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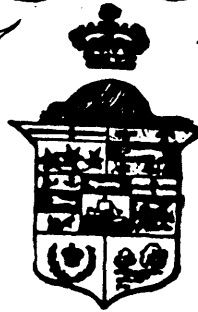
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A New Brunswick Moose Story, illustrated, by W. C. Gaynor.

THE


# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1897.

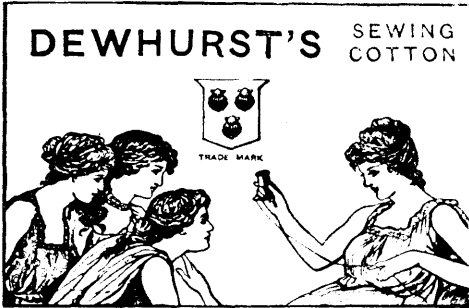


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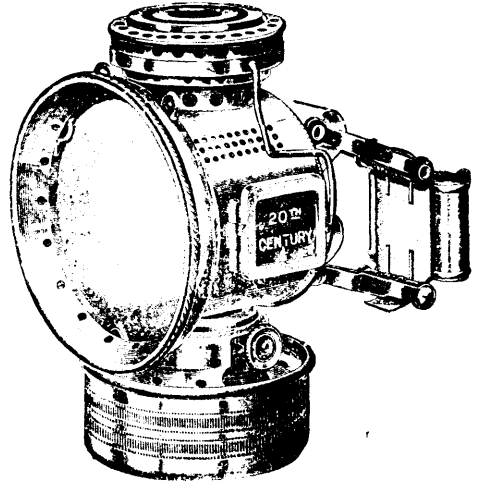
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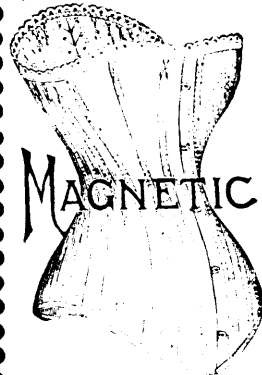
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>Frontispiece</b> .....	378
<i>From a Painting.</i>	
A Canadian Moose—from a Drawing by J. E. Laughlin.	
<b>What Shall the Tariff Be ?</b> .....	379
<i>Hon. J. W. Longley.</i>	
Dealing especially with Trusts and Class Legislation.	
<b>The University of Manitoba.</b> .....	382
<i>James Lawler.</i>	
With Photographs of Archbishop Machray, Rev. Lewis Drummond, Rev. Canon O'Meara, Rev. J. W. Sparling, Rev. John M. King, and of the various Colleges.	
<b>Decorative Art</b> .....	390
<i>Rev. Professor Huntingford.</i>	
<b>A Canaan Moose Hunt.</b> .....	399
<i>W. C. Gaynor.</i>	
A Story of Sporting Life in New Brunswick. With Drawings by J. E. Laughlin.	
<b>The Breaking Out of Sally Daggs</b> .....	400
<i>Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.</i>	
A Story—Illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.	
<b>Toward The West.</b> .....	405
<i>A. P. McKishnie.</i>	
A Poem	
<b>A Page from the Early History of Newfoundland</b> .....	408
<i>Mrs. J. D. Edgar.</i>	
<b>A Spot.</b> .....	410
<i>W. E. Tupper.</i>	
A Poem.	
<b>My Contemporaries in Fiction</b> .....	411
<i>David Christie Murray.</i>	
IV.—Meredith and Hall Caine.	
<b>The Guest of Gamache</b> .....	415
<i>J. Macdonald Oxley.</i>	
A Story—Illustrated by J. S. O'Higgins.	
<b>Tennyson's "Crossing The Bar"</b> .....	420
<i>Prof. William Clark, F.R.S.C.</i>	
<b>Reciprocity Trips to Washington</b> .....	423
<i>A. H. U. Colquhoun.</i>	
A Page from Political History.	
<b>Habit, Its Nature and Substance</b> .....	430
<i>Schuyler Emerson Day, A.M.</i>	
<b>Nil Desperandum.</b> .....	432
<i>Samuel Maber.</i>	
A Poem.	
<b>Canadian Poetry—A Word in Vindication</b> .....	433
<i>Professor A. B. DeMille.</i>	
<b>"Independence" and Party Government</b> .....	442
<i>William Trant.</i>	
<b>London's Tragic Tower</b> .....	443
<i>William Harrison.</i>	
<b>Current Thoughts</b> .....	447
<i>The Editor.</i>	
Mining and Small Investors—A Literary Gathering—Horatio Hale—Agriculture and Education—Sport in Literature—Newspapers and Postage.	
<b>Books and Authors</b> .....	452
Review of Roberts' new book, by T. G. Marquis, of Brockville, and of Kipling's new volume, by Rev. J. O. Miller, of St. Catharines. Miscellaneous Notices.	
<b>The Canadian Magazine Banquet</b> .....	463
With ten Photographs.	

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## Royal Military College of Canada.

### INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

**T**HE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June, 1897. Intending candidates who have matriculated in Arts, within 12 months previous to the Examination, in any Chartered University of the Dominion of Canada, will be exempted from passing the Obligatory or Preliminary Examination.

In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course four years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction \$200, for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1897.



# LIFE INSURANCE

## A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

### North American Life.

The Annual Meeting of this Company was held at its Head Office in Toronto, on Tuesday, January 26th. Mr. John L. Blaikie, President, was appointed Chairman, and Mr. Wm. McCabe, Secretary.

The Directors' Report, presented at the meeting, showed marked proofs of continued progress and solid prosperity in every leading branch of the Company's business. Details of the substantial gains made by the Company during the past year are more particularly referred to in the remarks of the President and the report of the Consulting Actuary.

Summary of the Financial Statement and Balance Sheet for the year ended December 31st, 1896:

Cash income	.....	\$641,788.03
Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, matured investment policies, profits, and all other payments to policy-holders)	.....	436,545.14
Assets	.....	2,515,833.41
Reserve Fund	.....	1,991,526.00
Net Surplus for policy-holders	.....	421,546.20

Wm. McCABE, Managing Director.

Audited and found correct,

JAS. CARLYLE, M.D., Auditor.

Mr. W. T. Standen, of New York, the Company's Consulting Actuary, in his full and detailed report of the year's operations, said: "I have examined the Investment Policies whose dividend periods mature in 1897, and have apportioned to them the dividends accruing thereon. These settlements, like those for 1896, will be found to compare very favorably with the results attained by the best managed companies. This is cause for congratulation on the part of your policy-holders, as, notwithstanding the large payments for investment policies maturing in 1896, you have been able to close the year again with an increased surplus to your credit. The large amount of your new business for 1896—2,603 policies for \$3,554,960—being half a million dollars in excess of any previous year, shows that the plans and operations of the Company are becoming better known and appreciated. Your results show a good surplus-earning power, indicating that your business is of a paying character."

The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

"I am fully warranted in congratulating every policy-holder, and every person interested in the Company, upon the splendid position to which it has attained, and upon the results of the past year's business.

"An examination of the figures before you reveals many most interesting and important particulars.

"If we compare the business of the year just closed with that of the previous year, viz., 1895, we have the following results:—

"Assets increased \$215,315.26, or over 9 per cent.

"Cash Income increased \$60,309.84, or over 10 per cent.

"New insurance issued increased \$542,110.00, or over 18 per cent.

"Total insurance in force increased \$1,714,785.00, or over 10 per cent.

"Reserve Fund increased \$195,704.00, or over 10 per cent.

"Payments to Policy-holders increased \$150,459.94, or over 142 per cent.

"In no former year have such magnificent results been attained.

"The financial strength of a company may be gauged by the relation of its assets to its liabilities. In this respect the North American exceeds that of its chief competitors in Canada, having \$120 of assets for each 100 of liability."

Hon. G. W. Allan, in seconding the resolution, said "The President has spoken fully on the satisfactory position of the Company, yet there are one or two points to which I will briefly refer. There are our investments in which all are interested, and will be pleased to learn that they were very carefully made, and have turned out exceedingly satisfactory, as evidenced by the prompt manner in which our interest has been paid.

"There is another point of comparison which will show favorably for our Company, that is, as to the relative profit earnings. I am satisfied that those interested in the Company have every reason to feel exceedingly gratified at the very prosperous condition which it holds at the present moment."

Mr. J. N. Lake, in moving a vote of thanks to the Company's Provincial Managers, Inspectors and Agency Staff, referred in very complimentary terms to the splendid work done by the outside staff in 1896, as evidenced by the grand business secured during that year, and also that the new business in January, 1897, was already largely in excess of the whole amount received for the same month last year.

James Thorburn, M.D., Medical Director, presented a full and interesting report of the mortality experience of the Company from its organization, which illustrated fully the care which had been exercised in the selection of the Company's business.

After the usual votes of thanks had been passed, the election of Directors took place, after which the newly-elected Board met, and Mr. John L. Blaikie was unanimously elected President, and the Hon. G. W. Allan and Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Vice-Presidents.



OUR

# EASTER NUMBER



.....A special number of "The Canadian Magazine" will be issued on April 1st, and its contents will have special reference to Easter. The illustrations and ornaments will tend that way also. A reproduction of the cover design is given herewith, but will appear on the magazine printed in colours.

## Some of the Articles.

**The Bankrupt's Easter Sunday**, an illustrated story by Mrs. Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton), is perhaps the most powerful story this clever lady has ever penned.

**Easter in Paris**, an illustrated sketch concerning Easter customs in general, and showing how the season is celebrated in that gayest of all gay cities, is from the pen of one of England's most noted lady writers, Mrs. Emily Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the London (Eng.) *Daily News*. The illustrations are by the famous illustrator, James Creig.

**Rudyard Kipling**, by David Christie Murray, will be a sketch of more than ordinary interest.

**La Trezieme**, a story by R. J. Hooper, a new but clever Canadian writer. This will be illustrated by Mr. C. H. Kahrs.

**Nansen**, a sketch by Fritz Hope, will be decidedly interesting. It will be accompanied by some of the finest illustrations ever made in Canada, including a full-page portrait of Nansen from a painting by Fred. H. Brigden.

Besides these features there will be two other illustrated stories, and several strong and timely articles, the whole being one of the finest numbers ever gotten out in Canada. Extra numbers should be ordered early from newsdealers. No change in price.

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Alex. McPherson, Kingussie, Inverness-shire, Scotland, author of the great work "The History of the Highlands," writes to a friend in Canada: "The Magazine is really one of the brightest and most attractive I have ever read."

Count De Fronsac, of Boston, writes: "Your publication is by far the best periodical on this side of the Atlantic."

The *Examiner*, of Sherbrooke, Que., says editorially: "The CANADIAN MAGAZINE has of late greatly improved, from a literary point of view, and in the quality of the articles contributed on both sides of Canadian political questions."

The *Victoria, B.C., World* says: "It affords *The World* pleasure to bear its testimony to the excellence which THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has attained. It is by long odds the best effort in that direction which has come under our observation for many years. We wish it every success."

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305, 307, 309 Broadway, New York City

**...Sixteenth Annual Statement....**  
Covering Year Ending Dec. 31, 1896.

**INCREASES**

In Cash Income, - - -	\$ 283,195.41
In Invested Assets, - - -	273,050.28
In Net Surplus, - - -	447,420.64
In New Business Received, -	15,142,102.00
In Business in Force, - - -	16,366,690.00
In Number of Policies in Force, 12,571	
New Business Received, \$	84,167,997.00
New Business Written, \$	73,026,330.00
Total Business in Force, - - -	325,026,061.00

**DECREASES**

In Expenses of Management, -	\$ 162,341.13
In Total Disbursements, - - -	268,691.52
In Liabilities, - - -	349,642.36
Death Claims paid in 1896, \$	3,967,083.94
Death Claims paid since organization, - - -	28,825,665.66

**A Total Membership of 118,449 Interested.**

- A. R. McNICHOL,** Manager for Manitoba, British Columbia and Northwest Territories, **McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.**
- D. Z. BESSETTE,** Manager for Quebec, **12 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que.**
- W. J. MURRAY,** Manager for Maritime Provinces, **Halifax, N.S.**
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- The Lowest Death Rate on Record;**
- Interest Income in Excess of Death Claims;**
- Gains of Insurance in Force in '96 of \$708,000;**
- Surplus Earnings for '96 of \$28,800;**
- Assets amounting to over \$507,000;**
- A Death Rate in '96 amounting to only \$2.37 for each \$1,000 of Average Risk for the year.**

All total abstainers should remember that this is the total abstainers' company, and before insuring should learn of its position and plans from an officer of the Company.

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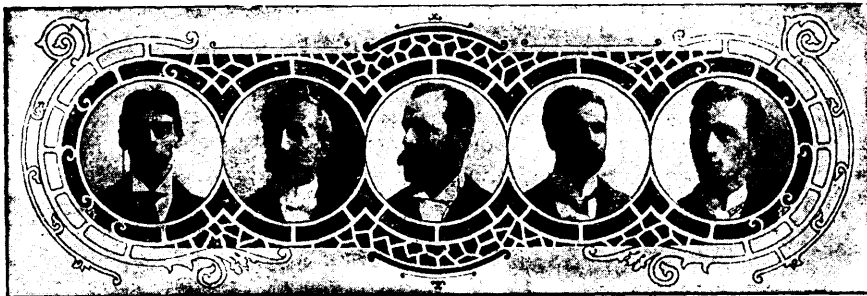
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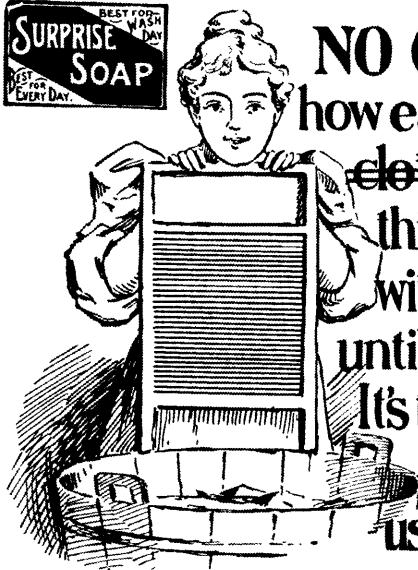
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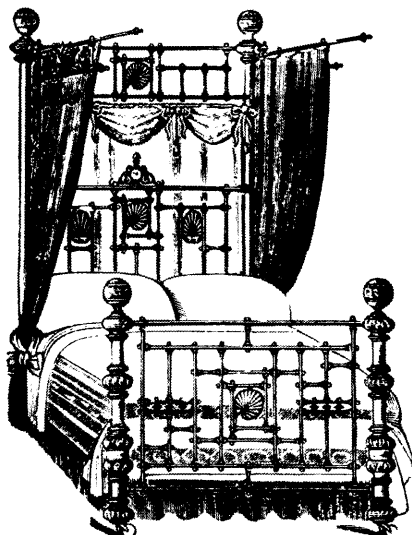
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A CANADIAN MOOSE (*Alce Americanus*.)

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 5.

## WHAT SHALL THE TARIFF BE ?

BY THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

**B**EFORE very long parliament will be called together, and the most important subject for consideration at the coming session is undoubtedly the tariff. The present Federal Government have got the Manitoba School Question safely off their hands. It did not prove to be a very difficult question to settle, and the terms, in spite of all criticism, will in the main be satisfactory to all classes in Canada. But the crucial question which confronts the government, and which was bound to confront it, is the re-adjustment of the tariff. For more than eighteen years the fiscal policy of Canada has been a well-defined issue between the two great political parties. The policy of the Liberal party has undergone changes and modifications during this long period of opposition, but there has never been a time in its history when the leaders ceased to denounce the principle of protection, or hesitated to avow their determination to entirely change the fiscal system in the event of being charged with the responsibilities of office.

Power has at length come, and with it responsibility. The tariff must be dealt with, and the greatest interest awaits the tariff which is to be submitted by the Minister of Finance in a very short time. No one can undertake to say what the tariff will be. Declarations have recently been made in high quarters that it was not proposed to make it revolutionary. "Vested in-

terests" have been referred to in terms not exactly vague, and the widest differences of opinion as to what the new government will do are to be found in almost every class in the Dominion. The ultimate responsibility must of course rest upon the Ministers. It must be assumed that the most searching light and the most accurate information will be obtained as a basis of any action. It is not amiss, however, to discuss, even in advance, the lines upon which tariff reform ought to proceed.

As a preliminary, and for the purpose of obtaining information, those Ministers who by their departmental offices are most nearly charged with the work of tariff building have been holding enquiries touching tariff matters throughout the Dominion. It is to be noted that they are imitating their predecessors in going to the cities. Sittings in large centres of mercantile and industrial life will inevitably result in extracting opinions of special beneficiaries of the tariff. Only those in the main who have some personal object to serve in the maintenance of the tariff are likely to take the trouble to wait upon and interview Ministers with relation to the tariff. The great mass of the people, it may be safely assumed, were practically without a voice in this tariff enquiry.

The question of free trade or protection is very largely an academic one, and practical statesmen need not of

necessity worry their brains over the abstract proposition as to which is right and sound and which wrong and vicious. As a matter of fact, we are not destined to have even an approximation to free trade in this country for some time to come. Our revenues are going to be derived in the future, as in the past, principally from duties on imports. A nice distinction is sometimes drawn between tariff for protection with incidental revenue and tariff for revenue with incidental protection.

There is indeed a distinction between these two, an important and far-reaching one, and this leads to the most important phases of the tariff question.

The majority of the Canadian people are not so deeply concerned as to whether the duties imposed upon general lines of imports shall be 20 per cent. or 30 per cent., but they are concerned that they should be fair.

The evil of a system of protection for purely protective purposes is that it is bound to result in special privileges. That was the curse which was beginning to hang over this country as the result of the tariff legislation of the past eighteen years. That is the danger which threatens civilized countries everywhere, that is the octopus which has already fastened itself upon the United States and which it will take decades of unceasing and heroic struggle to destroy.

To illustrate: one concern engaged in the manufacture of a certain article succeeds in getting a high duty imposed upon the manufactured product, a duty so high as to be practically prohibitive. At first the stimulus to domestic production ensures healthy competition and prevents undue profits; then occurs the idea of a combine. "Let us cease our fratricidal war; let us unite," is the amiable suggestion of the ringleaders, and forthwith a Trust is formed. Competition ceases thenceforth. The foreigner is ruled out by a prohibitory tariff, and millions are fleeced to make the members of this privileged guild rich.

This is *special legislation* for the benefit of a *special class*. It is a creation of

a *special privilege*. It places a handful of people in a superior position as compared with all the rest of the population.

This of itself would be unfair and vicious. The only condition on which a free people submit to representative institutions, and delegate the law-making power to a parliament, is that the law should be equal and fair. When a law-making assembly can pass a law whereby \$1.00 each is taken from one million persons and handed over to one person then the system must collapse, because civil government under such conditions would be impossible.

But not only is special legislation unsound in principle and vicious in operation, but, once tolerated, a myriad of evils follow naturally and inevitably from it. A privilege worth having is worth preserving and *worth buying*. So long as the basis of legislation is even-handed and inexorable justice to all, no motive is presented for appealing to the selfish interests or instincts of legislators. But the instant it is recognized that this delegated authority can pass a law conferring a special privilege upon an individual, a corporation or a class, then the inevitable tendency will be that the individual, corporation or class benefited will exercise every conceivable means to preserve its privileges. Hence corruption; hence the debauchery of parliament, the very fountain of national life.

The government, having granted a special privilege to one class, can scarcely refuse to grant special privileges to other classes, until we have a number of dangerous beneficiaries leaning upon the State, and whose existence and fortunes are dependent upon the law making power. Combined these enormously augment the force which works to secure the perpetuation of privilege.

This struggle is usually one between hundreds on the one side and millions on the other, and yet history demonstrates that the hundreds generally win. The few beneficiaries who are advantaged are united, alert and vigilant. They understand the extent and value of their special privilege, and are pre-

pared to make a desperate struggle to maintain it. The masses, on the other hand, suffering only by small amounts, are indifferent and unconscious of the aggregate injustice which is imposed upon them. The aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few great concerns centres power in a selfish coterie ; the interests of the people are ignored, and presently a plutocracy binds its fetters upon the nation.

The most striking example of the fruits of a protective policy carried to extremes is found in the United States. There great Trusts have been unblushingly established, and individuals have rolled up fortunes exceeding a hundred millions of dollars, almost entirely the result, not of industry and prudence, not even indeed of foresight and sagacity, but as the result of the power to control national legislation in such a way as to secure special privileges. The election of Mr. McKinley may have destroyed and annihilated the silver party in the United States, but it has not annihilated, and nothing can destroy, the party which stands for uncompromising resistance to special legislation in favor of special individuals and classes. That struggle will never cease until the rights of the masses have been upheld.

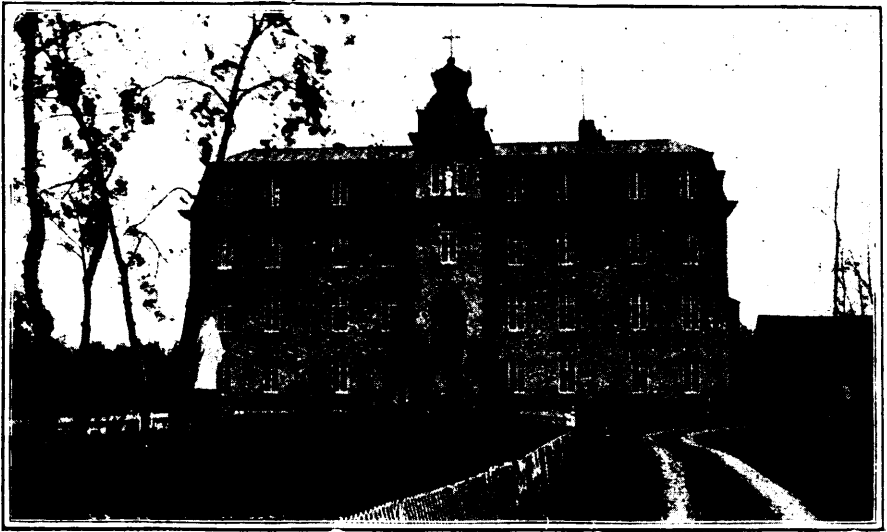
Canada is partially free from this, but perilously near to the danger line. Special privileges distinctly came into being under the national policy, and were openly fostered and recognized by the government of the country. Trusts and Combines are at this moment in existence in Canada, and these have practical control over supplying some of the wants of the entire country without competition, and to the palpable detriment of the masses. Whatever differences may exist as to the lines upon which tariff reform should proceed, or the extent to which the tariff reductions should go, this much is clear—these special privileges should be absolutely and remorselessly swept away by the new government.

Reasonable men cannot fail to recog-

nize that it would be unwise and unstatesmanlike for the new administration to inaugurate such radical measures as would jeopardize the legitimate industries of the country. However glibly theorists may talk on the abstract question of free trade, the fact remains that in the history of young countries manufacturing industries have seldom been able to get firmly upon their feet without some consideration in fiscal legislation. But the line should be sharply drawn between legitimate industries seeking by fair means to establish themselves in the country on a sound basis, and concerns animated solely by a greedy desire for illicit profit, and seeking existence by means of special legislation supplemented by a grasping Combine. Wherever the present government find a Trust or a Combine existing in Canada it is their business instantly to destroy it root and branch.

Good men should propagate the sound and wholesome views of absolute equality in legislation and uphold the rights of the unorganized and, perhaps, indifferent masses. Even Cabinet Ministers are human and insensibly influenced by the power of wealth and social prestige. The smiles of the great are pleasant food to personal vanity. The statesman who is truly great would rather have the approbation of history than the transient favours of the great ; would rather do his duty by the masses of the people than merely hold power. But, after all, the surest foundation of national security is to be found in a healthy public opinion in the nation. Statesmen are not all heroes, and not always ready to sacrifice power for the sake of a great principle. What will keep them in the lines of duty is the certain conviction that a healthy public opinion will sustain them in well doing. Above all things let us guard this Canada of ours against the most insidious of all foes to her material prosperity and national honour—Special Privilege.

*J. W. Longley.*



ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.

ILLUSTRATED FROM SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO those who are at all acquainted with Manitoban history it must occur on a moment's reflection that many men bred within her borders, who have borne a prominent part in her affairs, must have had an opportunity of obtaining an education of a superior character, and they will be prepared to learn that in the second and third quarters of this century, when the Red River country was supposed to be a land of wild bison and wilder men, schools were in operation in which the elements of a liberal education were to be obtained. To-day Manitoba possesses a university of no mean reputation, and of constantly increasing importance, the teaching bodies of which trace their history back to that remote antiquity (for this new land) of which mention has been made.

Those who would see the outward and visible workings of this university may, on a bright spring morning, when the glorious Manitoba sun is rapidly giving the country an air of summer, enter a modern and not very preten-

tious building, which but a few weeks before echoed to the ring of steel and the merry hum of skaters. In this skating rink, with white painted walls, there are rows and rows of temporary tables of planed boards, along one side of which are ranged chairs, placed five or six feet apart. Here, during two pleasant May weeks, over three hundred and fifty students of both sexes, arrayed in college gowns, spend long hours in transferring their thoughts to reams of paper. A platform at one side of the room serves as a coign of vantage from which announcements are made. Up and down the aisles pace the professors of the different colleges, intent on seeing that no improper methods for refreshing dull memories are in use.

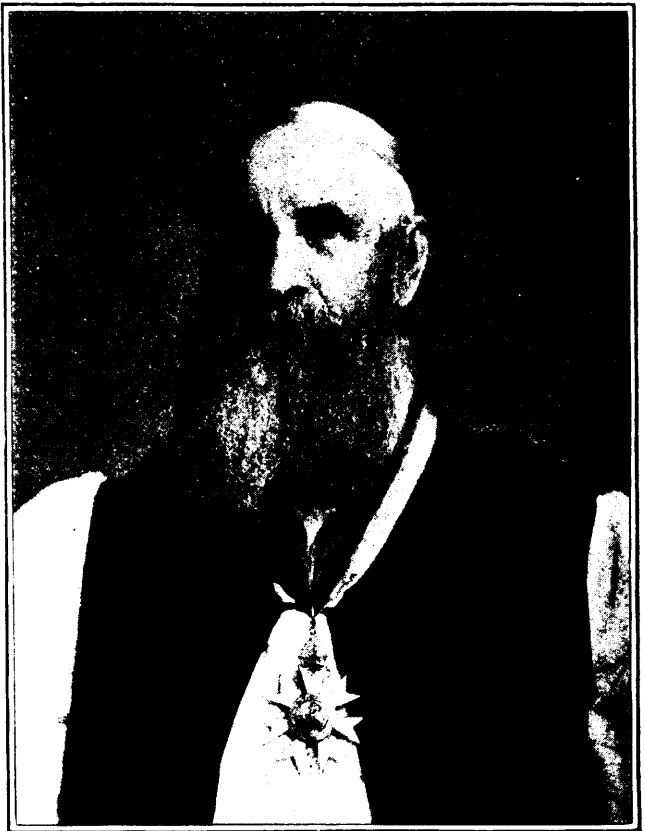
The visitor cannot fail to notice one whose ample gown falls from a form six feet four in height. He will notice the piercing eye, the dignity of the carriage, and the flowing beard setting off a countenance in which firmness and benignity are happily blended. This is

none other than Dr. Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate of Canada, and Chancellor of the University of Manitoba. Coming in 1865 to a diocese which, though stretching to the Rocky Mountains and the Arctic Circle, contained only a few thousand inhabitants, Dr. Machray now finds himself, after over thirty years of labour, the spiritual overseer of that same territory containing eight bishops and some two hundred clergymen. The masterly skill with which he directed the affairs of his diocese marked him out, on the occasion of the union of the Church of England in Canada in 1893, as the one most fitted to guide the destinies of the United Church. His abilities have been recognized by many bodies in many ways, not the least graceful or least appreciated being the cross of the Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, conferred some three years since by Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Another notable figure moving about these silent aisles is that of a man who seems to be perpetually bathed in the lambent flame of philosophy, and is yet not consumed. Slight of figure, and with the face of a contemplative philosopher, he is nevertheless one of the most active men to be found within the bounds of this active country. In fact, if ever a man, according to accepted canons, should have died of overwork, that man is Dr. King, Principal of Manitoba College. Not only has he carried on his classes in ethics and metaphysics year after year, but he has also

battle for existence which an educational institution must wage in a new country. Other colleges have their seasons of rest, but the halls of Manitoba College are never silent. No sooner has Convocation Day passed than the classes of the Summer Theological Session assemble; and that this new and important venture in college work is a success, is in no small measure due to the willingness and self-sacrifice of Dr. King and his co-workers.

Then there is a man wearing the cassock and girdle of the Order of Jesuits. His face is clear cut and forceful, and the lines of the mouth suggest logical arguments and sweeping periods. This is Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., Prefect of Studies of St. Boniface College.



ARCHBISHOP MACHRAY.

*Chancellor of the University of Manitoba.*



REV. LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.  
*Prefect of Studies, St. Boniface College.*

Besides being the guiding spirit of higher Roman Catholic education in the West, Father Drummond is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in Canada, and the announcement that he is about to preach or lecture is sufficient to fill the edifice to overflowing.

There are two other men from whose natures all the rigour of academic training and weight of senatorial dignity have not been sufficient to crush out the genial Irishman. The one is Dr. O'Meara, the tried and valued assistant of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and Deputy Warden of St. John's College, one of the most brilliant preachers and speakers in Canada; the other is Rev. Dr. Sparling, Principal of Wesley College. The former has helped his bishop and co-workers in lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of an old-established institution; but Dr. Sparling had no such difficulties. His work has been all plain sailing; so plain, indeed, that

when he arrived in 1888 he found neither lands, buildings, endowment funds, nor any other trammelling circumstance. But Dr. Sparling did find a warm place in the hearts of the Methodists of the West; and his labours in that fruitful field have been crowned with such abundant success that in the spring of 1896 he was able to invite his friends of all denominations to attend the opening of one of the most substantial and beautiful college buildings in Canada, with a large class of students within its walls, and to announce that the day was in sight when this building and property, costing nearly one hundred thousand dollars, would be free from debt.

Among others who pace these halls, and who deserve a longer mention than the limits

of this article allow, are Dr. George Bryce, the historian of Manitoba, and Prof. Hart and Prof. Baird, his co-labourers in Manitoba College; Father Kavanagh, of St. Boniface; Dean Grisdale, now become Bishop of Qu'Appelle; Canon Matheson and Canon Coombes, of St. John's; and Professors Laird, Cochrane and Stewart, of Wesley College.

Manitoba University is a confederation in which a number of different colleges occupy the positions of units. These colleges are now five in number, one being Manitoba Medical College, which has been very successful, particularly in the field of surgery. Two of its professors have lately gone to fill important chairs in post graduate schools in Chicago.

St. Boniface College dates back to 1819, when Father Provencher (afterwards Archbishop), the first priest sent out to the North-West, began to teach Latin in a log hut on the site of the

present Provencher Academy, the boys' day school of the town of St. Boniface. This building was badly racked by the great flood of 1826 and was, in consequence, replaced in 1832 by a more elegant structure, with a roof of elm bark and earth, and having no less than four windows of six panes each. Archbishop Tache in 1855 replaced this with a large two-storey frame structure known as Provencher Academy, from which the college moved to its present home, a four-storey brick building, in 1881. From 1854 the college was confided to the Oblate Order, and since 1885 to the Jesuits, which order has carried it on with increased success to the present time.

St. John's, the Church of England College, has a clear title back as far as 1820, when Rev. John West arrived and established a school as a part of his work. This was ably carried on by Rev. David Jones, but it was in 1831 that Rev. J. Macallum, M.A., a teacher of uncommon ability, made it a centre of higher education. Bishop Anderson arrived in 1849, a few hours after Mr. Macallum's death, and personally carried on the school until 1856, when he left for England. There was an interruption to the work of the school after Bishop Anderson left, and when Bishop (now Archbishop) Machray arrived in 1865 the school had been closed for some years. The Bishop, who had been one of the foremost mathematical scholars of the University of Cambridge, and who had taken an active part in educational work after leaving college, energetically threw himself into the task of refounding St. John's. The college at once resumed its old position. Since that time, despite all his grow-

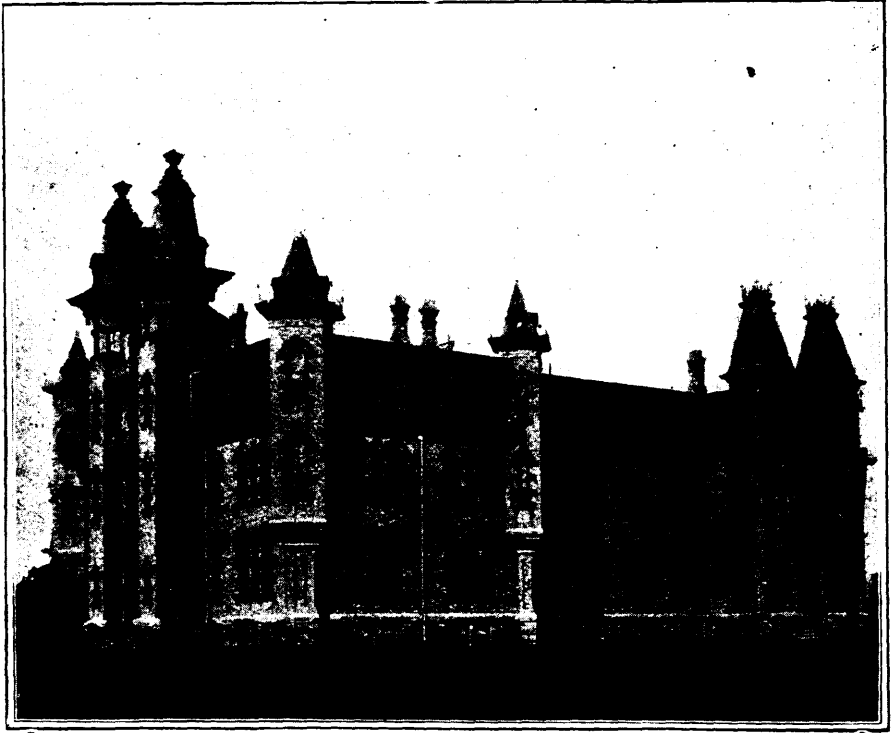
ing labours, Archbishop Machray has never ceased to work for St. John's. The demands on his time as head of a great ecclesiastical province, and now as Primate of the Church in Canada, have not yet prevented him from personally carrying on some of the classes in higher mathematics. The college for many years occupied a large old-fashioned frame building, but like its sister colleges moved into its present quarters, a handsome brick building, in 1881.

Manitoba College, the Presbyterian College of the University, dates back to 1849, when a school was established in Kildonan, a village four miles north of Winnipeg. The teachers in this school were: Rev. Alex. Matheson, Rev. John Black, and Rev. D. B. Whimster. In 1871 Rev. George Bryce, M.A., was sent out by Ontario Presbyterians to found a college. A building was in course of erection, but as it was not ready, the first session was



REV. CANON O'MEARA, D.D.  
*Warden of St. John's College.*



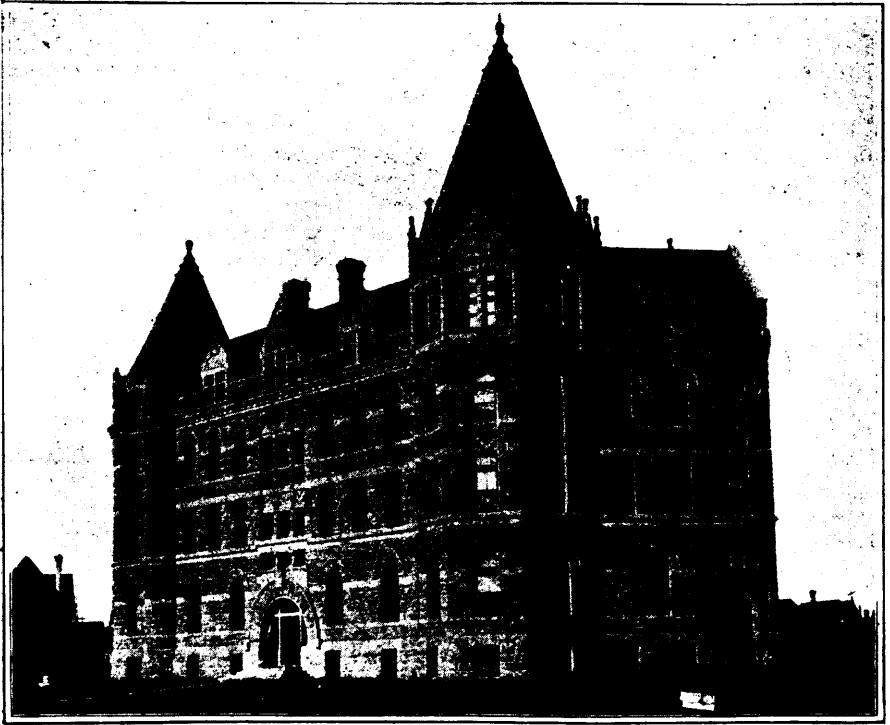


MANITOBA COLLEGE (PRESBYTERIAN), WINNIPEG.

held in an upper room in the house of Mr. Donald Murray, with seventeen students. The work grew rapidly, and Rev. Prof. Hart was sent out by the then other branch of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to be a co-labourer with Prof. Bryce. In 1872 the new building was ready. It, as well as the house of Mr. Murray, was located at Kildonan, and it soon became evident that if the college was to be a success it must be moved to Winnipeg, a city even then rapidly becoming the metropolis of the West. The college, therefore, opened its fall session of 1874 in a frame residence in Point Douglas, Winnipeg, near the present C. P. R. station. The college was afterwards moved into another frame house not far distant, and finally, in 1882, the first wing of the present building was occupied. This is located on slightly rising ground southwest of the central portion of the city, the college owning a whole block of property well

suited for college purposes. In 1883 Rev. John M. King, D. D., was selected to fill the chair of theology and to become principal of the rapidly growing institution, the progress of which has been accelerated under his management. So much has this been the case that in 1892, another wing, larger than the original portion, was added to accommodate the growing classes. It only remains to acknowledge the support given the college by Rev. Dr. Robertson, missionary superintendent, and to note that Manitoba College claims the first graduate of the University.

About the year 1876 the Methodists of Manitoba, under Rev. Dr. Young, were moved to do something in the way of establishing a college, and Rev. T. E. Morden and Mr. A. Bowerman were called upon to commence work in this line. The time was not then ripe; the teachers were well equipped but, chiefly from lack of support the



WESLEY COLLEGE (METHODIST), WINNIPEG.

work had to be laid aside for some ten or twelve years. Renewed efforts were made in 1885 and 1886 and these resulted in the selection of Rev. J. W. Sparling, M.A., D.D., then of Kingston, Ont., to come up and begin work. A college, from the first known as Wesley College, was opened on Oct. 1, 1888, in Grace Church parlours, with an attendance of seven students. Dr. Sparling was assisted by Prof. Laird and Prof. Cochrane, and later by Prof. Stewart, all of whom have remained with the college to the present. During the second session the college moved into a frame residence; and in the session following to a large brick residence on Broadway, near the Provincial Parliament buildings. Here, constantly growing more cramped for room, the college remained until the fall of 1895, when, after a two months' interval spent in Grace Church lecture rooms, the college moved into its permanent home, a fine building of Cal-

gary stone only a block distant from Manitoba College. Wesley College seems to have had phenomenal success, but it has been gained only by the self-denying labours of those who have been entrusted with its management.

These colleges, as above enumerated (excepting Wesley College), existed up till 1877 as separate entities, each deriving its support from the members of the denomination to which it belonged, and each endeavouring to cover the Arts and Theological field as best it could. In 1877 an Act was passed creating the University of Manitoba as an examining and degree-conferring body. The university is governed by a council composed of forty-two members, each of the colleges electing seven members, and the graduates electing seven more. Provision has been added to the charter to allow the Provincial Government to appoint lecturers, but owing to the lack of funds

this has never been done; and as yet the colleges at their own cost, and unassisted by any government grant, carry on the whole teaching work of the University. The Provincial Government makes an annual grant of \$3,500, which meets the cost of the examinations; and the munificent gift of a former student of St. John's, Dr. A. K. Isbister, provides a fund sufficient to pay scholarships. The only other funds at the disposal of the University are the rents obtained from lands set apart by the Dominion Government to make an endowment, which funds at present are very small.

operate much. St. John's is in the extreme north end of the city, and the other colleges are somewhat out from the city toward the south-west. There being thus no central building, these three colleges have hit upon the plan of carrying on their common classes in rooms in the centre of the city. The classes held in common are those in Natural Science, and one professor from each college lectures on certain subjects to the students of all three. This principle is also being applied at present to some classes in higher mathematics.

All matters regarding examinations,



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE (EPISCOPALIAN), WINNIPEG.

The charter gives the local Government power to appoint members on the council, but it has never done so, though probably when the Government is able to provide funds to carry on two lectureships, as proposed, it will avail itself of the right.

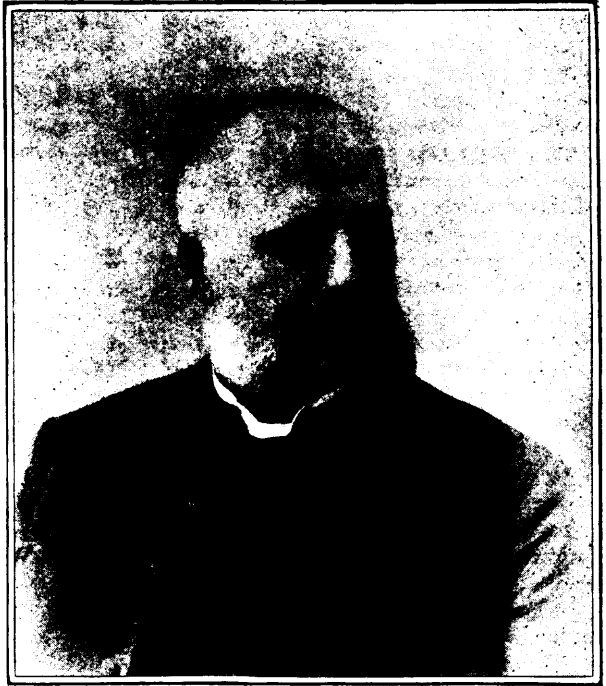
In the meantime the colleges are making use of the principle of co-operation. St. Boniface college being situated in the town of St. Boniface, on the opposite side of the Red River from Winnipeg, and its work being carried on very largely in French and Latin, has not as yet been able to co-

operate much. St. John's is in the extreme north end of the city, and the other colleges are somewhat out from the city toward the south-west. There being thus no central building, these three colleges have hit upon the plan of carrying on their common classes in rooms in the centre of the city. The classes held in common are those in Natural Science, and one professor from each college lectures on certain subjects to the students of all three. This principle is also being applied at present to some classes in higher mathematics.

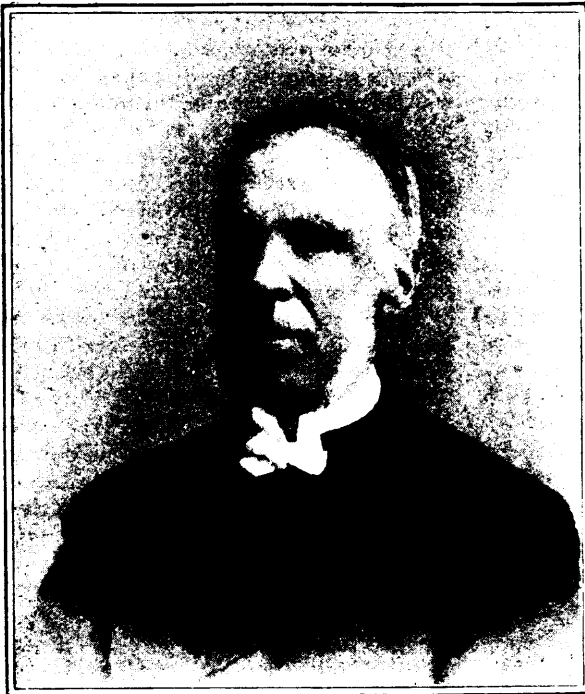
Compared with the older provinces, Manitoba has been in every way fortunate in her University. She has been fortunate in that five well-equipped colleges have located at the capital, and in that those at the head of these colleges conceived, and were able to carry out, a confederation which,

while centering the educational work in one place in the province and giving that work a high standard, has at the same time lifted the whole burden of its support from the shoulders of the Government. The latter, with the small sum of \$3,500 per year has been able to call to its aid in forming a provincial university, bodies having very large investments in buildings and plant, and paying out all told, probably not less than \$100,000 per year. It cannot be supposed such a one-sided partnership will continue for all time, and when the days of a fuller revenue come, the government will undoubtedly assume a larger share of responsibility.

Not the least gratifying effect of this intimate as-



REV. J. W. SPARLING, D.D.  
*Principal Wesley College.*



REV. JOHN M. KING, D.D.  
*Principal Manitoba College.*

sociation and co-operation of the colleges, is the spirit of fraternity which it creates among the students, who, while loyal to their own colleges, feel all drawn together in the bounds of their common university. Whispers of still other colleges are in the air, and when these are founded their students will join the brotherhood without any need for re-adjustment or re-arrangement. In thus presenting a type for a model provincial university, where the uniformity of a high standard is combined with liberty in methods of teaching, supervision and management, the University of Manitoba is well worthy of study by other provinces.

*James Lawler.*

## DECORATIVE ART.

BY REV. PROFESSOR HUNTINGFORD OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

IT is a foolish lamentation in most cases, as Solomon tells us, when we complain that the former days were better than our own ; but in the case of the decorative arts it has unfortunately some grounds. Schools of design have, no doubt, done much in late years to reintroduce sound principles, but whether it be the introduction of machinery, or whatever other causes had such a deadening effect on art in general, the fact remains that popular taste is not so good as it was in simpler times and, in fact, in the majority of uncivilized nations.

Pictorial Art demands knowledge and intellect both to produce and to appreciate it, and therefore the mass of mankind will always be content with something short of the best. But pictures are a luxury from which it is possible to escape ; decoration, however, is always and everywhere with us. And it is an important thing whether it is good or bad, since every kind of human being has the instinct of ornamenting the things which he uses and lives by, and with, and in. And it is a true instinct. Look at nature, always the standard of art ; in nature there is a purpose for everything—for the leaf, for the flower, for the stem, and yet to all is given not only usefulness for their purpose, but beauty. Mankind, on the contrary, have nowadays so far dissociated beauty and utility that the word *useful* almost suggests ugliness.

We are often told that works of art, as art, cannot be moral or immoral, that moral qualities do not apply to art at all ; but we must also remember that when God pronounced all his work "very good" it was also very beautiful, and that goodness must be beautiful, and the perfection of goodness is the perfection of beauty. Therefore, though artistic taste and virtue in human beings are by no means insepar-

able, we may safely say that lack of taste, as of virtue, is one of the characteristics of fallen human nature which will some day be changed. There will be nothing ugly in heaven, of that we may be sure, and one fails to see any reason why beauty, which is God's, should be disregarded here ; and surely every effort to get people to prefer what is beautiful and good to what is ugly is worth the making.

The man who shall produce an improvement in the style of the ordinary articles of commerce, who shall make it possible to go into a house of a middling sort and not to be shocked at the marvellous display of wallpaper, carpet and curtain, is a man who in no small degree deserves the thanks of his country.

"Style," I said ; have we anything which can be called distinctively Canadian style ? What is style ? In literature it means the manner in which a writer's thoughts are expressed in words ; in art it means the manner in which the thoughts, or, rather, the feelings, are expressed in form and colour ; and what the style of any country is depends primarily upon the architects.

If the preponderating sentiments of any age or place are pure and lofty, if they are ignoble and mean, the style of art of that people will be found to correspond. Greek art rose with the worship of God and the sense of beauty ; later, the religious instinct faded away, and the art became more sensual. Transferred to Rome, it added power and splendour to its own sensuousness. The Romanesque and Gothic styles were again dominated by religious sentiment ; so much so that all kinds of things partook of an ecclesiastical character. The Renaissance, again ; brought paganism and sensuous beauty to the front. Since that time there have been imitations, adaptations, and

mixings of various types and qualities, of which the French modification of Renaissance style, called Rococo, has unfortunately the widest influence.

These styles are of course primarily architectural styles; and this is natural, for decoration pre-supposes something to decorate, *i. e.*, construction. Thus every change of style is first of all a change in construction; and each kind of construction has its own kind of decoration, which must be kept distinct, so that there may be a unity of design. Of course there may be exceptions to such a rule. Things will always be right *if they are done in good taste*, for this is after all the ultimate standard; but the rule must be acknowledged as a rule *au moins que sie wollen to mix ogni genera tés architektonikés*, as the languages, ancient and modern, are mixed in this sentence, the result of which, though intelligible, is grotesque.

A further question is: "Why are the modes of construction different?" And this brings us to the root of the matter; it is—because they were found to be useful.\* No genuine style is developed consciously "because it looks pretty;" they grow up one from another as new needs arise, or as new discoveries are made. The Egyptians wanted their buildings to last, and they have lasted. The Greeks wanted beauty, and they got it, and it has been a standard ever since. The Romans wanted something larger than the Greeks had any need for, and they took the Arch from the Etruscans and covered the ground with it.

Printing and the Reformation made men dissatisfied with the mysticism and conventionalism of later Gothic, and the Renaissance brought them back to a more real study of nature, and to the newly-discovered classics. But

the architects of Louis XIV. wanted something new, and tried to make it without any study of principles or of nature, and so they broke up all the lines of the Renaissance decoration, and replaced them by fantastic curves, which, though meaningless and unnatural, are suitable for gilding, and express, as with a flourish, the greatness of "le Grand Monarque."

The former changes of style were genuine and natural, each one good of its kind, with construction for its basis. Rococo made the fatal mistake of striving after originality, and of constructing ornament instead of ornamenting construction; and it is really to the baneful influence of this style, and its attempt to be striking without taking the trouble to be true, that we owe so much of the villainous work that we see.

So far we have reached two principles, *viz.*, that decoration must follow construction, and that ornament must have its foundation in usefulness. A third is contained in them—that art must follow nature. Now, this can take place in two ways—for art is man's way of looking at nature; so that it makes a difference whether he is studying it with the purpose of making a picture, which is to be looked at for itself, or ornament, which is to get a passing glance, which is to make a background and enhance the value of other work.

In neither case will it be an exact reproduction of all details, because this does not give the impression which the eye receives from any single aspect, and also because, if it were possible, the result would be deception rather than artistic pleasure—Mme. Tussaud's wax-works compared with the National Gallery.

Taking foliage for an example, the painter tries to convey an impression of what it *looks like* by tone and massing of form and colour. He is not concerned to demonstrate the fact that the leaves grow in sets of five or seven; in fact, the very growth of the leaves tends to conceal the geometrical regularity of their structure, and tells us

\*NOTE.—It is a libel to contrast the useful with the ornamental. Take anything which is ornamental without having any use, and you will find it either a piece of bad taste or some temporary fancy of fashion, which will soon pass away, and no longer be considered ornamental. The best style, in construction or decoration, is the best combination of use and beauty. Look at the perfection of nature. Was the Derby ever won by an ugly horse? The human body is perhaps the culmination of beautiful form, and every part has its use; it is just where anyone's limbs are less beautiful that they are less adapted for their proper work.

that they have no two forms alike. The ornamentist, on the other hand, seeks to reproduce what is, not what appears, and by a careful study of the individual he obtains from its infinite variety a typical form, a generalization, which contains all the essential elements of the plant in their geometrical regularity.

Any pattern, therefore, which is meant to represent the natural object pictorially or realistically is to be avoided. Why? If you had a portrait gallery consisting entirely of copies of the same portrait, what would be the effect? Even different portraits of the same person would be wearying, though they were well done. Now, the ornamental feature in a pattern has to be continually repeated. Supposing, then, the pattern to consist of roses: if each one is a good pictorial representation of a rose it will become monotonous by repetition, and each specimen will be always calling out for particular inspection, and so will be out of its proper subordinate place; whereas a conventional treatment of it will not only gain by the repetition, but will suffer little or nothing from roughness in execution. But since the pictorial representation which is possible in a good many materials is far from good, we have as a result an abominably bad copy perpetuated in any sort of colour all over the floor or wall.

One of the first things one looks for in a textile fabric is that the design should be flat. The pattern of a carpet, particularly, ought to be flat; it is not pleasant to see the floor covered with huge, sprawling vegetables with deep holes, perhaps, between them, or to find some point here and there positively getting up and barking at one! There can not be a greater virtue in any floor decoration than unobtrusiveness, and that is why the designs of Oriental, and particularly Persian, artists are so good, because they fulfil this useful purpose so well; and they do it mostly by geometrical arrangements. Now this effect does not preclude richness, and it doesn't require faint colours. You may have a carpet most

restful to the eye, with good, strong primary colours; in fact, it is much more likely to be restful than if it is done in light, washy colours. Think of the usefulness. If you want to show things off—pictures, people, dresses—do you give them a white and light background? The Moorish Arabs, whose decorative taste was exquisite, almost always used red for a background, and any good picture gallery is hung in red. This does not, of course, mean that all floors should be red, but depth of colour is a great relief in a floor, and makes a good foundation for anything above it, as furniture, walls, or people.

This principle of usefulness will stand a lot of working. If only what was there for a purpose was ornamented, the world would have fewer absurdities stuck on things "to look pretty." If a thing is pretty and worth looking at for its own sake, let us look at it by all means, and let it have its own place, and so its proper use.

Dress is perhaps too delicate a subject to touch on here, but, after all, ladies' dress *is* decoration, and when fashions are continually changing, merely for the sake of novelty in the interests of those who make them, beauty can only occur in them accidentally; while the supremacy of fashion is such as to absolutely pervert the judgment while any style is in vogue; and how terrible do the majority of fashions look when lapsed time has taken the glamour off them! The women of ancient Greece dressed most simply and most beautifully, and they had no changes of fashion to speak of. Was there ever anything uglier than the present male garb? Yet, put a man to do anything vigorous or violent, and his costume is adapted to it, and becomes unintentionally more picturesque.

Even in appearance the principle of utility should be preserved. It is not fair to make a useful thing and put it into a shape which gives an impression that it cannot fulfil its purpose. Again, a thing which looks right, but is evidently made of some sham material

which will come to pieces with the least provocation, is bad. Good taste shrinks instinctively from sham ornament, from cotton-wool-snow in church decorations, from houses daubed with plaster to pretend they are built of large stones. Not that plaster is bad in itself; honest plaster, inside or out, has its uses and is quite satisfactory; but pretending to be what you are not is a fault as much in art as in the conduct of life.

I am afraid it must be said that we see more bad ornament than good in these days, and as this seems to be owing to the French influence of last century, a few words are due to Rocco style. Its principal fault is that it is not founded upon construction; it is a style consisting wholly of ornament laid over the construction so as to obscure it. It becomes, therefore, meaningless, for it has no basis in utility, and it has also a natural tendency to excess; whereas self-control is as valuable in ornament as it is anywhere else.

Now, it is an excellent thing sometimes to break up lines. It avoids monotony and gives richness. But if you adopt any such a principle without mitigation it must lead to disastrous results, and this does appear to be the principle which the designers of the latter French kings had in mind.

A gable end is meant to let the rain run off your wall instead of getting down between the stones; if, therefore, you break the slope in two, and put in a great curve, you are frustrating the ends of common sense for the sake of ornament. Again, the part of a building, arch, frame, chain, or what not, which supports the weight, ought to look as if it were doing so; it ought to look strong, and there is a sufficient beauty in strength that we should be content with it. But if you want to support a weight you put a vertical straight line under it, because the law of gravity tells us that this is the direction in which weight is felt. If, then, I have a pier supporting an arch, this cannot avoid being in a straight line. Now, I want to decorate it; the

decoration must also run in straight lines. I can put panels there, one on top of the other, if I choose, but they will only suggest separate blocks of masonry one on another, and the lines of them must also run straight and have a general vertical continuity, and then the thing will *look* strong. But break up the straight lines, substitute bits of curves, fantastically standing one on another, and the semblance of strength is gone at once. The solid stone which does the work does not show; the curves, dandified and gilded plaster, seem ashamed to own that what is behind them is doing the hard work. This is hypocrisy in art, and it is typical of the selfish nobility of the Ancien Régime, who, ashamed of working themselves, pretended that they alone were the French nation.

Take a chair or sofa; its legs should be strong enough to support it. What is the sense, then, of carving them into a leaf, or a combination of leaves, standing on end by some miracle? It gives one an uncomfortable sensation to see lines that are required to be straight writhing and twisting in an agony of misconstruction. It is bad enough that such work should be obviously stuck on and gilded, but it is more absurd and vulgar when it is the ground material which is so carved up.

Another great vice in this style is the want of symmetry, for this is a necessity in decoration. If in the composition of a picture you put, instead of proportion and balance, an exact symmetry the effect will be seen at once to be decorative rather than pictorial. On the other hand, take any number of things—whether ugly or beautiful in themselves it does not matter—and arrange them symmetrically and geometrically and they will be decorative. A square, for instance, is a very simple form, not strikingly beautiful, and a number of squares together is the same, but put them in stone, as they often occur in Norman work, and you see at once that they are eminently decorative.

Symmetry is the rule in nature, to which all particular specimens are in



various ways approximating. They do not reach it, and, therefore, they are picturesque, but the rule is there all the same. The most perfect thing in nature, the human body, similarly follows and comes short of this rule; for the two sides of us are never exactly the same. A face of which one side was the exact counterpart of the other would be merely decorative! Decorative art, however, to be good must have this symmetry, and it is the rejection of it which forms the most salient characteristic of Rococo. You will find things, which you would expect to see round or square, composed of a number of curves standing on one another, not even growing continuously out of one another, and making together an indescribable figure with no side or corner matching the one opposite; and that not from any reason in the nature of things, but simply because you can't help expecting to see it match, and to see some definite shape, and it enjoys giving you a surprise. You will get something which wants a border round it, a silver sugar-basin, for instance. The Rococo designer will, first of all, make a number of irregular indentations in the line of the edge which nature meant to be straight to keep the sugar in; then,

since one would naturally expect some continuous pattern, running or stationary to ornament it, he will take a number of his little curves and stick them on so as to look all different and unconnected. This sort of thing is sometimes pretty and taking, because the workmanship and material are good, and good taste cannot help showing whatever the style is; but it requires all the prestige which fashion can give to save its best specimens from condemnation. The style has its strong qualities, no doubt; it is gorgeous, magnificent, ostentatious (word terribly near to "vulgar"), and those who prefer these qualities to truthfulness and the study of natural beauty will continue to approve of it.

Colour opens as large and interesting a subject as design, and though it may be productive of even greater pleasure to some eyes, it must take its place after Form; but in black and white, and the limits of an article, it is impossible to discuss it. Suffice it to say that almost any combination of colours is pleasing in degree, *if the colours are good*; and what good colour is, is a matter for a well-trained eye and an unprejudiced observation of the beautiful world in which we live.

E. W. Huntingford.



## A CANAAN MOOSE HUNT.\*

*A Story of Sporting Life in New Brunswick.*



PRIMEVAL forest and well-tilled mere-  
stead are found side by side in New Brunswick; not of course at all points—for three hundred years of European occupation must mean much in an area of country not two hundred miles square—yet sufficiently to make the contrast striking. At no point are these antithetical conditions more surprisingly in evidence than in Canaan, a district in the southern part of the province, almost within

call of the City of St. John. There, surrounded on three sides by prosperous settlements which verge upon large towns, great forest wastes still flaunt their primeval wilderness before high heaven, and despite of man and his improvements afford safe cover for the bear, the caribou and the moose.

Nowhere else under such untrammelled conditions are these animals the adjuncts of civilization; nowhere else do their habitats neighbour with the grazing places of farm-yard kine.

A look at the map of New Brunswick will make the explanation obvious. The early settlements, both French and English, were made on the St. John River on the west, and on the Atlantic coast on the south and east. The centre of the province was therefore a *terra ignota* except to the lumberman and trapper. Of late years, it is true, the settlement has been enlarging. Still there yet remains, particularly in the northern portion of the province, a primeval wilderness where “the rag-

ged edges of creation are not yet rubbed down.”

Canaan is the southermost district of this great untouched outland. A diagonal line from the Canaan River (which is geographically a continuation of the Washademoak, itself an affluent of the St. John) in a north-westerly direction, might touch some hunter's camp or lumberman's shanty before it reached the head-waters of the Restigouche, but would cross no other habitation. Such a line, considered as a moose-trail, would tap the best hunting-grounds of the St. John, the Restigouche and the Miramichi. Doubtless it is from these northerly feeding grounds that the wilds of Canaan, with their lighter snow-fall, have, of late years, drawn their inexhaustible supply of moose. The country itself is low, grassy and well-watered—the ideal home of the antlered monarch of America.

To the sportsman who has been accustomed to associate the idea of big game with impossible distances and manifold discomfords, the fact that here in New Brunswick, within twenty miles of the terminus of a railway and six of as good a highway as there is in America, he can bag the largest game of our continent will indeed be a revelation.

As if to enable him to perform such a feat with all due comfort, he will also be surprised to find scattered through the woods in which he hunts, vacant lumber camps well equipped with stoves and utensils for cooking. No tramping for long and weary distances with one's outfit on one's back; no employment of supernumerary guides; no occasion for sleeping-bags; on the contrary, the roads leading to the camps are fairly good, so that a pair of

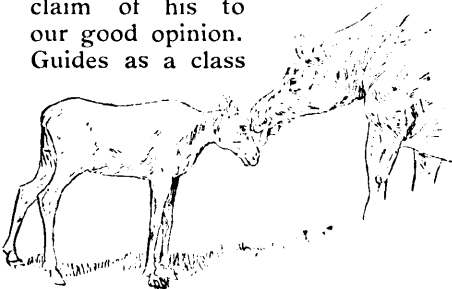
\*See Frontispiece, for picture of a Canadian moose.

horses with a heavy express can go almost anywhere.

Early in September the œstrual season begins and it lasts until late in October. I have read many discussions as to the best time for calling, and I am aware that some question the very possibility of enticing a bull with the simulated call of the cow. Late in the season, I admit, the ruse is difficult, but when the rutting season has just begun almost any noise will attract a bull. I have known the chopping of an axe to do so. From September 15th to October 5th, I should say, is the interval during which the antlered moose will reply to a well simulated rut. Later it will require an expert caller to lure him to the rifle.

Our guide was an expert, and we went into the woods on the first day of the open season, September 20th; therefore we got a moose. Let me tell you how it happened; but first permit me to describe our guide, not the outward man—for there was not much of him outwardly—but the guide and “caller” that we found him.

To begin with, the only American of our party mistook “tote road” for “toad road,” and as the old guide spoke frequently of his tote road, our amateur hunter facetiously dubbed him “Old Toad.” The nick-name stuck; guide was Old Toad, or simply Toad. To the end of the adventure. His family had been noted hunters in Canaan, and he himself retained an interest in his native woods in the form of a tidy hunting camp with all its appurtenances. In his way he was a pious man with a distinct abhorrence of profanity. This was a special claim of his to our good opinion. Guides as a class



FEMALE MOOSE AND CALF.

are not overly nice in their language—especially Canaan guides. “Swear not” was Old Toad’s motto, and he tried to live up to it. There was, nevertheless, under the stress of excitement or provocation, a pith and weight to his expressions that caused them to border closely on the most picturesque profanity.

The old man had also a great pretense of respect for veracity of statement. He would not stoop to exaggeration, and he held mendacity in pious horror. He took me aside privately, on one occasion, to put me on my guard against a friend of his who was disposed to draw the long bow unduly. “William is not exactly a liar. No; I wouldn’t like to say that, but he does stretch the truth almighty hard sometimes,” he whispered, while our host was taking the horses from the waggon.

We were staying for the night at a farmer’s house in Canaan, on our way to the woods. Our host and Old Toad entertained us after supper with reminiscences of their hunts.

“Yaas, Richard, that waz a tough experience of yourn”—Willum was referring to some exploit that the guide Richard had just described; “but onst I fired at a moose on the barrens round Snow-Shoe lake, and I took the hind leg off’n him as slick as a whip. Did it stop him? No; that fellow kept on jumpin’ on three legs. My snowshoes were good and I caught him after a three-mile chase, an’ he goin’ twelve foot every jump.”

Old Toad plucked his long grey whiskers meditatively, gave me a look of deep resignation, as if to plead for his friend’s weakness, and then took up his end of the conversation.

“Wall, Willum, you are long-gear-ed, that’s true, and might have done it. Onst I was huntin’ caribou in the Shepody barrens. I fired at a critter, but the ball went low and snapped off’n his forelegs like pipe-stems at the knees. That pizenly caribou went fifteen feet at every jump on his nose and hind legs, and you might as well shoot at greased lightnin’, but I caught

him afore he'd gone a mile. Another time"—

An audible exclamation from the Doctor disconcerted our veracious guide, so that his conversation at once became commonplace.

Toad's camp, the point of our destination, lay on the North Forks—a tributary of the Canaan, about ten miles from its outfall. For four miles of this distance we rode over a turn-piked highway; during the remainder of the journey we followed the stream-bed. We drove a pair of horses and heavy express-waggon, and the fact that we could take such a vehicle to the very door of the camp proves that the road was by no means impassable. Three miles east of the camp lay Old Toad's moose-grounds. Some of the party were novices in woodcraft, and they preferred idling around camp. Only the Doctor and myself found pleasure in the severe exercise of the hunt.

Our guide did not spare us. For three days we tramped doggedly behind his parenthetical legs, through scrub and mire and fire-slashes. During that time we came close enough to our game to scent the strong, pungent odour of their stamping grounds; we suffered ourselves, while still-hunting at noon-day, to be almost walked over by inquisitive porcupines; and yet we glimpsed no moose.

Everywhere the soft earth was marked by cloven feet; the springs that formed the central attraction of our guide's preserves were roiled to such a degree that, sitting by them, we were obliged to eat our lunch dry; while everywhere saplings were barked and rampikes were furred with moose hair.

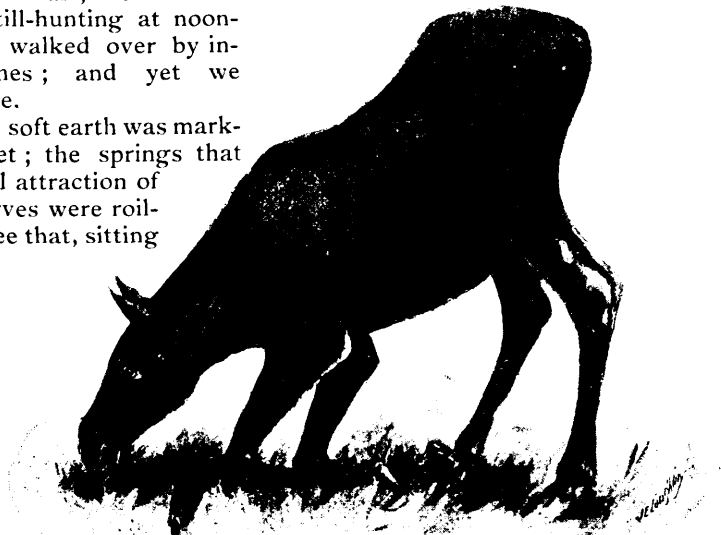
The weather was against us,—not a breath of wind to drown the noise of our footsteps, not-

ing but that listless, dead heat which sometimes marks the last of September.

Friday morning came, and we were to leave that evening. The weather was darkening, too, and threatened rain. Old Toad was humbled, and we were all more or less disheartened. He plied me to remain in the woods over Sunday. After he had made it plain to me that with our fresh horses we could reach Sussex, fifty-six miles away, some time Saturday night, I consented to make another attempt.

A nasty mizzle kept us camp-bound all the afternoon, and Old Toad utilized his leisure in making an immense moose-horn. Much to our satisfaction the weather cleared somewhat towards evening, but the sky still remained clouded. There would be, however, a good moon behind the clouds that evening, and so we were hopeful.

Night had closed down by the time we reached the calling-ground. The spot selected was on the high bank of Fork Stream. The country on the other side fell away and spread out in trackless fenland and wild meadow. Behind us, the sombre line of forest every minute pitching into deeper



DRAWN BY J. E. LAUGHLIN, FROM A PHOTO.

FEMALE MOOSE GRAZING.

gloom, was the sounding board that should help our guide disperse the echoes of the moose-call over the moors. Sixty feet below, the stream reflected every stray moonbeam that found its way through the clouds. A small meadow with a diminutive haystack—gathered by prudent lumbermen for the next winter's operation—bordered the hill and the stream at our feet.

The guide assigned us our positions. Mine was half way down the hill, but I lost my feet in the darkness, and when I brought up near the bottom I was too lazy to climb up hill again. A sudden bulge in the bank and then a drop had forced me into my then position. I said nothing to my friends of my advancement, concluding to let them discover for themselves the treachery of that hill.

The Doctor was strategically placed near the edge of the forest to the right on the side-hill; while Old Toad himself, as he explained, was forced by his duties as caller to remain on the highest and clearest spot in the back-ground. If a moose came from behind he would be in the van of danger, but if from the front, as was expected, his would be a very desirable position indeed; for a bull-moose when angry will fight with deadly desperation, and is more formidable at close quarters than a bear.

Night by this time had settled down in earnest, the profound gloom being relieved only by a flash of owl-light on the brook below. That pool where the stream broadened as it went round a turn was to be the centre-field of our target. It must have been visible to my friends above, for Old Toad forbade us to fire until the animal should be in the centre of it.

After we were thus disposed, Old Toad began to call. Low and hoarse in its first notes, the weird moose-call grew in sound and roughness and wild, wasteful volume until it became the most inharmonious aggregation of sounds that ever lone man listened to on a dark night in a deep forest, and then it ended in a calf-like bauble, as

if the animal were bellowing and covering its nostrils with its tongue. A short interval of silence followed, during which the many mysterious voices of the night resumed their occupation, and again that hoarse, despairing primeval, pleading cry fled over the wastes. For answer a low, deep boom like the surge of a mighty wave in some hidden sea-cavern crept faintly to us from the lowlands in front. Old Toad's horn again emitted that plangent cry. Unbroken silence followed for minutes that seemed an age. The same dull roar, this time more distinct in its last echoes; that polyphonic horn once again; silence; and then the fact thrilled me that beyond peradventure a bull-moose was coming.

"Now, gentlemen," Old Toad's drawl reached me, as the last rumble of the approaching bull died away, "thar's a moose comin' awhizzin' like the devil in a blue blaze"—the old man must have been greatly excited; "when that fellow gets here he's goin' to have a vote in the perceedin's, I tell you, by the way he's awhangin'. The night's too pizenly dark for good shootin', and you'll have to fire down hill, too. Now, I'm goin' to try a trick on that fellow that'll fetch him, and I want to know if you hadn't better climb a tree—"

"Climb a tree!" the Doctor interjected. "What do you take us for?"

"Oh, you're all right, Doctor. A weasel couldn't find you, but the parson's different. He's down thar in a pocket, he is—"

He waited for me to say something, but I did not. I could hear him say confidentially to the Doctor:

"The parson's as independent as a wood-sawyer's clock." Then, in louder tones, "Don't go to shootin' up hill or cross lots. Lay low and turn your howitzer—"

A startling grunt, so distinct was it, changed the current of Old Toad's eloquence into another rancous bovine minnelied.

The response was a thunderous roar that ricocheted along the ravine and spread itself everywhere into the night.

Then came the clatter of hoofs and the splash of water, with now and then the rattle of antlers.

Suddenly the brute came to a standstill. He could not have been more than a hundred yards away, but the gloom was impenetrable. Old Toad did not risk another call. He did what only an experienced hunter could have thought of doing at such a moment. He shook a spruce sapling until the rattle of its branches was a distinct sound in the night.

This simple ruse was irresistible. With a series of short grunts the bull advanced on a run. I had time only to catch a glimpse of him as his body crossed the patch of owl-light, when I turned my Snider-Enfield loose. Instinctively I stood up to reload, but the ping of a bullet over my head made me crouch down as quickly. Evidently someone, most likely the Doctor, was shooting wildly—"cross-lots," Toad would call it. Another bullet went whistling over my head, and then I surmised that the Doctor, unaware of my exact position, was mistaking me for the moose. I made a dart for the haystack, determined to put it between me and his wayward shooting. In this run to cover I did not calculate on meeting the moose. In fact, the imminence of my danger made me lose for the moment all thought of the animal. As I sped across the meadow he came into it from the brook, undaunted by the pelt of bullets, and, seeing me, at once charged upon me with a huddle of grunts and a heavy rush of hoofs. As I ran, I realized the helplessness of my position. The haystack would be ample protection against a stray bullet, but would it save me from my infuriated pursuer?

I could hear Old Toad talking excitedly to the Doctor. Only a stray word reached me. "The parson . . . clean crazy . . . playing tag with two moose and a haystack. Good . . . he'll . . . no widow." Thus the heartless old fellow dandered while I was making the run of my life. The

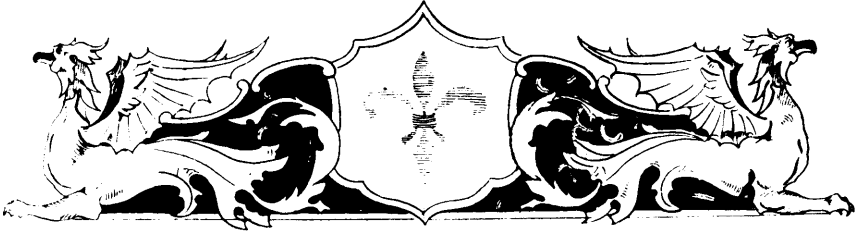
moose was so close to me when I flung myself behind the stack that he had reared to strike me with his forefeet. He landed on the stack instead, and so great was his impetus that his forelegs projected over the top, almost grazing my head on the other side. For the moment they had gone so far that he could not easily recover, and the stack swayed violently with his movements. This was my salvation. With a presence of mind begotten of the imminence of my danger I took a few steps backward, and putting my heavy rifle close to the body I fired. The ball crashed through the shoulder and out at the neck, severing the spinal column. A low snort of pain, and moose and stack collapsed together.

Toad and the Doctor were by this time frantic with excitement. The Doctor ever afterwards averred that he had seen three moose and a haystack cavorting around on the level, and that the sight for the moment overcame him. Both started to descend to my rescue; but, alack, they came down faster than they expected, and they fell over each other in the descent. Old Toad, who was underneath, believed that he was beset by a bear; and what with the hugging he expected to get and the possibility of the moose finishing what bruin might leave, he was a thankful man to find that it was only the Doctor after all, and that the moose was beyond harming anybody. He was so provoked, however, that before he could control himself he had apostrophized the Doctor as "a most veroshus critter of a man, with nary a thought of a body's ribs."

Having cut the moose's throat, all three of us, sitting on the upturned haystack, swapped sensations and glorified ourselves over our adventure.

The moose was a magnificent brute of fifteen points and weighed fully 800 lbs. So great was our exultation that neither the Doctor nor I could find heart to question Old Toad's story of his ride for three miles on a bull-moose's back with his snowshoes locked around the animal's neck.

*Rev. W. C. Gaynor.*



## THE BREAKING OUT OF SALLY DAGGS.

*Illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.*

YES, Sally Daggs broke out one day, though not with any unpleasant disease, be it known, for symptoms, sickening, suffering and ultimate recovery occupied no more time than the exact space of two hours and forty minutes; and after that the patient's temperature became normal and Sally was herself again.

She was forty if she was a day, and she looked more. Troubles were outlined on her seamed forehead, and her pale eyes were bleached as with much inward weeping. Her nose was thin and sharp, and her hungry lips jerked down unexpectedly at the corners. Her usual costume was a mud colored cotton, not too neat, and her head was at all times and seasons adorned with a blue sun-bonnet. She was desperately unattractive was Sally—and yet she had a lover!

His name was Samuel Jooly. He was a silent, timid, foolish creature, pitiably poor and shy to agony, and he had waited for his bride for more than twenty years. They had been all ready for the wedding; Sally was dressed, and Sam was stuffing his horny hands into unaccustomed gloves when Sally's mother fell in a fit and died.

In all her grief and horror Sally kept her head and managed her affairs with all the fortitude or rigidity such women possess. She sent the guests away and changed her dress; she laid out the poor old corpse which had had the audacity to upset her plans, with care and neatness, and then she gave her

brothers their supper and waited—and waited—

Now these brothers became the cross of Sally's life. She had a strong sense of responsibility concerning them, and believed that her duty lay in keeping house for them until they chose to marry. She had followed the leading of her conscience for nearly a quarter of a century and they were lazy, good-for-nothing bachelors still. They seemed to take a malicious pleasure in remaining single did John and George—Sally's romance was a subject of frequent jest. They made her tingle with shame and anger at their jokes; their rude handling of her poor little love story stung her to the quick. At first she bore it patiently, feeling that her fate lay in her own hands, but bye-and-bye custom sank into obligation, pity became engulfed in nervous dread, and suddenly Sally found that she would not dare to cross her brothers' wishes in the smallest degree. She was, in fact, bullied into blind submission. The potatoes, the cows, and Samuel at the gate, filled in her changeless life. She never dreamed of revolt—I had almost said her spirit was broken, but that strange, dun colored, blank and harmless thing was bent almost to the meeting point, yet had not snapped.

The Daggs' farm was situated on a lonely hill and there were no neighbours, so Sally had no distractions within a radius of four miles at least—none, that is to say, except Samuel, and Samuel came every Thursday after-

noon and talked to Sally at the gate.

She was waiting for him now, wrinkled but faithful. Her sun-bonnet was perched on a snake fence hard by, and the evening sun shone on her unattractive complexion and the small, tight knob of hair at the back of her neck. But Samuel thought her lovely as he came shambling up the path and took up his position on the other side of the gate.

"Even' Sam'l," said Sally, nodding.

"Even'," Samuel responded, "Are ye pretty peart, Sally?"

"Fair to middlin'," she answered; "How's biz?"

Samuel's face grew gloomy.

"Nothin' as yet. There don't seem to be room enough in this world for folks that's out of work. How's John an' George?"

"They'll kill me some day," responded Sally, patiently. "Own blood they may be but—"

"Sally," shouted a voice wrathfully, "whar's them mended mitts?"

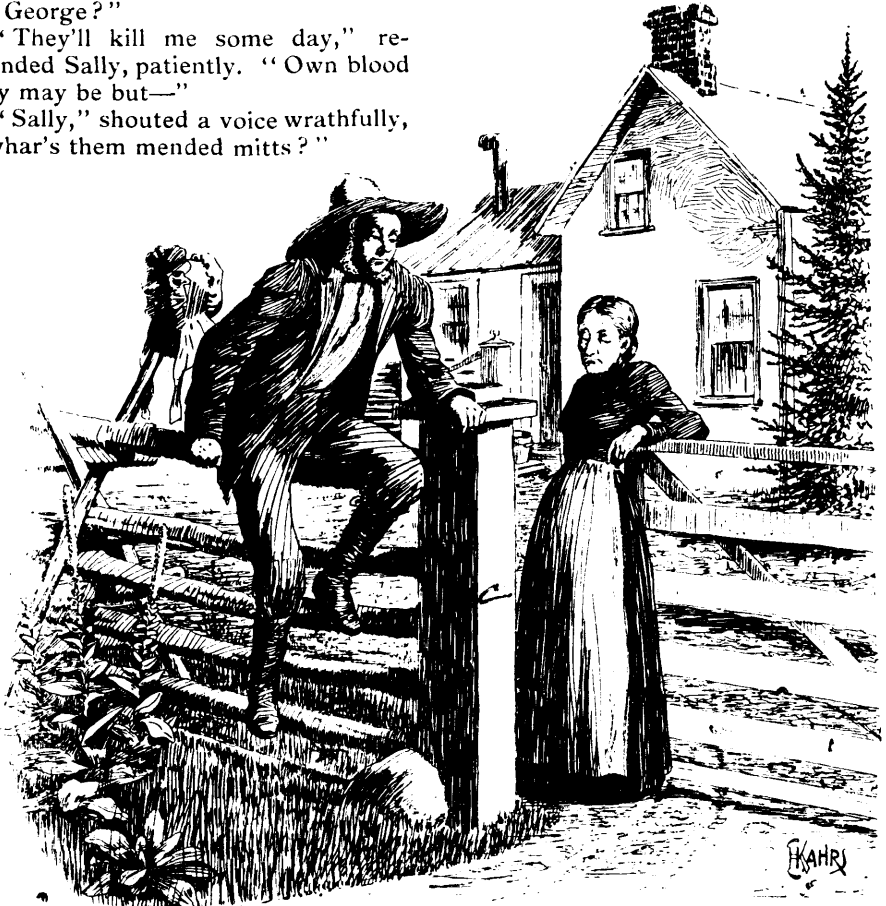
"That's it," said Sally, mournfully, "anythin' to begrutch me. He don't want his mitts, seein' it's summer, he—"

"Sal-ly!"

"Yes, comin', John. Sit still, Sam'l, p'raps I can get back awhile." She turned patiently and went up the short path to the house, and Samuel bit his lip and dug his nails into the gate.

"Pore thing!" he muttered, "pore thing—an' I can't stop it. 'Clare to goodness I am skeert of those fellows—'tain't my fault—I was born meek an' skeert."

Presently Sally came back and they went on talking as well as they could in spite of the frequent interruptions. These became so many and trivial that



"They'll kill me some day," responded Sally patiently.



it was not long before Sally said, miserably:

"Guess yew'd better make fer hum, Sam'l; circumstances don't appear to fit for conversation."

"Oh!" he cried in a sudden access of daring, "can't you chuck the hull wretched business? Can't we get married in the face of them two?"

Sally threw up her hands and screamed. The bare idea of bringing the combined wrath of those two terrible men on her head was appalling in its possible consequences. And then, how it happened she never knew, but in a flash she saw herself the loved and respected wife of the man before her. No more nagging, no more fault-finding, and no more slaving herself to death at the thankless, unequal tasks of the farm! If she could only take her courage in both her hands and go boldly up to John and say:

"I'm going to get married to Sam'l Jooly, right off, and yew can get another woman to do your work."

Her old eyes shone and sparkled, her bent figure straightened, she looked up and eyed Samuel like another woman. Suddenly she heard her brother telling one of the cows to "Git over," and she collapsed into her old self again.

"It couldn't be did," she said, "I ain't the sort of woman to do it, and yew know, Sam'l," with fond scorn, "yew're most skeert stiff to think of it."

"Dunno as I am," he answered, sheepishly.

The spark was dead in both of them. They were again merely a cowardly, over-sensitive, trampled-on man and woman, to whom, in their pathetic conservatism, the wrath of John and George represented the censure of the universe.

The big, red sunset was glowing across the hill when Samuel shambled hesitatingly down the path, and Sally took her bonnet from the snake fence and went in.

On the following Thursday it rained dismally and Samuel did not come, but on the Monday of the ensuing week

Sally, who was chopping some kindling in the yard, heard the gate click, and the next moment the axe was taken out of her hand and Samuel was making the chips fly.

"I saw John and George down to Jacomb's bush, so I concluded I come up and say how."

Sally did not answer, her face was turned the other way, and Samuel crossed the chopping log to look at it. She was crying, and there was a long red weal down her cheek.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" cried Samuel, "Don't cry, don't fer the land's sake! Which of them was it?"

"John," sobbed Sally, "in the kitchen. He hed a whip—an' I was tired—an' I oversot the treacle—an' it got into his hair, giving him all the appearance of a muskrat—an' I laughed—an' he hit me."

Samuel said two very bad words, which sounded strange from a man of such characteristic meekness.

"When will they be back?" he asked.

"Not before dark," said Sally, wiping her eyes. "Git on with that kindling, Sam'l."

But Samuel was thinking of other things than the kindling.

"Let's sit here and converse a bit," he said. "Sally, let's run away!"

"What!" shrieked Sally, "Heavens to Betsey, Sam'l, yew ain't well. Does your head feel queer?" coming closer to him and looking at him anxiously. "Shell I bring yew out a glass of root beer? The sun is powerful hot."

"I'm in deadeast earnest, Sally Daggs," responded Samuel, solemnly, "and I don't require any root beer. I've got fourteen dollars this minute in my pocket. We can walk into Preston and take the cars to Sumville by the excursion rates—exactly seven dollars each. It seems providential I should have the sum. We can get married in Sumville an' then come back an' snap it in their faces."

"Oh, Sam'l, I'm most too skeert to live, hearin' yew talk like that! I dasent, really, they'd kill me. Don't ask me."

Her thin little frame was trembling and shaking all over. It would be a real elopement! She had never in all her simple life dreamed of such a thing. That she, Sally Daggs, old and worn out as she was, should for a moment countenance an escapade for which she would condemn a schoolgirl, seemed too curiously romantic to be true.

"Come, Sally," said Samuel, earnestly, "It's killin' you to stay, and it's killin' me to see you suffer. You ain't fit for it. They ain't the right to keep you, and once married whose going to scold you?"

"Wait a minnit, Sam'l, an' let me think," she said; but she couldnt think. She kept muttering "Land's sake," and "Lawk a mussy," at intervals, and two crimson spots burnt up in her sunken cheeks.

"Come," said Samuel again, "where's the use of folks wiltin'? Sally, pass in your pie—you're bound to come."

She could not fight against the vision that opened before her; she was borne down upon a great, beautiful sea of temptation. The fire that burnt on her high cheek bones leaped into her eyes, and Samuel positively jumped when she turned on him and cried aloud:

"I'm comin'—I will—I will! Women folk ain't created fer persecution no more n'er beasts. Fer twenty years the Almighty has pleased to afflict me sore and straight, but I've lep'd the bound'ry line—I have—I have!"

She whirled off to the house, leaving her lover dazed at her spirit and audacity. It did not seem two minutes before she was back again. She was dressed in her best black alpaca, with a short ungainly jacket that bobbed up behind like a robin's tail. In her hands she carried a lemon and a little black bag.

"What's that for?" said Samuel, pointing to the lemon.

"Wall," said Sally apologetically, "We're goin' in the cars; my innards ain't accustomed to sich hurried locomotion, an' I dew hear that lemons is most settlin'!"

The gate clicked and they stood out in the road, trembling and holding each other's hands like children. The sun was getting low, and they must hurry if they meant to catch the 7.15 to Sumville. Sally scarcely spoke a word—the excitement, the hour, the danger of discovery, the sudden blazing open of her future, had all seized and shaken her quiet little person like a leaf in a storm. She was going to be taken care of, and loved and respected at last. She had left the old farm, the cows, the chopping log, the brothers and the dairy for ever. She would never sit on the stoop and shell peas as Sally Daggs again, and Samuel would never come shambling up the path to the gate on Thursday afternoons any more. She was going to be Mrs. Jooly! Mrs. Jooly! She whispered it over and over again, and grasped her little satchel tighter in her worn-out cotton glove in an ecstasy of rapture.

The dusty road had grown gray in the gloom when they reached the station, and somehow they both stopped and looked nervously at each other.

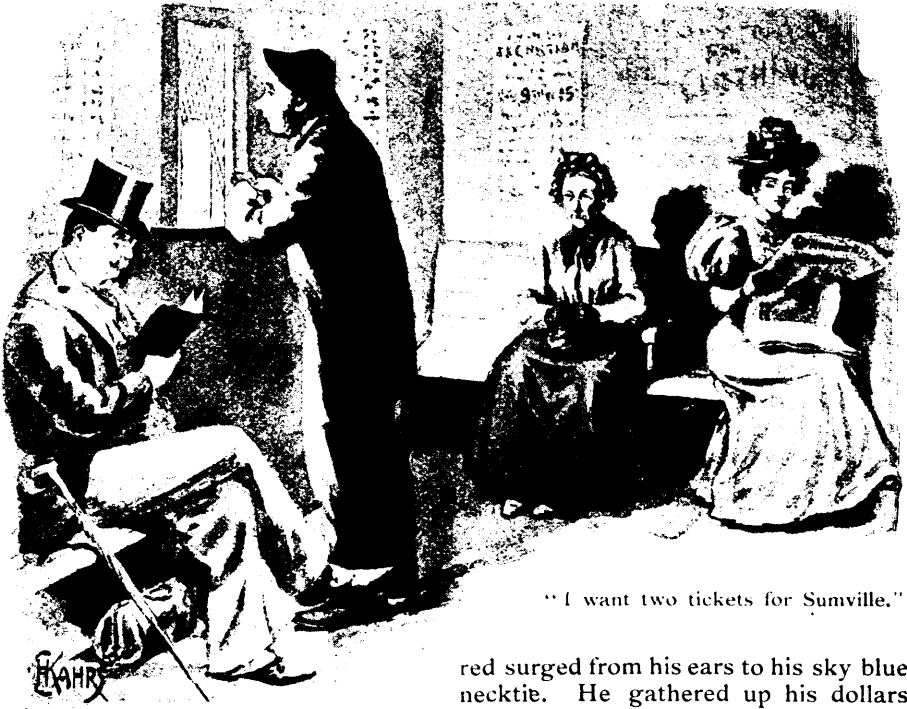
"Do yew guess we'd better both go in?" asked Sally.

"Wall, I ain't goin' in alone," said Samuel bluntly, "What time is it do you suppose?"

"It's jest seven," said Sally, peeping through the little window. "Come on then, Sam'l, I ain't skeert."

To these two timid souls the station room seemed full of people, and they went over to a shadowy corner and sat down side by side on the slippery seat. They sat on the very edge, and Sally held her little satchel on her knee. There was a lady sitting near them reading a paper. She seemed a grand lady to Sally, and the little woman looked down at herself and pulled in her awkward feet, and pulled out the fingers of her gloves.

Samuel was growing terribly red and uncomfortable, when Sally nudged him and suggested that he had better get the tickets. That was an awful ordeal for him, notwithstanding the fourteen dollars in his pocket. He half rose from his seat grinning helplessly, and



"I want two tickets for Sumville."

sat down again when he saw someone else go to the ticket window. At last Sally fairly shoved him to his feet and waited nervously as he lagged across the room. She would feel perfectly safe when she held those little green tickets in her hand, and not before. The grand lady was staring at them curiously, and the agent said "Come, get a gait on," as Samuel slowly extracted the precious bills from his pocket.

"I want two tickets for Sumville—excursion rates," he mumbled, with scarlet face and shaking hands. The agent slapped down the strips of card-board, counted the bills, and then said sharply:

"Five dollars more, please; this is the 16th—excursion rates stopped yesterday."

What did it mean! Sally felt herself growing cold, the lemon slipped from her hand and rolled under the seat. Samuel's face turned to a sickly yellow, his mouth opened, his jaw dropped, then a terribly vivid tide of

red surged from his ears to his sky blue necktie. He gathered up his dollars slowly, and pushing the tickets back, said unsteadily,

"Guess I won't mind goin' to-day."

He crossed the room and sat down beside Sally as if he had no further power to stand. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and then Sally gave the faintest, most idiotic sort of giggle. She couldn't help it—Samuel or no Samuel, the funny side flashed on her. It was only a brief comprehension of the ludicrous, and it was gone in a second. Sally was pale and grave almost before Samuel realized that at the most critical moment of their lives, at the point of most humiliating disappointment—she had laughed.

"I reckon we'd better go," said Samuel, and they got up and went out into the dusk. There was no need to say anything, no remark to make, each realized that everything was at an end for them. The effort could never be repeated, the occasion and chance would never return, they could never again work themselves up to that culminating point of rebellion.

"If we go real fast we can git back before John an' George come in," said Sally, and then no word was spoken till they reached the gate.

"Good-night, Sally, lemme bresh the dust off your bunnet," said Samuel.

"It don't matter, Sam'l, I jest recolek I ain't fed the cows, guess I'd better look s pry."

In the darkest part of the night John was awakened by a smothered sound on the other side of the partition.

"Sally, what air you doin'?" he called.

"It ain't me," replied Sally, "it's them con-sarned cats."

*Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.*



## TOWARD THE WEST.

"DAWNED had the day in the east :  
Two ships with white wings spread,  
Sailed side by side, out on the tide  
Of the Ocean Life," he said.

"One was a craft all frail ;  
The other, a staunch, rough barque ;  
And they sailed away, till the light of day  
Grew dim and the world was dark.

"Black was the sea of life,  
Inky the sky o'erhead ;  
'Mid the tempest's frown, one ship went down,  
The other sails on," he said.

"Life's sea grows oftimes rough,  
As a black-hulled wreck drifts on ;  
Watching all while for the tender smile  
Of calm in an eastern dawn.

"But a chain invisible draws  
This shattered barque toward the west,  
And a soul is fed on one hope," he said,  
"The sunset of life and rest."

*A. P. McKishnie.*



## A PAGE FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

**I**N this year of historical reminiscences it may not be uninteresting to glance at the extreme easterly point of Her Majesty's possessions in America and find out what manner of men they were who more than three hundred years ago landed on these shores now known as Newfoundland.

Although fishermen of Normandy, Brittany and the Basque Provinces doubtless knew and frequented these grand fishing grounds long before Cabot sighted the land in 1497, they were practically unknown in Europe until the Portuguese navigator, Gasper Cortereal, landed on the rock-bound coast in 1500 and gave his name to the south-eastern portion known for some time after as Corterealis. Conception Bay and Portugal Cove still remain as memorials of the daring navigator, who afterwards perished with his companions in the Arctic regions.

The Portuguese, French and Spaniards fought over the fishing grounds for many years, and it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the English attempted to effect a lodgment in the island. In 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained a patent for a colony in that region, and made two expeditions, in both of which his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, was interested and one of which he accompanied. They landed on the present site of St. John's and in the name of England took formal possession.

Both of these expeditions failed; but still public attention had been called to Newfoundland, and about the year 1609,

Mr. John Guy, a merchant, afterwards Mayor of Bristol, published several treatises on the subject. In 1610, he fitted out at his own expense, an expedition on a large scale with a view of establishing permanent intercourse with Newfoundland.

A patent was granted to the Earl of Southampton, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; Sir Francis Bacon, Solicitor-General; Sir John Dodderidge, King's Sergeant, and more than forty associates, incorporating them under the name of the Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the Cities of London and Bristol, for the Colony and Plantation in Newfoundland. This document recites that the English had resorted for more than fifty years in no small numbers to that island for the purpose of fishing, and it was hereby intended to protect them in the pursuit of their trade. Supplies were sent yearly from Bristol to the settlers until 1614, after which period the Company seems to have ceased active operations.

In the meantime religious strife waxed hot in England, and both Catholics and Puritans suffered intolerable persecution and oppression of all kinds. Some found refuge in Holland, others "dreamed of a far-off land where, amid the grandeur of nature, they might pursue their way undisturbed, and regulate matters spiritual and temporal according to their faith and conscience." Many had long turned their

eyes to the vast forests and boundless fields of the New World.

At this time in the Court of James I., and holding high office under the Crown, lived one George Calvert, whose chivalrous spirit was penetrated with the idea, not only of helping his distressed countrymen, but also of enlarging the domains of his Most Gracious Majesty. George Calvert's career had been a remarkable one. He was descended from a noble family in Flanders, and was born at a place called Kipling, Yorkshire, England, in the year 1582. When only eleven he entered Oxford, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1597. Leaving college he made a tour of Europe, and in 1604 married Anne Wynne. After holding several minor offices he was appointed by Robert Cecil, the Secretary of State, his chief clerk, and when Cecil became Lord High Treasurer as Earl of Salisbury, Calvert still remained with him as Clerk of the Privy Council. In 1617, he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1619 the King appointed him Secretary of State and bestowed upon him not only honours but rewards more substantial. In 1620, he received a grant of the increased customs on silk for twenty-one years and a pension of a thousand pounds. In 1620, the University of Oxford chose him as their representative in Parliament. Soon after this he went to Ireland, where the King had given him a large grant of land. He had long had visions of planting a colony in the New World, and in 1620 purchased of Sir William Vaughan, who had an interest in a patent for the southern part of Newfoundland, the whole southeastern peninsula of that island. Vaughan had been disappointed in his attempts to colonize, and so assigned a portion of his grant to Viscount Falkland and to Sir George Calvert, knight, then principal Secretary of State to King James I.

In 1621, a year after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Sir George sent over Captain Wynne with a commission as Governor, and a small colony. Every

trade seemed to be represented. Stonemasons, carpenters, quarrymen, tailors, surgeon, husbandmen, fishermen, etc., in all thirty-two. They settled at Ferryland, one of the chief promontories on the eastern coast, about forty miles north of Cape Race, and Calvert expended of his private fortune not less than twenty-five thousand pounds in building granaries and storehouses, and in erecting a handsome house for his own residence. In May, 1622, the colony was reinforced by an additional number of colonists and a supply of provisions. So far all looked promising. Captain Daniel Powell, one of the colonists, wrote on July 28th, 1622, to Calvert that :

“ The land whereon our Governor has planned is so good and commodious that for the quantity I think there is no better in many parts of England. His house, which is strong and well contrived, stands very warm at the foot of an easy ascending hill on the south-east ; and defended with a hill standing on the further side of the haven on the north-west, the beach on the north and south sides of the land lock it, and the seas on both sides are so near that one may shoot a bird bolt in either sea. No cold can offend it, though it be counted the coldest harbour in the land, and the seas do make the land behind it to the south-east, being near 1,000 acres of good ground for hay, feeding of cattle and plenty of wood, almost an island, safe to keep anything from ravenous beasts.”

The report of Powell was so satisfactory that, on April 7th, 1623, Calvert asked for and received a patent from the King constituting him and his heirs absolute proprietors of the whole southeastern peninsula of Newfoundland. He gave his new settlement the name it still retains of Avalon, the ancient name of Glastonbury, Somersetshire, England. Tradition has it that at Avalon Joseph of Arimathea, who had come to Britain, received from King Arvirgus 12 hydes of land, and here he preached the Gospel to the Britons and built an abbey.

As Avalon had been the starting-point for Christianity in Ancient Britain according to the pious legend, so Calvert hoped that his own settlement might be the starting-point from which the Gospel should be spread to the heathen of the western world.

A copy of the Charter granted to Sir George Calvert is in the British Museum. We learn from it that :—

“Whereas our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Sir George Calvert, Knight, our Principal Secretary of State, being excited with a laudable and pious zeal to enlarge the extent of the Christian world and therewithal of our empire and Dominion, hath heretofore, to his great cost purchased a certain region or territory hereafter described in a country of ours situate in the west part of the world commonly called Newfoundland not yet husbanded or planted, though in some parts thereof inhabited by certain barbarous people wanting the knowledge of Almighty God. And intending now to transport there a very great and ample colony of the English nation, hath humbly sought our Kingly Majesty to give, grant and confirm all the said region with certain privileges and jurisdictions requisite for the good government and state of the said colony and territory to him, his heirs and assigns forever.”

After defining the boundaries of the plantation, the right was given him to have jurisdiction over the islands :

“Within tenne leagues of the eastern shore with the fishings of all sortes of fish, whales, sturgeons and other royall fishes in the sea or rivers, and moreover, all veines, mines and deines, as well discovered or not discovered of gold, silver, gemmes and precious stones.

“And all this to be holden of us, our heirs and successors, Kings of England in Capite by Knights service, and yielding therefor to us, our heirs and successors a white horse whensoever and so often as it shall happen that we shall come into the said territory or region.

“And that the sayd region may be eminent above all other parts of the sayd country of Newfoundland and graced with larger titles, know you that we of our further grace have thought fit to erect the sayd territory and lands into a province and to call it Avalon, or the Province of Avalon.”

Shortly after the granting of the patent to Calvert, he announced to the King that he had left the Established Church of England, in which he had been baptized, and had joined the Roman Catholic Communion. He therefore resigned his office of Secretary of State. However, the King did not withdraw his marks of favour from him, but raised him to the Irish Peerage, as Baron of Baltimore, in the County of Longford, Ireland.

He seems to have been very anxious at this time about the fate of the col-

ony he had planted, and writes thus to his friend, Sir Thomas Wentworth :

“I am heartily sorry that I am further from my hopes of seeing you before my leaving this town, which will now be within three or four days, being bound for a long journey to a place which I have had a long desire to visit. It is Newfoundland I mean, which it imports me more than in curiosity to see, for I must either go and settle it in better order or else give it over, and lose all the charges I have been at hitherto, for other men to build their fortunes upon. And I had rather be esteemed a fool by some for the hazard of one month's journey, than to prove myself one certainly for six years by past, if the business be now lost for the want of a little pains and care.”

In 1628 he set out for the colony with his wife and family, except his oldest son. In what state he found the colony is told in his letter to the Duke of Buckingham, of the 25th of August, 1628.

“I came to build and settle and sow, but I am fain to fighting with Frenchmen who have heere disquieted me and many other of His Majesty's subjects fishing in this land.”

In another letter of the 10th of August, 1629, to the King, Charles I., his difficulties and discouragements are pointed out. Besides fighting the French, the climate seems not to have been to his liking.

He writes :—

“So have I met with greater difficulties and encumbrances here which in this place are no longer to be resisted, but me presently to quitt my residence and shift to some other warmer climate of this new world where the wynter be shorter and less rigorous. For here Your Majesty will be pleased to understand I have found by too dear bought experience, which other men from their private interests always concealed from me, that from the middlest of October to the middlest of May there is a sadd fare of wynter upon all this land; both sea and land so frozen for the greater part of the time so they are not penetrable, no plant or vegetable thing appearing out of the earth untill about the beginning of May, nor fish in the sea, beside the ayre so intolerable cold as it is hardly to be endured. By means whereof and of much salt meat my house hath been an hospital all this wynter. Of a 100 persons 50 sick at a time myself being one; and nyne or tenne of them dyed. Hereupon I have had strong temptations to leave all proceedings in plantations, and being much decayed in my strength, to retire myself to my former quiet, but my inclination carrying me naturally to these kind of works, and not knowing better to employ the poor remainder of my dayes

than with other good subjects to further the best I may the enlarging of Your Majesty's Empire in this part of the world, I am determined to commit this place to fishermen that are able to encounter storms and hard weather, and to remove myself with some forty persons to Your Majesty's dominion, Virginia, where if Your Majesty will be pleased to grant me a precinct of land with such privileges as the king, your father, my gracious master, was pleased to grant me here. I shall endeavor to the utmost of my power to deserve it, and pray for Your Majesty's long and happy reign."

The King sent a gracious answer but thought that the task of founding colonies was too hard a task for his faithful subject, and writes:

"We out of our princely care of you, and weighing that men of your condition and breeding are fitter for other employments than the forming of new plantations which commonly have rugged and labourious beginning, and require means in managing them, than usually the power of one private subject can reach unto, have thought fit hereby to advise you to desist from further prosecuting your designs that way, and with your first convenience to return back to your native country, where you shall be sure to enjoy both the liberty of a subject and such respect from us as your former services and late endeavours do so justly deserve.

"Given at our place of Whitehall, 22nd November, in the fifth year of our reign."

The end of the story is given in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Mead, of Christ Church, Oxford.

"My Lord Baltimore being weary of his intolerable plantation of Newfoundland where he hath found between eight and nine months winter, and upon the land nothing but rocks, lakes or morasses, like bogs that we might thrust a pyke down to the butt head, for so, Mr. James, Sir Richard Cotton's library-keeper, who was sent minister thither some nine years ago describes the place; his lordship this summer sent home some of his children unto England and went with his lady into Virginia."

Here, however, he received but a sorry welcome, for the Virginians were naturally a little jealous of one who, they knew, meditated taking a portion of what they considered their own territory.

Lord Baltimore decided to return to England and there seek for another patent from His Majesty. The King, however, would not give him permission to return to America, but desired him to send for his wife and children

left behind in Virginia. The cup of his misfortunes was not full, for the barque in which his family set sail was cast away and all were lost, together with a "great deal of plate and other goods of great value." In 1631 the much tried man wrote to his friend Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on the loss of the latter's wife:

"There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been myself a long time a man of sorrows. But all things, my Lord, in this world pass away, wife, children, honour, wealth, friends and what is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us till God please to call for them back again; that we may not esteem anything our own, or set our hearts upon anything but Him alone who only remains forever."

Lord Baltimore died in April, 1632, having just succeeded in obtaining a new charter from the King for a new colony. The interesting story of the founding of Maryland by his son, Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, is not within the province of this paper; but we must take a hasty glance again at the Colony of Newfoundland after its abandonment. The hardy, fisher folk grew and multiplied there and for nearly a hundred years France and England contended for its possession, the French being principally settled on Placentia Bay. By the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Great Britain obtained the sovereignty of the island, the French reserving the right to catch and dry fish from Cape Bonavista north round to Point Riche, an extent of 450 miles. The Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the south shore, were also granted to the French.

In spite of the "sadd fare of wynter" on this land that so discouraged poor Lord Baltimore, it has raised a hardy and sturdy population. St. John, with 30,000 inhabitants, is a fair city with a beautiful harbour a mile and a-half long, sheltered from ocean storms and swells.

The products of the fisheries, exclusive of home consumption, are \$6,500,000. The cod banks, stretching from near the south-east coast for 300 miles into the North Atlantic, show no sign of exhaustion. They are visited by



fishermen from the United States, France, the Maritime Provinces, as well as by those of Newfoundland ; but the latter also resort to the shore fisheries of the island end of Labrador.

At the last census the population was 197,000, of whom 60,000 were employed in the fisheries.

An English Governor was sent out in 1728, and it continued a Crown colony until 1832, when representative institutions were granted. The present constitution came into force in 1855. So far all propositions to become part of the Dominion of Canada have failed.

*Mrs. J. D. Edgar.*



#### A SPOT.

A STREAM runs down a silent glade,  
 And into a silent sea :  
 Where the jackals cry and the night birds fly,  
 And all is wild and free.

The tides ne'er rise and the tides ne'er fall,  
 Nor is there rush nor roar :  
 But the depths are deep and the shores are steep,  
 And o'erhead the eagles soar.

The dead leaves drop where the shadows point,  
 When the wind breathes through their gloom ;  
 Then ere they fall they make their pall,  
 And above the dark hills loom.

The loon, from his murky bed of scum,  
 Calls out in a shrill, drear cry  
 To the stalks who moor on the desolate shore,  
 And wait for the night to die.

The moon appears to sink again  
 In a gloomy, land-locked cloud,  
 That scurries fast in its haste to pass  
 These echoes long and loud.

*W. E. Tupper.*

## MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.\*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

### IV.—LIVING MASTERS.—MEREDITH AND HALL CAINE.

THERE is a very old story to the effect that a party of gentlemen who were compiling a dictionary described a crab as "a small red animal which walks backwards." Apart from the facts that the crab is not red, is not an animal, and does not walk backwards, the definition was pronounced to be wholly admirable. I was reminded of this bit of ancient history when some time ago I read a criticism on George Meredith from the pen of Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore represented his subject as a shouting, gesticulating man in a crowd, who, in spite of great efforts to be heard, remained unintelligible. As a description of a curiously calm sage who soliloquises for his own amusement in a study this is perfect. The enormous growth in the number of unthinking readers, and the corresponding increase in our printed output, have brought about some singular conditions, and, amongst them, this: that it is possible to sustain a reputation by the mere act of being absurd.

In attempting anything like a just review of the influence of the critical press in recent years one has to admit that in its treatment of George Meredith it has performed a very considerable and praiseworthy public service. For many years Meredith worked in obscurity so far as the general public were concerned. Here and there he won an impassioned admirer, and from his beginning it may be said that he found audience fit though few; but he owes much of the present extent of his reputation to the efforts of generous and enlightened critics, who would not let the public rest until they had at least given his genius a hearing. He is now, and has for some time been, a

fashionable cult. It is not likely that in the broad sense he will ever be a popular writer, for the mass of novel-readers are an idle and pleasure-loving folk, and no mere idler and pleasure-seeker will read Meredith often or read him long at a time. The little book which the angel gave to John of Patmos, commanding that he should eat it, was like honey in the mouth, but in the belly it was bitter. To the reader who first approaches him, a book of Meredith's offers an accurate contrast to the roll presented by the angel. It is tough chewing, but in digestion most suave and fortifying. The people who instantly enjoy him, who relish him at first bite, are rare. Fine intelligences are always rare. Personally, I am not one of the happy few. I am at my third reading of any one of Meredith's later books before I am wholly at my ease with it. I can find a most satisfactory simile (to myself). A new book of Meredith's comes to me like a hamper of noble wines. I know the vintages, and I rejoice. I set to work to open the hamper. It is corded and wired in the most exasperating way, but at last I get it open. That is my first reading. Then I range my bottles in the cellar—port, burgundy, hock, champagne, imperial tokay; subtle and inspiring beverages, not grown in common vineyards, and demanding to be labelled. That is my second reading. Then I sit down to my wine, and that is my third; and in any book of Meredith's I have a cellarful for a lifetime.

In view of a benefaction like this it becomes a man to be grateful, but for all that it is a pity that a great writer and a willing reader should be held apart by any avoidable hindrances. It is quite true that an immediate popu-

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larity is no test of high merit. But the real man of genius is, after all, he who permanently appeals to the widest public.

To the middle-aged and the elderly, fiction is a luxury. A story-book is like a pipe. It soothes and gratifies, and it helps an idle hour to pass. But younger people find actual food or actual poison where their elders find mere amusement. There are hundreds of thousands of young men and women who feel that they would like to have a clear outlook on things, who are searching more or less in earnest for a mental standing-place and point of view. If I had my way they should all be made to read Meredith, and the book at which I should start them should be "The Shaving of Shagpat." It is in the nature of a handbook or guide to a young person of genius, it is true, and we can't all be persons of genius, but there is enough human nature in it to make it serviceable to all but the stupid. In the midst of its fantastic phantasmagoria there is a view of life so sane, so lofty, so feminine-tender, so masculine-strong, so piercing, keen and clear, that it is not easy to find an expression for admiration which shall be at once adequate and sober. On the mere surface it is almost as good as the "Arabian Nights," and at the first flush of it you think that fancy is running riot. But when once the intention is grasped you find beneath that playful foam of seeming fun and frolic a very astonishing and deep philosophy, and the whole wild masquerade is filled with meaning. Read "The Shaving of Shagpat," earnest young men and maidens. There is not much that is better for mere amusement in all the libraries, and if you care for the ripe conclusions of a scholar and a gentleman who knows the whole game of life better than any other man now living, you may find them there.

I learn, on very good authority, that Meredith has but a poor comparative opinion of his earlier work, and that he would dissent rather strongly from the critic who pronounced "The Or-

deal of Richard Feverell" his masterpiece. Yet it seems to me to be so, and in one particular it takes high rank indeed. It is remarkable that whilst love-making is so essential a part of the general human business, and whilst no novel or play which ignores it stands much chance of success, there are only two or three really verile presentations in fiction of "the way of a man with a maid." Shakespeare gave us one in "Romeo and Juliet," but then Shakespeare gave us everything. Charles Reade, in "Hard Cash," has shown us a pure girl growing into pure passion—a bit of truth and beauty which alone might make a sterling and enduring name for him. And Meredith in "Feverel" has given us scenes of young courtship which are beyond the praises of a writer like myself. The two young people on their river island are amongst the real ideal figures which haunt my mind with sweetness. Nature on either side is virginal. It flames and trembles with natural passion both in boy and girl, and they are as pure as a pair of daisies. Any workman in the school of Namby-Pamby could have kept their purity. Any writer of the Roman-candle-volcanic tribe could have heaped up their fires, after a fashion. But for this special piece of work, God had first to make a gentleman, and then to give him genius.

One peculiarity in Meredith is worthy of notice. He makes known to us the interior personality of his characters; he does this so completely that we are persuaded that we could predict their line of conduct in given circumstances; and then a set of circumstances occur in which they do something we should never have believed of them, and we have to confess that their maker is just and right, and that there is no disputing him. There are inconsistencies in his pages more glaring than anything we can imagine outside real life. The average artist, dealing with these manifestations, is a spectacle for pity, as the average man would be on Blondin's tight rope. The faintest deviation, the most momentary uncertainty of foot-

ing, a doubt, even, and it is all over. But Meredith never falters. He proves the impossible true by the mere fact of recording it.

He has no cranks or crazes or isms. He sees human nature with an eye which is at once broad and microscopic. What seem the very faults of style are virtues pushed to an extreme. He says more in a page than most men can say in a chapter. Modern science can put the nutritive properties of a whole ox into a very modest canister. Meredith's best sentences have gone through just such a digestive process. He is not for everybody's table, but he is a pride and delight to the pick of English epicures.

From Meredith to Hall Caine is from the study of the analyst to the foundry of the statuary; from art in cold calm to art in stormy fire. Here, too, is a force at work, but it is strength at stress, not at ease. Meredith is not very greatly moved. He sympathises, but he sympathises from the brain. His heart is right towards the world, but it is cool. The man we are now dealing with has a passionate sympathy. He is hot at heart, and he does not look on the movement of mankind as merely understanding it, and analysing it, and liking it, and making allowances for it. He is tumultuous and urgent, daring and impetuous, eager to say a great word. His conceptions shake him. They are all grandiose and huge. The great passions are awake in them—avarice, lust, hate, love, god-like pity, supreme courage, base fear. The whole trend of his mind is towards the heroic. He struggles to be in touch with the actual, and he makes many incursions upon it, but Romance snatches him away again, and claims him for her own. His native and ineradicable concept of a work of art in fiction is a story that shall shake the soul. This inborn passion for the vast and splendid in spiritual things is always in strict subordination to a moral purpose. Here is the reason for his hold upon the English-speaking people, which is probably, at this moment,

deeper and wider than that of any other living writer.

I do not deal in what I am now about to say with the critical adjustment of relative powers, but simply with a question of temperament. You may draw a triangle, and at one of its extremes you may place Meredith, at another Stevenson, and at another Hall Caine. At one extremity you have an artist whose methods are almost purely intellectual, at the next you have an embodiment of sympathetic receptivity, and at the third a man whose forces are almost wholly emotional and dynamic. Stevenson's main literary prompting was to say a thing as well as it could possibly be said. Hall Caine's chief spur is a fiery impulse to a moral warning.

From the earliest stages of Hall Caine's literary career until now his impulse had not changed, but he has made such a steady advance in craftsmanship as could not be made by any man who did not take his work in serious earnest. The faults of his first style still linger, but they are chastened. He has the defect of his quality. In each of his books he strives for an increasing stress of passion, a sustained crescendo, a full and steady breeze for the beginning, and then a gale, a tempest, a tornado. The story is always constructed with this view towards emotional growth and culmination. Sometimes he lets us see the effect this prodigious task imposes upon him, but in his later work more and more rarely. The natural temptation is towards a resonant and insistent eloquence, and he occasionally still forgets that he might, with ease to himself, profitably leave the catastrophe he has created to make its own impression. The artistic demand in the form of work to which his instinct draws him is heavier than in any other. It is simply to be white-hot in purpose and stone-cold in self-criticism at the same instant of time.

Bar Meredith, who is quite *sui generis*, and Rudyard Kipling, whose characteristics will be dealt with later on, Hall Caine has less of the mark of his predecessors upon him than any of his

contemporaries. His work has grown out of himself. He has had a word to speak, and he has spoken it. So far he has increased in strength with every book, has grown more master of his own conceptions and himself. In "A Son of Hagar" he forced his story upon his reader in defiance of possibility, but no such blot on construction as the continued presence of a London cad in the person of a Cumberland man in the latter's native village has been seen in his more recent work. It is worth notice that even in this portion of his story the narrator shows no remotest sign of a disposition to crane at any of the numerous fences which lie before him. He takes them all in his stride, and the reader goes with him, willy-nilly, protesting perhaps, but helplessly whirled along in the author's grip. This faculty of daring is sometimes an essential to the story-teller's art, and Hall Caine has it in abundance, not merely in the occasional facing of improbabilities, but in that much loftier and more admirable form where it en-

ables him to confront the cataclysmic emotions of the mind, and to carry to a legitimate conclusion scenes of tremendous conception and of no less tremendous difficulty. In the minds of vulgar and careless readers the defects which are hardest to separate from this form of art are so many added beauties, just as the over-emphasis of a tragic actor is the very thing which best appeals to the gallery. But Hall Caine does not address himself to the vulgar and the careless. He is eager to leave his reputation to his peers and to posterity. With every year of ripening power his capacity for self-restraint has grown. When it has come of age in him, there will be nothing but fair and well. There has been no man in his time who has shown a deeper reverence for his work, or a more consistent increase in command of it. His method is large and noble, in accord with his design. He has given us the right to look to him for better and better and always better, and it is only in the direction indicated that he can mend.

(To be continued.)



#### REUNION.

"I LOVE you," sighed the Zephyr  
 To the White Rose on the hill,  
 When the shadow wooed the daylight,  
 And the sounds of life were still;  
 "As I kiss your waxen face a thrill  
 Of joy wakes in my heart,  
 But the winter of our lives draws nigh,  
 Ere long we two must part.

One eve soft snowflakes fluttered  
 From the frowning sky above,  
 Dead lay the Rose and Zephyr,  
 But the spirit of their love  
 Drifted out across the valley,  
 And one balmy eventide  
 The White Rose found her Zephyr,  
 And the Zephyr found his bride.

A. P. McKishnie.

## THE GUEST OF GAMACHE.

*Illustrated by J. S. O'Higgins.*

“GAMACHE! Gamache! I'm tired of hearing about this Gamache. He should have been clapped into prison long ago. One would think that he was a veritable demon or ogre instead of only a rascally wrecker, to judge by the way he is talked about here.”

The speaker was an officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments stationed at Quebec, the place the deck of a sailing yacht carrying a lively party past the Island of Orleans, and the time half a century ago, when the sinister reputation of Anticosti and its few inhabitants was at its height.

A chorus of laughter and a shower of merry taunts were the response to Captain Hamilton's energetic utterance. “Certainly he should.” “I quite agree with you.” “Why don't you try it yourself?” “Give Gamache a call on your own account.” “You're just the man for the job,” and so on, in spite of the Captain's manifest irritation.

He had the good sense, however, to attempt no retort until the pelting of chaff had spent itself, and then, before speaking, he gave a searching glance at the countenance of one who sat on the port side, and who had taken no part in the good-natured raillery. What he saw there evidently confirmed him in his resolution, for drawing himself up he said, in a quiet tone of unmistakable determination:

“I accept your challenge. If I can obtain the requisite authority I'll go down to Anticosti in this very yacht, and do my best to bring Gamache back with me.”

This speech evoked another round of genial banter, and the offering of odds that, instead of Captain Hamilton coming back with Gamache, a detachment of soldiers would have to be sent down to retrieve him from the hands of the renowned wrecker, should he be so

fortunate as to survive his first *rencontre* with him.

When the Captain came to consider at leisure what he had undertaken in haste he felt disposed to set himself down as something not far short of a fool. Although he was quite fully of the opinion that the awe-inspiring reputation of Gamache had absurdly outgrown the actual truth, still, he admitted, it must have some root in fact, and the very vagueness of his knowledge could not help intensifying the uneasiness of his mind. Nevertheless, he had no thought of withdrawing. Even though his pride were not so deeply involved, there was the remembrance of that look for one instant caught on the face he deemed the fairest in all the world, but which seemed averse to his ardent suit.

There was no difficulty about obtaining the requisite authority to deal with Gamache, should he come advantageously upon him, and within a week he set forth upon his peculiar quest, feeling himself to be in some sort a modern knight errant. He took with him on the yacht a Gulf fisherman who was to act as crew and pilot, and a corporal's guard of stalwart soldiers in whom he could trust. Gamache was understood to live in solitude for the most part, and, despite all the startling stories in circulation about him, ought surely to prove an easy prey for four strong men whose outfit of deadly weapons was in every respect complete.

On the way down the St. Lawrence Jean Baptiste Houde, the pilot, regaled his fellow-voyagers with tales and legends about Gamache's extraordinary exploits and mysterious actions. In these wondrous yarns their hero figured as some kind of a semi-ogre, semi-sea-wolf who enjoyed the special friendship and protection of a familiar demon. If Houde's statements were to be ac-

cepted, the wrecker had been seen to stand upright upon the gunwale of his sloop in a calm and command his demon to send him a breeze. A moment later the sails were straining on their sheets, and the sloop was bowling along merrily, though the sea all about her shone like a mirror, and other vessels lay motionless. During a run across to Rimouski he had entertained "Auld Hornie" himself in great style, and on more than one occasion, when closely pressed by a Government cutter bent on his capture, he and his sable sloop had suddenly vanished, leaving no trace save a blue flame that went dancing over the waves in mocking defiance of the awe-stricken minions of the law.

The pilot was an effective *raconteur*, and his startling stories produced a deep effect upon the two soldiers, although Captain Hamilton laughed them to scorn, and quite incensed their narrator by contemptuous references to the foolish credulity of the French Canadian.

"*Eh! bien!*" muttered Houde, shaking his head solemnly, and gazing away down the river towards their destination. "You are very wise, no doubt, and very brave too, but, perhaps, you will be wiser still before you get back to Quebec. We shall see. We shall see."

As the yacht drew near Anticosti the weather, which had been favourable enough hitherto, began to assume a threatening aspect, and Houde, smelling a storm, advised running across to the South Shore until it had blown over.

But Captain Hamilton, who was not weatherwise, suspecting that this was a pretence of the pilot's whereby he might, perhaps, evade a manifestly unwelcome task, would not hearken to the suggestion.

"No—No—Keep right on," he said sternly. "We can run into some haven in Anticosti for shelter if need be."

Houde shook his head, and muttered something that was not audible. He knew right well there was no harbour of refuge at that end of the island save

the one where Gamache had his headquarters, but he recognized the futility of argument.

The storm broke that afternoon, and raged so furiously that Captain Hamilton soon had cause to regret not having taken the pilot's sage advice. The yacht was a strong, staunch, seaworthy craft, and Houde handled her with extraordinary skill, yet her owner could not be blind to the fact that unless the violence of the tempest soon abated the little vessel must inevitably succumb. The bleak shores of Anticosti were dimly discernible on the left, and he asked anxiously as he pointed to them:

"Is there no safe harbour there into which you can run the sloop for the night?"

Houde smiled grimly. The imperious officer was now learning humility. He evidently regretted having put no faith in his pilot's words.

"There is but one, and that is Gamache's," he replied. "I am making for it now."

Captain Hamilton had laid out another plan of campaign. His idea was to run the sloop into some cove a little distance from Gamache's, and then to make his way overland to the latter's stronghold. In this way he would stand a better chance of effecting the arrest without bloodshed. But the storm had disarranged all this. Instead of coming down upon the unsuspecting wrecker in all the majesty of the law he must needs appear as a fugitive seeking refuge from the fury of the elements.

Darkness fell before the sought-for shelter opened out, and Houde began muttering "Aves" and fumbling his beads when he could spare his right hand for a moment.

The entrance to the cove was narrow and tortuous, and beset with serrated rocks ready to tear to pieces the stoutest ship afloat. For the sloop to touch one of them would mean her instant destruction.

There was no mistaking how critical Houde felt the situation to be. The pallor of fear showed through the

swarthy hue of his face, as with straining eyes he endeavoured to pierce the gloom ahead, whence came the roar of breakers hurling themselves upon the sullen reefs. The sails had been reefed to the last point, yet the mast creaked and bent as though its going by the board could be only the matter of another minute. The two soldiers lay stretched out on the dripping deck holding on for very life's sake, while Captain Hamilton, his haggard countenance seeming ten years older than before the storm began, crouched near the pilot, his mind full of bitter regret that he had ever undertaken so foolish a quest.

Presently the mad turmoil and hissing of the water all about them made it clear that they were amongst the reefs. Mechanically Captain Hamilton grasped the low combing of the cabin, and with bated breath awaited the coming shock. With wonderful skill, for it was almost pitch dark, the pilot evaded the expectant rocks.

But death was only playing with its victims. No mortal steersman could ever have run the gauntlet of those cruel reefs. The little sloop fought gallantly, obeying her helm like a thing of life; but the end was inevitable.



DRAWN BY J. S. O'HIGGINS.

GAMACHE FINDS CAPT. HAMILTON.

With a splintering crash her bow smashed like an egg-shell on a half-submerged reef, and the next instant all four men were struggling in the yeasty surges.

Captain Hamilton possessed great strength and was an expert swimmer. He was not one to yield up his life without first making a brave fight for it. He battled desperately with the billows, striving to work away from the rocks and into the central channel. In this, by some marvellous good fortune he succeeded, but the efforts ex-



hausted his strength, and while still out in the wild welter of the surges his consciousness forsook him.

When he came to himself he was lying on a comfortable bed, feeling strangely weak and sorely bruised. There was no one in the room, and as his eyes roved inquiringly around the place they fell upon an array of weapons worthy of an arsenal. Arranged in racks in orderly fashion stood nearly a score of guns, many of them double-barrelled, while beside them hung powder-flasks, shot-bags, swords, sabres, daggers, bayonets and pistols in most imposing profusion. The room itself resembled a chamber in a fortress, the walls being evidently of great strength and thickness, and the window being strongly barred and shuttered.

As he gazed about him with wondering eyes there came into the room a man whose remarkable appearance was quite in keeping with his surroundings. He stood full six feet in height, and although his abundant hair and beard were snowy white, his form was as erect and vigorous as if he had been no older than the Captain. His eyes, deep-sunk beneath the shaggy brows, flashed forth with piercing power, and his features bore a look of mingled sorrow and sternness that commanded instant interest and respect.

"*Eh, bien!*" he said, in a deep yet kindly voice. "You have awakened. That is good! You were not far from taking the sleep from which there is no awaking in this world."

"You saved my life, no doubt," responded Captain Hamilton, speaking with difficulty. "May I know to whom I am so profoundly indebted?"

The other shrugged his shoulders, and the shadow of a smile flitted over his grim features.

"Yes, certainly; I am Gamache."

Although he had expected this reply, the Captain could not repress a start. He was the involuntary and helpless guest of the man he had come to take into custody in the name of the law.

"And the others?" he asked anxiously, "Did you save them, too?"

"There were no others" was the

brief, solemn reply. "You were alone."

The Captain buried his face in the pillow to stifle the groan he could not suppress.

Poor Houde! And the two faithful soldiers! They had been sacrificed to the fulfilment of a foolish pledge which, by the very irony of fate, had of itself become impracticable.

It was many days before he regained his wonted strength. The breakers and reefs of Anticosti had taken heavy toll off him, and under less skilful or devoted care than that of Gamache he would hardly have survived their merciless buffeting.

While winning his way back to health and vigour he came to entertain such feelings towards Gamache as he would have deemed utterly impossible a little while before. At the first opportunity he frankly confessed the object of his mission, Gamache listening with an expression that signified:

"I knew it already."

Mutual confidence being thus established, the two men conversed freely, and Captain Hamilton soon realized that the sinister side of the wrecker's character had been greatly exaggerated. Wishing to be left in undisturbed enjoyment of the advantages of his position for gathering the flotsam and jetsam of the stormy Gulf he had not only allowed the wild stories about himself to go uncontradicted, but had even taken pains to add to them, delighting especially in giving support to his supposed friendly relations with his Satanic Majesty.

Thus he related with great gusto how he would go to a country inn, order a fine supper for two to be served in a private room, stating that he expected a gentleman in black to share it with him. When the repast was ready he would lock himself up in the room, polish off the supper unaided, using both plates, etc., and then summon the astonished landlady to clear away the remains, as he and his friend had supped, and were satisfied. The effect of this mystifying performance he would deepen by sundry startling rap-

pings, and inexplicable openings and shuttings of doors.

At another time, in low, sad tones, and with eyes fixed intently upon the leaping flames in the huge fire-place, he profoundly moved his hearer's heart with the story that lay behind those lines so deeply furrowed by sorrow on his rugged features. Twice, it seemed, had he found a woman sufficiently fond and brave to share his strange, solitary life, but alas! both had fallen victims to its terrible privations.

The saddest case was that of his second wife, who had died suddenly in mid-winter while he was absent on a hunting trip, rendered necessary by urgent need of food, and he had returned heavily laden with game, only to find her prostrate form before the extinguished fire with her two children huddled close to her, all three frozen into statues of death.

"They will find me like that some day," added Gamache mournfully as he concluded his moving narrative. "I have lived here always, and I shall die here when my time comes."

When Cap-

tain Hamilton had sufficiently recovered his strength Gamache took him up on his own sloop to Rimouski, where they parted with many expressions of esteem.

On his return to Quebec, empty-handed, the Captain had, of course, to run the gauntlet of his friends' raillery. Considerably to their surprise he not only bore this trial with altogether unwonted patience, but even championed



DRAWN BY J. S. O'HIGGINS.

"They will find me like that some day."

the cause of the famous wrecker at every opportunity, suffering no aspersion upon his reputation to pass unchallenged.

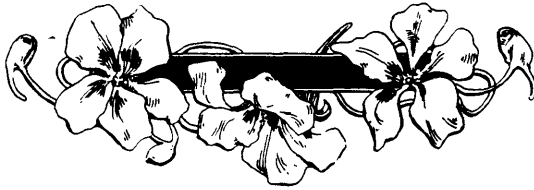
Some time elapsed, however, before he mustered up courage to tell the story of his trip to the one person of all others whose verdict upon it was of most importance to him.

When he did make the venture, to his bewildering joy, instead of merry banter he was given tender sympathy, and this so heartened him that he dared to put his fate to the touch with the happy issue of winning the prize he sought.

In the following spring there came

tidings from the Isle of Shipwrecks that touched him deeply. Gamache's mournful prediction as to his own fate had been fulfilled during the winter. Some fishermen who had run into the cove for shelter, seeing no sign of life about the house, had finally made bold to investigate. They found the body of the old man lying in all the dignity of death upon his own bed. With no one near to close his eyes he had gently passed away, the last of his race, bequeathing by a will written in a fair clerkly hand his entire possessions to his good friend, Captain Hamilton, "as some small compensation for his futile voyage to Anticosti."

*J. Macdonald Oxley.*



## TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

"CROSSING THE BAR" is now usually printed as the last poem in the collected edition of Lord Tennyson's works. And with perfect propriety. Yet it did not originally appear in the last published of his volumes. It was first put forth in the volume entitled "Demeter and Other Poems," in 1889. Two others appeared subsequently: the one containing the charming play of "The Foresters," in 1892, and the other, the last we were destined to receive from his hand, entitled "The Death of Onone, Akbar's Dream, and other poems," also in 1892. This volume contained a poem, "The Silent Voices," pointing also to the "dumb hour clothed in black;" but it is the earlier poem, "Crossing the Bar," which will always

be associated with the death of the poet.

It is hardly too much to say that this exquisite gem was received with delight, and even with surprise, by the lovers of Tennyson and by the world at large. We were to have another surprise when the play of "The Foresters" appeared, a work which was as youthful and fresh in its tone as though its author had been five-and-twenty, and not over four score years of age. Tennyson had done so much good work that we might have expected anything of him. Yet there were some ready to say that the precise note of "Crossing the Bar" was now heard for the first time. Without discussing this question, or even inquiring too nicely into its meaning, we can have

no hesitation in speaking of the poem with a kind of enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, as it so often happens, as it has almost always happened with Tennyson (even the glorious "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was scoffed at!), there arose voices, carping at some lines in this perfect poem, showing, for the most part, a mere want of understanding of the allusions or of insight into the significance of the imagery. For this reason it may not be entirely superfluous to offer a few remarks which may help to bring the meaning out a little more clearly, with the hope that something better may be done by some one better qualified. But first let us have the poem before us.

#### CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

The title of the poem at once demands comment. What is "the bar?" Without asking how many such objects may exist, the present writer knows at least one, the Harbour Bar at the mouth of the river near Bidford, in Devonshire. It is probably this which Tennyson intended; and this is certainly what Kingsley meant in his poem of the "Three Fishers." The bar is a ridge of sand, pebbles and mud, which runs across the river and stops navigation except when the tide is high. At low water the tide, washing backwards or forwards, strikes against this obstruction, producing a dull, resonant sound, which may properly be described as moaning. Tennyson compares the passage from time to eternity to the outflow of the

river to the ocean, or to the sailing on the river out into the boundless deep. When the tide is high the bar is unseen, and no sound comes from it: there is "no moaning of the bar"—

"But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam."

And the poet prays that his passage from the temporal to the eternal may, likewise, be calm and peaceful.

A similar thought is expressed, with a different reference, in the nineteenth and twentieth cantos or sonnets of "In Memoriam," where the poet compares the deeper griefs which can find no utterance to the almost total silence of the Wye passing into the Severn; and the lesser griefs to the "babbling" of the river entering the estuary at low water.

"The Wye is hushed, nor moved along,  
And hushed my deepest grief of all,  
When filled with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow, drowning song."

So it is when the Severn fills, and the salt water

"Hushes half the bubbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills."

But again:

"The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls;  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then."

The reference, of course, is different, although the imagery is substantially the same. Then he asks that his voyage to the unseen may be as quiet as the passage over the bar in a high tide.

This is all quite clear, and there cannot be much difficulty in explaining the rest of the poem in the light of these considerations. But still a difficulty has been raised in regard to one phrase in the last two lines:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."

In the first place, there can surely be no doubt as to Who the Pilot is; and one cannot but wonder at some of the suggested explanations which have been offered, but which need claim no attention from us here. The Pilot is undoubtedly that "strong Son of God, immortal love," to whom the author

dedicated "In Memoriam," that great Light of whom our little systems are but broken lights, "human and divine," "the highest holiest, manhood."

But a still stranger mistake has been made, when the objection is offered, and it has been offered gravely, that it is inaccurate to speak of meeting his Pilot face to face, after passing away from earth and putting out into the ocean. It is not on the ocean, say these critical persons, but when we are coming into port or going out, that we need the pilot. Very well; but here is a most thorough misunderstanding of the poet's meaning. As it seems by some to be so misunderstood, let us try to make it clear.

Whither is the poet bound? He is bound *for home*. The ocean is his home. It is at once the vast infinite and the "harbour where he would do." There is no contradiction, for the Ocean is God—"the Ocean of His love;" and He is also the Refuge of the soul when the tempest is high. From the eternal he had come. His soul is "that which drew from out the boundless deep." And now it goes back to the eternity from which it came; it "turns again home." And to this home in the bosom of the Eternal the soul is guided by its Pilot, by Him who is "the Way" to the Father. Well, therefore, may he say:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."

So far, it is hoped, all is quite clear. One other point may be noted, chiefly of practical interest. If we compare the first and third stanzas, we shall see something of progression in the thought. In the first he writes:

"Sunset, and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!"

In the third the night is creeping further on, the sun has set, and then come

"Twilight, and evening bell,  
And after that the dark."

So also there is a correspondence in the thoughts connected with these moments. In the first place the prayer is:

"May there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put forth to sea."

In the third stanza there is a sense of being nearer to separation from the things of time and the dear ones here:

"May there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark."

Doubtless there is much more here to be dwelt upon, for we can see how every word in this beautiful utterance of that great soul deserves to be meditated.

The prayer of the poet was answered. "Sadness of farewell," in such cases, must ever be present; but if sadness, then also true gladness and thankfulness, first from her who has now gone to join him, and then from all who loved and honoured him; and they are a great number not easy to number. He fell asleep, his hand resting on the page of him who is the master of all the poets, the glory of English literature and of human genius, on the volume of Shakespeare, of Cymbeline, on the dirge of that play which he had asked to have read to him. The volume lies with him in his grave in Westminster Abbey. With these great words we may well conclude and cover some of the weakness of our own:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

"Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak;  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

"Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee and come to dust.

"No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave."

(Act iv., Scene 2.)

*William Clark.*



## RECIPROCITY TRIPS TO WASHINGTON.

*A Page from Political History.*

THE approaching visit to Washington by representatives of the Government to obtain a reciprocity treaty recalls previous efforts of the same kind. For many years these attempts have been made. On one occasion only were they successful, and then under conditions which are not likely to be repeated. The result of the negotiations now about to begin must surely determine for long years to come the policy of Canada in this matter, since the self-respect of this country, and the common sense of its commercial men, ought to hasten the conclusion that, if we fail to obtain a treaty this year, our future course should leave reciprocity with the United States entirely out of the calculation as a practical question.

As everyone knows, the adoption by England of free trade and the abolition of preferential duties with her colonies led Canada to consider seriously the development of trade with the United States. The famous annexation manifesto of 1849 was one of the early episodes of the agitation which culminated in the visit to Washington of Lord Elgin and Sir Francis Hincks. The prospects in 1854 looked as black for reciprocity as they have done at any period since. Both President Pierce and Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, were of opinion that as long as the Democratic majority in the Senate opposed reciprocity with Canada, it was useless to send down a treaty for their consideration. But Lord Elgin

was determined to make a treaty. He had had, as history records, a slight difference of opinion with one element in Canada, and this element, with colonial exuberance, had expressed its vigorous condemnation of him both in epithets and eggs. He knew that a treaty would be popular in all the British provinces, and he met the objections of the President with characteristic audacity: "If I can convince you that a majority of Senators are not hostile, will you consider our proposition?" And Mr. Marcy, who thought himself safely entrenched behind Democratic opposition, made this conditional promise, which he was forced afterwards reluctantly to redeem. Lord Elgin, assisted by Sir Philip Crampton, the British Minister, then set himself to work to cultivate the friendship of the Senators. He flung himself into the social life of the Capital with zest and energy.

We owe to the agreeable indiscretions of his secretary, Lawrence Oliphant, a record of the plan of campaign. The secretary could not at first perceive what, to use a familiar expression, his chief was driving at, and remarked one day, with some wonderment, that their most intimate friends appeared to be Democrats. Lord Elgin retorted drily that he observed this fact also. Practising all the arts of the courtier and man of the world he set himself to win friends for his proposed treaty. To the rather

free-and-easy society of the Washington politicians the Governor-General adapted himself with infinite tact and subtlety, for if a clap on the shoulder or a poke in the ribs meant a vote for the treaty the loss of dignity was amply compensated for. And there was champagne, unlimited champagne, until in a few weeks the Envoy Extraordinary of Her Britannic Majesty was declared to be the best fellow at the Capital. Then Lord Elgin went to Mr. Marcy, and assured that astounded personage that if he submitted a reasonable treaty to the Senate that body would adopt it. The document was drawn up, and the dashing pen of the Governor-General's secretary presents this vivid picture of its signing:

"It was in the dead of night, during the last five minutes of the fifth of June and the first five minutes of the sixth of the month aforesaid, that four individuals might have been seen seated in a spacious chamber lighted by wax candles and an Argand lamp. Their faces were expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmingled with suspicion. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer manifested themselves in different ways; but this was natural, as two were in the bloom of youth, one in the sere and yellow leaf, and one in the prime of middle age. This last it is whose measured tones alone break the silence of midnight, except when one or other of the younger auditors, who are both pouring intently over voluminous MSS., interrupt him to interpolate an 'and' or erase a 'the.' They are, in fact, checking as he reads, and the aged man listens while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or cleans out the wick of a candle with their points, which he afterwards wipes in his grey hair. There is something strangely suggestive in the scratching of the midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortunes or ruin to toiling millions. Then the venerable statesman takes up the pen to append his signature. His hand does not shake, though he is very old and knows the abuse that is in store for him from Members of Congress and an enlightened press. That

hand, it is said, is not at all unused to a revolver, and he is not afraid either of the wrath of his countrymen or the wiles of an English lord. So he gives us his blessing and the treaty is duly signed, and I retire to dream of its contents and to listen in my troubled sleep to the perpetually recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes—'unmanufactured tobacco, rags.'"<sup>\*</sup>

It was upon evidence of this kind that the opponents of the treaty in the United States afterwards declared it to have been "floated through on champagne," and in another place Mr. Oliphant remarks, in a letter home, that "Lord Elgin pretends to drink immensely; but I watched him, and I don't believe he drank a glass between two and twelve." There were also some loose accusations made subsequently that the treaty had been engineered through by "British gold"—a favourite bogey of a certain class of Washington politicians. The expenses of the deputation were doubtless heavy, but the boundless hospitality of the negotiators would account for this. There is no reason to suppose that the successful adoption of the treaty was due to any other cause than the sound commercial sense which lay behind it. The jingo politicians, finding themselves outwitted for once, took refuge in conjecture and innuendo. In fact, it may be said here that the treaty worked well in the interest of the United States, was popular with the commercial classes there during the eleven years it lasted, and when the majority in Congress gave the President authority to serve the required notice of abrogation in 1865 they voted under the distinct understanding that a new treaty, embodying a wider measure of reciprocity, was to replace the old. †

Lord Elgin's diplomacy has always been declared the real cause of the victory, and the treaty bears his name. This is natural, because the Imperial authorities had not yet awakened to

<sup>\*</sup>Episodes in a Life of Adventure. Lawrence Oliphant.  
<sup>†</sup>Congressional Globe, 1865-66.

the wisdom of clothing the representative of Canada in matters of this kind with the powers of a British plenipotentiary. But Sir Francis Hincks and other Canadians had paved the way for Lord Elgin. As early as 1850 Mr. Dunscomb, the Commissioner of Customs, went to Washington to furnish information and create interest in the subject of reciprocity. Sir Francis himself paid several visits there on the same mission, and he was in England in 1853 when Lord Elgin received Imperial authority to negotiate. The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were invited to send delegates to unite with Canada, and the Hon. E. B. Chandler, from the latter province, joined the mission at New York. Owing to a misunderstanding Nova Scotia was not represented, but the position of all the British provinces was fully understood, and statistical and other information had been prepared beforehand.\* We may fairly claim, therefore, that Canada had its share in the negotiation of the treaty, and assisted materially in removing the misapprehensions regarding reciprocity which existed at Washington.

Into the disputes which arose under the treaty it is not my purpose to enter. They are not material to the immediate subject under consideration. There was always a vociferous minority ready to clamour against any arrangement by which the United States granted advantages in trade to a part of the British Empire, even when the Republic itself was benefiting largely by the agreement. Like the wolf in the fable, the jingo was determined to find that the lamb disturbed the water. English sympathy with the South during the rebellion, and the firm attitude of Lord Palmerston at the time of the Trent affair, had inflamed public opinion in the United States. The question of reciprocity by the year 1865 was virtually removed from the commercial arena, where it should have remained, to that of foreign politics. At first the anti-British element in

Congress dissembled. They secured, as has been said, notice of abrogation by professing willingness to frame a new treaty. They never intended to do so, but Canada took Congress at its word, and in 1865 delegates went down to Washington.

The efforts begun at this time to renew the old treaty, or frame a new one, lasted for several years. In some respects they form the most interesting period in all our negotiations with the United States. The records are scanty. All the public men who went on the various missions have passed away, save one, Sir William Howland. The private papers and correspondence of the others, such as Sir A. T. Galt, Sir A. J. Smith, Sir John Rose, or Judge Henry, have not seen the light yet. Except for the meagre official statements we are still much in the dark concerning these events.

From our general knowledge of the political conditions at that time we may draw certain inferences. The feeling between Great Britain and the United States was extremely unfavourable to any arrangement, and the situation called for tact, forbearance and diplomatic skill to a degree even superior to Lord Elgin's. One man alone, I believe, could have proved equal to the emergency. Unhappily, owing to oversight and neglect, he was allowed to leave Washington before negotiations were seriously begun, and with him, I am convinced, departed the last chance of securing an extension or renewal of the treaty. That man was Lord Lyons, the British Minister. He had made himself personally acceptable to the Washington authorities by his delicate handling of the "Trent" difficulty. Mr. Seward has recorded officially that to Lord Lyons was due the avoidance of war in 1861 over that bitter controversy. If anyone could have convinced the United States Government that the Elgin Treaty should stand it was he. The commercial interests were a unit in favour of reciprocity, and, as already stated, Congress voted for abrogation on the understanding that the treaty would be

\*Reminiscences of his public life, by Sir Francis Hincks.



renewed on terms even more comprehensive.

One need not wonder why both English and Canadian statesmen failed to grasp the opportunity. In England the utmost indifference reigned supreme, and the doctrine of the Manchester school that Canada should cut aloof from the Empire was uppermost. In Canada party government had just broken down, and political conditions were chaotic. The Coalition Ministry, of which Mr. George Brown was a member, had recently entered office, and the Canadian authorities were occupied with plans for confederation. They remembered, indeed, the necessity of continuing reciprocity, but they set to work too late. The time when notice of abrogation could be given was March 17th, 1865. That date must have been perfectly well known to the Imperial and Canadian Governments. Delay is the more difficult to account for, since Mr. Brown fully understood the state of affairs. Writing to Mr. Holton in January, 1864, during the existence of the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte Ministry, he said: "I am much concerned about the Reciprocity Treaty. It appears to me that none of us are sufficiently awake about it. I see very serious trouble ahead if notice of the repeal is given. . . . I do think you are taking on a very serious responsibility in not opening negotiations at Washington, as well with the Committee of the House and the Senate as the Executive. It would be a thousand-fold easier to negotiate before notice than after—before members have committed themselves, by speech or otherwise, than afterwards."\*

Sir Edward Watkin repeatedly called attention, in the Imperial House of Commons, to the dangers of delay. As late as February, 1865, the Imperial authorities were languidly indifferent on the subject.\* Canada made no decisive move until November, 1865, while Lord Lyons had resigned the Washington mission in February of

that year, and formal notice of termination had been given in March. When Messrs. Galt and Howland, the two Canadians selected, arrived at the United States capital, therefore, the treaty was already doomed. Their informal mission merely resulted in a suggestion that possibly reciprocal free trade might be secured by concurrent legislation in Congress, and in our Parliament. The hope was vain and the plan open to objection. Mr. George Brown stoutly resisted this method, and resigned from the Coalition Ministry sooner than be a party to it, or, indeed, to any steps that looked like begging favours from the Americans when the latter had definitely denounced the treaty.

The Government, however, decided to go on, and the two Canadian delegates already named were joined by Hon. W. A. Henry, of Nova Scotia, and Hon. A. J. Smith, of New Brunswick. In January, 1866, a few weeks before the treaty expired, they reached Washington. Congress was in session, and the delegates were turned over to the tender mercies of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. Mr. Morrill, a strong protectionist, was chairman of that committee, and the sentiment for a higher tariff was growing. Terms of basis were indeed discussed. The men from the north were told that if Canada liked to grant free use of the St. Lawrence River and the canals; to provide for mutual bonding privileges; to give United States fishermen the inshore fishing rights; to accept in a cheerful spirit high duties on all products of the farm and the fisheries, they could have free trade in the following articles:

Burr millstones, unwrought.

Cotton and linen rags.

Firewood.

Grindstones, rough or unfinished.

Gypsum, or plaster, unground.

The proposition reads like a joke. But the British Commissioners were in no mood for jest, and they mournfully replied that "they were reluctantly brought to the conclusion that the committee no longer desired the trade between the two countries to be carried

\* *Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown*, by Alexander MacKenzie.

\* *Canada and the States*, by Sir E. W. Watkin, Bt., M.P.

on upon the principle of reciprocity." Their conclusion was justified. Yet their supply of hope must have been wonderful, for they wrote to the British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who had taken Lord Lyons' post, that "while we regret this unfavourable termination of the negotiations, we are not without hope that at no distant day they may be resumed with a better prospect of a satisfactory result."

In rejecting offers of this kind, needless to say, the delegates had Canadian sentiment behind them. The hostility of the Washington politicians had one good effect on the British Provinces. It hastened Confederation and established free trade between the various communities to the north owing allegiance to the Crown. But united Canada still clung to reciprocity with a persistence that is truly remarkable. The first tariff contained a provision, often called a "standing offer," to renew the old treaty. Pressing appeals were also made to the Mother Country for the resumption of negotiations through the British Minister. By 1869 the matter again came to the front. Sir Edward Thornton was now Minister at Washington, and as the time seemed propitious a fresh attempt was made.

We have now reached the famous mission of Sir John Rose, about which so much has been said and so little known. Mr. Rose (he was made a baronet afterwards, when he went to reside in England), was in 1869 Canadian Minister of Finance. In many respects he was an ideal commissioner. To affable manners he united a shrewd judgment of men and a perfect comprehension of the whole situation. Assuming the attitude of Washington to be favourable to a treaty, Mr Rose was the very man to bring the question to a settlement. The British Minister had been carrying on negotiations for reopening the discussion, and was to notify the Canadian authorities when the right moment came. Matters were kept very quiet, and when in January, 1869, Sir John Macdonald was questioned about recipro-

city, he replied that it was inexpedient to do anything until the mind of Congress was known. In July Mr. Rose went down to Washington. The omens appeared favourable, for the Ways and Means Committee unanimously adopted a motion in favour of reopening the subject of reciprocity with Canada. There was a short conference, and the delegate, like his immediate predecessors, returned empty-handed. A few months afterwards he left Canadian politics forever, and the consequence is that the person best qualified to explain the nature and extent of the mission never did so.

From that day to this a controversy, which keeps cropping up every now and then, has raged among political writers and speakers in this country over the Rose negotiations. What were they precisely? There are no official papers in Canada accessible to the ordinary person. The report to the Privy Council is said to have been lost. When President Grant was asked for the documentary records, he replied that the conversations were too informal to be made the subject of official report. The statement is made by some United States writers and by some Canadians that Mr. Rose offered complete reciprocity, or what we now call commercial union. Mr. Huntingdon, during a debate in 1871, which may be read in the records of the time, affirmed that he had seen a copy of the confidential memorandum which passed between Mr. Rose, Sir Edward Thornton and Mr. Secretary Fish, and that it bore this construction. Both Sir John Macdonald and Sir Francis Hincks, who took Mr. Rose's place as Finance Minister, in the most explicit terms denied the statement. The Conservatives have always accepted these denials, but Liberals have never been satisfied, and ever and anon you will come upon assertions that Canada in 1869 was willing to join in what was practically a commercial Zollverein with the United States. As the point is of some consequence, and would be a precedent of a certain value, it is a great pity that documentary evidence

is not forthcoming to set all doubts at rest. If such evidence exists I have not been able to find it.

Although the fisheries dispute has always been more or less mixed up with the trade relations of Canada and the States, and the Elgin Treaty joined the two issues in the same settlement, there is no authority for including the negotiations by Sir John Macdonald in 1871 and by Sir Charles Tupper in 1888 in the list of reciprocity efforts. Both these statesmen made a general offer of reciprocity as a basis. But the Washington authorities would have none of it on either occasion. In this article the purpose is to outline only those negotiations avowedly undertaken to effect a commercial treaty, and the Washington negotiations of 1871 and 1888 cannot reasonably be classified with those attempts. Yet the picture presented in Sir John Macdonald's private letters to his colleagues at Ottawa during 1871 is of the utmost value, because it throws a flood of light upon the methods that a Canadian negotiator has to reckon with at the United States Capital. If Mr. Joseph Pope had given us nothing more than this private correspondence relating to the treaty of 1871, his book would be of the greatest historical importance.\* From it we learn the extremely difficult and delicate duty devolving upon a Canadian negotiator who has to keep in view the interests of the Dominion and of Great Britain and avoid being trapped into any line of argument that would indicate to a foreigner that there was any divergence in those interests. In this respect Sir John had to fight the battle alone. The British members of the Commission—those who came direct from England—were all for a treaty on any terms. The British Minister, from his permanent association with the Washington politicians, knew better the kind of warfare to carry on, and realized the importance of maintaining a stiff backbone. Consequently, Sir John says: "I may say that acquaintance with Sir Edward Thornton has raised him a

good deal in my opinion. He is not a strong man, but he is a straightforward, painstaking person who desires to do his duty, and who, with two Canadians at his elbow instead of an English Cabinet Minister and a Foreign Office man like Lord Tenterden, would do good service for the Dominion."

This opinion is significant, as the next negotiations for reciprocity, in 1874, were conducted by Sir Edward Thornton and Mr. George Brown. The new Liberal Government had hardly assumed office in November, 1873, when they proceeded to deal with the question of trade with the States. The selection of Mr. Brown was in all respects a wise one. He set a high value on freer trade between Canada and its neighbour, but, as his action in 1865 showed, he was not prepared to truckle to the Americans for the privilege. He was also firmly devoted to the British connection, and could be relied upon to do nothing that would compromise our relations with the Empire. In February, 1874, he paid a preliminary visit to Washington, and reported favourably on the prospects. The Cabinet drew up a set of instructions authorizing reciprocity in a list of manufactured articles as well as farm products, and containing the assurance that "the Government of Canada do not propose any modification in matters of trade and commerce which would in any way injuriously affect Imperial interests." Mr. Brown was made an Imperial plenipotentiary, and for the first time in our history the British Minister at Washington sat down to try and frame a treaty relating to Canada with a Canadian alone at his elbow. The fate of this treaty indicates one of the principal obstacles met with by all foreign governments in dealing with the United States. It has also just been exhibited in regard to the Arbitration Treaty, and that is the share taken by the Senate in treaty-making. Mr. Bryce thinks this ratification of treaties by the Senate is a good thing in a constitution like that of the United States, but he admits that it possesses disagreeable features for foreign govern-

\*Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald, by Joseph Pope. Ottawa, 1894.

ments, since it enables Uncle Sam to retire from a doubtful bargain. The two-thirds majority of Senators present required to ratify, he confesses, enables a faction to deal with foreign policy in a narrow, sectional, electioneering spirit.\* Mr. Brown succeeded in getting a treaty drawn up, but the Senate would not consider it. He went about the work with his customary vigour and decision. Many persons in Congress who were dubious or antagonistic he won over by his enthusiasm and the logical force of his arguments. He paid a visit to New York and enlisted the sympathy of powerful journals like the *Herald* and the *Times*, knowing from his experience as a journalist the aid which could be rendered by the press. Mr. Brown's experience with Mr. Secretary Fish, whom he found timorous and uncertain, constantly making new demands, and, in the end, afraid to let the Executive father the measure, make diverting reading. Toward the end of June the draft instrument was sent to the Senate, but that body adjourned without taking action. In December Mr. Brown again went down after Congress had assembled, but Mr. Fish was more doubtful than ever, and the Senate returned the draft treaty to the President, stating that its adoption was inexpedient. The following year, when the Canadian statesman gave his explanations of this mission, he expressed the hope that the negotiations would ultimately succeed. But the tariff legislation of both countries put off all attempts for over fifteen years.

The negotiations of 1892 are too recent to require more than the briefest mention. All the circumstances which led up to them are subjects of the keenest political controversy, and it would be well-nigh impossible to frame a statement of the facts without rousing the ire of the party politicians. The outcome of the visit of Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary in the Newfoundland Government, to Washington in October, 1890, and his conferences with Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State, re-

sulted in the intervention of Canada. The British Minister proposed to Mr. Blaine that a general discussion of all outstanding questions with the Dominion should take place. Canada suggested as a basis for negotiation the terms of the Elgin Treaty of 1854, with such modifications and extensions as might be mutually acceptable. The conference, after several delays, finally came off in February, 1892. The Canadian delegates were Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Hon. George E. Foster. Mr. Blaine declared the policy of the United States to be, first, that reciprocity should embrace manufactured goods as well as natural products, and, secondly, that any treaty must be in the nature of a preferential bargain between the two countries, and that "other countries which were not parties to it should not enjoy gratuitously the favours which the two neighbouring countries might reciprocally concede to each other for valuable considerations, and at a large sacrifice of their respective revenues."\* This practically broke off the negotiations for reciprocity.

It seems, therefore, that at least five distinct missions to Washington for the purpose of obtaining a reciprocity treaty have been taken, not to mention the other offers made in connection with the fishery discussion. Except in the case of Lord Elgin's effort all these resulted in nothing, and the United States authorities have naturally imbibed the notion that we are extremely anxious to obtain trade concessions. The remarks of the Prime Minister at Montreal a few days ago do not indicate that the present Government differs vitally from all previous Canadian Governments in the nature of the price to be paid. An agreement covering the fisheries and the canals would appear, therefore, to be the most probable outcome, if any, of the negotiations that will take place after President McKinley assumes office this month.

\*Executive Documents U. S., No. 114, 52nd Congress, 1st Session.

\*The American Commonwealth, by James Bryce, 1894

## HABIT, ITS NATURE AND SUBSTANCE.

“How use doth breed a habit in a man.”—*Shakespeare, T. G. of V., 5: 4.*

TO define habit scientifically would be difficult, nor is it essential to the discussion of our subject, since the general meaning of the term, which is to all intents and purposes correct, is easy of understanding and is universally known. To say that “habit is a new pathway of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever after tend to escape,”<sup>(1)</sup> will not greatly aid the comprehension of one who is unfamiliar with this subject. So that perhaps it will be simpler to discuss habit without attempting by definition to alter the ordinary meaning of the word.

Having done a certain thing once the second attempt is easier and the third requires still less effort, and soon we come to perform the operation almost mechanically. That is, the habit of doing the thing has been acquired, and all that is necessary is that the motor centres be given the first impulse, when they will automatically complete the task. For example, first attempts at writing are, to say the least, labourious, the fingers clutch the pen and react with twice the necessary force, and the direction of their movement is uncertain. Practice makes perfect and soon the habit of writing overcomes the natural clumsiness of the hand, the writing becomes almost self-controlling and is assured, a given letter being regularly of the same form. It is habit, setting aside the question of mere association, which gives such great value to the violins of famous players. The constant playing of a master, with his assured yet delicate touch, habituates the molecules composing the instrument to vibrate in the best way. The inanimate particles have acquired habits which will influence all the music which they may subsequently give forth. The master's hand has made the habit good,

(1.) James' Psychology, Briefer Course, p. 134.

and it is for the habit that the price is charged. The lock on a lady's bracelet turns with less friction, and the mighty engines of the ocean liner beat more smoothly with use, and what is this use but the habit of the thing. Again, who does not find it easier to consult books which he has handled many times before than those that are strange to him? Is any shoe so comfortable as an old shoe? These are but instances of habit in inanimate objects, and truly it is a mighty master that trains lifeless matter to yield, making it react under similar impulses each time with less resistance.

Habit, we have seen, controls both animate and inanimate things. This no one can deny, since it is the teaching of everyone's experience. It is reasonable, then, to expect that some physical and tangible change will be wrought by so powerful an agent. And that this is actually the fact a very brief consideration of the question will be sufficient to show. And the same thought will teach us that animate bodies are affected by habit in a different manner from things of wood and stone. The habituation of the lock or the steam-engine to action is purely negative, that is, it consists in the lessening of friction through the destruction and removal of substance. On the other hand, the results of habit in living beings are positive. In these, use does not merely reduce friction; it does more, it builds up tissue where that tissue will be of most service. Do we regard the wings or the legs of the wild duck as the more delicate morsels? It is the use or habit of long flights that has strengthened and toughened the muscles of the wings so that they are tireless, and incidentally provoke the carver's wrath. And, conversely, the seldom-tried wings of the tame fowl are tender, where-

as the use of their legs has made those members sturdy. The bones, too, show the influence of habit. Careful measurements prove that the wing-bones of the wild duck average larger than do those of the tame bird. And, on the other hand, similar measurements tell us that the leg-bones of the tame duck are heavier than those of its free cousin. It is on the immense number of facts similar to those just cited that the theory of evolution is based. The scent of wild beasts, always on the alert for danger, is far more keen than that of domesticated animals, and habit prodded by necessity has pricked up the ears of the self-dependent animal.

Habit, in like manner, leaves its traces more or less intelligible on man also. It requires no instruction to distinguish from the artisan the man whose regular tool is the pen. That the varying habits of the different trades and professions dog-ear the book of each man's mental and bodily life, each in its own way, is self-evident. But does a given habit leave any tangible mark on the brain? Mental activity of any kind draws blood to the brain, as may be ascertained by Mosso's balancing table<sup>(2)</sup>. Does that blood plow out special furrows for each act, or do its repeated journeys for the same act follow the same furrow, and if so, do they leave any physical impress on the brain? It makes a simple working hypothesis very easy of comprehension to assert that habit cuts fixed and tangible paths through the brain substance, like the threads on a screw, and that each reaction perforce traverses and deepens the threads cut by a similar reaction at some previous time. But can such an assertion be confirmed? No one would dare to say, "All these men have such and such a habit, and I find by trepanning that the reaction for the habit starts here and runs through this particular groove, which is reserved for this habit, and would not exist except for the habit. The most

that can be said is that habit in some way brings it about that repetition is easier than original action, and that it wisely prepares for this by strengthening the muscles at the same time, making them more sensitive. But the claim that habit actually produces in the brain certain routes of mental reaction, which can be examined microscopically or otherwise, must be thrown out for lack of proof, or left as an open question.

We are told that, psychologically speaking, habit means, "loss of oversight, diffusion of attention, subsiding consciousness."<sup>(3)</sup> In other words, that habit is reaction of one kind or another freed from the controlling supervision of the brain. The readiest simile is found in electricity, by saying that habit short circuits the battery below the galvanometer. The electric fluid of reaction is still circulating, but the galvanometer, the brain, is no longer affected. But does this tell us anything more than that unconscious habit is action of which the brain is unconscious?

Having thus mentioned on the one hand the purely physical idea of habit, and on the other the psychological statement, it remains for us to consider what habit does for the world at large. Is it advantageous or is it harmful? Our theorem will be that it is in the main beneficial. The reader may deny this statement and cite in evidence the habitual drunkard, and those whom the necessities of use have made excessive smokers, even to their destruction. And the same critic of my statement would open any daily paper and point to the victims of the morphine and opium habits. These are, however, individual cases, unfortunate in themselves, but in relation to the population of the world few in number and insignificant in the harm they do. How then does habit work to the advantage of the world? By acting for society the same part that is taken for the engine by its fly-wheel. The momentum of the wheel, which might be called its force of habit, carries it on

(2) This is a delicately-balanced table, on which the subject lies. It is, in fact, a very sensitive scale whose equilibrium is disturbed by the rush of blood to the head when any mental action takes place.

(3) Baldwin, *Elements of Psychology*, p. 51.

round past the centres and practically integrates the broken motion of the piston. It allows the engine to run smoothly, and takes off strain. Habit serves man in the same way. One who has certain tasks to regularly perform which, being disagreeable, he does only from necessity at first, soon finds the burden of them lightened, so that eventually the labour may even be entirely unnoticed, and for this respite he must thank habit. It is habit, the habit of respecting *meum et tuum*, that saves many and keeps the number of absconding clerks limited. What is it that holds a labourer chained fast to a trade which galls his soul, and at which he can scarce earn his bread; or which he knows is ruining his health? Necessity infrequently, but almost as frequently habit. He has got into a rut, and in that rut he sticks fast, unable even to make an effort to change his occu-

pation. It is this same habit of yielding that keeps the horse hitched to the plow, and it is the same power that saves the rich from a gigantic uprising of the poor. The horse is stronger than the plowman, and the vast hordes of poor are mightier than the few and scattered rich. But habit controls all these, holding each to his post. The fly-wheel of the engine is the exponent of mechanical, and habit of mental, inertia. That is to say, habit is the force which opposes change.

To sum up, no one word seems to define habit so clearly as the one we have just been using, inertia. And the power of this inertia or force of habit is so overwhelming as to have caused the Duke of Wellington to say: "Habit is a second nature! Habit is ten times nature!" And few will think that the great soldier was extravagant in his statement.

*Schuyler Emerson Day, A.M. (Columbia).*



#### NIL DESPERANDUM.

Life is a strife. The world's progress is war.  
In the fray, face your foes; then withstand them.  
On to the battle! Forth to the fight!  
Nil Desperandum!

Fight, or you fall. For care's legions dissolve  
If opposed. Smite with strength; then disband them.  
On to the battle! Forth to the fight!  
Nil Desperandum!

Brother, be strong. Stand firm. Stem the tide.  
Be not whirled with the waters at random.  
On then to battle! Forth to the fight!  
Nil desperandum!

*Samuel Maber.*

## CANADIAN POETRY—A WORD IN VINDICATION.

BY PROFESSOR DE MILLE, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

HERE is no doubt that Canadian Poetry has been the subject of much ill-advised praise, but it is a poor remedy to disparage the work of those who labour wisely and well. An article appeared in the December number of the *Canadian Magazine* which sins in this respect—and sins against good taste as well as against good criticism. The critic has a right to his own views and predilections and a right to express them freely, but unfair statements can never be excused. In the article in question, Prof. Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day" is said to contain "about forty sonnets, and a similar number of what he terms poems." Of the fine "Tantramar Revisited" it is said: "Tantramar opens and closes with reflections of no mean interest, but the intermediate lines run on at great length in an utterly ineffective twaddle of description." Carman possesses a "weird and grotesque vagueness." And more thereto.

But the men who are thus dealt with have won fame in a wider than Canadian field, and deserve juster treatment. Their critic himself remarks: "They are not without merits, and it may fairly be said that they are all men of great talent." To grant a writer talent, and then to run amuck through the work which displays that talent is, to put it mildly, inconsistent. Nor is it pleasant, reading of men whom all Canadians respect for their literary ability, to meet with a statement such as the following: "It is not enough that they find a ready market for their writings to fill up the vacant page-spaces of magazines, or even that their art is the affectation or the fad of a literary coterie." For there are considerations, besides the burning question of "filling up the vacant page-spaces," which influence editors in their choice of material. Poems accepted by *The*

*Century*, or *Scribner's*, or *Harper's*, must possess a certain amount of literary merit as well as a certain number of lines; and the editors of these periodicals are not without knowledge as to what constitutes literary worth. A sentence such as the last quoted is distinctly unfair. It serves no purpose whatever, except as the expression of personal dissatisfaction, which is not—and never will be—criticism. Moreover, it is peculiarly ungracious for a Canadian to gird at Canadian poets. They receive little financial encouragement in Canada, yet there is no doubt that their work, in its patriotism (which Mr. Waldron affirms) and its poetic quality (which Mr. Waldron denies), has done service to their country. At least let Canadians bid them God-speed.

But let us turn to the more critical—or less uncritical—portions of Mr. Waldron's article. We shall quote his theory as well and as truly as we can, and then test its value as a measure of poetic worth. It is as follows:—"It may be safely said that no poetry of lasting merit is possible which does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action." "Language is not adequate to the detailed description of scenery; aside altogether from its limited interest, and its meagre power to appeal to human feeling, it cannot be represented in detail by the poet as vividly as action." (One is inclined to ask if Mr. Waldron has read Tennyson's "Day Dream.") "The poet attempting detailed description, and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect." Description must not call up the "particular image in a poet's mind, but general images in the mind of the reader. . . . This the poet does by suggestion." True poetry, then,



must be based upon action or reflection concerning action. It must not attempt detailed description, or, indeed, pure description in any form. Purely descriptive poetry has not the elements of life.

Now, let us see how this standard applies to English verse. If it does not hold good with regard to recognized masterpieces it is, of course, worthless as a test for Canadian poetry, which must always aim at the best. A poem comes at once to the mind as not conforming to Mr. Waldron's rules—Milton's "L'Allegro." Its claim on our attention is not based on "action or reflection concerning action." Moreover, it contains some pernicious bits of pure description :

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

It is, in fact, a purely descriptive lyric, and, with "Il Penseroso," the finest of its kind in our language. Yet according to Mr. Waldron's theory it must be discarded. But Milton is not the only poet who has the fatal tendency. Shakespere offends in like manner when he puts a "detailed description" into the mouth of Edgar in King Lear :

"How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs that wing the mid-  
way air  
Show scarce as gross as beetles ; half way  
down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful  
trade !  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring  
bark  
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight ; the murmuring  
surge  
That on the unnumbered idle pebble chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.

Chaucer describes in detail the appearance and the dress of his Canter-

bury pilgrims. Browning's wonderful "Childe Roland" depends for its effect entirely upon the skilful use of detailed description. But these two poets, like Shakespere, fall foul of Mr. Waldron's statement that "the poet attempting detailed description, and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect." The above instances are all of the highest type of verse, yet according to Mr. Waldron's theory they do not constitute poetry of lasting merit.

Upon the same theory is based its author's attack on Canadian poetry, "Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts," he says, "can hardly be said by the most generous to have produced anything of lasting merit. The reader who can twice strain his imagination to the contemplation of their painfully wrought miniatures would indeed be a curiosity." We have seen some of the English poetry excluded under Mr. Waldron's canon, and it must be said that our poets are damned in excellent company ! The "vicious habit of description," "this everlasting plague of description," has brought them to such a sorry pass. But let us examine some of the banned poetry. I open Professor Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day" and come upon the following :—

#### THE DESERTED CITY.

There lies a little city leagues away  
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long  
Its busy, sun-bright wharves with sailors  
song  
And clamor of trade ring loud the livelong day.  
Inte the happy harbor hastening, gay  
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng,  
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace be-  
long,  
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of  
grey.

'Twas long ago this city prospered so,  
For yesterday a woman died therein.  
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,  
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din ;  
The thronging ships have been, the songs  
have been ;  
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Here is detailed description, and an absence of the essential basis of "ac-

tion or reflection concerning action." Are we to ignore the beauty and the pathos and the power of this sonnet because it does not conform to the requirements of Mr. Waldron's dictum? I open Mr. Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and pick out at random the following stanzas from "A Northern Vigil":—

Here by the gray north sea,  
In the wintry heart of the wild,  
Comes the old dream of thee,  
Guendolen, mistress and child.

Threshold, mirror and hall,  
Vacant and strangely aware,  
Wait for their soul's recall  
With the dumb expectant air.

The windows of my room  
Are dark with bitter frost,  
The silence aches with doom  
Of something loved and lost.

Come, for the years are long,  
And silence keeps the door  
When shapes and shadows throng  
The firelit chamber floor.

The curtains seem to part ;  
A sound is on the stair,  
As if at last . . . I start ;  
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills  
The crimson fumes uncurled,  
Where the cauldron mantles and spills  
Another dawn on the world !

Have we here a "weird and grotesque vagueness?" Does the chief effect of this poem lie in its "ghostly suggestion of dark corners?" But fine as the poem is, with its lyric quality and its music and passion, it possesses no lasting merit because it "does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action." I glance at a fine thing of Mr. Campbell's, "A Lake Memory;" but it, too, is actionless and descriptive. I turn to Mr. Lampman's "Lyrics of Earth;" and alas! alas! how great the lack of "poetry of lasting merit." "April in the Hills," "Favourites of Pan," "September," "An Autumn Landscape," though they deal adequately and artistically with scenes and fancies dear to all in our northern land, though they contain pictures such as this:

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant  
stream,

Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm  
earth

The fathomless daylight seems to stand and  
dream,

A liquid cool elixir—all its girth

Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,

Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills

The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,

Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity,

and many a goodly thought; yet they are not based on "action or reflection concerning action," and the trail of description is over them all.

But enough of this. The truth of the matter is that poetry cannot be bound in by a narrow and personal definition. As Mr. Waldron remarks: "In poetry, as in all other arts, there is a wide latitude of individual freedom." And the censorship needed by Canadian poetry is not that which Mr. Waldron would impose.

To set an arbitrary standard and then to dogmatize, "tried by these tests Canadian poetry of the day fails. Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts can hardly be said by the most generous to have written anything of lasting merit," would be only amusing were there none who might be misled. As it is, the article is written in a style which gives it an importance to which no claim can be laid from a critical point of view, and a somewhat detailed answer is necessary in order to show that Canadian poetry is not in so deplorable a condition as Mr. Waldron would have us believe.

What is the real position of modern Canadian verse? First, let us see wherein true poetry consists, and then we may be able to approximate the value of that which is produced by Canadian writers. Mr. E. C. Stedman has given a definition which is perhaps as fair and broad as any that has been attempted. He says: "Poetry is rhythmic, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul." A moment's consideration will show that this, as Mr. Stedman says, is both defensible and inclusive. It comprehends the work of greatest and least; it includes the large utterances of the

past as well as the lesser language of the present day. Thus it is of the widest significance as regards both matter and manner. It applies equally to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Shakespeare's *Plays* or Tennyson's *Idyls*; it takes in verse so different in thought and expression as Sidney's

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given;  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven;  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Shelley's

Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest  
Its dim shades are clad with brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou lovest  
Walk upon the winds with lightness  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

or Matthew Arnold's

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's  
shores  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night wind, down the vast edges  
drear  
And naked shingles of the world. . .

A broad definition is necessary to cover the field of English poetry. This is afforded by Mr. Stedman's statement, and we may accept it as sufficient. But we have as yet no touchstone as to the quality of poetry. For this we cannot do better than quote Mr. Stedman once more: "No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively, whether to the eye in stone or canvas, or to the ear in music or artistic speech; this thought, this imaginative idea moving him to utterance being his creative idea, his art ideal."

All the great poets have been impelled to utterance by the stress of their imaginings. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare live—and will always live—by virtue of having given to the world something worth giving, something that the world had need of. The greatest periods of our literature—the Elizabethan, the later Georgian, the Vic-

torian—have been characterized by sincere and worthy thought. The writers have had something to say, and have said it imaginatively. And the more markedly this is the case, the more real is the poetic note. "No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively."

In judging contemporary verse there are two chief difficulties to be met. We are liable to err, first, from what Matthew Arnold calls the "personal estimate." Our personal likes, our personal points of view, often influence our opinions of poets of our own day; we attach to their work more importance than it deserves, and our praise is extravagant. A second difficulty lies in the large poetic production of the present day. More verse is written than at any other period of history, and a great deal of it is worthless. Amateurish verse begets an amateurish audience and amateurish criticism. We see bad work praised immoderately, and, from pure disgust, we sometimes overlook the good. But this tendency must be avoided as carefully as that which is due to the personal estimate. We must have the feeling for good work; and good work varies in degree no less than in kind. Catholicity of taste, subject always to the recognized laws of art, is a canon of good criticism. No sane critic would refuse to grant the excellence of Chaucer as well as Shakespeare, of Dryden as well as Tennyson, of Landor as well as D. G. Rossetti; yet how diverse is the character of their work! One star differeth from another in glory, yet all are stars. Breadth is essential to criticism, and the best critic is he who has the truest appreciation of all that is good in literature. Therefore, in dealing with poetry of our own day we are not to damn it wholly, nor to laud it to the skies in bulk; we are to distinguish good from bad and value each in its measure.

And so we come to Canadian poetry. Let us bear in mind that the excellent work which is being done must not be

decried because of its failure to attain Shakespere's scope or Milton's sublimity. Our zeal for the good must not blind us to all that falls short of the very highest standard. To begin with, then, the basis of our poetry is sound. As a whole it possesses the essential foundation of culture. Roberts has a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, which gives him sureness of epithet and clarity of expression. Carman's culture is gathered from half the world. And there is little provincialism in the work of Lampman and Campbell. All the leading Canadian poets have a thorough grasp of technique,—the "rhythmical language" of Mr. Stedman—another requisite of true poetry. Their leadership is good; their work expresses the "invention, taste, thought, feeling and insight of the human soul," and has behind it the necessary thought. Take these four poems: Campbell's "The Heart of the Lakes," Lampman's "Favourites of Pan," Roberts' "The Night Sky," and Carman's "Beyond the Gamut," and it will at once be seen that the work of Canadian poets obeys the dicta of Mr. Stedman.

But we may claim more for our verse than a mere inclusion within the bounds of a general definition. We may claim originality; no one will deny that having in mind "Afoot," "The Night Express," "The Winter Lakes" and "An Autumn Landscape." We may claim, for each of the leaders individuality of thought and diction; each has his own point of view and his own mode of expression. We may claim variety of subject and treatment. And last, but by no means least, we may claim the right poetic note—it crops out all through Canadian verse, appearing, for example, in D. C. Scott's

And as I followed far the magic player  
He passed the maple wood—  
And when I passed the stars had risen there,  
And there was solitude.

or in Miss Wetherald's

The wind of death that softly blows  
The last warm petal from the rose,

The last dry leaf from off the tree,  
To-night has come to breathe on me.

The wind of death, that silently  
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

as undeniably as in the work of the leading spirits, which shows (Mr. Waldron's remark about the "literary coterie" to the contrary notwithstanding) that their influence is altogether for good. And everywhere we see the vigour and buoyancy of youth.

The condition of Canadian poetry, then, is, at least, not hopeless.

It may be here said that Mr. Waldron misses altogether the human interest which underlies a great part of our verse. Indeed, he accuses Canadian poetry of lacking life and interest, and assigns a partial explanation. "Want of moral enthusiasm," he says, "of the inspiring energy of new ideas and large hopes of human progress, leaves men of talent no other course than to seek a false brilliancy in the trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment. Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth were full of the new wine of the French Revolution, and spoke as their hearts burned. Tennyson reflected the minds of men who had seen the hopes of their fathers fail. . . . It may be that in these later days human enthusiasm has flickered out. If so, we cannot expect great poets till there be a re-kindling of new ideas and new hopes of humanity." It is a little difficult to take this explanation seriously; for it means simply that everything written by the five poets mentioned, except what was inspired by "moral enthusiasm" or "large hopes of human progress," is worthless, is only the "trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment." Farewell to the Adonais, to the Immortality Ode! Farewell to Tennyson's Lyrics! These are inspired only by the love of truth, of beauty, of poetry. Neither the "new wine of the French Revolution," nor "moral enthusiasm," nor "large hopes of human progress" inspired Shelley's

"The one remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity  
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

or Wordsworth's

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath elsewhere had its setting  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness  
And not in utter nakedness  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home."

It is because of the absence of "new ideas and new hopes of humanity" that the Canadian outlook is so poor. Of course, from the point of view just stated, it is idle to hope for any valuable work so long as the development of Canadian letters is "delayed by the misdirected efforts" of Messrs. Carman, Roberts, Lampman and Campbell. But, as was said, Mr. Waldron has strangely ignored one of the dominant notes of Canadian verse—the note of human interest. A single instance will illustrate the point. Roberts' fine sonnet, "The Sower" (upon which so critical a paper as the *New York Nation* bestowed unstinted praise) was cited by Mr. Waldron as a "fair sample" of the poet's work and was found wanting. I quote in full:

#### THE SOWER.

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil  
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and  
fine,  
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky line,  
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,  
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,  
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;  
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,  
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride  
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small  
joy  
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind,  
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,  
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;  
Godlike he makes provision for mankind.

Mr. Waldron blames this for weakness in the climax, for the use of particular images, for its scanty appeal to the reader's emotion and, of course, for its descriptive quality. But let the simple question be asked, "Why was

the sonnet written? What is the central idea?"

Here the Sower, unwittingly divine,  
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

The theme lies in these two lines. A careful perusal of the poem will show how rigidly all extraneous detail has been excluded, and how everything is subordinated to the single thought and the essentially human interest of the whole. The failure to perceive this, not only in the case adduced, but in much other Canadian verse, shows a lack of poetic judgment.

There is one point more which may be mentioned, and a very important one it is: the foreign appreciation of Canadian verse. This is valuable, because it is influenced by nothing except absolute merit. Now, more than one sound critic has given to Canadian singers the primacy among the younger poets of the day. Mr. Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" was most warmly praised in England and the United States, and *Le Magazine International* speaks as follows of the work of him who was the pioneer of modern Canadian poetry: "Dans le volume de vers de Charles G. D. Roberts, 'Songs of the Common Day,' j'aime surtout la serie de sonnets. . . . Plusieurs sont superbes de profonde émotion, d'intense énergie, de simple et sobres force; la poésie originale et essentielle de la terre y'est exprimée avec une noble sincérité;" and with regard to "Ave," which Mr. Waldron will have none of, "L'ode pour le centenaire de la naissance de Shelley . . . contient de très belles strophes inspirées de la nature à Tantrammar. . . . La forte pensée de Roberts trouve pour s'exprimer une longue admirablement nette, concise et riche."

We can claim for our poetry the qualities which make the best work, and that unprejudiced meed of praise which only good work obtains. Canadian poetry is well founded, and its growth is healthy and sure. We have no reason to be discouraged at the achievement of our singers or the condition of their art.

A. B. De Mille.



## “INDEPENDENCE” AND PARTY GOVERNMENT.

THE protrusion of independent candidates at the Canadian general elections of last year was an important event. That so few of them were elected is not of much consequence. In the fact that a considerable number of champions fought the fight and were supported by many thousands of voters lies the significance. The circumstance indicates a leaven that may leaven the whole lump. Independence is an attack on the whole system of government by party. Unless it means this, it means nothing. Its avowed object is to obtain such strength that it can turn the party balance which way it chooses. In other words, Independence seeks to paralyse party government. So far as a system of government is concerned, there is very little difference between paralysis and death. Independence, then, raises the question: Is party government a good or an evil? I believe it to be an evil. Is it defensible or indefensible? I believe the system to be indefensible, and herein are the significance and the importance of the Independent movement.

The first thing to be realized in that party government is not by any means a divine institution. On the other hand, it has a disgraceful origin.

Parties have always existed, but it was not until the reign of William III. that Cabinets were constituted on party lines. Up to that time a king selected for his advisers the best men he could find, and we had Cabinets of capables. As a consequence, they had far more independence than they have at the pre-

sent day. It was in consequence of this independence that the Earl of Sunderland, “a man whose political character was of the lowest type” (Green) came secretly forward and, for a corrupt motive, persuaded the King to choose his ministers, not as heretofore from the most capable men, or those most fitted for the respective offices, but exclusively from the party that was strongest in the House of Commons. This was the thin edge of the wedge, the beginning of party government. Conceived in iniquity and born in sin, the serpent crawled forth, wrapped its coils around the State, and left the slime of its trail to indicate a path for future politicians.

It is easy to see what followed, and which *in rerum natura* must have followed. Ministers have patronage; the patronage hitherto distributed amongst all parties became concentrated in one party. It was but one step further to exact party allegiance as the price of ministerial favours. This was ultimately followed by the extension of patronage; because the greater the exigencies of party the greater the necessity of extending the sphere of patronage. Thus it came to pass that in time every man had his price, and the boodling and the bribery were quite open. At length the strain became too severe, the corruption too flagrant, and from the struggle between political tradition and political progress there came a sort of retracing of steps, until the system became what it is now, not so bad as it was, but bad enough in all conscience

with its jobbery, dishonesty, corruption and dishonour.

One of the strangest phenomena of the nineteenth century is this system of party government. A peculiarity is that its votaries are ashamed of it and proud of it at one and the same time. This may seem paradoxical, but it is true. What is the highest praise one can bestow upon a statesman? It is that he is "above party," does not allow party influences to interfere with his political convictions. On the other hand, the excesses of weaker men are excused on the ground of "over-zeal for party." Statesmen, we are told, should be "above the Shibboleths of party." We hear of persons being called upon to vote "from a sense of duty and not for a mere party advantage." We read that men sometimes, indeed often, "stretch their consciences to give party votes." Phrases like these could be piled to a heap "huge as high Olympus." The great questions that agitate a nation discover a similar sentiment. In the face of a great crisis, party government not only breaks down, but it is expected to break down. "In a crisis like this," it is often said, "we must sink party differences and support the Government;" or, "in face of a common danger we must unite—we must rise above party and act as one nation." "The common welfare," we are assured "should be above the interests of any political party." There are questions that are "too great for party," and so on. And that these are sincere expressions is shown by the fact that when a man *is* above party the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with him; whereas, "fidelity to party at the cost of principle" is never regarded as a virtue, though often as a quality which should be rewarded with a worldly reward. From this it follows "as the night the day" that the common welfare and party interests are not held to be identical, but distinct and opposite.

All this is pitiable; because what does it imply? For a man to be praised because he is superior to party

considerations can only mean that the considerations of his party are something of which he ought to be ashamed. We never hear of a man being above his political convictions. When a man holds certain principles we praise him for sticking to those principles, for fighting for them, for suffering for them. We do not laud him to the skies because he is superior to what he believes to be right, and just and proper. We do that only when he throws to the winds the party that is supposed to be working out his principles. So, too, in regard to great crises and important measures of State. If party government be a good thing, why should it be necessary to thrust it aside at every emergency? If a party be based on sound principles—as its supporters hold it to be—why, in times of difficulty, should the party be forsaken, its principles thrown overboard, and its members go over for the occasion to the party they oppose and with whose avowed principles they disagree? If this state of things signifies anything at all, it is that political parties are hollow shams, mere playground for prattlers, to be cast aside when serious business begins. Here, then, we are landed in this dilemma:—in a country ruled by party government a man is expected to belong to a party, and yet he is praised for disagreeing with his party. Important measures framed by one party against the wishes, the principles and the convictions of the opposite party are expected to have the support of the opponents should any great emergency threaten to delay the consideration of the question to which they are opposed.

This is the position, it seems to me, that should be realized by all "Independents." This is the state of affairs which is their *raison d'être*. To destroy such a system is their mission; to accomplish this the Independents should have no dealings with either of the great political parties. They ought to say, "A plague on both your houses." To be successful, Independence must stand squarely on its platform and not yield in any circumstances whatever, or for

any consideration whatever. Hence it is matter for regret that at the recent elections some of the Patrons made arrangements with Liberals in order to secure the return of anti-Government candidates. In so far as Independents retired rather than jeopardize a Liberal seat they were false to their principles. They ought to have braved everything as did the Patron candidates in East and West Assiniboia, and with such good results. With a true Independent, Liberals and Conservatives are alike opponents, and when such a one is in the field he should stay there, regardless of all consequences. I recognize that when Liberals and Patrons are alike antagonistic to the Government, there is a strong temptation to do nothing that will tend to return a supporter of the disfavoured Government. This only shows that true independence is not firmly rooted in men who yield to the temptation. They have not realized the essence of the principle. Because, forsooth, they and the Liberals are in exact accord in their determination to oust the Government, and more than half with each other as regards their platforms, it is imagined one or the other should retire sooner than let in a Conservative, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. This is consistent reasoning for a party Liberal; in an Independent it is dereliction of principle. Half a loaf is not always better than no bread. There may be another choice. If going without half a loaf to-day and having no bread to-morrow will ensure a full feast for ever hereafter, then half a loaf is not better than no bread. It should be remembered that the winning of a seat is not of the first importance with Independents. Setting aside the educative influence of an election contest there is the assertion of a good principle, and if there is to be a backing down for ulterior objects, then rest assured the triumph of independence is a long way off. A vote cast for principle is never lost, though the election may be. The two great political parties should be made to realize that this is so. I repeat that

Independents should say, "A plague on both your houses." If the Liberal party cannot stand the strain of Patronism without splitting, let it split. If the Conservative party cannot stand the strain of Independence without splitting, let it split.

The question arises: How should the Independents begin to accomplish what has been above stated to be their mission? It is not sufficient to merely take advantage of occasion, to "seize the opportunity," as the phrase goes. If the Independents simply intend to show their strength by thwarting a government when it suits them to do so, they will accomplish very little. If a policy of petulance be all their programme, then the game is not worth the candle. A true policy always goes to the root of the matter, and as an essential point in government by party is the selection of the Cabinet (from which, indeed, it sprang, as already shown), the first great effort of the Independents should be to change the existing state of things in this respect. That is to say, the tradition that the Sovereign, through the Governor-General, selects the Cabinet on the advice of the Prime Minister should be set at nought. The Cabinet ought not to be selected by one man, it ought to be elected by the Commons House of Parliament until the time arrives when it can be elected by the people, viz., when the electorate has learnt how to mark a ballot paper without blundering. This may seem a startling proposal. All radical changes are startling when first proposed. Familiarity with the idea, however, will soon show that there is nothing startling about the matter. Actual appointment by the Sovereign was bad enough, but at any rate it was appointment by the acknowledged head of the nation. Appointment by the Premier is worse, because it is not by the head of the nation but by the chief of a party. In no other institution in the civilized world is the Executive appointed by one man. The President of a railway does not select its directors. The Chairman of a bank does not choose his colleagues. The

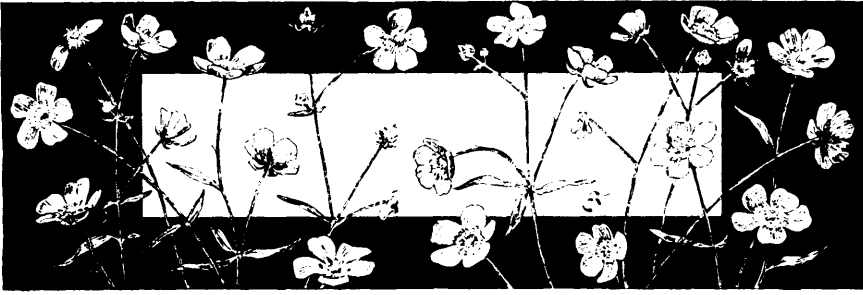


directorates of public companies are all elective. Even the committee of a youths' debating society is elected by its members, and so on all through. Wherever there are common interests at stake, great or small, the directorate is by election. It remains for the executive of the greatest interest of all, the management of the nation, to be appointed by one man, and that the leader, not of the nation, but by only a part of it. Such a system is anti-democratic. It is against the sentiment of a free people. It is antagonistic to the genius of a great nation; and it ought not to be more difficult for the people of Canada to elect a Cabinet than it is for the American people to elect a President. At any rate, election by the House of Commons ought not to be difficult. It may be admitted that just now such a procedure would be on party lines with all its attendant sins and follies. But that would only be temporary, until such time as the nation thoroughly realised the true principle. In Canada such a system is demanded more strongly than anywhere else; because here the men to form a Cabinet are not selected for their paramount abilities, but on account of the locality that sends them to parliament—Ontario, or Quebec, or British Columbia, or the Northwest. It is difficult to imagine a plan more fitted to crowd out of a Government the most capable men in the nation, just the men who should be there. Square pegs are thrust into round holes; the inexperienced and incompetent entrusted with the highest functions. We have thus a government not of capables, but of incapables. Cabinets are formed not with a view to the good government of the country, but for the satisfaction of party exigencies. We do not want such a government. We want a Cabinet of all the talents. If a reform, such as above indicated, were accomplished, there would be no more boodling, corruption would die a natural death, and patronage would be wisely distributed.

Under a system such as above outlined it might be necessary to separate the governing functions of the State from its administrative functions. And this would be a good and not an evil one. A man may be a good Postmaster-General, but a poor statesman. Why, then, should he be in the Cabinet? Why, indeed, need he be even a Member of Parliament? and, above all, why should he be turned adrift simply because persons of his own political creed go out of office? It requires no statesmanship to superintend the collection and distribution of Her Majesty's mails. It requires an able administrator, and when such has been found he ought to be kept at the work for which he is fitted. If a person be an adept at managing the Indian Department why should he be set aside solely because there is a change of Ministry? And so on with all the other offices that are purely administrative. No question of policy is affected. Let the State have the best administration it can get for its money irrespective of party creed or political belief. Only those officials whose duties call upon them to direct the policy of the nation should have seats in the Cabinet, such as the Finance Minister, the Minister of the Interior, of Agriculture, of Education, and so forth.

Such, then, is the mission of Independence. That it is a noble mission is my persuasion. That it is not difficult of accomplishment is my belief. The system above indicated would promote beneficial legislation and wise administration, instead of retarding, harassing and disfiguring them, as at present. "Beware of party" should be the motto of Independents. In his farewell letter to the United States, George Washington wrote: "I have already intimated to you the danger of parties to the State. . . . Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of party generally."

*Wm. Trant.*



## LONDON'S TRAGIC TOWER.

IT was a bright, beautiful day in August that we found our way to the Tower of London. No one in whose breast an interest in the history of his country has been awakened can approach with indifference this royal castle of our forefathers. As we descend Tower Hill the hoary walls of this ancient pile rise before us amid the surrounding mass of more recent buildings which crowd for many miles that most wonderful city in the world of to-day.

The old, solid walls of this venerable fortress remain like so many huge symbols of those far-off rugged times, when amid the fierce struggles resulting from ill-defined rights and wildest passions were laid the mighty foundations of England's present prosperity, peace and world-wide power.

The Tower of London has a history, which, like that of the kingdom itself, recedes into the dim distance of fable. There can be little doubt that for many centuries before the Conquest an important structure stood on this site. Shakespeare but repeats the old tradition that Julius Cæsar reared the pile.

Heywood says :

“ Cæsar himself  
That built the same, within it kept his court,  
And many Kings since he : the rooms are  
large,  
The building stately, and for strength besides,  
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.”

Tower Hill is a large open space of great historical interest. On the site of the present garden of Trinity Square stood the wooden scaffold whereon

many most eminent persons were beheaded, including Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; Thomas, Lord Seymour, of Sudely; the Protector Somerset; John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland; Lord G. Dudley; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Archbishop Laud; Algernon Sydney; Duke of Monmouth; Earl of Derwentwater, and Lord Kenmuir, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and, last of all, Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747. Since that time there has been no beheading in England nor any execution on Tower Hill.

As we passed inside the grey walls of the Tower we could but think of the many marvellous changes which have taken place since this gloomy palace, prison and fortress lifted its massive and defiant form on the banks of the Thames eight hundred years ago. It was erected 1079-80 by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, by command of William the Conqueror, and is regarded as a fine specimen of the Norman architecture, which largely prevailed in those remote and troublesome times.

It is doubtful if this hoary structure, for thrilling incident and chronicles of pathetic and dramatic story, can be equalled by any other building in the world. Through those very gateways which admit the curious and pleasure-seeking multitudes of to-day have passed processions of kingly splendour which would bankrupt the most opulent phrase to describe. And almost

within sight of those dazzling and trailing glories of State, throngs of illustrious prisoners have been marched along to dungeon, to suffering, and to shameful, cruel death. Again and again, royalty and grandeur have passed beneath those ominous portals to exchange the dreams of honor and glory, and the festive brilliancy of courts, for the prison, the torture-room and the fatal block and axe.

Within that space of some thirteen acres, which includes the principal and oldest tower, and eighteen smaller towers of more recent times, what sights and sounds have been seen and heard for eight hundred long years! Here the Kings of England found a refuge in the stormiest times, and though this ancient pile has felt the shock of all the most violent internal convulsions which have agitated the nation, and has had to bear the horrors of war as they have raged around its lofty battlements, it has always held its own, and remains to-day like some old unbeaten warrior to tell of deeds of mighty daring, of fallen heroes, of perished splendours, furious passion and of tragic death.

What strange contrasts are crowded upon your vision as you walk around this grim fabric which has weathered so many eventful years! Here, in one room, are crowns of priceless value flashing with costliest diamonds and famous stones. Just a minute's walk and you look upon the executioner's block, the headsman's axe and mask, the thumb-screws, the collar, the bilboes and chains. Here are rooms once filled with England's beauty, pride and glory, where revelry and mirth held high carnival from age to age; and there are cells of gloom where distinguished prisoners pined in misery, in hunger and rags, and where sufferings, too terrible to relate, were endured before the hour of doom arrived. Shouts of pleasure, in her wild delirium of delight, rang through those spacious and splendid halls; and cries of deadliest pain and muffled moans of broken, bleeding hearts, crept slowly up from the prison cells below.

In one part of this historic Tower eyes long ago flashed until they were ablaze with some momentary victory, and faces crimsoned until they were red with some passing glory; but alas! other eyes beneath the same roof were filled with scalding tears, and other faces, which had basked in the sunshine of royal favour, now grew pale at the swift approach of a cruel and tragic end! The space at our disposal will only permit of the briefest recital of the renowned prisoners who, from time to time, were confined within the walls of this far-famed Tower. The lists which have been preserved of those who have been inmates of the dungeons and cells of this State prison for thrice four hundred years astonish us with the multitudes who have suffered arrest, and for a longer or shorter period found a place of bitterest trial, if not of keenest anguish, in this old fortress and prison.

During the Norman and early Plantagenet period history has recorded but a few names of captives of note. One of the most remarkable was the first State prisoner known to have been incarcerated in the Tower, Flambard, Bishop of Durham. Henry I. imprisoned him on his accession (1100), to please the people whom he had offended by carrying out an oppressive system of taxation for William Rufus. The wily bishop, however, escaped and fled to Normandy. Hugh de Burgh was another captive statesman of this period. This great man and faithful minister was guardian of the kingdom during Henry III.'s minority. He was cruelly confined for some time within the Tower dungeon, but was subsequently released. During the fourteenth century the fortress was filled with captive kings and heroes. The names of many Welsh chiefs are chronicled as prisoners during this period: Morgan David, Llewellyn Bren, Madoc Vaghan and many others, some of whom died in captivity. Many a mighty spirit from Scotland chafed within the dismal cells of the royal fortress during the same century, some of whom were the noble Wallace, the

Earls of Ross, of Athole, and of Montrose, and King David Bruce (1346).

Six hundred Jews were imprisoned in these dungeons during the reign of Edward III. for adulterating the coin of the realm. This monarch, whose prejudice against them was strong, finally banished all of that nation from England, compelling them to leave behind them their immense wealth, and their libraries, which were taken possession of by the monasteries. It is said that Roger Bacon owed much of his extraordinary knowledge to the Jews' libraries, especially to the gigantic volumes of the Babylonish Talmud.

The fifteenth century shrouded the Tower with deeds of darkness and cruel wrong. Large numbers of the royal blood and of persons eminent in the walks of life were marched to the dungeons of London's old prison, and many scenes of terrible suffering took place within its dreary portals. Henry VIII's reign was marked by the multitudes who, for lawless passion or what was regarded as heresy, were committed to the Tower. Sir Thomas More, Lord Chesterfield and the Venerable Bishop Fisher were imprisoned because they opposed Henry's claim to be the head of the Church. The victims of Henry both of Church and State were many; the names of the most distinguished who suffered under him are too well known to be repeated in this sketch.

The reigns of Edward VI., of Mary and of Elizabeth, witnessed large numbers passing within the dark boundaries of the old grim Tower, many of them to go out no more. Lord Thomas and Lord Edward Seymour, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guilford, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, were among the most notable who suffered imprisonment and death during those eventful years.

Sir Walter Raleigh claims a first place among the famous prisoners in the reign of James I. He was beheaded 1618. Among the victims brought to the Tower by the long struggle between Charles and his parliament, mention can only be made of the emi-

nent statesman, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was sacrificed in the endeavour to stem the torrent of public opinion which was rushing towards revolution. Also Archbishop Laud, who was charged with aiding Charles in his unconstitutional measures. The aged prelate died on the scaffold in 1644. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Tower was crowded with persons suspected of favouring the cause of Charles II., and after his restoration many who had been concerned in the death of Charles I. suffered imprisonment and death.

In James II.'s reign the Duke of Monmouth was captured and brought to the Tower and two weeks after he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Seven bishops were imprisoned during this reign in the Tower for opposing James II.'s attempts to restore popery in England. Judge Jeffries, the notorious abettor of that King's tyranny, on the abdication of his master, was brought to the Tower and ended his life in captivity.

The inscriptions carved or scratched by the doomed prisoners on the walls of their gloomy cells, "rudely written, but each letter full of hope and yet of heartbreak," still remain to tell a story of pathetic tenderness and of a sorrow too deep for words.

But the spot in all this space, where pomp and tragedy have so often met, and which can most move and thrill the soul, is the little chapel of St. Peter. The deep interest attaching to this sanctuary arises not so much from its antiquity, as from the fact that from within its walls lie mouldering the remains of an illustrious company who fell from positions of worldly power and widespread fame to fates full of ghastly suffering and cruel wrong. Macaulay has said that "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates and the ornaments of courts." The

memorial tablet at the entrance contains the names of over thirty persons of historical note who, after life's fitful, stormy day, were laid to rest in this chapel. The list will be read with interest and the lesson which it teaches is evident to all.

*Distinguished persons buried in St. Peter's Chapel :*

- 1534. Ierald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.
- 1535. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.
- 1535. Sir Thomas More.
- 1536. George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford.
- 1536. Queen Anne Boleyn.
- 1540. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.
- 1541. Margaret of Clarence, Countess of Salisbury.
- 1542. Queen Katherine Howard.
- 1549. Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudely.
- 1551. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset.
- 1552. Sir Ralph Vane.
- 1552. Sir Thomas Arundel.
- 1553. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.
- 1554. Lord Guilford Dudley.
- 1554. Lady Jane Grey.
- 1554. Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk.
- 1572. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
- 1592. Sir Thomas Perrott.
- 1595. Philip, Earl of Arundel.
- 1601. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.
- 1613. Sir Thomas Overbury.
- 1614. Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton.
- 1632. Sir John Eliot.
- 1680. William, Viscount Stafford.
- 1683. Arthur, Earl of Essex.
- 1685. James, Duke of Monmouth.
- 1689. George, Lord Jeffreys.
- 1703. John Rotier.
- 1710. Edward, Lord Griffin.

- 1746. William, Marquis of Tullibardine.
- 1746. William, Earl of Kilmarnock.
- 1746. Arthur, Lord Balmerino.
- 1747. Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat.

Nearly all of these distinguished persons perished by the headsman's axe.

Time, however, has wrought wonders great and strange; the angel of peace has for many long years hung her banner over all those scenes of conflict and of blood. The noise and tumult of all that terrible strife has long since died away, and the wild agitations which shook the nation of those distant days are only memories now. This old Tower, like some huge whispering-gallery, echoes the stormy chapters of that dark, tempestuous morning out of which the broadening England of to-day was yet to come. The very place where stood the grim wooden scaffold, where so many eminent persons were beheaded, is now a garden; and nature from year to year throws her flowery coverlet over the once terrible and crimson spot.

It is well to read over the earlier pages of English history, and to keep before us and the rising generation of Britain's far extending empire, the fact that the freedom which enriches our lives to-day has not been achieved without many a hard fought battle. The past has been swept again and again with fierce hurricanes of malignant passions, and upon the fields of bygone years have fallen the rain of tears and great baptisms of blood. Hallam, speaking of London's far-famed Tower, says: "The dark and gloomy fabric seems to stand in these modern days like a captive tyrant reserved to grace the triumphs of a victorious republic, and should teach us to reflect in thankfulness how highly we have been elevated in virtue and happiness above our forefathers."

*William Harrison.*



# CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## MINING AND SMALL INVESTORS.

THERE is no doubt that Canada's mines are numerous and valuable, that during the next fifty years the quantity of gold and silver taken from them will be very great, and that many men will, because of their mining investments, become very rich. There are exceedingly valuable mines in different parts of British Columbia, in northern and eastern Ontario and in Nova Scotia. They have been waiting a long time for railroads, and capital, and proprietors. Now these have arrived, the boom is on, and Canada is contributing at an increasing rate to the sum total of the world's wealth.

But, at the same time, the usual quota of rogues has appeared. Locations which are not mines, and never will be, are being capitalized by incorporated companies and the stock being sold to the ignorant ones—the small investors. The small investor is always with us. He goes to the races, takes a 20 to 1 shot and loses. He draws his money out of the chartered bank where he is getting three and-a-half per cent, and puts it into the private bank, or gives it to the big man of the neighbourhood and—loses it. He invests his few hundreds in mining stocks at ten cents a share, a 10 to 1 shot, and—he will lose them.

The men who have gone to Rossland or to Rat Portage and have seen the mines, have bought wisely and well. They will, when the returns commence to come in, be found to have secured a

profitable investment. The men who have officered joint-stock companies and received free of charge 10,000 shares out of the million which the company has issued, and then turned round and sold that 10,000 at 13 cents a share, will be found to have made profitable speculations. But the man and the woman who have stayed at home and read the daily papers—those most unsafe of all guides—and have invested fifty dollars here and fifty there, to them will come the cruel awakening. The shares in good companies are worth ten cents apiece, but they are seldom offered at that.

The politicians are busy with the grinding of their own axes; the high-browed, blue-blooded citizens are busy with Society, and Titles, and Victorian Orders, and Indian Famine Funds; the newspapers, the much-vaunted watchdogs of freedom, are in their kennels gnawing the toothsome bones supplied by the advertisers of mining companies—and who is there left to guard the interests of the people? The question echoes down the avenues of silence.



## A LITERARY GATHERING.

Four years ago this month the first issue of the *Canadian Magazine* appeared, and while it was welcomed and wished good-speed, it was not expected to live beyond a year. Its phenomenal growth and its manifest popularity were scarcely anticipated by even its sanguine founder, Mr. J. Gordon Mowat,

nor by its unselfish financial supporters. That it has succeeded is due in a certain measure to the magazine-advertising and magazine-reading age during which it had the good fortune to be born. To a still greater measure its success is due to a growing national sentiment and a deepening national culture.

In its four years' history there has been but one event which has here to be recorded, and that is the change of editors, which took place in September, 1895.

To commemorate the fourth anniversary of the founding of this publication there was held in this city on February 17th a literary banquet which proved to be a most successful affair. About one hundred and ten invitations were issued, and seventy-one persons sat down to the dinner. The invited guests included His Excellency the Governor-General, the Premier and all the members of the Dominion Cabinet, the President of the Royal Society of Canada, and nearly all the leading writers of Canadian prose and Canadian poetry. The toasts were: The Queen, The Dominion, Our Educational Institutions, Canadian Art, Our Poets, and Our Prose Writers. The speeches were, viewed collectively, the best that were ever delivered at any one gathering in Canada, and the resulting effect on Canadian art and literature should be most potent.

This gathering, which is more fully reported elsewhere, was undoubtedly the literary event of the month. The Toronto papers, with a liberality for which they are noted, reported the speeches at great length, while the Canadian press generally gave it adequate notice. It is to be hoped for the sake of our growing art and expanding literature that the event will be an annual occurrence.



#### HORATIO HALE.

On December 28th, after a few days' illness, there passed away at Clinton, Ont., a member of the Royal Society of Canada, a man whose reputation

had extended over all the English-speaking world. Horatio Hale was born in Newport, N. H., on May 3rd, 1817, and was a son of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. He was graduated from Harvard in 1837, and was admitted to the Chicago bar in 1855. A few years later he went to Clinton to reside and remained there until his death.

One of his most important books is "The Iroquois Book of Rites," published in 1883. He contributed to the proceedings of many important societies and to leading periodicals in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. He was on the organizing committees of the Anthropological sections of both the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Royal Society of Great Britain. He was one of the vice-presidents of the American Association and president of its Anthropological section.

The writer has often seen him in recent years in Clinton, where he was most highly regarded as a person of more than ordinary culture. He was very modest and retiring in disposition, but very much interested in all matters which related to education or to literature. He was small in stature, pleasant of countenance and dignified in bearing and in speech. Horatio Hale was one of the few men who were not touched by the sordid motives which animate the money-gatherers of this grasping age, preferring rather to give to his fellows the results of earnest labours in the field of literature and science.

The accompanying cut is from a photograph taken some ten years ago.



#### AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

Our recent remarks on education in Ontario and its relation to agriculture may be supplemented by a suggestion which comes from Renfrew.

In the Jan. 1st issue of the Renfrew *Mercury* appeared an editorial suggesting that the Board of Education of that town should be the pioneers in the establishment of an agricultural depart-

ment in connection with a High School. It was pointed out that the present High School system tended to give the pupils a distaste for farm life and to lead them into the already over-crowded professions; that the Renfrew High School was commodious enough for the purpose, that it was close to a creamery and to the broad acres of a farm, and that an agricultural course might be tried which would last during January, February and March, closing in time for spring farm work.

The only real difficulty lay in the fact that there was no teacher to do the work. The Board of Education took the matter up and wrote the Minister of Education at Toronto concerning the project. They asked that he supply the teacher—a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College—and the expenses of the experiment. The Minister thought the season too far advanced for the experiment, and there the matter rests.

It is to be hoped that the Minister of Education and the Minister of Agriculture will fully consider this important suggestion and devise some plan whereby some experiment such as this may be voluntarily carried out in any Ontario High School which is situated in the centre of an agricultural district. Ten thousand dollars spent in this way might mean hundreds of thousands to the province. It is certain that something must be done to reform our High School system.



#### SPORT IN LITERATURE

Some sharp criticism of Canadian newspapers was made at the "Canadian Magazine" banquet, one result of which was an editorial in the Toronto *Globe*, under the heading, "Sport in

Literature." Some extracts from it run as follows:

"Complaint was made at the recent literary banquet of the amount of space given to sports in the daily newspapers, especially as compared with the space given to eulogies on Canadian literary men. The newspapers may plead that in this respect they are in good company. When one literary man writes of others, his work is more likely to take the form of a dunciad than of a eulogy. And the great writers do by no means disdain to "run a sporting column." When in the course of his wanderings Ulysses sits among the Phæacians, the song of the blind minstrel makes him weep for his home—a

eulogy which ought to have satisfied the most exacting bard. He is asked whether he will not try his skill in some game, and so banish his care; and when he declines is taunted with looking more like a trader than one who can wrestle or box. . . . This is only one instance, taken at random. What would Greek and Latin literature be with the Olympic games, the chariot

aces, the boxing and wrestling, and running all left out?

"To come down to the moderns, it was the chariot race than made Ben Hur famous. Ivanhoe teems with matter that a good sporting editor would delight in. To say nothing of the tournament and the mêlée, there is the passage describing the bout between Gurth and the Miller in the noble game of quarter-staff, where the combatants were so quick and dexterous and made the greenwood so ring with the sound of their blows that you would have supposed there were "six persons engaged on each side." There is the archery contest, where the great English outlaw splits the willow wand,



THE LATE HORATIO HALE, F. R. S.



## "THE BROKEN MELODY."

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



SALISBURY (as Signor Sherman tries it on the piano): What a beautiful thing that would be if that rattle-trap instrument did not so rob it of all "harmony."

"rather thicker than a man's thumb," at a hundred yards. There is the scene where the jolly hermit and the distinguished King exchanged blows in perfect good humour, and "the buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good will that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain."

"Pickwick" was begun with the idea of describing the adventures of a sporting club, and traces of this intention may be found in the adventure with the tall brown horse, in Mr. Winkle's unlucky effort to skate and in his still more unhappy adventures with a gun.

"Barrie's Little Minister has a famous description of curling. When

the minister arrives on the scene he hears 'two weavers and a mason cursing the land,' illustrating the democracy of the ice, and is told a story of the marvellous recuperative power of the game.

"On reflection, we are inclined to ask our literary men and artists whether they might not profitably pay a little more attention to Canadian sports. How many of our authors have tried their hands at a description of the national game of lacrosse? How many pictures of the mighty struggles that occur around the goal are to be found among innumerable yards of canvas devoted to conventional subjects and to scenes that might be located anywhere from China to Peru? The sculptor has much to contend with in the modern garb of mankind; it seems to be a misdirection of artistic energy when he is employed in carving out

a frock coat and trousers bulged at the knees. But the human athlete (anywhere but on a wheel) is still a worthy object for his chisel."

## NEWSPAPERS AND POSTAGE.

It was an exceedingly pitiful sight to see, in Toronto on February 4th and 5th, the leading newspaper men of Ontario endeavouring to justify class legislation and to show reasons why they should not assist the Postmaster-General in carrying out a reform. About seventy of them had assembled at the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association, and the main topic up for consideration was the proposal of the

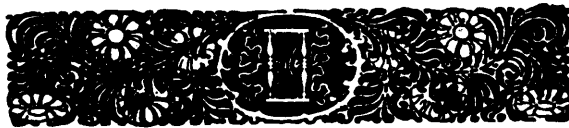
Hon. Mr. Mulock that it was desirable in the interests of the country that a small rate of postage should be paid by those newspapers which made use of the mails. The subject was discussed at considerable length and a resolution was passed, by a vote of 44 to 18, to the effect that the association disapproves of the payment of postage by newspaper publishers. Later, when it was felt that postage would be reimposed in any event, another resolution, slightly more consistent, was passed, to the effect that if postage was imposed the duty should be taken off presses, type and paper.

No one had hardihood enough, except two or three clerical editors, to maintain that the absolute principle of the free use of the mails by newspaper publishers could be justified on any ground; but the main reason advanced in favour of retaining the present system was that the publishers had adjusted prices to existing conditions and

circumstances, and hence these should not be changed. Arguing along this line, it would be equally just to say that the duties on manufactures of cottons and woollens should remain as they are; for have not mills been built, capital invested, and prices adjusted under present circumstances? Again, it would—arguing as the newspapermen, the leaders of Canadian thought, argued—it would be unfair to every Canadian importer to change the duties on Canadian goods, because the value of all his importations would be seriously affected by any reduction in import duties; and yet one half or more of these same newspaper men have for many years been advocating reductions in duties.

It is exceedingly strange how our righteous anger is changed to strange solicitude when our own pockets are threatened instead of our neighbour's. Self-interest makes cowards of us all.

*John A. Cooper.*



#### THE PICTURE.

SHE gazes with eyes as true  
 In the light of their old, sweet smile,  
 As if there was naught to rue,  
 As if in the after while

There never had come to me  
 On the flood of the pitiless years  
 A sorrow past pledge or fee,  
 A loneliness past all tears.

*A. B. de Mille.*

#### THE WALTZ PLAYER.

I DO not greatly love the sweeping din,  
 The mad flow of her merry melodies.  
 But I follow, and take sweet pleasure in  
 The dance of her quick fingers on the keys.

*Marry Marstyn.*



# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

## THE BOOK OF THE NATIVE.\*

A POET who has had sufficient encouragement from the public and the publishers to give the world four volumes of verse must be taken seriously. It is time that he was either checked in his song flights or encouraged and stimulated by just appreciation to yet loftier work. "The Book of the Native" is a new volume of lyrical poetry by Charles G. D. Roberts, and the quality of it is such that we are going to judge it, not as verse done by a young bard of promise in a young land of promise—for a poet in his fourth volume must have achieved something, or he is unworthy of consideration—but by the same standards that we would use in a criticism of a work of Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Tennyson.

At the outset we may say that we are fully aware of the difficulties that lie in our way in judging thus a living writer. His poetry has not yet become a part of our life and character; and, indeed, while this is being written it is doubtful if the lyrics about to be examined are known to a hundred thoughtful men and women. We know, too, how easily we may deceive ourselves; how our judgment may be the judgment of enthusiasm, of admiration, of gratitude, of sympathy—judgments against which Matthew Arnold would warn us. We know, too, that in attempting to write on the work of a friend we may unwittingly do that friend serious harm by our biased criticism. We keep before our minds the riotous enthusiasm of the worshippers of Shelley, which called forth a piece of one-sided and unjust criticism from no less a critic than Matthew Arnold, a criticism which has doubtless closed many minds to the beauties of Shelley's poetry, and to his true position as a force in literature. We have, therefore, in reading "The Book of the Native," kept watch over our enthusiasm, and at every step have asked how much of the personal factor has entered into this or that judgment. Therefore, in order to keep our judgment temperate on a book that has stirred us more deeply than any volume of poetry we have read in many days, we will first examine closely its demerits.

The note in these verses is too often borrowed. It would seem that the author, when reading poetry, was seized by the music of the poet, and found words of his own accompanying that music. He has lived much with Wordsworth, and many of the poems have a Wordsworthian tone and colour and phrasing. Such diction as "mendicants of summer," "soft incommunicable," "of incommunicable rhyme," is so Wordsworthian that the poet should have recognized the imitative character of the work and rejected the words suggested by contact with the master. "Beside the Winter Sea," a piece of exquisite pathos,

\* "The Book of the Native," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clarke Co.

full and sweet, might be considered altogether great were it not that in the opening lines we hear too distinctly the voice of a dead master :

“As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream  
The cry of battles ended long ago,  
Inland I hear the calling of the sea.”

And these are not the worst defects ; several times, not often, we meet with distinct weakness. It is hard to pardon such a line as

“But for *ludum* say read *libros*.”

That “say” can have no forgiveness. Again, in “Love’s Translator” we have :

“A sudden warmth awakes my blood  
Thinking of thy mouth.”

Such lines as these are too trivial in fancy and too sensuous in expression. It is true that these weak lines occur in poems in lighter vein, and might under other circumstances have passed unnoticed ; but coming upon them in a volume of strong thought, of serious verse, of art as chaste and severe as a Greek temple, they shock us as would profanity during the singing of a *Te Deum*.

The faults just mentioned we cannot condone, but the fault of imitation is another matter. There is nothing in which it seems to us contemporary critics are so unjust as in their eagerness to find the thought, the rhythm and the phrasing of the masters in any new volume. It is cheap criticism, easily done, and takes with a public that has a few stock ideas on literature. Of course if a man is nothing but an imitator do not waste time with him ; go to the fountain head for enlightenment. But every great poet has been more or less of an imitator. Pope is full of the classical poets and Dryden ; Goldsmith is an imitator of his English predecessors and of the Latin poets ; Shakespeare got much of his manner from Marlowe and Greene ; Wordsworth, in some of his most admired poems, has calmly accepted the rhythm, the verse form, the thought, the phrasing of Burns ; and Tennyson has in his best poetry a mixed Miltonic and Wordsworthian music, and a form and colouring captured from Theocritus, with, of course, an added Tennysonian manner. Every great artist is, then, an imitator ; the ages have been working to some purpose, and no poet can afford to ignore what has been well done by his predecessors. He must, if he would do abiding work, accept what they have done, and find the voice with which he is to speak to his own time and the future.

Roberts, we believe, has found that voice. He sits reverently at the feet of Wordsworth and Tennyson, but in many of his poems there is a note that is distinctly his own. We find that note in such a stanza as :

“Tell me how some sightless impulse,  
Working out a hidden plan,  
God for kin and clay for fellow  
Wakes to find itself a man.”

Or in

“Laughed the running sap in every vein,      “Laughed the life in every wandering root,  
Laughed the running flurries of warm rain,      Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.

“God in all the concord of their mirth  
Heard the adoration-song of earth.”

Or again in

“Hark ! the leaves their mirth averring,      “Hark ! the sharp, insistent cry  
Hark ! the buds to blossom stirring ;      Where the hawks patrol the sky !  
Hark ! the hushed, exultant haste      Hark ! the flapping, as of banners,  
Of the wind and world conferring !      Where the heron triumphs by.”

The voice that we hear in these lines, taken almost at random, has been steadily growing in the author’s seventeen years and more of earnest poetic work.

It was, indeed, a small voice in "Orion and other Poems," published in 1880; it was lost to some degree in "In Divers Tones," where the poet wrote in mixed mood, poems serious following so close upon, or followed so closely by, poems light, trivial and unworthy that we feel as we peruse them now that the poet was "resting in an inn"—the inn of art, and had not fixed his eye on the end of the journey; but in "Songs of the Common Day," where he endeavours to see

"What beauty clings  
In common forms, and find the soul  
Of unregarded things!"

the voice that we find strong and assured in "The Book of the Native" is speaking.

And now we are going to make yet broader claims for our poet. Every singer, to be worthy of consideration, must have spontaneity, must "harmonize his genius to the spirit of his times," and, most important of all, must have a message for mankind. Roberts, in our opinion, possesses these three essentials.

Stedman has said that, "In the case of the minor poets, excessive culture and wide acquaintance with methods and masterpieces often destroyed spontaneity." This was true to a very large extent of the previous work by Roberts, but in the "The Book of the Native" he has used simple ballad measures—used them with the freedom and naturalness of the early balladists, and in their use has shown an art conscience which is not obtrusive, but which never leaves him while he is serious, and only deserts him once or twice when in lighter vein—and, by the way, there should have been no lighter vein in this volume. He has likewise harmonized his genius with the spirit of his times. He is at once broadly religious and accurately scientific. A few lines from "Origins," a poem, terse, packed with suggestive sentences, will serve as an illustration:

|                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p style="text-align: center;">"Inexorably decreed<br/>By the ancestral deed,<br/>The puppets of our sires,</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">We work out blind desires.<br/>And for our sons ordain<br/>The blessing or the bane."</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Space will not permit us to dwell on this at greater length, and we must hasten to examine his message.

It is threefold. The first is borrowed from Wordsworth's

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

a message eternally fresh and needful to be reiterated in each age. He has stated his point of view in "The Heal-All," a poem which is a palpable imitation Wordsworth's "The Lesser Celandine," which we, craving the Wordsworthians' pardon, think a finer poem than the one that doubtless inspired it; finer because the writer has "the sense for form and style, the passion for just expression, the sure and firm touch of the true artist" that are lacking in Wordsworth's sadly inartistic and gloomily thoughtful poem. The closing stanza gives a centre for the student of Roberts' work:

"Thy simple wisdom I would gain—  
To heal the hurt life brings,  
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,  
And joy of common things."

Along with this austere yet profound simplicity we have a yearning after the beautiful, an instinct for it, as strong as the instinct of a Keats. He, too, realizes that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," but we find in his work that while he has taken this point of view of Keats, he has so combined it with Wordsworth's message,

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

that he has really given us a message of his own:

" Beside his threshold is the shrine  
Where truth and beauty dwell ! "

Keats gave the message that

" Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits ; "

but instead of looking to his threshold for beauty he expected her from her height ; he found her in the past ; he saw her on a Grecian urn, in the glorious mythology of the Greeks, which gave us his Endymion and Hyperion. But Roberts has restated his message with a new meaning. " A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and that joy we find not in " wreathing some flowery band to bind us to the earth," not in conning the dreams of the ages, but in the threshold facts of every-day life, in " the joy of common things." He does not ask,

" Where is it now, the glory and the dream ? "

The commonest facts of existence contains it for him.

We now come to what seems to us the poet's greatest contribution to literature. This, too, will at first sight seem to be partially borrowed from Wordsworth and Goethe. Wordsworth felt :

" A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,  
And rolls through all things."

Goethe looked on the seen universe as " the living mantle " of the Unseen Artificer which had been woven in the whirring looms of time ; but neither poet, it seems to us, *brought man into vital, concrete contact—physical kinship with the universe about him.* Roberts, we are of the opinion, has done this. He has taken a step in advance of his predecessors. There are, it is true, suggestions of the step he has taken in several of Emerson's poems, but the utterance given in " Origins " is distinctly his own :

" In ignorance we stand,  
With fate on either hand,  
And question stars and earth  
Of life, and death, and birth.  
With wonder in our eyes  
We scan the kindred skies,  
While through the common grass  
Our atoms mix and pass.

We feel the sap go free  
When spring comes to the tree ;  
And in our blood is stirred  
What warms the brooding bird.  
The vital fire we breathe  
That bud and blade bequeathe,  
And strength of native clay.  
In our full veins hath sway."

This is mature work ; these are important truths which give the poet who stands on them an assured position and undoubted longevity. It would be difficult to work out any of these veins ; they have all three rich ore, and stretch from eternity to eternity ; and the poet who works them is no longer a poet of promise, but a poet of real achievement.

We cannot close without making special reference to several poems that are in parts as perfect as the worker in words could make them. " Up and Away in the Morning " has a swing and rush that it would be hard to excel :

" Long is the heart's hope, long as the day  
(Oh, up and away in the morning.)  
Heart has its will and hand has its way  
Till the world rolls over and ends the day  
(Oh, up and away in the morning.)"

The " Laughing Sally " is a ballad that has touches which, in fire, in force, in the music of great guns and the booming of great seas, in pictorial fulness, rhythmic strength, and felicity of phrase, make it an excellent companion piece for Tennyson's " Revenge." Less in power, it is true, but of the same brood. It is full of such lines as :

"The hunt of the tireless hound."

Or :

"By the grimmest whim of chance."

Or this magnificent burst :

"Blood and fire on the streaming decks,  
And fire and blood below ;  
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,  
And the dead men laid arow."

But in the whole volume, in all of his poetry, indeed, there is nothing finer than "An Epitaph for a Husbandman;" nay, we will go farther. We believe, and we believe after almost two years consideration—ever since it appeared in the "Cosmopolitan"—that it has several stanzas which make it a poem to be placed beside Wordsworth's "Daffodils" or "The Solitary Reaper." It is true that the two opening stanzas are marred by the anacoluthon, and that the closing stanza has lost something in rhythm in the line

"Tenderly now they throng."

But it has three stanzas, flawless in workmanship, tender and delicate in feeling :

"Busy, and blithe, and bold,  
He laboured for the morrow—  
The plough his hands would hold  
Rusts in the furrow.

The clods he used to cleave  
Now cover him.

"His fields he had to leave,  
His orchards cool and dim ;

'But the green, growing things  
Lean kindly to his sleep—  
White roots and wandering strings,  
Closer they creep."

Here the manner is distinctly the poet's own. It has the "lyrical cry," but it is individual. The closing stanza has a "natural magic," and the simple line

"He laboured for the morrow"

has a "moral profundity" that stamps this verse poetry of the highest kind. The line just quoted is a powerful repetition of a truth uttered by the poet eight years ago, when he wrote "The Sower:"

"Godlike, he makes provision for mankind."

"The Book of the Native," coming at a time when the world is in a mad rush for power and gold, is like a balmy spring day. Certainly there is in it little trace of the *saeculum realisticum* in which we live. The poet is steeped in the worship of Nature and Nature's God, and the humanistic interest he adds to Nature will refresh any sojourner in life who meets with his poems. So much of a nature poet is he, that in a poem entitled "Twilight on Sixth Avenue" he fails to become a part of the life about him, and his spirit wanders to where

"A lonely ocean  
Washes a lonely wood."

T. G. Marquis.



#### THE NEW POET OF THE ENGLISH RACE.

THE publication of Rudyard Kipling's volume of poems, "The Seven Seas," marks the rise of a new star of the first magnitude above the poetical horizon. Those who have read his occasional verses in the magazines and the head-pieces in his Indian stories, and compared them with his previous performance in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," have awaited with expectant interest a new volume promising richer fulfilment. "The Seven Seas" places Mr. Kipling far in advance of all his younger contemporaries. No other poet of to-day has

written such vigorous, manly, melodious verse. It would be hard to find throughout the range of English poetry a greater mastery of lyrical forms. In many of the shorter poems, the apt epithet, the choice phrasing, and the rush of melody ennoble thought otherwise unworthy of poetical expression. The English public has been quick to recognize the extraordinary merit of his new book of poetry, is testified by its immense sale. It cannot be doubted that when these poems are known they will be as widely circulated in the colonies as in England.

For Rudyard Kipling is a poet of the English race. He is the poet of the "Four New Nations" and the "Seven Seas." Here are some lines from a stirring song, "The Native Born":—

"I charge you charge your glasses  
I charge you drink with me,  
To the men of the four new nations,  
And the Islands of the Sea;  
To the last least lump of coral  
That none may stand outside,  
And our own good pride shall teach us  
To praise our comrade's pride!

Last toast—and your foot on the table!—  
A health to the Native-born!

"A health to the Native-born (stand up!)  
We're six white men arow,  
All bound to sing o' the little things we care  
about,  
All bound to fight for the little things we care  
about,  
With the weight of a six-fold blow!  
By the might of our cable-tow (take hands!)  
From the Orkneys to the Horn,  
All round the world (and a little loop to pull  
it by),  
All round the world (and a little strap to  
buckle it),  
A health to the Native-born!"

"We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!  
We've drunk to our Mother's land;  
We've drunk to our English brother  
(And we hope he'll understand.)  
We've drunk as much as we're able,  
And the Cross swings low for the morn;

The note of many of these poems is patriotism—not merely the love of England—Mr. Kipling is a native of Bombay—but that wider patriotism which embraces the nations of the world's greatest empire. One is startled by the exuberance of his enthusiasm as it pours itself out in the rich melody of song. The reading of these poems must stir in the most sluggish heart pride of empire and pride of race. If ever a party in this country had to fight for the maintenance of British connexion, they would find in this volume the most effective sort of campaign literature ready to hand. Take this lyric, "The Song of the Sons," from the group called "A Song of the English":

"One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an  
open door;  
Treason has much; but we, Mother, thy  
sons, have more!  
From the whine of a dying man, from the  
snarl of a wolf-pack freed;  
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be  
proud of thy seed!  
Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our  
speech so rude?  
Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are  
we men of The Blood?"

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother,  
go call them in;  
We that were bred overseas wait and would  
speak with our kin.  
Not in the dark do we fight, haggles and flout  
and gibe;  
Selling our love for a price; loaning our hearts  
for a bribe.  
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without  
promise or fee.  
Hear, for thy children speak from the upper-  
most parts of the sea!"

Then follow the songs of the cities of the empire, among which are Halifax, Quebec, Montreal and Victoria; and then, "England's Answer:"

"Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to  
bless than to ban;  
Little use to lie down at the bidding of any  
man.  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone  
that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall be; stern as your  
fathers were.  
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than  
life our tether;

But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when  
we come together;  
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not  
gone by;  
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dug  
are not dry.  
Look! I have made ye a place and opened  
wide the doors,  
That ye may talk together, your barons and  
councillors—



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Wards of the Outer March; Lords of the<br>Lower Seas;<br>Ay, talk to your grey Mother that bore you<br>on her knees!<br>That ye may talk together, brother to bro-<br>ther's face—<br>Thus for the good of your peoples; thus for<br>the Pride of the Race. | Also, we will make promise. So long as The<br>Blood endures,<br>I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall<br>feel that my strength is yours;<br>In the day of Armageddon, at the last great<br>fight of all,<br>That Our House shall stand together, and<br>the pillars do not fall." |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

But Rudyard Kipling has wider claims to eminence than that of a singer of patriotic songs. He is the new poet of the sea. In that marvelous monologue, "McAndrew's Hymn," he says:

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song o' Steam."

He is himself the new Robbie Burns. Those who think that, with the advent of steam, the romance of the sea has fled, will be rudely undeceived by reading the sea-pieces in his volume. To the poet every part of the machinery joins in his sea-symphony.

" Fra skylight left to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,  
 An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;  
 While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:  
 'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!'—  
 Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:  
 'Law, order, duty an' restrain, obedience, discipline!'  
 Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,  
 An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.  
 Oh, for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,  
 Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!"

No other poet has sung of the sea in notes so varied. The "Song of the Dead" is a mighty sea dirge, full of majestic dignity; while for the note of pathos, what could be tenderer than this:

" The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—  
 The Man-o'-war's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;  
 But, oh! the little cargo-boats that sail the wet seas round,  
 They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!"

*" Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the yard,  
 All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'ard;  
 Anythin' for business, an' we're growing old—  
 Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!"*

For an example of the stirring narrative style in sea poetry, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" is unsurpassed for vigour of language and movement. "The Last Chantey" is in still another tone; it might be called the Deep Sea Chantey. As to its subject-matter, it is enough to say that, beside it, Byron's "Vision of Judgment" is stale and flat.

A long article might be written on Mr. Kipling's range and choice of metrical forms. No one else is at present writing in such varied and tuneful metres. The "Song of the Banjo" makes us wonder how even an undoubted genius can manipulate the English language so as to produce such perfect accord in sound and sense. Doubtless, it is very largely this tunefulness in metre that commends these poems to the popular ear, and the question must arise as to their fitness as a vehicle for lofty thought. But that is a matter for criticism, and our object here is not to enter into a close analysis of the relations between matter and form, but only to endeavour to secure a wider reading for these poems among our own people. It may be said, however, that the book is greater in promise than in achievement, and it is impossible to yield higher praise than that, for Mr. Kipling is already enrolled in the great line of English poets. High water mark in this volume is reached in the beautiful and dignified lines, "To the True Romance," and it is in this poem that we find the promise for the future. As Mr. Kipling leaves his youth behind him he will correct faults of taste in his poetry,

of which there are several in the volumes he has so far put forth. He will probably see also that he is called to higher work than to go on making barrack-room ballads; though we should be sorry to miss those he has given us, and it is hard to resist the flattery of having one's songs sung by camp-fires wherever the British soldier is found.

There is much of interest Canadians in this volume. We find ourselves celebrated as one of the "Four New Nations," and as a great and increasingly important factor in the British Empire. This notice of "The Seven Seas" may fittingly conclude with a few quotations from poems in which Canada is mentioned. Among the songs of the cities in "A Song of the English" are:

## HALIFAX.

"Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts  
lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I.

## QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

"Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,  
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half  
hate,  
Now wake me and remember mighty blows,  
And, fearing no man, wait!

## VICTORIA.

"From East to West the circling word has passed,  
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;  
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true!"

In "The Native Born," the poet celebrates Australia, Canada, South Africa and India. Here is the stanza on Canada:

"To the far-flung fenceless prairie,  
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,  
To our neighbour's barn in the offing  
And the line of the new-cut rail;

To the plough in her league-long furrow  
With the grey lake-gulls behind—  
To the weight of a half-year's winter  
And the warm wet western wind."

Lastly, from the "Song of the English," a poem every Canadian might well take pride in committing to memory:

"Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold hands,  
And the law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands,  
This for the waxen heath, and that for the wattle-bloom,  
This for the Maple Leaf, and that for the Southern broom.  
The law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,  
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother, still.  
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,  
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few:  
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,  
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.  
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,  
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!"

*J. O. Miller.*



## ARTHUR J. STRINGER'S EPIGRAMS.

A half-dozen persons strolling together amid the scenic splendours of nature will find that their tastes vary, one person finding an idyll in one scene, the second in another, the third in still another, and so on. Take the same half-dozen people into an art gallery, and their tastes will be found to vary as widely. Let them set out to choose their life companion from among their mutual acquaintances and no two will select the same individual. Why, then, should we all expect to admire the same novelist, the same historian, or the same poet? As our countenances differ, so do our tastes. If, then, I read a volume of poetry, I cannot expect that all the moods of the poet will find an echo in my mind, but rather should I be satisfied if several, of a large number, touch my heart and please my fancy.

Arthur J. Stringer's little volume\* of "Epigrams" contains forty quatrains, each embodying a thought of more or less importance. They vary in theme and in power, and each particular reader may select those which suit him best. To those who have felt the need of extraneous sympathy the following should be pleasing :

REMORSE.

Red lips that dumbly quiver for his kiss,  
 And now but fondly touch his graveyard stone—  
 Ah ! lips he loved of old, remember this :  
 He had not died, if he had only known.

To those who admire a sharp criticism this will be pleasant :

THE SHADOWING GODS.

" I scorn your empty creeds, and bend my knee  
 To none of all the gods adored of men ;  
 I worship nothing, that I may be free !  
 ' Mayhap,' said one ; ' you kneel to freedom then.' "

The following contains a noble thought on the subject of our " new religion " :

THEOLOGY.

The gods dwelt nearer men in olden days,  
 And through our world ethereal feet once trod :  
 Since now they walk their more secluded ways,  
 Men struggle nearer each exalted god.

The work in the volume lacks variety, but that is intentional ; but no one can deny that it possesses polish and evidences taste.



The romance of the Canadian North-West is fast passing into history—for there is little romance where the threshing-machines, the railroad, the steam-boat and the town-constable are to be found. The Riders of the Plain are soon to pass into memory and civilization is forcing itself along close in the wake of an increasing population. But the history of this part of America, during the past two hundred years, has furnished and must continue to furnish plenty of material for the novelist. Gilbert Parker embodied some of it in " Pierre and His People." He has given us a further instalment in his new collection of tales entitled, " A Romany of the Snows." †

In this book, Mr. Parker shows more artistic power, more humour, and more dramatic ability than in his previous volumes, and it is difficult to believe that any person could be disappointed in the book. It is bright all the way through and must still further add to Mr. Parker's popularity in Canada—and yet at the present moment, he, among novelists, stands highest in the favour of Canadian readers.



Some men win fame as writers because of the facts they present ; others because of their manner of presenting these facts. Among the latter is Prof. Goldwin Smith. Because of his pure, smooth, classical English, he is the model of nearly every Canadian writer of to-day, and also of many persons in the United States and Great Britain. Perhaps no other living writer has been so daring in running counter to people's prejudices, tastes and beliefs ; and that, in spite of this, he has retained the respect—yea, the admiration of all literary and political

\* Epigrams, by Arthur J. Stringer, author of " Watchers of Twilight," etc. London, Ont.: T. H. Warren: paper.  
 † A Romany of the Snows, by Gilbert Parker. New York: Stone & Kimball. Cloth, 203 p.p.

classes, is a notable circumstance and an evidence of the power of the man's personality as evidenced in his work. He has created no new school of literary or of political thought, yet he has more or less affected all schools. During the past few years he has devoted his power of scientific analysis to the Christian Bible, and the result of his labour is published under the title "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence."<sup>\*</sup>

Dr. Smith's views will suit many people, but startle more, even though his preface says that "it is hoped that nothing in these pages will be found fairly open to the charge of irreverence or of want of tenderness in dealing with the creed which is still that of men who are the salt of the earth." The book aims at a new interpretation of the Jewish history and of the gospels. The titles of the fine Essays, of which the book is composed, are Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, The Church and the old Testament, Is there another Life? The Miraculous Element in Christianity, Morality and Theism.



Under the title of "Phroso,"<sup>†</sup> Mr. Anthony Hope has given us a most thrilling tale of adventure, one which holds the reader fascinated from start to finish, and which may be ranked among the masterpieces of sensational and exciting fiction. Although highly improbable in many instances, the reader's interest and curiosity are so stirred that for the time being he is quite willing to accept it all as real and natural. The story is told by Lord Wheatley, an English lord who has purchased the island of Neopalnia in the Mediterranean (?), and is an account of his own adventures on trying to take possession of the island which legally belongs to him, but being a stranger the Neopalians are hostile to him and make a bold fight for their Lady Euphrosyne, the "Phroso" of the story. Eventually, however, Lord Wheatley and Phroso become friends, and even more. At the end of the story they are left living together happily and peacefully on their island, thus settling the difficulty of rulership.



A story very similar to "Phroso" in the realistic adventures through which the hero passes, but much more probable in its incidents, is John Strange Winter's "Grip."<sup>‡</sup> It is the tale of a young bull-headed Englishman whose motto is "Grip," that is, he never ceases to pursue an aim which he has once conceived. His desires to many a young lady whose parents dislike him because of his comparatively low position in society, and in pursuit of a successful rival he goes to France, only to get into endless trouble and to spend several years as a *forçat* in the *Bagne* of Toulon.

There is a freshness and vivacity about the tale which must make it extremely popular, and it deals with a peculiar life, somewhat horrible in its details, yet not too much so to disgust the reader, nor is it anywhere unwholesome.



Canada's history has yet to be written in an intelligent way. Events must be considered in the light of their results and men in the light of what they accomplished. So far our histories have been recitals of facts, dates and names, while the social and economic sides of the different periods have been ignored. In "Topical Studies of Canadian History" (Toronto: Chas J. Musson), Nellie Spence has come nearer to the mark in the spirit of her book, although she has not attempted a complete history in her 187 pages. As a topical study, however,

<sup>\*</sup> Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

<sup>†</sup> New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co. Cloth, illustrated, 306 p.p.

<sup>‡</sup> Grip, by John Strange Winter. New York: Stone & Kimball. Cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, 245 p.p.

her work is broadly conceived and excellently done. The introductory topic is "The Canada of To-day," and the closing one is "Canadian Literature and Art."

Arthur G. Doughty, of Montreal, has recently completed another illuminated volume, which makes the eighth book he has executed by hand. The title of the work is "The Song-Story of Francesco and Beatrice," and many of the initial letters and handpieces are from designs suggested by specimens in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, etc. The book is now in the possession of Sir Donald A. Smith.

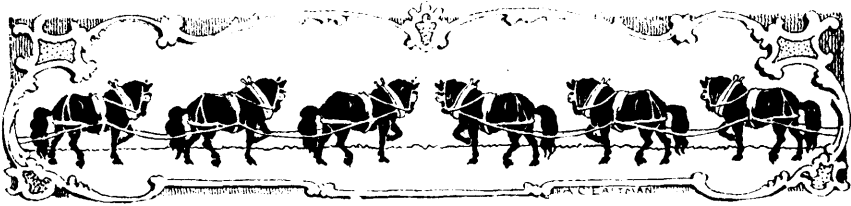
Five new candidates for entrance to the "little corner book-shelf" of Canadian poetical works are about to step into the arena from the busy press of William Briggs. They are John Stuart Thomson's "Estabelle and Other Poems," Dr. Theo. H. Rand's "At Mina's Basin and Other Poems," Dr. Chas. E. Jakeway's "The Lion and the Lilies: A Tale of the Conquest, and Other Poems," Margaret Currie's "John St. John and Anna Grey: A Romance of Old New Brunswick," and Walter A. Radcliffe's "Morning Songs in the Night." When the London *Spectator* remarked that "Canada is going to be a land of poets," its editor evidently had assumed the mouth of prophecy.

The interest aroused by the announcement of the coming issue of the History of Annapolis County, began by W. A. Calrik, left unfinished at his death, and now finished and edited by Judge Savary, has induced an increase of the edition from the original 1,250 to 2,000 copies. Its treatment of the expulsion of the Acadians will be of special interest to the student of the early history of Canada.

William Briggs, Toronto, has just published a critical "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," appearing in 1896, together with some of the more important of the publications of 1895. This is the first of a series of "University of Toronto Studies in History." The "Review" is edited by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and among the contributors are Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada; the Rev. Abbey Casgrain, the well-known writer and Professor of History in Laval University, Quebec; Sir J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec; the Hon. David Mills, Q.C.; Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec; James Bain, jr., of the Toronto Public Library; Professor Clark, of Trinity University; Professor Shortt, of Queen's University; Professor Mavor, of the University of Toronto; Professor Coleman, of the School of Practical Science, and many others.

The term "historical" has been interpreted in a liberal sense, and books of travel and exploration are included. In France, England and the United States, as well as in Canada, works are continuously appearing which bear upon the history of Canada. Probably few persons realize the number and range of these works, or the steadily growing interest which the history of Canada is arousing. The review is a useful Bibliography, and as it will be continued annually it will form a permanent record in the field of literature which it covers.

It is seldom that you get a book of 405 pages so thin that it will slip easily into a pocket, but this is the case with a handsome little edition of Gulliver's Travels. It is printed on thin, strong paper, is sold at 50 cents, and is published by Dent's, in Great Britain; Macmillan's, in New York; and Wm. Tyrrell & Co., in Toronto. As a political satirist, Jonathan Swift is still worthy of being read; yea, studied.



## “ THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE ” BANQUET.

**T**HERE is nothing extremely new in the idea of holding a banquet to which might be invited all the persons interested in one publication. Such gatherings have often been held in London and New York. Yet the idea is a new one so far as Canada is concerned, and “The Canadian Magazine” Banquet, in Toronto, on February 17th, can, without egotism, be designated an evidence of enterprise on the part of its management. That it was attended by so many notable persons, that the speeches were of so high an order, and that the event was regarded by the public as one of extreme importance, shows, not only that “The Canadian Magazine” is regarded as a national publication, but that Canadians take a deep interest in those



HON. J. C. PATTERSON,  
*President “The Canadian Magazine.”*

dinner itself was a sumptuous one, being supplied by Webb, who is the Delmonico of Toronto. The wit and humour, the eloquence and the thought were of an exceedingly high order, and, taken as a whole, were never equalled at any other gathering in Canada.

Owing to the fact that the Manitoba Legislature was called together for February 18th, the Honourable J. C. Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, was unable to leave Winnipeg to attend the Banquet. This was much regretted by the many who would have been pleased to have an opportunity of congratulating him on the success of a publication which owes much to his generosity and support.

things which pertain to the higher life of the nation, viz., national sentiment, education, art and literature. The unanimous verdict of all who attended was that the gathering was the finest of its kind that they ever witnessed. The

chair was taken by the Honourable Thomas Ballantyne, ex-Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly. The vice-chairs were occupied by Mr. Barlow Cumberland and Mr. John A. Cooper (editor).

The guests present were:—J. S. Bour-



HON. THOS. BALLANTYNE  
*Vice-President.*



T. H. BEST,  
*Business Manager.*



JOHN FERGUSON,  
Vice-President.

(University of Toronto), Professor Mavor, Mr. B. E. Walker (Bank of Commerce), Alexander Muir (author of "The Maple Leaf,"), O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, E. E. Sheppard, J. S. Willison (editor of *The Globe*), W. J. Douglas (*Mail and Empire*), and Alex. Fraser, Toronto; G. Frank Rossire, New York. The guests who accepted invitations, but were unavoidably absent, were: Chief Justice Sir W. R. Meredith, W. F. Maclean, M.P., Honourable G. W. Ross; Honourable A. F. E. Evan-turel, Rev. Dr. Teffy and C. W. Taylor. Letters of regret were read from His Excellency, the Governor-General, the members of the Dominion Cabinet, the members of the



J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G.,  
LL.D.

inot, C. M. G., LL.D., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Canada, Ottawa; Dr. Geo. Stewart, editor of *The Chronicle*, Quebec; Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; and Hon. G. W. Allan, Principal Parkin, President Loudon

(University of Toronto), Professor Mavor, Mr. B. E. Walker (Bank of Commerce), Alexander Muir (author of "The Maple Leaf,"), O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, E. E. Sheppard, J. S. Willison (editor of *The Globe*), W. J. Douglas (*Mail and Empire*), and Alex. Fraser, Toronto; G. Frank Rossire, New York. The guests who accepted invitations, but were unavoidably absent, were: Chief Justice Sir W. R. Meredith, W. F. Maclean, M.P., Honourable G. W. Ross; Honourable A. F. E. Evan-turel, Rev. Dr. Teffy and C. W. Taylor. Letters of regret were read from His Excellency, the Governor-General, the members of the Dominion Cabinet, the members of the Ontario Cabinet, Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh, Hon. R. R. Dobbell, Sir James M. Lemoine, Principal Grant, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, Frederick George Scott, Professor Clark, Hon. J. W. Longley (Attor-

ney - General of Nova Scotia), John Reade, Louis Frechette (Poet-Laureate of Canada), Chancellor Boyd, Martin J. Griffin, Ottawa; Dr. G. Dawson, Ottawa; Speaker J. D. Edgar; Hugh Graham, Montreal; Archbishop O'Brien, President Royal Society.

Seventy-one persons sat down to the tables; the speaking commenced at nine-thirty, and it was an hour past midnight when the last speaker concluded.

The toast list as actually carried out was as follows:—

*The Queen*—Proposed by the Chairman.

*The Dominion*—Proposed by the Chairman. Responded to by Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison.

*Our Educational Institutions*—Proposed by Mr. Barlow Cumberland. Responded to by President Loudon.

*Canadian Art*—Proposed by Professor Mavor. Responded to by Hon. G. W. Allan and Mr. B. E. Walker.

*Our Poets*—Proposed by Mr. John A. Cooper (editor). Responded to by Dr. Drummond. Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun read poems sent by Archibald Lampman and Charles G. D. Roberts.

*Our Prose Writers*—Proposed by J. G. Bourinot,



THOMAS MULVEY,  
Secretary.



HON. G. W. ALLAN.



DR. WYLIE,  
Director.

C. M. G., L.L. D. Responded to by Principal Parkin, Mr. George Stewart, D.C. L.; Mr. J. S. Willison, O. A. Howland, M.P.P.

The committee which had charge of this successful affair was composed of the following

gentlemen: Barlow Cumberland, chairman; Thomas Mulvey, secretary; Thomas H. Best, Adam Ballantyne and John. A. Cooper.

Some of the newspaper comment was as follows:

The *Toronto World*: "The first annual Banquet of 'The Canadian Magazine' at the Harry Webb Co's rooms Wednesday was attended by a large number of the shareholders of the Company and their friends. The event was conceived as a celebration of the success which has marked the efforts of 'The Canadian Magazine' to foster and promote art and literature in Canada, and the result was most gratifying to the committee, who carried the affair to a successful issue. . . . The dinner was a success."

The *Montreal Star*: "For the publisher to dine his authors is a good old custom which was revived last night by the publishers of 'The Canadian Magazine' of Toronto. There was a time when a dinner was more to [an

author than it is now, but there never was a time when one could get more authors to a dinner."

The *Toronto Mail and Empire*: "A unique and congenial company assembled last night at Webb's to

'The Canadian Magazine' Banquet. Literature, art, and science, politics and the professions, were represented, and a more pleasant function it would be difficult to devise. The Directors were generous with their invitations, and a large number of covers were laid. The dinner and service were admirable, and a toast list, apt and excellent, followed. In the unavoidable absence of his Honour, J. C. Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the president of 'The Canadian Magazine,' Hon.

Thomas Ballantyne, the first vice-president, occupied the chair, and in the vice-chairs were Mr. Barlow Cumberland, M. A., Chairman of the Banquet Committee, and Mr. John A. Cooper, the Magazine's energetic editor."

The *Toronto Globe*: "It was a well-planned and happily carried out evening's pleasure that the gentlemen connected with 'The Canadian Magazine,' either as writers, publishers or financial supporters,



BARLOW CUMBERLAND,  
Vice-Chairman of  
Banquet.





provided last evening for a distinguished company at Webb's, on the occasion of the first annual dinner of the friends of the Magazine. The gathering was representative of the educational, literary and artistic circles of the city; and from distant points came gentlemen like the erudite Dr. Bourinot, Clerk of the Commons; Dr. Stewart of *The Quebec Chronicle*, and Dr. Drummond of Montreal. The speeches were all intensely Canadian in tone, and gave evidence of the rising tide of national sentiment. Col. Deni-

son properly pointed out that the national spirit in the Dominion had been vastly strengthened in recent years. A patriotic and an enlightened literature, it was urged by many who followed, is the most potent influence in promoting this true patriotism. Education, art, poetry and prose were all spoken to by gentlemen who are eminent in these sub-departments of intellectual work. The part played by 'The Canadian Magazine' in the furtherance of literature in Canada was warmly praised by the speakers."



## The Canadian Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

OF TORONTO, ONT.



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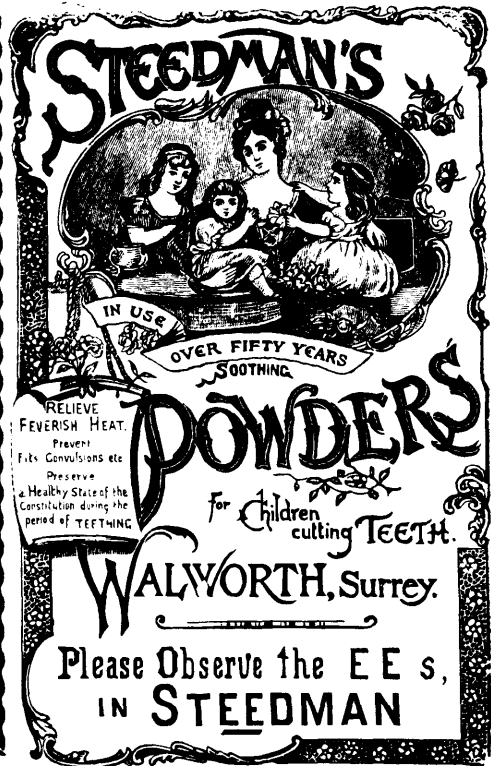
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# THE TURN OF THE TIDE.



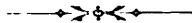
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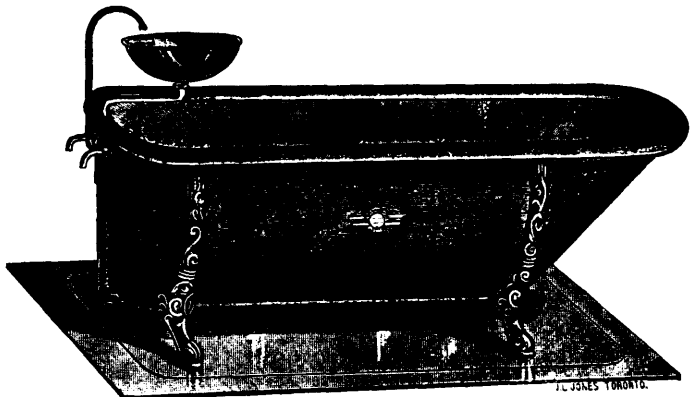
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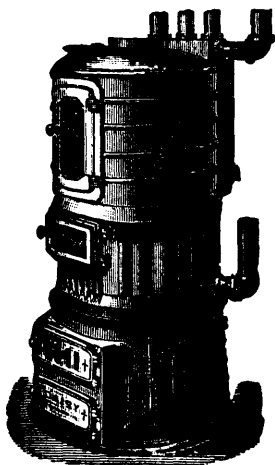
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at the top.

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of all other Hot Water Heaters  
in Canada.

Has your House Been Cold this Winter ?

REMEMBER THAT

# OXFORD BOILERS and RADIATORS

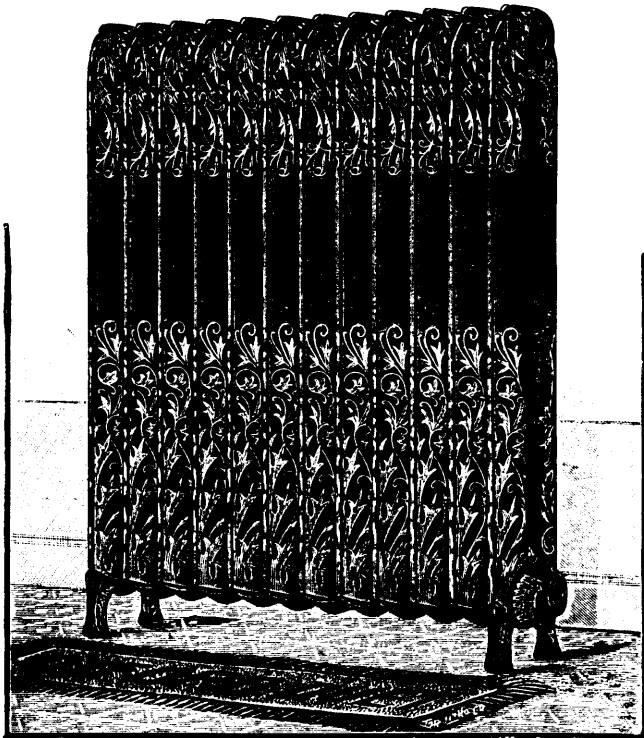
FOR HOT WATER AND STEAM

are made in enough different sizes to guarantee their capacity to warm any building satisfactorily—the BOILERS are specially easy to manage, and extra economical in the use of coal.

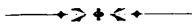


## The Radiators

are artistic in design, and made in countless styles and sizes to suit every possible need; with a perfect iron-to-iron joint—they can't leak.



Read Full Details in Our Catalogue.  
Our Prices are Very Reasonable.



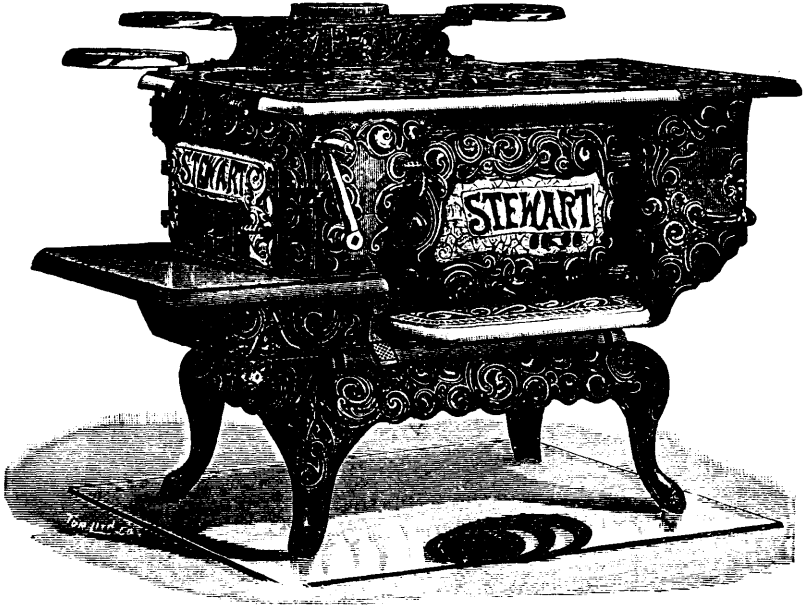
The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

The Gurney-Massey Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

The Gurney Foundry Co., 75 Finsbury Pavement, London, England.

FOUR  
HOLES

STEWART RANGES

SIX  
HOLES

Style "D" 4-Hole "STEWART" with Reservoir and Tea Shelf.  
- - FOR COAL OR WOOD - -

Twenty-four sizes and styles with or without hot water reservoir, high shelves or high closets. Every range, from the smallest to the largest, guaranteed a perfect operator and a fuel saver, having every valuable improvement to date.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

THE JAS. STEWART MFG CO., Limited, - - Woodstock, Ont.

## A LARGE ADVERTISER IN THE UNITED STATES

Advising a would-be advertiser to place his appropriation in the hands of a respectable Advertising Agency, gave it as his opinion "that the Advertiser would thereby save both time and MUCH MONEY, and profit by the experience which years of advertising and training would have taught the Agency."

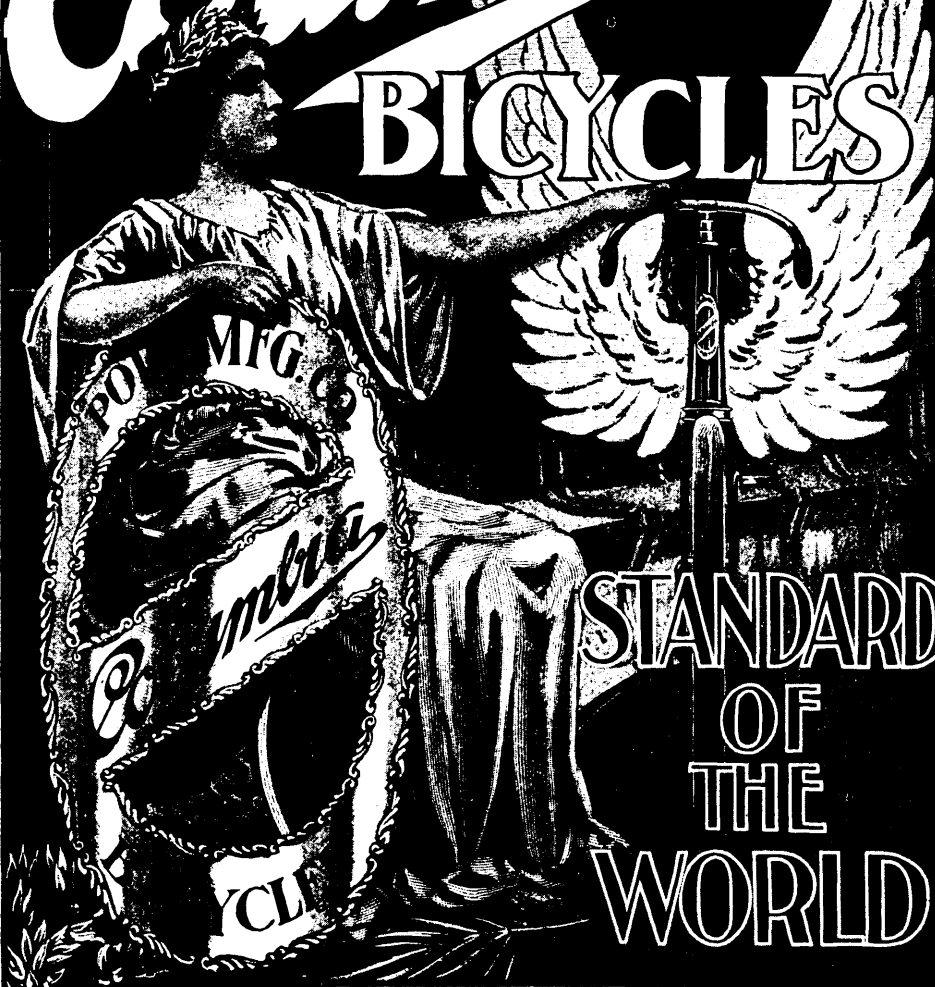
*Our customers, both old and new, find this bears out their experience.  
Can we help you out in your advertising problems for 1897? . . . . .*

**Advertising Plans,  
and Estimates Submitted  
Free of Charge.**

**The E. DESBARATS ADVERTISING AGENCY, Montreal.**

# Columbia

## BICYCLES



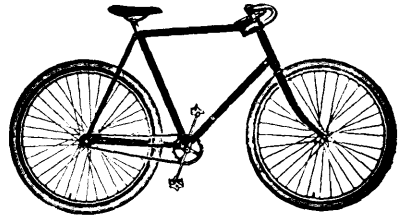
STANDARD  
OF  
THE  
WORLD

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.  
HARTFORD CONN.



THE WHEEL OF SOCIETY IS ❁ ❁

# The Cleveland



This peerless Bicycle is ridden by His Majesty the King of Greece, Princess Hohenlohe, Princess Murat, Princess Bismarck, Yzzet Bey, Prime Minister of Turkey; Baron Rothschild, Lord Carnarvon, Prince Dulep Singh, Frederick Krupp, of Essen; James Gordon Bennett, John D. Rockefeller, and many other noted people.

Send 6c. in Stamps for Photo. of Three '97 Cleveland Models.

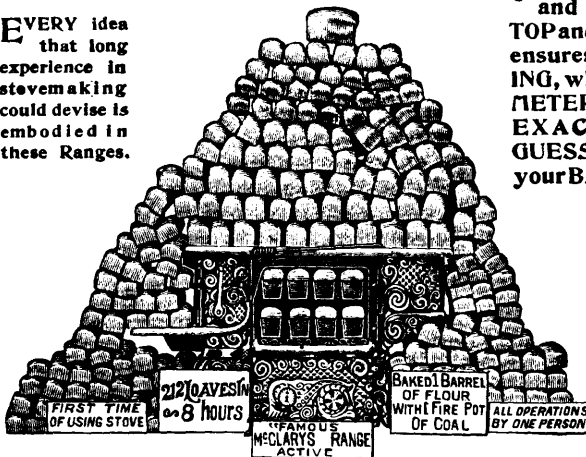
H. A. LOZIER & CO., Toronto

SALESROOM—169 Yonge Street.

FACTORY—Toronto Junction.

## The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range

EVERY idea that long experience in stovemaking could devise is embodied in these Ranges.



Cut shows 8 hours' work by one woman, using only one fire-pot of coal.

OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT.

Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.....

Quick Working!  
Easily Handled!  
Sparing on Fuel!

# The McClary Mfg. Co.,

London, Toronto,  
Montreal, Winnipeg,  
Vancouver.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.




THE SMOKER AND THE SMALL BOY.

---

# Pails

AND 

# Tubs

Made of 

**E. B. EDDY'S  
INDURATED  
FIBREWARE.**

The only ware that  
is hoopless and  
unleakable—that is  
seamless and jointless,  
including bottom.

**THERE IS NOTHING TO TAKE ITS PLACE.**

## New Fancy Work Book



for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells just what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap, and crocheting Baby's Bonnet. 96 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Corticelli Home Needlework."

### Brainerd & Armstrong's

Doyley and Centerpiece Book, just published, the most up-to-date book on the subject, sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps.

Address, **Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd.,**

60 Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS, P.Q.

Do You Use . . .

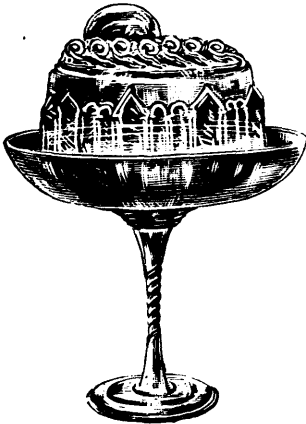
**Corticelli**

Spool Silk

Best in the World \_\_\_\_\_

# LAZENBY'S

## Jelly Tablets



These are

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

and are made with Choicest Flavorings only. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

-----  
**THEY STAND AT THE HEAD**

AS THE FINEST QUALITY MADE

-----  
ASSORTED FLAVORS

Protection against weak, musty flavors is found in every bottle of



## CROWN BRAND FLAVORING EXTRACTS

THEIR purity makes them strong.

Their strength causes a little to go a long way and give a rich, delicious flavor. ❁ ❁ If your grocer does not sell them, let us know.

Manufactured by ROBERT GREIG & CO., MONTREAL.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.**

**PURIFIES  
 AS WELL AS  
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 46 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the

hutton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

**FRED T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.**  
 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

**Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.**

SEND  FOR **HW. PETRIES**  
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
**NEW & 2<sup>ND</sup> MACHINERY**  
 TORONTO, CANADA.

**TO THE DEAF**

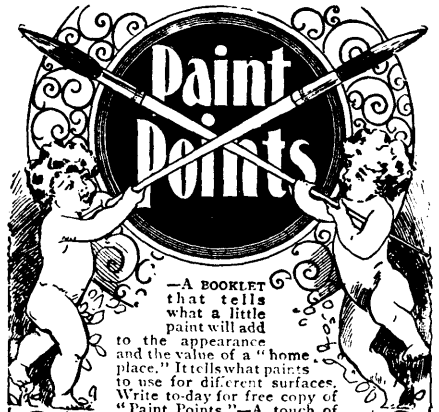
A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**TOOTH TALK....**

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odoroma.** You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odoroma.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odoroma.**

**'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.**  
 Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

**Price, 25c. All Druggists, or  
 THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.  
 Toronto, Ont.**



—A BOOKLET that tells what a little paint will add to the appearance and the value of a "home-place." It tells what paints to use for different surfaces. Write to-day for free copy of "Paint Points."—A touch of

**The Sherwin-Williams Family Paint**

will keep base-boards, brackets, boxes, benches, flower stands and all the little things about the house bright and attractive. Ready to use—anyone can use it. All colors.

Over 10,000 dealers sell The Sherwin-Williams Paints. Different paints for different surfaces—not one for all. Best paints manufactured.

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.**

CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

ADDRESS FOR BOOKLET  
 8 St. Genevieve St., Montreal.

11 Copyright 1897  
 The Dates-Whitman Co., N. Y. 749

**SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE**

**TORONTO**

Established 1878

Affiliated to the University of Toronto

This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments:

- 1—CIVIL ENGINEERING
- 2—MINING ENGINEERING
- 3—MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
- 4—ARCHITECTURE
- 5—ANALYTICAL AND APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories:

- 1—Chemical 2—Assaying 3—Milling 4—Steam
- 5—Metrological 6—Electrical 7—Testing

The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received as well as those taking regular courses.

For full information, see Calendar.

**L. B. STEWART, Secretary**



THERE ARE OTHERS.

## Steuben Sanitarium

HORNELLVILLE, N.Y.

Intended for the special benefit of invalids for whom recovery is possible only under most favorable conditions, including the constant care and observation of skilful physicians. It offers, also,

**THE HIGHEST SURGICAL SKILL;  
MOST ADVANCED APPLIANCES;  
ALL KNOWN REMEDIAL AGENTS;  
EVERY FORM OF BATH  
TRAINED NURSES AND ATTENDANTS;  
A HEALTH-BUILDING DIET;**



**A HEALTH-PRESERVING ATMOSPHERE;  
THE COMFORTS OF A HOME.**

Sufferers from chronic diseases who need the means and appliances the general practitioner does not possess, are earnestly invited to investigate its merits, addressing the Superintendent,

**DR. J. E. WALKER, Hornellville, N.Y.**

**LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR**



# A Superior Standard of Quality

All Fitted with Eccentric Chain Adjustment

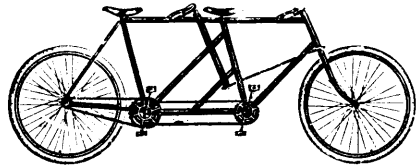
*Wolff-American*  
**High Art Cycles.**

COVERED BY SEVEN PATENTS

Our 1897 Tandems will Interest You

**Dorken Bros. & Co.**

**MONTREAL.**



## Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co., Ltd.

Our Wines are the finest produced in Canada. Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for them, and see that you get them.

Our "ST. AUGUSTINE" (registered),

a choice, sweet, red wine, vintage 1891, is unequalled as a Communion or Invalid's Wine. For sale in cases of 1 doz. qts., \$4.50; 2 doz. pts., \$5.50. Our celebrated Claret,

"CHATEAU PELEE MEDOC."

Cases, 1 doz. qts., \$3.75, fully equal to a French Claret at \$6 00.

Our DRY CATAWABA,

\$4.50 per case of 1 doz. qts., equal to an imported Hock at double the price.

*Try Our Wines and be Convinced.*

**J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,**  
**BRANTFORD,**  
SOLE GENERAL AND EXPORT AGENTS.

## THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

takes no liberties with its reputation.

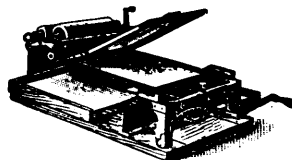
**The New Models**  
NUMBERS

**6 AND 7**

therefore represent a marked advance [ in practical Construction, increased Usefulness, prolonged Durability, greater Economy.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF THEIR MANY IMPROVEMENTS.

## Edison's Mimeograph.



The best Duplicator of Hand and Typewritten Work.

1000 or more Copies from One Original.

**SPACKMAN & ARCHBALD**  
MONTREAL AND TORONTO  
Largest Typewriter Dealers in Canada.



---

# Pianodom

Is a strange world to the uninitiated. The only safe way is for inexperience to be guided by those who make piano building the study of their lives, and possess full knowledge of the subtle art. The most beautiful and durable pianos made to-day are from the factories of

**The Bell Organ and Piano Co.**

**GUELPH, ONT.**

 The Capital of this Company is greater than the aggregate of all other Canadian concerns.



**LIGHT**

**FAST**

**RIDE  
A  
STEARNS  
AND  
BE CONTENT**

**'97  
YEAR BOOK FREE**

**E. C. Stearns & Co.**  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
Toronto, Ont. - Buffalo, N. Y.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
Paris, France.

**DURABLE**

**HANDSOME**

ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE TRAVEL BY THE



# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY



WHEN  
THEY  
GO  
TO  
THE

NORTH-  
WEST,  
PACIFIC COAST  
CHINA  
JAPAN

AUSTRALIA  
HONOLULU  
FIJI OR



AROUND THE WORLD

J. LAUGHLIN DEL.

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

### AND POPULAR TOURIST LINE

TO  
 MUSKOKA LAKES  
 AND  
 GEORGIAN BAY  
 DISTRICTS.  
 WHITE MOUNTAINS  
 AND  
 SEA-BATHING RESORTS  
 ON THE  
 ATLANTIC COAST  
 AND ST. LAWRENCE

FOR DESCRIPTIVE GUIDES,  
 TIME TABLES ETC. APPLY TO  
 TICKET AGENTS OF THE



J. M. HAYS  
 General Manager  
 MONTREAL

GEO. B. REEVE,  
 General Traffic Manager  
 MONTREAL

W. E. DAVIS,  
 Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.  
 MONTREAL

GEO. T. BELL,  
 Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.  
 MONTREAL

E. H. HUGHES,  
 Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.  
 CHICAGO



## YOUR OPINION

May not be an altogether unbiased one—perhaps you have taken somebody's "say so" for the kind of tea you should drink. Why not know what is best from an actual test? Buy a package of

### **RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA.**

Take it according to the directions on the package and be convinced that it is the most pleasant to drink, the most refreshing in its effects and the most economical.

**JAMES TURNER & CO.,**  
HAMILTON,  
Western Ontario.

**ROSE & LAFLAMME,**  
MONTREAL,  
Toronto Eastern District and Maritime Provinces.

# INTERCOLONIAL

RAILWAY

**THE ALL CANADIAN DIRECT ROUTE**  
BETWEEN THE WEST AND  
**NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA,  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,  
CAPE BRETON,  
NEWFOUNDLAND & WEST INDIA ISLANDS**



**THE  
RAILWAY  
IS DIRECT**

**ST JOHN,  
HALIFAX,  
AND  
SYDNEY, C.B.**

## THE ALL CANADIAN ROUTE



HEAVY GEAR AND  
HEATED  
STEAM  
FROM THE CONTINENT

**FAST**

BETWEEN  
ST. JOHN  
HALIFAX  
AND  
SYDNEY

MAKING  
CONNECTIONS  
AT  
PRINCE EDWARD  
ISLAND

STANDARD BUILT  
AND EQUIPPED.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY

**NO OTHER  
ROUTE  
IN  
THE  
PROVINCE  
PRESENTS  
SO  
MUCH  
SAFETY  
AND  
COMFORT**

UNRIVALED

WEST-INDIES  
MOTOR-CAR  
AIR BRAKE  
ON  
ALL ENGLISH TRAINS



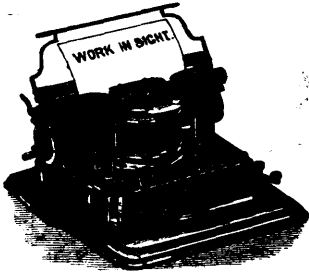
**OLIVER WOOD SCHREIBER,**  
CHIEF ENGINEER,  
DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
OTTAWA.

**D. POTTINGER,**  
GENERAL MANAGER,  
GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS,  
MONCTON, N.B.

**H. WEAVER STON,**  
WESTERN FREIGHT  
& PASSENGER AGENT,  
TORONTO.

**G. W. ROBINSON,**  
EASTERN FREIGHT  
& PASSENGER AGENT,  
MONTREAL.

**J. M. LYONS,**  
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,  
MONCTON, N.B.



**Hammond**  
**Typewriters**

Are the **FIRST CHOICE** everywhere of experienced operators and mechanical experts on account of the simplicity and perfection of their construction, and the neatness and beauty of their work—unequaled by any other type writer.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**McDONALD & WILLSON,**  
187 Yonge St., **TORONTO.**

... THE ...

**Flint & Pere Marquette**  
RAILROAD

FROM

**Port Huron and Detroit**

Is the short line to

**SAGINAW AND BAY CITY**

(Centres of the vast lumber interests of Michigan.)

**Mt. Pleasant, Clare, Reed City,**  
**Baldwin, Ludington, Manistee,**  
AND  
**Milwaukee, Wis.**

The last-named place reached by the Company's line of Steamships across Lake Michigan.

The line thus formed is a short and direct route from

**MONTREAL**                      **TORONTO**  
and all Canadian Territory

To **ST. PAUL, DULUTH** and Pacific Coast Points.

This road traverses a section of Michigan with unrivalled advantages to settlers. Cheap lands, thriving villages and towns, well watered with streams in all directions; a market for every product of forest and field.

The policy of the "F. & P. M." is known to all travellers and settlers.

**A. PATRIARCHE,** Traffic Manager,

GENERAL OFFICES,                      **SAGINAW, MICH.**

**The Imperial Hair Regenerator . .**



**NO** matter how gray your hair, or bleached, or dyed, it makes it beautiful, glossy . . . . .

**GRAY RESTORED HAIR**

To its original color.

**Bleached Hair . .**

To any shade desired.

**BY** the use of the Regenerator once in every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful and natural.

- NO. 1.—BLACK.
- NO. 2.—DARK BROWN.
- NO. 3.—MEDIUM BROWN.
- NO. 4.—CHESTNUT.
- NO. 5.—LIGHT CHESTNUT.
- NO. 6.—COLD BLOWD.
- NO. 7.—ASH BLOWD.

Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

**Imperial Chem. Mfg. Co.**



292 Fifth Ave., - **NEW YORK,**  
Between 30th and 31st Sts  
We make application a specialty and assure privacy.

Samples of Hair Colored Free.

For Sale by Druggists and Hairdressers.

**THE WABASH RAILROAD**

With its superb and magnificent through car service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. It is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, Old Mexico, the Egypt of the new world; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Passengers going via the Wabash reach their destination hours in advance of other lines. The Wabash Santa Fe special, leaving Chicago every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 p.m., and St. Louis same evening at 9 p.m., reaching Los Angeles in just three days. This is the best California service in existence. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or

**J. A. RICHARDSON,**

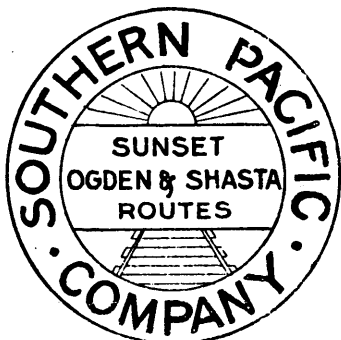
Canadian Passenger Agent,

Northeast corner **TORONTO**  
King and Yonge Streets . .

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY


Season of 1896-97 for

## California, Arizona and Mexico



THE 

## SUNSET LIMITED

Services has been resumed for the season, leaving **NEW ORLEANS** every Monday and Thursday at 10 a.m. 

This magnificent train, unparalleled in elegance, speed, safety and comfort, making Los Angeles in 58 hours, and San Francisco in 75 hours. Especial features are bath room, barber shop, cafe, smoking compartment, library, and ladies' parlor with maid in attendance. Dining car serving meals a la carte at moderate prices.

For descriptive pamphlet of this magnificent train, rates and reservations, apply to

W. G. NEIMYER, G. W. A.,  
238 Clark Street,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

W. J. BERG, T. P. A.,  
Room 220, Ellicott Square,  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDWIN HAWLEY,  
A. G. T. M.,  
349 Broadway, NEW YORK.

S. F. B. MORSE, G. P. A.,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Established 1780.

# WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and  
Largest Manufacturers of  
**PURE, HIGH GRADE**



## COCOAS

AND

## CHOCOLATES

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children.

Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine

Walter Baker & Co.'s

goods, made at

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

**CANADIAN HOUSE,**

6 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

# WEST-SHORE RAILROAD

The West Shore is the popular route for Canadians to New York. Through sleeping

car from Toronto to New York without change, running buffet service, where lunches can be arranged for and luxurious state-rooms and sections engaged, avoiding

all tedious transfers. Call on Ticket Agents for information, or address, J. J. McCARTHY, 306 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



H. PARRY,  
General Agent,

BUFFALO.

C. E. LAMBERT,  
Gen'l Pass'r Agent,

NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

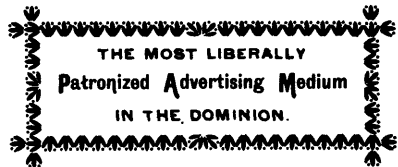
8,996,200 Copies of Average Circulation:  
The DAILY GLOBE: DAILY, - 28,650  
were sold in the year: SATURDAY, 35,018  
1896. WEEKLY, 23,702

# The Globe

TORONTO, CANADA

The Leading Newspaper  
in Canada

First in News. First in Influence. First in  
the Confidence of the People.



It reaches the money spending people. It brings results to the advertiser. DO YOU WANT MORE BUSINESS? Send for rates; give it a fair trial, and THE GLOBE will have another regular ADVERTISER.

## THE GLOBE

TORONTO, CANADA

# Locations for Industries

The name of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY has long been identified with practical measures for the general upbuilding of its territory and the promotion of its commerce, hence manufacturers have an assurance that they will find themselves at home on the Company's lines.

The Company has all its territory districted in relation to resources, adaptability, and advantages for manufacturing, and seeks to secure manufacturing plants and industries where the command of raw material, markets, and surroundings will insure their permanent success.

A number of new factories and industries have been induced to locate—largely through the instrumentality of this Company—at points along its lines. The States traversed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway comprise a progressive business territory. Eastern manufacturers can find profitable locations for plants or branch factories. The specific information furnished a particular industry is reliable. Address,

LOUIS JACKSON,

Industrial Commissioner C., M. and St. P. Ry.  
425 Old Colony Building,

CHICAGO, ILL.

A. J. TAYLOR,

CANADIAN PASSENGER AGENT

TORONTO, ONT.

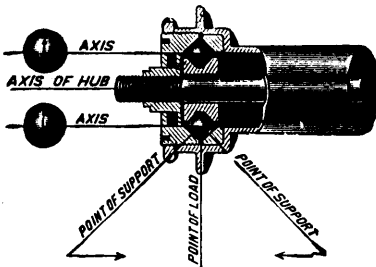


# LOOK!!

There is but one mechanically correct bicycle bearing in the world to-day. It is used only in the

## "E. & D." BICYCLE

and is guaranteed to be dust and oil proof



The E. & D. wheel is constructed throughout of the best material obtainable.

It is a purely Canadian production. Patented in Canada; built by Canadian artisans; Canadian capital is behind it, and Canadians should buy and ride it.

Manufactured by

**CANADIAN TYPOGRAPH CO.**

(LIMITED)

Windsor, Ontario.



# SAVE YOUR WHEEL

from tarnish, rust and dirt by using

IT { Cleans,  
Lubricates,  
Prevents Rust.

The only lubricant that does not gum bearings.

THOUSANDS USE IT. HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Sample Bottle FREE.

Ask your Dealer for it.

Send 2c. Stamp for Postage.

G. W. COLE & CO.,

(Room a9)

111 Broadway, N.Y.

## Santa Fe Route

*California Limited*

Leaves Chicago at 6.00 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Kansas City 9.50 a.m. and Denver 5.30 p.m. Thursdays and Sundays, reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76 hours from Chicago. Connecting train for San Francisco via Mojave. Returns Mondays and Thursdays.

Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line.

Another express train, carrying palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago and Kansas City daily for California.

Inquire of Local Agent, or

G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A.,

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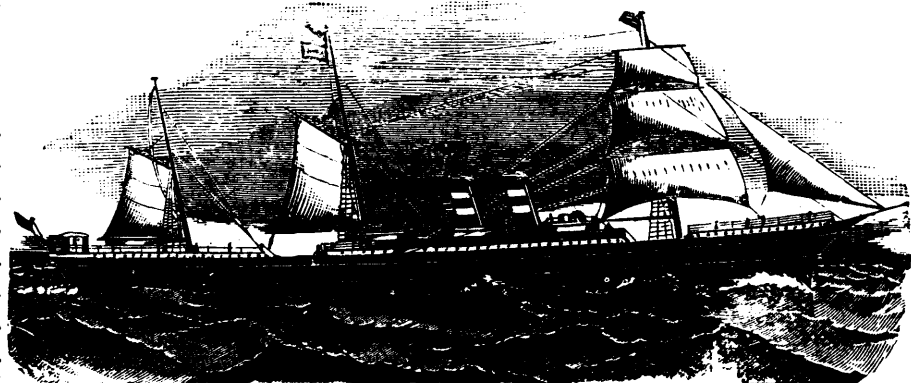
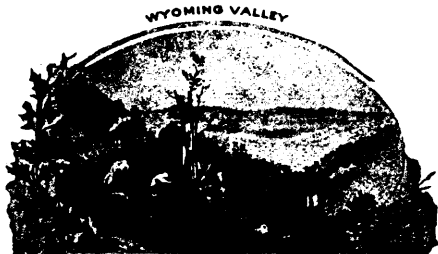
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| Feb 20          | *ASSAYE       | Mch. 3              |  |
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Steamers sail from Carleton, St. John, West Side, on arrival of the Canadian Pacific Express, due at 1.30 p.m.  
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When required to harden the Nipples, use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

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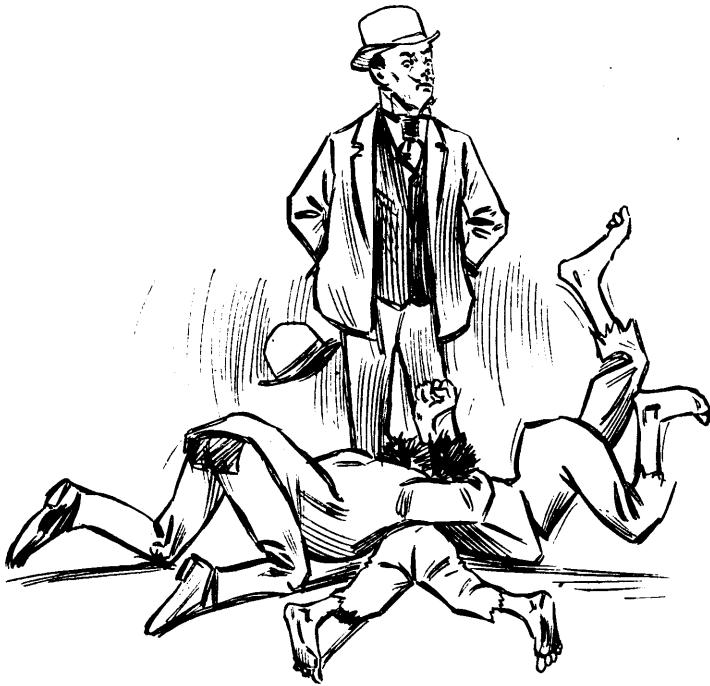
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Skirts the historic Hudson for 142 miles—through the beautiful Mohawk Valley—on to its termini at Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

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Four tracks, a naturally level road-bed, well ballasted, few curves, heavy steel rails and the highest type of motive power.

## ITS TRAIN SERVICE ?

Fourteen luxurious passenger trains daily between the east and west, including the Empire State Express—fastest train in the world.

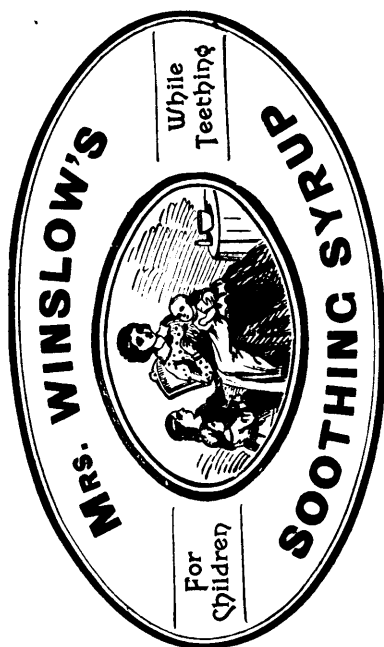
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In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

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**T**HIS fine sanitary hotel, on the Netherwood Heights, overlooking Plainfield, New Jersey, erected at a cost of over \$300,000, is designed to meet the needs of delicate people requiring a mild climate and uniform temperature. Great numbers are so sensitive to damp and cold air that their lungs become irritated with the advent of autumn, and continue so as long as cold weather lasts. Persistent irritation of the breathing organs, sooner or later, produces lung disease, and must be prevented if we would avoid the perils of consumption. Thousands each winter try in vain to shield themselves from this danger by going South to a warmer climate, but past experience has abundantly proved this to be but a delusive and temporary palliation of the evil. It neither strengthens the lungs nor remedies their morbid sensitiveness, from which all the danger arises.

No natural air exists, in any climate of the globe, which prevents consumption among its own people, or has power to effect the cure of any form of lung disease in those who seek it.

Hunterston affords a perfect winter home, in which those having delicate lungs and great susceptibility to colds can spend the autumn, winter and spring months with more **safety** and **benefit** than in any natural climate of the known world. It is a massive brick structure, having broad piazzas, large, airy rooms, high ceilings and perfect ventilation, and is maintained at a uniform temperature day and night throughout the entire seasons. Four chambers are provided for those having any bronchial or pulmonary trouble, by which soothing, healing and antiseptic medicated airs are breathed and brought into direct contact with the internal surfaces of the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and air cells of the lungs by **inhalation**. Soothing the sensitive air passages arrests irritation and prevents inflammation, while the antiseptics in the air destroy all germ life.

Hunterston is an ideal home and perfect sanitary residence. It is under experienced hotel management, and is open to all who desire to avail themselves of it as a home.

In appointments it is the acme of comfort and conveniences, and provision is made for amusements, games, and every kind of health-giving exercise.

It affords a splendid view of the surrounding scenery, including the Orange Mountains, which are covered with forests and traversed by magnificent macadamized roads. Its situation is high; the climate dry and invigorating, and absolutely free from all malarial tendencies. It is supplied with the **purest** of crystal water from its own Artesian well, two hundred and eighty feet in depth.

The medical experts of the establishment will see that all sanitary requirements are maintained, but have nothing to do with the guests of the Hotel except as their services may be required.

Those who desire admission to Hunterston as patients will apply for examination to Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th Street, New York, or Dr. E. W. Hunter, Venetian Building, Chicago, Ill. Hotel guests desiring rooms as a sanitary residence will apply, personally or by letter, to W. Hunter Bremner, Manager, "Hunterston," Netherwood, N. J.

The cost of treatment, in lung cases, is \$25 a month. No objectionable cases of any kind are received. Board and hotel charges are moderate, and governed by the rooms required. All the rooms are large and airy, and many of them have private baths and closets.

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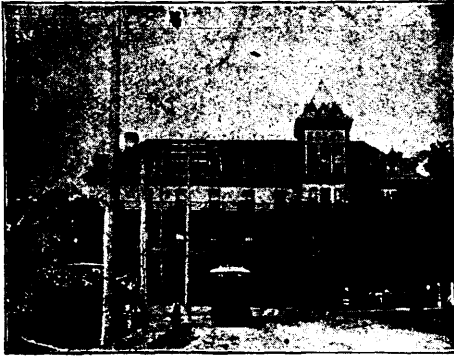


**.. WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
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Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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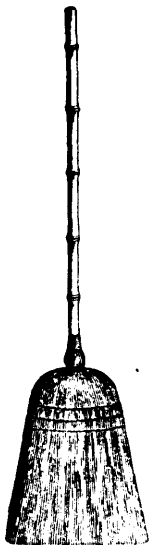
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**Open Winter and Summer.**

Among hotels at health resorts on this continent, the **DEL MONTE** may easily be classed as one of the best. Balconies 12 feet wide, and extending the whole front of the hotel for 3 stories, form a promenade commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country and of the pretty little river Speed, which runs through the town a few hundred feet to the east. The hotel is **lighted throughout by electricity and heated entirely by steam.** In fact every effort has been made by the management to make this place one of the most desirable homes both for the invalid and seeker after pleasure and relaxation. Unlike the vast majority of contemporary hosteleries, the **HOTEL DEL MONTE** is open both **WINTER AND SUMMER** and affords at all times an **Economical, Pleasant and Comfortable Resting Place**

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SCIATICA or LUMBAGO,  
WILL CURE YOU.**



They claim a superiority over all other Gout and Rheumatic Remedies.

They give immediate relief from pain.

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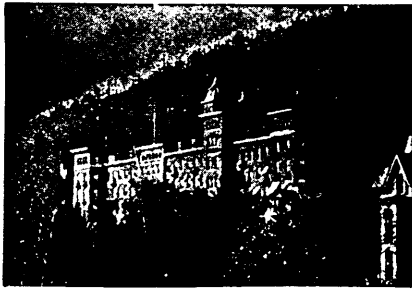
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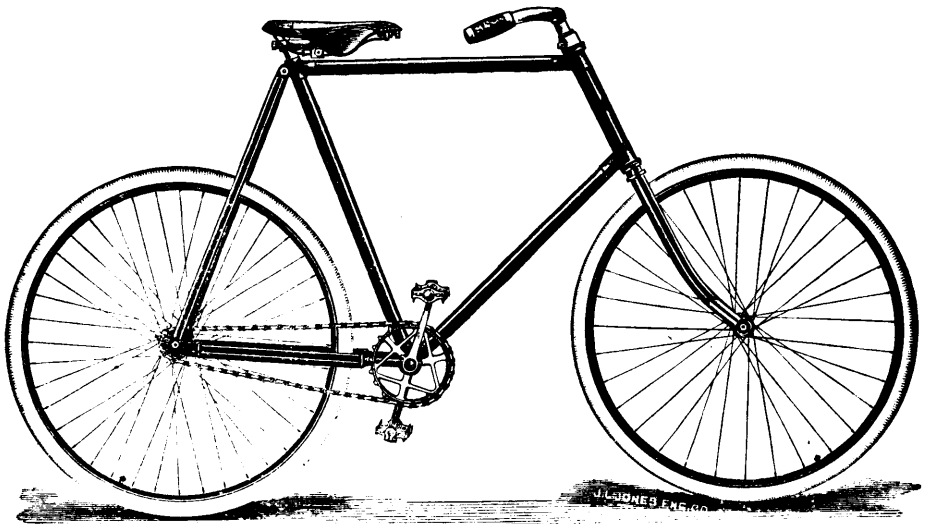
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