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PRICE 10¢

14-17

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

CANADIAN
NATIONAL
NUMBER.

JULY 1896

PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS TORONTO CAN.

HAVE CONTRIBUTIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES, by A. C. Tyler. Illustrated.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

ESTABLISHED 1867.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

CAPITAL, \$6,000,000 - RESERVE, \$1,000,000

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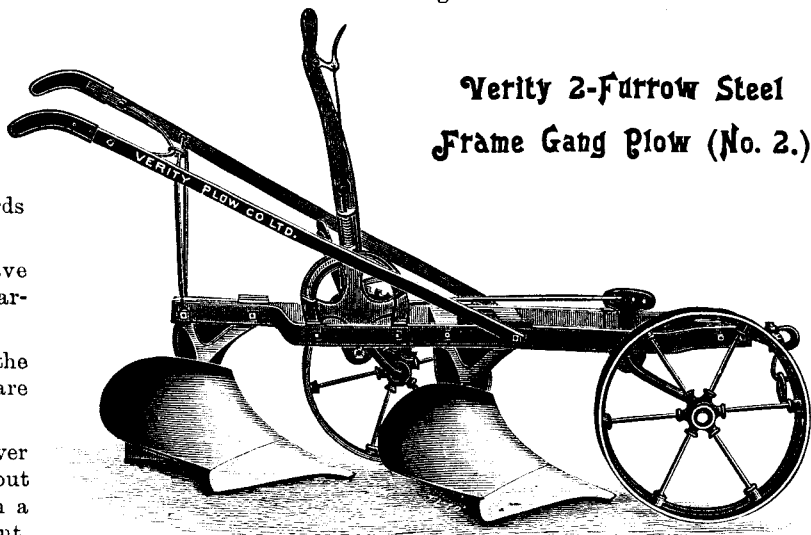
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FRONTPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, JULY, 1896.

* LORD ABERDEEN, THE GOVERNOR DESIGNATE, RESPONDED.* *

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN FROM PHOTOS.

Lord Ripon.

Lord Aberdeen.

Sir Chas. Tupper.

Lord Knutsford.

Sir James Garrick.

Sir Saul Samuel.

Sir Arthur Halliburton.

Sir Robert Herbert.

Sir C. H. Tupper.

Sir Donald Smith.

* See DOMINION DAY IN LONDON, page 20.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

JULY, 1896.

No. 1

THE PROSPECTIVE PROVINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY M. HARVEY, LL.D.

ANCHORED off the eastern shores of the Dominion of Canada, but not yet included within its boundaries, lies the great Island of Newfoundland. Like a huge wedge, it almost closes up the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, leaving only two narrow

Gibraltar of this inland sea—and as a naval station would control the whole of the neighboring waters. Its unique and singularly commanding geographical position renders it of paramount importance as a prospective province of the Dominion, its acquisition completing and



HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S AT SUNSET.

gateways at its northern and southern extremities, through which access is obtained to this important estuary. Or, we might compare it to a great triangular bastion, projected by the hand of nature into the North Atlantic for the defence of these shores. The power that possesses it holds the key of the St. Lawrence. Duly fortified at certain points it would become a place of immense strength—the

rounding off the whole, and safeguarding the entrance to its greatest artery.

Apart, however, from mere strategic considerations, the island, in itself, is valuable and important. Mere bulk always counts for a good deal, and in regard to size it ranks tenth among the islands of the globe, having an area of 42,000 square miles, its length and breadth being respectively 317 miles. It is one-



NEW IRON MINE, BELLE ISLE, CONCEPTION BAY.

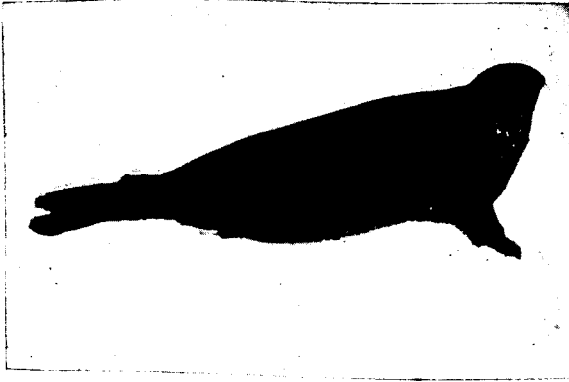
sixth larger than Ireland, twice as large as Denmark, and contains 12,000 square miles more than Scotland. Comparing it with two of the Lower Provinces, we find it more than twice the size of Nova Scotia, and one-third larger than New Brunswick, while Prince Edward Island could almost be submerged in two of its largest lakes.

In another respect nature has dealt favorably with the island in its physical construction. It is pierced with numerous magnificent bays, which, in many instances, run from seventy to ninety miles inland, throwing out smaller arms in all directions. Placentia and Trinity Bays almost meet from opposite sides of the island and cut it in two. These great fjords have a striking resemblance to those of Norway, and are often not less magnificent in their scenery. They contain some of the finest harbors in the world, as well as countless coves, creeks and minor inlets, where the fishermen's crafts find shelter. These watery ravines bring with them the marvellous fish-wealth of the surrounding waters, and place it within reach of the fisherman's net and hook. At the same time, they

present unrivalled facilities for the transport of the products of the mine, the forest and the farm. To such an extent are the shores indented that it would be difficult to find anywhere an equal land area presenting such an extent of frontage to the sea.

Then, in the fish-wealth of its encompassing seas, the island possesses another rich and inexhaustible heritage. Not far from its shores are the famous "Banks," the greatest sub-marine elevations in the world—600 miles in length and 200 in breadth, the home of the cod and other commercial fishes. For four hundred years thousands of fishermen, of various nationalities, have been plying their calling on these Banks, but without causing any symptoms of exhaustion. All round the shores of the island are lesser marine plains, rich in finny treasures, on which year after year for centuries the fishermen have been reaping the harvests of the sea, that require no ploughing or sowing.

Nor is this all. The great Arctic current washes its shores, bearing on its bosom in spring vast ice-argosies on which millions of seals are born and



HARP SEAL, FULL GROWN.

nurtured; and when nature in these northern lands is bound in icy fetters, and all out-door labor is suspended, the hardy Newfoundland seal-hunters dash out into these vast ice-fields, fearlessly battling with floes, icebergs and snowstorms, and in six weeks gather in oleaginous spoils, varying in value from half a million to a million dollars.

Nor do the cod-fishermen limit their operations to the Banks and the shores of the island, but each summer 20,000 of them are found on storm-beaten Labrador—the Atlantic coast of which is under the jurisdiction of the colony—collecting

“the precious things of the deep” along the shores of “that great and terrible wilderness.” By far the greatest cod fishery of the world is that of Newfoundland, the annual export of cod ranging from a million to a million and a half quintals, or cwts. The average value of the whole fisheries—cod, seal, salmon and herring—is \$7,000,000 per annum.

Turning now from the surrounding seas with their inexhaustible marine wealth—“richer than all the mines of Mexico and Peru,” as Bacon truly said three centuries ago—what of the island itself? Formerly, the prevalent belief was that it was utterly worthless; that the interior consisted mainly of alternating bogs, naked rocks, dreary swamps, and barren plains on which a stunted growth of timber struggled to maintain itself; the whole being unfit for the habitation of civilized man. This grim wilderness was supposed to be mostly shrouded in chilly fogs during the season called by courtesy summer, while three-fourths of the year winter wrapped it in



ICEBERG, OFF THE ISLAND.



IN THE NARROWS, PREPARING FISH.

a snowy winding-sheet, the temperature being arctic. It required a long time to dissipate these ignorant beliefs and to persuade the world that Newfoundland was anything but a great rock for drying fish.

But what a different tale is that of to-day! The curtain has been raised. The interior has been explored! And, though no earthly paradise has been revealed, yet a goodly land has been brought to light, rich in natural resources; having large belts of fertile soil, extensive forests of pine and other trees, valuable mineral deposits and coal beds of considerable extent and great value. The climate is found to be highly salubrious, and, in the American sense of the term, by no means severe, the temperature seldom sinking below zero in winter or rising above 70° or 75° in summer. Its summers are short, but generally delightful, and the fall, as a rule, very pleasant. The bold, rocky coasts, the great flocks, the lakes, the valleys through which the large rivers flow, the mountain ranges and hills frequently present scenes of beauty and sublimity, rarely surpassed elsewhere, and which are destined to attract tourists in large numbers in days to come.

This is the New-Found-Land of to-day. The reports of the Geological Survey, which has been going on for the last twenty-four years, show that there are over four million square acres of reclaimable land, more or less fit for settlement; and in addition, very large areas well adapted for grazing and cattle raising. The census of 1891 showed that the value of the agricultural products of the island, in that year, was \$2,295,398, although agriculture is yet in its infancy, and but an insignificant breadth of land is yet under cultivation.

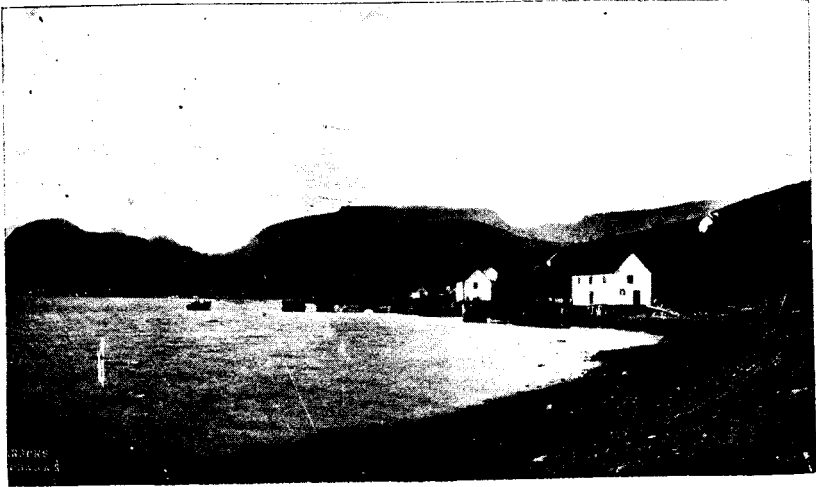
As a mining country, Newfoundland has, in recent years, made great strides, and is destined to make greater. The value of its annual mineral export, at present, exceeds a million dollars. It now holds the sixth place among the copper-producing countries of the world. From 1864, when copper mining commenced, till 1891, the value of the copper ore exported was \$9,193,790. If we add to this the value of iron pyrites and

other minerals exported, we get an aggregate of \$10,777,086 as the value of all minerals exported from 1864 to 1891.

Quite recently, asbestos has been discovered in several localities and in paying quantities, and the development of these deposits is now rapidly advancing. Petroleum, too, has been found, and is attracting attention. Gypsum is profusely distributed; and on both sides of the island marbles of every shade of color are produced. Lead and silver deposits have also been found. Only last year an immense deposit of hematite iron ore, of the best quality, was discovered in Belle Isle, Conception Bay, a dozen miles from St. John's. There are two beds of ore on the island which have an area of two square miles. The ore tests fifty-five per cent. The New Glasgow Steel Company, N.S., have leased the property and expended a very large sum on preparatory works for mining and shipping. Work is just commencing, and the Company expect to ship this year from seventy to one hundred thousand tons, and to employ over 300 men.

It is a most singular circumstance that though this ore was in many places exposed on the surface and visible in the cliffs at the outcrop of the strata, no one suspected it to be iron ore or to possess any value. Fortunately, a fisherman one day put some blocks of it in his craft as ballast, which were thrown on a wharf in St. John's, and fell under the eye of some one wiser than his fellows. It was analyzed, and the rest followed readily, once the value was made known. It is one of the most remarkable iron deposits ever found. Only surface mining is needed and no pumping, so that the cost of raising it is reduced to a minimum. Experts say that the deposit contains fifty millions of tons, so that practically it is inexhaustible. When blended with the New Glasgow ore the result is an iron of high value.

The largest coal area is in St. George's Bay, the principal carboniferous region in the island. Fifty years have elapsed since the discovery of coal here by the subsequently distinguished geologist, Mr. J. B. Jukes. He found a seam three feet in thickness, containing cannel coal of excellent quality. He calculated the



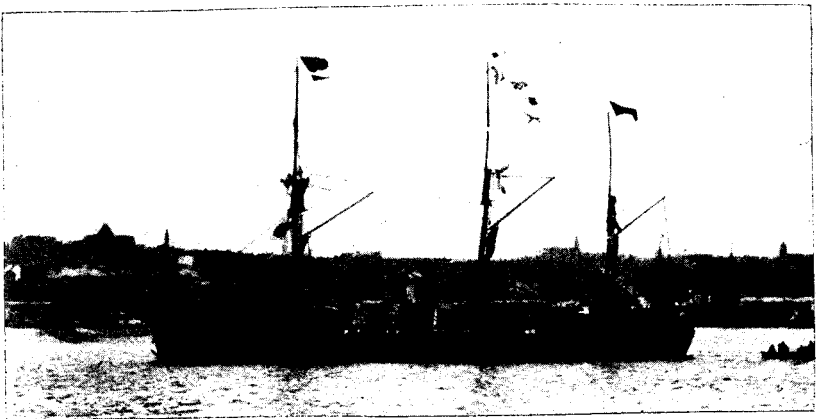
BONNE BAY.

extent of this part of the coal-basin of the island at twenty-five miles wide by ten miles in length.

In 1873 Mr. J. P. Howley found another seam four feet in thickness, and a second, in the same section, one foot eight inches, the three seams giving a thickness of eight feet of coal. Only two years ago another coal area, twelve miles in length and six in breadth, was discovered by Mr. Howley, head of the Geological Survey, near the eastern end of Grand Lake, and only forty miles by rail from the Bay of Islands. As yet it is but partially surveyed, but a four-foot seam has been found of bituminous caking

coal, also six more smaller seams. The new line of railway runs through the centre of this coal area, by which its value will be greatly enhanced.

The lumbering capabilities of the island may be estimated from the fact that fifty-three saw-mills—great and small—are at work, a number of them being thoroughly equipped lumbering establishments, and turning out large quantities of excellent timber, mainly pine and spruce. The quality of the timber is such that it brings good prices in the English market. The chief lumbering districts are the Gander, Terra Nova, Gambo, Exploits and Humber Valleys,



SEALING STEAMER, LOADED.



LOADING FISH NEAR ST. JOHN'S.

which it will require many years to exhaust.

The people of Newfoundland, in recent years, have awakened to the great value

of the natural resources of their island home, and, taking heart of grace, they have introduced the railway system, of which Sir William Whiteway has the

honor of being pioneer, with the view of opening up and settling the interior. The first railway, eighty-three miles in length, from St. John's to Harbour Grace, was opened for traffic in 1884. Three years later, a branch line to Placentia was constructed, twenty-seven miles in length. In 1893, a contract was signed with Mr. R. G. Reid, the eminent railway contractor of Montreal, for the construction of a Grand Trunk line across the island, 500 miles in length, running from North Whitebourne Junction, on the present line, to Exploits; thence west to Bay of Islands, and then south to Port-au-Basque. This terminus is but 100 miles from Cape Breton; so that a steam ferry will connect it with the continental system of railways, and Newfoundland will be linked more closely to the Dominion and will almost



ON THE HUMBER RIVER.



LITTLE RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

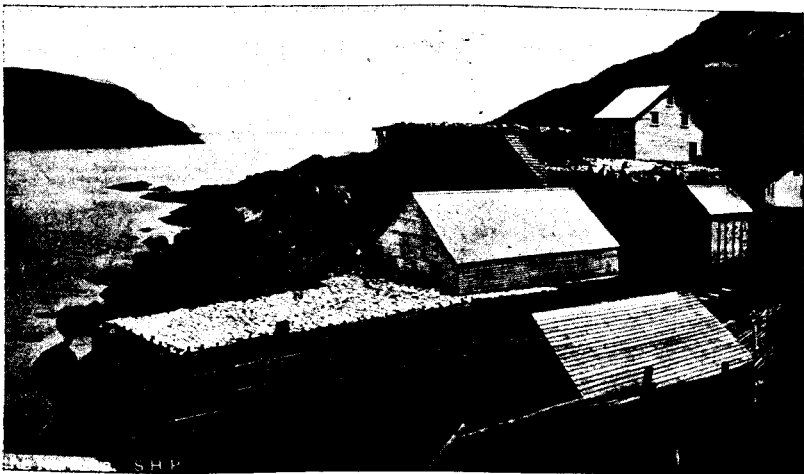


BONAVISTA.

cease to be an island. The new line runs through the best agricultural, lumbering and mining lands. It is admirably built, and will have a most important effect on the future of the colony. It is built and owned by the colony, and the contractor accepts the bonds of the colony in payment, bearing interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and engages to operate it for the first ten years. These bonds are now nearly at par in the English market, and have been steadily rising, so that they will probably soon reach a premium. Experience proves that in Newfoundland, as in all other countries, railways create a grow-

ing traffic for themselves, and, when judiciously managed, give fair returns. The new line will probably be completed this year. The colony will then possess over 600 miles of railway.

That the island, when thus opened by railways, will become a favorite health resort, and will attract large numbers of tourists, travellers, and sportsmen, is no longer doubtful. Even now the stream of visitors is swelling each year. From the sweltering summer heats in the great cities of the United States and Canada, increasing numbers will gladly come to drink in the health-giving breezes of the



FISH FLAKES, ST. JOHN'S.

sea-girt isle, and to pass the summer holidays in wandering by its beautiful lakes and streams. What Norway and the Highlands of Scotland now are to European nations, such will Newfoundland become, in the near future, to the millions of the United States and Canada. In summer the heat is never oppressive, and the nights are always cool. There

is something peculiarly soothing and yet invigorating in its summer breezes, whether on land or sea; so that the invalid who comes with shattered nerves and fluttering pulse, returns in a few weeks with a fresh supply of iron in his blood and a sense of well-being that makes it a luxury to live.

M. Harvey.

(To be Concluded in August.)



BAY OF FUNDY.

I.

Deep Bay, broad-breasted and brave!
Oft rocked in thy swaying arms
Beneath the hidden sun,
As foam-bell tos't on thy wave
I drift again 'mid thy charms
To sphinx-like Blomidon.

Why are thy glories untold?
Thy cliffs of purple and red
And crystal-veinèd rocks,
Thy hasting waters deep-rolled
'Neath skies whose colors are spread
With art that all art mocks;

Thy faltering ranks of white mist
Flanking vast floods and vast ebbs—
A mimicry of war,—
Oriflammes of dew-sprent list,
Banners of gossamer webs,
Soft blown as lights of Thor!

II.

The smooth, shining flats all bare
To the heavens' nakedest ken
Mirror the hills, like lakes.
The drowsy lull of the air
Will stir anew to life when
The tidal note awakes.

From lang'rous south seas that creep,
These odors dank issue forth,
Odors of sun-steeped brine—
It comes! a breeze from a deep,
Full-fed from seas of the North,
A waft of Vikings' wine!

Now beats the pulse of the flood,
The throbbings deep of a heart
Felt all around the world;
Now smites its rhythm with a thud,—
With ictus sure of its art
That mountains huge has hurled.

The souled rivers and creeks
Have being, have life to the full,
Into their mouths rebreathed,
As heaves the broad breast that seeks
T' embosom each leaning hull,
Bare on red banks tide-seethed.

The iron gride of the flow
Powders the rocks in its path,
And bears the dust afar
To build their urns, where may grow
Sweet grasses and 'primrose rathe,'—
Fair Grand Pré, Tantramar!

III.

Builder, unbuilder of shores,
Thresher of cliffs vapor-stoled,
God's masterworkman strong!
Yet on thy bosom the oars
Of sailor lads ply and fold
To sweet refrains of song.

And glad in thy twinkling smiles,
Awing, like sea-gulls, the ships
Are breasting stout the breeze,—
Ah me, thy treacherous wiles!
Witching fog-wraiths draping rips!
Currents of iron seas!

IV.

O Fundy, deep-breathing sea,
Regal in power and rimmed
In hollow of His hand,
Captive to beauty, yet free,
Sleep now, thy Basin is brimmed
In fair Acadian land!

Haloed with pearl-raying rings
The moon, at her utmost poised,
Looks on her silver shield;
And the tide wakens and swings—
Ebbs with a clangor far noised
And wheeling wings afield.

Theodore H. Rand.



M

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT,
OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

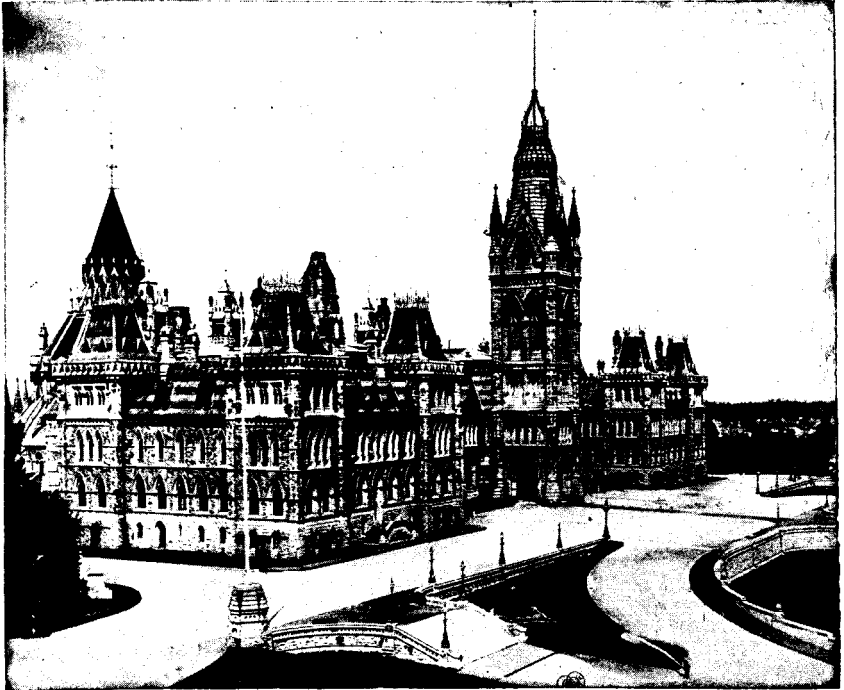
MORE than three centuries and a half ago, Jacques Cartier, looking for the Indies, discov-

ered the St. Lawrence, the glorious, crystal stream which has ever since been the sacred river of Canada.

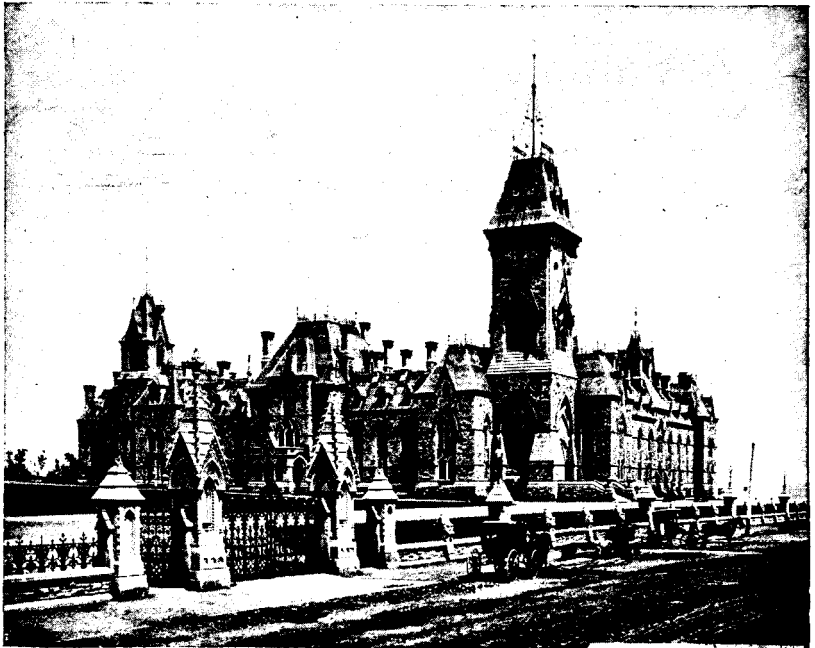
The Indian village of Stadaconé, hard by the beetling red cliff of Quebec, gave the strange mariner a welcome better than he deserved. In 1608, gallant and pious Champlain, the hero whose picture is still graven on the national heart, founded Quebec, on a site which is now the Market Place of the Lower Town. Above it rose the Fort, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world, well guarded gates defending all approaches, by the St. Charles River, the suburbs, and the open country in the rear. Here, from Champlain's time, for a century and a half, was the centre of French life and influence in America;

and here, in 1864, thirty-three statesmen, representing British North America from Newfoundland to Lake Winnipeg, met together to weld their provinces into a great Dominion, whose boundaries on three sides are three oceans, and on the fourth, mainly the watershed of North America. A greater statesman than any of the thirty-three—Joseph Howe,—who should have been with them, but was not, had always maintained that Quebec should be the capital of the United Provinces. Montreal has, perhaps, even stronger claims; but the necessity for compromise, which prevented New York from becoming the capital of the United States, decided that Ottawa should be our seat of government. Possibly, a hundred years hence, men may admit that the decision was not wholly wrong.

During the long conflict, on the final issue of which hung the destinies of the New World, Quebec represented autocratic and priestly government. Bishop and Governor contended for the mastery;



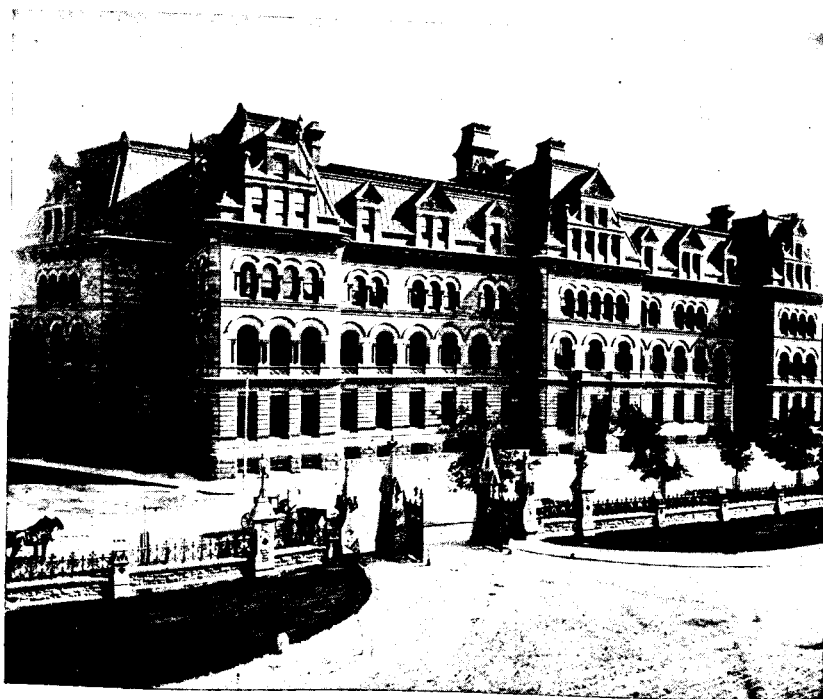
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.



EASTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.



WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.



LANGEVIN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.

but the civil power, which had absorbed the old parliament of France, defended in its own way the rights of the people. Under its protection, a sturdy Gallicanism grew up, like that which has flourished in France, in one form or another, from the days of Charlemagne. When, through the generalship of Wolfe, the Lilies gave way to the Cross, many of the natural leaders abandoned the people and the land. The Clergy remained, and they not only obtained a legal position, which they never had be-

the people. Burke opposed it, but Pitt thought that Lower Canada would be preserved to the Crown by keeping it isolated from the democratic colonists in the forests of Western Canada. The French Canadians, who had not asked for a representative Assembly, fretted under a sense of impotency soon after it was given to them. They had a Parliament, yet all real power was in the hands of the Legislative Council and an Executive appointed by the Crown. Under such a system, the people had to



THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER, OTTAWA. WHERE LORD MONCK, CANADA'S FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL, WAS SWORN IN.

fore, but circumstances tended to give them the same place in the affections and trust of the *Habitans*, which the *Soggarth Arcon* holds in the heart of Celtic Ireland. From the day when the Imperial Parliament divided the old province of Quebec into the two distinct colonies of Upper and Lower Canada, giving to each a constitution supposed to be modelled on that of Britain, the Gallicanism of Canada declined. The cause is not far to seek. The division of the province originated in mistrust of

follow either the priests or popular leaders, who could do little but bait governors and excite illusions or disloyalty. At length it became impossible to govern Lower Canada on arbitrary principles, and the logic of events about the same time, in Upper Canada, led to the conclusion that self-government must be conceded all along the line. The one colony which controlled the mouth of the river on which the life of the other colony depended could not, however, be handed over to the will of a



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE OLD PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC.

chance majority of uneducated voters, who had been welded by fifty years of petty irritations into a racial and religious unity opposed to that of their brother colonists. We can estimate the state of education from the fact that in 1828, out of 87,000 petitioners to the Imperial Government, all but 9,000 had to make their marks instead of signing their names. The only solution possible was to unite the two colonies and trust the people. In 1839, Lord Durham urged this policy on the Imperial Government, in a masterly report. He advised the confederation of all British American provinces; but as so vast a scheme was impracticable at the time, he said in effect, "unite the two colonies into one province, and let its government be carried on according to the constitutionally ex-

pressed popular will." The British Government acted on the report and, conceding the principle of responsible government, placed the destinies of the people in their own hands. The majority of the French colonists disliked the reunion, but notwithstanding an inherent defect, it brought blessings in its train. Great material and educational improvements were effected; the feudal tenure in Lower Canada was abolished, and the Clergy Reserve question settled. But the union attempted to combine the federal principle with unity of action, in small as well as in great matters. Dual majorities and dual leaders were required, and though, as long as there was no great difference of population in the two colonies, the system worked well enough, permanent unity of action was out of the question. Soon, while Upper Canada felt that it was under a system of taxation without representation, Lower Canada felt just as strongly that representation by population involved interference with the federal principle recognized in the Union Act. From George Brown, more than from any other man, came the solution. In 1864, he approached the Government of the day, and suggested that a basis could be



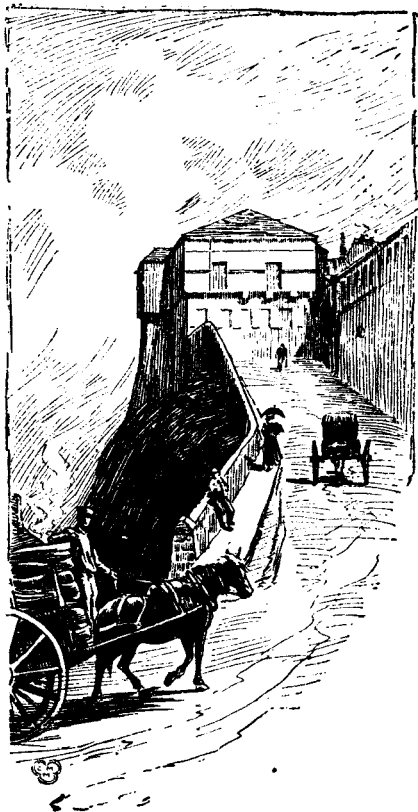
DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE NEW ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY. A.R.C.A.

CHAMPLAIN MARKET-PLACE, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.



DRAWN BY C. M. MANLY.

THE OLD HOPE GATE, QUEBEC.

found by assigning local questions to provincial legislatures and preserving the existing union in respect to measures common to all. It was agreed to attempt to bring the lower provinces within the same measure, and thus give to Canada the maritime element which France had to a certain extent secured, in the previous century, by the fortification of Louisburg as a winter port. Old Canada was entirely dependent on a foreign country for several months of the year, not only for access to the ocean, but even for access to the Mother Country.

Union sentiment was stronger by the sea than in inland Canada. But though Howe had sown the seed, he had been alienated by the limited outlook and bitter squabbles of the politicians of the upper provinces, and the tide was running in favor simply of a legislative union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The three Legislatures had passed resolutions in

favor of it, and had appointed delegates to consider the terms. These were in session in Charlottetown, when they received an invitation to permit Canada to send a deputation to their conference. The invitation was cordially responded to. The result was a resolution that the common interests demanded the wider union, and that representatives should meet in Quebec to draw up a plan. A conference assembled accordingly in Quebec on the 10th of October, which in eighteen days sketched out the constitution of Canada. No written constitution can be permanent, and time has already pointed out some defects in ours. Reverting to the principle of nomination for the Upper House was perhaps the greatest mistake. It was made, according to Mr. Galt, because, "the representatives of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick declared that the opinion of the people was against the elective principle," and in spite of the warning of Canadian experience which showed that, "under the nominative system, the legislative council had fallen into public discredit."

Delays occurred, but at length a proclamation, appointing the union to come into operation on July 1st, 1867, was agreed to by the Queen-in-Council, and John A. Macdonald was authorized by Lord Monck to form an administration. He succeeded, but his Government, for different reasons, lacked the names of George Brown, Joseph Howe, Charles Tupper, and D'Arcy McGee.

Extremely simple were the proceedings connected with the birth of the new Dominion. The oaths were administered to Lord Monck in the Executive Council Chamber, Ottawa, in the presence of forty or fifty persons; and thereafter His Excellency reviewed nineteen companies of volunteers and two companies of the Rifle Brigade, in the Parliament House Square. In the afternoon the Privy Council was duly sworn in, and Canada entered on her new career with larger powers, though without the full responsibilities of national life, which Howe believed should be assumed by her, as her duty and privilege.

In no city was the birthday of the Dominion celebrated with such rejoicings as

in Toronto. With the eye of faith young Canada looked on the Atlantic as now her own, with the joy with which the soldiers of Xenophon shouted when they came again within sight of the sea.

Much has happened since that first birthday. The independent spirit of the French Canadians, which they have by right of ancestry, is reviving. Rightly determined to preserve all that is precious in their own past, their best men are joining hands with the other provinces to advance the good old cause of freedom.

All see more clearly than before that in connection with the British Empire the adequate safeguards for peace, dignity and independence are to be found; and we are determined that the fabric, which has been built up by our fathers, shall not be destroyed, but shall be completed by the addition of nations, each with full rights and responsibilities, to that mighty confederation of nations which is "the greatest secular instrument for good upon the earth."

G. M. Grant.



DOMINION DAY IN LONDON.

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., G.C.M.G., C.B.



IN the 22nd day of May, 1867, a royal proclamation was issued from Windsor Castle, declaring that on the 1st day of July, 1867, the British North America Act should come in force, and that on and after that day the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick should form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada.

On the 1st day of July, 1867, Lord Monck issued a proclamation announcing his appointment as Governor General of the Dominion. The first Parliament met on the 6th November, 1867, Mr. John A. Macdonald being premier.

On July 15th, 1870, Canada acquired the North-West Territories and the Province of Manitoba. On July 20th, 1871, British Columbia came in. On July 1st, 1873, Prince Edward Island was admitted. The Dominion of Canada thus represents an area no less than 3,470,392 square miles.

In the language of Lord Beaconsfield: "It has had the advantage of having been colonized during a number of centuries by two of the most distinguished

nations of Europe. Canada is, in fact a reflex of those two powerful races, differing in their manners and even in their religious opinions; and has many of those diverse elements which tend to change a mere colonial into a national character."

The national character of this great country is rapidly developing, and signs have not been wanting in days quite recent of a spirit of self reliance and courage which older nations might well envy.

The natal day is given up almost universally to various plans for its celebration.

It is after all, with Canadians, as with others abroad, that love of home and country finds its most enthusiastic vent.

The capital of the Empire attracts yearly larger numbers from the American continent, and subjects of Her Majesty from Canada have of late years found a way to celebrate the day when the Dominion first raised its head among the nations of the world.

In 1866 the Canadian delegates met to consider the constitution for their Country in Westminster Palace Hotel, and

near by—in Hotel Windsor—more than a hundred Canadians sat down to commemorate the occasion of the twenty-fifth birthday of their loved Dominion.

The idea was my own, and with the assistance of an energetic committee the banquet took place.

Her Majesty's Government was represented by Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, New South Wales by her Premier and Agent General, the Canadian Government by the Minister of Marine, New Brunswick by her Premier and Agent General—all the Agents General being present.

The usual loyal toasts having been honored, the health of the Secretary of State for the Colonies was next proposed by my son, then Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada. In his reply, Lord Knutsford among other things said:—

"I have special pleasure in being here this evening, because my official life began with the Dominion of Canada. I joined the Colonial Office in 1867, and one of the first duties I had to perform was to settle the details of the British North America Act with Sir Frederick Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford, and with Lord Carnarvon. Therefore, I may be said to have been born at the same time as the Dominion of Canada. I also had the satisfaction, in 1870, of arranging the terms between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Dominion, and looking back I can safely say that those terms were not settled without great difficulty. There was much hard dealing on both sides, in which, if I may venture to make the observation, I think the Dominion got the best of it: especially looking to the great future of what was then Rupert's Land, but is now Manitoba and the North-West Territories. I also had the pleasure, so far as the Colonial Office was concerned, of assisting in the incorporation of British Columbia and Prince Edward Island in the Dominion. If any man here, outside our Canadian friends, has an interest in the prosperity of the Dominion of Canada, I am the man, and I can assure you it has been with profound pleasure that I have watched the rapid growth of the great Dominion, and especially have I observed with great satisfaction

the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I have seen it stated in the papers that we in this country do not sufficiently appreciate the greatness of that undertaking and its value to the Dominion and to this country. Well, gentlemen, there are persons in this country, as in others, who appreciate nothing. I found myself that there were persons in the late House of Commons who did not understand Colonial matters. I always found that they opposed me, and perhaps that has lent a certain color to my belief that they were not well up in Colonial matters. But, taking this country round, I do believe that the greatness of the undertaking of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of the advantages arising from it to the Mother Country, is fully appreciated. I have no hesitation in saying that we have all watched with great interest the making of the railway and its results, and I may add that these results are by no means yet completed."

Lord Brassey proposed the Army and Navy and Auxiliary Forces. In the course of his speech he said:

"Sometimes it is asserted that Canada has not done much for the naval strength of the Empire. I totally dissent from that on the ground urged a few minutes ago by Mr. Tupper in his able speech. Canada has, by her splendid mercantile fleet, which ranks among the very largest, and by rearing a sturdy band of fishermen, numbering some 50,000 men, furnished the Empire with latent, but still very real, resources, to which in a time of great national emergency we should confidently appeal, and, we know, not appeal in vain."

Major General Sir F. de Winton, Comptroller of the Duke of York's household, in responding said:

"The happiest years of my life were spent in Canada—I may say that I was married there—and I was connected with two rather important epochs in the history of the Dominion. During the first term of service I passed in Canada we had the great American revolution and the Trent affair, which, as you know, raised the military spirit of Canada into a very active power. I learnt then what a power Canada pos-

sessed as a part of the Empire to defend her interests. In the second period, I saw Canada under what is known as the National Policy, which I think has conducted greatly to the prosperity of the country."

To me fell the duty of proposing the toast of "The Dominion of Canada," and in his reply Sir Donald Smith, now High Commissioner for Canada, said:— (Speaking of the Hudson Bay Territory before the union with Canada).

"It was locked for seven months or so in the year, and the whole of the people scattered over that immense country did not produce enough food for themselves; they had to import it from the United States. To-day they have a surplus of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat to send out; and if this is so to-day, what may we not expect in another twenty-five years? Instead of these 20,000,000 bushels produced by the comparatively few farmers in the North-West, may we not expect that the future production will be such as to justify the statesmen of Great Britain in saying that they will be prepared for Fair Trade, for healthy inter-communication and reciprocity with the whole Empire, and that whether the tax be small or great, it shall be levied only against the foreigner. With the finest soil and the largest strip of fertile land to be found, altogether for the production of grain; with its mines and its men—and I think we have a right to say that the citizens of Canada will be found to equal those of most other countries—the Canadian people will surely find that it is not necessary for them to join hands with their neighbors on the other side of the boundary. Towards those neighbors they have the most friendly feeling, but they have no desire for political connection, and certainly not for that commercial connection which implies discrimination against the Mother Country. When Canada's immense resources are thus fully appreciated by the statesmen of the Empire, we may hope that the Confederation which Canada saw twenty-five years ago, will be followed by the establishment of a United Kingdom with the whole of Her Majesty's colonies as one family."

Replying to the "Sister Colonies," Mr. Dibbs, (now Sir George Dibbs,) Prime Minister of New South Wales, said:—

"When I left Sydney I took a return ticket by the Red Sea route; since that I have had pleasurable intercourse with Sir Charles Tupper, and I have made up my mind to return by way of Canada.

* * * * *

"I see no reason why that eloquent and brilliant prophecy Sir Charles has given us, for a line stretching through the British possessions to Australia, under the British flag the whole way, should not be an accomplished fact. We also require another line of telegraphic communication, for it is highly desirable that the colonies should not be dependent upon one line, and that line not passing through British Territory.

* * * * *

"I shall have much pleasure when going through Canada in mentioning the pleasure derived from this gathering. It is a proud day for you. After twenty-five years, I congratulate you upon the result of your confederation."

On Dominion Day, 1898, about the same number of Canadians met in Westminster Palace Hotel.

I had, as chairman, again to propose the "Dominion of Canada," coupling with it the "Governor General;" and Lord Aberdeen, the Governor designate, responded, and in an interesting speech said:—

"This is, as your chairman has justly said, a most interesting occasion, and I venture to congratulate those present upon what has become, I trust, an institution, the celebration of Dominion Day in London. It is one of many indications of the growing recognition of a community of interests on the part of all Canadians, wherever they may be, and it is also an indication of the increasing recognition in the Mother Land of that section of the Empire, so fully represented here this evening. To adopt a homely simile, it is a recognition of the vital connection between the trunk of a mighty tree, and one of its most magnificent branches."

Lord Ripon, the Colonial Secretary, said:—

"It generally happens when a for-

ward step has to be taken in any progressive direction that men are found to carp and to criticise, and in the course of my consideration of Canadian questions, I have come across the remark of one critic of those days who, in 1866 or 1867, ventured, when sneering at the idea of this federation, to remark that the builders of Babel were only a little more impatient than these Canadian politicians. We do not know what was the end of the men of Babel; we do know what was the end of the founders of Confederation, and twenty-six years have taught us that the men who brought about that great step, did a great work not only for Canada but for the whole of the Queen's dominions. I might have been tempted to say something of the results of that Confederation, and to recount some of the triumphs which Canada has gained in those twenty-six years, but Sir Charles Tupper has gone over that ground so graphically, and shown us what she has done for her own defence—and when I say that, I mean for the defence of the Empire—and he has so alluded to those great public works which have made the name of Canada famous, that I need not follow him on the same lines. But what has been the effect of all this enterprise? Sir Charles Tupper has spoken to us of millions of dollars expended here and millions of dollars expended there. Let us put the result of these undertakings to the material test to which men are so fond of bringing in these days, and let me ask you what in the markets of the world is to-day the position of Canadian credit? Your 3½ per cents. stand I believe at 108½. What better proof could be given that your expenditure has been fruitful and of benefit to your people? Every man must feel proud who has been called upon to fill a position bringing him into closer contact with so thriving a community”.

The usual toasts followed and were fittingly honored.

The same happy proceedings took place in 1894 at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, a distinguished member of the Imperial Parliament, referred with gratification to the presence of Mr. Blake in the Imperial Parliament, and spoke appreciatively of the manner in which the House of Commons at Ottawa performed its duties, and continued as follows:—

“The Canadian House of Commons has, like the British House of Commons, been reconsidering its fiscal policy, and those who have had the opportunity—and I would advise those who have not done so to embrace the opportunity—should read the speeches on the one side of Mr. Foster, and on the other side of Sir Richard Cartwright, and they will find in the study of these debates a worthy parallel—it might even be said, in some respect, a superior parallel—to what we find at Westminster; for while we have been occupied with matters of detail in shaping our action, they have considered large matters in a large spirit.”

In 1895, it was thought that a change might be made so as to allow the ladies as well as the gentlemen from Canada to join in the celebration of the day, so Lady Tupper held a reception at the residence of the High Commissioner.

It was observed that probably never before had so many Canadians assembled under one roof in England. Every province was represented. Including those invited to meet the Canadians, 500 to 600 attended.

The reference to speeches which I have made, illustrates not only the proceedings on the different occasions, but the high estimation in which our country is held by the Mother Land.

The late Professor Seely of Oxford, who was with us on at least one of the pleasant evenings, has well said:—

“The visitors, therefore, should consider that however widely Englishmen are scattered through these vast colonies, they have not really become strangers to each other; they are united not only by creed, language and traditions, but also by one supreme interest, that of guarding their trade and their oceanic communications.”

Charles Tupper.



FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION OF THE EAGLE SOCIAL CLUB

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EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS JULY 4

GET YOUR FIREWORKS FOR THE FOURTH AT MC CANNING'S

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS.

A DOMINION DAY MEETING IN NEW YORK.

DOMINION DAY IN NEW YORK.

BY P. McARTHUR.

IN a burst of confidence, I told a publisher that I proposed writing an article on "The Celebration of Dominion Day in New York."

"Then," he replied enthusiastically, "you are just the man I want to write a book for me about snakes in Ireland."

Of course, the proposition was scorned, but later developments proved that a man may be too hasty in rejecting an offer that is kindly meant. There once were celebrations of Dominion Day in New York, or this article would not be written, and there must have been snakes in Ireland once, or St. Patrick could not have driven them out. I am going to hunt up that publisher some day, and tell him that the snake book suggestion has been reconsidered.

As I usually spend Dominion Day in Canada, I knew nothing personally about the celebrations here, and so was obliged to seek information from the more stationary members of the colony. The first man interviewed replied that he had taken part in but one Dominion Day celebration. That time he met a Canadian poet on Broadway, and, in honor of the occasion, introduced him to his first mint julep. Ever since, the poet has been travelling south to meet the spring. The next man said that he had never celebrated the day, and the same answer was made by the whole list of Canadian-born bankers, brokers, artists and business men of all descriptions who were questioned. They all protested loyalty to their native land, with evident sincerity, and yet seemed surprised when asked why they

did not celebrate its natal day. "Too busy!" "Never think of it down here!" "Too near the Fourth," etc., were the answers made. The fact of the matter is, New York is so absolutely a commercial centre that few people think of celebrating anything here, except a financial success, and they celebrate that by retiring from the city to some place where they can enjoy their gains. A large percentage of the native Americans in the city are here to spoil the Egyptians, and are looking forward to the day when they



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE PICK SWINGS JUST THE SAME.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE POET THINKS JUST AS HARD AS ON
ANY OTHER DAY.

can give up business and and retire to their former homes, in some state perhaps more remote from the city than the provinces of Canada, so no particular blame attaches to Canadians if they do not consider themselves sufficiently located here to build up organizations in which the customs of their country can be cherished. Moreover, there is so little difference between Americans and Canadians in their habits, tastes and general behavior, that, unless they stop to think of it they never feel they are living under a foreign flag.

But it is unnecessary to defend the Canadian colony of New York for its apparent lack of loyal enthusiasm. Its members are, almost without exception, men of strong individuality, who have come here

to study or to win fame and fortune, and for that reason they lack the similarity of feather that is proverbial to predispose both men and birds to aggregation. Their hearts are still true to their Mother Country, but they have neither the time nor the inclination to offend, or provoke the smiles of the people with whom they work shoulder to shoulder with alien demonstrations.

At one time there was a Canadian club in New York, and in it were held the celebrations that excuse the writing of this article. The first was held in 1885, and its success was moderate. The second was held in 1886, and was successful in every way. A band of such good Canadians as Messrs. Jackson Wallace, Lewis Fraser, George Munro, Thomas Alva Edison, W. A. Shortt, W. B. Ellison, T. H. Allen, J. Paton, Thomas Willing, and many others, gathered and made it clear how strong are the bonds that bind them to the land of their birth. It was for this occasion that Professor Charles G. D. Roberts wrote his "Dominion Day Collect," which was read by



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE EDITOR'S DOMINION DAY.

Mr. Willing, as the poet was unable to be present. In 1887, the preparations for the Queen's Jubilee, in which British subjects in America and the Anglomaniac took part, so completely exhausted the energies of the Canadians that they were unable to do more than hoist the flag on their club house on Dominion Day.

Shortly after this the interests of the members of the club were found to be so diverse that it was impossible to keep it up to a satisfactory standard, and it was allowed to disband; so, after a career as brilliant as it was brief, it expired gently, and bequeathed its name to a popular



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

NO REST FOR THE CANADIAN MONEY-BAGS.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

"ART IS LONG AND TIME IS FLEETING."

brand of whiskey. Who shall ever say that it was organized in vain? Since the dissolution of the Canadian Club, there have been no celebrations of Dominion Day in New York, of which I can find a trace, but our friends must not think, for that reason, that the Canadians here are forgetful or disloyal. They love Canada, and they respect the United States, where they are treated with so much courtesy and hospitality; but if the Jingoese here should ever precipitate a war with Canada, which is most unlikely, the majority of her wandering sons would go back and enlist under even the flaming banner of Col. Denison. Could any of our home-keeping friends demand more?

P. McArthur.

DOMINION DAY AT HOME.

BY HON. G. W. ROSS.

OUR national holiday should be made the occasion for considering Canada as one of the moral forces which make the aggregate of the world's surging civilization. We are now five millions of people—not a small community by any means. We have all the powers, or nearly so, of a distinct political organism. To the diplomats of Europe, when considering how to maintain in "stable equilibrium," the rivalries and jealousies of the different courts and monarchs of the eastern hemisphere, we may not be of much consequence. In the Old World we count for little, but in the New World we have to be reckoned with in all national transactions of any importance.

Even so far back as 1774, when our population was less than 100,000, the British House of Commons for several days considered how the friendship of the Canadians could be used as a counterpoise to the animosity of the rebellious colonists in the South. In more recent years our importance was admitted by the fact that in all treaties between Great Britain and the United States, Canada was represented on the various commissions by which such treaties were negotiated. To have the Prime Minister of Canada sitting with the potentates of Europe in the gay capital of France to frame conditions on which Russia and Great Britain and the United States should catch seal off the coast of Alaska is no small distinction for a young country. If we are not then the arbiters of our own destinies as a distinct nation, we have commanded the notice of the world sufficiently to be consulted about the destinies of other nations. The consideration of this should not be overlooked in celebrating our twenty-ninth birthday.

Then the relative measure of our freedom might be considered. We make our own laws according to the means

considered best by the wisest and strongest nation. The voice of the elector is just as potent in Canada as in England, and he has just the same brief period of sovereignty. The orders of a Canadian Parliament are as well obeyed as if they were made by the most expansive form of republicanism. Property is as safe as human fallibility will permit, and the standard of personal morality and business integrity equal to the best in the world. Such a condition of things existing among five millions of people cannot be without effect on the future of the continent. Froude in his "Life of Beaconsfield," said: "The fear of God made England great, and no nation was ever made great by any other kind of fear." The more we allow what Carlyle called the "veracities" to permeate our national life and character, the more will we be likely from year to year to evolve the forces which will give character to the history of Canada.

And then we have the possibilities of the future. What are a few generations in the life of a nation? We are over three centuries from the greatest of the Tudors, Queen Elizabeth, yet how small the space to the historian. It is a law of nature that strength and permanence are in proportion to the time required in reaching maturity. If ours is to be the history of the oak, then we are doing well; if the history of the bean stalk, then we are doing badly. True, we should occupy our prairies more rapidly, and cast into the smelting pot more abundantly our ores of gold and silver and iron. But what of it? To the latest born of nations, there may be privileges in the way of development, when other nations have exhausted their resources, that we know not of. While we should not be laggards in making the most of our opportunities, I doubt if it is good policy to indulge in self-depreciation and childish

regrets at the tardiness with which the natural resources of our country are being converted into the gold and silver of commerce.

The chorus of our national holiday should be a joyous one. If we assemble for purposes of military display, it should be with the thought that we live on a continent where the locomotive is of more consequence than the warship, where to keep time with the peaceful industries of life is of more consequence than to keep step to the martial music of the camp or the garrison. If we make an excursion to some other portion of our vast domain, it should be with the feeling that nature is nowhere more prodigal of her wealth of forest and flower than in our own land, which she has adorned with every form of woodland beauty that can charm the fancy or stir the soul. If tempted to mingle in social festival, and to join in the merry games of childhood, we know that all the sunlight of home, the sweetness of domestic peace, all that an air laden with life's best medicaments can do for rosy cheeks and rounded limb, may be done under the flag we honor and within the sound of every village bell upon our shores.

Keep then our national holiday with song and speech; with song that lifts us out of our meaner selves to realms of purer thought and higher ideals of duty; with speech that leads to better

resolves and clearer conceptions of what our citizenship involves. Keep the day with games and sports to brace the body for the battle of life, and to clear the brain from the *ennui* of excessive toil or indulgent indolence. Keep the day with excursions near and far, that we may partake of the beauties which are so widely diffused by sea and shore, and expand our sympathies, while sharing with others in their pleasures. Keep the day with solemn thanksgiving. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* No plague, no pestilence, no war, no famine ravaged our borders during the year just closed. Every day the rainbow repeated its silent message of hope. Every day from over the world's billowy seas of trouble the dove brought to our windows the olive branch of peace. Plenty poured upon us for man and beast, and the bounty of a generous Creator made our land joyous from ocean to ocean. Who would not keep a nation's birthday with all the gladness of which the human heart is susceptible, where every chord that is called upon to vibrate is attuned to sweetest harmony, and where every breeze that blows across our path is laden with the perfume of blossoms that assure us that the harvests of the future will be much more abundant than those which the present generation is called upon to reap—rich and bountiful though they be.

G. W. Ross.



EARLY GOLDEN-ROD.

AUTUMN comes softly, laying Midas fingers
On the dull robe that droops to summer's feet,
That gleams of gold may deck it while she lingers,
And make her passing hour with sunshine sweet.

But summer thrills with mem'ries far more golden
Of roses fragrant, lilies fair as day;
She will not be to autumn's dole beholden,
And in her faded green she slips away.

E. P. Wells.

JOHN GREENLAW'S STORY.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

IT was a clear day in late September. In response to a summons from a small place called Jasper, I had landed from the train, and was wheeling rapidly in a dog-cart toward a country house called Simon Towers, which was somewhere in the neighborhood. The road was good, but the country was flat, and the fields, shorn of their crops, lay in barrenness, save here and there one which was dotted with the rich orange globes of the pumpkins grown amongst the corn which was stacked in tent-like masses.

My driver was a small man of a sad countenance and very reticent. I could not get him to talk, and even to my ordinary question as to the whereabouts of Simon Towers, he did not utter a monosyllable, but raised his whip and pointed to the north with a movement which included the greater sweep of the horizon. There are men who have tongues but who will not use them, and my companion certainly belonged to the class. But he knew how to drive, and he did not need to speak to his lively beast with the whip which he reserved like his tongue.

We had driven for an hour, and the sun was setting when we turned into a lane, and the driver drew the horse to a walk, as if in expectation of meeting someone. In a few moments I descried a young man seated by the roadside who rose as we neared him. He approached the cart and hailed me: "Are you Mr. Greenlaw? Mr. John Greenlaw?"

I acknowledged my name.

"I am Basil Mannix."

I recognized the name of the person who had requested my presence at Simon Towers.

"We are now two miles from the house, and as I wished to see you before you arrived there, I have met you. If it would not too greatly fatigue you we will walk the distance; I should be glad of your company."

I readily acquiesced, as I had been longing for an opportunity of resting and refreshing myself by a brisk walk, and I jumped to the ground. "David," he said, "you may drive on slowly and wait for us at the Spring Cross."

As the distance was increasing between us and the vehicle, my companion was silent, and I had a chance to glance observantly at him. He was tall and slight, and his figure and the pose of his head belonged to a sprightly young man, but there was an air of abstraction surrounding him. He seemed careless and unhappy. His features were bright and exceedingly attractive, but there were new lines of dejection in his face, and I could discern the traces of worry and sleepless nights, which had not yet hardened into the ruts which are worn by years of care and melancholy. A lock of brown hair fell across his forehead. His manner was listless, but when he spoke, his words came eagerly, impulsively, and I had to be alert and attentive to follow them.

"I wanted your advice. I know how clever you are, and I could not be alone any longer. No, any day I thought something might happen, and I have been full of suspicions. It was getting unbearable, and I have not slept for—well, for a long time; not really rested. We are going to Simon Towers, my uncle's place. I say 'my uncle,' but he was really no relation to me. My father and he were friends, and when my father died he took me. He had no children. He is dead now—last spring."

Here he turned with a quick movement of the head and looked at me full in the face, and as quickly he looked away upon the ground as before.

"He was a father to me; he taught me everything I know. There was only one thing which ever came between us, and that I will tell you of by-and-bye. My uncle was married when I came to him; why he ever married the woman

he did I could never explain, unless it was for her beauty, and you will soon judge whether she is a beautiful woman. But she is ignorant. I mean ignorant: she cannot read or write, and she was too indolent to learn, although my uncle, I remember, used to try to teach her; but at last he gave it up in despair."

Here he came to a dead stop and we walked some distance in silence. I did not urge him to resume, and at last he said abruptly, as if he were continuing out loud a course of reflection: "That was the trouble—the trouble. About three miles from our place at Selby Farm a family called Westbrook live. I met Harriet Westbrook long before my uncle knew it, and I soon loved her; when he discovered that I knew her he was angry; when he forbade me to see her I told him I loved her, and he was very passionate and lost his temper and struck me. He was mighty sorry for that afterwards, and ashamed, for he loved me aside from everything else. But I would not give way to him on this point. I saw Harriet as often as I could, and we often planned to meet." Here he paused again for a while.

"Once my uncle met us. It was last fall—just a year ago. He ordered me roughly to the house, and I went, as I feared to see him break into a temper again, and I knew he feared it also. After that he kept such a close watch over me that I could hardly stir without him. It was in the spring that he died. The winter had been very severe and he had caught a cold which prostrated him. One evening after dinner he failed suddenly—his heart—and he was gone. I heard him say, '*Basil, remember.*' I knew the last thing he had thought of was his hatred of my love for Harriet."

Here he stopped short in his walk. "There are the Towers," he said. On the ridge above us was the bulk of a low wide-spreading house, dark against the sunset.

There was no sign of towers: I remarked upon that. "No," he said, "there are no towers."

So far he had not told me anything of great interest, and if it had not been for his distraught manner and tragic air, I should have wondered at the insufficiency

of his story. But these made me trust that something was behind which would soon be apparent. I was not wrong.

"You are my guest, remember; you have come down for the shooting; we have plover here and snipe, and you are to stay as long as is necessary."

In a moment we had met David and we drove up to the Towers.

At dinner, I saw Mrs. Mannix for the first time. She was indeed a beautiful woman, the most beautiful I have ever seen. She was like a picture richly colored, and her manner was so composed that you could fancy you were gazing at an original Velasquez. She spoke very little and slowly. After dinner my host offered me a cigar, and to smoke we went into the clear evening and walked upon the broad veranda, which ran the whole length of the house.

"What do you think of her?" he asked laconically.

"You were right about her beauty."

"Yes; and I fancy you will find me right about many another thing. I want you to watch her and disarm my suspicion if you can." He said this with an inflection which let me see how deep into misery he had sunk.

Well, as this was my duty, I watched Mrs. Mannix for a week, and she remained as beautiful as ever. There was in this time absolutely no change in her. She seemed empty of any spiritual life, incapable of any emotion. At the end of this week Basil said to me: "This afternoon I am going to meet Miss Westbrook." After he had gone, I noticed a change in Mrs. Mannix; she became restless, walking about the house and looking anxiously from the veranda, although, as it was a misty day, she could not see far. Then she came to me where I sat, and spoke rapidly, asking me often where Basil had gone. I tried to lead her to converse about something else, but I could not succeed. Her talk was inconsequent, and she said much about Adrian, her husband, which I could not comprehend. Her disquietude increased, until at last she put on her cloak and hat, and would have gone out, but Basil appeared. Then she seemed to relapse into her usual apathetic state.

I had no opportunity of speaking to Basil before dinner, and at that meal something untoward happened. There had been a lull in our conversation, when some impulse led me to glance at Mrs. Mannix. She was leaning back in her chair transfixed; there was no sign of life about her. Basil started up and was approaching her, when her lips moved. She said very distinctly: "*Basil, remember!*" Her maid was called, and as she did not at once recover, she was taken to her room. Basil was too much distressed to resume dinner, and we went into the library together.

"Well!" he sighed wearily, "you have seen at last. This afternoon I saw Harriet, as I told you I would, and what occurred when I was away?" I told him that Mrs. Mannix was restless and perturbed, and often asked where he had gone.

"And to-night," he said, "you observed what happened: she had one of her trances; and do you recollect what she said?"

"Yes," I replied, "she said 'Basil, remember.'"

"True, the very words my uncle breathed into my ear as I laid him back dead. What do you think of that?"

I reflected a moment. I had to deal with a youth whose whole mind was overwrought, and I wished if possible to calm him.

"I would not lay too much stress upon an incident which must be a coincidence merely."

"And if it had happened three times, and only after I had seen Harriet, what would you say?"

"Then this is not the first time that this has occurred?" He ignored my question, but began to pace slowly to and fro with his hands buried in his hair. At length he broke out:

"She is possessed; ever since my uncle's death, this power has been growing and growing. Before he died he had a strange influence over her; now he seems to animate her in some occult way, and the feeling is coming over me that the outcome will be disaster for me and in some way trouble for my dear girl."

"Now, my dear sir, you are allowing an idle fancy to obtain possession of you.

I insist that you listen to me and be advised." He looked at me curiously, making me feel that I had used no argument with him.

"You have already seen something which you cannot explain, and all that I ask is that you wait and watch and protect me against myself and against her."

Another uneventful week passed. I observed Mrs. Mannix closely, and she seemed to have regained her picturesque tranquility. So far as I could discern, she did absolutely nothing. She seemed to be fond of riding, but she was more fond of indolently gazing from the window at the landscape, whose vivid lines were now blending into the ashen greys of late October. I had given the curious theory of my young friend—for so I had begun to regard him—every consideration, yet I could not find sufficient force in it to lead me to adopt it. I am loath to this day to place a supernatural interpretation upon the facts which I vouch for, but the facts I must state, and the riddle will be read. To tell the truth, I was beginning to tire of inaction, when in a single day something occurred to give me further food for reflection.

One evening, Basil and I were conversing before the genial fire in the library, when I asked him if he knew what reason his uncle had for opposing so ardently his love for Miss Westbrook. By his expression I saw I had touched a wound; but he spoke out like a true lad that he was.

"I do not know, but the people here have a story; my man David blurted it out to me one day—you have noticed the scar over his eyebrow?—that this girl, the girl I love, was disgraced in some way—that my uncle's wife was her mother, and that my uncle knew all the bitterness of it, and hated my own Harriet, who is as pure as light. He longed for children, and his wife had only brought him this disgrace. This made him love me all the more, I suppose, and he must have despised and hated her."

I gazed at him in admiration, as his eye filled with light and his color mounted and burned. Suddenly he rose and went to a cabinet. "I will show

you her portrait," he said. He unlocked the cabinet and took from a compartment a miniature, set in a jewelled frame. As he did so, he gave a slight exclamation which he did not explain until I had returned him the portrait, which was that of a very lovely young girl with an animated face. I looked for resemblances to her mother, as the gossips had it, and I saw them surely. I held the portrait, studying it for some moments, and when I returned it to Basil, he was absorbed in examining a drawer in the cabinet.

"This" he said "is very strange. I never knew of the existence of this drawer; the portrait as I drew it out must have touched some secret spring, and there is a letter with my initials upon it, sealed with my uncle's seal. What am I to do?"

He seemed strangely agitated. "Open it," I said. He did so mechanically. When he had read it, he handed it to me, and then he sank into his chair, drawing his shoulders together and shuddering slightly. The color was ebbing from his face. I read the following words:

Dear Basil:—You may not read this for years, but you may perhaps read it before long. Whatever your wishes may be, I warn you that any attempt to possess that girl will be headed off with disaster. Do not mistake; I will find means you can neither understand nor combat.

"This is terrible, terrible," he cried; "he is following me up—his hatred." He snatched the note impulsively and threw it into the fire. As it fell away into a charred mass it opened slowly, and we saw every word of the writing outlined in burning gold on the dark substance of the cindered paper. Basil struck through it with the poker and ground it into nothingness. "To-morrow," he said, with a sort of elevation, "I will see Harriet, and we will leave this place, if need be for ever, but nothing will part us; nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth."

I spent the greater part of the night with him, as his imagination was so overwrought that I could not think it right to leave him alone, and it was nearly morning before he fell into a sleep, oppressed with visions which muttered at his lips.

In the afternoon he set out for the rendezvous with something of a tragic determination in his manner, leaving me to watch, and, if necessary, to control Mrs. Mannix.

Thinking she was in her room, I did not at first lay any stress upon her absence, but when I saw her maid going about as if she were free of the care of her mistress, I asked where she was, and received the answer that she had left the house an hour before, riding in the direction of Selby Farm. This made me uneasy, and I walked as rapidly as I could in the same direction. I did not know where Basil had expected to meet his lovely sweetheart, and as I walked carelessly to the edge of an elevation overlooking a stream which spread and trickled through marshy fields, I was arrested in one instant by a sight which made my heart turn within me.

Upon the other side of this stream, kneeling in a shallow, marshy pool bordered with dead reeds, was Mrs. Mannix, pressing something into the water and holding it there with arms straight and rigid. Rushing toward her through the shallow water was Basil; his face like the face of one stricken with horror. He threw himself upon her, hurling her to one side. I reached him before I could think, and out of the disturbed water rose the face I had seen in the portrait, as pale as a star from clouds, with the sweet spirit all gone out and deadened. Basil, moaning out his tortured love, clasped her in his arms, and together we bore her to the bank. Here we endeavored to restore consciousness. We were successful. When we sought a means of taking her home, I observed the horse which Mrs. Mannix had left standing by the stream's side. She seemed to have forgotten him entirely, for she was climbing the bank with averted face, trailing a short crimson cloak, which she had before worn, upon the ground.

Basil mounted the horse, and I lifted Miss Westbrook into his arms. Then I took the bridle, and led the way to Selby Farm. Basil would not for an instant leave, and I returned alone to Simon Towers. There I found Mrs. Mannix, as tranquil as if nothing had happened;

as calm as if she had not narrowly escaped being the murderess of, shall I say, her own daughter?

She seemed to be completely unconscious of the occurrence, and I was overcome with horror at the sight of a human being moved and directed by a malign power over which she had not the slightest control, for I found that, unconsciously, I had adopted Basil's interpretation of her strange conduct.

His continued absence began to cause her uneasiness, and all her symptoms of unrest were again manifested. At length, after dinner, she went into the library and sat down at the writing table. I sat in an arm chair before the fire and watched her. Suddenly, to my extreme surprise, she lifted a pen and began to use it. Now, I knew from Basil that she could not write, and I watched her with astonishment. It may have been after five minutes that her hand dropped at her side, and I could tell by the slope of her shoulders that she was overcome by one of her trances. I rang the bell for the maid, and secured the paper upon which she had traced some words.

As soon as I could I went to my room and read what she had written :

Dear Basil:—You may not read this for years, but you may perhaps read it before long. Whatever your wishes may be, I warn you that any attempt to possess that girl will be headed off with disaster. Do not mistake; I will find means you can neither understand nor combat."

As I read these words—the words of the letter which Basil had, only a few nights before, burned before my eyes, written by a woman who could not sign her own name, a terror that I could not master commenced to creep upon my limbs. At last I was able to say, "This is all nonsense; there is here some palpable trick." But, turning the sheet, upon the other side I saw the words of a note which I had commenced in the morning and left unfinished.

At two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a knock at my door. It was David. I read a note which he had brought from Basil. It warned me to keep a strict watch upon Mrs. Mannix.

Miss Westbrook could not, in the opinion of the physician, survive the terrible shock to her nervous system. If she passed away before dawn, he had arranged to show a light in the highest window of Selby Farm, which could be seen from Simon Towers: if after sunrise, the flag was to be raised halfway upon the staff. Upon the sight of either of these signals I was to take charge of Mrs. Mannix.

I watched and waited. I began to notice the inflowing of the steely lustre which precedes sunrise. Suddenly in the distant window of Selby Farm a light sprang out and burned steady as a star when the cloud is withdrawn.

My chamber was distant from the apartments of Mrs. Mannix, which opened off a large square room, or hall, lit by two large windows having the same outlook as mine, toward Selby Farm. I went at once to this hall with the design to await the appearance of the murderess, for so I was now bound to consider her. When I entered it, I was conscious of someone sitting near one of the windows. The figure was clothed in white and was immovable. As I moved slowly forward I saw that it was Mrs. Mannix. She was leaning forward with her face thrown back, and gazing in the direction of Selby Farm. One arm was raised, and the hand hung limp, like a lily withered upon its stalk. Suddenly she began to sway; a long sound, like something sighing in a weary dream, came from her lips. Then swiftly, just as I reached her, she fell forward into my arms and shuddered out her last breath.

* * * *

When I left Simon Towers I went with a feeling of regret that was mingled with a large sadness. Here had happened the most curious experience of my life, and here I left a friend who had been through the fire and had come forth unscathed.

I often think of him as he parted with me where we had first met. "Love," he said, "is eternal, but it is rooted here in time; so I cling to life to cherish a memory, with a faith in what is beyond me which I cannot see or understand."

Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

BY ALBERT C. TYLER.



R. GARRETT, JR., THROWING DISCUS.

THE Olympic games recently held at Athens, well deserve to be chronicled among the greatest and grandest issues of the nineteenth century. Never before in the history of the world has there been an assemblage of races where such good feeling and fellowship predominated, while vying for international supremacy. Nations from all over the world congregated to struggle in friendly emulation for the emblems of the victorious, and each conqueror, regardless of nationality, was received with greatest acclamation by the enthusiastic spectators.

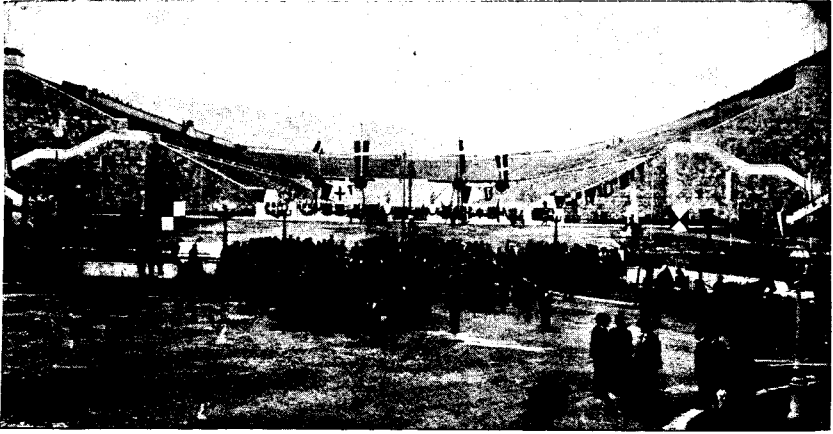
The word "Olympic," irresistibly turns our attention back to the Grecian Games of antiquity—back to Olympia, where in 776, B.C., Coræbus was proclaimed the first victor, and where, every fifth year, the ancient Hellenes gathered together with religious ceremonies to cherish the development of intellectual and physical activity.

In the year 395, A.D., for reasons unknown, these games were abolished by Emperor Theodosius, and it remained for the Greeks of to-day to revive them, and once more make them historical.

Not on the site of old Olympia were these games celebrated, but in that part of Athens where once stood the Stadion

of Herodes Atticus, the scene of the ancient Panathenæan Games, within sight of the far-famed Acropolis, and the few massive columns which alone stand to mark the spot where the temple was erected in honor of the Olympian Zeus. This Stadion was originally designed and built by the renowned statesman Lycurgus, about 330, B.C., but, like most of the magnificent monuments of Athenian beauty and workmanship, it was destroyed by hostile invaders. About a year ago, a mass of rubbish and a few remains of the marble seats were all that was left to mark the old arena; but, through the munificence of Georgius Averoff and a few others, the Stadion has been rebuilt with all its former grandeur. This stupendous structure should number among the "wonders of the world." Of magnet shape, its length is nearly 800 feet, and its breadth over 300 feet, with a quarter mile track fifty feet wide lying within. There are sixty rows of seats, making a seating capacity of about 60,000. Half of it is already of marble—the rest is wooden, soon to be replaced by marble. The first three tiers in the semi-circle, are of polished Pentelic marble, in the centre of which were the seats for the Royal Family. On the hill back of the Stadion a large and commodious field-house had been built, equipped with booths and baths; in fact nothing was lacking which would add to the comfort and convenience of the athletes. The Stadion was reached from the dressing-room, by means of a long tunnel which opened on the course, and at the time stated, as a trumpeter announced the event, the contestants filed out one by one and took their places.

The games were formally inaugurated with religious ceremonies on Sunday, April 5th, a procession and a reception for the competitors. Athletes kept arriving on every train until on Sunday night the number reached 300. They were met



THE STATION FROM THE OPEN END.

at the station by a special committee, and escorted to the home of the Secretary of Central Committee, where light refreshments were served. On Monday afternoon the first of the athletic events came off in the crowded Stadion, fully 75,000 people, including those on the surrounding hills, viewing the performances. Previous to the first event, there was sung, by a chorus of 100 voices, assisted by an orchestra of as many pieces, a hymn composed for the occasion.

The games actually began at three



DEBATING ON THE RESULT OF THE LAST RACE.

o'clock, with the trial heats of 100, 400 and 800 metre races, the first and second men in each to compete in the finals on another day. The three heats of the 100 were won by Americans, and in the final T. E. Burke of the Boston Athletic Association won first, F. Hofmann, Germany, second; time 12 1/5. Burke also won the final 400 in 54 1/5, with H. B. Jamison, Princeton, second. E. H. Flack, Victoria A. A. A., Australia, won the final 800 in 2 minutes, 11 seconds. France, represented by A. Lermusiaux, secured second. Flack won the 1,500 also, A. Blake, B.A.A., keeping so close to him all the way that the result was doubtful until the tape was reached. Time 4 minutes, 33 seconds. Flack is a beautiful runner; he has that long, easy stride that is so deceiving in its speed, and which so few runners possess. The slow times were due to the track, it being new and rather heavy, besides having very sharp turns for the distance runners. The 110 metre hurdles were run in two heats and a final, which T. P. Curtis, B. A. A., in 17 3/5 seconds won, rather unexpectedly, from the English Champion, G. T. S. Goulding of the Gloucester A. C., due probably to Goulding's poor start.

The hardest race in all was the run from Marathon to Athens, forty kilometres, over a rough, hilly road. It is a course of great historic interest to the Greeks, and they had set their hearts on winning this event. For miles along the road out of Athens the course was lined with



TUNNEL EXTENDING UNDER THE STADE THROUGH WHICH ATHLETES ALONE WERE ADMITTED.

people four or five deep, but the way was kept open by mounted police. Flack, Blake and Lermusiaux competed and led for thirty kilometres, but in their efforts to out-distance each other, succeeded in wearing themselves out completely, and when several Greeks passed them, they gave up and did not finish. Quite a while before the victor reached the Stadion, cheers were heard along the road, and a messenger entered and announced that a Greek was leading. The excitement was intense, and at last when the fortunate Louis arrived, and ran the full length of the stade, accompanied by the Royal Princes, the enormous crowd went wild, the enthusiasm was extreme—cheers and "bravos," rang out above all the clapping of hands. A Greek had won, and the Greeks were deliriously happy and exultant. They showered flowers, money, jewelry—everything, on the lucky winner of the great race. The king descended from his throne and congratulated him on the spot: he had covered the distance in 2 hours, 55 minutes, 20 seconds and did not seem as tired as some of the later arrivals.

The high and broad jumps were won by E. H. Clark, B. A. A.; R. Garrett, Jr., of Princeton won second in the broad and tied with J. B. Connolly, Suffolk, A. C., for second in the high. Clark jumped in fine form, clearing the winning height, 5 feet 11½ inches very nicely. The poor record of 20 feet 10 inches in the broad is due to the fact that the jumps were not counted unless the contestants jumped from behind the wooden "take off;" if he struck it with his foot, the jump was not measured. Besides they would not permit a measurement of a run by anything more accurate than pacing, nor any object beside the track by which to determine their stride. W. W. Hoyt, B. A. A., won the pole vault, clearing 10 feet, 10 inches; A. C. Tyler, Princeton, second. J. B. Connolly won the hop, step and jump, with A. Tufferi, France, second, distance 45 feet. R. Garrett, Jr., Princeton, won the discus throwing, a beautiful event, peculiarly Grecian. Garrett had never seen a discus until the morning before the contest, but by good luck, learned the knack at once, and threw the lens-like object 95 feet, 7½ inches—20 centimetres farther than the best throw of the practised Greeks, much to their astonishment and grief. P. Paraskeuopoulos came second. Garrett also won the shot-putting; M. Gouskos, Greece, second. Probably if the seven foot circle had been allowed, instead of a two metre square, and permission to use his own lead shot had been granted, instead of requiring the use of the large, smooth iron one provided, Garrett would have made a record worth keeping, instead of the 36 feet, 9½ inches which now stands. The weight lifting was divided between L. Elliot, England, and W. Jensen, Denmark, Elliot lifting 245 pounds with one hand



THE PROMENADE.

and winning first in that event, and second in the two-hand lifting. Jensen put up 480 pounds with two hands, while he won second in the one-handed event. The bicycle races were held at Phalerum, about two miles from Athens on the way to Piræus. An excellent track had been built with splendid turns well banked. The long 100 kilometre race L. Flameng won in 4 hours, 8 minutes, 16 1/5 seconds. The shorter distances were won by P. Masson, also a Frenchman. A. Constantinidas won the bicycle race from Marathon, open only to Greeks. I. Paine, B.A.A., won the revolve shooting at 25 metres, and his brother S. Paine, won at 30 metres. They did not compete in any other contest.

The shooting was held in the forenoon in a new gallery built especially for the contests. The rifle shooting and pistol shooting were won by Greeks with fair records.

A. Hajos Guttman, of Hungary, won the 100 and 1,200 metre swimming races and P. Neumann, Austria, won the 500 metre. There was also a swimming race for boys, distance 100 metres; I. Malokinas, Greece, was the winner. The fencing took place Wednesday forenoon in the Exposition Building, near the Stadion; it was well contested, and very interesting. One Frenchman, Gravelotte by name, and two Greeks, I. Georgiadas and A. Purgos carried off the honois.

Lawn tennis was the only game

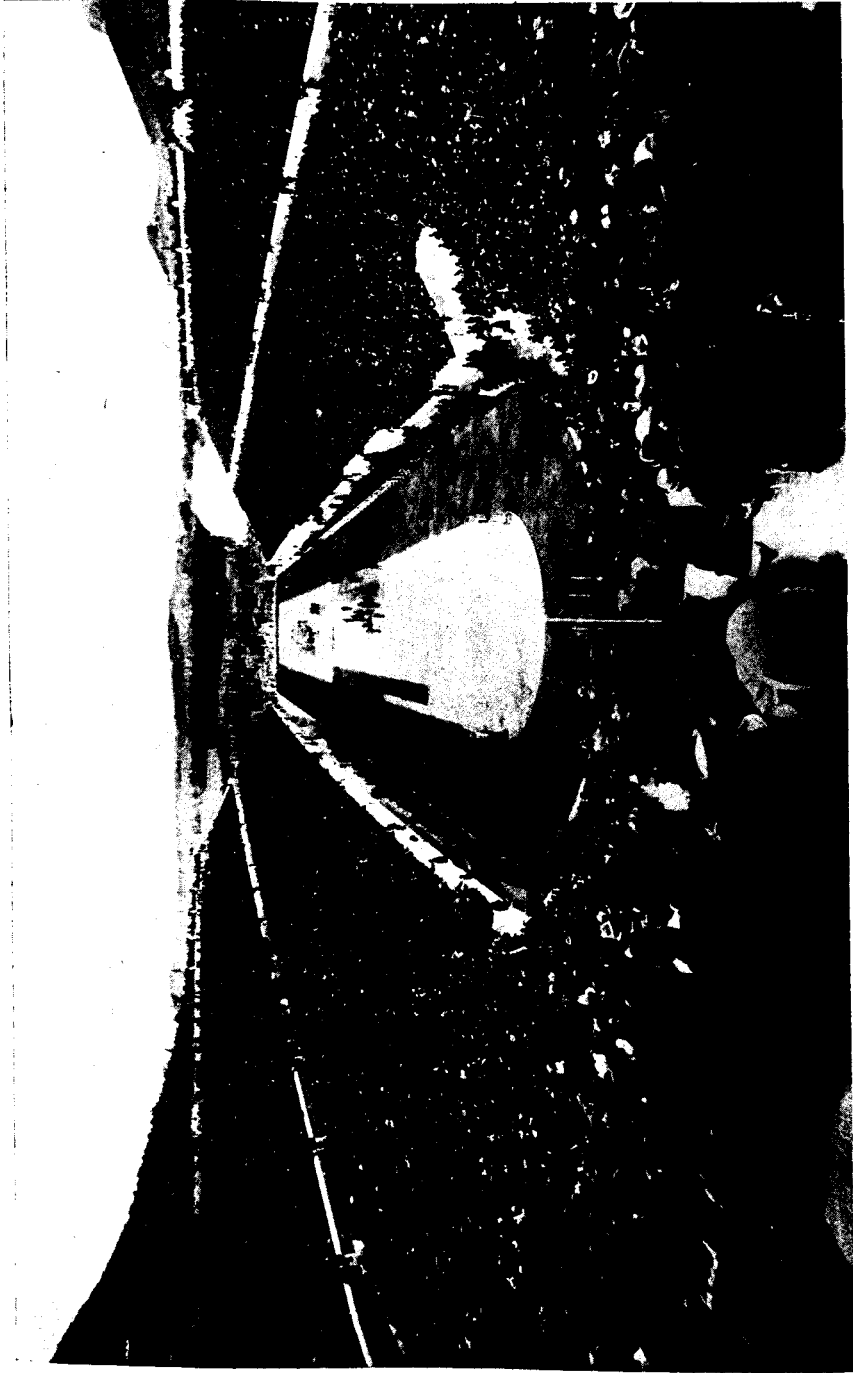
that was played; football, cricket and other sports were not represented. J. P. Boland, England, won the singles and Boland with F. Fhrann, of Germany, won the doubles. The wrestling was won by K. Schumann, of Germany. There were two preliminary bouts—the first between Schumann and the English weight-lifter, Elliot. In this Elliot was thrown before he knew what had happened. The second bout,

between two Greeks, was long and tedious—they showed very little skill and seemed afraid to close. The rules permitted any hold above the waist, and none below that limit. In the final, Schumann had no difficulty in throwing the Greek.

In the gymnastic events the Germans excelled in doing difficult and intricate manœuvres, but the Greeks showed finish and were more graceful. The team of ten Germans won on both par-



GREEK NATIONAL COSTUME.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STADION ON THE DAY OF THE MARATHON RACE.

allel bars and horizontal bar, but the Greek teams revealed much training and drill. In the individual exercises, A. Flatow, of Germany, won first on the parallels, and H. Weingaertner on the horizontal. All the competitors showed great strength and skill; some of the feats performed were wonderful for amateurs to accomplish. In this connection it may be stated that all the athletes were examined strictly as to their standing as amateurs; several were debarred on account of professionalism.

the Stadion, and their rejoicing was intense. The skillful and strong Greek was I. Matropoulos. The rope climbing was also won by a Greek, N. Andriakopoulos by name. The boat races—rowing—which were to have taken place on Monday, 13th, were given up on account of stormy weather. The yacht races were not held because there were no contestants.

The way in which the victors at the Stadion were announced was unique as well as satisfactory. The flag of



F. A. LANE, STARTING.

The contest on the vaulting-horse was rather uninteresting, except when H. Sjoeborg, a Swede, in trying to leap over the horse slipped and landed squarely in the sand on his face. K. Schumann won when the handles were removed, and L. Zutter, a Swiss, was victor in the contest when the handles were attached. On the rings a Greek achieved the victory and his success was hailed with great joy and applause. This was the first event that a Greek had won in

his country was unfurled at the top of a tall flag staff standing at the entrance to the Stadion; the distance or time, at which he won, together with the victor's own number, was written on a chart placed also at the entrance, thus occupying the only position where everyone seated could read the results. The Committee in charge of the games deserve to be greatly commended for the prompt and excellent manner in which the events were



GUARD DRAWN UP TO RECEIVE ATHLETES ENTERING FROM THE TUNNEL.

[The two dark stones in the left wall of the entrance are portions of the ancient Stadion, built into the same places they occupied centuries ago.]

carried off; the long delays, which are so tiresome to the audience and trying to the athlete, did not have to be endured. The Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta and Prince George personally superintended the events, and their umpiring was satisfactory to everybody. On Sunday, April 12th, the King entertained at breakfast all the athletes and members of the Committee; fully two hundred and fifty enjoyed his hospitality and had the honor of making his acquaintance. The Tuesday afternoon following the close of the games was the time set for the presentation of prizes, and in spite of the adverse weather, there were forty thousand people who braved the rain to see the victors for the last time and to observe the ceremonies. But shortly after the time fixed for this performance a message came from the King announcing the postponement of the programme until the following morning at ten, on account of the bad weather. The next day dawned

bright and clear and at the appointed hour the beautiful Stadion was for the last time crowded. The athletes had collected on the track before the throne, and as soon as the royal party was seated J. S. Robertson, of Oxford, U. A. C., recited his prize Greek ode. Then the names of the victors were read off; each man, responding to the summons, mounted the platform before the King, received the hearty congratulations of his Majesty, together with a wild olive branch brought from Olympia, a handsome silver medal and an exquisite diploma. Those winning second place were unexpectedly called out and each was presented with a laurel branch from Delphi, and later on, at a reception tendered the athletes, each received a bronze medal cast from the same die as the silver ones, as a special gift from the Crown Prince Constantine.

For certain events there were special prizes awarded by enthusiastic individuals, all of which were very elegant.

Following the distribution of prizes, the triumphal procession marched slowly around the track, receiving the applause of their admirers. Doves and pigeons were let loose with small Greek flags fastened to them. This is the highest expression of Greek delight and happiness.

Those foreigners who had the pleasure of visiting Athens during this celebra-

tion will never forget the Olympic games, the colossal Stadion, the warm-hearted Greeks.

Each visiting athlete when about to take his final departure from the "Classic City," felt constrained to give expression to his deep appreciation of the entertainment he had enjoyed by a long, loud "*Zeto Hellas!*"

Albert C. Tyler.



THE MARATHON CUP.

RETROSPECTION.

WHEN the hours fleet by at eventime;
 When the west is full of gold;
 When the old tow'r wakes its silv'ry chime;
 When the shallow pools grow cold;
 When the Night leaps down from the ebon heights;
 When the wind blows hard on the flick'ring lights;
 O! it's good to muse by the window pane,
 And it's sweet to fashion life o'er again.
 How we'd prize the sacred founts of tears;
 How we'd bear with bitter wells;
 How we'd tell to Grief the word that cheers;
 How we'd strike Joy's pealing bells;
 When we'd read the morn and the rose in bloom,
 How we'd laugh at Death, in the vale of gloom!

John Stuart Thomson.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

BY M. J. SANBORN.

ALTHOUGH prominent in the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts since its foundation in 1880, being one of the four members composing the first Committee of Arrangements, it was not till 1893 that Robert Harris, R. C. A., became President. He was born in Wales, but, when a little child, his father brought him, with the rest of the family, in 1856, to

obtainable in that province. One of these early sketches from life shows perhaps the last example of an old time form of punishment. A man, confined in a pillary which is raised on a platform, stands exposed to a gazing crowd. By using every opportunity to work from life, in all spare moments, sufficient skill was at length acquired to paint a considerable number of portraits, as well as



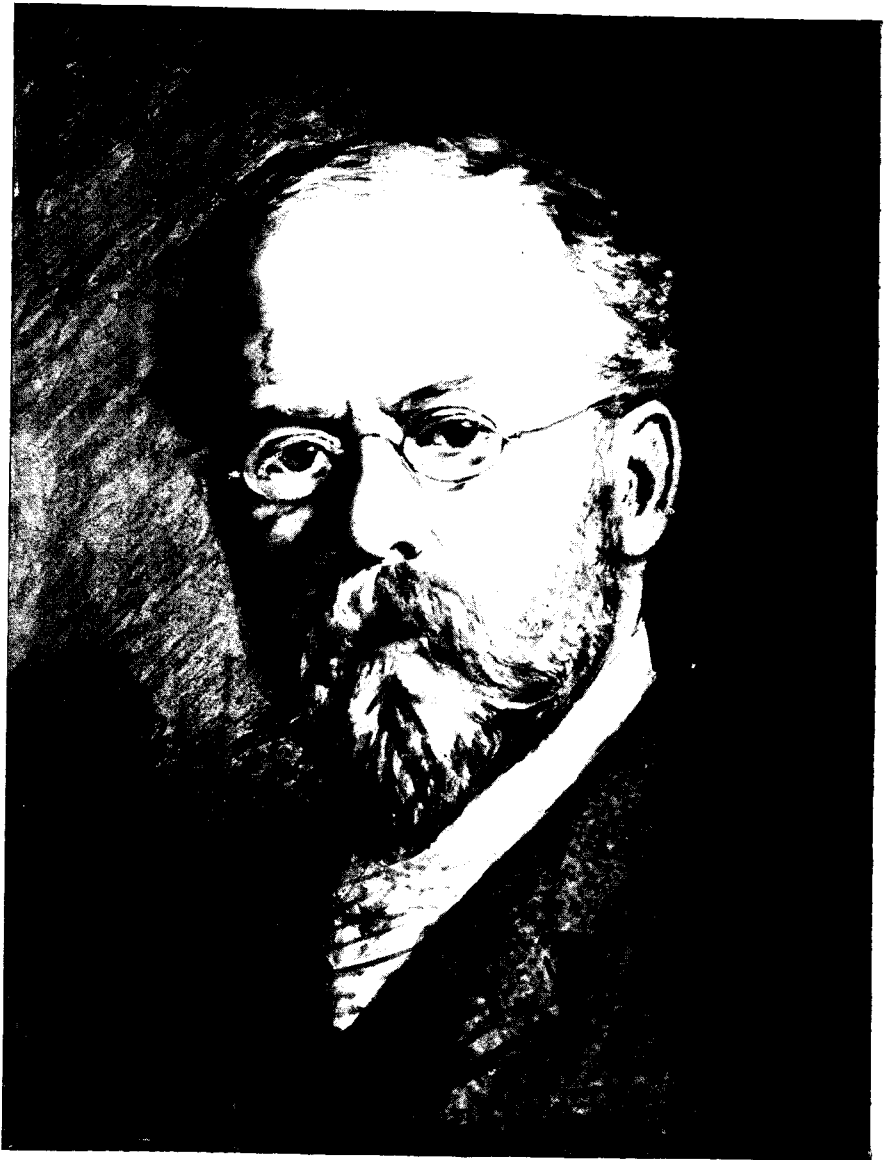
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

“ PÈRE LE JEUNE IN THE FOREST.”

Prince Edward Island. There in Charlottetown, its capital, he grew up, and received his education at the Prince of Wales College, becoming when quite young a provincial land surveyor. But from early childhood, such an instinct for art developed itself, that drawing and painting from nature were continually followed, nature alone being the teacher, since no art education was then

subject pictures. Many of these portraits, of Prince Edward Island statesmen, are to be seen in the Parliament House in Charlottetown.

About the year 1877, Mr. Harris, being determined to devote his time entirely to art, went first to study under Legros, at the Slade School University College, London, then to the *Atelier Bonnat*, Paris. His first paintings after special



ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.



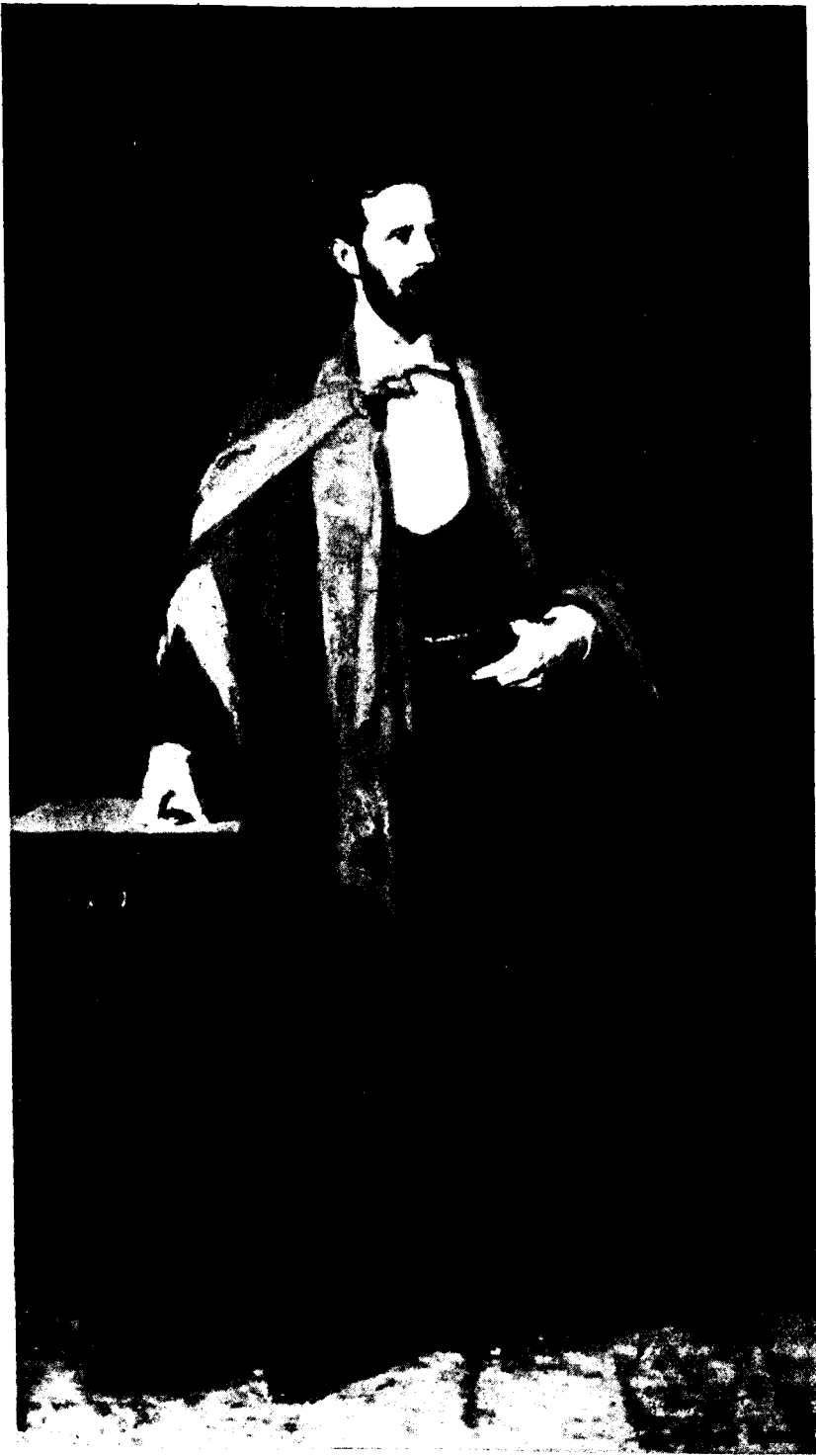
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P. R. C. A.

"THE SANDS OF DEE."



PAINTED BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

A PORTRAIT.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.
HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN CAMPBELL HAMILTON GORDON,
EARL OF ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

study, shew the value of this early self-training, being free, bold and strong: betraying no sign of that constraint and tightness of touch common to students on first leaving charcoal to enter the intricacies of paint. One feels a quick,

Prince Edward Island, and painted a number of pictures in Charlottetown. Some of these—the first he ever exhibited—were sent to the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, with the result that he was named an Academician



"GOING WRONG."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P. R. C. A.

involuntary sense of pleasure on first glancing at one of these paintings, of a 'cello—analysed, the feeling would be—this boy really lives on the canvas, and the painter enjoyed his work.

Late in 1878, Mr. Harris returned to

when the Royal Academy was instituted. This led to his leaving Charlottetown, and having a studio in Toronto for two years, where he was elected Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists, since the rule at that time pre-

vailed that the President should be a layman, the Vice-President an artist.

In 1880, Mr. Harris again went to Paris for further study, and after spending some time in Italy, returned to Canada, taking a studio in Montreal in 1883. Here, in 1885, he married, and has since resided, with the exception of occasional absences to Europe.

Among those pictures now on the walls of Montreal Art Gallery, are three by Mr. Harris, a portrait of the Dean of Quebec, an early painting of a striking head, called "A Man of no Account," and the historical picture of the Jesuit missionary Le Jeune. The solitary figure in the moonlit forest is full of pathos, even to those who do not know what it represents—a man of highly cultured mind, alone among savages, amid hardships "which," he writes to his superior, "not ten priests in a huudred could bear." The picture is best described in Parkman's words, "Sometimes of an evening he would leave the filthy den to read his breviary in peace by the light of the moon. In the forest around sounded the sharp crack of the frost-riven trees . . . the cold gnawed him to the bone; and, his devotions over, he turned back shivering."

The life-sized portrait of his Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen—preferred by him to any other portrait of himself—is full of quiet dignity and strength. It was painted in 1894, and is now reproduced for the first time.

The painting entitled "Going Wrong" explains itself, some serious escapade of the son evidently having come to the father's knowledge. The intense feeling of the mother and sister, the stern sadness of the father's face, are unmistakable, while the son's thoughts

are of a complex nature, not easily read.

The reproduction of the portrait of a lady, while lacking the great charm of most harmonious color, still gives an idea of the fine modelling of the beautiful face, with its clear, calm gaze, and of skilful rendering of texture in the original. Charles Kingsley's poem

"Oh Mary go and call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee"

furnishes at its tragic close, a motive for Mr. Harris' painting "The Sands of Dee." The startled fishermen, dark against the early morning sky, look down with awe and strained intentness at the unwonted sight.

Mr. Harris has been an exhibitor in the Salon, the Royal Academy of England, and many of the principal exhibitions there, but for several years has sent no pictures for exhibition except to those in Canada, and, in 1893 to the World's Fair, Chicago, where he was awarded a medal. By his portraits alone, Mr. Harris will ever be eminent in the history of Canadian Art, but he has contributed to it also many *genre* pictures of Canadian subjects, some of which have been often engraved, as well as landscapes, and historical and ecclesiastical subjects. For some years his time has been chiefly occupied in painting portraits, many of them of prominent Canadians.

The power of representing one person, as distinguished from all others, with such living force that the soul itself looks forth from the canvas, is surely a noble one; and the artist who, with kindred qualities himself, chooses the best and highest characteristics of those he paints, will leave a lasting influence for good upon the art of his time.

M. J. Sanborn.





DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

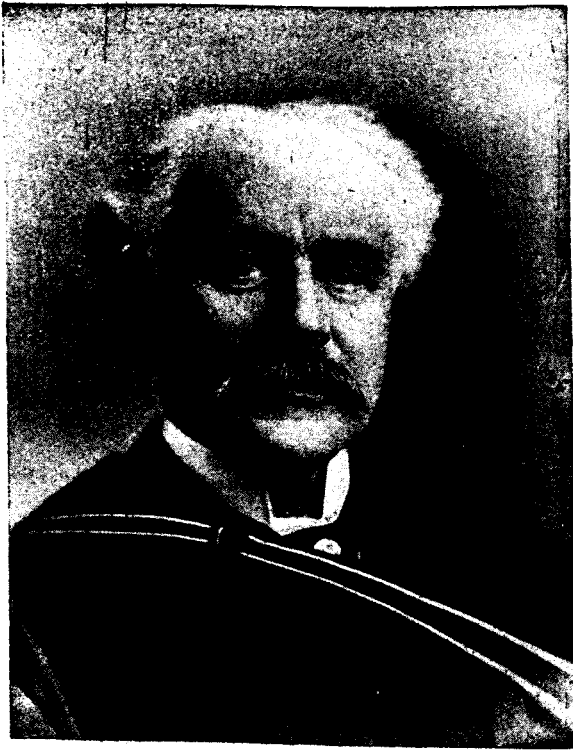
CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME.

BY JOHN P. ROCHE.

It has long been acknowledged that a nation's physical and intellectual advancement depends in a great measure on the character of its outdoor sports: this more particularly is the case in countries where there has been a commingling of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic blood. In fact, without much exaggeration, it might truthfully be said that the quality of a nation's manhood runs in parallel lines with the quality of a nation's sports and pastimes. This paper is not intended to be a dissertation on athletics in general; it is merely the outcome of an idea that when any particular pastime has risen to the dignity of being designated "The National Game," the patriotic heart would feel somewhat disappointed were not a little attention paid it when the progress of a great country was being rejoiced in and great historic events were being commemorated. This is especially pertinent to Canada, as the introduction of lacrosse as a civilized game was practically co-temporary with the confederation of the provinces. What tremendous strides the Dominion has made in those thirty

years, we all know, and lacrosse has kept its place in the advance.

This is not to be wondered at, for it is a game peculiarly adapted to the hardy youth and virile manhood of Canada. In its original and cruder form it was played by the North American Indian while still he might fairly have been styled "the noble red man." In his leisure moments, when he was not engaged in slaughtering buffalo, or a feathered and bepainted foe, he liked the excitement of lacrosse, and he worked his two hooked sticks with the same facility as his tomahawk. And the squaws liked it, too. Indeed, if tradition speaks truly, the ladies took a very active, and sometimes painful, part in spurring on the braves to victory, or telling them what they thought about them in case of defeat. In those days whole tribes contended with each other on the prairies; and as there is no mention anywhere of rules regarding fouls, and there having been no lacrosse reporters to chronicle results, the state of those aborigines after a hard match may easily be imagined. But, alas! the pride of the Indian, even



DR. W. GEORGE BEERS, THE FATHER OF LACROSSE.

in his own game, has faded away before the advance of his white brother, who is no longer his pupil, but his master.

The introduction of lacrosse as a white man's game is a simple story. A few gentlemen, who had watched the Indians at play, saw immense possibilities in the sport if brought under the control of some recognized set of rules. Accordingly, exhibition matches were arranged between teams from different reservations—principally St. Regis and Caughnawaga. This was about 1860, or perhaps a little earlier, and a few years afterwards we find that clubs consisting of white men were formed. To Dr. W. George Beers, of Montreal, known all over Canada as the "father of lacrosse," is due the introduction of our national game, as we now know it. He has lived to see it brought to the zenith of its popularity, and it is to be hoped he will live to see made what few improvements, in a technical way, may be necessary.

The Montreal, Shamrock and Toronto

clubs were among the first to be organized, and since their formation the progress of lacrosse has been marvelous, with the exception of an interregnum of a couple of years, when internecine troubles caused a considerable lapse in public interest. To get any idea of the early history of the game, old records must be searched, and one finds that the first match for what was recognized as the championship of Canada was played in Montreal, on October 27, 1866, between the Montreal club and the Caughnawaga Indians. On this occasion the white men were victorious. On the Queen's birthday of the following year, Ottawa tried unsuccessfully for the honor; and then, breathe it not aloud! on our own first Dominion Day, July 1, 1867, Montreal lost the championship to the Caughnawagas. From this time until May 24, 1869,

the coveted title alternated between St. Regis and Caughnawaga; but on that day Montreal again celebrated Her Majesty's natal day by a victory, and not until 1878 did an Indian team again hold the championship of Canada, and the aborigines' farewell to the national game practically took place on August 13, 1879, when the Caughnawagas were defeated by the Shamrocks. The latter won the championship for the first time in 1870 by defeating Montreal, and they held it without a break for five years, until on October 9, 1875, they were defeated by Toronto. All through the following year the Ontarios and Torontos divided the honors, although the Tecumsehs, Shamrocks and Montrealers were in competition. In 1877 the Shamrocks defeated the Torontos, and held the title throughout the year, and in 1878, although twice defeated, were still champions at the close of the season. The year 1879 saw the Shamrocks win all their matches. There is a record of only



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

INVITING A "PASS."

one match in 1880, which was won by Toronto, but during the next two years the Shamrocks still held steadfastly to their old title. The close of 1883, however, again saw Toronto in the premier position, only to lose it in 1884 to the Shamrocks. In 1885 the National Amateur Lacrosse Association abolished the challenge system and invented the series. The clubs competing under the new style were Montreal, Toronto, Shamrock and Ontario. In this season Montreal won seven out of the eight games played, and, consequently, held the championship. During the following year the schedule consisted of thirty matches, the Cornwall club having been taken in, and each team playing twelve times. This was the beginning of the end of the old N. A. L. A., and it came about as follows: Montreal had won ten matches and lost two; Toronto had won nine, drawn one, with Ontario, and lost two. Toronto claimed that the drawn match should be played off. This was done and Toronto won, thus leaving Montreal and Toronto tied for first position. Then what was expected to be a deciding match was played in Montreal in the snow on Nov. 20, and to the surprise of everybody it resulted in a draw, the score at the call of darkness being—Montreal, 1; Toronto, 0. The Committee of Management ordered another match on Nov. 27, on the Montreal grounds. To this the Torontos objected, arguing that it should be played at

Toronto, and finally let the match and the championship go by default to Montreal.

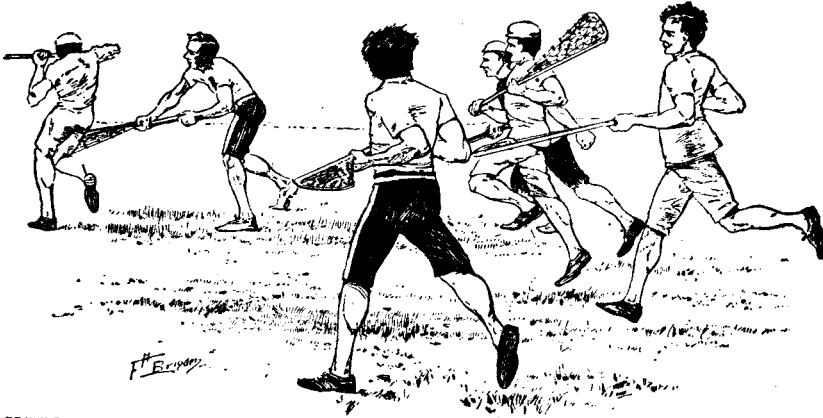
At the Annual Convention held in 1887, the Toronto and Ontario clubs formally withdrew from the N. A. L. A. Their secession was disastrous to the old Association, but it served to stir up new interest in the game in Ontario, for it resulted in the formation of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, which immediately showed a remarkably vigorous growth, while, on the other hand, a great deal of the interest in the parent Association lapsed, and two years of very ordinary lacrosse, indeed, were witnessed. The decadence of the N. A. L. A. was swift and marked, until now it barely legislates for small junior and district competitions.

It was in 1889 that some men, wise in lacrosse lore, promulgated the idea of a five-club league, embracing Montreal, Toronto, Shamrock, Ottawa and Cornwall, playing home and home matches, and substituting two hours' play for the previous system of winning the best three out of five games. How successful the new method has been is matter of too recent history to require any com-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"DODGING."



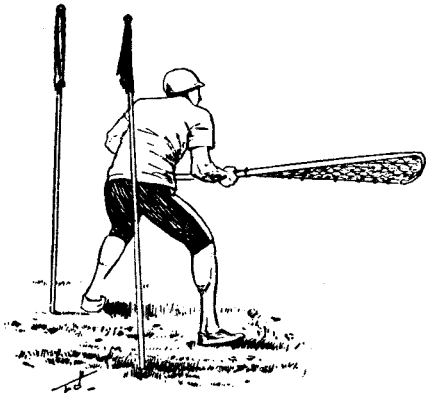
DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"A RUSH ON GOAL."

ment here, suffice it to say that lacrosse legislation has been simplified; there are fewer disputes; the game has been made cleaner; its "scientific" development has been wonderful; it requires more than mere physical ability; it must now be played with the head as well as with the arms and legs; it stirs the blood of the spectator, be it ever so sluggish; in fine, it is, without exception, the greatest of all athletic games, and it occupies a place in the hearts of the people from which it can never be supplanted. So much for the retrospect.

As to the outlook, there can scarcely be two opinions. The game is bound to advance; but no matter how perfect a thing may be, it always seems susceptible to improvement or subject to change. We may expect some changes—maybe

or the better, maybe for the worse—in the future, of which we see no probability now. What might be quoted as an instance happened the other day when, during the revision of the Rules, the Indian was once more admitted to the game on the same plane as the white man. The superiority of the Indian at play, in the beginning, may have been the real reason for barring him, under a nominal regard for a newly found amateurism; but at the same time, there was a very prevalent idea that the color line was the trouble. Willing to accede to this prejudice, many good people bowed their heads and only raised them in surprise when they found negroes playing on professedly white teams, and then they began to think that it was a hardship on the race that had taught white men the game. Two deductions may be drawn from this action of the revising board. No one will claim that there is an atom of sentimentality in the matter. Either the white teams have such confidence in themselves that they need no longer be afraid of Indians; that some particular club wishes to strengthen its team by playing Indians; or that the new rule may be recognized as a small-sized straw tossed about on a warning zephyr of approaching professionalism. It should not be understood from this that there appears any immediate danger of the national game falling into the hands of professional players, a state of things which, in the beginning, might be a calamity. Even this position, how-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"BETWEEN THE FLAGS."

ever, is open to argument on both sides. What is intended to be conveyed to the reader is the fact that lacrosse has reached such a stage of perfection that the public now will be satisfied with nothing but the best article. Junior teams are to-day playing a game that a few years ago would have been considered up to championship form; and the intermediates and seniors have improved in like ratio. To be permitted to wield a stick on one of the five big clubs now means that a player must be of the stellar order. As wonderful players or performers are scarce in any branch of

happens that lucrative positions are provided for good players. There seems no great harm in this: it is not open professionalism, and equally it is not pure amateurism. It simply represents a state of affairs brought about by the exigencies of public demand and the surprising progress of the game.

A few years ago the amateur question occasioned much bickering and heart-burning, several yards of costly affidavit paper, some few suspensions and expulsions, but not an earthly bit of good. Lately it has been tacitly looked over, resolving itself into a query about cast-



THE GAME AS FIRST PLAYED BY THE INDIANS.

sport, it is not to be wondered at that some sort of an inducement should be held out to a promising young athlete who has demonstrated his ability to fill well an important position on the field; for it should be remembered that all the larger clubs have expensive grounds and club-houses to maintain, and that lacrosse is the principal source of revenue. It may seem heartless on the part of the public, but the fact remains that as soon as a team sustains a series of defeats there is an immediate shrinkage in the sinews of war. And so it sometimes

ing the first stone. And now, during the present season, it is safe to predict that hardly a remark will be made anent sudden changes of residence or the appearance of strange faces on a team unexpectedly.

The advent of out-and-out professionalism is a long way off, but when it does come it will not be an unmixed evil, for it will simply be a necessity of the times, and will do no more harm to our national game in Canada than it has done to amateur baseball in the United States or to cricket in the old

Country. When we have professional teams the amateurs will go and see them play and no doubt learn something from the experience of the experts.

Regarding the present season, if appearances are not unusually deceptive, it will be the most brilliant in the history of the game. Not only have the Senior League clubs gathered their forces together with more than ordinary care, but teams of intermediate rank from Halifax to Vancouver are sanguine, and the juniors are following fast in worthy footsteps. Of course local interests in the smaller districts assume proportions of great magnitude, and the matches, as a rule, are more fiercely

contested; but the eyes of all lacrosse players are focussed on what is known as the Big League. Every one of the clubs have been ready for the fray for some time, and he would be a rash man indeed who dared predict the winner.

Leaving aside predictions, forgetting all about amateurism or professionalism, come what may, lacrosse is too grand a game to ever be in danger of declining. It is a game of the Canadians, for the Canadians, will last as long as there is a Canada, and will have been adopted by other peoples when their own national games have been forgotten.

John P. Roche.



ODE TO CANADA.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

SPIRIT of Freedom, smiling child sublime,
 Thou fairest of all visions of old earth,
 Gladdest of all e'er sung in human rhyme,
 Thou morning-wingèd One,
 Standing forever on those rosy stairs
 Of holy day, where ruined night is done,
 Filling with orient hopes the radiant airs,
 Wherewith man's heart renewed,
 Scorning Annihilation and old Time,
 Doth read anew the adamantine runes,
 Retune earth's heart with hope-remembered tunes,
 Till peoples up from deeps of human lust
 Climb back to God from out the ages' dust,
 With loftier dreams and holier hopes imbued;
 Be with me, radiant Spirit,
 Till my heart doth inherit
 Somewhat in part that old-world triumph of thine,
 To strike the lyric lyre
 With the splendors of thy fire,
 And sing in days remote of a people that is mine.

Yea, be with me, and be with this young land
 In its new heritage of joy and woe ;
 For if thou fleest, desolate the strand,
 Vanished the magic and the molten glow
 That fused the nation's pulse to one great people ;
 Be with our daughters and our valiant sons
 Who hallow our peace or face the alien guns,
 Till one glad peal be rung
 From sea remote to sea, from each far steeple,
 One chant goes up, one solemn anthem sung,
 One thunder pæan of the nation's voice,
 Bidding all lands rejoice,
 That from the orient morn to setting sun,
 Atlantic to Pacific, we are one.

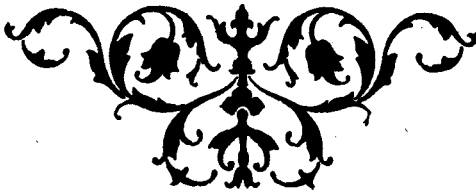
While lofty deeds outshine
 The vain ignoble line,
 Who pander to a present base and tame ;
 While liberty gives what splendor never gave,
 Canada, O, hope-compelling name !
 Wed to the soil where never trod a slave,
 Save him to whom its franchise freedom gave,
 Where never rose the cry of helot shame ;
 Thou, peopled by heroic hearts and hands
 That hewed the forest unto smiling farms,
 Then fired by valorous spirit, sprang to arms,
 When first thy martial being burst to flame,
 Sweeping in rout the vain invading bands
 That trampled thy new freedom, hurling back
 The insolent foe upon his war-scarred track,
 Till Victory, triumphant, veiled in thee,
 Knew this young land unconquerably free
 O, mighty rivers, lakes my heart hath loved,
 Sublime, lone seas, encircled by rude shores,
 Heaven-aspiring mountains, northward plains,
 And ye, dim forests, haunted to your cores
 With loneliness where solitude ever reigns,
 Vast aisles of hemlock, maple, beech and pine,
 Long virgin to the ring of echoing axe,
 Where in a day far-gone, remote, divine,
 The antlered herd thundered your sunless tracks,
 Or echoed at even the wolf-pack's haunting horn ;
 Stretching unbroke, to northward ;
 Night and morn
 My spirit sought you when by alien shore,
 Backward in love my memory dreamed to you,
 With feelings begotten to brother mortals given,
 Land of my birth, where all my memories flew,
 Land of all lands, the holiest under heaven,
 Which when my heart forgets, may my heart beat no more.

O, thou lone awe of our majestic woods,
 Sublime rude thunder of our shining streams,
 Cerulean vastness of our mighty lakes,
 Hushed northern solitudes,

And ye, cloud-circled, heavenward, western peaks,
 Mould a great nation's moods ;
 Fill all our future dreams,
 Till life with greatness teems,
 As when a prophet, heaven-inspired speaks
 To a vast multitude,
 Stirring with broodings of beauty their myriad hearts
 By the spirit of splendor his lofty spirit imparts,
 Till we, like they of the pure and the shining face,
 Are lifted out of the brute and the commonplace,
 To heaven's altitude ;
 Till the iron power that makes
 The helot and the slave,
 The spirit that awakes
 The ignoble tyranny,
 Be each alike swept out from sea to sea,
 Or 'whelmed in one grave.

Yea, what Canadian ever mused alone
 By those great inland waters, desolate,
 Looming in moonlight out to the unknown ;
 Or by some mighty river brimming wild
 Past craggy wastes ; or by some lonely verge,
 With forest high on hoary forest piled,
 Wherein rude autumn like great ocean's surge,
 Thundered afar when the sad year was late ;
 Nor felt in spirit that hushed sublimity,
 That ecstasy of mind and soul swept bare,
 As though a God confronting him out there,
 Revealed in visions vast
 Earth's kingliest eld, her blind antiquity,
 The while mid ominous mutterings wandered past
 Winged shadowings of the mighty days to be.

William Wilfred Campbell.



A CHAT ABOUT LAWN TENNIS.

BY SCOTT GRIFFIN.

HAVE you ever played "Sticky?" I am not joking. Not much—"Sticky" is nothing to joke about, especially on a hot day in the early spring months before we get upon the grass. I'll venture to say not ten per cent. of lawn tennis players in Canada know what "Sticky" is. And yet "Sticky," or "Sphairistike," to give the thing its proper name, is supposed to be legitimately identified with the bringing into the world of our lawn tennis.

I am not going to enter into a lengthy description of the game. You can find that out for yourselves, or go to Quebec, where I think there is a court. There used to be a good one in Kingston, I recollect, at the Tete du Pont Barracks, but I think that is given over now to the regimental cocks and hens.

"Sticky" is rather like Badminton, except that it is played with a racquet and ball, instead of a battledore and shuttlecock. And there are besides four walls to the court as in tennis or racquets. There is nothing in the game, really, but it furnished an idea, and you know it was once said by one of those wise old chaps who seemed never to open their mouths without dropping out something worth picking up and quoting even in these up-to-date times, that if we only furnish one good idea to the world during our lifetime, we can pass in our checks in the serene consciousness of not having lived in vain.

And so all enthusiastic lawn tennis players can bear in mind that they owe more to "Sticky" than an amused inclination of the head when the word is mentioned.

Tennis players—and by that I mean those who play real tennis—scorn the lawn article. They declare there is no game under heaven and upon earth equal to theirs. I can quite fancy this too. To watch a game of tennis is like hearing a Greek play. I have a reverence for an accomplished tennis player

as I have for a profound classical scholar, for tennis is a classic, an aristocrat, a Leviathan among minnows. For a man to step from the Court at Lord's and trifle with Badminton, would be to have one's ear assailed by a penny whistle after a recital by the Casino Orchestra at Monaco. Still, as we cannot play tennis here, we must *faute de mieux*, put up with lawn tennis and, 'pon my word, I think we fare pretty well. There is, at all events, one supreme advantage we have over tennis and racquets and "Sticky" and all the tribe; we play on the green turf in the sunshine; no dust or bad light or dead knees from concrete floors. Indoor games after all are but substitutes. They are devised to occupy us when we cannot be out in the open. I do not want to take my exercise in a building at any time.

I confess I never really considered the possibilities of lawn tennis until I went to the United States and saw the intense earnestness with which the game is played and encouraged there. We in Canada are not in it. The Toronto L. T. C. is a pretty good club and abreast of the times. The courts are filled on a fine afternoon and groups of men in sweaters are ranged about the courts waiting for a chance to cut in. There is no lack of zeal. But we do not seem to "play the game." We pat the ball; our strokes do not inspire confidence in the spectator. At a critical point we fail utterly. It is a lack of system in our play. We strive too much to get the ball back at the expense of form. When we see the ball coming to us sharply off our opponent's racquet, there is just one way and only one by which we can return it with a minimum of effort and maximum of execution. It is by a combination of position of the body, position of the feet and wrist play. By cultivating this and discovering what method is best suited to each of us, for every man has his own peculiar idiosyn-

cracies, we arrive at form. Hence it is that a man who has played racquets in an English school and been properly taught to use his feet and hands, comes out on a lawn tennis court and surprises us by the apparent ease with which he disposes of our difficult returns and services. He always seems to be on the spot. You never see him plunging about as if he were trying to round up a colt in a field. Now this is where these young Americans beat us. They have nearly everyone a good ground stroke, a stroke that they bring off mechanically, that costs them no thought, no effort. It is easy to acquire this, but it means practice and diligence. It should be borne in mind always that a crude style calls for just so much more activity. There is no reason on earth why Canadians should not play as well as Yankees. We ought, indeed, to play better, for we have always had Englishmen with us, whose style we might well adopt, and nowhere was there a better school for the young player than the Toronto Club in the old days on Front Street with Mr. Plumb, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Hellmuth, Mr. Plummer, and other veterans whose advice and coaching were always available. However, the fact remains that, man for man, we cannot approach our brethren across the border. They can chase us all over the lot. And they are all so young, mere boys. To see the championships at Wimbledon, and then the championships at Newport, the contrast is absurd. The Englishmen average at least twenty-six, and the Yankees certainly twenty or under, and the range of age running from the American sixteen to the English forty-two. Take Leo Ware for instance; a slip of a boy still at school, certainly not over eighteen. He is the coming man in the States, they all say, and a beautiful player too. Put him beside E. G. Meers who still ranks well in England and plays regularly. Meers must be well over forty. They would play a good game together. At thirty the American player hangs his racquet on the wall. He is in the sere and yellow. He talks of "in my day." If he were to appear at all the tournaments he would attract

attention as "old Smith" and be told to "take in his sign."

Hovey is on the wrong side of thirty and about the oldest of the American stars, and he told me at the beginning of the Newport Tournament last year and before he won the championship that he was done with lawn tennis for good and all. He will now of course, if all is well, defend his title next year. B. S. de Garmendia is another Newport veteran. He said he entered last year merely to swell the entry. He was too stiff in the joints to play lawn tennis. He spoke of himself as though he were fifty. He is perhaps thirty-one.

Now look at England. Take Pim and Chaytor and the Renshaws and Eaves and Meers and Barlow and Stoker and the Baddeleys; not one, I'll venture to say, under thirty, and, more than that, the majority will tell you they expect to play for ten years longer. Then to come a long way down the ladder to our own little cluster of players: Matthews, Boys, Mackenzie, Moreton, Griffin, Applegath, Anderson, Baldwin, MacMaster, Choppin and others. Anderson is, I should fancy, the youngest man there and I trust he will not be offended if I guess him to be twenty-six.

The Americans are consistently precocious in almost everything and nowhere more than in their sports.

Upper Canada College is doing well at lawn tennis, and I am in hopes that under the watchful eye of Mr. A. A. Macdonald—himself an excellent player although now out of practice—the younger generation may take up the gauntlet with good results. Boys at school are the ones to get hold of. They are susceptible to influence and example and can all be turned into the proper groove if taken in time, whereas, if left to themselves, but one or two, who belong to that singularly fortunate class of natural players, ever attain to more than mediocrity.

Since the changing of the Toronto Club to the Toronto Athletic Club, the headquarters of the best lawn tennis in Canada has been at Niagara-on-the-Lake. A glance at the entry list of the tournaments held there during the past two or three years would

show an array of players unequalled by any club on the Continent. Larned, Chace, Foote, Neel, Parker, Fischer, Avery, Fuller, Paret, Wrenn, Talmage, are some of the American experts who play there regularly, and of course all the leading Canadian players. The Canadian Lawn Tennis Association held its Annual Tournament there last year on the grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel, and it was admittedly one of the most successful ever given in Canada.

The surroundings and natural characteristics of the place are unusually suited to a lawn tennis meeting. The eight grass courts are unequalled in excellence; the shady terraces at the side afford to the spectator a view of the play that is not always obtainable at a tournament, and the Niagara River rolling past the base of the cliff in its journey to the waters of Lake Ontario has saved the life of many a hot, sun-baked tennis player by a dip in its refreshing depths. And, after one is beaten and out of the tournament, there are the Golf Links to go to with a hazard over the ruins of old Fort Mississauga that will test the skill of any man, or a run on a bicycle as far as Queenston Heights. The road leads along the edge of the gorge pretty well all the way and is hard and level. Every player intending to come to Niagara-on-the-Lake should bring his bicycle and take this trip.

This year the Association will meet there again on July 13th, and a more

brilliant gathering than ever is expected. Mrs. Sydney Smith, who last season wrested the Ladies' Championship from Miss Delano-Osborne (now Mrs. Eustace Smith) will have to do battle against Miss Juliette Atkinson, the American Champion; and Mrs. C. J. Smith of Ottawa, who in England was ranked very high will have a try for the splendid silver bowl.

The Canadian Lawn Tennis Association has done a great deal for lawn tennis. It has welded the game together and given it a certain *prestige* which, under the disciplineless régime of earlier years, it would never have acquired.

There is an astonishing lot of lawn tennis played in Canada if one takes the trouble to look into it. Nearly every city and town has its club, and villages too. And these clubs thrive, mind you, and arrange weekly matches with one another and local tournaments and all that sort of thing, and then at the close of the season have a dance or some jollification or other to wind up the summer.

Uxbridge has an excellent lawn tennis club. A team came up to Toronto last year and played a match with the Torontos and did remarkably well. Woodstock, Meaford, Wingham, Sarnia, Blyth, Elora, Lindsay, Owen Sound and dozens of other places great and small all support clubs. So far from the game giving way to golf or bicycles, I think the feeling generally is "the world is surely large enough for both me and thee."

Scott Griffin.



THE MYSTERY OF TWO CHEQUES.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHEQUES.

AT twenty minutes to three on the afternoon of May 10th, 1870, a slimly-built gentleman, about five feet nine inches in height, wearing a heavy moustache and long imperial, entered La Banque de Lyon et de L'Espagne, Paris, and calmly made his way over to one of the paying wickets. From the frequency of the gentleman's nods it was evident that he was well known.

The paying teller, before whom he halted, although for the moment engaged, was not too busy to smile obsequiously to the new arrival, and intimate that he would not keep him waiting long. The gentleman nodded politely, and without appearing in the least to mind the delay, drew from his coat a well-nourished pocket book, opened it absently, took from it a cheque, and then leaned contentedly on the counter as though not in the slightest hurry.

Hardly, however, had his elbow touched the counter when the teller, in a somewhat loud voice, said: "I can attend to you now, Monsieur Tourville."

Standing at an adjoining wicket were two gentlemen, and one of them, hearing the name, turned round, and said, in a rather loud, jesting voice to his companion: "Monsieur Tourville is too busy to notice us to-day."

Strange to say M. Tourville did not seem to hear the remark, as he did not turn and speak to the gentlemen, who evidently were acquainted with him.

He had heard the teller's voice, however, and had handed him the cheque which he had been twisting around his fingers. The cheque read: "Pay to Gustave Tourville two hundred thousand francs." It was signed "Gustave Tourville."

Although for so large an amount, the teller seemed in no wise surprised, and

merely said: "As usual, in small and large bills?"

"As usual, in small and large bills," he answered.

As was customary, the teller then handed the cheque to the ledger-keeper to have the signature inspected and the cheque endorsed for payment. Evidently he did so as a mere matter of form, as he at once began to count out the money. It did not take him many seconds to do so, as attached to each of the large packages were slips showing the amount each contained, and he had merely the totals to add up. When the cheque was returned, verified, he was ready to pay it.

"I think you will find the amounts all right," he said, as he handed over the money.

As though not accustomed to count his money, M. Tourville put the packages in his satchel, and without further remark briskly left the bank. When he passed the two gentlemen he did not look in their direction, and they laughed with seeming heartiness when he was out of earshot.

He had not been gone more than five minutes when he returned hurriedly and said pleasantly, as he handed the same teller a cheque: "I really must try and get into the habit of not coming so near closing time, or I shall be too late some of these days and my employees will not get paid, and they will not like that." (It was peculiar of him that he never allowed an employee to cash his large cheques.)

A perplexed look crossed the teller's face as he glanced at the cheque. "Two hundred thousand francs?" he queried, looking up in astonishment.

"Yes, that is the amount I draw every two weeks, as you know." There was a touch of annoyance in his tone.

"But surely, sir, you don't wish to draw two such large amounts in one day?"

"Two such amounts in one day? What do you mean?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on, angrily: "This is the first time I have been in the bank to-day. If this is considered a jest it is most unseemly, and I do not appreciate it. Kindly cash my cheque; my time is valuable."

At this extraordinary statement a startled expression shot into the teller's face, and he stood and looked at the speaker as though utterly bereft of words. By this time the attention of the same two gentlemen at the adjoining wicket was attracted, and they looked curiously at M. Tourville, who leaned suddenly over the counter and said, furiously, to the teller: "You are mad, sir; hand me my cheque. I will see Monsieur de Tonancourt, the bank manager, at once, and report to him your outrageous conduct."

The threatening tone seemed to restore the teller's presence of mind. Hastily opening a small drawer he drew from it the first cheque for two hundred thousand francs, and with trembling hands laid it before the irate merchant. "There is the cheque you cashed not more than five minutes ago, the money for which must at this moment be in your satchel."

As though unable to control himself any longer, M. Tourville raised his hand as though he would brush the offending cheque to the floor, when his eyes fell on the signature and date, and then he caught it up and examined it closely.

"Who presented this?" he asked, gravely.

"Monsieur cannot have forgotten that he did."

"And you mean to say you cashed it?"

"Monsieur knows I did, and if he will but open his satchel he—"

His words were cut short by the noise the satchel made as it fell violently on the counter and slid toward him.

He picked it up and opened it eagerly: it was empty.

As he looked up blankly M. Tourville took the satchel from his hands and throwing the cheque, that had just been cashed, into the wicket said: "That is a forgery, and the bank has lost two hundred thousand francs."

The teller now turned and pointing

to the two gentlemen who were still listening intently, said: "I remember seeing these gentlemen in the bank when you entered the first time, and I believe they saw me give you the money."

For the first time, M. Tourville now looked at the two gentlemen, whom he at once recognized, and bowed to in a friendly manner. He then turning to the teller said: "At the time you mention I was in the Café de la Paix, which is about five minutes walk from here, with three gentlemen. From your insistence that it was I who cashed the cheque, I infer that not only has my name been cleverly forged for this large amount, but I have been as cleverly impersonated. I shall see M. de Tonancourt, the banker, without further delay." He strode away in the direction of the banker's private office.

Being left alone the teller leaned over the counter and said to the two gentlemen: "You will go with me to De Tonancourt's office when I am sent for, and explain just what you saw?"

"I have no objections to going with you," said one of the gentlemen aloud; "have you?" he asked turning to his friend. "Oh no," he answered. While they were talking a boy left the banker's office, came up to the teller, and said: "Monsieur de Tonancourt wants you."

As he followed the boy, he turned and beckoned to the two gentlemen who went with him into the office.

Ten minutes later a detective entered the same office through a side door on an adjoining street.

CHAPTER II.

DETECTIVE PAINCHAUD'S STORY.

When I, Exavier Painchaud, was called on the 10th of May, 1870, to La Banque de Lyon et de L'Espagne, to investigate the mysterious forging of a cheque for two hundred thousand francs, I had been just six months in the Paris detective department. Before that I belonged to the police department. This was the first important case I had been called to work upon, and, like all young detectives, I was exceedingly anxious to win renown in my profession. Associated with me on the case was one of

the most experienced detectives in Paris, who was my dearest friend.

The unravelling of this strange case ruined the friendship between us, and finally made criminals of us both. After the lapse of over a quarter of a century I now lay bare the facts of this mystery which attracted so much comment, and also a mystery which arose out of it, neither of which until this day have ever been known. I would have liked to have carried the secrets to the grave with me, but why I cannot, shall be known.

When I entered the bank manager's private office that memorable afternoon there were present: Henri de Tonancourt, the banker, a thin, clean shaven, distinguished looking gentleman, of medium height; Jean Labarge, the paying teller, a small stout man with a prominent nose and keen dark eyes; the two gentlemen who had witnessed the paying of the money, Pascal Villers and Telesphore Rivard. Villers was an unusually tall man, nearly six feet two, with very small, watery blue eyes, and thin hair, which he parted carefully in the middle. About Rivard there was nothing particular, except that he stooped badly. The reader is already acquainted with Gustave Tourville, the merchant.

From the serious expression on the men's faces, I judged I was to be given an important case. I was not mistaken. With rapid gestures, the teller related how positive he had been that the man he had given the money to had been Monsieur Tourville.

Frequently crossing his long thin legs and stroking his thin hair, Pascal Villers, one of the two witnesses, told how he had known the merchant for years—as he had also the bank manager—in fact they were all neighbors. He had certainly been under the impression that it had been Monsieur Tourville who had entered the bank the first time; but since Monsieur Tourville had said it was not, of course he must have been mistaken. His friend, Monsieur Rivard, corroborated this statement. He too was a friend of the merchant and of the banker.

As for the merchant, he had little to

say. In an off-hand manner he told how he was in the habit of drawing that amount every two weeks to pay his employees. It was his custom to come to the bank about a quarter or ten minutes to three. He also gave me the names of the three gentlemen he had been with in the Café de la Paix, at twenty minutes to three—the time he was supposed to have been in the bank. In brief, he said he had been impersonated and his signature forged.

The manager of the bank, Monsieur de Tonancourt, was naturally anxious to have the mystery solved and the thief captured before he could do away with the money.

After making a few more enquiries, I drove to the office of the prefect of police with the two cheques in my possession.

On learning the gravity of the case, the prefect summoned detective Vital Jodoin, my friend, who plays such an important part in this history. We were told to unravel the mystery together.

Jodoin was a singularly handsome man of twenty-eight, almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and had muscles as hard as iron. Had he been born as plain a man as I, the temptation which came to him through this case, I believe would never have beset him.

After discussing the facts, we arrived at the following conclusions: That the impersonator—if there had been one—must have had accomplices, or he would never have dared to have cashed the cheque so near the time usually chosen by M. Tourville. Again, to have impersonated him so successfully, it would have been necessary for the forger to have been personally acquainted with the merchant.

Who then was the culprit?

Was it possible that, despite the seeming respectability of the two witnesses of the crime—Villers and Rivard—that they were not the innocent onlookers as would appear? Again, was it credible that the teller could have been so thoroughly deceived in the appearance of a man he was in the habit of doing business with? Deceived too by his very voice, as he had spoken once—when he

said he would take the money in large and small bills. Finally, was it not possible that the well known merchant was not in quite as affluent circumstances as supposed, and was actually the culprit himself? Even if he had impersonated himself we were persuaded he could never have successfully done so without aid. The case without doubt was a complex one, and the chances were that it had not been hatched by one single brain. We decided to have all these men carefully watched.

To offset our suspicions against these respectable gentlemen was the fact that at this period were to be found in Paris some of the cleverest forgers and impersonators in the whole world. To positively ascertain if the crime had been committed among this class, happily we had the invaluable informer, Toussaint Guyot.

CHAPTER III.

TOUSSAINT GUYOT.

The days passed rapidly but despite all our efforts the mystery remained tangled enough. There was one clue, however, which we thought held out promising results, and that was, although the teller was socially the inferior of the four suspected men, he had begun to visit at their houses; there was the glaring fact also that he was spending money very freely. We found he had not been born in Paris, nor had he any relations in the city, although a host of friends. We also discovered that the banker and the merchant were old friends and that the loss to the bank had in no way impaired their friendship, but rather increased it. Unfortunately for us, the gentlemen who had been with the merchant in the café the time the cheque was being cashed could not recall the exact time he left them. Had they only been able to have done so, we should have been able to have settled the suspicion which naturally attached itself to the merchant.

One thing which troubled Jodoin greatly at this time was the absence of Guyot, the informer, who had not been seen in Paris since the day of the forgery. Although we did not suspect him

of the crime, we had to admit that the absence of such a man at such a critical time was either more or less significant.

I will now come to the remarkable events which followed each other so rapidly.

The second night after the forgery, I was sitting in one of the two rooms Jodoin and I occupied, almost dead for the want of sleep, waiting for Jodoin—who had been all day in the low portions of Paris trying to find Guyot—when I heard his brisk step on the stairs. He entered the room angrily. "It is no use," he said "I cannot find that scoundrel Guyot. After all, these informers cannot be implicitly trusted."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened noiselessly, and there stood the object of Jodoin's compliments, Toussaint Guyot—one of the shrewdest rascals in the whole of Paris. He was of medium height, spare, with a yellow complexion, and dull, expressionless eyes. Unlike most of his class he had received a fair education. Jodoin had enough of evidence against the man to send him to the Conciergerie for a score of years; but decoy ducks are just as valuable to detectives as they are to sportsmen. Such rogues are used by detectives the world over.

"Sit down," said Jodoin, curtly. He slid on a chair as noiselessly as a cat.

"Now where have you been?"

"To Maisonneuve, to see my mother who is sick."

"I don't believe you," said Jodoin tartly.

The fellow glanced up quickly and smiled apologetically—I may have been mistaken, but I thought I caught something of the lurking devil in that look.

"However," continued Jodoin (he had realized he was not acting wisely) "I can verify in a day or two the truth of what you say. I have been anxious to see you, Guyot; I suppose you know what for?"

"I can guess; you wanted to ask me if I knew who forged the cheque on the Banque de Lyon et de L'Espagne." The listless manner in which he spoke conveyed the impression that he could throw no light on the affair.

"Yes, that is what I wanted you for," answered Jodoin, turning his back upon him as though his room was now preferable to his company.

"I was going to say that I thought I knew the forger."

Jodoin wheeled suddenly round, and said in a voice which trembled with excitement: "If you can do that, Guyot, you shall be paid handsomely."

Leaning back, Guyot said, a little bitterly: "I don't want your money; I want to try and get out of your power. You once did me a good turn, for which ever since you have kept the lash hanging over me. Now, if one more piece of treachery to those who trust me will even things up between us, I don't mind telling you what I know of the case."

We both bent eagerly over the table to listen.

"You remember Pierre Lisotte, the forger and impersonator?" he began.

"Yes, he is serving a fourteen years' sentence for forgery," Jodoin replied.

"Then he has now served about—?"

"About ten years," answered Jodoin, restlessly.

Without paying the slightest attention to his impatience, Guyot went on: "And so he would have had four more years to serve. I suppose you have heard of his escape, the day before this cheque was cashed?"

"We have not; we have been too busy on this case to do much gossiping with the officers."

"Yes, of course—well, he has been to see me."

It was hard for us to exhibit no surprise; but we offered no comment.

"He came to my house in Les Batignolles the midnight of the day he escaped. I was surprised, but I took him in. He said he had come to me because he had heard I could be trusted. When he told me of the terrible ten years he had put in, in the Conciergerie, I had a real feeling of pity for him. He said he had made arrangements with an old companion to escape from France, but that he needed a safe place to hide for a few days. It was my duty, of course, to have betrayed him, but I thought I would do one good deed in my life, and so took him and promised to help him to

escape. As I had to go away in the morning to see my mother, I showed him a hiding-place in the house where he would be safe till I returned. If you remember, Lisotte was not unlike, in appearance, the merchant, M. Tourville, who was impersonated."

He paused and looked at Jodoin, who, after thinking for a few moments, said: "I only remember seeing Lisotte once, and as to his exact appearance I cannot be sure. I can recall, though, that he was a clean-shaven man with reddish hair; while M. Tourville has gray hair, a heavy gray moustache and imperial. What are you trying to—?"

"You will soon learn what I am trying to do," interrupted Guyot, for the first time exhibiting symptoms of excitement. "As I have said," he continued, "Lisotte's figure was not unlike M. Tourville's. Now, suppose he got a wig exactly like the hair worn by M. Tourville, attached to his lip a gray moustache and to his chin a gray imperial, used cosmetics to make the color of his skin like M. Tourville's, and, finally, secured a suit of clothes like his, and (after a companion had stationed himself at the door of the bank to watch) had entered the bank at the time usually chosen by the merchant, and presented the cheque, forged as you know only Lisotte could forge a cheque, would you think it wonderful if it was accepted and cashed?"

In way of reply Jodoin quietly rose, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and then walking over to Guyot looked him squarely in the eyes and said: "You seem to forget, Guyot, that you, too, with the disguises you have mentioned, and with the information you seem to possess of the merchant, might have acted the very part which you have attributed to Lisotte—with the exception of forging the cheque, which, perhaps, your crafty brain could, if it were taxed, have accomplished in some way. Now, I will be frank with you, unless you thoroughly explain this mystery I shall keep you till we can fully investigate the facts of the strange story you have unfolded."

Guyot exhibited no apprehension at the grave turn affairs had taken for him,

and said, quietly: "Of course, I might have played the part, as you say; but I did not. Is it likely that if I had, and after getting that sum, I should have been here exposing myself so foolishly, and waiting until your unjust suspicions can be got under control till I can continue and tell you how you may find the forger? Even supposing I had played the part of the man who watched at the bank door till the cheque was cashed, would it have been any the less dangerous for me to have sought you out? Was there not enough to do two almost a lifetime?"

Of course this was mere argument, but the reasonableness of it appealed to Jodoin and he replied: "Of course, I only need proof that you are not mixed up in the affair, Guyot. If you can tell us who the guilty party is that will settle the whole question." He spoke somewhat apologetically as he realized that he should have let him complete his story before he took any action. It is wonderful how the want of sleep will upset the strongest man's nerves, and make him act at times as he would otherwise never dream of doing; and Jodoin had not slept for two nights.

Guyot's face set in hard lines as though he were deeply annoyed at such suspicious treatment. "If you will open the door," he said sullenly, "I will show you something that will make you suspect me more, Monsieur Jodoin."

Jodoin pushed the key over to him, as though he now had the utmost confidence in him.

Opening the door, Guyot went into the outer passage, took up a good sized bundle and brought it into the room. "I left it there," he said, as he laid it on the table, "as I did not want you to know its contents till I had spoken to you. From the suspicious manner you have treated me it is well I took this precaution."

Before unfastening the cord which bound the bundle he went to the door, quietly locked it, and then laid the key at Jodoin's side. This voluntarily placing himself at our mercy spoke strongly in his favor. Quickly untying the string there was revealed a gray moustache, a wig, and imperial, a small box of cos-

metics, a suit of clothes and a letter. Opening the letter he said: "Had it not been for this I should never have dared to have shown you, or any one else these things." He handed the letter to Jodoin who opened it. It read as follows: "*Cher Guyot*, I leave these things in the hiding-place in your room for you to destroy. I would have destroyed them myself but there was no fire in the room. You will have no trouble in guessing what I used the things for as the whole of Paris will be talking about the affair when you find them. If you had not insisted on going to see your mother the morning after you took me in, I would have explained all to you and have got you to help us. I had a companion: whom, I cannot tell you. I met him before I came to your house, and he proposed the job. It was dangerous, but I was willing to risk my liberty, once more, for a fortune. He knew you, and told me I would be safer at your place than any other till the morning. Soon after you left he came with the disguises. He seemed glad to find you were out. He had also a paper bearing M. Tourville, the merchant's name. In less than an hour I could write it as perfectly as M. Tourville ever could. It was lucky for me that in general build I was like Monsieur Tourville. After I had got fixed up in the clothes and things, the merchant would have sworn I was his ghost. My companion had everything arranged. He knew that M. Tourville always went to the bank at about a quarter to three. Happily for us it chanced to be the very day he was in the custom of cashing his cheque to pay his employees. My companion saw M. Tourville go into the *Café de la Paix* at twenty-five minutes to three and then hurried to meet me at the bank, which I entered at twenty minutes to three. There was not much danger of my being surprised as he watched at the door, and would have signalled me if he had been coming. After all it was the easiest thing I ever did. I will write you in a few days, and let you know the place I am going to. When I get there, I will send you money to come too, as I hear you, too, are sick of Paris. I am so proud of that signature

that I cannot help letting you see a copy of it." Then followed the signature of Gustave Tourville, in a different hand, and then below it, at the end of the letter, in the same writing as the letter, the signature: "Pierre Lisotte."

With an eager exclamation, Jodoin compared the forged signature in the letter with the signatures on the two cheques—in every detail and character they were exactly the same. Guyot was vindicated! We knew he could never have done that; besides, his betrayal of the man placed him above suspicion.

"You have acted splendidly," said Jodoin to him, "and now all you have to do is, the moment that letter arrives from Lisotte saying where he is going,

to bring it to us, and it will not be long before we have him back again in the Conciergerie and this mystery cleared up."

"So soon as the letter arrives I will bring it to you," said Guyot, in his old placid manner, as he rose to go. The key was still at Jodoin's side, and with a queer expression on his face, Guyot stood and looked at it,

Jodoin noticed the look, and handing him the key, said: "There, forget that little suspicion of mine, Guyot."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that," he said, as he unlocked the door. We listened to his soft footfalls till they finally ceased, and then laid down and slept heavily.

Clifford Smith.

(To be continued.)



THE SECRET.

"GIVE answer!" I heard one cry;
 "Unto my soul reply!
 Solve me Life's mystery,
 Tell me its ecstasy—
 All the heart's rhapsody
 Veiled now in night!"
 "Answer awaits thee,
 Read thou but aright,
 O'er the night spaces;
 Enter, O Soul! in
 Dreamed-of sweet places!
 E'en here, the mystery
 Lingers—but learn:
 Love answers all!"

Alice S. Deletombe.

THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE is a daughter of Julian Hawthorne, and is perhaps the most interesting descendant of the great romancer. She has some talent for writing; not perhaps a sufficient gift to be compelling, as yet, save in that it is assisted by her name and lineage, and that the public have some natural interest in the powers of a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. She is just now in Europe visiting places made famous by her grandfather in "Italian Notes," and the "Marble Faun." The younger Hawthornes may justly regard their Peabody ancestry with as much pride as that of the Hawthorne family. Sophie Peabody, though known to fame chiefly as the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was a woman whose genius was not the less remarkable, in that it took the form of character. The Hawthornes were an erratic race. Madam Hawthorne, (the mother of the romancer), retired to her room in the second story of her Salem house, and did not go down again for two years. The Peabody character was gentle, harmonious and admirably balanced, as seen in the three sisters—Elizabeth, who never married; Mary, who became the wife of Horace Mann, and Sophie, of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Of the three, Elizabeth was the greatest genius and scholar. She was a very learned and most remarkable woman, and it is to be deplored that she left so little literary record. Had she written her reminiscences they would have been among the most interesting in the world. She knew in either personal intimacy or in correspondence, Mary Somerville, Mazzini, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Kossuth, Harriet Martineau, Miss Bremer, Maurice, Mrs. Hughes, Wilberforce, John Bright, Browning, Sir Edwin Arnold, William Henry Channing, Dean Stanley,

Emerson, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Fanny Kemble, Theodore Parker, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Howe, Longfellow, Thoreau and nearly all the interesting people of her time in several nationalities. Miss Peabody had great intellect, profound and extensive learning, and in the Greek and Latin classics probably few women of to-day begin to approach her. She had a most noble and lofty character, full of love and tenderness to every being; but the one defect in her temperament was the lack of executive force. That one little grain that clinches things, that holds together, she lacked, and so her great power of thought, and her noble and beautiful life have passed on into the silence, leaving very little visible record. She was a great influence, however, and perhaps influence, however impersonal, perpetuates itself in subtle, yet potent forms. A little story that is laughed over illustrates her temperament. In her late years she was at Mrs. Emerson's one day in an upper room, where there was a round hole in the floor for a stove-pipe to go through, but unfilled by the destined pipe. Walking about she slipped one foot through it, and with her somewhat ponderous weight, no one present was able to extricate her. "Bring me my Plato," she exclaimed, and taking it she read contentedly for two hours, until some one arrived with sufficient muscular strength to rescue her. In all her outer habits of life things went astray and awry. In the old days of the Concord School of Philosophy, whoever sat by Miss Peabody, was kept in continual occupation picking up her handkerchief, her spectacles, her pencils, bag, etc., everything that she touched being at once dislocated and dropped. There was really something curious in the perpetual disorder

that was generated by Miss Peabody's very presence, and the wonderful precision and order that is said to have always attended the presence of Mrs. Hawthorne—as if some quality within herself wrought outward.

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the Irish writer and statesman, enjoyed every advantage to be derived from early struggles. At fourteen years of age he wanted very much to become a barrister, but owing to scarcity of funds, was obliged to abandon the idea and to take the position of a clerk in a lawyer's office, where he spent twelve months. One year later, having felt the need of immediate self-support, he gladly joined the staff of the *Cork Examiner*. Having mastered shorthand he regularly reported political and temperance meetings, working from morning until night and often right through the night. At eighteen he was engaged in reporting a celebrated criminal case at Clonmel. During the day he took full shorthand notes of the proceedings and, on the rising of the court, jumped on the coach and travelled all night until reaching Cork. There he turned out column after column of copy, took the coach back to Clonmel and filled his place at the reporter's table in the morning. In 1858 he went to Liverpool and became a reporter on the *Northern Daily Times*. There he was in turn literary critic, descriptive writer, leader writer and finally editor. About this time the paper broke down and stopped and Mr. McCarthy immediately turned his thoughts to London, although in that vast city he knew absolutely nobody. At this specially propitious stage of his fortunes his marriage occurred as, "in those days, when a young man was very 'hard up' and had no immediate prospects he got married." On coming to London, his only letter of introduction was to the editor of the *Daily News*, who, however, could give him no work and held out no hope. Mr. McCarthy did not yield to this discouragement but sent an article on chance to the *Westminster Review*. It was accepted, John Stuart Mill praised it, and thus he got his first real lift.

ANOTHER name to be added to the list of writers who had hard beginnings up the ladder of literature, is that of Louisa Alcott. At the present day it would be difficult to find the lad or the lass, the man or the woman, who does not hold delightful memory of "Little Women," than which a sweeter story was never more charmingly told. And yet, incomprehensible as it seems to us, Miss Alcott for years sent her book around from publisher to publisher, receiving disheartening refusals from them all. It finally got to be a perfect joke in the family, and they called that closely written manuscript "The Great American Traveller." Families are very unfeeling things generally to their own, and in this instance many were the jokes and laughs raised at the expense of the young writer. Miss Alcott's final triumph should serve to encourage the myriads of young writers who are to-day pestering editors all over the country, and who have at least a dozen or so of great American travellers of their own.

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IN regard to the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy," Mr. Kipling makes the following explanation:—"A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'" It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to govern their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."

CURRENT COMMENT.

A NEW
VOLUME.

WITH the present number of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE begins the second volume of this publication, and the moment is an opportune one to review briefly the course of the periodical for the past six months.

When MASSEY'S MAGAZINE was first launched, there were those whose trepidity led them to express the belief that it could not live six months, while some were to be found whose prophecy of evil was to have been realized in half that time. It was stated then that a ten-cent popular magazine could not be made to compete with American monthlies possessing the advantages of a field fourteen times greater than that to be found in Canada; moreover, it was stated that we had neither the literary nor artistic talent in this country necessary to cope with American and English periodicals, whereas the matter of procuring high-class engravings, and printing of the first quality—without which the best engravings avail nothing—was entirely out of the question. The history of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE for the past six months has been, we think, a direct refutation of these assumptions. Not only has the periodical flourished as regards advertising patronage, but the thousands of subscriptions placed on the books during that time testify to the belief of many Canadians that a ten-cent popular magazine can be made go in Canada. In the initial number we intimated that it would be our endeavor to make each successive number better than its predecessor; whether we have accomplished this or whether we have failed is not for us to say, but of one thing we are certain, and that is, that we have conscientiously endeavored to fulfil the obligations assumed then; and further, that we shall still continue to strive to improve the publication from month to month to the best of our abilities.

The editors feel that a word is due the publishers for the free hand that has been

accorded them in the operation of the periodical. Whatever shortcomings are to be found within its pages—and we know there are a considerable number—the publishers are in no way responsible for. They hesitated at no reasonable expense, and accepted every moderate suggestion. If, on the other hand, there should be any whose judgment would lead them to believe that MASSEY'S MAGAZINE is a credit to Canadian art and literature, let them bear in mind the fact that to the publishers, more than to anyone else, is due whatever merit there may be found in the publication.

With the same hearty co-operation of the public and the publishers during the six months already begun, the editors trust that the number for January, 1897, will find us as far ahead of June, 1896, as the issue for that month is in advance—according to the generous testimony of our *confrères*, the daily press—of that for January, 1896.

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AFTER THE
STRUGGLE.

THE general result of the elections on the 23rd ult. was not altogether an unexpected happening, although it was, doubtless, a surprise even to Mr. Laurier's most ardent followers to behold the large majority that was piled up in Quebec against the government of the day. After all the sacrifices that the Conservative party had made for the sake of the Lower Province, it seemed heartless indeed, to receive the cold treatment which Quebec meted out to it last week.

There is one thing to be learnt by the Protestants of Ontario from the result in Quebec, however, and that is, that the much-vaunted supremacy of the Church in politics in the Lower Province is a gigantic myth. It will, therefore, in future, become the people of Ontario to be more tolerant of their countrymen in Quebec.

From all accounts the campaign that has just ended has been one of the most bitter in the history of Canada. The

Manitoba School Question, which, by the way, should never have been made an issue of the contest, was for the most part responsible for this, although the dissensions in the Cabinet also added materially to the spirit of acrimony that existed.

In spite of the antipathy that was engendered, now that the elections are over, it behoves all Canadians, irrespective of party, to unite and lend the new Government all the support they can command in order that it may have every facility for promoting the best interests of the country. The Conservatives have had a long term of office, and a few years' opposition will do the party good. (By the way, it is remarkable how many Conservatives are of this opinion now that the elections are over.) During the next five years the Liberals will have an opportunity of demonstrating that which they have all along professed, and which we thoroughly believe they are in earnest over, namely, their loyalty to the interests of the country and their devotion to Canada and the Empire.

From Mr. Laurier's remarks it is to be judged that there will be no descrimination against the Mother Country; the cause of Preferential Trade will be fostered, and no material changes will be made in the tariff, although a little tinkering may be done; the Liberal party will seek to reform but not revolutionize, and there are many reforms which can, to advantage, be brought about in this country. Canada has little to fear from the Liberal party, and at present a great deal to gain. Let us all, Conservatives and Liberals alike, combine to assist the new Government in advancing the interests of Canada for the next five years to come. Above all, let us render Mr. Laurier all the help we can to remove the obnoxious Manitoba School Question from the realm of politics, where it should never have been introduced; let us do this, even though, for party exigencies, Mr. Laurier saw fit to embarrass the late Government on that question. And when that question is settled let us hope that we shall have seen the last of religio-racial questions in this country.

TWO
CANADIANS
GONE.

CANADA has lost two distinguished sons during the past month—one was the Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, and the other was an ex-Lieut.-Governor of this Province. Both came of United Empire Loyalist stock, and both honorably sustained the unsullied loyalty of their forefathers. The late Hon. John Beverly Robinson was a man who was respected by all who knew him, and also by a great many who never had that honor. The work which the late Sir Leonard Tilley has accomplished for Canada, and the interest ever manifested in Canadian affairs, even after his retirement from active service in the lists of public life, will long be remembered by the Canadian people.

The examples which the lives of the two men furnish might well be a matter of emulation to the young men of this country.

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THE MOSCOW
DISASTER.

THE disaster attending the coronation of the Czar has proved one of the most terrible happenings of recent years. The reports that have reached this country vary widely as to the number of the victims, but the authorities admit that there were at least 1,700 killed, while newspaper reports have placed the number as high as 3,800.

It is a relief to know, however, that the catastrophe was not caused by the gluttonous and "bestial instincts of the masses," as was at first reported, but by a desire on the part of a loyal people—and there is not a more loyal people under the sun than the Russian peasantry—to procure some token or souvenir of the proceedings which they might hand down as an heirloom to posterity to commemorate the liberality of their sovereign.

It is remarkable that even so great a disaster had no effect in lessening the greatness of the festivities. It is probable that had such a thing happened in England, not only would the demonstration have been terminated, but the courts and entire nation would have gone into mourning at once.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. New York: The McMillan Co., Ltd. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd.

We have read with great interest Mr. Gilbert Parker's latest novel "The Seats of the Mighty,—Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, Sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment and Afterwards of Amherst's Regiment," and it appears to us to be the best novel yet produced by that talented author. As an odd coincidence it may be of interest to mention that we have also finished reading, quite recently, a little volume entitled "The Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia Regiment," published in 1854 by John S. Davidson of Pittsburg, Pa., and we have been impressed with the similarity of the two books. In fact, so closely does one resemble the other in nearly every detail that we do not hesitate to say that in our opinion Mr. Parker's book is derived mainly from the earlier work. We do not say this with the belief that we have made a "find," and we do not for a moment take credit to ourselves for having unearthed something that was not generally known to exist, for the "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo" is a book that is pretty well known; nor do we mean to insinuate that Mr. Parker has "borrowed," with the idea that he would not be detected, for the reason that when "The Seats of the Mighty" ran in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year ago the name "Major Stobo" was used throughout in place of "Captain Moray," which of course signifies that there was no attempt made to conceal the matter of the origin of the story. But what we complain of is, that when "The Seats of the Mighty" was brought out in book form and the name of the principal character changed so that the identity of the origin of the story was lost, no reference was made in the pre-

face of the new book to the older one, such as is usual when one book furnishes the theme of another. We do not believe that this was done intentionally, rather are we pleased to think it an oversight, for we readily understand how easy it is for a mistake of this kind to occur. It is, nevertheless, an omission which Mr. Parker should not fail to amend.

That the story has been improved in Mr. Parker's hands there can be no disputing. From a simple disconnected tale Mr. Parker has evolved a strong dramatic novel, the interest of which is well sustained throughout. The characters are all well drawn, particularly those of Doltaire and Gabord. The latter is so successfully handled that the reader feels an involuntary pang at the sad ending of the noble jailer. It was indeed a cruel thing to kill Gabord! In the character of Alixe there is a beautiful portrayal of feminine devotion, and although one or two of the interviews between herself and lover are a trifle prolix, this is excusable on the ground that much of the information necessary to an intelligent understanding by the reader of what was occurring in the outside world while Moray was a close prisoner, could only be told in that way, as the story is written in the first person.

If we may not be thought hyper-critical, there is one point that we wish to call attention to, and would like to have elucidated, namely: On page 72 the following paragraph occurs:

"That is your final answer?" asked he, rising, fingering his lace and viewing himself in a looking-glass upon the wall."

What we wish to know is, whether it was customary in those days to hang looking-glasses on the walls of the cells of prisoners?

Such trifles don't amount to anything of course; there has hardly ever been a

story written in which flaws of this kind could not be picked here and there, and this one is singularly free from blemishes of that kind.

"The Seats of the Mighty" is a book which every Canadian should read. Apart altogether from its worth as an absorbing tale, the historical value of the work is considerable. Dealing with the decline of French rule in Canada and the subsequent capture of Quebec by the English, it touches upon an event in which the inhabitants of this country cannot fail to be interested. Numerous charts and maps are shown which we believe have never before been published, all of which greatly enhance the value of the work.

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In the Village of Viger. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland & Day.

"In the Village of Viger," is the title of a volume of ten French Canadian short stories, by Duncan Campbell Scott, which has just been published by Copeland & Day, of Boston. The readers of *Scribner's Magazine*, who have been charmed with Mr. Scott's Viger stories which have appeared from time to time in that publication, will be delighted to learn that after collecting those which have already been published, Mr. Scott has added several others to the volume which have never before seen the light of day, and which display to the same marked degree the high genius of the author. Within the covers of the little volume, Mr. Scott has given us humor and pathos of a high order, character delineation that could not be excelled, and delicate vignettes of descriptive writing which need to be read to be appreciated.

But not only are the stories Mr. Scott's creation, the village itself is his own making, for outside the book, we are told there is no such place as Viger. After reading the little volume, however, it is difficult to believe that in reality Viger does not exist. The characters are so true to life, the scenes are those met with every day, and the local color has been applied with such brief exactness that Lower Canada may be traced on every page.

In reviewing the volume we have in mind one story in particular, called "The Desjardins." It is the shortest of the ten, being less than two thousand words in length; but those two thousand words are put together with the genius of an artist; every word is made to count, and there is, consequently, no writing to cover space. We have repeatedly read serials containing chapter after chapter of the minutest description, and they have given us less information, apart altogether from pleasure, than this little story. There is so much suggested in it, so much left to the imagination.

Mr. Scott is, without doubt, one of the best writers of short stories that Canada has yet turned out. We cannot speak too highly of his book, and in spite of what the *Bookman* says, we would urge Mr. Scott to continue.

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Kokoro, Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Those who have eagerly awaited further work from the pen of Lafcadio Hearn will give cordial welcome to *Kokoro*—this "Heart" of Japan. Other writers upon Japanese life and manners give but hasty impressions gathered from the limited opportunities afforded by hurried journeys through towns and cities of the coast. Lafcadio Hearn penetrated far inland, mastered the language, studied the religion, wore the native dress, taught in the school, identified himself with the people, married a Japanese wife, and is extravagantly proud of his Japanese son. As a result of this intimate association we have in *Kokoro* the most delightful record which has yet been written of charming little men and women in the country of his adoption. As regards the literary value of the book, it is neither yesterday nor to-day that the author, although more Greek than British, learned the intricacies of classical English. In years gone by the reviewer first knew Lafcadio Hearn. At that time, he had nothing in book form, but, his romances and sketches which appeared in the journals of the day were gems of thought and expression. In

those days his artistic soul was cramped by hard environment. Now he has come into his own, and his skilled pen is at its happiest and its best when portraying phases of life, where all life is an embodiment of the beautiful.

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Earth's Enigmas, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

Many of the stories which comprise this volume have appeared in leading magazines of the day. The author is widely known as a poet, whose verse is distinguished, not only by depth of thought, but also by rare felicity of expression and the book at hand evidences his mastery of good, strong, English prose. Mr. Roberts finds inspiration from homely scenes, and culls his romances from situation which but need the soul attuned that they may pulse with life and beauty. Many of these stories celebrate incidents of life in lumber camps, along the rivers of the North, or within sound of the sea and all are redolent of nature, and strong with the stimulus of outer air.

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Beatrice of Bayou Têche. By Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The scene of this singularly fascinating story of anti-bellum days in the south, is laid in the beautiful Têche district of Louisiana, where the

"Grass grows
More in a single night than a whole
Canadian summer."

The opening chapters give entertaining glimpses of court-yard life in the French quarter of New Orleans, and then the reader takes a Têche packet and accompanies the heroine over the smoothly-flowing Bayou to the La Scalla plantation, which lies close to the town of St. Martin's. The plot is that old, old story of the South, which turns on the question of race prejudice, the problem of the brother's keeper and the sin of the father's which is visited upon the children to the third and the fourth generation. The writer's point of view, and her treatment of the subject are distinctively features of the New South. Only an enlightened intelligence and cultured sympathy could have enabled her to deal

so justly and so skilfully with a plot, presenting many difficulties, and this special phase of intelligent sympathy has become possible, only during the last quarter century of the people's growth. That the writer is a Southerner, either by birth or by long adoption, is evidenced by her intimate knowledge of the unwritten laws, governing the social fabric, and by her quick recognition of the subtle charm of character portrayed.

To one who is familiar with the section of country described—the Acadie of Louisiana, the beautiful land of Evangeline—and the out-lying islands of the Mexican Gulf, the story affords an intense personal interest.

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The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great Grandmother of Victor Emmanuel. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekouska. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The first entry is made on New Years' day, when the writer has just passed her sixteenth birthday, in the year 1759. At that stage of the history of Europe, Poland was more than a memory, and the pride of the Polish seigneurs and the feudal splendor of life in fortified castles, are stamped in perpetuity in the daily record kept by the young countess. The ethics of the book are specially refreshing. There is none of that morbid introspection which characterizes similar work from other pens. There is no hint of the all-prevailing latter day decadence. There is but the self-revelation of an innocent heart and the facile portrayal of people and of affairs as they pose before young eyes looking upon a new and beautiful world. The book is suitably bound in crimson and gold and the cover is resplendent with the Krasinska crest surmounted by a coronet. The illustrations present views of places famed in Polish history. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the portrait of the countess, painted by Angelica Kauffman, and now among the art treasures of a wealthy American. The translator is to be congratulated upon the excellence of his work which fully conveys the perennial charm of the ever youthful and beautiful great-great-grandmother of the King and Queen of Italy.