin, himself moved, kissed her on the cap. The two children in the chimney corner, hearing their mother weep, began to howl in concert, and the last born, in the arms of the second Martin girl, squalled in a voice as shrill as a cracked fife.

Lévesque stood by waiting.

"Come," said he, "we must set things straight."

Martin let go his wife, and, as he was gazing at his two daughters, their mother said: "Kiss y'r pa, 't any rate."

They came up together, dry-eyed, astonished and somewhat alarmed. Then they kissed him, one after the other, on both cheeks, with a great agrestic buss. The little child, on seeing this strange man approach, set up such piercing screams that one expected to see it go into convulsions.

Then the two men went out together.

As they were passing the Café du Commerce Lévesque suggested: "Why not take a drop?"

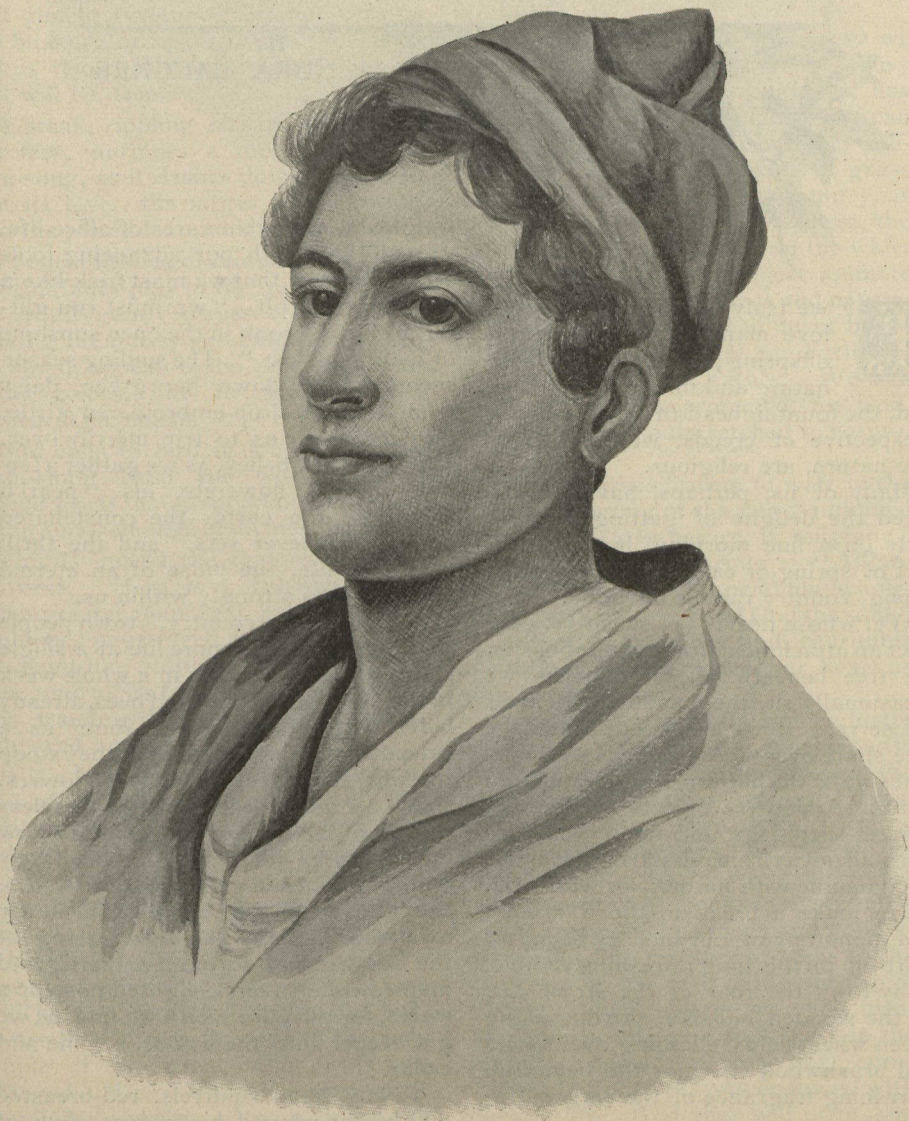
"Well, I don't mind," said Martin.

In they went and sat down in the still empty room.

Lévesque shouted: "Hé! Chicot! two brandies; the good kind. Martin's back; Martin, my wife's man, *you* know; Martin, of the *Two Sisters*, that was wrecked."


And the innkeeper, three glasses in one hand and a decanter in the other, came up, rotund, red-faced, bloated, and asked in a matter-of-fact way: "Aha! here you be, eh, Martin?"

"Here I be!"



Drawn by Mamie Watson.

A NEAPOLITAN FISHER-BOY.



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

(A PLEA)

BY
NORA LAUGHER

IF we truly love nature we truly love man, for he is nature's offspring; then if we truly love nature and man we truly love God, the fountainhead of both, so that, irrespective of creeds, we, who truly love nature, are religious.

Many of us, perhaps, have experienced the delight of getting up very early on a fine morning, in the latter part of spring or early summer, to take a long, country ramble all alone.

We, whose hearts are sensitive, contract an attachment to inanimate objects, the tree beneath whose branches we occasionally sit, the meadow path over whose verdure we are apt to roam, the lake shore over whose pebbles we sometimes walk, the hill-top to where we often climb. And these objects become endeared, sacred ground upon which we can walk away from ourselves as it were, to commune with nature—or with God. So to make a break in the weariness and monotony of our busy city life, we start off on this long refreshing ramble, away from the roar of the street car, up the wooded hill-side, skirting along green wheat fields, climbing over fences and brushwood to enjoy the beautiful, refreshing fragrance of the early morning air.

Our hearts, that have long been

weighed down by the cares of office life, grow lighter with our advancing footsteps; we feel that we must frisk like a lambkin or a colt—"we must run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine or we are unblest." The smiling season seems laying down her green, daisy trimmed, dew-drop-embroidered kirtle, on purpose for us to trip merrily over. We think of Shelley, as we gather a few half opened flowerets, his "pearl'd arcturi of the earth—the constellated flower that never sets," and the thrill of a new life, the pulse of an eternal spring, beats strongly within us.

"No life in the country," town people say. Why, here is more life at a single glance than we can see in a whole week in the city. Golden belted bees, already laden with honey caskets, hum us a gracious morning greeting as they stoop to kiss the sweet faced wild flowers. From a delicate leafed bush a ceaseless throng of happy insects seems to flow and disgorge itself. Myriads of gay winged gnats and gaudy butterflies, too, are already flirting around the newly awakened buds. The soft sighing of the south wind through tamarac and maple, wafts to our delighted nostrils a sweet, far off odor which we find, as we get deeper into the woods, is pine and cedar.

Tawny hued squirrels, red-breasted and bright-winged birds gaze shyly at us with star like eyes from the branches

overhead, from where resounds the daily hymn of praise by feathered songsters, and gazing upward at them hopping from spray to spray, we feel we can, indeed, "look through nature up to nature's God."

Higher and higher climb we up the hill-top, passing from beneath the green canopy to watch the rising sun peep from his couch of purple and golden clouds, beyond the clear, silvery lake, now lightly curled with tiny wavelets.

We feel the sublimity of the scene, and almost reverently lift our eyes to the blue arc of heaven which seems to bid us rejoice with everything that is, and will be, free.

A small, rippling stream, flowing at our feet, murmurs a more melodious love song, as it dashes down the hill to join its lover, the larger river flowing into the placid lake, at the base.

Poetical flashes of crimson and azure in fitful fancy play in the inward eye, as the wind gently caresses the leaves, making the mossy ground, upon which we stand, appear to be patterned with many colors, like to some ancient cathedral pavement.

Bird calls to bird in louder, sweeter carol-chant from the wooded knoll behind us, as though proclaiming "The rising sun—emblem of divinest liberty!"

This is indeed the theatre of God's universe. Here is a transformation scene greater than ever has been, ever could be, portrayed by man, for who can paint like unto nature? Imagination, amid all its fantastic gay creations, fails, standing dwarfed and dishevelled, compared unto this.

It is a happy world, void of despair, void of darkness, void of death. The whole earth teems with life and love and truth—with the delight of existence. A new elixir from the crystal fountain of contentment flows through our veins. A joyous feeling has crept into our heart of hearts—an upright honest feeling of peace and charity. Here, with nature in all her loveliest handiwork around us, we are lifted up as it were to the very temple of adoration. Our souls are enlarged. There is nothing upon earth too vile for our pity, or too poor for our sympathy. We are strengthened, nay,

glorified by this noble tenderness—love for fellow-man.

We feel *religious*—and why? Because we see the wisdom of nature so exquisitely portrayed wherever our eye glances, in every graceful movement of the young leaves overhead, in every sparkling ripple of the winding stream at our feet. Our mind is widened by this sweet sensibility within us, this love for humanity, for every living thing that grows and breathes. This "one touch of nature" has made the whole world kin.

The strange sense of loneliness we sometimes experienced in the busy office, the crowded thoroughfare, has passed away. We feel that we can never be alone again, for our very solitude is shared by every blade of grass and every leaflet here in the country, as it will be by the blue sky overhead, the twittering sparrows and even the whirr of the city cars, every object animate and inanimate, for ourselves and nature, at last, are one. We can never be relationless again, for God the Father of Nature is also our Father. We can never again be unprotected, for God, whose arms are outstretched to nature, is our shield.

"Airy tongues" seem to waft in the wind, whispering of the newly unfolded leaves: "Truly nature is religion;" and in response we murmur: "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul."

Contented thoughts and charitable aspirations have touched our heart as with a magic wand.

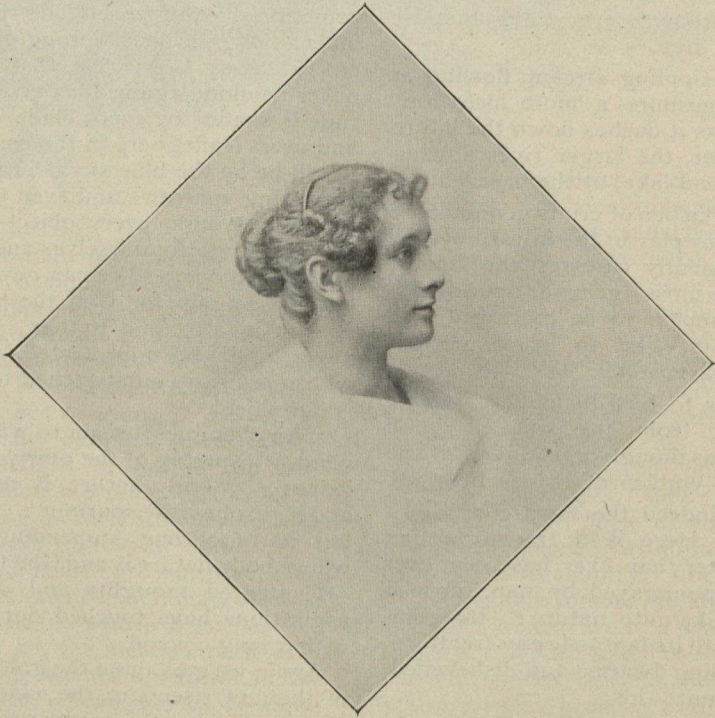
Again we gaze upon the golden lustre of the now risen sun, the wide expanse of azured lake, the verdant knolls, the flowery dells, bubbling stream and distant river. And then, with a mute prayer upon our lips, we leave the peaceful spot, where we have found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," to retrace our steps to the bustling city, the man made theatre of "Vanity Fair." There we shall meet the same people who took part in the tragedy or comedy of yesterday; some of them but poor players endowed with many faults. And they will strut and fret their weary hour upon the stage

with the same failings of yesterday, but to-day they will be tempered by nature the beautifier, in a hundred different ways.

No longer do we display a tardiness in the daily play before us ; but as a well graced actor we will adorn our part

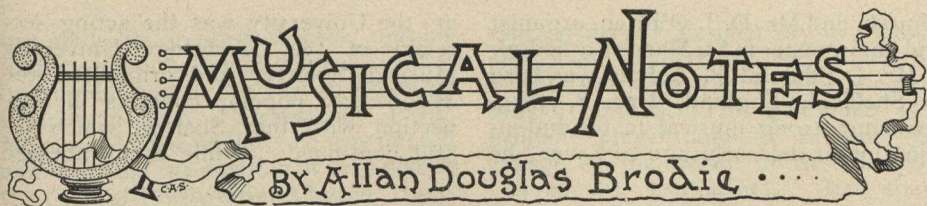
with acts of kindness, acts of love, knowing that :

“We need not shun our daily task
Or hide ourselves for calm ;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,—
Our common air is balm.”



MRS. H. WOODLAND.

Soprano—Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa.



MUSICAL NOTES

By Allan Douglas Brodie . . .

MR. J. E. P. ALDOUS AND MR. D. J. O'BRIEN.

*Two Hamilton Organists who have done much for
Musical Art in Canada.*

FEW cities of its size on this continent have done more for the cause of musical art than Hamilton, the rightly-named "Ambitious City" of our fair Dominion. That such is a fact has for many years been tacitly admitted by most people.

It was only the other day that a well-known Toronto musician, who is noted for his frankness, remarked:—

"Have you ever noticed the extraordinarily large number of really excellent artists hailing from Hamilton, who are constantly performing in Toronto, and, in fact, all over the country?"

I answered that I had not only noticed that, but also that several of Toronto's best known artists hail from the same locality, in witness whereof I quoted the names of Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Juliette D'Erveux-Smith (now singing the little role in *Dorothy* in the States); Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Mr. W. Fairclough, Mr. Geo. Fairclough, Mrs. Adele Strauss-Youngheart, Mrs. Bruce Wikstrom, (who is soon to return to Sweden, her native land, to reside permanently); and many others, who, if not in Toronto now, are achieving well-deserved success in pastures still more new.

Of these artists with whom we have become so familiar, where does that soulful young violinist, George Fox, hail from? From whence comes Mrs. Frank MacKelcan and Mr. T. D. Beddoe—those excellent former members of Toronto's Harmony Club? From what city went forth to artistic success W. H. Clarke? ("Hutchy" Clarke), whose grand bass voice was once more

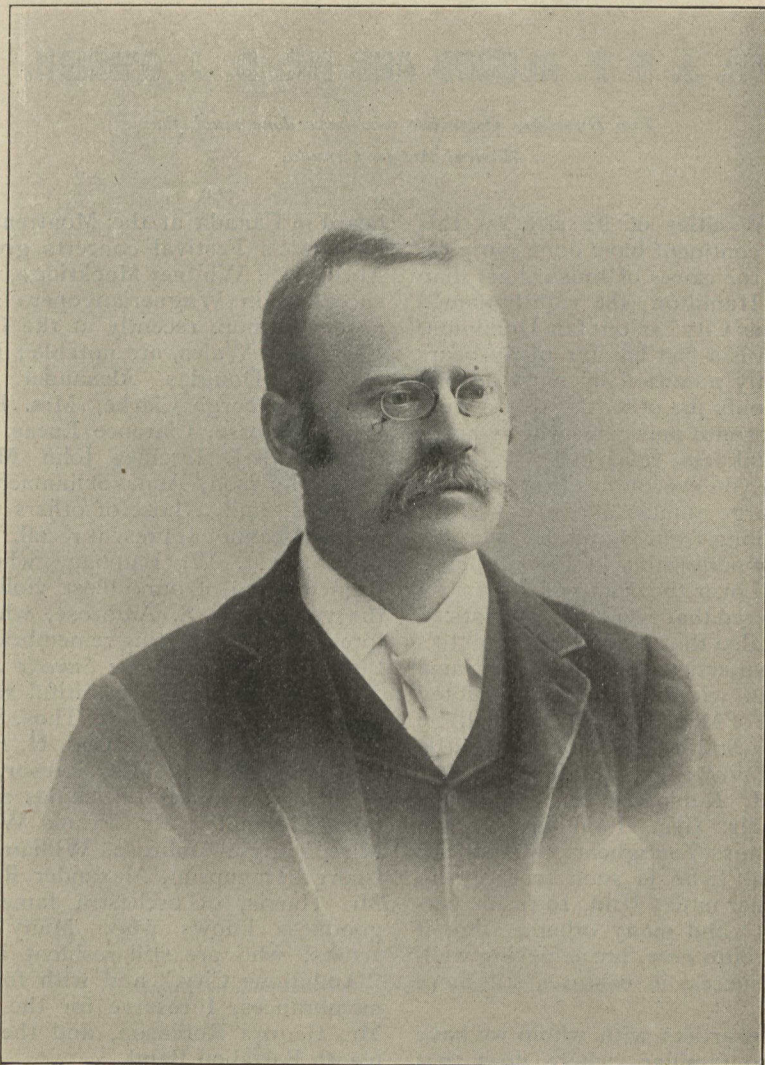
heard in Canada at the Montreal Philharmonic's Festival concerts given in April last. Whitney Mockridge, whose successes in Wagnerian opera in the past, and more recently at the Cardiff Festival in Wales, are notable; F. W. Wodell, Douglas Alexander, Fred Jenkins, George Clarke, Mrs. Keltie, Paul Ambrose, Clarence Lucas, Nora Clench, J. J. Jerome, John Morley, Frank Lawson, Anna Schumacher, J. Howells, and a host of others whose names I cannot at present recall. Then there are J. W. Bauman, who has trained some of our ablest violinists; the veteran R. S. Ambrose, who will forever be held in loving remembrance as the composer of "*One Sweetly Solemn Thought*," and other beautiful works; Maggie Barr-Fenwick, R. Thos. Steele, Mrs. MacArthur, Mrs. Geo. H. Hamilton, Miss Dunlop, Miss Reesor, Mrs. Weir, Mr. Thomas Littlehales and his talented family; Mr. Frank Wanzer, Miss Maggie Ambrose, William Peel, George Thompson, Alexander Russell, Mr. Harris, of orchestra fame, and goodness knows who. Many more artists, who are still resident in the "Ambitious City," and with fond remembrances, I reserve for the last—Mr. George Robinson, and the Thirteenth Battalion Band.

In the matter of instrumentalists, (notably the organ), teachers and composers, Hamilton is also well to the front, and among these none are better known, or more universally esteemed—both artistically and socially—than Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, organist and choir-master in the Central Presbyterian

Church, and Mr. D. J. O'Brien, organist and choirmaster in St. Mary's Cathedral.

Mr. J. Edmond P. Aldous was born in Sheffield, England, Dec. 8, 1853. Evincing strong musical tastes and inclination at the early age of seven, he

at the University was the acting secretary of the Cambridge University Musical Society, and originated the Wednesday popular concerts in connection with that Society, which are still continued. While at Cambridge



MR. J. E. P. ALDOUS.

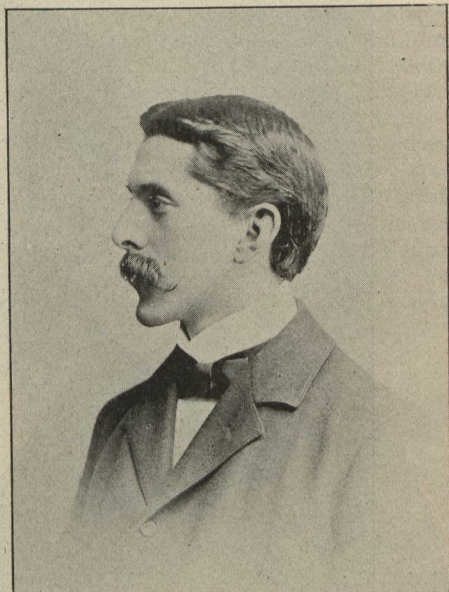
had daily teachers up to the time he entered his teens, studying the organ under Worsley Stanforth at Sheffield, and the piano with John Farmer at Harrow. Mr. Aldous is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and while

he was fortunate in being intimately associated with such musicians as C. Villiers-Stanford, Alan Gray, G. F. Loff, T. A. Fuller-Maitland, and others of note.

It is as an organist that Mr. Aldous

has made his greatest success, and his first professional engagement at that instrument was at the British Embassy Church in Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, France. While in Paris he was offered and accepted the position of organist of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Ontario, succeeding Mr. Charles A. Garratt. He remained at this post for twelve months, when, in the summer of 1881, he transferred his energies to the organ in the Church of St. Thomas in the same city. In April, 1884, Mr. Aldous received an invitation to resume his former position in the Central Church at the same salary as before, but with less onerous duties. In the autumn of 1889 he established the Hamilton Music School, which has proved eminently successful, and where every branch of the musical art may be studied under competent masters. On the retirement of Mr. Clarence Lucas, (who, by the way, succeeded Mr. F. H. Torrington), Mr. Aldous was appointed conductor of the Hamilton Philharmonic Society, and gave most creditable productions of *Naaman, Song of Victory*, and the *Creation*, and also several excellent miscellaneous concerts. These have been among the most notable productions ever given in the city, especially in the matter of choral work. The Central Presbyterian Church choir ranks as one of the best in Hamilton, and has given publicity to many works of interest, notably the cantatas of Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others. The Saturday afternoon organ recitals given by Mr. Aldous in the spring and autumn months have always attracted interested audiences, and he has on several occasions been instrumental in bringing many high class concert organizations to the city. At all times his untiring efforts to foster a musical spirit among the people have been fully appreciated, and it is to this energy and enterprise that the city owes its excellent musical reputation. Many of the organs in the city churches are handled artistically by former pupils of Mr. Aldous, and also many others throughout the country. Among these must be mentioned Mr. A. G. Alexander, formerly organist of Gore Street Methodist Church, who further continued his studies under the

famous master Leschetizky in Vienna, and also studied a year under Sir Walter Parratt at the Royal College of Music, London. This gentleman is a brilliant player and at present has charge of the organ in St. George's Church, St. Catharines. Then there are Mr. J. A. Thomas, who was organist of James Street Baptist Church, and is now continuing his studies at Leipzig; Mr. W. J. Cunningham, organist of Knox Church; Mr. A. Mawson, organist of Congregational Church; Mr. G. Goddard, organist of Emerald Street Methodist Church; Miss E. Counsell,



A. G. ALEXANDER.

Organist St. George's Church, St. Catharines.

organist of St. Mark's; Miss Bartlie, organist of Zion Tabernacle, and others.

As a composer for the organ, Mr. Aldous has met with considerable favour, two of his works (Prelude and Fugue, and a minuet), having been published by Dr. Sparks, of Leeds, England, in Novello's *Organists' Quarterly Journal*. He has also written several anthems, songs and piano pieces of rare merit, and last year a most flattering reception was given to an *opera comique* from his pen, entitled "*Plarmigan*," the libretto of which is by Miss McIlwraith.

Mr. Aldous' home in Hamilton has

frequently been the resting place of such artists as Otto Bendix, the late Dr. H. Louis Maas, Frederick Archer, (his intimate friend); Guilman, (a friend of many years' standing); Frederick Bos-

organist and choirmaster of St. Mary's Cathedral, although still in the prime of life, is the oldest organist in the City of Hamilton, and one of the oldest in the Dominion, he having been for a



MR. D. J. O'BRIEN.

covitz, and others. One cannot associate with such men without learning much.

* * *

Mr. Donald J. O'Brien, Director of the Hamilton College of Music, and

quarter of a century in his present position.

Like most sterling musicians, Mr. O'Brien displayed at a very early age a decided talent for the art in which he has been so successful, his earliest

teacher having been Prof. Klinger, at St. Michael's College, Toronto. He afterwards went to Paris, France, where



MISS REBA BUNTIN.

he studied under Gagnier, Labitski, and other eminent masters, returning to this country in 1871, when he was at once offered and accepted the position of organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, a post he has filled up to the present time with the greatest credit and distinction to himself, and the eminent satisfaction of the dignitaries of the cathedral. On the retirement of Mr. F. L. Cherrier, in the early part of 1890, Mr. O'Brien was appointed musical director in the cathedral, thereby widening his sphere of usefulness, and gaining an opportunity of still further showing his undoubted abilities. He has since brought this choir to such a state of perfection that it is regarded as one of the finest in the Dominion. As an organist, Mr. O'Brien is acknowledged to be a most brilliant executant, and one having few equals in this country. He is also an excellent pianist, and as an accompanist, has won an enviable reputation, both at home and abroad. I remember with what pleasure I have oftentimes listened to the efforts of famous vocalists

from afar, as well as those at home, when the successes achieved have in no small measure been due to Mr. O'Brien's splendid work at the piano. In this respect he has at all times received the warmest thanks from artists who have visited Hamilton. In the old days of Mr. Torrington's conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society (afterwards the Hamilton Philharmonic) the leader (first Violin) of the orchestra was generally Mr. D. J. O'Brien.

As a conductor Mr. O'Brien also deserves more than passing notice. Whether it be amateur minstrels, amateur opera, oratorio, or the classical musical liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church (at which last he ranks among the highest), he has always scored the greatest distinction, and, in fact, was among the first conductors in Canada to put on grand opera with an amateur cast. This experiment had been tried before, first by Madame Stuttaford (Toronto, 1889), when *Maritana* was given; and then by Signor Vegara (Montreal, 1892), when portions of *Der Frieschutz*, *Faust*, and *Il Trovatore*



MISS LEILA KENNY.

were presented. The efforts of both these conductors were worthy of praise, but not more so than were

those of Mr. O'Brien, whose production of *The Daughter of the Regiment* was an unqualified success, and served to further enhance his reputation as a conductor. In this production, associated with Mr. O'Brien as stage manager, was Mr. W. F. Rochester, the well-known New York comedian.

In 1889 Mr. O'Brien established the Hamilton College of Music, an out-



MISS BESSIE CLARKE.

growth of the Hamilton Musical Institute, and has succeeded, by careful and conscientious labor, in placing the same on a particularly high plane of artistic excellence.

Many of Mr. O'Brien's former pupils are achieving success in their chosen profession, among them being two well-known organists, Messrs. William and George Fairclough; Mlle. Adele Strauss (Mrs. Eddie Youngheart), late prima donna soprano, Metropolitan Opera

House, and soloist Theodore Thomas' Orchestra; Miss Reba Buntin, who made her debut at Mr. O'Brien's annual concert in 1885. This young lady has since then sung successfully in concert and oratorio work, and is at present contralto soloist in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal. Another most promising pupil of Mr. O'Brien's is Miss Leila Kenny, who has been under his instructions for four years, and is a pianiste of rare merit. She made her final debut at a concert given by the Hamilton Cricket Club in April last. Miss Kenny has acted as piano accompaniteur for three operas given in Hamilton, the last being the "Daughter of the Regiment," and on each occasion she acquitted herself admirably. Miss Bessie Clarke is another of Mr. O'Brien's distinguished pupils. Possessed of a charming presence, more than ordinary histrionic talent, and a voice of surpassing clearness and sympathy, Miss Clarke is always a rare favorite wherever she is heard. She it was who made such a success in the role of *Marie* in the "Daughter of the Regiment." Then there are Mr. J. Howells, organist and choirmaster St. Andrew's Church, Chicago; Mr. Paul Ambrose, organist St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church, Madison Avenue, New York, and many others both at home and abroad.

Whether as a teacher, accompanist, organist, or conductor, Mr. O'Brien may be congratulated on being equally successful in all.

On several occasions this well-known organist has received flattering offers to transfer his energies and abilities to the United States; but Mr. O'Brien has always preferred, and still prefers, to remain in his native city which nestles so picturesquely at the foot of Bartonville's Mount.

In a future issue I hope to present to readers of OUR MONTHLY engravings of some of the many other Hamilton musicians mentioned in this article, which lack of space forbids at the present time.

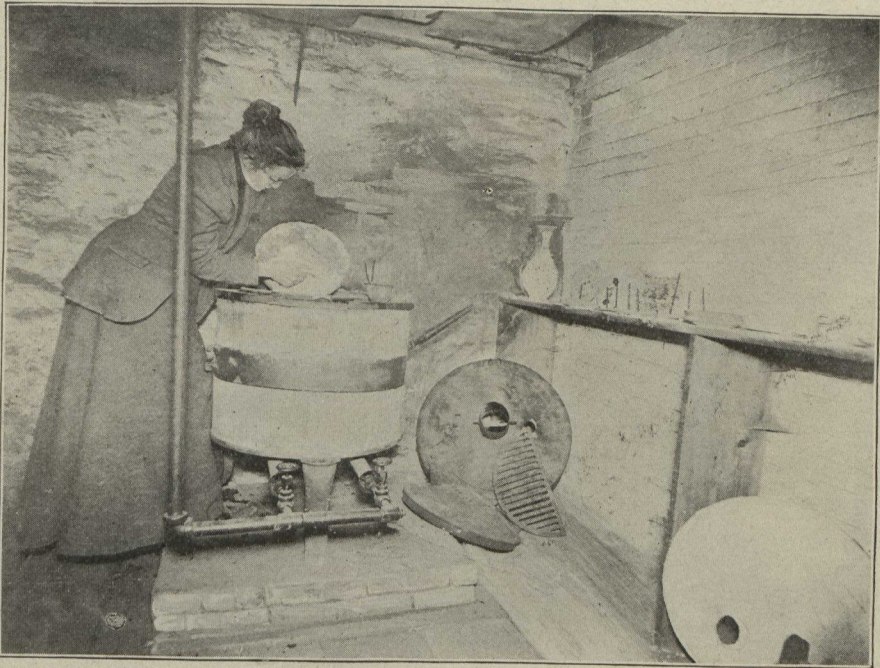
CERAMIC ART IN CANADA.

By MRS. M. E. DIGNAM.



WITHIN the last few years Ceramics have received all the attention formerly given to decorative fads of every description, and Canadians, especially Canadian women, have devoted themselves most energetically and seriously to this art of decoration. The Annual Ceramic Exhibitions of the Women's Art Association of Canada, in

the ordinary glazed jugs, teapots, pots and pans for common culinary purposes. Some of the oldest potteries are nevertheless of much interest to visit; especially on a warm summer's day when the cool, moist clay in the potter's hands, and the shelves full of freshly moulded forms from his wheel, make a pleasant atmosphere. We remember such a visit to a Berlin pottery where some odd pieces of



KILN ROOM. SCHOOL OF ART AND APPLIED DESIGN, MONTREAL.

Toronto, and in the London, Winnipeg, Montreal, Hamilton and St. Thomas Branches, have stimulated public interest as well as a spirit of emulation among the artists, bringing about a rapid advance in the art.

In considering Ceramics, the wares to be decorated come first. Very little advance has been made in Canada in the manufacture of pottery, farther than

ware attracted our attention, also the old pottery on Yonge Street where we were shown porringers (taken from a dusty upper shelf where they had been many a year, and the hands that moulded them were probably themselves turned to dust. There are other potteries throughout Quebec and Ontario which have for many years given us the useful wares of our households, glazed

usually in yellows and browns of a somewhat majolica appearance. The prettiest tints are to be seen, however, in the pots made for the florists' windows, which are often of a variety of blue and gray greens and very pleasing.

attractive coloring of the common wares of these countries add very much to the general picturesqueness of the people in their everyday surroundings, which artists of our day so delight in. The potters have said here, in response to



THE MADONNA OF CONSOLATION (*After Bougereau*). BY HARRY COULSON.

Seldom do we find the potter daring enough to give us such vivid yellow and blue green glazes as the Dutch make in Zaandam, Holland, or as you see in the Austrian, French, Italian or Spanish potteries. The bright and

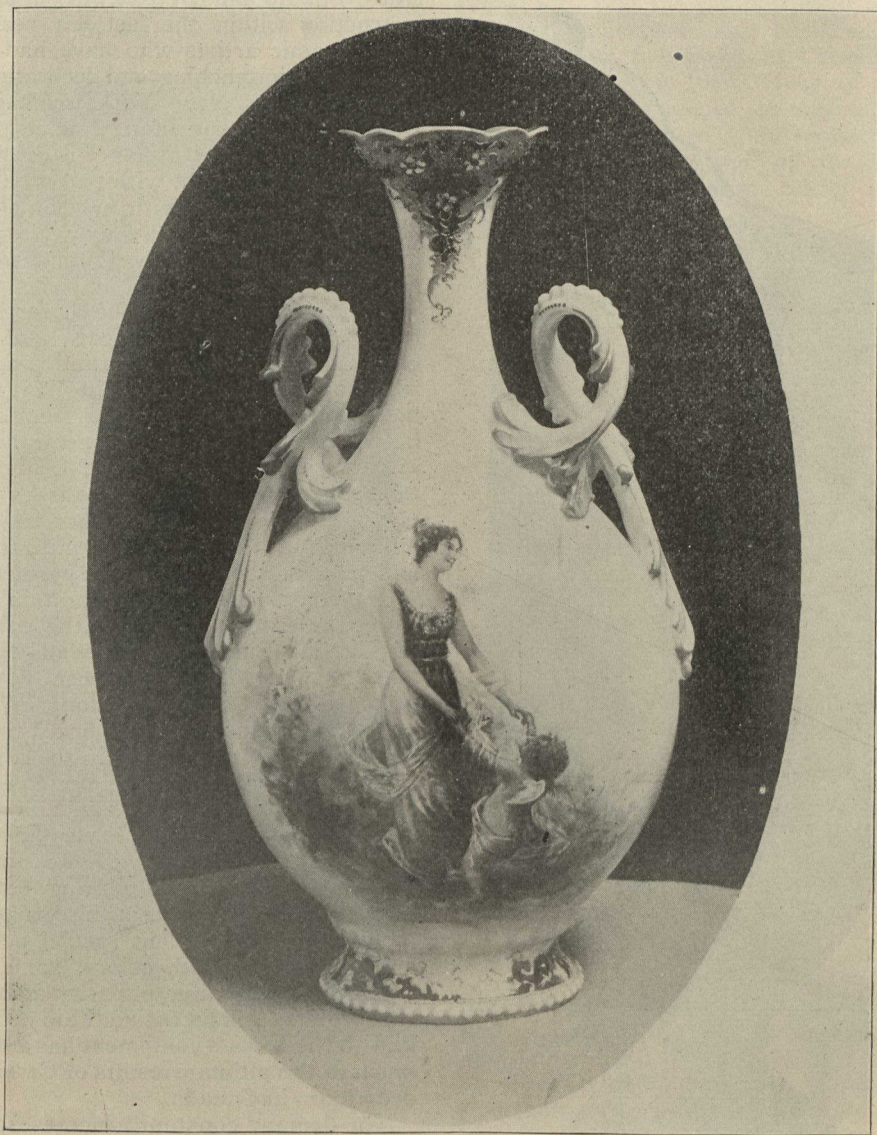
enquiries, that they would enjoy making these brightly colored things, but that they would not sell, so lacking in responsiveness are our Canadians.

Pottery has always been an essential in life, and has a history as interesting as

that of any art immortalized by the genius of the novelist, historian or poet.

The dawn of the world's history, the mysticism of early ages holds a charm in which the mind delights to revel

and knowledge, and when the Chaldeans were patiently laying the foundations of science. We get much of our knowledge of the industries of the ancients from their tombs, in these have been



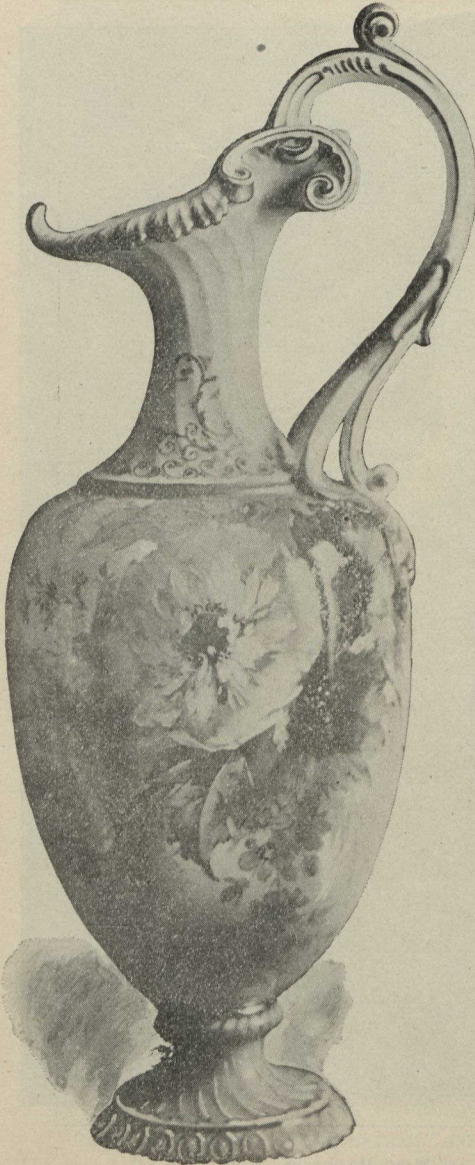
"YOUTH LED BY LOVE." VASE BY MISS PROCTOR, TORONTO.

Pottery has been a renowned exponent of the lives of men who have made their names and times noted, when Egypt held her powerful sway, when the Assyrian monarchy boasted of wealth

found examples of pottery, some crude in form and rough in workmanship, others of no mean artistic skill.

In Canada, interest in Ceramics is chiefly confined to the decoration of

imported wares, some of the large importing firms employing decorators for ordinary banding, grounding and filling in of stencilled patterns. What we now have, is the result of its having



DECORATED BY MISS GALBRAITH IN STYLE
OF CELEBRATED GERMAN WARE.

first been taken up as an amusement by a few amateurs, chiefly ladies of leisure. The fascinations of the art quickly

gained a great many devotees. The demand for instruction rapidly increased, leading many to seek an equipment for the purpose of teaching; the artists going chiefly to our adjacent American cities, Buffalo and Detroit, for suitable instruction within the last few years. Our Ceramic artists who have had so much to do in teaching and decorating, have gone to New York, Chicago, England, Germany and France for study, so that a new industry is opened in this country which, with two notable exceptions, is filled with women who are aiming high and already achieving distinction, auguring well for future attainments.

The china is imported for the artists by the large wholesale firms, and of late in great variety of forms and design. Almost every conceivable thing that can be used is made in fine china, from cuff buttons, hairbrush backs, mirror frames, in fact toilette articles of all kinds, to table ware, including special dishes for every kind of food served, not to say anything of the multiform jars, jugs and vases used for decorative purposes.

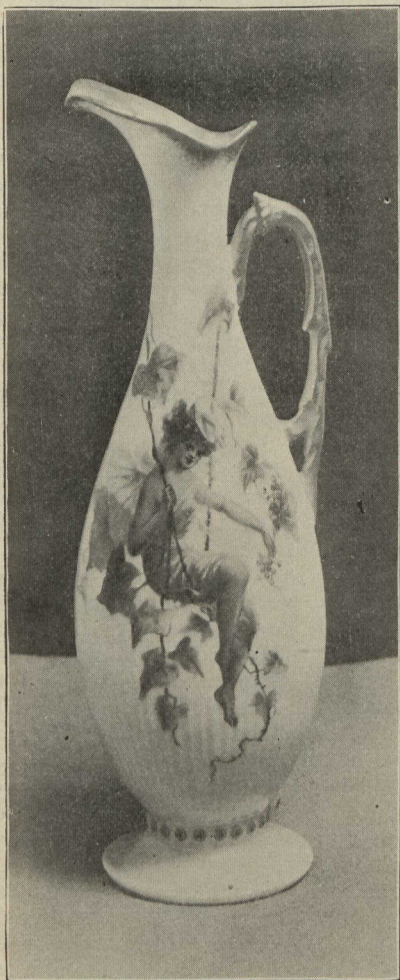
The colors used in the decoration are French, although some use the colors of special firms, or those of their teachers abroad. Until recently the firing of these colors was done in the large kilns of the importing firms, there being generally one or two in the larger cities. Each artist, of any pretension, has now his or her own kiln and can experiment at will, which is very advantageous as it does away with the former delay and indiscriminate firing of all pieces alike. The artist in this way can modify the firing to suit special needs and experiment with colors, some of which require greater intensity of heat than others, this recent addition of the kiln to the artist's equipment has added much to the ultimate results of Ceramic decoration in Canada.

The demand constantly increases, for it has become the fashion to have a cabinet of "hand painted" china, and quite the thing to do a little china painting, so that teaching and filling these cabinets is the work of the professional and amateur talent. All over the Dominion, from Vancouver to Halifax, in the cities and towns, are to be

found artists ready to take commissions and give lessons.

The art quality of the decorations varies more or less in value. Technically a good deal of the work is fair. Originality is also becoming evident in many directions. An increased interest is noted in design. Taste in color is

artists in its membership, to bring about some distinctive Ceramic effort for the proposed 1897 commemorative Historical Exhibition, cannot be yet definitely foretold, but no doubt much that will be of value will be done. One result is hoped for—that the establishment of a Ceramic collection may be brought about. Many fine pieces of Ceramics, valuable either in themselves or for associations, are owned by private individuals in Canada. The collection made by the daughter of the late Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) was



"SPRITE OF THE VINE."
MISS PROCTOR.

advancing. A number of the artists have succeeded in painting some excellent designs of the wild flowers of Canada, which is about the only distinctly national work done. What may be the outcome of the effort that is being made by the Women's Art Association, which includes the Ceramic



*Cup and Saucer presented to Lady Aberdeen
by the Hamilton Branch of W. A. A.*

MISS GALBRAITH.

left to King's College, Windsor, N.S., and contained a collection of pieces many of which had been owned by the old loyalist families of the Maritime Provinces. Such great collections of historic Ceramics and glass, as are to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in the British Museum, in the Sevres and Cluny collections, do a great deal to give value and create artistic interest in manufacture, as well as being of incalculable benefit to the potter and decorator, and advance in

this direction means the general advance of taste in the things we use, which must raise the general standard of art culture.

Propriety in Ceramic decoration is one of the first things to be considered by the young aspirant. The characteristics to be sought in good pottery decoration are, first, appropriateness of subject, an agreeable flow of lines and disposition of masses, effective arrangement with fine quality of color, and lastly, economy of labor, by which is meant, not stint, but wise direction and limitation.

Some years ago a picture that did not teach something was condemned. At the present day the other extreme is in



MR. HARRY COULSON.

Porcelain portrait painted by himself.

vogue, and the trend is toward decorative quality in its limited sense in pictorial art. While in pictorial art the truth probably lies between the two extremes, in pottery painting, the decorative quality, though it be ever so fanciful and sportive, is the one law to be observed. Excluding serious and painful or repulsive subjects, every field is open. All that is demanded is a conventionalised treatment, varied according to the purpose, either to produce a decorative picture on a flat surface, such as placques, *i.e.*, slabs of soft porcelain or earthenware, or to decor-

ate objects with concave or convex surfaces.

Birds, so fitting and beautiful companions to flowers and foliage, and so exquisitely painted by Ceramic artists in European factories, have scarcely received any attention by our Canadian artists. The truly artistic and legitimate use of birds by the Japanese, retaining all the charm and freshness of nature, yet never transgressing the laws of decoration, should be studied carefully by our artists.

We do not find our Canadians decorating toilette sets with fruit, or making any blunders in the proper use of decoration. They put fish upon fish sets, and use scroll designs with adaptations of flowers and landscape for almost everything else, which form of decoration is not to be objected to, but is not much scope compared with the great field of subjects offered.

One of the most charming uses that the Ceramic artist finds for his talent is the copying of pictures. The finest works of art may be copied in this way, and made more durable than any other kind of painting. Apart from breakage they might last forever.

Oil paintings are so transient that even some works from more modern masters are passing away. Sir Joshua Reynolds' works might be copied by the enamel painter and preserved to posterity. Some of the historic family pictures owned in England, for instance those of the Sutherland family, have been beautifully and satisfactorily reproduced in enamel, and two to three hundred guineas has been paid for a single copy.

One of our Canadian artists, who has been eminently successful in this work, is Mr. Harry Coulson, recently returned from Paris, where he was the pupil for some time of Mme. Hortense Richard, "gold medalist" and "instructor of public art." Mr. Coulson's reproduction of the "Vierge Consolatrice" (Madonna of Consolation), after Bougereau, is conscientiously studied with excellent results. "Idylle," after Bertrand, is a creditable work of the nude where Mr. Coulson has shown his skill in flesh painting.

Mr. Coulson has had the recent



IDYLLE (*After Bertrand*). BY HARRY COULSON.

honour of being admitted to this spring's Salon in Paris, the work accepted being a portrait of his brother, Mr. R. B.

years past intimately connected with the western attainment. Many young ladies have come under his instruction.



"OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA BEFORE THE JUDGES."

ORIGINAL DESIGN J. R. SEAVEY, HAMILTON.

Coulson, of Montreal. Judging from a portrait of the artist, done by himself, Mr. Coulson will rank highly in Canada as a portrait painter on porcelain, one of the most charming and satisfactory uses to which the art can be put, on account of its durability. If portrait painting in Ceramics had been earlier in vogue we should not now be in possession of so many faded "ancestors" in oils, the real appearance of whom we can only guess at. Miniature painting on porcelain has been essayed by some of our lady artists; Miss Proctor and Miss Hannaford are both advancing in good style. Miss Galbraith, Hamilton, Miss M. L. Couen and Miss Mason, Toronto, with a score of others, are studying all of the problems that are to be contended with, in the getting of good results.

Mr. J. Ruggles Seavey, now of Hamilton, formerly of Hellmuth College, London, has been for a number of

working with Miss Phillips to originate and advance design. In the Maritime Provinces nearly as much interest has



"THE FORTUNE TELLER," (After Vineau).

J. R. SEAVEY, HAMILTON.

been taken in the work as in Ontario. They have lacked, however, the stimulus of the exhibitions which will pro-

bably be remedied this coming year, as a branch of the W. A. A. of Canada has been formed in St. John, N.B.

Mrs. Peck, in writing of the Montreal Exhibit of China and the dangerous similarity of design and treatment existing so largely, says, "At first we might think this evil could be exaggerated by familiarizing the artists with work of others, dwelling many hundred miles apart, through circuit exhibitions, such as the W. A. A. holds. Yet, in that very fact lies a remedy we think, for in

so much in earnest in Canada, that we may look for them to seek the best and most appropriate as their artistic perceptions develop, and as they are enabled to take advantage of opportunities of study abroad. For the beginners and amateurs there is no necessity to seek for help other than may be found in our large cities like Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal, where the instructors in figure painting, portraiture, and all forms of decoration, are quite as competent as any in the adjacent American



MARIE LOUISE, BY MISS PROCTOR.

an exhibition this sameness becomes so very noticeable that naturally the artist will try to avoid such mere repetition of idea.

A recent lecturer, Prof. Huntingford, in speaking of the rococo style as unworthy, and to be avoided, referred to its prevalence in the Ceramic Art of the day as regrettable. That this style is almost universal will be seen from the illustrations accompanying this paper. The interest in Ceramics is growing so, and the artists themselves

cities. The art is now made so easy that ambitious students, living in more remote districts or in the smaller towns and villages, may not be deprived of the pleasure of painting on china. As china can be sent from the larger centres by the importer safely. They can have their own kilns, and can easily reach the cities where help can be obtained when any difficulties occur, so that more than any other art industry, china painting promises to become generally taken up.

Scientific Notes



By C. A. CHANT, B.A.

Lecturer in Physics, University of Toronto.

IRON EVERYWHERE.

IT has often been remarked that of the very best scientific work the public generally hear the least, simply because in most cases the magnitude of the labor and the importance of the results can, at the time, be truly appreciated only by fellow-workers in the same field. Almost without exception, however, the knowledge thus obtained, at some later period, will have abundant practical applications.

Much work in biology is certainly of the kind just mentioned, and an excellent example is that recently done of Professor A. B. Macallum, of the University of Toronto. For a number of years Professor Macallum has been studying the distributions of some compounds of iron in animal and vegetable bodies, and his researches, the greatest of which has just been published, have given an enviable eminence both to himself and the department of the University which he represents.

Under the microscope, organic bodies are seen to be composed of small units of structure, which are called cells. They are of various sizes and countless shapes, but those chiefly investigated required, for clear observation, a high-power microscope, multiplying from five hundred to two thousand diameters. About five years ago Professor Macallum discovered that certain chemicals, when properly applied, acted upon these cells. For preparing the microscopic slide, several days were generally required, and after this a searching investigation was made under the microscope. Hence this method is called micro-chemical.

For this last research almost innumer-

able specimens were prepared, and three full years of unremitting attention were occupied. A very wide acquaintance with chemistry and bacteriology was necessary. The conclusion reached was, that *iron is a constituent of the cells of every body.*

Any rational system of medicine must rest on such work as this, which competent judges have declared to be equal to anything published in many years.

* * *

ROENTGEN RAY INVESTIGATIONS.

The interest in the new rays is still very great, though they have lost their sensational prominence in the newspapers. Improved methods have been devised, and some additional results of much scientific interest have been obtained. Considerable attention has been given to the determination of the precise origin of the rays, and the result is that they arise wherever the cathode rays strike a solid obstacle. Many experimenters, both in Europe and America, are agreed on this point.

An important investigation was made by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge University, England. He finds that if a body be charged with electricity and then placed in the path of the Roentgen rays the electricity at once disappears. Also, a wire carrying an electric current was cut and the severed ends embedded in paraffin, which is a perfect non-conductor. On projecting the new rays upon the paraffin, electricity passed in the wire again, the paraffin becoming a conductor temporarily. This result is of great scientific value.

Roentgen himself has published further results, which he has obtained. Amongst them is this one just men-

tioned. The discoverer is still keeping to the front.

As yet no very reliable evidence has been secured as to the exact nature of the rays. Professor Rowland, of Baltimore, thinks he has indications that they are propagated by undulations (like light), the wave-length being about one three-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, or about one-seventh that of yellow light. The investigations of H. Becquerel, a French scientist, give presumptive evidence of the truth of this contention. He has discovered that certain salts of uranium emit rays which resemble light rays in some respects and Röntgen rays in other, and there is no question that these rays are identical in nature with light.

A practical application of these rays deserves a little notice. When they strike upon a paper covered with barium platino-cyanide, the substance fluoresces, or lights up; if an object, opaque to the radiation, intervenes, a shadow is cast.

A little instrument, which has been called the cryptoscope, is based on this effect. It consists simply of a black tube with a paper, coated with the above-named chemical, over one end. The unclosed end is placed to the eye, and the whole is turned towards the Crookes tube which is producing the radiation. Objects placed between the two, if opaque, can be seen directly. By this means the bones in the hand, coins in a purse, etc., can be observed without resorting to the photographic plate.

* * *

GRAVITY AND THE PENDULUM.

The pendulum is one of the commonest of domestic objects as it swings to-and-fro beating time for us, but its applications do not end there. In scientific investigation it has played an important part. Everyone has heard of Galileo's famous observation that the chandelier in the cathedral of Pisa always made its small vibrations in equal times. A very noted experiment was made by the French physicist, Foucault, in 1851. By means of a sixty pound bob attached to a wire, two hundred feet long, this most ingenious

man demonstrated that the earth rotated about its axis.

Still another use is made of the pendulum, to determine the force of gravity, or as students of mechanics would familiarly say, to find "g." This quantity expresses the strength of the earth's pull on a body, and the pendulum method is far the best for measuring it. As this quantity "g" would serve to reproduce our standard yard, and is of exceeding importance in astronomy, geology, and every other branch of science, we are not surprised that thousands of dollars are spent every year on official measurements.

During the present year a determination of "g" has been made at the University of Toronto by Mr. A. M. Scott, a senior student in physics. The pendulum was not a wire with a ball on the end, but consisted of a round steel rod, about half an inch in diameter. To allow it to swing, a pair of "knife-edges" were fastened to each end, and these could rest on agate planes. Three weights were upon the rod and could slide upon it, and the experiment largely consisted in altering these weights so that the pendulum would oscillate in equal times, no matter upon which pair of knife-edges it rested, that is, changing the rod end for end made no difference in the time of swing. This time being measured to the ten-thousandth part of a second, the distance between the pair of knife-edges was accurately measured. To do this every disturbing element must be allowed for, such as the change of temperature, the air-pressure, etc. The final result is expressed in metric system as "g = 980.304," and in the English system "g = 32.16," (at Toronto).

An illustration will explain these figures: Let a stone drop freely; at the end of a second it is going at the rate of 980.304 centimetres, or 32.16 feet per second; and the distance it will have fallen through is half this, or 16.08 feet.

The work consumed three months, and was done in competition for an 1851 exhibition scholarship, worth £150 annually for two years; and Mr. Scott was the successful candidate. He will spend two or three years in Europe.

SIR JOHN SCHULTZ, K. C. M. G.

BORN in the garrison town of Amherstburg, in Upper Canada, John Christian Schultz was early compelled by circumstances to face the world for himself. Leaving school—where he used to do the sums of playmates as well as his own, and still have time, like Sir David Wilkie, to draw pictures on his slate—the lad chose the adventurous life of a sailor, and “shipped” aboard a vessel

With him the native hue of resolution was never too much sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought, and he early determined to see distant lands. Having a longing to see Mexico, he planned to go thither, but changed his route, and about 1862 set out for the then little-known Red River Settlement to practice his profession. Here he struck hands with Dr. Walter R. Bown, and the pair traversed great tracts of the



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 23.

plying on the Great Lakes. For several seasons he continued as a hand before the mast, and saving his wages went to school at Oberlin, Ohio, in the winters. Crossing the Atlantic as supercargo of a vessel about 1860, he returned to study medicine at Kingston, and finally took his degree at Victoria College, Cobourg. Though seeming delicate as a lad, he had a good constitution, and the seafaring life developed his physique.

rich prairie country, exploring and trading. He early antagonized the Hudson’s Bay Company, whose charter he one day calmly denounced to one of its factors as “not worth the paper it was written on,” and was made to feel the weight of its corporate hand. But his skill, his inherited Scandinavian hardness and his British pluck made a name for him among both Indians and settlers; and when Louis Riel effected his *coup*,

designed to make of Manitoba a French settlement, Dr. Schultz was the man who persisted in flying the British flag, and standing up for British representative institutions and a Canadian connection.

Denounced by Riel, who offered a reward for his head, Schultz made his way in 1870 to Ontario, where he was received as a hero. Returning, at the

never losing faith in the ultimate greatness of his adopted province, whose resources, as well as those of the vast Mackenzie River District, he continued to exalt with voice and pen. Knighthood came to him, but a few months ago, as a recognition of his labors, first as a pioneer and later as a public man in our Great West. But he never lost his simplicity of tastes and habits,



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 45.

time of the Wolseley expedition, to Manitoba, he was shortly made the representative of that province in the Dominion Parliament, becoming thereafter Senator, and in 1888 Lieutenant-Governor.

The hardships he had undergone broke his health, but true to his stoical nature no one ever heard him murmur. He pursued his duties with high resolve,

and he was constant to those who, in his manhood or his boyhood, had shown their belief in and regard for him. In an effort to rid himself of bronchitis he went last winter with his devoted wife to Mexico—perhaps in pursuance of the longings he had thirty years before to see that fabled land—and there, at Monterey, he suddenly died in April last. Canada has known few worthier sons.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED GUEST.

BY JAMES HEDLEY.

AMONG the incidents of the first Riel uprising in Manitoba—far more exciting at the time to us, the dwellers in the east, than young people of to-day can understand—was one which some friends to whom I one night rehearsed it thought worth the telling in print. Doctor Schultz, (whose death as Sir John Schultz, K. C. M. G., ex-M. P., ex-Senator, ex-Governor of the Province, just now draws, and properly draws, much popular attention to the great work he did for Canada in his life time), had just reached Montreal after his escape from the clutches of Louis Riel. The stalwart doctor had broken the bars of his prison at Fort Garry, and in the attempt to let himself down from a window at night by strips of buffalo hide, fell to the ground, injuring his thigh. Lame as he was, he climbed the wall of the Fort and walked backward half a mile in a circuit through a blinding snow-storm in order to deceive possible searchers, and then struck North-East, finding some miles away among the Scotch settlers of Kildonan, shelter from the emissaries which Riel soon sent out to find him. His secret was well kept, however, and he was never again captured by the arch rebel. I have heard him narrate how, in that Scotch settlement, he lay for hours in a huge grain bin in a settler's premises with half a dozen bags of oats on top of him while the patrol of armed men scoured the house to find him.

By the assistance of sympathizers, word of the Doctor's plight was conveyed to a Scotch half-breed guide named Joseph Monkman, who had traversed the plains with Schultz on some trading trips in former years and knew the country thoroughly. Upon being asked to accompany the Doctor on a snowshoe tramp to Lake Superior and thence eastward, to let the people

of Ontario know the true state of affairs, Joseph loyally assented. Having been provided with all the pemmican they could carry, in addition to their arms, etc., the two started about the middle of February for the southern end of Lake Winnipeg, making a detour eastward through Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, then southward and finally westward, tramping on their snowshoes day after day through swamp and forest, over lake and hill, eating the flesh of rabbits or birds, often feeding on berries, until near the close of March they reached the western end of Lake Superior. A strange pair, stranger than Crusoe and his man Friday, they must have seemed to the people of Duluth when, gaunt and ragged, snowblind and crippled, they told their story in that town. Schultz had lost thirty-six pounds in weight on the trip, and suffered tortures from frost-bite and from the pain of his wounded thigh.

But to the story I set out to tell, which has nothing to do with either history or suffering. Joseph and the Doctor, after a sort of triumphal procession through Ontario cities, reached Montreal in the spring and put up at the St. Lawrence Hall. After dark one day they were called upon by a deputation of French Canadians, prominent among whom was M. Provencher, who had spent some time in the Red River Territory and knew Schultz. They invited the two heroes of the snowshoe tramp to a convivial gathering on that evening. Schultz replied that he had taken tickets for the theatre and had invited me to accompany them. With winning grace, Provencher suggested that the *seance* should take place after the theatre, and begged that I would be one of the party. It was so arranged, and about half-past ten behold us, a dozen in number, seated in a private

room at Freeman's restaurant on St. James Street. Provencher sat at the head of the table, Schultz on his right, and then Joseph, who was attired in the Hudson's Bay overcoat without which he never appeared. He was a tall man, this guide, with swarthy skin and high cheek bones, Indian as to eyes and hair—both black; Indian like also, in the erect carriage and turned-in feet, but with a large and smiling mouth which gave his face an aspect of confiding sweetness and simplicity. Simple he was, too, in matters of city life and custom, but he had excellent sense, the manners of one naturally a gentleman, while of woodcraft he was a past master. His confidence in Schultz was absolute.

The first course of the supper was oysters on the shell. Monkman had never seen oysters before, and watched with smiling but dignified *aplomb* to see how they were to be disposed of, asking the Doctor, in his low tones, the name of these curious things, and being told, to his amazement, that they were fish. Following the custom of the other guests he made away with the bivalves, and while he was so engaged Schultz leaned over and whispered to him:

"Preserve the shells, Joseph, they are valuable,—the proprietor keeps them and grinds them up to feed them to his French Canadian ponies. They make excellent horse-feed."

Joseph, nothing doubting, made a little pile of the shells on his plate, bowing an acknowledgment to Schultz for the suggestion. As the other courses followed, he partook sparingly and in sedate silence of the soup and fish, lightly of the *hors d'oeuvres*, which were as much a puzzle to him as Chinese dishes are to us, and "laid himself out" on the joint. Pastry had no charms for him; and as for the wines, which succeeded one another in the order prescribed by the excellent taste of the repast, a glass of good old Hudson's Bay rum would have done him more good than the whole of them. When not gazing straight in front of him this child of the prairies, swarthy of face, impassive in demeanour, sat between courses on this convivial occasion erect, with his hands clasped before him on

the table in attendant silence, replying to the sallies of his right-hand or opposite neighbour with a French or English monosyllable, a broad smile or an occasional grunt—I do not use the term offensively, but I do not know any other word to describe the curious expression of assent that he was accustomed to make from his throat.

The *petit souper* went on. The talk was charming, the badinage incessant. I was learning for the first time how delightful a half dozen of Frenchmen could be when bent upon entertaining their guests and themselves around the social board. And the scene laid a foundation in my mind of a respect which has continued ever since for the educated class of French Canadians. Reminiscences of Manitoba from Schultz and Provencher, songs and recitations in French and English from some bright young members of the press, anecdotes, quotations, allusions, we had them all, and the playfully intimate rallying of one another that is only possible to good fellowship. There is a French proverb which says "Confidence does more for conversation than wit" and so it seemed on that evening, though wit was not wanting. The convivial surroundings, the accompaniments of the little supper, from the colored wax lights on the table to the flaring gas jets of the room, were all strange to our untutored guest, whose eyes wandered like a boy's from the dainty jellies and "tiny kickshaws" on the table to the loud-popping and creaming champagne, beakers of whose "blushful Hippocrene" came to surprise his vision and his palate. The cigarettes, too, seemed to amuse him, and the curiously twisted Mexican cigars. But he was too warily watchful to commit the solecism of drinking out of his finger-bowl, as a Washington senator is alleged to have done, or taking both hands to lift a champagne glass to his lips, a feat we have seen performed by a legislator much nearer home.

Coffee was brought, and most of the party made a *gloria* by pouring into spoon or cup the little glass of brandy which accompanied the cup and saucer, and then setting fire to it. This operation was novel to Monkman who,

when his right-hand neighbor started with a wax match the blue flame that presently wavered over the top of his cup and next politely offered to do the same for him, pushed back his chair with a muttered "oogh" and said something in French about there being the devil in the thing. Turning to Schultz, as he always did when an explanation of anything was wanted, the Doctor calmed him by saying :

"It is all right, Joseph ; no danger. There is no magic in the thing : it is only a queer custom of some of these old-country Frenchmen. Take your coffee without the fire if you want to, but don't offend your young neighbor who only wanted to be polite. See how distressed he looks !"

Instantly reassured, and only anxious to repair what had seemed an alarmed incivility—so instinctively courteous was this child of nature—the quaint figure in the long capoted overcoat rose from his chair and with an entreating gesture of both hands, graceful and indescribably naive, asked pardon of the young Frenchman, and then bowing to the chairman, and casting a questioning glance at Schultz,

like a timid boy resumed his seat. Tickled as these *bon vivants* were at the evidences of delighted surprise given from time to time by their prairie-reared guest, they were yet civilly careful not to offend his composure by any brutal practical jokes ; leaving it to Schultz to mystify Joseph by such harmless fables as the story of the uses of the oyster shells or the mysterious origin of ice-cream which, he was assured, was a most rare dish, fabricated especially for this occasion, in honour of the deliverance of the two snowshoe travelers from the clutches of Kabibonokka, the North wind.

Monkman returned to the Red River settlement, after having been made much of in the East. Through the influence of Schultz, who was elected to Parliament and afterwards became Senator, he was made a fishery inspector or supervisor on Lake Winnipeg. He lived to a good old age, and doubtless often regaled his simple-minded listeners with stories of the sights he had seen and the queer adventures he had had among those crazy city folks of the East.



MISS DAISIE DOANE.
A promising young pianist.

JUNE.

FLY thou with me, fancy fleet,
To some woodland green retreat,
Where, beside the quiet grasses,
Idle verses we may weave,
As the pensive noontide passes
Down his easy road to eve.

Let the fairies dance about me
With their partners, two by two ;
Bring the jolly Puck to clout me,
Laughing with his madcap crew ;
Let old Pan, pipe forest numbers,
While a clumsy Satyr lumbers
Through his dance amid the flowers,
And above the fat sun slumbers,
Heedless of his idling hours.

Come thou with me, fancy shy,
We shall couch where none are nigh ;
Where the languid breezes blow
Drowsy wild flowers to and fro,
Bearing thence a stolen scent,
Honeysweet and somnolent,
For the silent birds asleep
In the leafage lowered deep,
And for us, upon the grasses,
Dreaming in the lazy light,
As the loitering noontide passes
Down his darkening road to night.

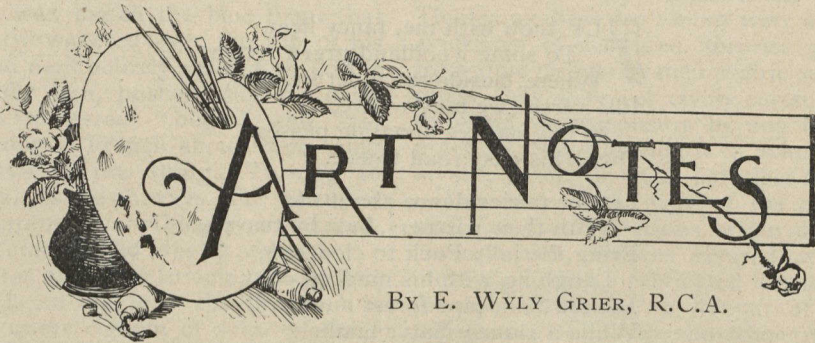
C. PRIME.

There are Spool Silks and Spool Silks

Corticelli

is what the makers justly claim it to be

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



BY E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

IN a very ably written article that appeared in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, the subject of "Painters and Critics: French and English," is dealt with in a logical and convincing manner; the ground covered by the essay, and the evidence brought to bear on the points at issue, being on a scale which demonstrates the writer's familiarity with the current art and art literature of England and the continent. M. de la Sizeranne and M. Chesneau are quoted as saying that "the characteristic of English painting is that it has no fixed characteristics at all," and that it "is entirely destitute of any central aim or principle, being interesting mainly on account of the individuality and intensity of purpose evinced by special artists," and that the "individual artists all differ from each other in style, method and aims; and the combined sum of their work differs from that of any other country." The reviewer then proceeds to sketch the progress of modern French art, touching upon the work of a number of the leading painters, and indicating the nature of their subjects and their predominant qualities of style, ultimately reaching this conclusion, that "the Salon is an extraordinary spectacle of vitality and energy in painting, and of intense and varied interest in life; and we have small sympathy with the *precieux* type of critics who affect to scorn it, all because it does not accord with a special and rather narrow ideal of their own. Only we do say that the tables are turned on such criticism of us as M. Chesneau gave utterance to * * * and that French art is at present as much characterised by individualism * * * as English art ever was.

And what is our conclusion from all this? That in the opinion of the French critics English art is characterised by individualism, and that in the opinion of an able English critic this is also the characteristic of French art.

Now, a good many people in Canada are eagerly awaiting the growth of a Canadian school of painting which shall be distinguished by some sort of national quality common to all the artists labouring in the Dominion; and to those who cherish these fond expectations, it may be said, that they are awaiting a consummation which has not been reached either

in England or France; England, which gave birth to Turner and the Georgian portrait painters; France which boasts a De Neuville and a Carot. The prophets of this coming national characteristic do not state explicitly what they suppose its precise nature will be; but, while it is frequently hinted that there will be some general tendency in the class of subjects, there are few who suggest that the distinguishing feature of our national art will be one of style. But, perhaps, we cannot expect the art critics of a country where art itself is only in its infancy to appreciate the significance or discern the subtleties of style. At present they can hardly be counted upon to perceive more than is tolerably palpable; and national characteristics will always be more obvious in the subject than in the treatment of it, just as it is easier to find a Canadian quality in a snake fence or a lumber shanty alluded to by Lampman or Scott, than it is to discover it in the poet's lyrical manner.

But we need not despair of the growth of art in Canada, even though it be on the lines of individualism. Perhaps the most progressive school of painters in Europe is the Swedish, which is an art development in a country, the natural features of which are somewhat akin to our own. In Canada we have that degree of remoteness from the known art centres of the world which will ensure the development of originality, while, on the other hand, we have a large number of splendid pictures to serve as standards for the guidance of students. These pictorial treasures are stored mainly in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, the finest collections being those of Montreal. Here wealth and taste have been lavished upon the acquirement of galleries of pictures of which any city in the world might be proud, and those practitioners of art who are lucky enough to live in their midst are likely to be the better painters for having within reach such examples of the masters of their art; and that the atmosphere in which they live has fostered and nourished the native talent of the Montreal painters may be seen from the work, for instance, of Messrs. Harris, Brymner, Dyonnet, Graham, and Pinhey. There is not, at present, any distinguishing quality common to all these painters wherein the seeker after national characteristics might rejoice; but each is, in his way, a factor in the progress

towards a future Canadian art which the world is to acknowledge, and these painters, with Mr. Brownell and Mr. Hammond, might safely be entrusted with the establishment of a reputable name for the art of this country.

But we have not "arrived" yet. The public demand for native work is not great enough to enable many painters of first-rate ability to make a livelihood; consequently there is always a migration of talent to the States; and again, the standard imposed at our exhibitions is not high enough to exclude mediocrity, and the result is that inferior painters continue to starve on the borderland between failure and success. With a higher standard these would be mercifully sent back to their legitimate work with the saw, the last and the harrow. A low standard at the exhibitions leads the tyro into the belief that this painting is the one industry in which he can succeed without an exacting apprenticeship, without extreme labour, and without capital. Talent can be left out of the reckoning, our supposititious beginner probably believing his own to be indisputable; but it is not always that self complacency is allied to brilliant gifts, we are not all Herkomers.

There are, however, most hopeful signs of improvement in our yearly picture shows, and each year the demand is greater for a higher class of art production. The facilities for study are increasing, each of the larger cities of the Dominion having either subsidized schools or painting classes conducted by artists who have themselves been through the mill; but even with the great desiderata, native talent, means of education, and access to fine collections, it may be many long years before Canada is reckoned amongst the forces in painting, and we may have to wait till genius wins for us a fame such as Sargent and Abbey are winning for America.

For those whose bent is in the direction of history the annals of our country give fine opportunities; from the records of the Cabot brothers and later discoveries, the deeds and death of Wolfe, the battle of Queenston Heights and the various incidents of the war of 1812, down to more recent years, when the theme must be political and the actors those politicians, (and they are most of them of remarkable physiognomy), who have moulded the history of Canada by debate. For those whose especial gift is landscape, it is not quite so easy to lay down a line of study, but since there is, throughout the breadth of this great country, an infinite variety of feature, it may safely be said that it wants but the man, the seeing eye, and a world of beauty will stand revealed.

It may be taken for granted then, that just as a literature must grow (and, indeed, is growing) in this country, so must the sister arts of music and architecture; and why should not our measure of prosperity entitle us to the leisure in which to cultivate the niceties of taste, nay, to satisfy that great and urgent craving for what is beautiful, which is most abundantly ministered to by the higher creations of the painters' art.

It is quite true that in the past there have been influences retarding the progress of painting; one of the chief being the comparatively small demand for native work. Several causes have led to this: *First*, No new country wants pictures, it is too busy "clearing" and progressing. *Secondly*, Wealth is, in Canada, only a recent invention. *Thirdly*, The painter, like the prophet, is not an object of veneration in his own country. *Fourthly*, Impecuniosity has glutted what limited market there was by auction sales. And where shall we look for the bettering of this state of things? By raising the standard of the exhibitions, and so forcing the utmost cultivation of native talent.

Better painting will bring prosperity to the painters. This is the motto for all, including the grumblers. The assiduous training of his powers will preserve the artist's self-respect, which is jeopardized by processes such as "working" the press, touting for work, and holding auction sales. The Women's Art League has done something, if only to convince the public that the artists take themselves and their work seriously. But a general propagation of the gospel of art is not much to the taste of the majority of practical workers. Some of us remember how the subject was treated in Whistler's "Ten o'clock," and incline to that view; but it is much to be desired that those who have a natural and sincere love for art should be able to nourish it on a home-produced pabulum.

* * *

At the last exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, held at Montreal, there was a noticeable improvement in the number of sales.

* * *

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists has been better attended this year than on any former occasion. And it may be said that their recently adopted system of admitting and hanging pictures by ballot has produced most favourable results.

* * *

The warm weather has awakened most of our painters (including the figure men) to the consciousness that their vocation is landscape.

Yacha Chis RAW THINGS

This Department is the work of Amateurs only. All contributors to it must be Canadian born and residing in Canada. Prizes will be given from time to time for a variety of exercises, and every month a prize of Five Dollars will be given for the best Canadian story. See announcement elsewhere in this issue.

The story "Behind Stone Walls," by Miss Leila Plummer, Lisgar St., Toronto, is the best that has been received by the Editor up to 1st May. The sum of Five Dollars has therefore been paid to the writer, who never before has had a contribution published by any magazine. Miss Plummer, after this date, is of course no longer an Amateur writer as far as OUR MONTHLY is concerned (to tell the truth about it, we have very few privileges to confer upon anybody, and can only afford to make a writer an amateur once).

BEHIND STONE WALLS.

BY LEILA PLUMMER.

NO," said the keeper, slowly and cautiously dangling his keys, "I don't think she will ever think clearly again. It has been twelve years since the poor creature came, or was brought to this place. She had just recovered from a malignant attack of brain fever. Physically all was well; but mentally—" Then he paused and sadly watched the stooping figure rocking and swaying backward and forward in her chair, muttering brokenly, "Edith, Edith!"

"Come," said the visitor, "It makes my heart ache to watch her. But will you permit me to speak to her?" "Yes, she has never been known as a dangerous patient; just that heart-breaking and passive imbecility." "What shall I call her?" "Annie."

Slowly, with saddened face, the young visitor advanced toward the woman. "Annie," she called in a low, clear tone. The eyes were raised to the sweet face, restless gray eyes, from which the light of reason had forever vanished. One glance and the gray head had once more bowed; just one word murmured, "Edith."

"Ah!" said the keeper, "Edith, Edith, nothing but Edith. Nothing has she said during her weary twelve years' sojourn here but that. Her's is a weary life, a sad, and yet a strange one."

The visitor turned away, her eyes full of tears. That blank, expressionless face had often brought tears to the old keeper's eyes; it seemed to the young girl that she would give anything to be able to restore to that woman happiness and reason. Slowly keeper and visitor left the ward. "Keeper, who was Edith?"

"Edith? why, Edith was her daughter, loved and worshipped by a pretty young

mother. Yes, Edith was pretty too—inherited her mother's good looks."

The keeper pushed a comfortable rocker forward, and seated himself in a broad old-fashioned arm-chair. "Perhaps you would like to hear the story?" he said in an enquiring tone. Then without waiting for a reply he began, his visitor listening with the sympathetic interest which he loved to excite in his hearers.

"Yes," said he, in that soliloquizing and forgetful manner, which is so often noted in the old yarn spinner. "It was about thirty years ago that she came to this town a bride! I had seen few prettier or happier. She and her husband settled down in a neat little cottage, one of the prettiest in the place. In her leisure hours Mrs. Lee visited the poor, helped the sick, and many a time has she brought to this very place little dainties, prepared by her own hands, for some patients in whom she had taken particular interest. When she had lived here about two years her first child was born. A bonny little son, and she called him Harry after his father. Certainly Harry never in his life could complain of lack of love and care. While he was her only child their love was lavished upon him. Two years later came the girl, and her mother called her Edith. I have told you, Miss, that she was pretty; but she was as good as she was pretty. I have never seen a happier family than they were at that time. Of course the children had their faults, but the fond parents trusted to time to correct all their little shortcomings."

"It was when Harry was about fifteen that the first trouble occurred. Mr. Lee returned home from his office one day feeling slightly ill; in a week's time he was dead. I need not say how bitterly Mrs. Lee and the

children mourned their loss. It had the effect of binding mother and daughter still closer together, but Harry from then helped to support his mother and sister, thus being thrown more out upon the world. Mrs. Lee took in sewing, and the villagers were glad to give her any aid they might. So the three lived together for five or six years longer.

"But meanwhile a great change had come over Harry; he kept bad company, late hours and was a constant worry to his mother. At twenty-one he had developed a thoroughly bad character and left home.

"Mrs. Lee's love wound still closer around Edith, and Edith would have done anything for her mother. Both worked for a while but finally Edith became the sole support, having induced her mother to rest. I don't know whether Edith worked too hard, and could not sufficiently care for herself or not, but I shall always remember the night she took to her bed! I shall never forget how the mother worked with and prayed for that girl, nursing and caressing her through the long summer nights! But mother's love and medical skill were both unavailing, and the mother lost her child.

"Annie Lee was then alone; one child dead, her husband gone and her first-born worse than dead. To a heart as loving as Annie Lee's it was a terrible blow.

"Medical colleges had not at that time, nor have they now, very good facilities for pursuing the science of anatomy. The students were hardened. A proper supply of subjects could only be procured by robbing graves. Medical students became brutal. About a mile from the village was a medical college. Here, the ignorant and superstitious declared, all horrors existed. Doubtless the students found their subjects gruesome, but they were never at a loss for amusement. Some of these amusements were revolting, but others were simply boyish fun, and the wild shrieks of laughter heard occasionally by a passing townsman were often construed into the ravings of some supernatural being.

"Considerable fear had been shown by Mrs. Lee for the safety of the remains of her daughter. But by the persuasion of her neighbours she consented to bury her in the little cemetery adjoining the town instead of burying her with the father.

"About a week after the burial Mrs. Lee, lonely and almost distracted, started on a long tramp across the country. This was the way in which she now spent the evenings and the

earlier part of the night. Folks had already begun to whisper that Mrs. Lee was not now as she had been. On that evening she took a route which led her about a mile out of the village and into one of the wildest and most beautiful parts. Annie Lee walked in the listless and abstracted manner which had become habitual to her. So slowly and unheedingly did she walk that ere she was aware the shades of night had crept upon her.

"Vaguely she wondered where she was. A few yards before her a great gray building loomed up. Annie knew that it was the medical college. Gradually, yet swiftly, all the weird stories she had heard the villagers tell flashed through her half-crazed mind. She drew, as if charmed by an unseen power, nearer to the building, from the windows of which a few flickering lights could be seen. As she glided on, her foot struck against some object. Strange it was that she should stoop to pick it up, so centred were her thoughts upon that building. But she did, scarce realizing that she had. Nearer and nearer she drew to the building; the lights grew brighter; nearer until she was in a full blaze of light. She looked down upon the object which she held, and to her horror she found that it was a human hand.

"Students and professors were startled by a wild prolonged shriek, then profound silence. They rushed from the building in the direction from which the sound had come. They found a woman, robed in black, lying in a swoon; beside her lay that gruesome object. They carried her into the college; the fever came on, and there for many weeks she was carefully nursed and cared for. Some of the students knew Mrs. Lee and could readily imagine what wild and terrible conjectures had flashed through her overwrought mind.

"The fever was driven away and health brought back, but the physicians despaired of ever restoring her reason. The college authorities made investigations and tried to discover by whose carelessness the disaster had been occasioned, with what success I do not know.

"Annie Lee was removed to this asylum, here she has been ever since. She is occasionally visited by some of the villagers. Sometimes a man, aged before his time, bent and haggard, comes here and asks to see the patient; she looks upon her son, broken, desolate, himself half-crazed, with no light of recognition in her eyes, then slowly lowers her head, sways backward and forward murmuring 'Edith.'"

WA-WA.

BY VALLANCE BERRYMAN.



WA-WA! Wa-wa! Come here!" But Wa-wa was too much occupied to pay any attention to her master's calls, engaged as she was in the fascinating pastime of catching gophers. Crouching on the dry grass, she held a string in one hand, her small black eyes intently watching a loop at the other end, so placed in front of a gopher hole as to form a trap for the little animal, should he venture out. Suddenly a movement was seen at the loop end of the string; a tiny nose appeared, then a head, and poor little Mr. Gopher's promenade was not what he intended it to be; it was upward, but not onward, for with a "Hi! See! See!" Wa-wa sprang to her feet, jerking up the string with the gopher a prisoner at the end of it. Two collies, which had been watching the proceedings, as silent and intent as the squaw, now bounded at the helpless, little furry victim, jumping, barking, and snapping, as the woman gleefully shortened the string, and swung the tempting bait out of reach. The sport was of short duration, however, for a firm hand unexpectedly grasped the swinging animal from behind, and by a skillful twist of its neck, put it out of misery.

The squaw turned, with a look of astonishment. It was not like the master to interfere with a little bit of play like that. He had been wont to applaud her for catching these little pests which played such havoc among his grain, but, latterly he seemed changed altogether, and Wa-wa was convinced, in her Indian mind, that the change had something to do with the coming of the strangers to the ranch near by, and a great deal to do with a brown-haired girl who lived there; so she looked hard at "Kwa-sind," as she called Dick Morris, as if trying to fathom the mystery.

"Wa-wa," said he, "go in and get supper ready, that's a much better thing for a woman to do than catching gophers."

Wa-wa went.

By and by, as her master's visits to the brown-haired girl became more and more frequent, Wa-wa paid dearly for her devotion to him, and sometimes wished she had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds with her husband two years before. "Wa-wa, you are utterly stupid." "What an awkward old thing you are, Wa-wa." "Why on earth don't you fasten up that tail of hair some way and make yourself look respectable."

Nothing the Indian woman did pleased her master now.

One morning the girl with brown hair was surprised to have a squaw walk coolly into her kitchen and ask for "heap little iron things to stick in hair." She laughed at the strange request, but good-naturedly gave some hairpins, whereupon the woman departed with a grunt of satisfaction.

That day, after putting dinner on the table, Wa-wa hastily retired to her own little bedroom whence she presently reappeared, gorgeous in a bright yellow print wrapper; a red cotton handkerchief was tied round her

scrawny neck, and her greasy wisp of black hair twisted on top of her head in most fantastic style, being held in place by the borrowed hairpins. A red necklace, suggestive of gutta percha, was wound about the knot of hair and hung gracefully down over one eye, giving her a most ridiculous appearance. There she stood, her skinny hands a-kimbo, grinning with supreme satisfaction, and waiting for a burst of admiration from "Kwa-sind." Now, "Kwa-sind" was just an ordinary young Canadian, full of health and animal spirits, good-hearted and honest, but with no great amount of tact, so obeying the impulse of the moment, as was his custom, he simply laughed till the tears came to his eyes. "By George, you're the biggest scarecrow I've seen for a long time. I say, what under the sun possessed you to get yourself up like that, you old fool?"

But the squaw was not there to answer, for at the first sound of his laughter the smile gradually faded from her face, leaving a look of surprised indignation as she realized he was making fun of her; and then she turned and fled to her room, banging the door violently after her.

Three weeks later "Kwa-sind" brought home his bride. It was the girl with brown hair and Wa-wa grew sullen and obstinate. She rarely spoke beyond the usual Indian "ugh," and if addressed by her new mistress pretended not to hear. One day as the ranchman was watering one of the horses, the squaw laid her hand on his arm. "Kwa-sind," she said, "what you say pale face do when one kill other one?" Her master laughed as he answered carelessly, "why, if one man kills another, then he is killed too, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

That evening Dick was teaching his wife to shoot with a small bore rifle, and though it was fast getting dark the shooting still went on for the girl was ambitious to make just one more bull's eye. "Just one more and then we will go in." When suddenly, just as a shot was fired, a dark object was seen to start up from the ground then fall heavily. All three ran to the spot, the girl pale and trembling. There, in the dim light, lay Wa-wa with blood slowly trickling from her forehead. Dick was the first to reach her side and the Indian woman looked at him with triumph in her wicked little eyes as she murmured, "She shoot Wa-wa, she die too." The man started back as he realized the depth of this hatred, so strong as to cause its possessor to forfeit her own life in order to gain the desired end. As the young wife bent over the dying woman to whisper words of comfort, her face showing paler and purer in contrast with that other so dark and evil, the squaw's eyes opened once more and there was a last gleam of hate in them as, looking into the face above her, she said slowly "you kill Wa-wa—'Kwa-sind' say you die. Wa-wa glad, 'Kwa-sind' he—" The eyes closed; the laboured breathing ceased; Wa-wa was dead.



PAGES IN WAITING

In a recent utterance of Mr. Gilbert Parker there is sounded at once a note of warning and of encouragement to Canadian writers, of warning against narrowness, "There is only one literature, and that is English,—one height to reach, that of Shakespeare and the other great masters;" of encouragement, in that the very slowness of the growth of what may be called purely Canadian literature, gives larger promise for the future. The maple is not the oak—yet it is no mushroom growth, and must have time to come to its full beauty and strength.

Mr. Parker considers that the very lack of quick recognition in Canada has been a benefit, as tending to keep writers from the sameness of style resulting from over-production, and throwing them more upon individual lines. Just one word of suggestion here. Is it altogether unreasonable that colonial stories and poems should seem to attract wider notice in England than in the lands where they are written? Do they not bring to English readers fresh scenes, fresh ideas, little glimpses into the lives of their kindred beyond the seas? Are not we charmed by pictures of life and manners in other countries than our own,—especially, perhaps, in India or Australia?

Shall not our writers, then, seek an impartial verdict from a wider public, rather than the kindly one, possibly not altogether unprejudiced, of friendly home critics?

Let us remember, to quote Mr. Parker once more, that "One little thing, poem or story, perfectly done, though after its first appearance it may never be heard of again, is a thing that cannot be lost, for in it the author has expressed himself."

With foundations laid broad and deep, the superstructure will be reared in time—shall we not see to it that none of its lines are marred by narrowness or self-seeking on the part of the builders?

And withal, because many hardly know what has been done and what is doing among ourselves, it may not be amiss to suggest to busy readers, a few among the books in which something of our life, national and domestic, is being gathered up.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS, by L. Dougall, is an eminently readable story. The scene is laid in the Province of Quebec, and both country and people are described by one who knows whereof she is writing.

Curious, tragic events and characters are interwoven into every-day life with a skill that

makes one feel that strange as the fiction is it may yet be truth.

An English family, seeking to adapt themselves to the conditions of the new country some fifty years ago, are painted in "their habit as they lived."

Sissy Cameron, with her fitful, wayward nature—conquered at last by the patient love of the man she had flouted; the successful, attractive young clergyman and his brother—each with his peculiar weakness; the woman loved by both, and through whom both rose to a higher level. These and many others stand out very clearly before us. The tragical incidents arising from the "Millinte" excitement in '43 are graphically wrought into the story, the traditions of eye witnesses having early impressed themselves upon the mind of the writer.

Especially vivid and beautiful are the descriptions—fields and woodland, sky and cloud, sunshine and rain—one sees and feels them all. Full of incident and strongly developed characters, the interest is fairly sustained through, what may be considered in these days of brevity, a perilously bulky volume.

The name of Mrs. Traill is justly honored and venerated throughout the land, and one could wish that her charming books might have a place in every household—written for the children, many of them, yet dear to their elders.

PEARLS AND PEBBLES, (Wm. Briggs, Toronto), is a pretty, well-got-up volume, containing delightful little essays on out-door matters—the birds and plants the writer loves so well; sketches and stories of Indian and early life in Canada; and an interesting biographical sketch of the author's life, by Miss FitzGibbon.

COT AND CRADLE STORIES are what their name betokens; they are written by the naturalist out of the poet's heart for the little children, and they touch us all.

LOST IN THE BACK WOODS, (Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh), enchanted an earlier generation as the "Canadian Crusoes," and though one-half regrets the change of name, the old charm remains, the old interest in Hector, Louis and Catherine, three children lost in the woods near the Rice Lake, actually within a few miles of their own home.

Their ingenuity and industry in contriving to make a home for themselves for nearly

three years; their adventures with the Indians, and their final return to their heart-broken parents are most graphically told, and have woven for some of us an abiding link with the Rice Lake.

Many, many years ago, in a distant land, an English girl read Mrs. Traill's early account of her life in Canada, then just published, and was struck not only by the beauty of her descriptions and the happy, loving spirit that shone through all, pleasures and trials alike, but by the wide, hopeful outlook into the future of the new country, in which, all unknown to herself, the reader's lot was later to be cast.

Though often inquired for in after years, the book could never be procured, but its pleasant memory lingered, and by none have the author's later works been more gladly welcomed than by this early, unknown friend.

M. ALGON KIRBY.

MISTRESS DOROTHY MARVIN, by J. C. Snaith, with an introduction by Mr. Haggard.

As Mr. Haggard says in his introduction to this romance of the "Gentleman of France" order. One of the distinctive features of the trend of popular taste for the last two years has been the revival of interest in historical fiction. This revival, however, is very far from a return to the liking for the staid and sober carefully-told tales of Scott, as exemplified, for instance, in *Kenilworth* or *Guy Mannering*; *Quentin Durward*, perhaps, is Scott's nearest approach to the ideal of the present-day romance reader. However, did he need any? This trend is Mr. Snaith's sufficient excuse for his present effort. The tale begins with a strongly-told highwayman adventure, and then harks back to tell the previous history of the said bold, bad man, and ends up with an account of his rehabilitation, and, of course, marriage with the heroine Mistress Dorothy. On the whole the book is disappointing; the beginning is so promising that one seems to be waiting all the way through for a stronger development than the author succeeds in arriving at. The hero is fairly driven into his profession of gentleman of the road, shows great boldness in his enforced metier, and then such weakness of moral character, (if one may speak of a highwayman's moral character), not only in the direction in which one would naturally look for weakness in such a man, but in ways quite incompatible with the amazing coolness and sang froid indispensable in the performer of such deeds of derring-do as he is supposed to have done. *Dorothy* has somewhat the same minor position of prominence in the story of *Mistress Dorothy Marvin* as *Lorna* has in *Lorna Doone*, and is more strongly drawn than the hero, her minor position in the piece making her a less difficult study.

Had Mr. Snaith come before the public with his *Mistress Dorothy* before Weyman or Yeats had spoilt us with *A Gentleman of France: The Honour of Savelli*, his book would have seemed worthy of all praise, for there is undoubted strength and great promise in it and the interest is well sustained; as an educator, too, it will be useful, Darby, Sunderland and

Marborough being well portrayed in the short scenes in which they appear. But with all its promise, the book forces one to think of, say, Weyman and Water.

THE TRUMPET MAJOR, by Thomas Hardy: London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This tale of love and war is told in Hardy's happiest vein. It is largely descriptive of the preparations made for defense against the threatened invasion of England by Bounaparte, yet the element of human interest is well sustained throughout, and our sympathies go out to the simple-hearted, gallant soldier in his unselfish nobility of action.

THE JUDGE OF THE FOUR CORNERS, by G. B. Burgin: London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

If the reader was not assured by the author that the scene is laid in Canada, he would be apt to fancy he had been introduced to a mining community in the Western States. We meet the "Judge," the "Colonel," the "Deacon;" and every man carries at least one pistol, and uses it recklessly on every occasion; and lynch law appears to be the recognized authority. The book depicts life in the Ottawa valley fifty years ago, in a startling manner, but it is difficult to accept it as a reasonable representation of a Canadian settlement at any date.

A MONK OF FIFE, by Andrew Lang: London, Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This romance of the days of Jeanne d'Arc is a deeply interesting account of the scenes and happenings in France during the days of that "Marvellous maiden who recovered the kingdom of France out of the hands of the tyrant, Henry, King of England," finishing with the maid's martyrdom at Rouen. A wonderfully graphic and well-written book.

MY LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER, by Eden Phillpotts: London, George Bell & Sons; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The writer of this whimsically philosophic book picks up an ancient bronze bust—as old perhaps as Democritus, the laughing philosopher of all time—and this bust, developing powers of speech, the conversations held are as interesting as may be expected. There are amusing dissertations on many subjects, as well as deeper reasoning. A book that will repay perusal.

A ROGUE'S DAUGHTER, by Adeline Sergeant: London, George Bell & Sons; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The gifted author of *A Life Sentence* has given us another delightful book in *A Rogue's Daughter*. The innocent, affectionate disposition of the heroine is well portrayed and the story is of vivid interest to the end.

A SWEET DISORDER, by Norma Lorimer: London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

A brightly written and pretty love story, refreshingly wholesome and sweet.

A paper edition of *Cleg Kelly* is issued as No. 270 of Macmillan's Colonial Library, (Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.), at a price which places that delightful kailyard story within the reach of everybody in this country, or else the N. P. is a funk.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY, a romance of Old Quebec by Gilbert Parker: Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

In this latest book of our clever Canadian novelist we have presented to us the memoirs of one Capt. Robert Moray, an officer in the Virginia regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's regiment, who was for six years held captive in Quebec during Bigot's administration. Many historical elements are introduced, showing a careful and exact study of the early records of the country. From the opening chapter to the taking of Quebec by the British, the reader is held by the fascination of the author's pen pictures, and his dramatic and stirring presentment of events. A book that will add to the writer's already wide reputation.

THE CHOUANS, translated by Ellen Marriage: London and New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This earlier book of Balzac's, modelled on the romances of Scott with rather doubtful success, needs only be noticed here as a translation, the story itself being pretty well known and the public's verdict long ago declared. The translator's success in retaining the spirit and style of Balzac in the English version appears clearly after the first chapter or two, (the heaviest in the book), have been waded through. Occasionally, however, one meets with signs of carelessness in the English, and a decided want of familiarity with English slang. There is, too, an occasional lapse as regards punctuation. Such expressions as, "A head carefully powdered here and there" for "Here and there a head, etc.;" "Hulot made a sort of grimace peculiar to him at this," are rather unsatisfactory as renderings of Balzac's French. While, "Like fellows who face their luck with a stout heart," "Try not to hand in your checks;" the former as a translation of "En gens qui font contre fortune bon

cœur," the latter for the military "Tachez de ne pas descendre la garde," are rather trying. Imagine the prophetic powers of a commander during the days of the first Republic who tells his men to try not to hand in their checks.

LADIES ON LIFE INSURANCE, published by the *Insurance Press*, 101 Cedar Street, New York, and illustrated by seventeen portraits of seventeen women famous in law, literature, education, theology, medicine, and other items, is a notable contribution to the literature of life insurance, by William Abbatt, of Westchester, N.Y. The title is "maist reedeculous," for all the portraits are those of women, and real nice girls some of them are, too. So are their opinions of life insurance. There is not a word about the Unconditional Policy of the Manufacturers Life in the whole book. Price 15 cents, post free.

THE LIFE AGENT'S TICKLER AND INSURANCE RECORD.—F. H. Leavenworth-Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich., is a little book which will fit the vest pocket, and is designed for the purpose of aiding field workers in life insurance to keep a systematic record of their interviews. It is not easy to see how any agent could worry along without such a record. The INDICATOR CHART of *Canadian Life Companies and foreign life companies doing business in Canada*, also published by the F. H. Leavenworth Co., is deservedly held in the highest esteem by all insurance men for correct tabulation and all-round usefulness. Policyholders and all others interested in the great work of life insurance should get a copy.

A DAUGHTER OF HUMANITY, by Edgar Maurice Smith. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston. 50c. post free.

This is a story of the social evil which would open the eyes of some people we know, and they would but read of it. The heroine, a young woman and fair, having heard of the work of destruction going on among the shop girls of New York, determines to go through the mill herself with the object of exposing the process. She does so, and at a meeting of the Unco Guild, before whom she explains things afterwards, she gets ostracised. The story is not a mere word picture of a seduction mill, but has many well-told incidents of human interest which makes most interesting reading. Mr. Smith, who has two articles in this month's issue of OUR MONTHLY, is a man of broad sympathies and a graceful writer.



By permission of F. A. Mulholland & Co., 159 Bay St., Toronto.

“MRS. LALLY MCGLURG was stylishly gowned in a confection of ecru material which set off the figure of the fair wearer to much advantage.”

“Society” Notes, Saturday Night.

COMPARE
**SOUVENIR
RANGES**

Provided with . . . **AERATED OVENS**

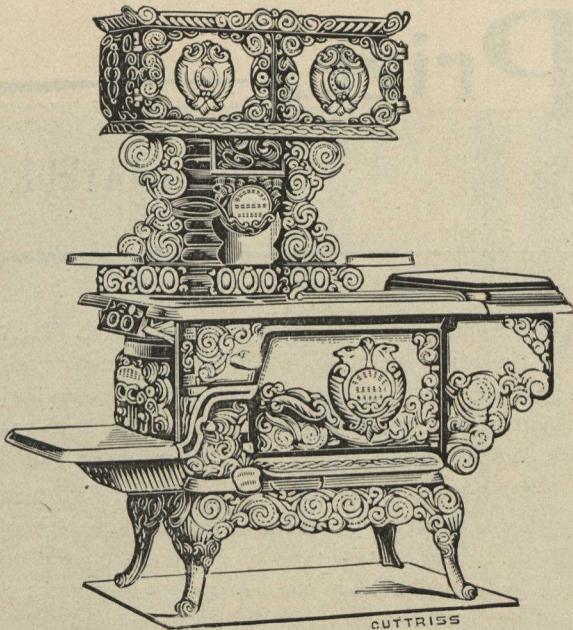
WITH ANY OTHER

STOVE

IN THE WORLD

AND THEN !

The world produces no superior.
They are sold everywhere.



Gurney, Tilden Co., Ltd., Hamilton.

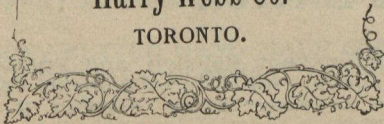


By special appointment Caterers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

Wedding Cakes

From Webb's are made for people who want the best. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue and estimate on application.

The Harry Webb Co. Ltd.
TORONTO.



**Poems, Songs
AND
Sonnets,**

By **ROBERT REID** (Rob. Wanlock),
MONTREAL.

"The finest things of their kind that have appeared in recent Scottish poetry."—*The Scotsman, Edinburgh, Scotland.*

"Many of the poems are particularly beautiful, and show that the writer of them is a poet of no common order, either for description, pathos, sublimity or humor."—*Dumfries and Galloway Standard, Dumfries, Scotland.*

One Dollar per Copy. Post Free from the author, Outremont, Quebec.



Prizes

FOR AMATEUR WRITERS ONLY

AS the chief end and aim of OUR MONTHLY is to encourage and develop Canadian literature, it has been decided to allot a space of each issue to the publication of stories, poems, sketches, essays and what not, by amateur writers, that is by people, young or old of either sex, who have never before had anything of their own composition published in any magazine or journal in Canada or elsewhere.

Those who do not want to contribute as "Amateurs" can send in their contribution in the usual way, and the same will be accepted and paid for, or rejected if not suitable. The contributions of Amateurs, on the other hand, will be accepted and published, if suitable, in the department of Kutchacheeje; and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to all young writers to send in their thunder.

For the best Canadian Story

\$5.00

Will be paid
Every Month,
beginning with
June.

Of Love or War, Travel or Adventure, City Life or Country Life, not exceeding 1500 words, FIVE DOLLARS WILL BE GIVEN EACH MONTH.

The writer must declare in so many words in an accompanying letter to the Editor, that he or she has never before had a Story published in any magazine or journal published in Canada or elsewhere.

All Stories received on or before the first day of the month preceding the month of publication will close the competition for that month. The envelope or package must have written in the lower left hand corner the letters **A. C.** (Amateur Competition).

For the best History of Canada,

\$10.00

In 500 words, from the earliest period to the present time, the sum of \$10.00 (Ten Dollars), will be paid.

Same conditions as above; and MSS. to reach the office of publication by 1st of July next; envelope or outside wrapper to be marked "HISTORY OF CANADA," in lower left hand corner.

For the best Humorous Sketch

\$5.00

Upon any subject except Religion and Politics. Same conditions as above. All MSS. to be in by 15th July next. Outside wrapper to be marked **H. C.** (Humorous Competition).

OUR MONTHLY.



“THE KING OF GAMES AND THE GAME OF KINGS.”

Billiard Tables With our Celebrated ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ Club Cushions.

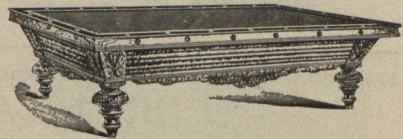
AFRICAN IVORY BILLIARD BALLS, true to size and weight.

CHEMICAL IVORY BILLIARD BALLS, warranted not to shrink, crack or break.

EXPERT FRENCH CUE TIPS, our own importation.

EBONY-BUTTED HAND-MADE CUES.

FINE BILLIARD CLOTHS.



SAMUEL MAY & CO.

68 King St. W., Toronto.

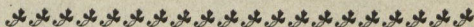
Send for Catalogue and Price List of everything in the Billiard Table and Bowling Alley line to

BERLIN



Pianos and Organs.

THE ARTISTS' FAVORITE.



Upright Pianos,
Cabinet and Piano Case Organs.
Unexcelled for Quality, Durability and Beauty.

AGENCIES

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING, 188 Yonge
Street, Toronto, Ont.
J. L. ORME & SON, Ottawa, Ont.
PRATTE PIANO CO., Montreal, P.Q.
LAVIGNEAU & HUTCHISON, Québec, P.Q.
H. C. WILSON & SONS, Sherbrooke, P.Q.
C. FLOOD & SONS, St. John., N.B.
THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Ltd., Halifax, N.S.
D. McMILLAN, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

FOREIGN BRANCHES.

MANCHESTER, England.
GLASGOW, Scotland
HAMBURG, Germany.
SYDNEY, Australia.

BERLIN

PIANO and ORGAN CO., Ltd.,

Berlin, Ont.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

NON-BLURRING JAPANESE Silk Copying Letter Books.

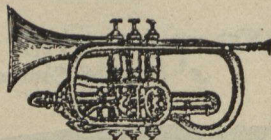
Absolutely Unblurred Copies. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Once Tried, Always Tried.

WE invite special attention to our genuine Japanese Silk Copying Paper. This Paper, which is very light and thin, extremely sensitive, and at the same time very tough and strong, is made by hand by the clever Japanese without the aid of machinery. It is smooth and silky in appearance, and its fibre is very tough and tenacious. It is especially adapted for Copying **Typewritten Work**, and customers who have used it have returned very favorable opinions of its wonderful strength and its adaptiveness to the most difficult kind of copying.

We shall be pleased to send you samples and quote prices on any books you may require. We carry all the standard sizes in stock and can make any size to order.

GRAND & TOY, Stationers, Printers, Blank Book Manufacturers,
Cor Wellington and Jordan Sts., TORONTO.

Established 1852.



CHAS. LAVALLEE, SUCCESSOR TO
A. LAVALLEE.
Importer of
Every Variety of **Musical Instruments.**

REPAIRS of all kinds done on short notice. Ladies' and Artists' Violins made to order. Always on hand a complete stock of Instruments on most reasonable conditions. F. BESSON'S Celebrated Band Instruments, of London, Eng., kept in stock.

35 St. Lambert Hill, MONTREAL.

Headquarters for Gold Crown and Bridge Work.

DR. J. CARLOS McLEAN,
Dentist,

721 Sherbrooke Street, - MONTREAL.

Absolutely Painless work in all branches of Dentistry.

OUR MONTHLY.



BLIGHT BROS.,

DEALERS IN

Commercial Stationery and Office Supplies.

Our **ADVANCE LETTER FILE**, a strong, compact and business looking case, indexed and complete, for **25 CENTS**, is the best value ever offered in this line.

Wholesale and Retail.

64 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND,

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT,

AUDITOR,

TRADERS BANK CHAMBERS, YONGE STREET.

TORONTO.

CABLE ADDRESS, "SEYMOUR."

TELEPHONE No. 1641.



Literary Work Pays Well

When conducted on a business basis and backed by common sense.

THE EDITOR,

A monthly Journal of information for Literary Workers, contains the latest news regarding the manuscript market, and practical articles upon all branches of literary work. It exposes all publications which deal dishonestly with writers, and promptly warns against bankrupt or suspended periodicals.

PRIZE OFFERS.

Nearly \$60,000.00 in prizes for literary work announced by us during the past year. Early information, regarding all prize offers made by reputable publications, is given each month.

LITERARY AGENCY.

Authors' manuscripts read and advice given as to the best markets. Critical revision and correction of manuscripts. Manuscripts correctly typewritten. Good MSS. accepted for sale.

Full information furnished upon request.

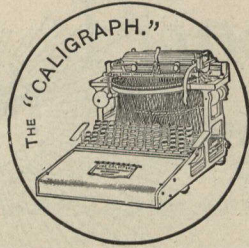
Send for sample copy of THE EDITOR and get acquainted with the leading journal published in the interests of writers. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO.,
FRANKLIN, OHIO.



R. G. McLEAN,

32-34 Job and Book PRINTER.
Lombard St., Toronto.



Caligraph

TYPEWRITER

IS THE SIMPLEST
AND
MOST DURABLE.

EDISON MIMEOGRAPH,

A Grand Device for Re-duplicating Autographic or Typewritten Documents.

WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN.

"Get the Best." Reliable—Durable—Cheap.

TYPEWRITING AND OFFICE SUPPLIES.

LEATHER GOODS.

ACCOUNT BOOKS.

Complete Stock. Special Patterns Made to Order.

BOOKBINDING IN EVERY STYLE.

We aim to have the most complete Stationery House in the Dominion.

THE BROWN BROS. LTD.

Importing and Manufacturing Stationers,
64-68 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

MARSLAND & TORRANCE
ENAMELLED SIGNS
AND ENAMELLED WHITE LETTERS
38 COLBORNE ST TORONTO.

COMMON SENSE EXTERMINATOR



KILLS
EVERY
TIME



Roaches and Bed Bugs, also Rats and Mice.

Leaves no unpleasant odors. Harmless to human beings and domestic animals. Price \$1.00 per lb. (enough to rid a large house of vermin). If your druggist cannot supply you, we will deliver free on receipt of order and amount. When buying be particular to say whether for Roaches and Bed Bugs or for Rats and Mice. Used in all Government institutions throughout the Dominion, also by the C.P.R. and G.T.R.

COMMON SENSE MANUFACTURING CO.

523 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

79
87

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO'Y,
Nos. 43, 45, 47, 49 BAY STREET,
TORONTO.

Limited,



THE only manufacturers in Canada of

Society Note Paper

AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH.

These goods are put up in neat boxes,
and are first-class in every respect.

Ask your stationer to show you the following lines
for you to select from:



- PLASHWATER,
- PEPYS' PARCHMENT,
- BATH VELLUM,
- IRISH LINEN,
- WASHINGTON SOCIETY,
- OLD ENGLAND VELLUM,
- CAMDEN VELLUM.

IN Wedding Stationery

we are preparing a very fine and complete line.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

**LOSS OF BOTH HANDS
AND BOTH FEET**

OUR DOUBLE LIABILITY POLICY GUARANTEES
FOR LOSS OF BOTH HANDS AND BOTH FEET
THE SUM OF \$10,000 FOR A
PREMIUM OF \$25.00 OR \$30.00 A YEAR
ACCORDING TO OCCUPATION

**MANUFACTURERS
AND ACCIDENT
GUARANTEE CO
INSURANCE CO**

HEAD OFFICE
**TORONTO
CANADA.**



**Loss of Both Hands or Both Feet,
\$10,000.**