

PAGES

MISSING

NATIONAL MONTHLY

OF CANADA.

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1903

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 2

COMMENTS ON CURRENT EVENTS

New Colonization Schemes in Canada

THE Canadian West is filling up, just as the American West filled up some thirty or forty years ago, and colonization schemes will be on foot for the next two decades. Only a fraction of our national heritage has thus far been occupied. After all of Manitoba and the adjacent Territories has been settled, there are vast sections to the north, many times the size of England, that are as yet not only uninhabited but unexplored. There is abundant room for colonization schemes, and the more of them that are set a-going, so long as they are sound and honest, the better for Canada.

The homestead entries in Western Canada last year were over 22,000, considerably more than twice as many as the year before. As an illustration of how immigration is growing, this may be compared with the returns for 1896, only six years ago, when the homestead entries were 1,857. Among the schemes proposed by private capitalists is the development of half a million acres of arid land in Alberta, where an irrigation company has undertaken to transform a tract of waste into fertile farms. The work will be subject to the control of the Minister of Interior.

In New Ontario colonization is going

on so rapidly that not only did the provincial government find it difficult last year to keep pace in road-making, but a large pulp company, which received concessions two years ago of certain timber limits, finds now that nearly all of the territory has been located by bona fide settlers, who by agreement have the first right. In addition to the tide of immigration which is thus swiftly moving, an American syndicate has negotiated for two million acres of New Ontario land on which to locate settlers. Chicago capitalists are largely interested in this, and the settlers will be from the central and eastern states. The influx into the West from Dakota and adjacent states is expected to continue this year, having reached large proportions last summer. And already the announcement is made that a first sailing will be made on March 21 of English immigrants under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. All this shows that Canada has entered upon an era of progress, and great developments may be looked for in the near future.

The Census and the House of Commons

THE recent census shows very plainly that Canada is growing Westward. Evidences of Western progress are numerous, but the census puts a construction upon them which is not alto-

gether satisfactory to people in the East. Provincial representation in the House of Commons depends upon population, and a redistribution of seats follows every decennial census, which shows a change in the provincial ratios. The eastern provinces are thus to lose ten members and the West will gain seven, the Dominion as a whole losing three. The old and new apportionments are as follows:

	1891	1901	Loss	Gain
Quebec.....	65	65
Ontario.....	92	86	6	..
Nova Scotia.....	20	18	2	..
New Brunswick..	14	13	1	..
P. E. Island.....	5	4	1	..
Manitoba.....	7	10	..	3
British Columbia..	6	7	..	1
N.-W. Territories.	4	6	..	2
Yukon.....		1	..	1
Dominion.....	213	210	10	7

Quebec has a fixed representation of sixty-five, and each of the other provinces is assigned "such a number of members as bears the same proportion to the number of its population as the number sixty-five bears to the population of Quebec." Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West have largely increased in population, but the electoral unit of Quebec, divided into the entire population of the Dominion, gives a total of only 210, and to provide for the increases in the West there must be a corresponding reduction in the representation of the East.

This mathematical method of constituting the House doubtless has the advantage of being exact, but it is one of the anomalies of so-called popular representation, that while the Dominion has increased in population by half a million, its total number of members, instead of correspondingly increasing, is actually decreased. In Canada's growing time the West is fully entitled to its seven additional representatives, but it is unfortunate that the East must have ten less. There was work enough for all. But now the question is, which will be the lost seats?

Another Advertisement for Canada

IN former issues we have spoken of various means of making Canada better known to the rest of the world. Advertising is as necessary for a young nation as it is for a tradesman, and must be kept up with equal persistence. Canada has been too long content to rest upon the good words of its friends, who, while fair and impartial, cannot always speak with first-hand authority. But Canada has now begun to do some advertising on her own account, and is already finding results. Trade agents, government literature, and immigration offices are among the best investments that Canada has ever made.

The latest method of national advertising is the appointment of forty progressive farmers from Manitoba and the North-West, who are to make a six-weeks' tour of Great Britain, visiting all the important agricultural centres and doing general campaign work for Canada. A programme has been outlined by the Department of the Interior, according to which the farmer-agents will visit one town each day. This is carrying the seed straight from the granary to where it may be expected to bear fruit. The English people are interested in Canada, but their information concerning this country has sometimes been of the crudest kind. A company of intelligent Canadian citizens who have themselves been very successful, can do much by a campaign of this kind to correct wrong impressions and awaken public interest of a practical kind. The result of this unique experiment should be a considerable increase of immigration from the mother country; and it might be applied also in other directions.

A Cry for Reciprocity

THE western American states want reciprocity with Canada. A strong League has been formed, whose purpose is to advocate a free trade policy with

their Canadian neighbors, and to arouse a popular interest throughout the various states. The centre of the movement is Minnesota. Some of these free trade champions go so far as to advocate absolute reciprocity, although a readjustment of the tariffs is the usual extent of their demands. These agitations reflect, at least, a growing sentiment of friendliness with Canada. The *Buffalo News* says:

Reciprocity advocacy naturally follows the investments of our citizens in Canada, where they are most extensive in volume and most important in character, for even the coal lands are said to be largely the property of men from the United States; but whether reciprocity is realized soon or late, the bonds uniting the American and Canadian grow stronger constantly as they work together and share profits from mutual enterprise.

But while appreciating and inviting the friendliness of the American people, Canadians have their own national interests to protect, and the reciprocity sentiment in Canada has not yet recovered from the set-back given it five years ago at Washington. In the short time that has passed since then, when the Reciprocity Commission was defeated and disappointed, affairs in Canada have taken such a turn toward national independence that the general sentiment of the country is not only less in favor of free trade than at that time, but it is even disposed to a stiffening of the tariff rates and fuller protection. The Americans themselves have built up their national prosperity by a system of national protection, and that is one great argument against the granting of their request for reciprocity—they should let Canada build herself up in the same way their own country has done. Reciprocity would be a bad thing for Canada. What our country wants is a higher tariff.

Wireless Telegraphy in Canada

EVER since Marconi began his experiments in wireless telegraphy across the ocean, Canada has occupied a foremost place in the progress of this latest scientific wonder. The geographical

situation of Cape Breton was greatly in its favor, and operating stations were begun there last spring and are now completed. Messages have been sent from Glace Bay to Cornwall with very gratifying success, and the venture seems to have verified the prophecies that were made for it.

Meanwhile it has assumed business proportions. A company has been organized, with headquarters at Montreal, and a capital of \$5,000,000. The stock has been subscribed by Canadians, Englishmen, and Americans, with Mr. Marconi on the directorate. The Canadian company will control the wireless system throughout Canada and on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Preparations are now being made to instal a transcontinental service, extending as far as the Yukon. Canadian capitalists and scientific men have been interested in the project from the first, and the success with which the company has been organized testifies to their faith in a "wireless future," and their determination that Canada shall play a leading part in its development.

Meanwhile the interesting feature of the case, to the outside public, is that we are promised soon an overland system from one coast to the other, reaching all the business centres that lie between. An official of the company says that before very long there will be wireless message stations in every city, town, and village in Canada, and that commercial work of every description will be accepted. In the West, arrangements have been made for the establishment of stations, and the commencement of business is promised almost immediately. In connection with the enterprise there will subsequently be a school of instruction for operators and a manufactory for the mechanical apparatus. The Canadian Marconi Company evidently means business. Ten years ago, or even five, the whole scheme would have been derided as the idlest of scientific dreams.

A Step Towards Saving Canada's Forests

IT is proposed to establish in connection with the University of Toronto a School of Forestry. The idea is a new one in Canada, but a need exists for such an institution, and the desired Government patronage will not likely be wanting.

In the United States there are three such schools, and instruction in the science of forestry is also given in forty universities. In that country great progress has been made in the cultivation, preservation, and management of forests, during the past thirty years. The American public has come to realize that the future supply of timber depends largely upon the judicious management of the forests of the present day, and the same truth applies with equal force to Canada. Every year is reducing the supply of raw material in the woods, and in face of the rapidly diminishing forest area, the lumber resources of the future are a problem. In the case of this country, the danger of exhaustion is not a near one, but even now it is the part of prudence to make provision against the day of want.

Forestry is the business or the science of forest-culture. It includes both the care of existing forests and the propagation of new ones. Prevention of ruthless waste and despoiling of choice areas by greedy woodsmen is one department of the work; the other is the planting of new forests where the woodsmen have removed the original growth. The United States government now has fifty million acres of forest reserves, some of which is prairie land, but out of which will come in time extensive artificial plantations. Several of the individual states are also taking the matter up and appointing forest commissions.

The forestry schools teach the technology of the woods. In the first year the student takes up silviculture, forest mensuration, and tree-planting, with visits to the woods to examine prevailing forest

conditions. In the second year he studies plant diseases, forest protection and law, and practical working methods. The establishment of such a course in Canada would be one of the most important educational steps that have ever been attempted. A school of forestry might very easily take equal rank with schools of mining.

Progress Made in 1902

PROGRESS is being made steadily, and in some cases rapidly. No year is ever complete in itself, for some unfinished business is always carried over to the next year; but the movements that were set a-going, as well as those which were successfully completed, belong to the record of the year's progress. In both these respects, 1902 was an important year.

The most memorable features may be very briefly summarized. The establishment of universal peace deserves first place. Great Britain completed her war with the Transvaal, and united with Japan to preserve the integrity of Korea and China. Russia was threatening, but remained quiet. The United States declared the Philippine war at an end. Public sentiment greatly strengthened in favor of arbitration.

In the scientific world, the most notable progress was made in connection with wireless telegraphy. At about the same time as the Atlantic was spanned by the Marconi method, a British cable was laid in the Pacific. Great scientific interest was awakened by a remarkable series of volcanic disturbances in various places, and out of what at the time brought serious disaster valuable discoveries are expected to result.

Educationally, the bequest of Cecil Rhodes, by which international scholarships have been founded at Oxford University, was an important and unique departure in public philanthropy. Rich men's gifts to educational institutions in the United States amounted to \$28,-

150,000. In addition to this, Andrew Carnegie gave \$2,598,500 to libraries.

The most striking evidence of progress was the unprecedented prosperity throughout America. It was a year of hard times in many parts of Europe, and the alarm of the "American invasion" considerably increased. But Canada shared prosperity with the United States; crops were large, manufacturing industries were active and profitable, and general trade was good. A great number of new enterprises were established, and the financial institutions brought in most satisfactory reports of the year's business. Best of all, this commercial and industrial progress was without the disastrous incidents of any serious labor trouble or monopolistic oppression such as marked affairs in the United States, where the coal strike and the regulation of the trusts still remain national problems.

Progress in Canada, already accomplished or down for the programme of 1903, includes an extensive increase of railway systems in the West, where a third transcontinental road is now projected; the establishment next summer of a fast Atlantic steamship line, which was one of the liveliest topics during the past year; the expansion of Canadian commerce both at home and abroad; the development of immense industrial enterprises in New Ontario, Nova Scotia, and the West; the strengthening of national sentiment and faith in the country's possibilities; and the popular adoption, as a national watchword, of "Canada for Canadians." In all these directions marked progress has been made, paving the way for further growth this year and in the years to follow. The times are now ripe for action.

The Farmer and the Merchant

IT may be true that the farmer and the business man belong to different orders and commonly have very different attainments. We have been accustomed to such distinctions for a long time. Yet it is somewhat curious that what is

said of the one may be applied almost exactly to the other. This is in part what an ex-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce says of the commercial life: "The great commercial man must necessarily be one of the most intelligent and broad-minded men in any community. He cannot be narrow in his judgment and conclusions. He must understand the laws which affect credit in his own country and in foreign lands. The effect of storm and drouth upon the world's harvests must be his constant study, as well as financial tendencies and the course of exchanges. He must be able to analyze statements and detect flaws and misrepresentations. His mental vision is expanded by intercourse with his contemporaries in all lands and enriched by travel."

What has this to do with the farmer? Simply that to him too these same words apply, though no doubt in a lesser degree. It was only the other day that the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario said that the labor question, as it affected the farming interests, was becoming critical. "Either the farmers of this province must get a large supply of skilled labor or large numbers of farmers must go out of business." In other words, there is need of more intelligence on the farm. The time was when farm labor meant brute force and little else; things have changed now, but there is still a lack of that trained skill which supplements the force. The farmer ought to be intelligent and broad-minded, as well as the merchant; he ought to understand something of commercial laws; certainly he ought to study the world's harvests, for that is his own particular line; and beside all this he ought to have a working knowledge of agricultural science, and not be content with the old-fashioned grub-hoe methods of farming, for which the day is now gone past. Both the employer of farm labor and the farm laborer himself must nowadays have skill as well as strength. The agricultural colleges and

training schools are doing something to meet the want, but the farmers themselves are as yet apathetic. And here comes in the farmer's disadvantage as compared with the merchant; the farmer's mental vision is too seldom "expanded by intercourse with his contemporaries and enriched by travel." He is too much a stay-at-home. Wider knowledge and applied skill are his two great needs.

The Venezuelan Trouble

THE most absorbing item of news at present is the case of Venezuela against England, France, Germany, and Italy, which has now dragged on for several months, and which may not be settled for two years more. The difficulty arose out of Venezuela's failure to pay certain claims of the European powers, which have been standing for years. While it has not been a case of an absconding debtor it has been a case of a very independent and impertinent one, and a blockade of the Venezuelan ports in December was resorted to as a drastic but necessary course.

There is always something to be said on both sides, however, and President Castro claims that there is much to be said for Venezuela. He finally consented to arbitrate the case with his creditors, and on the mutual acceptance of this proposal President Roosevelt was asked to act as arbitrator. Much to the disappointment of the general public, particularly in England, Mr. Roosevelt declined to act in this capacity, and the only alternative was to refer it to the Hague tribunal. The good offices of that body are appreciated, but its procedure is necessarily slow; and even a greater disadvantage is that after it has given its decision it lacks the power or means of enforcing it. Should the verdict be unfavorable to Venezuela, that little South American republic is quite pugnacious enough to dispute and ignore it.

With all the difficulties of the case,

however, it is a step in the right direction that international affairs of this kind should be referred to a tribunal whose professed purpose is peace and reconciliation. If nations will but get in the way of taking their disputes to an arbitration court the day of permanent and universal peace will be appreciably nearer. After that, the task of impressing upon stubborn offenders the necessity of acceptance and acquiescence will perhaps require some international patience, but it need not be long delayed.

The Question of Women's Rights

THERE ought never to have been occasion for the cry of "Women's Rights," for it betokens an utterly mistaken conception of society. Men and women are equal, and there can be no question of superior rights. Merely to admit a question of women's freedom has something incongruous and unnatural about it. If man is a creature of free-will, so is woman, for as a fellow-human she is in the same scale. Therefore, discussions of equality for women are radically wrong at the beginning; they are unnecessary.

Woman has a right to lay bricks, if she wants to, quite as much as man has to bake bread. In the business world she has proved her rights by her ability. The last twenty years have seen the triumphant entrance of women into every department of business, and in many branches their success has not only been equal to that of the men, but superior. Thousands of employers in this and other countries will testify to the faithfulness, readiness, and general capability of their women workers, and every year sees an increase both in their numbers and influence. The same thing is true of the educational professions, and even in science, medicine, and the mechanical as well as decorative arts, women are forging ahead. The day of do-nothings is past. Being an equal creature with man, woman must work out her ends by the

exercise of her powers, just as man does. Her own good sense and judgment, and not any such consideration as her "rights," will prevent her from making the mistake of choosing the rougher classes of work, for which man is better fitted. She has been so long noted for those sound qualities that there is no fear but what, in doing as she pleases, she will do the right thing.

The women of Canada are one of the nation's greatest sources of pride. They

are a noble, sensible, capable band, in whom rests much of the country's hopes. In all the world they have no superiors, and but few equals. As the queens of Canadian homes, as educationalists, as trained business women, they have long since proved their worth, and while in some countries it may be the rule to deny women what are naturally their personal rights, in Canada it is to the nation's advantage that they have every opportunity which their energy and ability demand.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Rosy Alaskan Picture

A MILLION PEOPLE TO FIND SUPPORT IN THE YUKON VALLEY.

JUDGE JAMES WICKERSHAM, of the Third Judicial District of Alaska, paints a gorgeous picture of the future of Alaska. He says that 1,000,000 inhabitants will find support in the Valley of the Yukon on the American side of the line. Time will tell of the unimaginable possibilities of this grand region beneath the Arctic Circle. Good gardening and farming is being done. Good roads is one of the crying necessities of the country, as they are of any new country. During the winter, however, he says, you can have good roads in any direction without any expense. What is needed is a general system by which a road that is greatly needed can be built. The country has no such system and no road law.

From this time on Alaska will have to be reckoned with as a residence country. The whole Yukon Valley is capable of comfortable settlement and will support an immense population. There is a peculiarity of the plant life of that country in that Arctic vegetation is found at Lake Bennett and a country void of trees, the farther one goes north the vegetation increases, until at Fort Yukon forests of a mercantile timber grow. These forests

fade away again before you reach the coast, and they do not reach the Behring Sea by 150 miles.

The interior is much warmer than the coast, owing to the dry atmosphere of the Yukon region. The high coast range of mountains precipitates the moisture on their westerly slopes, leaving a dry winter in the Yukon Valley.—*Baltimore American*.

Nationalize the Passes

NATURE has pierced the barrier of the Rocky Mountains with few gateways. The Crow's Nest, the Kicking Horse, the Yellowhead, the Athabasca, the Peace River, the Pine River—the list is soon exhausted. For the moment we are absorbed in the problem of getting railways from the East to the plains. The day will come, however, when it will be essential to connect the plains and the Pacific Coast, and in that day every available roadway through the hills will be choked with a roaring stream of traffic. For the Far West the mountain pass will become as important as the canal on our St. Lawrence system. That day is distant, but in sight, and it behooves the Government to look ahead.

A pass through the Rockies is a national asset, and should be nationalized as are the canals. An excellent beginning was made when it was stipulated that the C.P.R.

shall grant running rights to any other railway wishing to use the Crow's Nest Pass. The same safeguard should be extended to all the passes when new transcontinental railways get far enough advanced to take up the question of entrance to British Columbia. It is worth considering whether a step in advance should not be taken. Might not the Government survey the passes and plan, build, and retain the roadway through them, granting running rights to all railways needing them? By such a course the route could be laid out so as ultimately to accommodate the heaviest possible traffic, and the rights of the late-coming railway would not be prejudiced by the engineering methods of the pioneer.—*The News, Toronto.*

World Growing Very Small

THE British cable between Canada and Australia has been completed, and Marconi thinks he will soon open regular communication through the air between Nova Scotia and England. So the world grows smaller, in effect, and the brotherhood of the nations is brought nearer from out the dim future where poets have seen it in their dreams.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Canada is our Oyster

BUT WE WILL NOT OPEN HER UNTIL SHE BEHAVES HERSELF.

THE Dominion of Canada has over 17,000 miles of railroad, the cost of which was upward of \$900,000,000. She has also seventy miles of canals, 30,000 miles of telegraph lines, a river over 2,000 miles long, 10,000 post offices, 18,000 public schools, and only 15 per cent. of illiterates in a total population of 6,000,000. In the production of gold she ranks fourth among the countries of the world, her beds of coal are practically inexhaustible, she employs 60,000 men in her lumber camps, and has approximately a million square miles of unexplored and, of course, undeveloped territory.

This is, in outline, the sort of a country through which it is now proposed to construct another line of transcontinental railway. Whereat our Detroit contemporary, the *Journal*, waxes enthusiastic, and, after painting the possibilities of the great Canadian North-West in the most glowing colors and predicting for it a population of 50,000,000, declares that Canada's manifest destiny is to help the United States in "feeding and clothing the world" and to develop "her tremendous natural resources with the help of American millions in new and transplanted industries."

The United States, says the *Journal*, is "not precisely an effete country as yet. But the surprises in discoveries of vast mineral wealth, in natural deposits of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold are of our past mainly. In Canada they are only beginning. Merely the fringe of that vast territory north of us has been examined closely. It is the greatest oyster remaining in the world, barring only Russia, and Americans are to have a large share in prying off the upper shell and partaking of the meat beneath."

Thanks for permitting the United States to keep above the sod and off the effete list for a while yet! And Canada is really a something that is worth keeping our eye on. But a few things have got to happen before a thousandth part of the *Journal's* prediction will come true.

Canada has got to improve her brand of statesmen.

She must drop that absurd claim of hers about the Alaska boundary.

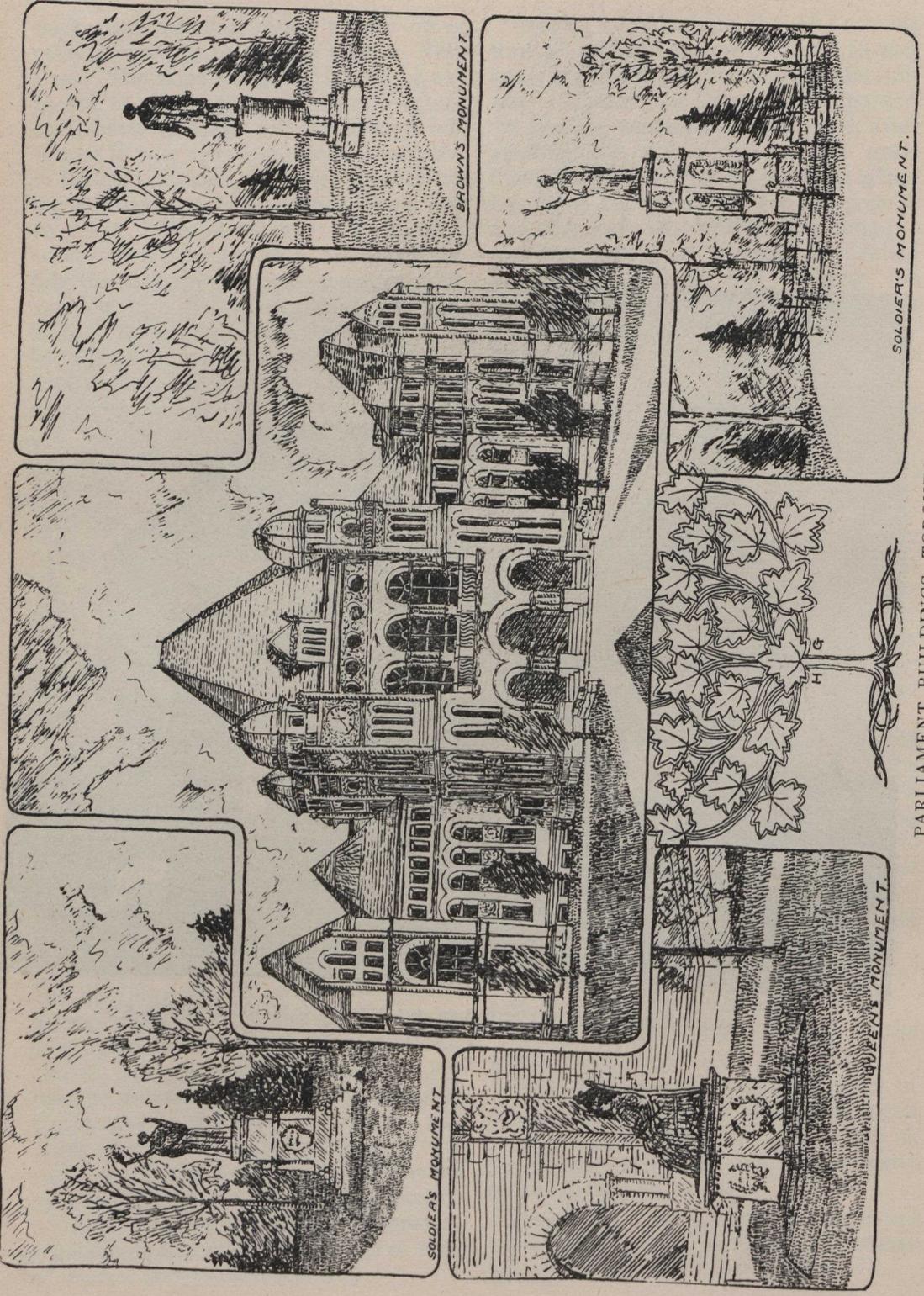
She must offer a *quid pro quo* if she wants trade reciprocity.

And she must quit making threats of tariff "retaliation" at regular intervals—like that of a few days ago to clap an import duty of 25 per cent. on American cotton duck.

Canada is "our oyster" all right, but we won't open her up until she behaves herself.—*New York Commercial.*



THE HOMESTEAD OF THOMAS WINNETT, DUNNINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE, ENG.



BROWN'S MONUMENT.

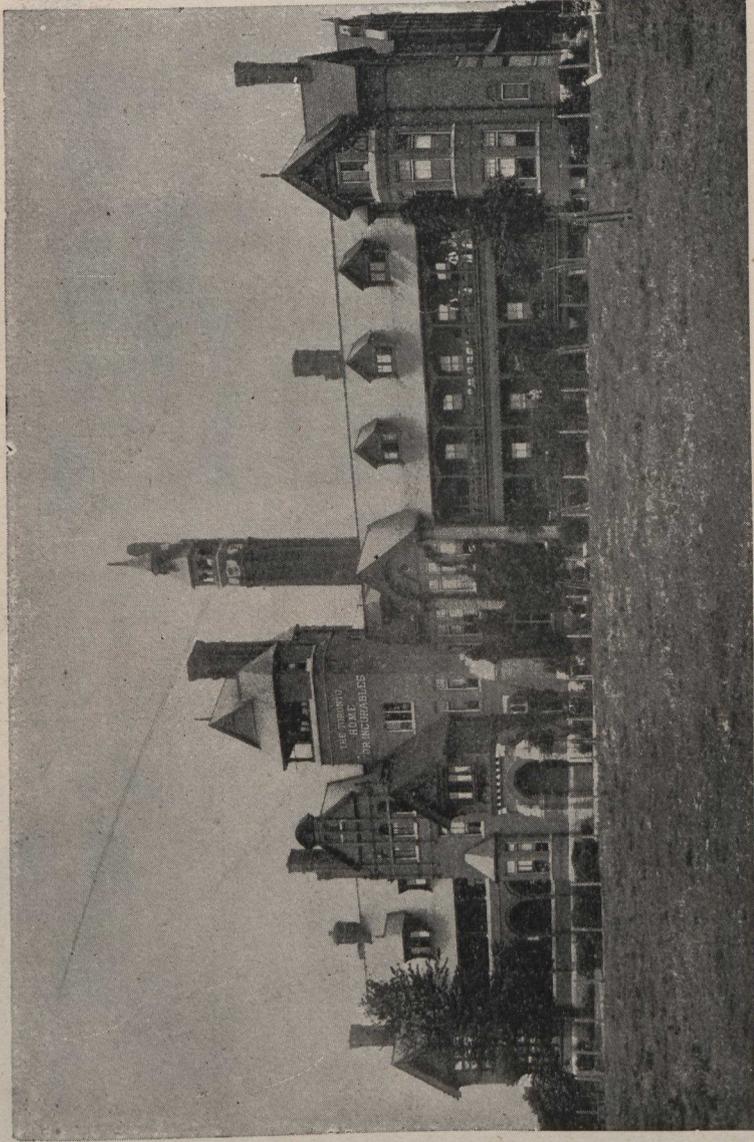
SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

QUEEN'S MONUMENT.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

WALL-TIMBER HOUSES IN ENGLAND

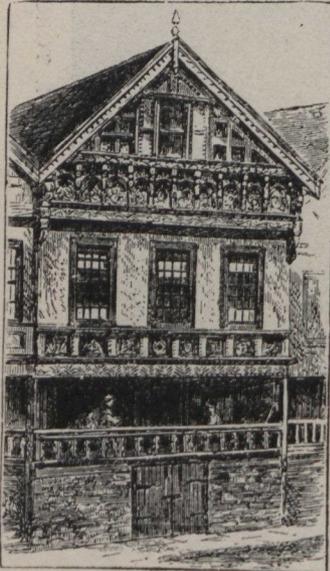


THE TORONTO HOME FOR INCURABLES

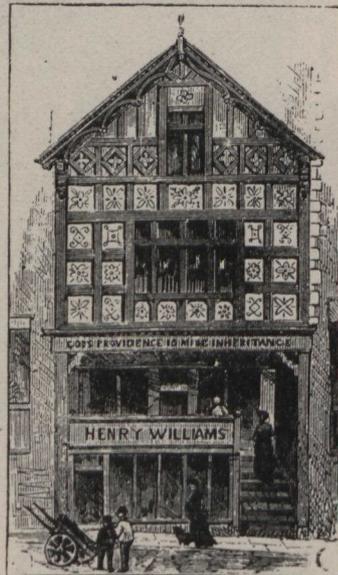
HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN ENGLAND



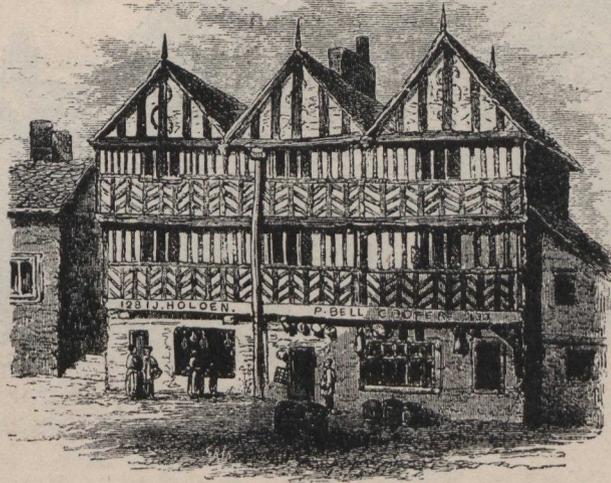
SALISBURY MARKET.



BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE,
CHESTER.



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,
CHESTER.



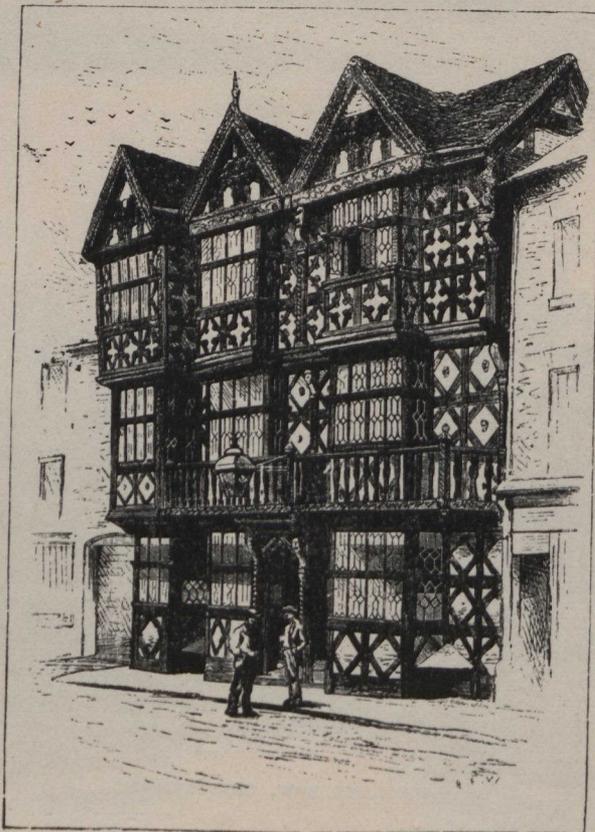
OLD TIMBERED HOUSE, WAKEFIELD.



OLD LAMB ROW, CHESTER.



STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.



THE FEATHERS INN, LUDLOW.

A PAOLO OF THE PINE-LANDS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

PAIN Court's great day had come and gone. Emblazoned with rosette and ribbon, lilac and apple-blossom, the canton's one carriage of state—the huge old faded phaeton of Gabriel Latour—had rumbled majestically off with the new-made bride and groom, amid shrill cheers, and under showers of syringa and sprays of bloom from every orchard within a mile of the village.

For an hour and more old faces had peered over garden hedges, and round young eyes had watched from under white-washed palings. But now the drooping eaves of the little roadside cottages of Pain Court seemed to hang once more like heavy eyelids over tired eyes. And now the musical, incongruous clang and ring of Patrice Matane's anvil rose and fell again over the glimmering roofs and the white, dusty road. The stunted little French-Canadian geese again wandered and idled about the highway and its open creek.

Syringa and cherry and apple-blossom were left to lie in the white dust, trampled and forgotten—except by the stooped little Cure, who bent down in his faded green coat, and gathered a handful of the odorous ruin to bear away with him. Faint and remote, the cries of the children, making the most of their afternoon, floated in between the rhythmical clang of the smith's anvil and the lazy cackling of the geese, while over field and road and village the golden, indolent sun of the early Canadian summer fell with all its old-time sleepiness.

Under a great, spreading snow-apple tree the old people of the village lingered to tell of the weddings that Pain Court once had seen, and to muse, in the lapses of silence, on the old days and the old glories, while now and then a white petal

sifted down through the knotted boughs and fluttered languidly to the grass at their feet.

For the third time the rotund little Notary Public had drunk to the health of the long departed bride and groom in Mother Bonsecour's pungent currant wine. Paul Fiset, the wandering musician of the canton, who had been dreamily fiddling and crooning to the wide-eyed children:

“O loave, 'tis a fonna, a ver' fonna t'ing;
It keetches de young an' de ol'”—

now gathered up his scattered crutches, as the last of his circle of listeners ebbed away, and came over to where I sat in the shadow of the cider-press. And there, to the drone of the bees and the languid fall of the white apple-blossoms, he smoked his acrid “tabac canadien” and first told me the story of Philomene.

“O, dat was de weddin', m'sieu; dat was de weddin' dat would mak' your heart ache! Dat 'appen thi'teen, fourteen year ago, mebbe, but I don't forget heem, I don't forget heem! For I play, dis feedle de firs' tam dere, de night Philomene come on Leetle Sain' Justin wit' young Phinee Baby.

“Poor leetle Philomene! By gare, I t'ink I see all dose boys now, feex up de best dey know how, w'ile dey seet round till dey hear de sleigh-bells down de road, and keep holler on me, 'Play up dere, 'Poleon, play up dere!' An' ver' soon leetle Philomene slip in, and dere she stan', an' look on all dose people, an' Phinee he stamp de snow from hees feet. And noboddy dey don't say nodding. For we all know ver' well jus' how she come dere. And w'en dat leetle woman walk on de shaintee, and stand dere wit' a leetle w'ite smile on de mout', all de boys seet

ver' quiet, an' wait. An' noboddy dey don't speak nodding.

"It all 'appen de fonny way,—dat weddin' an' all de rest,—an' mebbe I can't tell heem wit' de mouth de sam lak I feel heem inside. It first was 'appen w'en ol' Belair, w'at own de big mill on Sain' Angele, was burn out one night. Dat was de bad fire for heem. All de fam'ly was kill in dat fire, excep' de oldes' girl— an' dat girl was Philomene. Den Xiste Barbette, de notaire publeek, he tak de girl on hees house for a leetle w'ile, till mebbe she find de new home somew'ere.

"Well, big Sebastien Sauriol—Black Sauriol de boys call heem on de boosh—he hear 'bout dat an' he say he t'ink he know dat leetle girl w'en she watch de geese down on Sain' Angele. Den he t'ink a leetle tam, an' den he say, by cripe, he will marry dat girl, an' give her de bes' home she never have. Black Sauriol he was de boss of de lumber camp on de Leetle Sain' Justin den. So no one on de shaintee say nodding on dat. But he say ol' Barbette can't keep dat girl on hees house all de tam. Ver' well, he's got de money, an' he want de wife, an' by-gosh, he marry dat girl an' give her de good home. De boys dey t'ink wit' demselves he was purty ol' for dat leetle girl, an' not de mos' han'some man on de boosh. But he was de boss. An' he hit de table wit hees big fist an' say he will write de letter to ol' Barbette 'bout dat right away.

"Bimeby, after he hear from de ol' man, he call over young Phinee Baby an spik wit' heem. 'Phinee,' he say, 'you're de mos' hon'es' boy I know, an' de only wan dat can help me out on dis t'ing. Ol' Xiste was write me, an' he tell dat leetle Philomene about w'at I say, an' I guess de ol' man mak' her t'ink she was de locky girl. Den she say, ver' well, she will come. Ten, twelve year ago I watch her many tam w'ile she was play on de *chemin* down on Sain' Angele, Phinee. an' I know she was lak de butterfly. I look de leetle ol', mebbe, an' bossin' de

bush gang mebbe make me seem hard on de heart. But I have live de hon'es' life, Phinee. But I can't play on de feedle lak you, an' sing all dose leetle *chansons*, an' say all de leetle sof' words w'at de young girl on de village lak to hear. Phinee, I want you go down on Sain' Angele, an' bring dat leetle woman on de bush for me. You can tak' de bes' team on all de camp. W'en you come back I will have de cabane on de North Gap all mak' ready, an' den mebbe it won't seem so fonny w'en she mak' dat beeg change!

"An' Phinee he tak' ol' Sebastien's han' an' he say, 'Sebastien, I would do anyt'ing for you!' Den Sebastien he look on de fire for de long tam an' don't say nodding; jus' sit dere an' t'ink, an' t'ink, an' t'ink.

"Phinee he feex heemself up de nex' day lak he was mak' ready for *veiller* heemself, an' go all de way down on Sain' Angele for leetle Philomene. She ax heem, an' ax heem to wait two day, den t'ree day, den four day, w'ile she get use' to dat t'ing she mus' do. So he tell her de fine man w'at she got, an' about all de good tam dey have on de bush, an' ev'ry tam she have de leetle cry Phinee he do de bes' he can an' say all de nices' t'ing he know. Den she jus' sit an' look at heem an' look at heem, an' he can't mak' out w'at she t'ink about. Den she cry a leetle more tam, an' tak' de las' look at de leetle w'ite bed an' say, ver' well, she was ready.

"I t'ink Phinee never have de finer drive b'fore. For w'en dey bot' see de light on de shaintee t'rough de bush he don't laugh no more an' wonder w'y he feel so *trieste*. Den Philomene say how good he was been wit' her. An' he say dat he was sorry dey was come on to de end. W'en he say dat, she get w'ite on de face, an' look at heem an' say, 'Yes, to de end!' An' she lean on heem an' have de las' leetle cry, and he touch her hair wit hees col' han' an' tell her never min', ev'ry t'ing be all right bimeby. An' dey drive

up on de shaintee, an' he push open de door. Dere was Sebastien sit by de fire, an' all de boys, an' de Cure w'at was come down from Biznette; to mak' de marriage wit' dem.

"Philomene she stan' dere by de door t'ree, four minute an' not speak de word, w'ile she look from de wan to de odder. An' Sebastien he don't say nodding, an' de boys don't say nodding. An' Philomene she get more an' more w'ite on de face. Den de Cure say, lak Sebastien was tol' heem, 'My chil', see how easy you find heem among all dese men!" An' she look an' look, from de wan to de odder, an' shake de head a leetle, an' don't say nodding. Sebastien, I t'ink, mebbe he don't lak dat, an' Phinee see dat de girl was get more an' more scare all de tam, so he tak' her han' an' lead her over on de fire, w'ere Sebastien was wait so long.

"By gare, I never see de woman look on de man's face lak dat. It seem lak she look two, t'ree honder miles over de edge of de beeg cliff. Den she fell back two, t'ree steps ver' slow, an' say, 'No, no; not heem!' an' hang on Phinee, an' den say she be all right in wan leetle minute.

"Den I t'ink she wak' up sodden, for w'en Phinee pull bot' her han's off heem, she turn roun' an' creep over w'ere Sebastien wait, lak she say, 'W'at mus' I do, m'sieu? I am de t'ing w'at you send for!"

"Sebastien he look at her an' bimeby he say, 'Mebbe you be scare wit' me?'

"Den she say ver' low, 'No, m'sieu!'

"Den he say, 'I don't want to mak' you do dis t'ing, leetle girl, if you be scare!'

"'I have come, m'sieu!' was all she say.

"Den he look at her again, w'ere she stan' wit' de fire shine all over her, ver' sof'. An' w'ile he look hees face was get red ver' sodden an' he shut up hees han's two, t'ree tam.

"'De sooner den de better,' was all he say.

"An' mos' all dat night young Phinee walk up an' down on de snow out-

side, dey don' know why, w'ile all de boys have de dance an' grand hooraw on de shaintee.

"Dat was all w'at 'appen till Sebastien was call down on Ottawa w'ere de beeg mills were buil'. Den he come an' ax Phinee dat mebbe he ronne over on de cabane two, t'ree tam an' see w'at he can do for leetle Philomene. An' Phinee he say, 'Sebastien, I t'ink I rather not do dat!' Den Sebastien he say, 'Phinee, I always t'ought you was de bes' frien' I had!' An dat was de end, for Phinee he go sure enough. But he knew ver' well w'at mebbe 'appen. An' Philomene she know w'at mebbe 'appen, too.

"I t'ink mebbe I bes' not tell about dose t'ings. Phinee he try ver' hard, an' Philomene she try ver' hard, but it don't be no good. An' ol' Courteau he tol' me w'at 'appen. He tol' me dat w'en Sebastien come back on de cabane wan day he hear some wan cry out, 'Philomene!' an' den some wan say, 'Phinee!' an' w'en he look in he see dem bot' stan' wit' de arm aroun' de odder. An' he see dem bot' cry wit' de eye den. An' den Sebastien he onderstan'.

"He don't say nodding. But he t'ink hard wit' hees head, by cripe. He jus' go 'way for de leetle w'ile, an' bimeby he come back on de house. But de nex' day w'en he was work on de skidway above de Descharge young Phinee was stan' dere wid hees back to wan of de skids. Black Sauriol I t'ink he sees hees chance. Sodden t'ree, four dozen of dem big pine logs w'at was pile up dere roll down. Dey tak' Phinee wit' dem lak de rapide tak' de canoe. An' he was dead de long tam b'fore dey get heem out.

"Dey come an' tell poor leetle Philomene w'at 'appen, but dey don't let her see de boy, he was crush so bad. But w'en Sebastien come on de cabane she look at heem wit' her face so w'ite an' fonny he ax her w'y she act dat way. An' she don't say nodding, but sit be de fire all de tam, an' t'ink, an' t'ink, an'

t'ink. An' some tam w'en he come on de house he see her sit dere an' rock de body an' moan wit' herself an' just say 'Phinee! Phinee!' Wan tam he lose hees head, an' hold her by de wrist ver' sodden an' say, 'I t'ink you was love dat young Phinee!' An' she don't say nodding, but just look on de fire an' t'ink, an' t'ink. An' Sebastien he shut hees teeth an' say, wit' a beeg *sacredam*, 'I will mak' dat woman lak me yet!'

"W'en de boosh gang go down in de spring Sebastien he tak' hees wife on Sain' Angele, w'ere ol' Doctor Bisnette he say he don't know w'at de matter wit' her anyway. But Sebastien he watch her all de tam. He t'ink mebbe she will ronne away. But Philomene she just git w'ite on de face an' don't say nodding. Den wan day he come on de kitchen w'ere she was mak' de tea. An' he ask her w'at she was do wit' dat leetle w'ite powder w'at she have dere. Den he smell de cup of tea she give heem an' holler out 'Bap-teme, you was try to poison me!' Den she laugh a leetle quiet laugh an tell heem he must be crazy on de head. An' she tak'

de spoon, so, an' tak' de taste of dat tea, w'ile he look at her. An' den he see dat's all right an' drink hees tea. But, by gare, dat tea mak' heem sick so sodden he don't know w'at 'appen. He holler an' call de fam'ly, an' w'en de ol' Doctor come he look at dat tea cup an' say it was de locky t'ing for heem dat he tak' de overdose. Den he tell heem w'at dat poison was—but de name I don't know heem now!

"Den dey all hunt for Philomene. Well, dey find her on de leetle w'ite bed w'ere she sleep before dat day Phinee Baby was tak' her up on de boosh. An' w'en dey find her she was dead. Dey all don't know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but ol' Doctor Bisnette he tell dem dat w'en she tak' de leetle taste of dat poison she mak' de big mistake, for dat's de right size w'at kill anyone.

"'I t'ink dat leetle woman was want to kill you purty bad, Sebastien,' he say. 'For she give you enough to feex de whole village—an' dat, I t'ink, was mebbe de locky t'ing for you!'"



THE FENCING-MASTER

By F. CLIFFORD SMITH

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS," "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Halt!"

The clang of a dragging sabre suddenly ceased.

"Attention!"

The lone cavalry officer, constituting the entire army, stood suddenly, rigid, suppressed merriment beaming in his eyes.

"Right about face!"

The scraping of the ponderous sabre was again heard as the order was dutifully obeyed.

"And now, sir, m-a-r-c-h!"

The final command, in the sweet girlish voice, was given with amusing gusto and command.

Instead of the order this time, however, being obeyed, the gorgeously clad young officer stood as immovable as Ajax.

For a few moments the beautiful young commandant gazed in silent mock amazement at the army's disobedience to military orders, and then drawing up her petite, graceful figure to its utmost cubit (fully five feet two) she exclaimed, with sternness intended to be tremendously withering: "Captain Gordon Belmont, of His Majesty's Lancers, obey the command of your superior officer—m-a-r-c-h!"

But the revolting army, with audacious temerity, still refused to budge; in fact it had the effrontery to smile audibly.

Rebellion such as this could naturally be endured no longer, and so, stepping up to the revolting officer, the general of the disobedient forces, with extreme gravity, and self-importance, unsheathed (but with tremendous difficulty) the heavy cavalry sabre at his side. Then, in a tone

intended to cut as sabre never before did, she exclaimed: "Mutiny! Rank mutiny in His Majesty's army! Leniency, sir, would now be criminal. I deprive you of your sword. Once more, Captain Belmont—M-A-R-C-H!"

With a desperate effort the graceful commander struggled to raise the ponderous sabre (so as to give proper and terrifying emphasis to her command) as she endeavored to point, in threatening way, down the broad corridor along which the revolting army was being bidden to march. The sabre, however, proved to be shamefully heavy; so that, after waving for a space, like a reed in the wind, its point suddenly came to the floor with a loud and humiliating ring.

And now the white teeth of the towering young officer were gleaming quite plainly through his smiling lips. To make the situation still more humiliating to the lovable commandant, the officer was looking down, with mock sorrow, at the heavy sabre, which the small hands still valiantly grasped; and he presently had the hypocrisy to innocently ask if the weapon was heavy.

Upon this the commandant did a most unwarrior-like thing: she abruptly turned, tossed back her head, with its masses of gleaming hair, as though really too indignant for further words.

The bewitching picture she made was really too much for the rebellious army, and occasioned it to do a thing utterly without precedent in the annals of mutiny. With a laugh of boyish merriment which echoed down the stately corridor, the officer looked in the most tender way at the offended commander and said: "There, Miss Dorothy, the mutinied army

capitulates. You see it really was not mutiny after all. You remember when you gave the command to them to march! (the noise was like the falling of many waters) you did not instruct the army where it must march to; it might have been to the dining-room, to the library, to the drawing-room, to the—the—”

At this point the commander-in-chief abruptly interrupted. Shaking her comely head in a skeptical way she said, with affected pathos: “I always understood it was a soldier’s duty to obey without questioning. Ah, the truth is, I am afraid, that the force I command is not very loyal and—”

“Not very loyal, Miss Dorothy?” There was a strong under-current of earnestness now despite the banter, “Let me say that never was one of the illustrious Six Hundred more anxious to be loyal to a commander, Miss Dorothy, than I am to—”

He ceased and his hand sought, and hesitatingly closed over, the little one still grasping the sabre. Strong and cool though his temperament naturally was, his nerve was badly shaken now as he stood looking down at the dear little being before him with her sunny temperament, domineering ways, and dignified girlish bearing.

The sudden earnestness of his voice, with the suspicion she had of the momentous matter that had brought him to her father’s house this day, caused her face to quickly change color. She was struggling determinedly now for composure.

His great hand still waveringly rested on the handle of the sabre, around which her own was still clasped. Suddenly, with an adroit manoeuvre, she let the sword, as though by accident, slip from her hand to the floor. Stepping back and looking down at it she said, in a pert, bantering way: “Well, was ever a general treated in so ignominious a manner; there lies the sword of command sent ruthlessly to the

ground by the power that should have upheld it.” Then, looking quickly up before he could reply, she went on: “As for your protestations of faithfulness to your commander, after the anarchy you have shown, I naturally am not impressed with them. In truth, if justice were done, Captain Belmont, you would be court-martialed—there now!”

“If court-martialed, I trust I can throw myself with *confidence* upon the mercy of the court.”

He bowed to the court with excruciating humility, picked up the prostrate sword, daintily held the handle out towards her and went on in a plaintive way: “Take the sword of justice, Miss Dorothy, but do not forget, O most righteous judge, that the highest attribute of justice is that which is tempered with mercy.”

A right merry laugh now broke from her lips, and, dropping her mock military dignity, she exclaimed: “Well, if all subordinate officers, Mr. Captain, persist in being as friendly as you to those h-i-g-h over them in authority, I have grave fears for the army’s future prowess.”

His happy laugh mingled with hers, and in his boyish way he was about to compliment her upon the glorious general she would have made, when she imperatively held up both her hands and said quickly, and now soberly: “Oh, you must really hurry, Captain Belmont. Papa was standing at the library window and saw you coming through the grounds. He told me he had an engagement with you at this hour, but having received an urgent military summons he had but a few minutes to spare. Consequently he dispatched me here, to the corridor, to ask you to hasten. But when I saw you the spirit of mischief seized me, as usual, and here I have been delaying you with my nonsense and assumption of military dignity. Do hurry now and go.”

“But, Dorothy, I have not seen you for so long and I—”

But further prayers for delay were promptly drowned by a stamp of her small foot, and by the warning that her father might not wait.

With a sigh of right goodly dimensions Captain Belmont now sheathed his sword; and then they turned their steps in the direction of the library.

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Captain Belmont hesitatingly and wistfully said: "I shall either be a very hopeful or a very unhappy man, Miss Dorothy, after the interview with your father, Major Westgate."

They were just at the library door as he ceased.

He looked down at her, but her head was bent so that he could not see her face, and a feeling of depression came over him. He slowly laid a hand upon the library door, but before entering he again turned and looked anxiously down at her. She was standing as before, and he was just about to go when she bravely raised her face and her eyes looked into his. Then, without speaking, she walked quickly away.

There was a world of gladness in his look as he now turned the handle and entered the room.

"Mon Dieu!"

Had the whispered words, so fraught with pain, been a little louder, they must surely have attracted Captain Belmont's attention as the library door was closing behind him.

In that part of the corridor, near where Miss Dorothy had acted her little military comedy with Captain Belmont, a door, which had been closed at the time, now stood wide open, and framed in it was the anguished face of Monsieur Alcide Drolet, fencing-master and tutor to Miss Westgate. From his lips had fallen the bitter, pained exclamation. In his hand is a shapely glistening foil, pressed so fiercely to the floor that the blade is bent like a scimitar. His eyes are fixed with

passionate longing down the corridor in the direction of the drawing-room, which Miss Westgate had entered.

The moments slip by, yet his figure relaxes none of its intensity. Had the corridor been more dimly lit it would have been easy to have thought him some mediaeval figure in bronze, with his dark complexion, thin oval face, pointed beard, tragic countenance and bent weapon. Suffering and despair were outlined on every feature. Presently another exclamation falls from the statue-like figure, the foil, with a ring, suddenly straightens out, and with listless air and drooping shoulders the fencing-master re-enters the behind him. In the room are racks stacked with foils, clubs, and similar objects for athletic purposes. The room is long and almost bare of furniture. At the far end of it is a window which overlooks a large garden attached to the house.

Walking very slowly to the window the fencing-master looks out. But his eyes do not take in the beauty before them: he sees naught but the vision his mind is conjuring up; that of a beautiful girlish face, framed in a halo of shimmering hair, the winsomeness and great beauty of the countenance stirring his heart as such faces ever will stir the hearts of men despite all class and social distinctions.

And so the solitary tragic face gazes, with unseeing eyes, out of the window. He is recalling the forebodings with which he had looked forward to this day; forebodings which had daily increased, until now, when the climax had come, and the truth stood clearly out before him, his impulsive southern nature was strung to a pitch dangerous enough for any tragic thing.

It had been all in vain he had tried to reason away a passion which he knew was nothing better than madness; with his despondent temperament he might as well have tried to reason with the warring forces of nature.

The days and months had gone their course, as they ever do, and now, at last, he has seen the return of the man he had heard so frequently spoken of—Captain Gordon Belmont. Through the slightly open door of the fencing room he had witnessed Miss Westgate's humorous and winsome welcome of the officer; had seen the love light in the officer's eyes, and had seen what had stung more than aught else, the fleeting look Miss Dorothy had given Captain Belmont at the library door—in that look there had been encouragement, hope. In the divining mood now upon him he was as sure, as though it had been written before him, what was the motive of the interview—of the request that Captain Belmont had certainly gone to make.

And so he stood gazing blindly out, thinking, suffering, unheeding the flying minutes and beauty of the scene spread out before him.

The sound of voices finally attracted his attention. One voice would have quickened the beating of his heart in whatever circumstance of life he might have been. He glanced down into the garden and then drew hurriedly back into the shadow of the window: just about to seat themselves, directly below the window, were Captain Belmont and Miss Westgate. An eager look was on the officer's face. The countenance of Miss Westgate was concerned and slightly pale.

For a time after they were seated Captain Belmont tapped the gravelled walk nervously with his sheathed sabre, and then he began to speak in slow, earnest way, his words plainly reaching the ears of the fencing-master through the window, which was slightly raised. "I have just left your father, Miss Dorothy," Captain Belmont began, and then halted awkwardly. He had hoped it would be easy to speak of his love if he but got her father's consent; but now, in the presence

of the one so dear, he realized that but only the most minor part of the battle had been won.

As for the fascinating figure by his side there had come, despite all her daring and banter, a strange nervous feeling which she strove in vain to throw off.

Again Captain Belmont was speaking, and as before his voice reaching the open window. "We have known each other, Miss Dorothy," he was saying wistfully, "almost since we were children. During the year I have been abroad you—you have been much in my thoughts. A few days ago I wrote your father saying I would arrive to-day, and asking if I might see him on a matter very important to me. He replied, setting the hour for three o'clock to-day. The speaker hesitated for a space and then went on, more in the frank, boyish way characteristic of him: "Do you know, Miss Dorothy, that when I was coming to-day I was wondering whether you might not have changed from your old bright self, and that I might find you stately and demure, like many other young ladies; but when you met me in the corridor, in the role of a commanding officer, and put me through that wonderful drill, I knew my fears were all groundless; that, Miss Dorothy, you were exactly the same winsome little lady you always were." He paused, looked down at the lovable figure, and then went on with less ease. "I have just left Major Westgate, your father, Miss Dorothy, and the interview with him was a most momentous one to me."

Once more he paused, hoping for some little encouragement, but there was none forthcoming.

"A very momentous one," he repeated, lamely.

The figure by his side was silent as before.

Tactics were now thrown to the wind, and he broke out in his impulsive way: "I went to tell him, Miss Dorothy, that I loved you; went to ask his permission to

tell you so. Ah, Dorothy, you must know how very dear you are to me. The happiness of my whole life depends upon how you will answer me."

He had risen and was standing before her now with outstretched hands.

She made no answer as he concluded, but after a moment's pause rose, and in simple, unaffected manner, silently laid her hands in the great brown ones so eagerly held out.

His heart was too full for words. In like silent way he took the precious free-will offerings, and then stooping his great height down to hers touched his lips to her own.

As he did so something like a stifled exclamation reached them. Turning quickly they both looked around in some surprise; but no one was to be seen. But neither of them thought of looking up at the window of the fencing-room directly above them. Had they done so, however, the fencing-master had withdrawn so quickly they could scarcely have seen him. In his pain, at what he had seen and heard, it had been impossible for him to more than partially stifle the cry that had risen to his lips. He was now standing a little back from the window, his anguished face hidden in his hands.

He could see them no longer now, but their words still reached him.

"The noise must have been caused by some peering, envious spirit of the trees," came the laughing words of Captain Belmont.

There was a shadow on Dorothy's face as she replied, in a puzzled, serious way: "It seemed to me more like the sound of some human being in sore distress."

But the confident, reassuring laugh which met her words drove away the peculiar depression which had come to her, and presently they were sitting and talking, as lovers ever will, of all the happiness the coming years must surely be storing up for them.

In the silent room above them the

fencing-master continued to mutely stand, his hands still covering his anguished face. The thought had come to him to rush from the house, but he yet remained, bitterness and anger gradually taking the place of the depression and pain.

Presently, as the two sat happily talking, he heard Miss Dorothy say, in a sudden, regretful way to her companion: "I fear that in my happiness I have been very inconsiderate of others. This is the afternoon I was to have taken my fencing lesson; and the hour for it is already long past."

"Your fencing lesson?" queried Captain Belmont, grudgingly.

She smiled and replied: "Yes, my fencing lesson, Mr. Soldier. Shortly after you went abroad papa engaged a fencing-master to give me lessons; he contended fencing was not only an accomplishment but the best form of physical exercise one could get. So you see"—here she made an imaginary sword thrust at the tall figure by her side—"you will now be in danger all your life from an accomplished swordswoman. But, there, come with me to the fencing-room and I will dismiss my tutor till tomorrow; it has been very impolite to have kept him waiting so long."

With all a lover's selfishness Captain Belmont adroitly began to suggest divers excuses for a little more delay, seeing they were already so late; but the reproach in her face brought more generous feelings, and so, walking very closely together, they turned towards the house. By the time they reached it she had explained that her tutor had been treated with more than ordinary courtesy by her father, as it was understood he had come of a very good family; a family, however, that had met with such reverses of fortune that it had necessitated him taking up the profession of the sword. By birth her tutor was partially French and Italian.

She had just concluded as they entered the house.

And the fencing-master! As he had stood, and heard Captain Belmont suggesting still more delay before she kept her appointment, there had swept over him a bitter antagonism to the successful suitor; an antagonism that was forming itself into a well-defined and dangerous purpose by the time they reached the fencing-room.

"I trust Monsieur has not been seriously inconvenienced by my being late? I have been delayed because we have had visitors to-day."

Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont had entered the room, and as she had uttered the words her clear, frank eyes had looked sincerely into the shadowy ones of the fencing-master.

Quickly averting his eyes, he answered in excellent English: "I have not been inconvenienced; my time is at Mademoiselle's disposal."

Captain Belmont was now introduced, and in his frank way shook hands. But scarcely had their hands met when the fencing-master abruptly turned. His action, though, was so timed that it was not rude; he had not intended it should be. The truth was he could not bear the officer to see the flush which had come to his face at the presence and words of Miss Westgate; whatever his secret and his sufferings, Captain Belmont, above all other men, must never know them.

But the profession of the fencing-master had taught self-control; so that, when he quickly turned, after putting a foil in one of the racks, he was cool and collected, and said quietly to Miss Westgate: "Perhaps Mademoiselle would like to postpone her lesson till to-morrow afternoon, seeing it is a little late?"

"If Monsieur has no objections I should prefer it," she answered courteously as she turned from speaking to Captain Belmont.

The fencing-master bowed. Then turning to the rack at his side he stacked other foils in it that were scattered round.

Chancing to turn, Miss Dorothy saw the fencing-master examining one of the foils and an idea suddenly came to her, and speaking to Captain Belmont she said, with girlish impulsiveness: "Captain Belmont you must come and see me take my lesson to-morrow afternoon. Perhaps you, too, might like to cross foils with Monsieur Drolet when my lesson is done?"

Scarcely were the words uttered, and before Captain Belmont could reply, than a crash was heard, and, looking towards Monsieur Drolet, they saw he was stooping and picking up a foil that apparently must have slipped from his hand or from one of the racks.

No attention was paid to the incident, and, stepping towards the fencing-master, Captain Belmont said: "If Monsieur would permit I should like to brush up my fencing knowledge and also cross foils with him to-morrow."

"I shall be honored, Monsieur," came the courteous and subdued reply.

Turning from Captain Belmont to Miss Westgate the fencing-master then went on, in the same unruffled way: "Then, to-morrow at three I will come and give Mademoiselle her lesson?"

"To-morrow at three," she answered smilingly, "when you will have two pupils instead of one." In her happy, light-hearted way she then left the room, Captain Belmont by her side.

Once more the fencing-master was alone in the room. Seating himself in a mechanical way his eyes sought the floor. Presently his lips moved and he said, in a hard, strained way: "Two pupils instead of one!"

The shadows which were slowly creeping into the room accentuated the depression that had again mastered him. It did not come to him to account for the sudden cheerlessness of the room because

of approaching night; he was simply conscious that she had gone, and with her everything that was bright, everything that was worth living for.

With dangerous self-pity he now began to recall the years of the past, arraigning the world for what he termed its mercilessness to him; yet, in truth, much that had befallen him, in the way of misfortune, had been but the natural reaping of what a sombre disposition had sown.

At last his thoughts were dwelling on the past year of his life, a year in which a love which could never be requited had come to him. Ah, how the passion had mastered him. She had been so entirely different from him with her brightness and high spirits that soon the happiest hours of his life had been the brief ones he was teaching her the art of which he was so thorough a master. What true content and peace there had been for him in this one year. How little, too, he had craved after all; simply that the days might still continue to be as they were; that he yet might be allowed to worship afar off. Now everything was to be changed. She would soon be a wife. Only a few brief minutes ago he had seen the hands, that he scarce dare touch, lying in loving content in another's grasp; had seen the tender light in her face as she had looked up into the one bending over her; had seen the head of the officer droop till their lips—

But the bitterness of memory was too great, and springing to his feet the fencing-master strode like some caged thing up and down the room. Gradually the evil mood upon him deepened. "Why," he asked himself, "should Captain Belmont, who had wealth, position, in fact everything to make life happy, come into his life and take its one ray of sunshine away? For him, unlike other men, was there never to be happiness?"

Suddenly he stopped, and, with a strange light in his eyes, repeated the

words his pupil had so innocently uttered: "Two pupils instead of one!"

Yes, for him, as for other men, there should certainly be compensation! With this resolve now firmly in his mind, he walked with slow deliberation to one of the racks. Connected with the foils was now a plan which fascinated him. Taking down one of the weapons he tested it with much care, and then putting it into a case left the house with it.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANTIQUE CASKET.

It was hours after midnight, yet the thought of sleep has not occurred to the fencing-master. He is sitting alone in a humble little room situated in a much different part of the city than the stately residence of Major Westgate. A fire burning fitfully in a grate lights up the room in shadowy way. The sharply cut features of the fencing-master are, at intervals, clearly revealed.

The gloom and hardness of his face have sensibly increased during the long hours which have intervened since he waited, in such bitterness, to give the lesson that had been postponed till the morrow.

Through the long hours of the night he had sat and brooded over the thing that was in his mind. At times his purpose had wavered. The quiet of the night oppressed him. Finally, with a desperation peculiar to his temperament, he had told himself that with the advent of dawn what course he would pursue should be irrevocably taken.

As he had done a dozen times before, he now hastily rose, went to the window and drew back the curtains; his face, this time, lit up—there, away in the east, was the first promise of morn. A feeling of exultation throbbed in his veins. His course was chosen.

Turning from the window he strode to the table in the centre of the room and

took up the foil he had secretly taken from the house of Major Westgate the afternoon previous. Then going to a trunk he took from it a small and quaintly shaped casket. In size it was not much larger than a walnut. Seating himself he touched a spring and the lid of the casket flew noiselessly back. The lamp over his head and the flickering firelight cast Rembrandt shadows behind him, accentuating the tenseness which had come over his face as his eyes had rested on the contents of the casket; and yet all the casket revealed was a rich, creamy-looking substance which no more than half filled its tiny hollow.

Shutting the casket he laid it with the foil on the table, after which he walked to the door to see that it was securely fastened. Now he would sleep. After rest his mind would be clearer. What was now to be done needed the full daylight and care.

How he sought for sleep, and yet how it evaded him: the haunting casket, the foil, Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont, how they fascinated him and jeered at sleep. Yet he was not nervous. The tension was such, and so finely strung had become his nerves that they seemed to be of steel.

In this highly wrought mood the hours stole by. Of danger to himself, from what he contemplated, he had no fear; that which was in the casket left no traces behind. One haunting thought alone caused him compunction—the misery that must surely come from his act to the one so unutterably dear to himself. Hers, after all, was to be the hardest part to bear; the lifetime's misery. Yes, it would be the living that would have the real cross to take up. Then it flashed across him that if it chanced oblivion should come to her, instead of Captain Belmont, it would be Captain Belmont who would have to take up the burden of a heart that would ache till the grave covered it. This was the burden that he, himself,

must carry. How equal would be the punishment!

With the advent of this new thought Dorothy Westgate was assigned a tragic role in his heated reasonings. Yet her beauty and brightness! How it strove with him. But that he should not suffer alone was unalterably fixed in his mind. He now rose from the bed. The choice between her and Captain Belmont should be taken when they stood before him in the fencing-room!

His manner was calm and collected as he again walked to the window and drew back the blinds. It was high noon: the room was flooded with light.

In a methodical way he sat down by the table and again took the foil from its case. He carefully examined the button at its point, and after some difficulty, removed it. (The point of the foil, as he had expected, was quite blunt. For close upon an hour he filed the point till it was as keen as a needle. Satisfied with his task he then turned his attention to the button he had removed, deftly hollowing it till there was a small aperture completely through it. Fitting the button on the foil again he slowly worked the weapon till its point protruded somewhat over a quarter of an inch. In the same purposeful way he then reached for the curiously shaped casket and once more touched the spring; again there was disclosed the rich, creamy-looking paste. Slipping the button from the now protruding foil, he smeared its keen point with the paste. This he did with extreme care. Once more he turned his attention to the button, filling its interior with a weak solution of cement. After ascertaining the paste was dry on the foil he inserted its point in a manner that it should not now protrude. In a few minutes the cement hardened sufficiently to fasten the button to the point, and at the same time it filled up the aperture which had been drilled through it. The cement, being the color of the button, the foil, from all appear-

ances, looked as innocent as might any other foil in a rack. The fencing-master well knew, however, that an ordinary sharp blow would make the point protrude through the treacherous button, and that a scratch from it would mean death as inevitable as would the bite of a cobra.

The paste, a subtle poison, had been got by him while travelling in the Indies many years before. The peculiar appearance of the casket had, at the time, been the principal reason for getting possession of it. The morbid curiosity of the man, though had, either more or less, been aroused over the statement that the poison was such that it would leave no trace behind.

And now, after satisfying himself as to the way the button was held to the foil, he took up the casket again, drew the embers of the fire together, and then placed it upon them. He watched it till it was consumed, a peculiar odor emanating from it, and then he scattered the ashes so that not a trace of the casket was left.

Scarcely had this been done when a clock over his head sounded the hour of two. He rose hastily; in another hour the time for the lesson would be at hand. In a few minutes he was on his way to the home of Major Westgate once more, the encased foil in his hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOIL AND ITS MARK.

It yet wanted a few minutes to three when Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont entered the fencing-room. Prompt as they were they found the fencing-master waiting them. He bowed quietly as they entered, but did not speak. In the frank, winsome way so characteristic of her, and which had endeared her so deeply to her hapless tutor, she held out her hand to him in greeting saying, with friendly courtesy: "Monsieur sees I have not forgotten my lesson to-day; I believe indeed I am a little before the appointed hour."

"Mademoiselle is very kind." As he murmured the words, and as his eyes sought the floor, she turned with girlish pleasure to the rack near where they were standing and laid her hand on one of the foils.

But ere she could take it down the fencing-master was at her side. "I think," he said a little quickly, as he lightly touched her outstretched hand, "that this foil is a little imperfect; if Mademoiselle will pardon me I will get the one she generally uses."

She nodded in a careless way, and then turned to speak to Captain Belmont, who—after having greeted the fencing-master, had seated himself.

Upon facing her tutor again she saw he was standing waiting for her, a foil in each hand. Handing her one of the weapons, he said, briefly: "This, I believe, is Mademoiselle's favorite foil."

She took it, and stepping back, put herself into position. It would have perplexed her had she known that the foil in his hand was the very one she had been in the act of taking down, and which he had said was imperfect.

"Mademoiselle is ready?"

"Ready, Monsieur," she answered eagerly.

"Mademoiselle will attack."

Their foils slithered together.

With his hands deep in his pockets Captain Belmont, in his good-tempered way, sat looking idly on.

And now, with considerable deftness, she tried to reach her tutor with what is one of the most subtle movements of attack—that from the wrist with its deceptive and treacherous thrusts. Failing in this attack she tried to outwit his defence by thrusts he had taught her in extension, lunging, etc., but with an ease, that almost seemed without effort, he turned her every attack from his person.

Each time he circumvented her thrusts he endeavored to impress the "parades," (the defensive tactics of the

art) the more firmly upon her memory by calling out the technical names of his parrys; and so, at short intervals, his murmuring voice reached her: "Defended in 'Quarte'; defended in 'Tierce'; in 'Circle'; in 'Octave'; in 'Prime'; in 'Quinte'"—and so on.

Presently she paused, and then, altering her mode of attack, tried the numerous feints she had learned; but these, too, were equally of no avail against the master of the science before her.

"Mademoiselle will now please guard against attack."

There was no change in the evenness of his tone. Stepping back, he raised his foil—it was the same upon which he had spent so much time in his room.

As she assumed the defensive her clear, blue eyes, full of roguish merriment, were fastened on those of her tutor, and she said, jestingly: "Monsieur may expect just the same success in breaking through my parades as my thrusts and feints were successful in breaking through the defences of Monsieur. I am sure (laughingly) I shall not need, when Monsieur is done, the services of a surgeon."

Had Captain Belmont not spoken to her at this moment she must inevitably have noted the sudden paling of the fencing-master's face. Upon hearing her banter, about a surgeon's aid being unnecessary, he had experienced a peculiar and unnerving thrill. She stood before him now a living, beauteous being, at the very dawn of womanhood, yet, ere another day had sped its course, where might all this beauty and winsomeness be? Again, as this thought flashed through his mind, came the unnerving thrill. Yet, despite it all, he tried to harden his soul, and stifle dawning pity, by picturing her happy in the love of another, while he lived out his life in ceaseless longing.

"I am ready, Monsieur."

She had turned from Captain Belmont again.

He started slightly at her voice, but recovered himself immediately.

The ring of their foils was again heard, and once more her soft eyes were fixed watchfully upon his. Their utter absence of apprehension strove with him as no prayers could have done.

His swiftly moving foil was now twisting in a snake-like way about hers, and there was not an instant that he could not have touched her with it; yet he delayed doing so, shrinking before the deed he had made up his mind to perform, more and more as the minutes slipped by.

The exercise had brought a flush to her cheeks, greatly heightening her beauty; her eyes were glowing with excitement and perfect health, while her graceful swaying figure made her very beauteous to look upon. At times, when she parried with what she thought more than ordinary trueness, a pleased ripple of laughter reached him, still more increasing the pity that would not be kept out of his heart. At last such was his sympathy and pity that an actual terror possessed him lest, by any mischance, the point of his foil might reach her, and put the seal of death on one so beautiful.

While in this new and merciful mood towards her, he chanced to step suddenly to one side and his eyes met those of Captain Belmont, and in an instant his determination took a new course. After a few more passes, he stepped back and lowered his point. "Mademoiselle," he said, bowing slightly and speaking softly, "has done very well."

As she stepped past him to put back the foil, she answered, again in a jesting way: "Did I not tell Monsieur he would find it impossible to thwart my defence to-day?"

"Yes; *to-day* it was impossible, Mademoiselle." He put ever so slight an accent upon the word *to-day*; but before it might be given attention he had turned to Captain Belmont and said: "I am at Monsieur's service. I believe Monsieur said

he would like a few moments' recreation with the foils this afternoon."

"I shall be delighted, delighted." The words were uttered in a bluff, soldier-like way, and Captain Belmont walked, with alacrity, to one of the racks, and, after testing a couple of foils, chose one and then expressed himself as ready.

Just as their foils scraped together, Miss Westgate seated herself in a position which chanced to be about midway between the two men; so peculiar was her position that every time they thrust their foils had to pass beyond the line where she sat.

Her eyes were constantly fixed on the handsome soldierly figure, and the love light deepened in her eyes as she noted his really clever thrusting and parrying.

One thought alone dominated the fencing-master's mind—before his foil now stood the man to whom life had given so much; yet who would take out of his own life the only object that made it sweet. Before they had been fencing many moments he knew that at any moment he pleased he could give forth the fiat of death from the dread point of the foil, and that in twenty-four hours the obstacle to his peace would be swept mysteriously but surely away.

As these desperate thoughts were surging through his mind, Captain Belmont's foil had twice come within the merest shade of touching him and thus scoring a point. The fact was that in his distraught mood he had been practically guarding himself by sheer force of habit alone.

Having looked for a far more clever opponent, Captain Belmont was now putting forth every tactic to get within his adversary's defence. Up to this time the fencing-master has almost entirely adopted the defensive; but without a moment's warning he suddenly assumed the aggressive. The instant he did so Captain Belmont, skilled in the use of foils and swords though he was, realized

that he was now standing before a master of the sword such as he could never hope to be.

"Ah!"

The low exclamation had fallen from the lips of Captain Belmont. It had been called forth by the extreme beauty and alertness of a "time" thrust which the fencing-master had made, and which had escaped touching his breast by the sheerest accident. Depending for their success, as such thrusts always do, upon the exact instant an adversary is planning an attack himself, Captain Belmont had not been able to withhold an exclamation of admiration at the subtle manner the fencing-master had read his thoughts, and at the extreme cunning of the thrust he had made.

Even while he was yet marvelling over the skill of his adversary the fencing-master, with another subtle time thrust, got once more between his guard, and this was followed again with three or four other thrusts of equal brilliancy. Each thrust could easily have touched him and scored, and he was mystified that this was not done. He now felt himself to be a mere plaything in the hands of his opponent.

The truth was that the fencing-master, at each thrust, had intended to press the treacherous point of his foil to the flashing uniform; but at each lunge his foil, as before, had had to pass in line with the sweet, eager figure facing them, and somehow he kept putting off the tragic moment. While he procrastinated he again began to recall the fact that the real cross would fall to the shoulders of the one who lived, and not to the one to whom death brought oblivion.

Ah, if his pity had not been aroused when she had stood before him, and he had not spared!—a swift, poignant regret came over him.

But suddenly, in a manner that was peculiar to his temperament, a deep sadness, at the weariness of it all, took

possession of him. He was fencing mechanically again. Presently a deep, wistful look came into his face—a decision had now come to him from which he knew there would be no faltering.

“I compliment Captain Belmont; he fences exceedingly well.” The fencing-master stepped back as he spoke. The peculiar, wistful look still mantled his face.

With boyish frankness Captain Belmont held out his hand. “I should not,” he answered in a generous, admiring way, “like to face Monsieur if it were necessary for him to hold a dangerous weapon.”

“Captain Belmont thinks too highly of my skill,” was the simple rejoinder.

“Papa says,” broke in Miss Westgate, with frank admiration, “that Monsieur Drolet is one of the best swordsmen in Europe.” Continuing in the same generous way, she added: “I fear that so perfect a swordsman must often have been wearied in trying to teach me.”

“Weary of teaching *Mademoiselle!*” There was a depth in his voice they could not help but notice, but it never came to them to even dream of its real cause.

She was about to speak again when he said abruptly, and in an utterly changed tone: “I forgot to tell *Mademoiselle* yesterday that circumstances call me abroad at once. I regret to say I shall not be able to continue *Mademoiselle's* lessons.”

“Ah, I am sorry, Monsieur.”

He bowed sadly and went on in the same abrupt and peculiar way: “I shall have to leave to-night. Before going I should like to show *Mademoiselle*, if she is not too weary, a movement with the foils which, as a swordswoman, I think she will appreciate.”

“With pleasure, Monsieur,” she replied in her old, considerate way.

He turned without further words to the rack, and when he faced her again two foils were in his hands. Once more he handed one to her. As she put herself

into position, and as he was about to raise his foil, he said huskily: “The movement is a double feint in *flanconnade* action—thought out by myself. As will be seen by *Mademoiselle*, much of its danger lies in its simplicity.”

Although he spoke quietly there was something in his tone that attracted Captain Belmont's attention and perplexed him.

“Ready, *Mademoiselle?*”

“Ready, Monsieur.”

Their foils met softly. For a moment both stood alert. Then, with the quickness of thought, the fencing-master made a sudden and most peculiar feint. As she stepped back parrying, it was succeeded by another feint equally new to her. She parried again, but even as she did so she saw, to her astonishment, his foil, like a vivid gleam of light, cut a confusing semi-circle, and then—then she felt the point firmly strike her shoulder.

“Wonderful, Monsieur Drolet; I never saw anything more beautiful in my life!” The words of admiration were uttered by Captain Belmont.

Paying no attention to the speaker the fencing-master looked in a strained way at his pupil and then said: “That, *Mademoiselle*, is the movement. I have never known it not to be successful. Allow me now to explain it.” He was speaking in a feverish way, and again Captain Belmont looked at him curiously.

Standing some little distance from his pupil the fencing-master very slowly, and alone, went through the double feint, the confusing semi-circle and the thrust, explaining each minutely. Then he stood on guard again, telling her that he now would act on the defensive while she executed it and tried to score.

And his instructions were followed to the letter. Scarcely had their foils touched than, with a flush of excitement, she perfectly executed the double feints, following with the semi-circle, and then

thrust sharply—her foil, with firm impact struck his breast.

"Mademoiselle could not have executed the movement better." As he spoke he stepped forward and courteously relieved her of her foil.

She was pleased at his compliment and said warmly: "It was very kind of Monsieur to teach me it, especially as it is my final lesson."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, the *final* lesson." He spoke enigmatically, turning away with the foils as he did so.

As Captain Belmont now stepped to her side, he thought she was looking paler than what was her custom, and he said, with quick solicitude: "I fear the lesson has been a little long; you are looking tired. Shall we now withdraw?"

She consented, but before going held out her hand to the fencing-master and said, in a gentle, womanly way: "Again, Monsieur Drolet, I regret to lose so skilled a teacher."

As their hands met for the briefest space, and as his eyes, with an unfathomable expression in them, flashed into hers, he now, for the first time, really comprehended the woeful thing that had happened between them; and with the comprehension, such was his emotion that he could not trust himself to many words, and he replied briefly, as he bowed his head: "Mademoiselle speaks very generously."

She now turned somewhat slowly from the room with Captain Belmont, and as she did so the fencing-master slowly raised his head and looked fixedly after her. His hands still held the two foils they had just used.

As the door was closing behind her a gleam of sunlight shot through the window and fell upon her shining hair, beautifying it so that it shone like burnished gold. A moment more, the door had closed, and she had gone, and the lives of tutor and pupil were separated for all time.

The fencing-master was alone in the room once more! Slowly his eyes travelled from the door to the foils he was still grasping. His face was strangely pallid. Raising the weapons, he looked at their points. On one of the foils the button was perfect, but on the other a needle-like point protruded. In a perturbed way he now put the perfect foil back into the rack. The other he enclosed in its case again, and, after hastily looking at his watch, hurriedly left the house with it.

Reaching the street he hailed a carriage and drove rapidly to where he lived. Once in his room again he made a complete change of clothing, after which he destroyed all his correspondence. Although every action was apparently methodical, his eyes were glittering with intense excitement. Finally he took up the foil, and with a quick blow broke off the point. It was still slightly besmeared with the creamy-like paste, and also slightly discolored. Thoroughly cleaning the point, he carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper and put it in his pocket—that which had done so much woe should never leave him. Before very many hours it would have worked that which no physician's art could undo.

With a last look around the room he left it. Driving direct to the station, he took a train for London, that teeming metropolis where it is easier for one to be lost than in the wastes.

Eight hours later the roar of London's streets was in his ears, and midnight was just striking when a carriage halted with him at the door of a small hotel in the suburbs.

Entering the hotel, he entered his name in the register as Henri Dumochel, Paris. The clerk stared at the man curiously; the color of his face was ghastly. When being shown to his room he staggered and swayed so the porter could scarcely suppress his laughter—he was sure the late guest must have been making a glori-

ous night of it. But could he have been in the room when the fencing-master, with fumbling fingers, lit the gas, and as the light clearly lit up his face, he would have cried out with alarm; for the clammy sweat of death was upon it, while, in the eyes was the sure imprint of the great reaper.

Turning to the bed the fencing-master, by sheer force of will, succeeded in removing his upper garments; but he was too desperately ill to disrobe further.

Sinking on the bed, in a half sitting posture, he succeeded, after much difficulty, in opening wide his shirt. As his hands fell to his side again his dulled eyes wandered over his breast as though seeking for something. Presently, that what he sought met his gaze—a scratch, directly over the heart, not much larger than a needle would have made.

A faint and pathetic smile came to his lips. To think that, after all, it should have been her hand that had given him his death; a hand, that willingly, would not have given death to the simplest living thing. But, even now, he had no regrets; of all ways this had surely been the best. For him, now, there would be no years of hopeless longing to pass.

Reason was rapidly failing him. His breathing was quick and uncertain. At last memory failed completely, and soon, in delirium, he was living over again the tragic events of the past few hours. Once more he thought she stood before him, foil in hand, the foil he had covertly handed to her when, wearied out with the struggle within him, he had finally decided that he would harm neither of them. It was the *poisoned* foil, in the last lesson, that he had given her.

As before, he was now in his delirium explaining to her the two subtle feints, the confusing semi-circle, and the quick, dangerous thrust. As before, too, she was stepping back into position, the deadly foil in her hand, to give him his death wound. How beautiful, even to

his dying senses, she was as they now, for the final time, crossed foils. Again he was watching her make the double feint, the semi-circle, and then—then he saw her thrust. How easily he could have parried it! But he had allowed the point of her foil to strike him. The button had only too well done what he knew it would do; it had allowed the point of the foil to come through, and he had been scratched over the heart that ached so wearily.

As though the slight sting of the point had again been felt, a faint moan broke from the dying man's lips. But suddenly the agonized face took on a look of wondering happiness. The scene before his wandering mind had changed again and he was living over another event of the past—but ah, living it over so differently from how it had ended. The scene was that when Captain Belmont had returned from abroad, when Miss Westgate had met him in the corridor, and when, with girlish roguery, she had assumed the role of a military commander.

As clearly and as distinctly to his imagination, as on that day, he now heard the sweet voice ring out the command once more—

“Halt!”

The clang of the dragging sabre ceased.

“Attention!”

The slight scraping of the sabre was again heard by the dying ears as the officer obeyed the beautiful commander.

“And now, sir, m-a-r-c-h!”

Exactly as before, he saw the officer stand immovable; saw the winsome figure laboriously drag the heavy sabre from the scabbard at the officer's side, and then, just as she was about to give the word of command again, the officer, for the first time, turned, and then—oh, God, the happiness of it!—the face was not that of Captain Belmont, but of his, his, Alcide Drolet, the fencing-master, her tutor! Into his eyes, and not into those of

the officer's, hers were looking with a world of tenderness. Oh! how good God had been after all! To think that it was himself, and himself alone she loved! There had never been any Captain Belmont. That had been a delusion. He had not put a poisoned foil into her hand that she might give him his death wound. What a nightmare it had been! How rapturous the awakening to the truth.

"Dorothy—Sweetheart!"

The endearing words were whispered by the dying lips so faintly as to scarcely break the silence of the room. They were the last words they ever framed. The aching, despondent heart was at rest at last. There had come to him, in the

gracious hallucination of death, a triumph which reality could never have brought. And so the face that had been so despondent and sombre, now, in death, wore a repose and peace it had been such a stranger to in life.

There was no inquest; none was deemed necessary. He had been found dead in bed without marks of violence. None knew him, nor could anything be found upon his person to lead to his identity. The only curious thing found upon him was a little piece of steel, about an inch long, and keen at the point. But it excited no suspicion—its appearance was too harmless!

IN TIME OF NEED

By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

SEWARD stood there unsteadily; but, none the less, he took it like a man. "I shouldn't have hoped for anything else," he said. "Indeed, when I called to-night, I hadn't really intended to ask you *outright*. . . . And I can pretty near guess how I'd advise one of my own sisters, if *she* thought of marrying a man,—to reform him."

Her fingers knit together again spasmodically. "Oh, Mr. Seward, I didn't say *that*. You *made* me refuse you. I asked you if you could give it up, and you said you couldn't.—After that, what *could* I say."

He looked at her mutely. It seemed to him that he was playing tragedy like some wretched 'super.' And suddenly a queer womanishness in him which he had never been able to understand, began to flood hotly into his eyes.

"I'll pray for you," she whispered.

"I'm afraid this, this is a case where even angels' prayers wouldn't,—I think—I shan't keep you any longer."

She dropped into the cushions, where her mother found her, still motionless, an hour afterward; and the young man went out into the New Year's Eve swing and radiancy of Fifth Avenue. What he meant to do was so plain before him, it was such a foregone inevitability, that he felt as if he were approaching the end of a story he had read a dozen times before. The shining, pearl-handled '32' lay waiting in his upper dresser drawer, and it seemed to him, in his bleeding boyish pride, that when she heard of it, it would re-establish to her the courage and strength and manliness which he had been denying himself before her, a half hour ago. . . . The thought gave him back his self-respect, and he began to take in the holiday-night gaiety about him with a new and curious interest. He told himself he was looking at it for the last time. But his pulse only seemed to quicken.

When he reached that rounded tongue of flags which reaches out into Madison Square, the swift succession of swooping

hansoms, ponderously darting automobiles and clanging trolleys for a minute held back the human current he was part of, on the Broadway curb. Looking over at the fountain, he noticed, in the surge and eddy of the crowd, two tattered and unwashed youngsters; and it was evident on a second glance that they were begging. More than that, they were trying to sing. Whoever had sent them out had been taking envious note of some of the most successful of the shipping-district mendicants, and had taught them some verses of miserable doggerel. But their appeal, though it tearfully connected 'the mother's heart which did grieve,' with 'this happy New Year's Eve,' was meeting with no response. The crowd, too sophisticated, shoved past the youngsters with impatient carelessness. The smaller one was weeping lugubriously; while the elder, between manful attempts to continue his heart-rending ditty, gave him contemptuous consolation.

Seward looked at them again. They, too, had been finding fate unkind. And the pity which he was too young to withhold from himself any longer, reached out and wrapped itself about *their* small, childish woe. . . . He pushed over to them.—“Seems to be a kind of chilly world, to-night, gentlemen.”

The bigger urchin grinned ruefully.—“Ah, we can't sing loud enough for dis push.”

“‘Can't sing loud enough, eh?’” he filled with a sudden crazy impulse. It was as if he had been drinking heavily without losing his clearness of head. He was in a mood to do anything, and scorn all fear of the ridiculous. “Well, now, that's hard lines.—I'm something of a warbler *myself*. Couldn't I help you out?”

The big brother grinned again. The little one stopped crying, and gaped at Seward suspiciously.

Perhaps in all character, weak or strong, there lurks the 'instinct of the

theatre.' In his fevered mental eye the young fellow suddenly imaged the headlines of next morning's papers,—“Sang to Help Beggar Children, Then Shot Himself!” And, on the moment, he caught at the part.—“You know you're not singing the right thing, either,” he went on rapidly. “You let an *old* New Year's performer show you. Only you must both pipe out, too.”

He stepped between them, and grasped the littler one's hand, as if *he* were the singer and himself there only to introduce and encourage him. Then throwing back his shoulders till his open raglan fell loosely away from his slim, closely-fitting evening clothes, and lifting his bared head in flushing yet smiling steadiness to the tranquil stars, he began the old ballad

“While shepherds watched their flocks at night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.”

It was something wholly new in the drama of the streets. The crowd halted and turned in a moment. And then, with one kindred face, it grasped the situation and beamed a complete approval. . . . Two hurrying young Dianas in black velvet, their father linked helplessly between them, swung the old gentleman face about with a single movement.—“Well,—now,—dad! Did you ever see anything sweeter!” They stood there smiling upon Seward as if they had been his sisters. A score more, fifty, a hundred, stopped with them. About them was the unpausing roar of Broadway, and the clashing jangle of Fifth Avenue.

“‘Fear not,’ said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
‘Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.’”

Whatever of posing there had been in Seward's tone and attitude the words and music had chastened from him utterly. He was singing simply and gravely, and withal, more feelingly than ever he had

sung in the old college chapel. And both youngsters were now instinctively trying to sing with him. Their thin, faltering 'pipes,' a bar behind, came in with brave uncertainty at the close. The crowd applauded with a subdued delight that was almost tender. A policeman pushed through the tangle of vehicles at the corner, and then stopped. His face broadened as he, too, comprehended. It might be his duty to clear the curb, but he generously took refuge in the tolerance of the night.

Seward gave the urchins' shoulders a little, big-brotherly squeeze.—

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

The old gentleman with the two daughters stepped forward.—"I guess there's nothing *for* it, friends," he said, and slipped something into the fist of the now stoutly-singing little brother. The small imp, probably with a sudden recollection of earlier instructions, fumblingly pulled off his cap and held it out.

An old lady, with motherly indignation, promptly put it on him again.—"Do you want to get your *death*, child? Hold out your *hand*." She added the second coin. The youngster, with business-like directness, immediately shaped his diminutive, grimy palms into a begging-bowl, and held them out to the young fellow beside him. It was a New Year's Eve audience, and they responded as if they had been a New Year's Eve audience out of Dickens. The small dirty begging-bowl overflowed, and the small dirty beggar forthwith began an attempt to stow his wealth away in a very incapacious trousers' pocket. The crowd's delight, if smothered, was boundless.

But Seward and the older youngster were beginning the last verse—

"All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

The little brother came back to them, his face ecstatically agrin, and both hands overflowing.—"I gueth, Conn," he said, "*you'd* better go round, now."

The donors of the wealth shouted.

"No," said Seward, "I think you've got enough." The eyes of his audience waited upon him.

"It'd be a pity now, to let them go home alone, and lose half of it on the way," suggested the motherly old lady.

He was in the grasp of circumstance. He took over the little brother's unsafely carried wealth, got their East Side address from the older lad,—after some odd shuffling evasion,—and called a hansom.

PART II.

Then he remembered. After the last hectic hour Amy Keller's refusal and her reason for it descended upon his brain in a tremendous, numbing oppression. And what objectless folly was this that had tied him to the two dirty urchins beside him! In a rising, gall-like nausea at himself, he went back over his singing with them on the Square.—"Lord, Lord, why couldn't I have stayed out of the calcium and done it like a gentleman? What a wretched mixture of weakness and vanity I am!"

They turned swiftly off the Bowery, made another three blocks, and stopped in front of an unclean, yellow-brick tenement. The bigger youngster jumped out, and Seward followed him. But the little fellow held back.—"Nah, I don' *want* to! I don' *want* to!"

"But you're home now," said Seward with tired patience: "I can't take you any farther."

"Nah, I don' *want* to!"—He began to whimper.

Then the elder brother made apologetic explanation.—“ Ah, it ain't dat he wants to go any *furder*, boss. He's on'y kind o' leary o' de old man.”

A woman with a shawl over her head came up the area steps. The frightened child promptly jumped out and scuttled across to her. “ I want to stay with Mrs. McCord, again!” he cried.

For a weary moment of hesitation Seward looked at the group. He was sick to be alone, to end it all. Yet the sense of duty still lived in him with strange strength. It had opened another door, and to go through it, it seemed to him, was the only way. . . .

He pulled himself together with a tightening of the lips. “ I think I'll go up with you, and see that old man of yours,” he said. And taking the reluctant elder brother by the arm, he pushed into the dim hallway and climbed the black, foul-smelling stairs.”

In the filthy back-room he saw what he expected to see. Both mother and father were hideously in liquor. The woman, with haggish, lankly-hanging hair, leaned blearily forward at him from an old lounge. The man, a heavy, round-shouldered, unshaven brute, his open mouth gaping through thin, bedrabbled threads of moustache, stared at the arriving group with wondering malevolency. But when he had got the youngster into his murky centre of vision,—“ Oh, i's you, is it, y' young devil?” he guttered: “ Who's that? Wha's he want?—How much you got?”

“ *He, he's got it. We—*”

“ *Wha'? Wha'? Him? You give it to him? You—*” (He cursed horribly.)—“ Who's he?” He got to his feet, and steadied his eyes rancorously upon Seward. “ Say, you dirty, graftin' fakir, wha' you want? Wha' you want? Now you turn over tha' coin too swift, see,—an' then get t'ell out o' here! You hear now, you get—”

Seward drew in his nostrils and turned

to the youngster. “ I can't give him any of your money,” he said quietly: “ I'm going down to talk to the janitress. You'd better come with me.”

“ Wha' you say?—Wha' you say?” The man spat furious profanity again, and began to lurch around the table.—“ Wha' you say? ‘ You won' give—’” With the sudden viciousness of the intoxicated, he struck at the young fellow, missed, and swayed off his balance. Seward had only to reach his thick, purple-veined neck with a full arm swing to send him on a headlong pitch into the corner.

“ Now,” he said, panting, “ you follow me down three steps, and I'll throw you down the rest!”

Two minutes later he was in the basement with the two youngsters again. But now that he had assumed their guardianship, what was he to do with them? Mrs. McCord was able to help him. Leaving them with her, he shoved his way through the puzzled East Side crowd, and again jumped into the hansom.

“ Two blocks down, an' this side, ye mind,” the good woman shouted after him. “ Ask fer the House: it's ahl they call it. And they're ahl young min like yersilf. Mr. Hanford's the wan I know, but they're ahl in the rescue work. If they can't do for the childer thimsilves, they'll turn thim over to others as can. But lave thim with me till the morrow!” And he drove away.

The ‘ House ’ was a new white brick, with boxes of evergreens in the windows which reminded him of the Avenue. And the matronly housekeeper who opened the door to him showed none of the surprise of the quarter at his evening clothes.

He would not give her his name.—“ No, it's not at all necessary.”—(“ I can keep out of the calcium *now*, at any rate,” he thought to himself fiercely.)—“ If you'll just speak to Mr. Hanford,”—

“ Oh, oh yes!” She smiled suddenly with mistaken understanding.—“ They've

all but finished dinner. You're to go right in to him.—Mr. Hanford, it's your friend." And she opened the dining-room door.

Seward was apologizing for the error in a moment. But the brisk, clerical-faced young fellow at the head of the table stopped him. "Oh, now, don't say a word. I'd told Mrs. Demming to expect a stranger."

He followed him into the hall, but at his first words of explanation, stopped him again.—"Oh, it's a 'case,' is it? Then, they'll all want to hear about it.—Gentlemen," he called in to them, "we've found another 'outside member.' And slipping his arm through Seward's, he gently re-introduced him to the company.

They gave him an almost comradish welcome; but he told his story with nervous rapidity. And that he had sung with the children himself, he altogether omitted.

Hanford jotted down the address in his pocket-book, and snapped it to.—"All right. We'll have that looked into the first thing to-morrow. So you mustn't give yourself any further worry over them."

He had meant to relieve his visitor of a troublesome charge, but Seward flushed up with a queer feeling of wound and jealousy. It was the first time he had ever been made to realize how absolutely unnecessary to the world he was.—"Oh, I didn't come here to get my hands washed of all responsibility, you know," he said. His brain burned dully, and he felt an unexplainable desire to delay the matter somehow.—"I, I don't see now just why I should have turned them over to you at all. *You* must have your own regular work to do, too,—probably a good deal more of it than I have."

"Oh," said a young fellow with glasses, sitting opposite him,—"*we* certainly all have to work,—that is, all except Hanford. He doesn't do anything but stay here and spend the money our

friends up-town think they are giving to charity and good works."

Hanford chuckled.—"You see I'm the secretary-treasurer and dean of the house, so to speak. We all live down here, and in the evenings we go out and worry the people round about us. But don't get the idea that we're a lot of deadly philanthropists. We enjoy life too shamefully well for that. And we've never been able to make the first bluff at any self-sacrifice."

"Yes," said the spectacled youth again.—"There's Willie, there. He's down here palpably and solely to get material for a novel,—though nothing could make him own up to it!"

"All *right!*" grinned the slandered 'Willie.'—"But at any rate I'm not trying to get an octopean grip on the voting part of the population!"

They carried on the laugh for a minute among themselves, but Seward hardly heard them. Inevitable self-comparison made his spirit sick in him. What he had done theatrically, and only for an hour, they were doing as a matter of course, humorously even, and for month after month. Any one of them was beyond all saying worthier of Amy Keller than he had been,—even had there not been the—other thing.—His head throbbed like a pulse of pain. . . .

He got to his feet and said that he must go. And then . . . Outside was utter lonesomeness, a terrible hopelessness, and in that room was an oasis of friendship and happiness and supporting strength . . . They were all young men. Why could he, *too*, not . . .

He turned back from the door, and his voice was a flood of unmanned, piteous entreaty.—"Gentlemen, I, I suppose you'll think me crazy,—or worse, but I don't want to go back to my quarters to-night. I want, I want to get away from myself.—And I'd like to stay with you down here. I couldn't help you much, and I suppose I'd disgrace you before the first month was over.—But even if a man

is downed in his scrap with himself, he can still do a lot of fighting for others,—for the poor kids and all that you know. . . . And I've got a good deal of money that's been worse than no good to me, which you'd be . . .” He broke off, and looked about the circle almost wildly.

There was no need for any talk before answering him.—“Why, yes,” said Hanford, as if the thing were a matter of course; “we can find something for you to do down here, I guess. But we'd better give you till to-morrow at least to finally decide whether you want to become a permanent house member.” He smiled at him and laid his hand on his arm. “And if you do, you may be sure we'll use your money, too, with all the willingness in the world.—But we've got you

with us to-night anyway.” He stepped into the corridor.—“Mrs. Demming, will you please get that end room by mine into shape?”

Seward walked to a window and gazed into outer darkness. His soul was quivering and trembling. He was like a man who at the last gasp has been saved from drowning. The ‘House’ had gained another recruit.

And when, an hour later, he stood in the narrow white room by Hanford's, and let the moonlight and New Year's bells bathe him like a baptism, the old life, even the memory of Amy Keller, was already an infinite distance behind him. He would not wholly change at once, but the completeness of the change would not be the less sure for that. For miracles are not worked in vain.



THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Soon we'll be in London town,
Sing, my lads, yeo ho!
We'll see the King and his golden crown,
Sing, my lads, yeo ho!"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London town to see the Queen."

London, May 19th.

ALL this is prefatory to the news that at last mine eyes have seen that august personage, in whom the world's greatest Empire is personified,—“Our Most Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria.”

Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace at 4.15 for South Kensington, where she laid the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum. In order to see her, we took up our stand at Hyde Park corner at 3.30, and as we were beside the police in front of the crowd, had a better view than those who were there from ten o'clock. We were within a few feet of the driveway, and the view was unobstructed. The police were so closely posted along the sidewalks, that they could have touched hand in two continuous ranks, three miles in length. By inexhaustible tact and good humor, they got the crowd within the prescribed limit, and then there was nothing for it but to stand and wait for the passing of Victoria. I was sorely be-elbowed and be-kneed by the crowd, but on the whole the good order of the quiet, respectful multitude, was simply wonderful. Loyalty in the English is a living force. Emerson says it is a sub-religion, and it would appear so, for these people anticipated the Queen's coming with all the freshness of unworn enthusiasm.

A boy near me asked another, why the English were the most economical

people in the world, and vouchsafed the answer himself: “Because they have kept one Sovereign for sixty years.” The other boy had his little joke too: (Q) “Why is the Queen like a rainy day?” (A) “Because she reigns (rains) and reigns, and never gives the son (sun) a chance.”

An Englishwoman who stood beside me, proceeded to enlarge at wearying length on the excellent characteristics of Victoria the Good. She seemed to think that I required enlightenment on the subject. When I could stand her patronage no longer, I gave it as my humble opinion that the Queen was “faultily faultless,” perhaps even “splendidly null”; that we would love her a trifle more if she surprised us sometimes, or made mistakes once in a long time. The Englishwoman was not to be put down so easily, and hastened to assure me that if it gave me any satisfaction to know it, the Prince Consort had been a thoroughly henpecked husband.

We had “Queen's weather,” and the scene soon became brilliant as “the wealthy curled darlings” flashed by in elegant turnouts. Most of the gentlemen wore diplomatic, military, or levee dresses, with their “riband, star and a' that.” The Lord Mayor and his sheriffs rolled by in state, their incomparable coachmen and footmen making a brave show. And so passed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Princess Louise, till finally, amid prodigious enthusiasm, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Fife, with a mounted escort, came into view. The Prince wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and acknowledged the rousing ovation by military salute. He has a broad-blown face, and looks as if he

had thoroughly seen "life." He just bubbles with good humor, and is the idol of the people. With a long, white beard, he would be Santa Claus.

Immediately following the Prince, were the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke is almost anaemic looking; the Duchess is not. She sat in her carriage with a proud, self-possessed pose of figure that was admirable. She looks her rank.

White sand was scattered on the roadway, and shortly a deep-throated chorus of welcome assured us that the Queen was approaching. First came a dashing cavalcade of the Life Guards, their cuirasses glistening like fire in the sunshine. The superb black horses, with their showily-dressed riders, was a magnificent spectacle. The clank of bits and golden spurs, the clatter of the steel-clad hoofs on the pavement, the rattle of the swords and the long bridle chains, had a military ring that was entrancing. One felt a choke of emotion; a great heart-leap.

There was a glint of scarlet through the lush green of the Spring, and the Queen's outriders burst into view, making brilliant splashes of color on the white sand. The Queen's landau was drawn by four bay horses with postillions. The Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Beatrice and the Princess Christian attended Her Majesty, who sat in one corner, and looked small—even tiny. She wore a dowdy-looking gown and a black bonnet, adorned with a white feather. Someone told me afterwards, that this feather is the Queen's one extravagance, and only indulged in on state occasions. I do not know whether the crowd cheered or not. I could not hear, I was so intently watching the dear, faded, little mother, who has stamped her name and character on the world's golden age. God bless her! "As Queen of our hearts, she reigneth alone."

* * * * *

In the evening, we went to the annual meeting of the Woman's Temperance

Association. The first speaker was Dean Farrar. He has delicately cut, handsome features, and there is something monastic in his appearance. His voice is pleasing and flexible; it is a gamut of delicate intonations. To the work of temperance, this eminent divine has given an earnest and unwearied advocacy. He has touched the very quick of the brutal and dangerous sin that Englishmen are hugging to their hearts.

Prison reform, he said, had been effected by John Howard in a lifetime. In one generation the British had learned that they must not use the arm of liberty to bind the slave, but in spite of the enormous mass of warning gathered from every age and country, and in face of facts as undeniable as facts could be, intemperance was greatly on the increase. The daily papers are full of horrors and crimes, attributed by the ordinary channels of justice to drink, yet it seemed to make no impression on those whose object in life was to live in pleasure on the earth and be wanton; to have hearts as fat as brawn, as cold as ice, and as hard as the nether millstone. The workers must continue to press upon the people the plain fact that if they forgot the example of Tyre, which if now only a memory, of Venice, which is but a ruin, the English nation would be dragged from a prouder eminence to a less pitied destruction.

With a rush and rhapsody, this great speaker leads us through deeps of thought, exuberant imagery, savage sarcasm and irrefragible arguments. Throughout his address, which lasted forty minutes, he enchained the acutest interest of the audience.

Dean Farrar was followed by the Rev. Benjamin J. Gibbon, Bloomsbury Chapel. He spoke of the "spiritual wickedness in high places," as evidenced by the fact of three hundred and eighty-one bishops and clergy being shareholders in English breweries. He said public opinion should force them to resign their positions or

their shares. This remark met with loud and prolonged applause.

The audience clamorously demanded a speech from Lady Carlisle, who was seated on the platform. With remarkable spirit and dash for an elderly lady, she repudiated what she called "the dreary pessimism of the other speakers." But then, in the nature of things, woman *should* have the last word.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM THE SAXON HEPTARCHY.

Colchester, June.

Colchester might fairly be termed old, for it dates back to the Christian era. The Romans called it *Cunobelin*. To see it aright, you must ascend "Jumbo," which Cutts in his *Historic Towns*, describes as "a monstrous tower-like structure, surmounted by a reservoir for the supply of water, so large and lofty that it dwarfs and dominates the whole town."

The place has an air of vanished prosperity. Once it swung gay or grave to the tread of kings, mail-clad barons, minstrels, stout men-at-arms, swaggering exquisites, free foresters, cavalcades of knights, traders, friars, gilded courtiers or Roman ladies of dark saturnine beauty. But ours are more utilitarian times and now-a-days it is chiefly famous for its oyster fisheries.

From my outlook, I could see the church where the Padre speaks while here; it is grimly simple, and why not? It needs no bird-cage trumpery to add to its prestige, for it comes all the way down from the Saxon Heptarchy, and is mentioned in the Domesday book. In the Norman survey, this parish was described as belonging to one "Godric of Colchester," who was the great man of the Saxon Burgh, but Eudo the Dapifer, became its generous patron under William, the Conqueror. What waves of sudden fury and terrific shocks of battle have broken on these old temples in the twenty centuries ago! Yet they remain—Romish once,

Protestant now; Low Church last year, High Church this; established by law to-day, disestablished to-morrow; unless mayhap another wave may send them back to Rome—but never to Methodism, for the middle wall of partition between the Church of England and Dissent is high—very high, and it has iron spikes, broken glass, and no end of tar on the top.

Plumb below me is St. Martin's Church. It was beheaded when Colchester was besieged by the Roundheads. Cromwell seems to have smote the churches hip and thigh. Outside, parasitical vegetation softens its decay; within, the hand of renovation has covered its gaping wounds, except where the shells have embedded themselves deep in the white marble of the font.

Nearby is Colchester Castle, bearing, too, the scars of blood, conflict, and years; yet it seems to me that these very scars, and the hoary rime of the almost timeless masonry, convey a greater sense of dignity than do the most stately civic edifices that crowd against the sky. Its great keep is built of flints and Roman bricks. Sometimes the bricks are laid endwise, and sometimes in herring-bone fashion. Until recently it was a convenient quarry for the neighboring houses, but this is no longer permitted. The fireplace of the keep yawns with the roominess of a small chapel. Its smoke ascended through the side of the wall, by means of a spiral flue.

You ascend the stone stair-case, worn hollow by numberless feet, to peer through deep embrasures, or cross-shaped arrow-ports, or to shudder at the little cavity in the wall, where a Quaker lad was confined for eleven months, and died from the torture of his position. Then the guide will sit on the sunny side of the tower that overlooks a plot of green-sward, and will point out the identical spot where Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle suffered death at the hands of their victorious enemies. He is a

Royalist, this old guide, and will tell you that the King's officers only surrendered when their food gave out, and that they were "wickedly slaughtered."

Your innocent curiosity leads him to surmise that you have not heard the story, although the inhabitants of the town, to this day, contend as hotly as to the justice and legality of the shooting as did their forefathers in Ireton's times. Lucas, he will say, suffered first. This Cavalier fell on his knees, and when he had prayed a few minutes, opened his shirt and bade the soldiers fire.

Lisle, after kissing the face of his dead friend, stood up and requested the musketeers to come closer, thinking that they were at too great a distance, to which one of them replied: "I'll warrant you, Sir, we'll hit you." The other said, "Now, traitors, do your worst," and immediately they shot him dead. You only remark that Sir George Lisle, being an English officer, knew what notoriously bad shots the privates were, whereupon the guide is silent—painfully, politely, silent, and you feel properly rebuked for your levity and impertinence.

It is well at this point to be good to him, for the museum and prison are yet to be seen. The former has an excellent collection of Roman domestic appliances—of lamps, rare and beautiful glass vessels, and pottery of Samian ware, which differs from the ordinary pottery in being glazed and having a raised pattern. The treasures include tiles, cinerary urns, lachrymatories, grotesque clay figures, lead coffins, the tombstone of a Roman centurion, and absolutely bushels of coins. From the amount of coins in England today, I should judge that the Romans must have treated their money like dirt. A pair of stocks are displayed that were used as late as 1855. As you examine them, the words "stock still" take on a new meaning. They were no mere empty terror unto evil doers.

Follow the guide, and after lighting a lantern, he will lead you down a crazy

staircase, where a cold air strikes into your very marrow, and gets colder every second till your teeth chatter. Presently, you find yourself in the arched vaults that were built as a foundation for the castle, but were used also for prisoners. "What came ye out for to see?" There is nought but appalling darkness; so dark that it is palpable. There is an eery dripping of water. It is the cold sweat on the dead face of the stone. Nothing could be more awful than to be incarcerated alone in this place. You might not even stir lest you touch some clammy, gruesome thing not to be thought of. It is the very epitome and quintessence of horror. You have a sharp nightmare at noonday, and feel dizzy and ill.

There is another prison in the Castle. It was used in more modern days, and is less gloomy and soul-oppressing, but still "top-full of direst cruelty." There is some writing on the door. It directs that the male and female prisoners be separated, that more water be provided, and that the cells be whitewashed, and a window cut in each. It is signed by John Howard, for this is one of the Augean Stables cleansed by the modern Hercules, who, following in the footsteps of the Christ, bound up the broken-hearted, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of prisons to them that were bound.

Cavities are still to be seen in the wall where the head and shoulders of the prisoners were crushed, and where, in a chaos of terror and agony, they were made to confess some imaginary crime. It was the refinement of cruelty. What "sorrowful sighing of the prisoners," what maledictions, unavailing shrieks, and death groans have been thrown back by these ponderous walls! In another room, twenty-one prisoners, under the persecutions of Mary, answered the question, "What think ye of Christ?" They were all burnt at the stake, and the guard will bind you down with their shackles, and as you feel shivers of fright running down

your body, you realize that you are not of the stuff to make a martyr.

If you would further "Beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town," turn your back on the Castle and wander on through intricate streets, with their wealth of curious architecture, till you come to St. Botolph's Priory, the first home of the Order of the Canons of St. Augustine, in England. We are told that it was erected by "one Ernulf." Its most noticeable feature is a magnificent doorway, above which are semi-circular arches, so interlaced as to form a double row of pointed arches. An underground passage, nearly a mile in length, connected it with the Castle. Wishing to see if the passage were still open, an archaeologist drove a pig through the entrance. It was never seen again.

Near my watch-tower, too, is the workhouse, known in England as "the Union." I went there one day with the Padre, who had addressed the men and women, so was not a stranger to them.

One of the inmates, an old Canadian, who poses for the *gentilhomme* of the place, took us through the establishment. He showed us his oil-paintings—a collection of bilious monstrosities, very simply and broadly treated, somewhat after the manner of impressionists. He seemed pleased when the Padre assured him that they were "really remarkable," and charmed when I gave it as my opinion that his originality bordered almost on the bizarre. Poor old fellow! a couple of years ago he sold his little farm near Hamilton, and came to England to acquire an estate which someone else held, and which, of course, was rightfully his. The lawyers took his money, and now he has reached the low-water mark. This method of swindle is the English equivalent to our "farm-pupil" scheme. This old man has a proud and resentful spirit, and his failure is gall, and bitterness to him. Some one has divided the poor into three classes, "The Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils." He belongs to the last.

The children of the workhouse are of the gutter-snipe species. Many of them, like the butterflies, do not know their parents, nor like the grubs of the bee, they are nurtured neither by father nor mother, but by neutral bees. Presently these young Ishmaelites will slop over into Canada, and some progressive person will write letters in the papers, telling us that these rickety babes, with their black-lustre eyes and poverty-distorted bodies, are noxious vermin conveying the vile contagion of the old world to our young country.

The rooms were clean and cosy. The inmates are supplied with tobacco and reading matter, but what is that to people whose "particular wanity" is beer. The old men are lachrymose and doleful; all are malcontents. They repine at being immured, and criticise the management hostilely. The squat hags of the women's quarters would furnish types for the cartoonist. Intolerably coarse-minded, they made obscene jests about marriage, finally asking the Padre to find them lovers,— "partners" they called them—or to express it in Max O'Rell's *jeu de mot*—sleeping partners. We turned and fled from the old beldames and their moral vileness.

The inmates are not altogether those who have been improvident in habits, but some are honestly destitute people, who belong to the class known as "the virtuous poor." Ill-health, financial failure, or other adverse circumstances have landed them in these nadir depths of poverty. To them the Union is an "intermediate purgatory before the grave"; to all England's poor, it is the grim skeleton in the closet.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAVES AND HAVENOTS.

London, July.

You ask me how the Archbishop's decision on portable light and incense has been received, and what my opinions are of the Church crisis? I do not pretend, like the average American tourist in Ire-

land, to settle the Home Rule Question in a week, but must acknowledge, after more than a year's study of matters ecclesiastic, to be staggering along even more dazed and bewildered by their many aspects and perplexities.

The trouble appears to arise from the two parties in the establishment accepting different standards of rule, or precedent both in practice and doctrine. The Evangelicalists base their authority on the Bible; the Ritualists on the Church—preferably the Church of Rome. It has been wittily remarked of the latter that they set out for Rome, stopped short on reaching the Apii Forum, and got drunk at the Three Taverns. The Ritualists are age-bound, Sydney Smith said the Puseyites were silly people who wanted to revive every obsolete custom which the common sense of mankind allowed to go to sleep. They are the same to-day. They have resuscitated tradition, that they may dress up the present in the old-fashioned garments of mediaevalism.

The aim of the Ritualists is to de-Protestantize and re-Romanize the National Church, or to use their own expression, to "exorcise Protestantism." They claim to be both *anti* and *ante* to the Reformation, and are now the true non-conformists in distinction to the Wesleyans who are Dissenters. They disdain the title of Protestant, but designate themselves as Neo-Anglicans or Anglo-Catholics. It would be hard to draw the exact line of cleavage between the parties. Perhaps the Rev. W. Hay Aitken best described it as "The mechanical versus the spiritual," for Ritualism is simply a recurrence of the lifeless Pharisaical religion of Judaism in the heart of the Church of England.

There are ecclesiastics who contend that considerable latitude of interpretation and practise are allowable, and that the theological breadth and comprehensiveness of the Church will berth both schools. Be that as it may, at the present moment its elastic limits are stretched to their ut-

most, and the majority of both clergy and laity realize that Truth and Falsehood are not sisters—that the twenty-fifth article and the Mass are incompatible. Indeed, the signs on the ecclesiastical horizon show the most casual observer that the epoch is indeed a serious one.

The Evangelicals are unswervingly loyal to the great Reformation principles, but have done much to alienate people, because their services have not been bright; too often "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

John Bull has at last decided to set his house in order, and is energetically wielding his broom. His task is not an easy one. To an onlooker, the contention seems to be irreconcilable. What has been settled in the past is being unsettled in the present, and must come up for re-settlement in the future. The quarrel is not merely a matter of incense pots or ritual, except in so far as they affect doctrine.

The Parliament fairly voiced the nation when it passed a vote of censure on the English Church Union, the members of which (thirty-two Bishops inclusive) are pledged to work for the mixed chalice, unleavened bread in the Communion service, and incense. In turn, the members of that body deny the authority of the Parliament, but this is only natural, for the Oxford movement, inaugurated by John Henry Newman, was intended to resist the interference of Parliament with the State Church. The English Church Union does not, however, own *any* authority, unless like their sister society, the Order of the Corporate Reunion, they acknowledge the Pope, but show a spirit which is the direct antithesis to obedience. Part of them elect to follow their leader, Lord Halifax, and part hold with the Primate's decision with mental reservations, or as has been better called "moral contradictions," a subtle contrivance of casuistry, which would be considered by themselves in any other matter, as dishonest and ungentlemanly.

Others, for prudential reasons, have made temporary concessions.

The present distress is largely due to the action or inaction of the Bishops. They contradict each other in conflicting gabble. One quotes this court, and another that decision, and a third his own prejudices, till the average layman is driven in desperation to hold up his hands and exclaim "mud! mud! mud!" The present attitude of the laity towards our Right Reverend Fathers in God, is one of distrust. These prelates have raised a Frankenstein monster, which they will find it difficult to lay.

Nearly all men of varying tempers and knowledge, feel that the Church is capable of amendment; that there must be either distinct reform or disestablishment. As things now stand, any young stripling may change the service of the Church to suit his ideas of so-called "Catholic usage," and laugh in the face of his objectors. Both from within and without, there is a loud call, not only for disestablishment but disendowment.

The matter of disendowment is the old quarrel of the Haves and the Havenots. The Haves contend that it would not only be an act of State desecration, but an act of State spoliation. The Havenots argue that the Established Church is a monopoly and is the State Church in so far as she is state-made, and state-paid, but deny that she expresses the nation's faith or ministers to the nation's need. They consider a State Church is no longer a necessity. This question, particularly in its relation to vested interests, will be a difficult one to grapple with successfully. The Havenots are also moved by both social and religious jealousy. They are placed in a position of social inferiority, and deem it unbearable arrogance of the Haves, whose equals in culture, education, and wealth, many of them are, to consider them as mere Gaderene swine, simply because they are outside the establishment. They repudiate any spiritual or social serfdom.

Although assuredly, we live amid "a dust of systems and of creeds," it seems an impossibility that the Church should be disestablished and disendowed, for it is the warp that holds the woof of the State. There is no great interest or family of importance which does not form a design in the texture, and it would appear that nothing short of a revolution could destroy it, nothing mayhap, but the moth and rust of Puseyism, which being harbored in the web might cause it to drop apart for want of cohesion.

Dean Stanley, once speaking in a Congregational Chapel, said, that as a clergyman of the Established Church, he gloried in "the freedom of the forest, the learning of the most learned, and the rationalism of the most rational Church in Christendom." This distinguished man was right so far as he went. He did not say she was a *growing Church*. Indeed, as one looks at her folded wings, you wonder if she is not a *falling Church*.

There are many cancerous growths that need to be cut from the body ecclesiastic, with sharp and unsparing blade. The gulf between the bishop and the curate is too great. To a colonial, there is much in her *regime* that would appear to be organized red-tapeism. She is too fastidious and finical. She has gathered her wood and laid it on the altar, in the most approved style, but somehow the fire has not descended from heaven.

Too often, it would seem that her spiritual offices are subordinated to her social ones. Emerson says of her, "It is not in ordinary, a persecuting Church, it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. * * * The Gospel it preaches is, 'By taste ye are saved.'"

She is the espoused ally of caste and capital. Her policy and attitude has frequently been such as to lead men to believe that her kingdom is of this world. She has a capitalistic Ministry, a capitalistic Gospel, and a capitalistic Christ.

Much capitalism has made her mad. She is too fortunate, too prudent, too polemical, too unsympathetic. She is not receptive of new influences. Her eyes turn more often to the past for slavish imitation, rather than for instruction and warning.

But why linger in the rocky and thorny paths of ecclesiastical criticism. I can only voice Arnold's words: "Most earnestly do I wish to see the establishment reformed, for the sake of its greater security and its greater perfection; but whether reformed or not, may God in His mercy save us from the calamity of seeing her destroyed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE FATHERLAND.

Germany, July.

The Padre had been "across the ocean in Germanie," preaching for the season in Christ Church, Homburg, and two weeks ago went over to England for me, as I was suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous sciatica, and he thought the mineral baths and waters of this famous *Spa* would benefit me.

I had only eight hours to gather in my laundry, my new frock (half completed), and take a hurried run to St. Albans to see the bairnies. We had no troublesome arrangements, however, to make about routes and time-tables. We went, as is our wont, to Cook's tourist agency, where all the business of pleasure is transacted before starting. We touched the button of our *porte-monnaie* and the Cooks did the rest. At 8 o'clock we had taken the Continental Express, and were trembling away in the night. An hour and a half later the harbor-lights at Harwich flashed in view, and before we knew it we were aboard "The Vienna" and faced Hollandwards.

There was a heavy Channel sea, and our boat played a "heel-and-toe" antic. The breeze from the North Sea took all

the London smoke out of our throats, and made us seek shelter and gasp for breath. All night the ship "drave heavily," and the waves spat viciously against its sides. I have more respect than love for the Channel. At five o'clock the stewardess turned us out of our berths, for the Hook of Holland was in sight. It was a leaden-eyed, unwashed crowd that effected a landing that morning, and fell into the clutches of gangs of longshoremen, who bore their "traps" off to the custom house to be examined.

At last I was "abroad," in "furrin' parts," in the land of "the unprincipled foreigner." Hereafter, I shall be like the dreadful traveller Dickens describes as "Our Bore." Almost immediately we met "The Flying Dutchman." Like the guard in "*Through a Looking-Glass*," his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute. He bundled our luggage hither and thither in an alarming manner. It was no use, we could not make him understand what we wanted, and so had to work our own salvation in fear and trembling.

The first impression you have of Holland is that it needs to be strained or wrung dry. It is half submerged. It is amphibious. The people live on the sink or swim principle. The country is flatter than the proverbial pancake, and in some places is thirty feet below sea-level. The inhabitants boast that God made the sea, and they made the land. It is in reality a delta formed by the slime which has been deposited by the Rhine. The Dutch have wrested this delta from the maw of the sea, by their huge dykes which say to water, "Thus far shall ye go and no further." Holland recalls the description in *Hudibras*:

"A country that draws fifty feet of water
In which men live in the hold of nature.
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does not spring a leak."

It is a land of paradoxes, too, for the roads are higher than the houses, and the swallow in the chimney listens to the

croak of the frog in the canal overhead. There are no fences, but a great many picturesque old windmills. The canals crawl and twist all through the country. Clumps of low-growing willows are frequent features of the 'scape, being planted that they may absorb the water. These sedgy flats must be the happy hunting grounds for snipe and duck. We saw numerous cranes, which appeared quite tame. The country was covered with herds of sleek kine. All of them were spotted, glossy-coated, well-built, and sturdy. It is not to be wondered at that Dutch cheese is such a gastronomic delight, for these animals browse knee-deep on the finest pasture-lands in the world.

Surely Holland is the peasant's heaven. The ground is so rich that it recalls an editor's description of Texas: "Tickle the ground with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest." The scenes of pastoral life as you ride through the country are restful to ear, and eye, and brain. The people seem slow-going and sleepy, and you feel it were an easy matter to settle down here to inertia and dreams. This country, once supreme in commerce, and on the seas, has now settled herself comfortably to mediocrity and agriculture, and who shall say she is not the happier for it?

The houses abound in odd features, and are picturesque in the extreme. Some are peaked like dove-cots, and picked out in red and white. All are low-ceiled, gabled, hooded, and alarmingly out of perpendicular. At Amsterdam, "The Venice of the North," the roofs were quaintly jumbled, the gables arabesqued,

and the architecture most irregular and entrancing. I was loth to leave so much beauty behind, but tried to carry away some "eye-crops."

We were able to secure good meals on the train for \$1.00 each, but there was nothing to drink but milk and lager, for the water was brackish and deadly-looking. At the stations fleshy, broad-faced women thronged the car-windows to sell us ripe mulberries, scones, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and cherries. All the notices in the train are in three languages. In the winter you can regulate the temperature by turning a needle on a disc from *Kalt* to *Warm*, or *vice versa*. Your ticket does not entitle you to a seat, but you must pay fifty cents extra for one.

There were two ladies of the court of Queen Wilhelmina in our coach. They spoke English fluently, and seemed much interested in what I told them of Canadian life. I made bold to question them about the recent reports of the Queen's engagement to William of Weid. They said that as yet Her Majesty was heart-whole, and had not undergone the process described as "falling in love."

We stayed off at Rotterdam, but I did not like it. The population of the city is a quarter of a million. The place is dirty, unkempt, and featureless. Its redeeming beauties are the gay shipping on the Maas River, and the huge quay fringed with linden trees. It is called the *Boompjees*, and is a work betokening great industry. In Rotterdam was born that Desiderius Erasmus who "laid the egg that Luther hatched." A bronze statue has been erected to his memory in the *Groote Market*.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

THE PROPER THING TO DO

New Customs, New Fashions, New Manners.

DAME Gossip is banished. Scandal mongers are out of fashion. Who set these fashions it is hard to say. But it is the habits and fads and fashions that prevail at this moment in the "Smart Set" that we are discussing.

It is considered bad form to abuse your neighbor.

To sit at your host's table and gossip about his misdeeds is a vice of the past.

To sip your hostess' tea and whisper scandals of her household no longer marks you as a member of the smart set.

In the clubs they are politely suppressing scandal. In the charity bazaars and sewing circles they have made it the subject of a fine.

Fashionable men and women of to-day have no time for gossip.

They are men and women of affairs.

Idleness and dawdling are out of fashion.

Millionaires and billionaires, their wives and sisters, are in business. They haven't time to attend to the affairs of other people.

This one runs a farm, that one has an automobile concern, another cultivates flowers. They are artists, novelists, poets, bankers, engineers, etc., etc.

The list of fashionable men and women who are too busy to concern themselves with the chit-chat of gossip is endless.

Ailing, complaining, whining women are not fashionable. It is not good form to ask "how are you feeling to-day?" It is no longer interesting to faint or to pose as delicate. The modern woman is equal to most things and afraid of almost nothing, even draughts. She is interested in anything rather than her own symp-

toms. She prefers riding, driving, golfing and ping-pong to fancy work.

The clubman who sits twirling his thumbs in the window of the reading room is out of fashion.

In his stead the absorbed business man hustles in late of an afternoon, probably to keep a business appointment.

The woman who gets up late so that her day won't be too long belongs to the dark ages—the ages before writing and art and automobiling and golfing and economies and nature study, etc., etc., made her days all too short.

It is the fashion to get up early now and be out on your shopping or marketing by 10 o'clock.

Society has discovered that other themes are as interesting and more profitable than picking one's friends to pieces.

THE FAD OF SIMPLICITY.

This has been called the age of universal laxity, and again of universal luxury. However that may be, it is certainly the age of comfort. And comfort has ushered in simplicity.

This may be due to the fact that we have grown used to things.

Do you remember our overladen dinner tables of the past?

The twelve or fifteen course dinner has gone out—six courses is the correct thing. And not more than two kinds of wine.

How often have you dined out and found yourself dodging a high floral centre-piece, gorgeous if you please, beautiful anywhere, but hiding a beautiful woman who may be your vis-a-vis? It stood like a wall between you and the other end of the table—a barrier to all informality.

The chroniclers of 1903, if they do their duty, will declare that the decorations of

the dinner table are low, so that guests are given an uninterrupted view of one another.

There are candelabra, but they are set at the corners of the table, there is a centre-piece, but it is not higher than a man's waistcoat or a woman's décolleté gown.

It is to be hoped that they will also mention the fact that the bewildering mass of silver and glass that has been known to load the dinner tables of the luxurious is now infinitely less bewildering at the side of the plates as the courses follow one another.

ONE WINE IS AMPLE.

Then the array of glasses that used to be set before us, six or eight grouped around our plate so that we didn't dare move our elbows! And we thought nothing of sipping fine sherry, old Burgundy, rich hock, champagne, claret, sauterne, at one dinner. And, oh! how we regretted it! But *noblesse oblige*, so does fashion.

Our host had provided it out of his fine old cellar, and we hadn't the heart to refuse, though we hadn't the stomach to digest.

In 1903 it is the fashion to dine with one kind of wine; possibly two, not more.

We may sip Apollinaris at a banquet and not be decried as an invalid.

We may toast with a glass of club soda and whiskey and have neither qualms that night nor the next day.

One kind of wine through dinner is a blessed fashion of this era of luxury and simplicity.

These changes we have quoted are important. They mean healthier minds, healthier bodies, kindlier hostesses. They mean more comforts.

Possibly much of this is due to the healthful influence of the athletic, outdoor woman.

INNOVATIONS IN DRESS.

This comfortable comfort is visible everywhere, even in milady's wardrobe.

Her new gowns may be loose as though they were a year old. They should fetter nowhere.

The stiff high collar that bound her is gone.

The tight sleeve that gripped her is out. The small waist is in contempt.

The short skirt is sanctioned.

The straight-front corset permits her to breathe.

Time was—why, all of us remember it—in one hand the uncomfortable woman, the day after a plentiful fall of rain on top of a plentiful fall of snow, gripped the train of her gown, her flat pocketbook in the other, her umbrella under her arm and in rubbers over thin shoes, splashed about in the slush.

An occasional woman passed her in a short skirt. She looked masculine and queer, ungraceful and consequently uncomfortable. For it is not possible for any womanly woman to be comfortable and out of the fashion.

The short skirt is a fashion of 1903. The so-called rainy day skirt was in some years ago for rainy days. But 1903 has established a sensible, not ungraceful, just missing the ground skirt to walk in, to shop in, to market in.

The comfortable age has been growing and growing, till now a woman actually slips her hand into new gloves and walks the first day in new shoes.

It is a fashion of 1903 to buy shoes and gloves a size too large.

It is also a fashion to do as one pleases. The smartest woman is the original woman.

NERVES OUT OF FASHION.

Our women were never handsomer. Perhaps one reason is because they live more in the country. It is no longer the fashion to return to town in the Autumn.

Society stays in the country till after Christmas. It comes to town, but it flits off again like a bird on the wing. It is not fashionable to be settled in town until after the first of the year.

It is the fashion to be healthy. Repose is also in style. Every one cultivates it. To fidget and twist is condemned.

BANISHED—THE KANGAROO HANDSHAKE

In 1903 we have learned that the low handshake, the handshake that was good enough for our grandmothers, is good enough for us.

Household Economy.

VEAL roasted or boiled is greatly improved by having a sliced carrot and sliced onion cooked with it, and a little butter added just before serving. The onion and carrot give a delicious flavor.

Correct Time-Table for Cooking of Flour Mixtures.

I. Bread, Cakes, Muffins—Baking.

Biscuits, soda or B. P.	12-20 min.
Bread, 1 lb. loaf.	40-45 "
Bread rolls.	15-25 "
Bread sticks.	10-15 "
Cake, sponge.	45-60 "
Cake, layer.	12-20 "
Cake, loaf.	40-60 "
Cake, plain cup.	35-45 "
Cookies.	6-12 "
Corn cake, thick.	25-30 "
Corn cake, thin.	15-20 "
Ginger bread.	20-30 "
Graham gems.	25-30 "
Muffins, B. P.	20-25 "

II. Pastry, Puddings—Baking.

Batter puddings.	35-45 min.
Bread puddings.	45-60 "
Cheese straws.	8-10 "
Custard pudding.	30-45 "
Custards, cup.	20-25 "
Indian pudding.	2-3 hrs.
Pies.	30-50 min.
Patties.	20-25 "
Rice pudding.	1 hr.
Souffles.	15-20 min.
Tapioca pudding.	1 hr.
Tarts.	15-20 min.
<i>Steaming</i> —Puddings.	1-3 hrs.
<i>Boiling</i> —Plum pudding.	5-6 hrs.

* * *

A jar of lime on the pantry shelf or on the cellar floor will keep the room dry and the air pure.

GIRLS MUST LEARN TO BAKE.

"A girl who cannot make and bake bread, compound a pudding and wash and iron her own shirt-waist is a fraud upon young American womanhood," declared Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones before the National Housewives' Association. "And you, mothers and housewives, are to blame for the common feeling of your daughters against kitchen service."

"This servant girl question," he continued, "is becoming more vital than Trusts, tariff or anything else in the nation's category of unsettled things. It affects the home and family, the most sacred institutions in the land, and has much to do with the unhappiness of the nation. The idea that kitchen work is menial must be corrected, and the lessons must begin at home, in every home."

* * *

Luncheon Dish.—Pick and wash one cup of rice, steam until tender, while still hot, mix with it one large tablespoon butter and one cup of cold lean meat, chopped very fine, season with scant teaspoon salt, (unless salt meat is used), one saltspoon pepper, pile in loaf shape on platter and pour over it a good tomato sauce. This dish is a very substantial one and takes the place of meat, besides being decidedly palatable.

Farina Pudding.—Soak one cup of farina for two hours, when it will be perfectly soft. Drain off surplus water, and add one scant quart of milk, place in double boiler, and add one half cup of sugar and a saltspoon of salt; cook for five minutes or until it begins to get a little thick, then add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Remove from the fire when it becomes the consistency of cream, or it will be too hard when cold; flavor to taste, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with one tablespoon of powdered sugar, and brown in oven. Serve with hot chocolate sauce.

Raised Muffins.—Scald a pint of milk and when lukewarm add one cake compressed yeast dissolved, a saltspoon of salt, and two cups and a half of flour. Beat well and let rise until very light (about two hours), then add separately the well-beaten yolks and whites of two eggs. Let rise for thirty minutes and bake in greased muffin or gem pans.

Scalloped Lamb.—Remove from cold lamb all skin and fat, cut into small pieces or chop, cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread crumbs, then add a layer of meat, then a layer of boiled rice or macaroni, repeat until the dish is full; then pour over all tomato sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake in oven.

Tomato Sauce.—One half cup tomato, eight pepper corns, one bay leaf, salt to taste, two teaspoons sugar, four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup brown stock. Cook the first five ingredients together, rub through strainer, add stock: cook butter and flour together and then add the liquid mixture gradually.

Lamb Croquettes.—Quarter cup flour, two tablespoons butter, one cup milk, one cup lamb chopped fine, salt and pepper to taste; one teaspoon finely chopped parsley, one teaspoon chopped onion. Fry onion in butter, remove onion, then make a sauce with butter, flour and milk, then add meat and parsley, pepper and salt, cool, and form into cakes, dip in bread crumbs, egg, and bread crumbs, drop in hot deep fat and cook, serve with tomato sauce.

Hints on Home Decoration

WITHIN the last few years there has been a great change in the treatment and embellishment of bedrooms, and it is refreshing to note that they are less elaborate than formerly. In fact, an effort is being made to have simplicity reign supreme.

There are, for example, fewer pieces of bric-a-brac, small and useless tables, chairs

and cushions and like redundant accessories. If any ornaments are used they are not elaborate, and if a room is furnished in a certain period the bric-a-brac is selected in reference to it.

Women are becoming wiser. They do not simply use objects of art in a room because they have them, but they put them away in some closet until the appropriate setting is found for them.

* * *

The best and healthiest color for bedroom window shades is green, this is always recommended by both brain doctors and oculists. It is best for the eyes and induces the most restful kind of sleep.

* * *

One of the newest things in the way of furniture is called "the mission style," and it was first suggested to the inventor by seeing an old Spanish mission chair, which was brought from California. Its quaint outline and interesting construction indicate the possibility of a scheme of attractive furniture built on the old early English architectural lines. The furniture is built of native ash, stained in browns, grays, greens, and is without ornament or carving. There are solid-looking chairs for dining-rooms, with rush and leather bottoms, quaintly shaped writing tables for the library, cabinets for china, lounges and tables.

* * *

Weathered oak furniture, now the latest fashion, requires little upholstery. While it is severely plain, it is also very comfortable. Roxuskin cushions in a fine dull green or brown for seats and backs of chairs and tops of tables are most fashionable.

* * *

Leather chairs and leather bindings can be brightened by rubbing them with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of egg.

* * *

Cold tea, without soap, is good to remove stains from varnished wood.



HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

The Two Empires of Humanity

IT is a waste of paper and ink to speculate about the superiority of either sex. They are as different as oxygen and hydrogen, but one is as necessary and important as the other. They rise and fall together. The human race, like the human body, advances by the joint motion of both its limbs. There is a marvellous duality in our physical frame. We have two feet, two ears, two eyes, two hands and numerous other dualities, and two lobes of the brain to control them. If by any chance, one lobe of the brain is injured, it is the other side of the body that becomes paralyzed, but the whole body suffers with its members. If men persist in using one eye, they not only restrict their range of vision but see things out of focus. The pedestrian, who through some brain-sick fancy, imagines his feet to be decrepit, can only get along by the use of crutches and with a limping, ugly gait. Yet men do this, wondering that the "times are out of joint."

Early names were all connatural, recording some special association or trait, and the early name of Adam was "Dust," and the name of Eve is "Life." The Titanic or earth-born physical force of which Adam was made representative, must be united with that which brings life to make one perfect being, and it is only through this spiritual and practical union of man and woman that we can obtain our best results.

This being the case, it is indubitably manifest that what is called "the woman's movement" is a misnomer. It is as much man's as woman's, for he who labors to lift woman above her frivolity and servility, will likewise do much to cure man of his selfishness and sensuality.

The old theory was a simple one. Woman was an invention of the evil one and must be treated accordingly. She must be segregated. She must, as the French put it, be kept either within the four walls or the four evangelists. The female mind should be instructed in domestic seclusion if at all. It was held that her wardrobe was a sufficient library; "prayers, small-talk, vacancy and embroidery," her chief employments. It was under the stress of these dictums that Miss Austen hid her pen beneath her needle-work lest the world should know of her dreadful doings.

Nor has this spirit of repression died out in our own times. As children order lady-birds to fly away home for the house is on fire, their children will burn, so society orders certain females back to their nursery and cuisine. "Women and gouty legs," they say, "are best at home." Women are vigorously exhorted to remember their "Sphere" and to stick to it. It must always be a comfort to women that when God made Eve, He caused a profound sleep to fall on Adam, so that his (Adam's) descendants cannot possibly claim any rights of patent in Woman's construction, and all his talk about "the

whole duty of woman" must be purely guess-work, and no bungling legislation can ever hope to achieve anything by saying, "This is the line and that is the line."

The question of capacity settles the whole matter. If a man wants to sew, let him sew; if a woman wants to vote, let her vote. We have no business to interfere with anyone's doings so long as they are righteous. When woman is fit to marshal the world's millions in the highest commercial spheres, no exchange or board of trade will hinder her. When she is fit to preach, neither pope nor potentate will prevent her. Heart and brain will overflow every barrier that is put up. A woman has a right to do everything she can do, provided she does nothing which will prevent her from the procreation of healthy children—and this applies equally to men. Nothing but her incapacity will hinder a woman from occupying any position she may elect.

Moreover, hunger is forcing women out of the old ruts known as "purely feminine occupations." The mocking-birds of every sort and degree who echo this familiar cry about "Woman's sphere," may well alight for a moment on the window-sills of the factories, printing offices, shops, and counting-houses of our cities, and, looking in, they will feel the utter folly of their parrot scream. They will see the thousands of women busily engaged in earning their bread. Could there be any twaddle so ineffable as the solemn charge of these women to betake themselves to the care of their homes and children? Except for these rooms and a 12 x 14 apartment in a lodging-house, they have no homes, and the larger part of them are unmarried and have no children." Their "sphere" is the employment by which they can live. It is a "right," too, which even the most conservative will not deny.

Coming to study the matter more closely we find that if woman is filling positions that have hitherto been held by

man, it is he himself who is responsible. He was the first to throw down the gauntlet. From the home, he took the bread, jam, pickles, meat-curing, cheese, butter, and wine-making and to the factories the women had to follow. If we are to send to their spindles the women-physicians, lawyers, bookkeepers, and professors, then we must add some sauce to the gander and turn back the male dressmakers, milliners, tailors, nurses, stewards, cooks, and hair-dressers to till the earth by the sweat of their brow.

It was "fair women and brave men" who carried on the romance of the olden time, but nowadays we want fair men and brave women—women who are willing to energize for their lost birthright and men who will understand that they do not lose by woman's gain. Woman will be all the better when her mind as well as her body is married to man. It will seem a new creation when the earlier born free man meets the latter born free woman, and recognizes that it was not good for him to have been so long alone.

The ghosts of dead arguments used to scare the timid in the night are arguments that might be compared to Kilkenny Cats, seeing that they generally devour each other. It is urged that women will be "unsexed." I am not quite clear in my mind as to just what this means, except that it is something men are dreadfully afraid of, but at all events, I am persuaded that the Creator did not do His work in any such slipshod fashion. Sex, most likely, is "dyed in the wool."

Others there are that tell us men will lose all their "chivalry" for women. This trait is also somewhat indistinct and has very often turned out a broken reed. Men style themselves as our "protectors," and yet perforce there must be chaperones, Charlton Acts and other unpleasant safeguards to protect us from our "protectors."

We are told, too, that woman owes service to man and should be kept in subjec-

tion, hence her place is solely at home. Women have reasons to thank Milton for having lucidly set forth the great moral heresy on this point, so that they can recognize it and renounce it. He makes Eve say to Adam: "God is thy law—thou mine."

Now, woman was not put into the world to serve man, but to serve God. "Male and female created He them." The service she owes man at any time is only a business, by-the-bye, just as it may be a man's business to keep swine. He was not made for this, but if he hires himself out for such a performance, he ought to conscientiously perform it. Woman is a human being of the female sex and all her duties must be human, including all the round of virtues and applying them to the special obligations of mother, wife, daughter—a female member of Church and State.

Every woman who has a margin of time and money should adopt some public interest, some philanthropic undertaking, and give to it what she may be able to afford, thus completing her life by adding to her private duties an effort to advance the kingdom of righteousness outside her own home or business. Remember, pray, that we say emphatically, "adding to her private duties"—not subtracting from them. In a fairly wide experience, we have failed to find a single case where the women who exercised the most public spirit even to the extent of self-devotion were not also the most conscientious wives, daughters, and mothers. This spectre of the female who neglects her family to pass bills in Parliament is as complete an illusion of the masculine brain as the older spectre Sidney Smith annihilated with a witticism, "The woman who could forsake her infant for a quadratic equation."

Neither is woman "the lesser man." She is psychologically, at least, a distinct being. We do not claim that the grey

mare is the better horse, or *vice versa*. The Creator did not pour all the brains into one sex and label them "man," and all the affections into another called "woman." These distinctions are man-made. A French writer owns up to this in the sentence, "The virtue of woman is the greatest invention of man." An Englishman sneered at woman's intellect when he drew attention to the fact that no woman ever invented a new religion. We reply, on the other hand, that no religion ever succeeded without woman's support—and then there is still Mrs. Eddy to be disposed of. Neither sex can claim any particular virtue or trait to the entire exclusion of the other. Who can weigh a man's soul against a woman's, thought against thought, or word against word? Such speculations are futile and of no particular benefit.

The new woman has a *raison d'être*. She is no longer "a silent influence," a wire-puller, illegitimately wielding a power that she should enjoy legitimately. Under a good old-fashioned monarchy, if a woman wanted to secure anything for her sex, she had to become the mistress of a king or cajole a court. That period ended with the French Revolution. When Bonaparte wished to silence Madame de Stael, he said: "What does the woman want? Does she want the money the Government owes her father?" When Madame de Stael heard it she said: "The question is not what I want, but what I think." For all that flattery, seduction, and sin, women have substituted the weapons of work and talk. If they want better education, a fairer chance to earn their bread, better laws, a more rational dress, or the franchise, they must work and talk. She will probably be called "a shrieking sister," "a spitfire," "lofty-minded," "a crowning hen," "a she-dragon," or, Oh horrors! "a blue stocking." But what of that if the skirt is long enough to cover the stocking? Eh, what?

About Kisses.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
 What is ten thousand touches unto thee?
 Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
 Say that for non-payment the debt should
 double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

TREATED as a mere noun, the declension of the word kiss becomes difficult. It must be classified as both common and proper. It may be collective, but never abstract. It is plural, and all agreed it was singular when the monkey kissed the hen. It belongs neither solely to the masculine or feminine gender, so hence must be either common or neuter. It may belong to the nominative, possessive or objective case.

As an adjective it is even more difficult, for who can "describe, measure or indicate" that for which it stands? Moreover, "an adjective is a word which limits application," and there is of a certainty no such power where a kiss is concerned. It may be a qualitative, or even a cardinal numeral adjective of the quantitative class, and when you have settled on either of these, someone will bowl over your position by pointing out that it is an adjective of relation, or as it is more commonly known—a demonstrative adjective. Concerning its degree, it may be positive or comparative, but more often superlative, and now and then it belongs to what is termed by grammarians as "the irregular form."

On the whole, experience has taught us that it is more satisfactory to treat the kiss as a verb, selecting the mood, tense, number and person to suit ourselves.

Regarding its root, history both sacred and profane is silent. We look to old countries like Japan for light, but are astonished to find that the Japanese never kiss each other. They have yet to learn this sweetest labial in the world's language.

In his "Book of Songs," Heine asks this same question—"Who gave the first kiss?" and the echo answers "Who?"

John Milton places its starting-point in Edenic bowers. This straightest of straight-laced Puritans thus alluringly describes the primitive kiss:

"So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unproved
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
 On our first father; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
 Smiled in superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron
 lips
 With kisses pure."

We have no doubt that Milton wrote according to his light, but had he made a kiss to be the forbidden fruit on the tree of life, his poem would have been more comprehensible. The average woman does not care to risk much for an apple, but who can tell what value she sets on a kiss? Then, too; anyone who has investigated the subject knows that the oftener this sweet fruit is plucked from the tree of love, the more abundant it grows.

But when we have settled on Eden as the fountain-head of the kiss, along comes some scientist who tells us that the Garden of Eden is all a legendary myth of yesterday, and the kiss, like the Protozoans and Trilobites, in eons of ages older.

"AND WHAT IS THE KISS MADE OF?"

And here again the echo answers "What?" Some there are who tell us that it is made out of the flowers known as "tulips," but this we take to be the silly and irreverent definition of a would-be wit. To be accurate, a kiss (we have no reference to the airy confections called "kisses" which cooks contrive from sugar and flavoring) is made out of nothing, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it can be divided between two. Indeed this is

a case where two heads are essentially better than one, but in which three heads are of no use. Yes! like Creation, the kiss is made out of nothing—absolutely nothing—and, like Creation, it is “Very good.”

“HAS THE KISS A SOUND?”

That reminds me of a trip I took from Bath to London. There was a party of uproarious youths and maidens in the coach. Then came a long, dark, dark tunnel. My cousin, the bold, bad fellow, kissed my best Canadian hat with a sounding smack and immediately said, “Here boys, stop that!” The curtain of light rose on blushes, consternation, and eyes that shot bullets. They never suspected us.

It is hard to describe the sound of a kiss. Make the noise with your lips, and then try to compare it to any other sound you have heard. Perhaps, it is more than anything else like a knife scraping glass, or the lash of a whip. It has been described as “a report at headquarters,” and again as a telegram to the head in which the operator uses the “sounding system.” Some one else tells us that a kiss is the thunder-clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eye.

The declension, origin, definition and sound of a kiss are not after all of much account. It is

ITS CONSUMMATION

with which we are chiefly concerned. Now, when we come to analyze the various motives that move people to kiss each other, we are moved to astonishment.

They that bowed to Baal, kissed the calves. This is the kiss of worship.

There is the kiss which is part of the ceremony of coronation. When Samuel anointed Saul to be King of Israel, he kissed him and said, “It is not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance.”

When presented at the British Court, each subject kisses the sovereign’s hand. This is the kiss of allegiance and fealty.

The most hideous thing in the world is the kiss of betrayal. The Roman soldier’s spear did not cut as deep as the kiss of Judas, and the kiss of betrayal has come down to us in the latest act of modern seduction.

Among the Jews, the kiss was a part of their political, domestic, and official acts. Sometimes they kissed each other’s beards. In the book of Samuel we read that “Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab’s hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground.”

There is the burning kiss of lust. It is this which spells out the lines,

“For the sin ye do by two and two,
Ye must pay for one by one.”

This is the indiscretion of “the strange woman” of whom Solomon tells us: “So she caught him and kissed him.”

There is the kiss that is given to efface a blow. One day an aide-de-camp of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia threw himself at the monarch’s feet and begged permission to fight a duel. The Emperor, who was a staunch opponent of duelling, immediately and emphatically refused. “But, Sire, I am dishonored; I must fight,” said the disconsolate aide, “I have been struck in the face.” The Emperor took him by the arm and led him into the presence of his court, which was assembled in an adjoining saloon, and there in view of the flower of the realm, the Emperor kissed the cheek of the aide-de-camp which had received the blow. “Go now,” he exclaimed, “and be at peace: thy affront has been effaced.”

ONE OF THE SWEETEST KISSES

is that of reconciliation. I do not refer to the unwilling performance we were put

through as children when we were ordered to "kiss and make up," but to the kiss that re-ties the love knot between grown-ups. Such a kiss is a flag of truce. It is the only "smack" that ever calms a storm. Tennyson sings of it in the lines:

"As through the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I;
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave
We kissed again with tears."

There is the kiss of favor. When Cyrus gave to one of his generals a cup of gold and to another a kiss, the former complained that he had received the lesser favor.

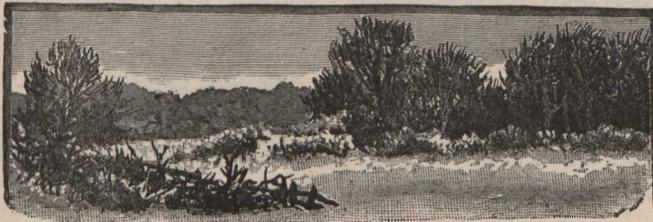
It has always been a matter of speculation among commentators as to why Jacob "lifted up his voice and wept" when he kissed Rachel. Matthew Henry, the most reliable of them all, says Jacob wept for joy.

There is the mother's kiss, the purest and holiest thing in all the world; there is the kiss wherein disease and death have been conveyed; the "kissing the book" in the courts of justice, and the insipid formal kiss between women which may often be truly called "a two-faced action"; but perhaps the kiss we all care most for is the kiss of love. It is of this the poet sings in "The Day Dream." Some have thought the kiss to be the root of love—the fuel by which the flame is fed. Others consider it to be the overflow from the cup of love. But after all these are only abstract considerations. A knowing youth was more practical and concrete when he described the kiss of love as like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels. We have tried hard, but fail to think of a better definition.

BUT HOW TO SECURE A KISS!

"Aye, there's the rub!" It may be given free, it may be stolen, and it may be bought. The first pertains to children, the second to youth, the third to old age.

Its superlative advantage is that it never shows, or at the worst it can be rubbed off.



FINANCIAL

New Men and Methods in Canadian Finance

NOTABLE as the development of the Dominion of Canada has been in regard to her agricultural and manufacturing industries, the growth of her banking business has been even more remarkable. A few figures will serve to make this clear. In the year 1872 the paid-up capital of her banks was in round numbers \$45,000,000, and the deposits in them were \$48,000,000. In 1902 the paid-up capital had grown to \$71,000,000, being an increase of 58 per cent., but the deposits had swollen to \$397,000,000—or an increase of 717 per cent.! That is to say, that whereas in 1872 the paid-up capital and the deposits were almost equal, in 1902 the deposits were $5\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than the capital!

Side by side with this enormous expansion there has been a steady increase in dividends, and consequent enhancement of the value of the stock. In this connection it is interesting to note that it is not the biggest bank which has the largest reserve, or pays the most liberal dividends. Arranged in the order of their paid-up capital the principal banks stand thus: The Bank of Montreal, \$12,000,000; the Bank of Commerce, \$8,000,000; the Merchants Bank, \$6,000,000; the Dominion Bank, \$2,900,000; the Imperial Bank, \$2,868,000; the Molsons Bank and Bank of Toronto, \$2,500,000 each; the Union Bank, \$2,236,000; the Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank, Bank of Ottawa and Bank of Hamilton, \$2,000,000 each.

When, however, you place them according to their reserve, and this is perhaps a truer test of their stability than the other, there are many changes in the order. The Bank of Nova Scotia honorably heads the list with a reserve exceed-

ing its capital by \$1,000,000. Next comes the Bank of New Brunswick with an excess of \$200,000; and the Bank of Toronto with \$100,000. The Dominion Bank's capital and reserve are equal. In all other cases the reserve is less than the capital. Thus that of the Bank of Montreal is \$8,000,000; of the Bank of Commerce, \$2,000,000; of the Merchants Bank, \$2,700,000, and so on down to the Banque St. Jean, with a reserve of only \$10,000.

In regard to dividends, the Bank of New Brunswick occupies the premier position, paying 12 per cent. per annum. The Banks of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and Nova Scotia, the Dominion, Imperial and Standard banks pay 10 per cent.; the Bank of Ottawa and Molsons Bank, 9 per cent.

Considering the steady good fortune which has attended banking operations, particularly during the last decade, it was inevitable that despite the extension of the branch system, whereby each bank enlarges its business by establishing branches in other cities and towns, (the number ranging from five to fifty, and including the United States and the West Indies as well as Canada,) there should be new banks founded. Of these the most important are the Sovereign Bank, with headquarters at Montreal, and the Metropolitan, of Toronto.

The Sovereign Bank, (in which it is understood the house of J. P. Morgan & Company hold a substantial interest), with a paid-up capital of \$1,250,000, has made a very promising start, the first six months' operations showing deposits of nearly two millions, a circulation of \$760,000, and assets of \$3,855,000.

But the most interesting event of the year in bankdom undoubtedly has been the opening of the Metropolitan Bank,

and this because it affords so effective an illustration of the glamor of a name. Within the past few years Mr. A. E. Ames has taken a prominent place in the very front ranks of the financiers of the country. Hardly yet two score years of age, he left a snug position as a branch bank manager to become a stock-broker in Toronto, and in a remarkably short time, thanks in part to his family connections, but mainly to his own brilliant abilities, has won for himself so commanding a reputation as to be able to compass the unparalleled achievement of founding a new bank with a capital of \$1,000,000, promptly subscribed at a premium of *one hundred per cent.*: That is to say, for each \$100-share \$200 has been paid, and the bank must earn fully ten per cent. in order that its shareholders may receive five per cent. on their investments.

When it is added that for the important position of General Manager of this new enterprise there was selected a young man without any previous bank training, but known for his progressive ideas in connection with financial operations, the interest with which it is regarded by conservative financiers may be readily understood.

A noteworthy change in connection with the management of our banks has been the diminution of the directors' importance, and the concentrating of power in the hands of the General Manager. Once upon a time the Directors met in solemn-conclave every day, and gave personal attention to the details of management. Now in most cases they meet only once a week, and are consulted only in regard to special matters.

Not only so, but as regards the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Royal Bank, they are practically separated from the direct management. Both these banks belong to Halifax, and there the directors reside. But the General Manager of the former has his office in Toronto, while that of the

latter is in Montreal, and the work of the directors is in large part little more than to ratify the action of the General Managers.

These two men, as it happens, may fairly be taken as representatives of the conservative and the pushing managers respectively. Mr. H. C. McLeod comes from the East, and his life has been spent in the service of the bank whose fortunes he directs. When it was decided to open branches in the United States he was chosen for the responsible task, and accomplished it so successfully in Minneapolis and Chicago as to lead to his appointment later as General Manager. It is interesting to note that Mr. James B. Forgan, now President of the First National Bank of Chicago, was at one time associated with Mr. McLeod in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mr. McLeod is an earnest believer in surrounding the banking system with all practical safeguards, including Government inspection, and has recently been advocating an amendment to the Banking Act requiring the holding of a much larger percentage of cash reserve than is now general. His views have all the more weight because he sees to it that his own bank holds the largest cash reserve of the thirty-six in active business.

Mr. Pease is nothing if not enterprising. He went from the West to the Merchants Bank of Halifax, as it was then called, to take charge of its head office department, and in due time became General Manager, moving himself to Montreal, and changing the name of the bank to the Royal. He has vastly increased the business, and shown himself an able financier.

An especially interesting personality is that of Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager of the Bank of Commerce. He is still a comparatively young man, yet has been some sixteen years in his high post. He won his laurels as the New York agent of the institution, and has no

superior in knowledge of international finance. Aside from his financial genius, which is amply proven by the growth and prosperity of the bank, he is a man of many talents, and of great public spirit, showing a keen interest in art, education, and civic improvement.

The premier bank of Canada is, of course, the Bank of Montreal, whereof Lord Strathcona is the absentee President, and Mr. E. S. Clouston the General Manager. Mr. Clouston is an eminently safe man. While he is at the helm there is no fear of any such daring ventures being undertaken as there were in the days of the late Edward King, when millions of the Bank's money were sent to New York to be loaned at high rates of interest during a time of depression and panic.

But the banks would not have the same use for their funds, nor be able to obtain such good returns upon them if it were not for another set of men no less necessary to the development and progress of the country. These are the originators and conductors of the great undertakings whose establishment has characterized the material history of Canada within recent years.

For convenience of reference they may be divided into two groups. The Toronto and the Montreal group.

The most prominent figure in the Toronto group is Senator Cox, President of the Bank of Commerce, of the Canada Life, of the British American and Western Assurance Companies, and director of corporations too numerous to mention. To this state he has risen by sheer ability from that of a life insurance canvasser in a small town, and while always maintaining a close connection with the insurance business there are few of the great enterprises that have been launched in Canada during the past quarter of a century in which he has not had a more or less important part. He is a tremendous worker, giving personal attention to the

management of his widespread interests, and according to general repute is many times a millionaire.

Closely associated with him is Mr. J. W. Flavelle, President of the National Trust Company. He, too, came in from the country not a score of years ago, and has rapidly ascended the ladder of fortune. He is Managing Director of the Wm. Davies Company, by far the largest pork-packing and provision house in the Dominion, but finds time and energy to share in the direction of a multiplicity of other undertakings, the majority of which are made to contribute to the growth of his fortune.

Two men who have been important factors in Canadian finance because of the magnitude of their enterprises are William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann. From somewhat humble beginnings as railway contractors they have risen to be railway owners on a large scale. They are altogether responsible for the Canada Northern, the first serious rival of the Canadian Pacific as a transcontinental road. They own the Inverness Railway and Coal Company, a promising property in Cape Breton, that may yet cross swords with the Dominion Coal Company. Furthermore, Mr. Mackenzie has been very active in street railway matters, controlling the system of Toronto and having heavy interests in those of Montreal and London.

A somewhat recent addition to the group, but a very forceful one, is Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Managing Director of the Canadian General Electric Company. Not many years ago he was Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, with a scant salary. Now he is a millionaire, a director of various great corporations and a leader in the march of industrial development.

The Toronto group also includes certain stock brokers who must be taken into account. Mr. A. E. Ames has already been mentioned. His firm includes three members of the Stock Exchange, and

their transactions probably exceed in volume those of any other house. Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has also three partners "on the floor," the bulk of the work, however, being done by his son, Mr. F. G. Osler. Colonel Pellatt has won both fame and fortune by various successful *coups*, more especially in electric light undertakings, and Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, renowned as a yachtsman, is a heavy operator, who has recently distinguished himself by a combination of the Salmon Canning establishments of British Columbia.

It is by the co-operation of some or all of these men that various great financial undertakings, not merely in Canada but elsewhere, have been carried out. They have had their share in the founding of the Dominion Steel and Coal Companies, the Canadian General Electric, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., the Crow's Nest Coal Co., the British Columbia Packers' Association, the Canadian Northern Railway, and other big projects which have substantially materialized.

Not content with purely domestic affairs, they have taken hold of the Twin-City Electric Railway connecting St. Paul and Minneapolis; they have established the Sao Paulo Tramway and Power plant in a prosperous province of Brazil; they have invested heavily in the Sloss-Sheffield Steel enterprise in the Southern States; and to a certain extent in Mr. Clergue's scheme at Sault Ste. Marie.

Uniform success has not, of course, attended all their ventures, as witness the ill-starred Cycle combine, but upon the whole they have done very well indeed, and are quite ready for fresh commitments when something sufficiently attractive presents itself.

In Montreal the recognized financial leader is Mr. James Ross, Sir William Van Horne devoting all his energies to his Cuban Railway project which promises so well, and Mr. C. M. Hayes

having thought only for the interests of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Mr. Ross laid the foundations of his fortune by lucrative railway contracts. He has long ceased to build railways directly, but indirectly his energies have extended outside of Canada to the West Indies, and even to Great Britain. He dominates the Montreal Street Railway System, is President of both the Dominion Steel and Coal Companies, and director of other companies by the score. He is in the prime of life, a man universally respected; simple and sincere of manner, as straight as a rule in all his dealings, a lover of art and music, unquestionably the strongest figure in the field of Canadian finance to-day.

Closely associated with him is Senator Forget, the only French-Canadian in the front rank of financial affairs. He is the king of the Montreal Stock Exchange, where he is represented by his clever brother Rudlophe. He can make or break the market almost at will, and no important undertaking goes through without his having some part in it. He is a self-made man who does credit to his maker.

Another self-made man of whom the same may be said is Mr. Chas. Hosmer, whose brilliant performance in floating the Ogilvie Milling Company brought him both millions and renown. There is no more popular man in Montreal than "Charlie" Hosmer. The late Senator Mackay, of Commercial Cable fame, took a deep interest in him, and once set him on his feet again when a severe slump in Cable stock had "wiped him out," and he bears the reputation of having passed this kind service on when an opportunity presented.

The Hanson Brothers are in a large way of business, being much helped by their close connection with the big house of Coates & Co., of London, whereof their brother is a partner, and Mr. R. Wilson Smith, proprietor of the "Fin-

ance Chronicle," is the head of a financial house with extensive connections.

No account of present-day finance in Canada would be complete without some reference to the remarkable development of Stock Speculation within the past two years. The times are undoubtedly prosperous. Perhaps they were never more so in this country. Hence there is much store of money to burn, and, let it be said, it has been burned at an appalling rate during the last few months. After a spring and summer of Bull markets there has succeeded an autumn and winter of Bear prices, and the lambs whose fleeces had grown so long and rich have been in many cases sheared to the skin.

Some conception of the remarkable increase in legitimate Stock business may be formed from the following comparative statement, showing the total shares sold in the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges respectively :

	Toronto	Montreal
For week ending 20th December, 1902..	27,276	24,002
For corresponding week of 1901..	9,346	17,321

In view of this, it is easy to understand the value of a seat in the Montreal Stock Exchange rising to \$25,000 and in the Toronto Exchange to \$20,000, there being only 55 seats in the former and 38 in the latter.

It must be borne in mind too that some months ago, when everything was booming, the transactions were considerably in excess of the figures above given.

Then there are the bucket-shops whose numbers are increasing with a rapidity which bodes ill for the common weal. They have done and are doing incalculable harm. Not only in Toronto and Montreal, but from Halifax to Victoria their tentacles extend, and like veritable devil-fish, they are drawing victims into their fatal grip. So awful is the record of defalcation and of suicide that one can understand the charge of their being a worse evil even than the bar-room. The safety of society would seem to imperatively demand some effective means for their extinction.