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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 6.

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For November



The November issue will contain some special matter relating to the North-west Rebellion of 1885, with special and numerous illustrations. The text will be bright and sketchy and will give information in the nature of reminiscences. A character sketch of the Mounted Policeman, with several photos, will form a companion article.

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Counting three hundred working days in the year, the daily average income for 1895 was \$18,583.27.

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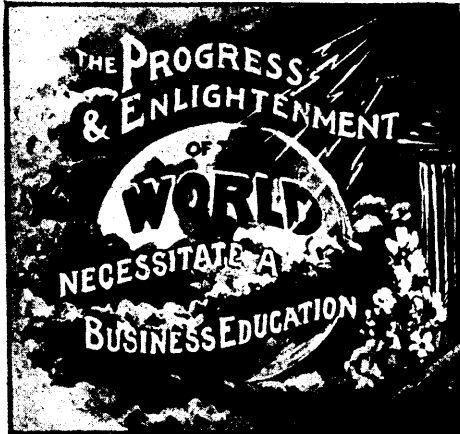
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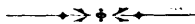
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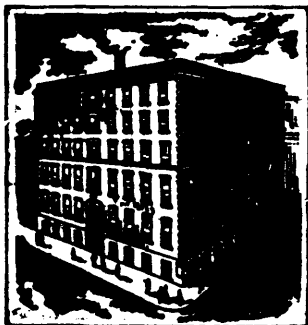


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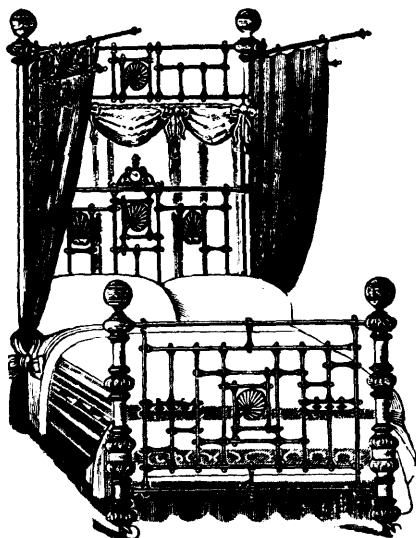
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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

MUSK OXEN.

(SEE PAGE 34)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER 1896.

No. 6.

FAST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP SERVICE.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

THE Fast Atlantic Service contemplates a line of ships to beat the boats of any other American line, and to connect Quebec in summer and Halifax in winter with a British port.

A five days' service from Halifax to England will revolutionize the world's travel. Three-fourths at least of ocean travellers will prefer the reduction of two days at sea to an equal reduction on land, but by our railways ever improving, no such loss of time on the land journey will be allowed.

The subsidy will never require to be renewed. Once the Halifax and Quebec routes are successful they will constantly attract first class lines and the world's travel will pour through these ports to the great advantage of all concerned. The difference to Canada in all this is, among other things, the situation on a front street instead of an unfrequented by-path. Examine the following:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ROUTES BETWEEN

SYDNEY, N.S.W., AND LIVERPOOL.

No. 1. CANADIAN ROUTE VIA QUEBEC.			
Name of Ports.	Distance in Miles.	Rate of Speed.	Time Occupied in Days.
Liverpool to Quebec.....	2661	20 knots	5.5
Quebec to Vancouver.....	3073	35 miles	8.6
Vancouver to Sydney.....	6780	20 knots	14.1
Allowance for stoppage at Honolulu, etc.....	2.
Totals.....	12519		25.2

No. 2. CANADIAN ROUTE VIA HALIFAX.			
Liverpool to Halifax.....	2342	20 knots	4.9
Halifax to Vancouver.....	3662	35 miles	4.3
Vancouver to Sydney.....	6780	20 knots	14.1
Allowance for delays.....	2.
Totals.....	12784		25.2

No. 3. STEAMSHIP ROUTE VIA SUEZ CANAL.			
Liverpool to Gibraltar....	1260	20 knots	} 25.9
Gibraltar to Malta.....	973	"	
Malta to Port Said.....	920	"	
Port Said to Suez (Canal not included in total dis- tance).....	100		
Suez to Aden.....	1345	"	
Aden to Colombo.....	2100	"	} 4.
Colombo to Melbourne....	4682	"	
Melbourne to Sydney.....	602	"	
Allowance for delays.....	
Totals.....	12082		29.9

The table given above, and the map, are taken from a memorandum prepared in 1894 in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The comparative speed of some of the fastest existing steamships is said to be as follows:

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD—

“Aller,” “Saale,” “Trane,” 17.1 to 18.6 knots.

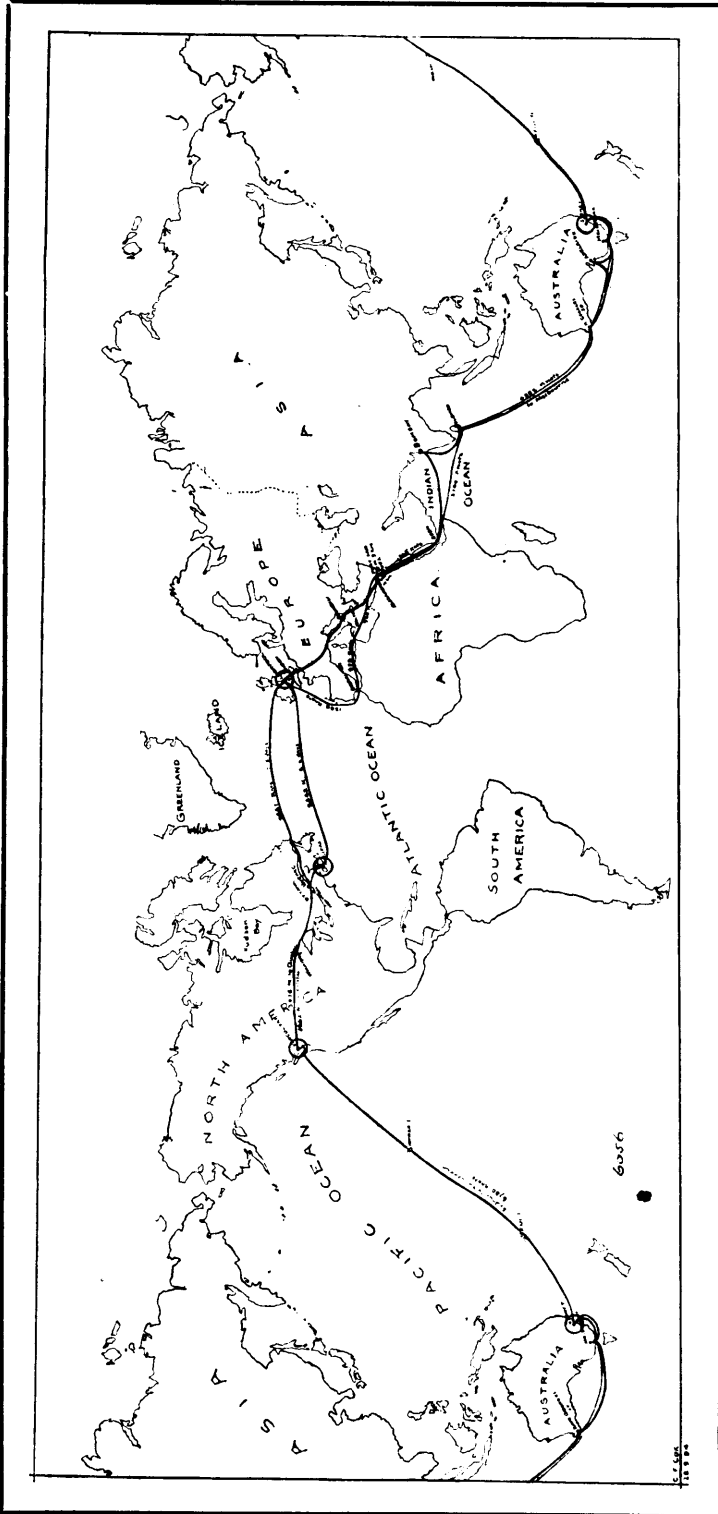
“Lalm,” 18.4 knots.

HAMBURG AMERICAN—

“Normannia,” 19.33 knots.

WHITE STAR LINE—

“Teutonic” and “Majestic,” about 21 knots.



MAP OF ROUTES BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Showing Canadian Route via Halifax (25 days) ; Canadian Route via Quebec (25 days) ; Steamship Route via Suez Canal (29 days), and Mail Route via Brundisi and Suez Canal.

CUNARD LINE—

"Campania" and "Lucania," 21.8 knots.

ANCHOR LINE—

"City of Rome," 17.44 knots.

AMERICAN LINE—

"Paris" and "New York," about 21 knots.

ALLAN LINE—

"Parisian," about 15 knots.

GUION LINE—

"Arizona," 16.27 knots.

"Alaska," 17.44 knots.

Great Britain's command of the seas depends not upon her unsurpassed fleet only. Her navy has notably increased in strength in the endeavour to keep pace with the commerce that is carried in English bottoms the world over. Whatever Free Trade teaches respecting public aid to private enterprise, British shipping has never lost the beneficent effect of State aid, whether in trade subsidies or postal subsidies, so that to-day by means of this favour the English flag connects Great Britain with all the great shipping ports. To-day she proposes to do what should have been continued from times now past; viz., to co-operate with her dependency in America on the lines of this policy.

The map tells us that Halifax and Quebec are the ports for quick connection with England. Whereas, as things now stand, mails and freight requiring speedy transit from America to Great Britain seek New York, Boston and Portland. Millions have been spent on the St. Lawrence from Belle

Isle to Montreal, and millions on our canals from Montreal to Lake Superior, and we glory in the finest and longest waterway in the continent.

What ideas induced a handful of British subjects in Canada to grapple with the difficulties of our inland navigation? Sir John Rose wrote to the Duke of Newcastle in 1859, that it was to develop the trade of the St. Lawrence, and to attract the commerce of the Western States of America to Europe through our territory. He reminded His Grace that in 1842 Her Majesty's Government actively encouraged Canada to undertake this large task. Canada found, after a lavish expenditure, that competition of Boston and New York, and of the powerful interests connected with the continental railways leading to those cities, was being promoted and aided by the British Government, through subsidies paid to steamers plying between these ports and ports in Great Britain. Canada was forced to add to her burdens, and in order to secure some benefit from her geographical situation, a Canadian steamship line was established at great cost.

The railway facilities in the United States and their absence in Canada, left us for years without an adequate return for the heavy outlay. Now, however, we have perfected a railway system second to none. Our canals rapidly approach a condition when we may boast fourteen feet depth of water straight into the heart of America. We have conquered distances over land. The sea is ours as well, when we shall have rounded up the transportation schemes now nearing the end.

Charles Tupper

GHIONE.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

SCARCELY a breath about the rocky stair
Moved ; but the growing tide from verge to verge,
Heaving salt fragrance on the midnight air,
Climbed with a murmurous and fitful surge.
A hoary mist rose up and slowly sheathed
The dripping walls, and portal granite-stepped,
And sank into the inner court and crept
From column unto column thickly wreathed.

In that dead hour of darkness before dawn,
When hearts beat fainter and the hands of death
Are strengthened, with lips white and drawn,
And feverish lids and scarcely moving breath,
The hapless mother, tender Chione,
Beside the earth-cold figure of her child,
After long bursts of weeping, fierce and wild,
Lay broken, silent in her agony.

At first in waking horror, racked and bound,
She lay, and then a gradual stupor grew
About her soul and wrapped her round and round
Like death ; and then she sprang to life anew
Out of a darkness clammy as the tomb.
And touched by memory or some spirit hand,
She seemed to keep a pathway down a land
Of monstrous shadow and Cimmerian gloom—

A waste of cloudy and perpetual night.
And yet there seemed a teeming presence there
Of life that gathered onward in thick flight,
Unseen, but multitudinous. Aware
Of something also on her path she was
That drew her heart forth with a tender cry.
She hurried with drooped ear and eager eye,
And called on the foul shapes to let her pass.

For, down the sloping darkness far ahead,
She saw a little figure slight and small,
With yearning arms and shadowy curls outspread,
Running at frightened speed ; and it would fall,
And rise, sobbing ; and through the ghostly sleet
The faint cry smote her : " Mother ! Mother ! " and she wist
The tender eyes were blinded by the mist,
And the rough stones were bruising the small feet.

And when she lifted a keen cry and clave
Forthright the gathering horror of the place,
Mad with her love and pity, a dark wave
Of clapping shadows swept about her face,
And beat her back ; and when she caught again her breath,
Athwart an awful vale a grizzled steam
Was rising from a mute and murky stream,
As cold and cavernous as the eye of death.

And near the ripple stood the little Shade,
And many hovering ghosts drew near him, some
That seemed to peer out of the mist and fade
With eyes of soft and shadowy pity, dumb ;

But others closed him round with eager sighs
 And sweet insistence, striving to carress
 And comfort him ; but grieving none the less
 He reached her heart strings with his tender cries.

And silently across the horrid flow
 The shapeless bark and pallid chalk-like arms
 Of him that oared it dumbly to and fro
 Went gliding, and the struggling ghosts in swarms
 Leaped in and passed, but myriads more behind
 Crowded the dismal beaches. One might hear
 A tumult of entreaty thin and clear
 Rise like the whistle of a winter wind.

And still the little figure stood beside
 The hideous stream, and toward the whispering prow
 Held forth his tender tremulous hands, and cried
 Now to the awful ferryman, and now
 To her that battled with the shades in vain.
 Sometimes impending over all her sight
 The spongy darkness and phantasmal flight
 Of things half-shapen passed and hid the plain.

And sometimes in a gust, a sort of wind
 Drove by, and where its power was hurled,
 She saw across the twilight jarred and thinned
 Those gloomy meadows of the underworld,
 Where never sunlight was, nor grass, nor trees,
 And the dim pathways from the Stygian shore,
 Sombre, and swart, and barren, wandered o'er
 By countless melancholy companies.

And farther still, upon the utmost rim
 Of the drear waste, whereto the roadways led,
 She saw in piling outline, huge and dim,
 The walled and towered dwellings of the dead,
 And the grim house of Hades. Then she broke
 Once more fierce-footed through the noisome press ;
 But ere she reached the goal of her distress,
 Her pierced heart seemed to shatter, and she woke.

It seemed as she had been entombed for years,
 And came again to living with a start ;
 There was an awful echoing in her ears,
 And a great deadness pressing at her heart.
 She shuddered, and with terror seemed to freeze,
 Lip shrunken and wide-eyed a moment's space,
 And then she touched the little lifeless face,
 And kissed it, and rose up upon her knees.

And round her still the darkness seemed to teem
 With foul shadows of her dream beguiled—
 No dream, she thought ; it could not be a dream—
 But her child called for her—her child ! her child !
 She clasped her quivering fingers white and spare,
 And knelt low down, and bending her fair head
 Unto the lower gods who rule the dead,
 Touched them with tender homage and this prayer :

"O gloomy masters of the dark demesne,
 "Hades, and those whom the dread deity
 "Bore once from earthly Enna for his Queen.
 "Belovèd of Demeter, pale Persephone.
 "'Tis not for life I pray,
 "Not life, but quiet death ; and that soon ! soon !
 "Loose from my soul this heavy weight of clay,
 "This net of useless woe ;
 "O mournful mother, sad Persephone,
 "Be mindful, let me go !

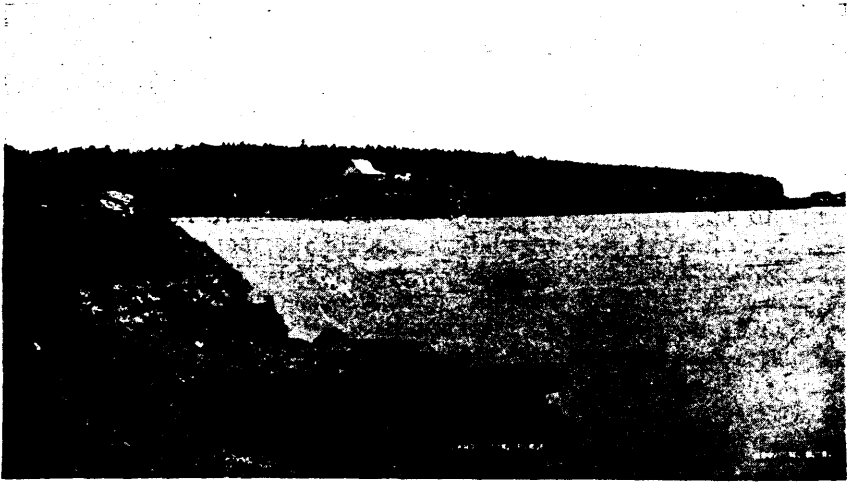
 "How shall he journey to the dismal beach,
 "Or win the ear of Charon, without one
 "To keep him, and stand by him, sure of speech ?
 "He is so little, and has just begun
 "To use his feet,
 "And speak a few small words.
 "And all his daily usage has been sweet
 "As the soft nesting ways of tender birds.
 "How shall he fare at all
 "Across that grim inhospitable land,
 "If I too be not by to hold his hand,
 "And help him, if he fall ?

 "And then before the gloomy judges set,
 "How shall he answer ? Oh, I cannot bear
 "To see his tender cheeks with weeping wet,
 "Or hear the sobbing cry of his despair.
 "I could not rest,
 "Nor live with patient mind,
 "Though knowing what is fated must be best ;
 "But surely thou art more than mortal hand,
 "And thou canst feel my woe,
 "All pitying, all observant, all divine.
 "He is so little, mother Proserpine,
 "He needs me ; let me go !"

Thus far she prayed, and then she lost her way,
 And left the half of all her heart unsaid,
 And a great languor seized her, and she lay,
 Soft-fallen by the little silent head.
 Her numbèd lips had passed beyond control ;
 Her mind could neither plan nor reason more ;
 She saw dark waters and an unknown shore,
 And the grey waters crept about her soul.

Again through darkness on an evil land
 She seemed to enter, but without distress ;
 A little spirit led her by the hand,
 And her wide heart was warm with tenderness.
 Her lips, still moving, conscious of one care,
 Murmured a moment in soft mother tones,
 And so fell silent. From their sombre thrones
 Already the grim gods had heard her prayer.

Archibald Lampman



FROM A PHOTO.

HOLLAND COVE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE LEGEND OF HOLLAND COVE.

F. GERALD.

ON the southern coast of Prince Edward Island—that garden of North America situate in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—are possibly as beautiful little nooks for a summer residence as can be found anywhere on this continent. Grand sea bathing, shooting and fishing galore, roads nearly as level as a bowling alley, and an invigorating climate which makes a bike run of fifteen miles an hour an easy job, and a salt-water hair-restorer which forces the laziest man in camp to shave four times a week.

Two years ago I had the pleasure of being one of a camping party of ladies and gentleman, who shook off the dust of civilization, and sought with tent and tea-kettle, camp bed and Bass' ale, gun, rod, and laziness, on the sunny wooded slopes of the "South Shore," a stock of health for future use, a well covered rib for present satisfaction, and a laugh as full and deep as a fog horn for a relief at all times.

But I am not going to talk any more

of this, but write to give you one of the legends of the Island, as told by our genial host "Uncle Fitz" and to tell you what happened after the telling of the legend.

We were smoking a quiet pipe one evening in July, lying on the grass at the edge of the cliff overhanging the beautiful little bay known as "Holland Cove," not a stone's throw from the camps and Dining Hall. One of the older men addressing Uncle Fitz, said,

"I say, Fitz, was it on the fourteenth day of July that the old man McKinnon said that the Ghost of Capt. Holland's mistress annually appeared here?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Fitz, "but only if the tide happens to be high at about twelve o'clock midnight of that day."

"This is the fourteenth" replied the first speaker, "and if I mistake not the tide will be high at midnight tonight."

"Yes, let us see," said Uncle Fitz,

"the morning tide to-day was high at 11 h. 32 m., I looked at the Almanac this morning, and the same tide to-morrow will be 12.29, afternoon; half of the sum of these will give you the intervening tide to-night."

"Twelve o'clock with only half a minute to spare," shouted 'Sam,' a bright boy of about 14, "but who was Capt. Holland, uncle?"

"He was the first white settler in his region," answered the man. "That hole just to your left there, was the cellar of a house which he built at a cost of £60 Sterling. There is only a small portion of it left now; many succeeding tides have washed the greater part away, but that's the cellar all right! Holland was sent to this Island—then called the Island of "Saint John"—by the English Government in 1764 after its session to them by France under the 'Treaty of Paris.' He was a Land Surveyor, and was commissioned as such to make a survey of the Island; and he made this spot his headquarters for a time. This was a convenient place for his winter survey of the southern coast."

"Why, that was one hundred and twenty-nine years ago," said the boy, "but what were the stories o'd Mr. McKinnon told about him?"

"Well boy," answered his uncle, "stories of love and adventure, the novelists stock in trade, only this time handed down through the mouths of the old men of the neighborhood, and not the instantaneous creation of an imaginative brain;" and turning to his older companions he continued,

"What a magnificent woman she must have been, as they picture her—tall, straight as an arrow, with lovely womanly grace of figure and motion, yet endowed with as great strength as most men; her dark skin, scarcely so dark as to betray the Indian blood in her veins; her hair wound in dark coils round a perfectly poised head, and a face grandly beautiful—a French woman with the added stature of the Micmac race. Why,

fancy her right on this spot where we now stand! For here she lived, and right out yonder she was drowned," said the speaker, pointing to the blue waters at his feet.

"Yes, uncle," interrupted the boy, "but what was the story about her?" "Sit down here boy, and I'll tell you one of the many, and remember that just where you sit she must often have sat one century and a quarter ago." Continuing, he added, "Of the manner of her death I will not speak, it still remains in part as great a mystery as what became of the 6,000 of her French compatriots, reported living in this Province in 1760 and with the exception of 60 families, reported gone in 1764; suffice it to say that it is believed that she, attempting to cross the ice from here to the opposite cliff in the spring of 1765, hoping to meet Captain Holland on his return from a survey of Crapaud, fell through the ice and was drowned. Her body was never recovered, and Holland, it is said, never believed in her death. The 14th day of July was her birthday, and it was also the day she first met and poured out the full tide of her woman's love on her future master."

"And now for the story:—July 14th, 1776, was as beautiful a day as this has been. At 12 o'clock, midnight, a high tide swept almost into the cellar of the little house where Holland dwelt. He was away. His trusted lieutenant slept under a canvas sail on the beach, and the coxswain of his boat and two hired men slept in the house. These men slept in berths partitioned off from the one large room used as the Captain's sitting and dining-room.

"Just about midnight the coxswain was awakened from his sleep by the sound of voices. He arose from his bed thinking the Captain had returned and peering into the sitting-room, half lit by the moonlight, he saw the face and form of the lost one as if sitting on the knee of someone in the Cap-



FROM A PAINTING.

"He saw the face and form of the lost one."

tain's easy chair, with the water dripping from garments not discolored or old, but as fresh and clean as a morning toilet. There appeared to sit 'Racine,' for so she was called, making the dumb show of fondling with her hands the face of the person upon whose knee she apparently sat, talking and laughing softly to herself. He listened half bewildered for some minutes.

"Darling, are you back? Oh! the long cold winter nights! I dreamed I saw you frozen with that long measuring pole in your hand, off! off! away from land. Oh! don't leave me so long again," and other like words came to his ears, and the drip, drip, drip of the water falling from the shadowy form, kept time with the rising and falling cadence of the voice.

"Mastering himself, he stepped into the room, half wondering if it were not really Racine, and that the Cap-

tain must be there himself, holding as of old, his pet for a moment on his knees, 'to tame her French pride,' as he laughingly used to say. But the master was not there: no human form sat in his chair.

"The living form, or spirit-semblance, whatever you choose to call it, rose at the coxswain's approach, and looking at him, as if in reproach at his unwonted intrusion into her master's presence, pointed to the door of his crib, and then herself passed before him into her master's berth, leaving behind her the wet trail of her raiment clear marked along the white floor.

"Out of the house and down to the tent sped the coxswain: and the half-slumbering Lieutenant was awakened by the weight of a hand on his shoulder, and a voice in his ear: 'The mistress has returned.'

"The coxswain's tale was soon told,

and both men ascended the slight incline to the house, not forty yards distant. As they neared the entrance, a low moaning wail struck the ears of both, and as they halted on the threshold there came to them the words:

“ ‘Oh, why does he not come? he must be coming now; I’ll go to meet him! O Mary, Mother, guide me!’ ”

“ Hardly were these words uttered, when issuing from her room, came the figure and form of Racine, and crossing the floor of the sitting room she approached the door.

“ Instinctively, the men drew back to let her pass, and swiftly before them she passed out, so close, indeed, that their senses perceived the cold, damp moisture of her clothing. Straight to the water’s edge, and then as if trying the ice, she halted a moment; then they saw her walk the waters dry shod. Hurriedly they followed to the edge, and as they reached it a piercing shriek rent the air. Looking out they saw the phantom figure, with both hands outstretched, sink quickly beneath the waves. And all was still.

“ ‘God help us, mate, what does this mean?’ muttered the lieutenant; ‘I’ll swear to her. Look, man! do you see nothing in the water?’ ”

“ ‘Nothing, sir,’ answered the man: ‘she is not of the kind which floats; she came from the sea and back she has gone to it. Did you not smell the damp as she passed us? Come, see her footprints in the house.’ ”

“ Half reluctantly both men returned to the house; the Lieutenant constantly turning to look back at the spot where the spirit form had disappeared. He could not shake off his fear that a living creature was drowning. Upon entering the house the coxswain, lighting his candle, set it on the table, close to the Captain’s chair, and then the eyes of both men, after a swift survey of the floor, instinctively met; for a great pool of water lay right to the front of the chair and a wet line from it to the Captain’s

berth. Neither of the men spoke, but both went to the door and looked again at the spot where the fair form had disappeared in the cold waters,—not a ripple now marked the place, and to the gazers a peculiarly solemn silence seemed to pervade all nature.

“ The Lieutenant was the first to speak:—

“ ‘We had better, mate, say nothing of it. Would to God I had seized that form as it passed me at the door, and tested it as Thomas did of old. Had it aught of flesh and blood? My whole being craves for an answer! And it is too late! Too late now! Give me your cross, man, and ’fore God, now, while my mind is clear, I’ll swear—No—horrid doubt!—something passed me; I saw her face, her form, I heard her voice—aye, that I swear to, most solemnly—*I heard the words.*’ ”

“ ‘Heaven help us, sir,’ broke in the boatman, ‘I hope it bodes us no ill, but it is an uncanny thing to see a spirit. I’ll sleep with you to-night, sir, if you will. I could not rest with that pool of water ever in my sight.’ ”

“ And boy,” continued the speaker, “both men spoke not of that night for years, the Lieutenant only shortly before his untimely loss at sea, and then only to a friend in confidence, as he had a foreboding that a like death awaited him. Now, Sam, what do you say to that ghost story?”

“ I say I’ll sit up to-night,” answered the boy.

All hands sauntered up to the tents ruminating over Racine and her fate; Sam wondering what he would have done if he had seen the ghost? how it looked? and what a queer feeling a fellow would have if he could only touch one! and would he see one if he sat up to-night? The older men thought of how little we know where to draw the line between the tangible and the spiritual.

“ I wonder,” said Uncle Fitz, speaking as if thinking aloud, “whether there ever will come a time in man’s

future development when a clearer vision will be vouchsafed to him of things unseen, and a glimmer of the great mystery of the future life be seen—though in a glass darkly. Did Swedenborg live in a different environment from John Stuart Mill? Why did one see nothing of the spiritual life, and the other know of nothing else, living a life almost apart from his fellow-man, communing with the mystical, and like St. John at Patmos, seeing visions of the realms above?"

"Who can tell," I broke in, "but did God make two orders of mankind, yet both to be judged alike? These men lived conscientious lives—of a higher order, and more sternly resolute than the vast majority of mankind—but how unlike? Would the same Heaven be a place of happiness to two such different beings? Or was Swedenborg right when he pictured the future life as but a continuation of the present one in the immediate presence of the mighty God, each soul being allotted the place in the everlasting life to which it had prepared itself on this earthly tabernacle?"

Sam's voice, however, broke in on the conversation, "Will you sit up to-night, Uncle?"

"Come up and let us talk it over in the camp, boy, and we will see what the general voice will decide," answered the man, rather relieved, perhaps, from a further continuation of his own thoughts.

We were met by most of our party half way up the hill.

"Have you seen a ghost?" broke out Sam's younger brother, a boy whose pertinacity in asking questions would sooner or later make him a great store-house of knowledge, if he remembered but half the answers given him. "You look so awful solemn."

"No," answered his brother, "but we are going to see one to-night, maybe," and the boy put on a solemn knowable look that almost silenced the questioner.

"Ah-h-h," half stammered Dartmouth, a nickname for a boy whose enormous appetite necessitated his aunt putting lock and key upon the pantry—an inverted packing-case—to save the camp from starvation, "who's been stuffing you, Sam? You're a-a-a green one, you-u-u are."

"Whist, kids," thundered out Stanley (a name given to a son of Anak in camp on a visit). "It's near grub time for you, Dartmouth, so cheer up. I would not trust you with Sam's ghost before tea, for I believe you'd eat t."

"Poor food," chimed in the doctor of the party, who with a fair appetite himself always encouraged a good table stayer, "unless it were one of Ingoldsby's ghosts; they were always substantial."

Chatting, and chaffing one another, the "camp" moved up towards the tea-table, or rather tables, for two were required to afford seating room for all. At tea the story was repeated for the general benefit. The oldest man of the party sat at Uncle Fitz's table. He rarely spoke at meal times, indeed, rarely at any time, but his thoughts were worth the proverbial penny, or his face belied him. Stanley, turning to him, said, "What do you say, D.C., to sitting up to-night?"

"What do the ladies say?" answered the man from whom an opinion was at all times a pretty difficult thing to get.

"Bosh, I say," said a young lady, just throwing over her shoulder a long red toboggan coat handed to her by a fresh arrival, whose manner in handling the garment betokened a right to take care of its owner, "I'd sooner sit round the camp-fire and have some good hot lemonade than stay in that cellar all night. We had enough of the damp of Racine's ghost in our tent last night. I was soaked through. I had shivers enough without seeing your ghost."

"I hung out all my children to dry only a few hours ago," broke in ma-

dam, the doctor's wife. "The 'palace' (a nickname for her tent) is a failure in a rainstorm."

"I should say so," added the young lady who first spoke. "The waterproof sheet over me had more of the drip, drip, drip, from it than ever came from Racine's ghost."

"Cease babbling," thundered Stanley. "I'll sit up with D. C. He is as silent as a ghost, and a splendid watcher—for the left bower. We'll see any ghosts there are from our tent door between deals."

"Mose," the oldest lad of the party, sitting to his left, said "Humph." But "humph" with Mose meant nothing serious, as he always said "humph" on the slightest provocation.

"Well," said mother—the mater familias of the party, "I think it would be rather good fun. I'll be one of the watchers."

Tea over, the party broke up, each following the bent of his or her inclination—one or two interested parties to watch for the coming of a small sail boat with a visitor for our camp, the men to their pipes, and the ladies to their books.

The evening sped rapidly by, and about ten, all were gathered round the camp-fire, built on the edge of the cliff; the dry spruce brushes making a grand blaze, lighting up the faces of the group. The subject of the ghost was apparently avoided by all, though an occasional peep at a watch betokened an anxiety not so well concealed as to prevent a smile running round the circle. After a short "social" the party quickly dissolved, and the candle lights in the tents showed that some, at least, were preparing to retire for the night. It was as dark as pitch; not a breath of air, and the tide had nearly reached its highest flow.

Strange to say, at ten minutes to twelve every tent was alight, even the children's tent. I warrant, had you asked, you would have found that the occupants of each would have had a ready excuse to offer for being so late awake,

and the warmth of the evening was, perhaps, the reason why the doors were all a trifle open on the side facing the old cellar. Only Sam had courage to admit that he was on the watch. He stood out boldly in front of the men's tent, with one hand on a tent rope not forty feet from the cellar.

It is always so, there are Mills and Swedenborgs in every camp, though you cannot always pick them out.

A cry from Sam broke the almost painful silence, and when quick Uncle Fitz reached the tent door he saw the boy, with blanched face, pointing to the edge of the cliff.

"There! there! Oh, Uncle, I saw it! I saw it!" cried out the boy, as he crept close to his uncle as if for shelter.

Almost at the same instant a smothered cry came from one of the tents higher up—a lady's tent. Its door was quickly closed. Evidently some one in it was as much disturbed as Sam. A call for the doctor soon followed. He returned in a few moments, but no amount of coaxing could draw from him anything further than that one of the ladies had a slight hysterical attack. To all questions as to who, or why, he remained as dumb as an oyster.

The men, however, had a patient of their own in Sam, and as soon as he had partly recovered he was plied with questions. The boy's answers the men might believe or not as they liked; but the expression of his eyes was so peculiar that all were struck with it—a far-away, painful, strained look, more as if looking inward than outward. He described what he had seen as a woman's form, tall and clad in sombre garb, stealing away from the mouth of the cellar towards the edge of the cliff, and that he had lost it just as it appeared to be passing over the water; then he cried out and could not look further. There was no volubility in his tale. On him the apparition had left an indelible impression; real or unreal, the outward or mental vision of the boy had photographed on it



FROM A PAINTING. "A cry from Sam broke the almost painful silence."

what he described. Perhaps those who know better than I, can explain it all. I leave it to them.

You can readily fancy the conversation which followed. The skeptic laughed, but yet at times looked curiously at Sam. The doctor vouchsafed no opinion, but gave Sam a soothing draught, wrapped him warmly in his bag, and bade him sleep "and not think any more of the ghost."

Dartmouth laughed and said, "Poor Sam has overfed himself, and has had a standing nightmare."

Next morning at breakfast great was the curiosity shown, and many the questions put to Sam by the younger members of the party. He was the hero of the hour. He was, perhaps, a trifle more full in his description than he was in his first recital; but now he was himself again, and his tongue was loosed, and well he told how with his own eyes he had actually seen the "Ghost of Holland Cove."

One gentleman of the party hazarded a question as to the cause of commotion in the ladies' tent. He still regrets it. I should judge. An ominous silence was all he got for his pains, and the look he got from one pair of bright eyes would have annihilated any man of fewer inches.

The old cellar is still there, and probably will be there, at least in part, on the 14th of July for many a year to come.

I do not wish to thrust this ghost story on an unbelieving world without giving the most skeptical an opportunity of testing its truthfulness. The genial proprietor of the farm, I am certain, will willingly allow any searchers after truth to visit it, and if they do not see the ghost of Holland Cove, why, it's only because they have not Sam's second sight and his ghostly perceptions. Alas, to how few are these things given.

F. Gerald.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

BE it understood that this paper is by no means meant as a criticism of the charming type of feminine humanity whose "local habitation and name" stands at the beginning of this article.

It is simply an attempt to set down the more salient and obvious traits of "ces étoiles du nord," (as an enthusiastic French friend of mine once called Canadian girls in my presence) just as they present themselves to an average masculine observer.

No man, that has not a great deal of a fool in his composition, ever attempts to probe, in his writings, deeply into the feminine character; or to generalize rashly on its nature, inner promptings, and future development. He wisely now-a-days leaves this to the feminine pen; and the feminine pen, though fluent enough on the subject, is sometimes slightly contradictory. But the male writer remembers that deep saying of Goëthe—"There are depths in the nature of the simplest peasant girl, that the wisest philosopher cannot fathom." He remembers the dictum of the ancient fisherman in Charles Read's "Christie Johnson"—"When a man has grown auld and grey wi' years, an' wisdom, an' experience, he's just about fit to go to skule to a lassie o' seventeen." With the almost single exception of "the thousand-souled Shakespeare," the heroines of a masculine writer are the worst described, and the most weakly drawn, of all his characters. He can seize on the more trivial, more amusing, or more passionate traits of his feminine character well enough; but her deeper and nobler self, the fragrance so to speak of a good woman's nature, escapes his full expression, not withstanding his keen appreciation of it.

Dickens could draw inimitably a Sarah Gamp, or a Mrs. Nickleby;—but his Agnes,—with her inveterate habit of pointing upwards, was an unreal, and what's worse, a palpably and obviously unreal puppet. Thackeray's Becky Sharp, is a terribly life-like picture of "the woman of intellect, without virtue or principle"; but his Amelia!

With the exception now and then, of some character drawn by one of what Bret Harte most truly and aptly called, "the double-natured poets," all male writers' attempts at delineating the higher types of women, are failures. Scott, except perhaps in the case of Effie Deans, and Di. Vernon, kept his heroine in the background. So did Dickens and Thackeray. Robert Louis Stevenson, as much as possible, shirks her altogether. On the other hand, the gifted woman's hero presents a queer aspect to masculine eyes. Put George Eliot's Felix Holt, (meant to be her strongest male character) beside Maggie Tulliver, or contrast her Danial Deronda with even Gwendolin Harleth—how vast the difference!

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Canadian Girl. Much—at least, as regards the scope of this article. The Canadian Girl of this epoch presents the promise, at least, of developing into one of the highest types of womanhood,—the highest known to this writer,—and as such, can only have her more obvious and superficial qualities, those which appear on the surface, presented by his masculine pen. Be it premised too, that in writing even in this superficial way on the Canadian Girl, as she appears in the last decade of the century, I refer to the specimens of her

that a man of average social position, would be apt to meet in society or in the walks of business, or in every-day life.

I will pass over the girl of the lower classes, with two remarks. First: In Canada, as in America, the domestic servant and the girls generally engaged in menial occupations, are seldom of native birth. There are reasons for this, some good, some bad, to go into which would require the writing of a separate article. Second: That it is not fair, and would convey a wrong impression, to class the daughters and sisters of our frontier people, our backwoods' men, and our farmers of the remote rural districts, with the lower classes,—as the term is understood in Europe and in the great cities of America. It is true that a life of wearing toil, of hardships sometimes that their sisters in the cities can hardly even realize, has had its lowering, almost crushing effect on both the mind and the body of some of them. It is true that in the backwoods can be found a type of girl with sallow complexion, angular form, teeth that depart early, and above all a voice which, when raised, reminds one unpleasantly of the blue jay of her native forests or the peacock of more luxurious domains. It detracts somewhat from the charms of the feminine members in the vast body of the lower middle class, to which a great many Canadian Girls belong. But in most instances, the superb vitality of the healthy, vigorous race from which she springs, enables the Canadian Girl of the backwoods to triumph over hardships and toils that would crush,—or at any rate degrade—the daughter of a less vigorous stock.

Fine eyes, good complexions, and magnificent hair, are the ordinary every-day possessions of the Canadians of the backwoods. You may add to these material gifts of Providence a frank kindliness of manner, an innocent self respect, and the remarkable equipoise and common sense which is

to be found in her as well as in her more cultured sister. This manner is so marked, that it may be called a characteristic of the whole race—from the daughter of the Cabinet Minister or the Supreme Court Judge, to the child of the small village store-keeper or the settler on the forty or fifty acre clearing just hacked out of the dense bush. Add to this an intense desire for self-improvement, and for such culture as she can grasp. The first sign of prosperity on the far away bush farm is the purchase and conveyance thither, often with great difficulty, of some parlor organ or a cheap piano, referred to by the family and less fortunate neighbors with reverence and bated breath as the "Instertment." The girls in frontier places read more than all the rest of the family put together, and often amazingly good books. I have seen letters from some outlying district like Algoma, in which farmers' daughters (who had probably never seen a larger collection of their kind than could be found at some "social" or concert in their village or county town, and to whom either Toronto or Montreal would seem like a vast metropolis) would quote George Eliot, Scott, Tennyson, Macaulay, and even Browning, with a zest and appreciation not always found in those who have more opportunities and more time to cultivate such authors. Art, unfortunately, in these rural or rather frontier districts, is almost entirely represented by gaudy, not to say flashy, chromos of vile colouring and no particular meaning. "Moonlight Scene": The moon, a large white plate in the midst of masses of clotted gravy, misrepresenting clouds. "Happy Days": Two fat, idiotic looking children, sitting on a very green bank, "thinking of nothing." But one should not laugh at the "Instertment," or even at the dreadful chromos, They are the first signs of a desire to rise superior to coarse and sordid surroundings. They are, as Tennyson says, "Sketches rude and faint,

"But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lies hidden, as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

It should be remembered that in most other lands "the desire's self is wanting," when toil and harsh environment combine to hinder self development.

When we come to the Canadian girl of the upper and generally more favored classes, we can indeed say that Canada has reason to be proud of her; for taking her on her own merits, she has no reason to fear on the whole a comparison with even the refined and cultured woman of England—the culminating product of centuries of civilization, the bright and intellectual woman of the northern and western States of America, or the gracious daughter of the southern States, with her unique, ineffable charm.

The Canadian society girl is both charming and (to use a word that seems exactly suited to express her, *tout ensemble*) genuine. There is no mistake about her beauty, for instance. It is a beauty that will stand the open air and a strong light; that strikes you at first, and grows on you afterwards. She is the flower of this strong, beautiful, northern land, and a full share of its vigour and the best of its beauty is concentrated in her. Her beauty is indisputable, and unlike the tropical evanescent loveliness of her Australian sister, is not a mere gift for her youth, to be lost before she is thirty, but is, like her other qualities, meant to last.

Leave out the large cities altogether, and let a stranger go at random to any of the country towns—say of Ontario, or the West—and stroll for a few hours about the streets; he will see more beauty, of higher type, more pretty, and what's better, intellectual faces, than he will see in the same time in any place of similar size in any part of Europe. In saying this, I do not think I am influenced by any feeling of pseudo-patriotism, but honestly consider that I am but stating a simple fact.

It has been said with a good deal of truth, that in physical type, manner, tone of voice, culture, and even prejudices, there is the strongest possible resemblance between the women and girls of the upper classes, in all those countries inhabited by the great Anglo-Saxon race. The national distinctions begin lower down. By women of the upper classes I do not mean the women of the English parvenu, or the American plutocrat class. The physical type, manners and tones of voices, of both of these classes leave much, almost everything, to be desired. The woman of birth and culture in England, the heiress of the refinement and culture of past ages, has a mixture of strength and grace in her nature that places her far above the other women of Europe, which puts her on another plane altogether. She is destined to do much for England; and in many ways "England has need of her." The cultured, bright and intellectual woman of America, another of the world's hopes, has many points in common with her English sister, but is decidedly more emotional, and swifter to jump at conclusions. She is the real, the typical "advanced woman" of the world, in the true sense of the words; and probably will be the one to deal the *coup de grâce*, to those terrible enemies of the really advanced woman:—the "new woman," and the "platform woman,"—"the aggressive woman" who "*will* be noticed," and whose idea of progress and liberty is to do as she individually pleases.

Partaking of the nature of these two highest types of womanhood, but having certain marked characteristics of her own, the Canadian woman and the Canadian girl is also a hope of her land, and has duties, aspirations, and a great future before her, and there is every sign that she will prove equal to her destinies. It should be remembered, that the vast majority of the upper and middle classes of western or English Canada are descended from two lines of ancestors; both of a very

high grade as regards birth, social position, courage, honour, endurance, fine physique, and other great qualities that go to build up a great nation.

Their ancestors are: First, the U.E. Loyalists, or the "Tories" of the United States, who took the side of the king in the Revolutionary war. Most of these were people of culture and position, being the Government officials, judges, etc., of the old regime; men who had the courage and the manliness to adhere to a fallen cause because they thought it a right one, and to leave wealth and luxury for a home in the northern wilderness rather than be disloyal to their flag and king. Second, the old army officers of Wellington, who settled in great numbers in Canada after 1815, and whose trained valour, and high sense of honour, were of incalculable benefit to the country. The sons and daughters of these men are not likely to be either fools or weaklings. It should not be forgotten either, that some of the best blood of France is to be found in the Province of Quebec. The French-Canadian of to-day is stronger and sturdier than the average Frenchman of old France, and I will hazard the assertion that, bearing in mind the numerical difference population, you will find ten pretty French girls in Montreal, for one that you will find in Paris.

The qualities mental and physical of these ancestors may be distinctly seen in the Canadian girl to-day. The ingenuousness and straightforwardness of her character, the traits which I have before endeavored to express by the word "genuine" as applied to her, are legacies from them.

An English lady novelist some years ago, in a book whose scenes were laid in Canada, speaks, meaning I fear to convey thereby a shade of patronizing disparagement, of the heroine's "Canadian directness." She thereby paid the said heroine a great, if unintended, compliment; for the context shows

that she meant by "directness"—straight-forward truthfulness. The Canadienne has, as a rule, magnificent health, the reward (as is much of her beauty) of her fondness for the open air. She is as happy on the tennis or golf ground, as in the ball room; as much at home in the canoe, or in the saddle, as in the opera box or at the five o'clock tea. She is charming in society, and is the only girl in the world that can hold her own against the flirting married lady, and that still more dangerous enemy of the debutante—the vivacious and piratical young widow. While conscious of the sad fact, that "there is nothing so trying to a daughter, as an unruly, or a disobedient parent"; she is always kind and considerate to hers, and quite often does what they tell her to do, which is very high praise indeed, considering the example set her by what she sees and reads of the recent rapid emancipation of youth from paternal and other restraint in foreign lands.

The intellectual power of the Canadian girl is great and, what is more to the point, is backed up by fine physique, firm nerves and, as a rule, by remarkable common sense. These qualities help to make what knowledge and culture she may acquire, real and valuable, and preserves her to a great extent from the "Sham Culture," which is one of the greatest features—and dangers—of the age. Education is universal in Canada, and leaves a firm basis on which to place culture and art.

Occasionally, in Canada, you may encounter the fair wife or daughters of some prominent official suddenly transplanted from swamp, or forest, or small country store, by one of those sudden rises one sees in all new countries—and in most old ones now-a-days—who says "ben" for been, making it rhyme with pen after the manner of the poet Whittier in Maud Müller, and who talks of "military balls" and "solitary walks;" who

wishes sometimes to know at an afternoon five o'clock "function," if a guest's tea is to her liking, and who laments the necessity of "going to the hotel," while their new home in being "fixed up." Other lands have similar examples, and more of them; for it can be said that, even considering her relatively small population and comparative poverty, Canada suffers less from the "nouveau riche" and the "pluocrat," than does the mother country or the United States.

In literature, when we remember that Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus"), Jean Blewett, and Miss Dougall are Canadians, we have no reason to feel ashamed of what the Canadian girl

has done. Mrs. Watkins (Kit), is I believe, an Irishwoman, but most, if not all, of her literary work has been done in Canada. The great singer Albani was born in Montreal. The famous actress, Julia Arthur, is a Hamilton girl. Besides these noted ones, there are hundreds of cultured, brilliant and charming women and girls in the cities and towns of our broad Dominion, to "know whom" in the words of Steele, "is a liberal education."

With these gifts, physical and mental, it may be left to the candid reader to decide, if the Canadian girl is not the equal in all the qualities that go to make womanhood attractive, of any of her sex on earth.

Reginald Gourlay.

THE NEPIGON INDIANS TO CANADA.*

YOU have grasped our dying tribes
In the hold of your great, smooth hand,
But we swiftly slip and dribble and drip
Through your clutch to the Hunting Land.

You dipped your pen in our blood,
And, drawing with rule and line,
Said—safe in the right of a strong arm's
might—
"From here unto here is mine!"

You bragged of your schools and came
Aswoop on the young brown brood;
While the laugh was stilled and the wigwam
filled
With the sob of motherhood.

You prisoned a liquid fire,
And opened its hellish doors
Till it burst the flood of our old, wild blood—
Was the doing ours or yours?

Your gun in our forest wilds
Has silenced the singing bird,
Has slain the bear in his hidden lair,
And scattered the startled herd.

And now will your long hand reach
To grasp in its finger tips—

By a senseless clause of the "Fishing
Laws"—
The food from our hungry lips?

Let fools from the west and east
Still dangle their long-stringed flies;
For the white man plays through the summer
days—
While the Red Man starves and dies.

Well, chain if you will our streams,
Set fines on the beasts of land,
Our pitiful race with its sad brown face
Still fawns on your smooth white hand.

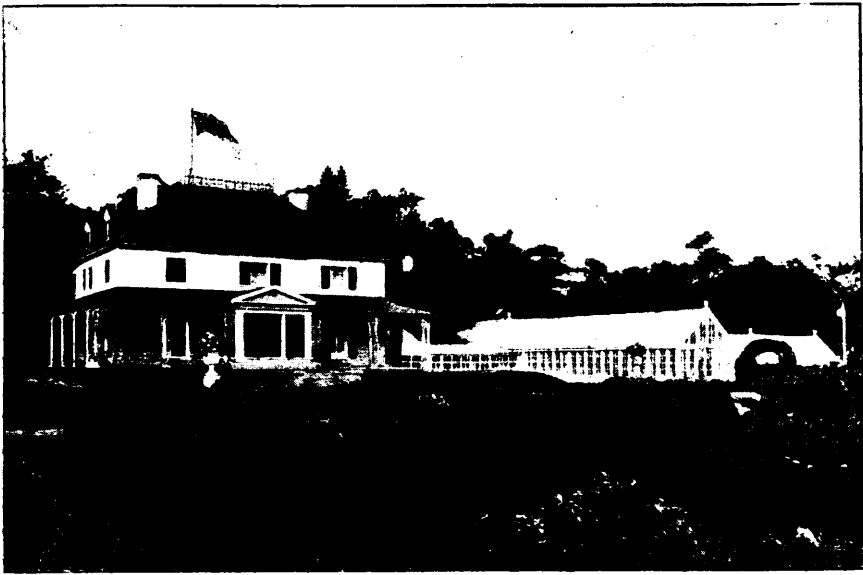
Faint, faint on our deadened ear
The name of your God falls low;
Oh, no God is he, for he cannot see
That his children use us so.

But still if you chance to turn
In the glare of coming night—
But a careless glance on the Shadow Dance
We foot on the skirts of Night—

Then we pray you take our tribes
Full soft in your strong white hand,
For we swiftly slip and dribble and drip
Through your hold to the Hunting Land.

KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

* These verses were suggested by a recent speech delivered at an Indian Council, by Osh-kap-kuh-da, a chief at Grand Bay on Lake Nepigon. That the effect of the fishing laws is not exaggerated, the writer can testify, having in August met a party of Indians on the Nepigon River, who were literally starving through inability to procure their only food—fish—by any other means than those of the forbidden nets.



SPENCER GRANGE, NEAR THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

A LITERARY RENDEZVOUS OF QUEBEC.

JOHN A. COOPER.

SINCE J. M. LeMoine published "L'Ornithologie du Canada," in 1860-1, and "Maple Leaves," in 1863-4-5, 73-89-94, he has been an energetic leader in literary matters in Quebec, and his picturesque home, Spencer Grange, has been a prized literary rendezvous.

In 1864, while the Fathers of Confederation were laying, in the Quebec Parliament Buildings, the foundation of the present union of provinces, there was a merry gathering just outside the city. At Spencer Grange, Mr. LeMoine was entertaining George Augustus Sala, the distinguished journalist-author; François X. Garneau, Quebec's greatest historian; Abbé J. B. Ferland, historiographer, and others of more or less repute in the world of literature. This was the first "Grape Festival" at Spencer Grange, and each succeeding autumn has witnessed a similar gathering, the faces changing as time changes the generations of men. At the latest festival there were gathered judges, diplomats, poli-

ticians, military men, educationists, publicists, and litterateurs, all pleased to be the guest of a man who has contributed a score of books to the English literature of Canada, and even more to the French literature of his beloved province.

Of the versatile historian and ex-President of the Royal Society of Canada, the poet Kirby has written: "Few have had such opportunities as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old province of Quebec. His early training, social *entourage*—love of books, antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the English as well as with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province, and far beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein."

Only those who have had the pleasure of a few hours in Mr. LeMoine's

bow-windowed library, with its numerous shelves of rare volumes, first editions and presentation copies, with its portfolios of rare sketches and prints, and with its collection of everything to delight the heart of a Canadian bibliographer, can appreciate the above remarks of the author of "Chien d'Or." Among the distinguished visitors who have favored Spencer Grange, are Francis Parkman, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, Gilbert Parker, Sandford Fleming, L. H. Frechette, and scores of lesser lights in the realm of thought and of art creation, as well as many persons of higher social standing, and even princes and princesses of royal blood.

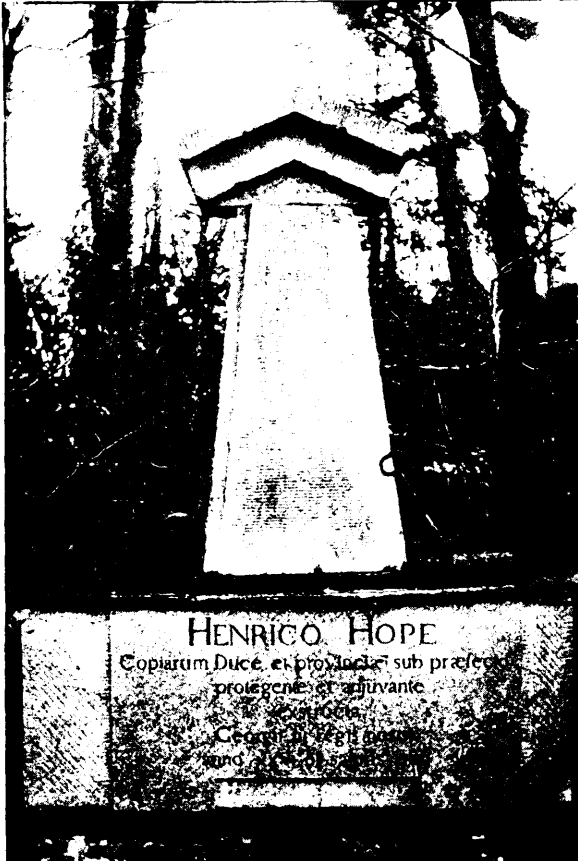
But there is one who has visited this

present domain who must be mentioned, and that is the famous Audubon. When this great naturalist came to Quebec he brought with him a copy of his great work, "Ornithological Biography," and a portfolio containing the engravings to be embodied in his projected work, "The Quadrupeds of America." Audubon Avenue in Spencer Grange commemorates this famous visit.

Even for its own sake, Spencer Grange is a delightful place to visit. It is situated just outside Quebec on the St. Louis Road, and adjoining Spencerwood, the residence of Quebec's Lieutenant-Governor. Originally both properties were known as Powell Place, being the property of General Powell, in 1790-6, stationed at Que-

bec. In 1810 it was the residence of Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada, and received from Hon. H. M. Percival, in 1815, the name of Spencer Wood. In 1833 a merchant of Quebec, Henry Atkinson, obtained possession of it, and in 1850, he parted with the portion now known as Spencerwood, for Lord Elgin's official residence, retaining the forty acres now designated Spencer Grange. Mr. LeMoine married a niece of Mr. Atkinson and afterwards purchased the property.

Some majestic old trees have been left here and there about the lawns. The cleared space, in the centre of which stands the house and its grape-ries, is girt about with a zone of tall pine, beech and maple. Among these are rustic walks and winding avenues, which invite one to partake of the calm beauty of syl-



STONES FROM THE OLD GATES OF QUEBEC.

van nature. It is a delightful spot, and from the southern boundary one looks out over the broad St. Lawrence with its panoramic view of the creations and activities of both man and nature.

In a romantic corner of the southern lawn may be seen such trophies as the neatly trimmed monuments made out of the corner stones and inscriptions of some of the old gateways of Quebec. These were presented to Mr. LeMoine in 1871 by the City Council of Quebec, in recognition of his literary efforts to make known the old attractiveness of Quebec. In the picture of the Grange given herewith may be seen

a Dominion flag. This was presented to Mr. LeMoine in November, 1882, by some of the leading citizens of Quebec as a memento of the gratitude they felt towards him for his unselfish historical labors.

Here also may be seen a rugged old cannon which was fished up at English point on the St. Lawrence, near the site of the shipwreck of Admiral Walker's boat in 1811. Its rusty appearance and corroded sides betoken its age, and one's fancy may carry him back to the olden struggles and the stern battles of days that are gone. Here is also a row of English shot and a shell, all gathered up from Wolfe's camp at Montmorency. A



FROM A PHOTO.

J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.

honey-combed tablet, presenting a well-defined profile of Montcalm's successful opponent, enshrined amid flags and symbols of war, and encircled with the inscription, "In memory of Major-General James Wolfe, the Conqueror of Quebec, 13th Sept., 1759," must be very old as the workmanship is very crude, and no duplicates of it are known. It is probably one of the oldest specimens of the Canadian moulder's art. Here also is a broken basaltic column from the Giant's Causeway.

Another point of interest is Mr. LeMoine's Museum which has been luminously described in the *Antiquarian Journal*, by Benjamin Sultè. The learned writer says:—

“One of the greatest attractions for us, in visiting Spencer Grange, was its museum of Canadian birds, comprising two-thirds of the feathered tribe of the Dominion, with a fair sprinkling of foreign specimens, and a collection of bird’s eggs. Each class of birds has its own corner, or judging by the label, ‘a habitation and a name.’ The thrushes and flycatchers are particularly conspicuous from their bright tints and delicate arrow-shaped markings. The olive-grey cuckoo, a quaint and graceful minstrel in our green hedges in July, the oriole, blue jay, officer-bird, indigo-bird, and golden-winged wood-pecker form a group of striking beauty. A succession of drawers contain the nests and eggs, scientifically labelled, of many Canadian species, as well as some of the songsters of France and England, pre-eminent among such being those of the European nightingale. Of some of the more curious of the specimens we naturally took special notice, of such as the tiny nest of a West Indian and a Canadian humming-bird, made out of a piece of sponge, and the cubiculum of the red-headed wood-pecker scooped out of the decayed heart of a silver birch tree, with the eggs within, and the bird’s head peering from the orifice in the bark.”

Among other oddities to be seen in this quaint spot, may be enumerated the legendary white robin of nursery rhymes, in actual fact—a specimen

shot at Deschambault; a white crow; specimens of grouse, ptarmigan, and capercaillie sent from Scotland by the Hon. Adam Ferguson Blair; a silver gull killed at Niagara Falls; and a Florida ibis shot at Grondines; a Bird of Paradise; and a magnificent specimen of the great owl of the Pyrenees, *le Grand Duc*.

Among other curiosities, Indian, French and English, to be found about this romantic habitation is a collection of canes. One is called General I. Brock’s cane—a curiously carved and worm-eaten bludgeon, presented to the past president of the Literary and Historical Society, in 1872, by Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, owners of the antique tenement occupied for years by the firm in Fabrique Street, Quebec, where, it is said, the chivalrous soldier, Brock, resided when commanding his regiment, the 49th, at Quebec, in 1806. Several others are made from the wood of historical wrecks, and some have been brought from such distant lands as Japan and the West Indies.

To enumerate all the attractions of Spencer Grange would require a great deal of space. It is redolent of history and scholarly antiquity, yet throbbing with the life of nature which is ever new. The visitor is treated most hospitably by Mr. LeMoine, who is possessed of a charm and grace of manner which betoken the man of culture and refinement.

John A. Cooper.

BIRTH.

Down swept the travail-clouds of mortal pain:
 Anon in flowing beauty were they furled;
 The Angel of Life sped back again:
 Lo! tenderly a white soul faced the world.

REUBEN BUTCHART.



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.

EVE BRODLIQUE.

EVE BRODLIQUE.

MARY TEMPLE BAYARD (MEG).

IT was 10 o'clock at night, the 24th of May, and the Sabbath. A succession of sharp, rifle-like reports disturbed the quiet of a Chicago boulevard. The neighborhood, being an exclusive one and quite unused to an affray, was immediately in a state of excitement. But peering from behind half-closed blinds the neighbors saw, instead of an army of "strikers", the small figure of a young woman, squatting on the wide stone steps, enthusiastically setting off bunch after bunch of noisy firecrackers.

"What in the world are you doing?" cried one friend in horror. "You! a strict Sabbatarian." And they say she came indoors with a

glow in her eyes and a shocking odor of gunpowder about her small person, and straightening herself to her fullest height, with all the dignity of her English forefathers, she said: "You know—but of course you don't know, that this is the Queen's birthday, the 24th of May, and I've been celebrating it all by myself, since there is not another Canadian or Britisher in the square 'God save our gracious Queen!' I'd sing the whole national anthem only that I'm just—a—little—homesick." The subject of that pretty story which Chicagoans tell is the subject of this sketch, Miss Eve Brodlique, one of the several Canadian girls who have made enviable

reputations among the litterati of the United States. I am sure I now have your attention, and that you are as anxious to hear anything more there is to be told of your patriotic little countrywoman as I am to tell it.

Eve Brodlique, a Canadian by birth, is a daughter of the Union by adoption. Both countries are alike proud of her. Born of English-Canadian parents, she combines in her own volatile, energetic and beautiful character the best traits of her forefathers. In personality she has the grace of manner, ready wit and genial temperament of women on this side the Atlantic; together with the repose, good common sense and "that most excellent thing in woman," the sweet, low voice peculiar to English women.

Certainly a happy mixture, and the happier for the absence of any incongruities, and for the felicities and the harmony of her mental make-up. A newspaper woman by profession, one having filled every position from reporter to editor, having, as she says, "done almost everything about a newspaper office except to clean the presses and run the elevator," she yet unquestionably belongs to what may be called the school of literary journalists, since by her rhymes and stories for such leading American magazines as *The Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, *Frank Leslie's*, and *McClure's*, she has built up a national reputation.

Her professional career began while she was yet a school girl at her home in London, Ontario, from which place she sent occasional specials to the Toronto papers. Beginning when she was but 17 years old, she was the special representative for the *London Advertiser* at the House of Commons at Ottawa, being the first woman, and, so far as the writer knows, the only woman who has done regular telegraphic political work from the Dominion Parliament. But she displayed great aptitude for the task, and, contrary to the common belief in re-

gard to women with "views," it is said of Miss Brodlique that although holding decided political opinions of her own, she made unbiased reports, and was equally popular with the representatives of both parties. She still numbers among her personal friends some of the most prominent statesmen of the Dominion, and never loses interest in the course of Canadian affairs.

Speaking of her beginning in journalism in Canada and her subsequent migration to the States, Miss Brodlique said:

"The hour and the woman finally arrived in the Canadian newspaper world, but not together—the hour was a little late in coming. There has not been in Canadian journalism, even approximately, the same influx of women that there has been in the States. There are several good reasons for this. First: that receptacle for manuscript, varied and sundry, that convenient vehicle for trundling ideas feminine, the Sunday newspaper, is not a Canadian product; it did not obtain in my day, and does not now. Nor was there then a 'Woman's Page,' nothing more than that now despised column bearing the heading: 'Things of Interest to Women.' The papers of the United States seem to have been the first to discover that there is no sex in brains, and that women could be educated to an interest as wide as that enjoyed by men. The change in American journalism, which made a place for women, came rapidly, while in Canada the taint of old-time conservatism clung persistently, and the change came slowly.

"And so at the time I decided to make journalism my profession, few of my countrywomen had been daring enough to defy a popular idea, or a lingering English prejudice, against women developing the strong personality which journalism does develop. Although my work was being accepted by my home papers, and I was reasonably sure of ultimate success, yet the

fact that in the States journalism was everywhere recognized as a profession as dignified and worthy as that of a teacher of mathematics or of morals; as equally dignified and honorable for women as for men, and not jeopardizing to her womanliness, decided me to go into the Union and cross swords, or rather pens, with the newspaper women of the States.

"At first I thought only of New York as the wheel of fortune I was to play, but almost before I knew it I was *en route* for Chicago, travelling with a friend who was going to the western metropolis, also on a still hunt for fame and fortune. I know now, that only through a courage born of ignorance could I ever have been so brave, for my friend had no more influence than I had, and neither of us had so much as a line of introduction to anyone; and what was still more to our disadvantage we were wholly unacquainted with the ways of an American city. You know the rest."

The rest is that Miss Brodlique has become one of the most successful newspaper women in Chicago; that she is to-day one of the staff writers in that leading daily, *The Times-Herald*; that her specials, poems and magazine stories find a ready market; that by her sweet womanliness as well as cleverness she has for her personal friends the best social element of her adopted city; that she is considered one of the most valuable members of that greatest of all philanthropic organizations, the Chicago Woman's Club, and that she has the honor to be President of the Woman's Press Club. By this brief summing up it will be seen that Miss Brodlique is a very busy woman. Everyone wonders how it is possible for her to keep so many irons in the fire and let none of them burn. The out-put of her brain is something to marvel at, not only as to quantity, which one would think left no time for club duties or social enjoyment, but for the varied character of her literary productions. She

juggles with editorials, specials, poems, romances and plays as a Hindoo does with glass balls, and as successfully, keeping all up and to the fore.

Her latest triumph has been in the line of a play which she had brought out in Chicago first by local talent, and which immediately afterward became the property of Gustave Frohman, and secured her the contract for another—a four-act play.

A well-known critic commenting upon her first attempt at dramatics has said:—

"Miss Brodlique's play is a graceful one-act presentation of a theme as old as love itself—the story of one woman's sacrifice of her heart's desire to secure the happiness of another woman. However her treatment is original and exhales a fragrance all its own. The caressing, literary grace which distinguishes her *rondeaux* is here, and the fine sense of dramatic contrasts, of lights and shades, the *chiaroscuro* of artistic work which marks the more recent short stories from her pen. "A Training School for Lovers" is the title. It is not too much to say that the author does not strike a false note. The three characters are drawn with truth, naturalness and humanness. The pathos of the whole thing is the product of the author's sensibilities. Woven into the fabric here and there is a strand of comedy—like red dashing a soft-gray."

But Miss Brodlique with characteristic modesty reminds her biographers that the production of one play does not make her a play-wright any more than one swallow makes a summer, and begs us to wait until she has accomplished something more praiseworthy.

Neither newspaper work nor writing plays is the work nearest her heart, "I would rather be a poet than anything else in the world," she says, "and if I could have my heart's desire it would be to live on the top of a mountain over-looking the sea, and

enclosed in a pine forest, like the old fairy-tale heroines. Then I would have lots of cats and dogs and horses, would dream and read all I wanted to, and get away from the noise and grime, and the chatter of words."

Going back for a few moments more to her ambitions in verse making, it can be safely set down, that she is a poet and one of the variety "born, not made." Her poems have always a simplicity and directness of feeling, a faculty of reaching the heart of the subject with epigrammatic concision. Every line is replete with heart throbs, and not one could be spared, and this we know is the highest praise for poetry. There is an under-current of sadness in her verses that seems unnatural in one so young until we learn that Miss Brodlique has suffered; that she is the last of her name; that she has buried everyone nearest and dearest and to-day finds herself alone in the world. Small wonder that there are a saddening number of hints in her sweet rhymes of memories, of dead days, buried hopes, of tombs hung thick with immortelles and garlanded with tear-wet flowers. We feel that her thoughts, which move all hearts attuned to catch the thrill of human, passionate pain ringing in her poems, come from her heart rather than her head, and this brings us up to the forever unsettled question; can a man or a woman paint, or sing, or write, or act in a manner to touch human hearts until his or her own heart has been touched?

There is also a volume of short stories to be given us after something she considers more consequential in the way of a long romance has been published. Of her short stories the most popular have been her quaint representations of life among the homely fisher-folk of rock-girt Cornwall. Of these charming stories, commenting with the utmost truthfulness and cleverness, your own Jean Blewett has said:—

"No one can hope to master Cornish

humor or Cornish sentiment, to say nothing of Cornish dialect, who has not the birthright to a knowledge of these difficult things as has Eve Brodlique. In her stories there is the beat of the surge and the salt of its breath about the fishing scenes—the nets spread along the beach; the sails flying between two gray worlds; the shopping fish-wives singing glibly off the words so full of 'burrs,' that our tongue trips over each syllable; the shrill calling; the laughter, the love-making, the watching, the gossiping, the heart-aches—the everything that goes to make up human existence. Eve Brodlique united true to real life."

But over all, and before being written as a journalist, romancer, poet, play-wright or philanthropist this clever little namesake of our first mother is a Canadian and one extremely fond and proud of her country, a fact of which anyone who followed her writings during the World's Fair, must be convinced. Belonging at that time to the editorial staff of the *Chicago Post* she had opportunities which she never lost, to keep to the fore the Canadian exhibit and the people from her own, her dear, her native land who attended the fair.

The half of this versatile young Canadian's achievements in a strange land has not been told nor could not be within the limits of a magazine article. I shall close with a quotation from one of her poems entitled "Sweet Briar."

And what it means I neither know nor care,
Since you, I feel, so well will comprehend,
Knowing the thorny sweetness which must
bear
Our friendship company to the end.

I might send you a rose of love's own hue,
Or regal poppy in its flower complete,
Nay, love nor death may come from me to
you,
I send you this because it is so sweet.

Mary Temple Bayard.

WHERE SILENCE LIVES.

I STOOD beside the everlasting hills,
Bathed in the silver of the midnight moon,
And mused of life, its many mysteries,
Its triumphs, failings, and its final aim.
And as I watched the summit of a lofty peak,
Crowned with a crown, so white, a god might wear,
I saw a cloud in playful humor kiss
Its brow inviolate, then vanish—where?
And soon a larger cloud, more lovely still,
Enveloped in its flowing-fleecy folds
The frozen throne where slumb'rous Silence lives.
Therefrom, perchance, the word unspoken oft
On Angels' wings hath wandered, winnowing
The souls of men, white for the sheaf of Death—
The dark-robed messenger of mournfulness.
Then all was still, as through the silence stole
The last faint vestige of that foam-like cloud.
Where now the gathered glory from that throne?
All vanquished, vanished into vapourous night!
Alone, in lonely grandeur, cold and white,
The mountain stood, watched over by the moon,
So calm and pale, methought all life had ceased,
And God looked on the world which he had made.

Thus fancy followed fancy, and I mused ;
How oft in varied walks of art, man's life
Doth soar to god-like heights, and dwell with God,
A season, lingering lovingly in ligh',
To mirror for a moment here on earth
The image of the life Immaculate :—
A moment, then a moment's memory.

And all the beauty which within the soul
Lies slumbering, waiting for the breath Divine
To blossom forth in fragrant flowers and fill
With sweetest incense, life's deep loneliness ;
Shall this then wake from death-in-life to light,
And kiss the feet of God, but to resolve
In shadow and a moment's memory !
Nay : all the beauty which hath been, shall be,
And greater, when hereafter, God and man,
And man as God, in ceaseless harmony,
Upon the summit of the mount shall dwell.
Then Time, and Place, and Life's great mystery,
Dissolving as the clouds, shall pass and leave
The throne of God inviolate ; while man,
Part of the beauty which hath been, shall be
The glory of that throne perpetually.

ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY.

DID LORD DURHAM WRITE HIS OWN REPORT ?

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARIAN.

THAT the Report of Lord Durham on the Affairs of British North America, is one of the most important documents in our history, there is no need to prove. But by some most unfortunate combination of opinions and circumstances it has come to be necessary to prove, or at least to re-assert, that he wrote it. It has now become a generally accepted tradition that not Lord Durham but Mr. Charles Buller, was the author of the famous Report. Writers on our history and compilers of biographies, have accepted, one from another, the same story; and now it will require an effort to defend the memory of a very able man from the charge of obtaining credit under false pretences, of passing as the author of a document he never composed.

An examination of some of the witnesses in the case may afford some degree of amusement to persons who take a interest in the side-lights of history.

The charge that Lord Durham did not write his own report seems to have originated with Lord Brougham. Walking with Macaulay in February 1839, Brougham gave way to one of his fits of critical animosity. "He was," says Macaulay, "in extraordinary force, bodily and mental. He declared vehemently against the usage which Lord Glenelg has experienced, and said that it was a case for pistoling, an infamous league of eleven men to ruin one. It will be long enough before he takes to the remedy which he recommends to others. He talked well and bitterly of Lord Durham's report. It was, he said, a second rate article for the *Edinburgh Review*. "The matter came from a swindler; the style from a coxcomb; and the dictator only furnished six letters,

D.—U.—R.—H.—A.—M." Now, at this time Macaulay was of opinion that Brougham was a malignant maniac. On September 15th, 1838, he had written to Ellis. "I do not think it possible for human nature, in an educated, civilized man,—a man too of great intellect—to have become so depraved," as Lord Brougham. Brougham had introduced the Bill of indemnity in the Lords,—for which Lord John Russell made himself responsible in the commons—to relieve Durham from the penalties of his illegal banishments, etc. in Canada; but he hated him personally, as we have seen; and therefore we must dismiss Lord Brougham as a witness against the authenticity of Durham's claim to his own report. Even Lord Brougham does not set up any claim on behalf of Charles Buller.

That the report discrediting Lord Durham was current among his enemies at this time, there is further evidence. A month later, (in March) an anonymous writer, of marked ability but equally marked malignity, wrote as follows: "On the 9th of October, (1838), Lord Durham issued the proclamation of Disallowance at Quebec and announced his determination to resign his office. In the beginning of November he was on his way home. In the beginning of February he had prepared and sent in a 'Report on the Affairs of British North America,' of 119 folio pages with an appendix of documents of 62 pages on the concoction of all which were employed, as confidently stated, along with his Lordship himself, his two secretaries Messrs. Buller and Turton, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield (Private Secretary) and sixteen clerks." Clearly, if there were twenty people employed, the

work could not have been wholly done by Mr. Charles Buller. Even this inimical witness sets up no claim for Buller, but does admit, by inference, that Lord Durham presided over the work, which we can well believe required the co-operation of many persons under one directing head. The appendices contain some twenty-eight separate reports, commissions, evidence, and statistical compilations from a variety of sources; and experience teaches that the sixteen clerks were fully occupied in preparing for publication these hundreds of pages of printed matter.

Mr. Charles Greville is the next witness against Lord Durham. The Diary and the notes are inimical. The Diary states that the Report is "enormously long." It is nothing of the sort, a hundred and nineteen pages of large type form indeed a marvellously short and concise account of a difficult situation in a country consisting of several provinces and extending over a vast area, and of the remedies proposed for the existing evils. The Diary states that Lord Durham was giving his report away in print "to anybody who came to see him" and that it was no wonder it found its way into the *Times*, before it was given to Parliament. The notes by the editor make it clear that the *Times* copy was sent by a Mr. Hanson, one of the secretaries in order to prevent some changes to which Lord Durham had consented, and to which Mr. Wakefield was opposed. The notes also say that the report was written by Mr. Charles Buller and the editor, and writer of the notes, alleges as his sole authority that he had it from a gentleman to whom Sir Richard Hanson related it! In substance, Sir Richard Hanson, who was a traitor to Lord Durham in sending his report to the *Times*, told somebody who told Mr. Reeve, who puts the story as a note to the journal of Charles Greville, whose own story is contradicted by the evidence of Hanson. Chas Gre-

ville was a slanderer of such fine instinct for his trade that when he is unable to slander a man, he does his best to slander his wife, as a rule. But he may be called down as a witness against Lord Durham's authorship of his own report.

This disposes, so far as we are aware, of all the "evidence" in regard to the case against Durham. We may now turn to the probabilities of the affair and see how far they justify any suspicion of Lord Durham's *bona fides*. What was the general character of Lord Durham? We have overwhelming testimony that he was a very able, and in public, a very modest man; his fondness of his own wealth and a too exalted notion of his political influence, being his weakness. He was so strong with the Whigs and so popular with the Radicals, that he was looked upon as a probable Prime Minister. His speeches were eloquent and always able; he was especially a close reasoner. And that he was greatly feared, alike by opponents and by cautious friends, we have only to look into Melbourne's Life to see. He wrote, for example, the first Reform Bill of Earl Gray. His speeches and his report have the same general characteristics of style and reasoning—of reasoning in the grand style. In 1834, Brougham's only objection to him was that he had too much influence over Earl Grey, his father-in-law, and Lord Grey was the head of his party. And in his autobiography, written in his old age, Brougham refers to Durham's "able and useful report to which we really owed the establishment of constitutional and responsible government there, and perhaps the preservation of the colony." Not a word here about the report having been written by Mr. Buller. Lord Brougham adds that Lord John Russell was desirous of throwing out in the Commons the Indemnity Bill which Brougham had introduced in the Lords, but that he was persuaded to accept it and be re-

sponsible for it, by the law officers, who said that if it were not accepted Durham would be ruined by the actions at law which Canadians would bring against him for his illegal ordinances. But in Lord John Russell's Life, it is made to appear that the acceptance of the Bill was Lord John's own generous act, and that he was the only friend of Durham. So difficult is it to get accurate views of historical transactions.

It seems obvious enough, 1st, That the evidence on which Lord Durham has been denied the credit of his own report, is not evidence at all but the merest gossip and slander; and 2nd, That Lord Durham's abilities were more than sufficient to justify the assumption that his work was his own. Men of capacity, in the position of Private Secretaries are apt to obtain the reputation of contributing an undue amount of assistance to their Chiefs. The truth is, that a man of capacity, in such a position, obtains from his chief a thousand times more than he contributes. The atmosphere surrounding a great public man in Great Britain is full of suggestion and information, and the quicker the brain of a Secretary is, the greater is his means of obtaining knowledge and quickening his own capacity for usefulness.

Now, let us turn to Mr. Charles Buller and examine briefly what his probable claims are to the honour of having written that Report. That he was a man of ability and character we know. That he was a friend and conversational rival of Macaulay we are aware. When he died, in 1848, Macaulay wrote on his diary, "I could almost cry for him," but he didn't; he found his history on the table and read that instead. In Parliament Mr. Buller's character was that of a clever *farceur*. Sir Robert Peel was forced to give him a rebuke for his levity, which seems to have had a good effect. The writer of a friendly notice of him, in 1840, asserts, with regrets, that his

exalted speeches on the Ballot, on Church Rates, etc., "have hardly convinced the House that he is fit for more than to cut jokes, or tackle legislators with points of wit," and again "all Mr. Buller's efforts in the House have been exposed by this unlucky reputation." Greville, who is quoted as the witness against Durham, yet says of Buller: "He was reduced by his keen perception of the ridiculous and an irresistible propensity to banter, into an everlasting mockery of everything and everybody, which not only often became tiresome and provoking, but gave an appearance of levity to his character that largely deducted from the estimation in which he would have otherwise been held." His early death prevented him from curing himself of this shocking defect in a public man. Now, we may assume that the dignified, grave, learned and statesmanlike "Report on the affairs of British North America," did not proceed from this gentleman.

The opinion that was entertained of him in England, by his own friends and fellow-workers, was not favourably altered by his career in Canada. In expressing his regret at the departure of Lord Durham, Hon. Mr. Draper thus refers to Charles Buller. "I have not the same regret at the loss of his Secretary, Mr. Buller, for I do not entertain any favourable expectation from him, He states (as I hear) his opinion that nine-tenths of the people of Upper Canada are disloyal. The mode in which he has acquired the information upon which this opinion is based is somewhat unique. He was taken ill during Lord Durham's visit to the Falls and was left behind at Niagara. While so detained he sent his servant out to converse with everybody he could meet, and from his report he had formed his judgment. This statement as to the mode of ascertaining the opinions of the people, Mr. Buller has himself made to several individuals, one of whom repeated it to me as coming direct from Mr.

Buller." This evidence is second-hand, indeed, but it indicates very clearly the characteristic levity of Mr. Buller's disposition and is not to be lightly rejected.

Circumstances, as well as evidence, seem to be against the theory that Buller was the writer of Lord Durham's report. For example, Lord Melbourne writing on December 8th, 1838, states to Lord John Russell, that that morning Lord Durham had been seen and that he had left Charles Buller in Canada to collect and digest information." The report itself is dated 31st January, 1839, and in the intervening period it was not possible for Mr. Buller to have returned to England and prepared the paper. The information which he was engaged in collecting and digesting was no doubt that contained in Appendix B. on "Public Lands and Emigration," which was of itself sufficient for one man's attention. Mr. Buller having

written this minor report and having been so busily engaged in collecting the information, was easily credited by his admiring friends with having written the chief report. One is disposed to think that he was himself a contributing party to this rumour. Lord Melbourne in writing to Lord Durham in August, 1838, warns him that Mr. Charles Buller and others of his staff had been writing indiscreet letters home, some of which had got into the newspapers, much to the annoyance of the ministry.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be, that the story of Charles Buller's authorship of the report is untrue; that Lord Durham wrote his own report; and that he received no more assistance in the preparation of it than a production of that kind, consisting of many parts, and requiring much purely clerical work, would necessarily demand.



A SUMMER'S DREAM.

THE night is hushed and moonbeams
stream
In softly through the window-pane,
And I sit here alone and dream
I am a child at home again;
The wide old house, the maple tree,
With my initials on each limb;
And like a picture old and dim
Dear faces smile again on me.

Once more at eventide I sit
With mother's soft white hand in mine;
And through departed years comes yet
The cadence of an olden rhyme.
And waking breezes sing it low,
Till shadowed faces bend to weep;
"Lord, now I lay me down to sleep,"
The prayer I learned so long ago.

I cannot say the dream brings joy,
For through it all I seem to see
That I am not the little boy
Who prattled once at mother's knee.
Old-fashioned flowers close entwine
Their tendrils on a far-off mound;
She sleeps beneath the cold, cold ground;
No more I'll hold her hand in mine.

No more I'll hear her chant that prayer,
Feel her warm kisses on my brow;
For voices whisper everywhere:
"You have no little mother now."
When shadows come, I just repeat
The rhyme she taught me long ago,
All reverently soft and low:
"Lord, now I lay me down to sleep."

A. P. MCKISHNIE.



PHOTO, BY DR. MATHEWS.

SPOILS OF THE HUNT ON AN INDIAN RAFT.

THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.

J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S.

IV.—FROM REINDEER CAMP TO ABERDEEN LAKE.

UPON the 2nd of August our journey was resumed, and during the day, on the north shore of Carey Lake, in latitude $62^{\circ} 15'$ north, a very remarkable grove was found. As a whole, the country was now a treeless wilderness, but here in the valley of a little brook grew a clump of white spruce trees—perhaps thirty in all—of which the largest measured eight feet in circumference two feet above the ground. Such a trunk would be considered large in a forest a thousand miles to the south, but here it and its associates stood far out in the Barren Grounds, with thin, gnarly, storm-beaten tops, like veritable "Druids of Eld." In this grove many varieties of plants were also found, and amongst the others wood-violets, which were here seen for the last time on our trip. Not the least enjoyable feature of this little oasis was, that it afforded an opportunity of having a good camp-fire, which had of late been a rare luxury.

After descending the river a distance

of about eighteen miles from Carey Lake, another body of water, which has been named Markham Lake (in honor of Admiral A. H. Markham, the noted Arctic explorer), was discovered, found to be about twenty miles long, and the river again entered. It now flowed through a deeper channel, and was for the most part very rapid.

The weather, which had been wet and cold ever since reaching the Barren Lands, was now becoming colder, and patches of snow were beginning to appear here and there upon the hill sides, bearing testimony to the fact that we were getting far to the northward.

Upon the 7th of August we reached a great lake (probably Samuel Hearne's Doobaunt or Tobaunt Lake) which was then, as it must ever be, covered by a field of heavy ice. We were able to travel in our canoes without much obstruction, in an open channel formed by the rivers, along the shore, though sometimes we were blocked and had to portage past the ice, which in several places I measured and found to be as much as seven feet in thickness. The weather continued

to be very cold and wet, and in consequence we were unable to burn the moss, the only fuel of the country. Sometimes we made tea or warmed a little meat over an alcohol lamp which we had, but at other times we had to be contented with dried meat and water.

What contributed more to our discomfort, however, than anything else, was the want of shelter. Of course we were provided with tents, but such were the storms of this open country, that the rains were constantly driven through them, and our clothing and blankets soaked. It was thus impossible to get our camp dry for days together.

On the 10th of August, the weather turning slightly colder, the storm programme was varied by a fall of snow. Out of the twelve days that we spent upon "Tobaunt Lake," seven were so stormy that we could not travel, our only alternative being to lie in camp and shiver beneath our wet or frozen blankets.

One evening, after a long day's struggle with the opposing elements, as we were hauling our canoes ashore towards the shelter of some rocky cliffs for the night, we were suddenly set upon by a pack of huge, hungry wolves. One, apparently the largest of the pack, led the attack, but our rifles being in hand, he was promptly perforated, whereupon the others withdrew and contented themselves with howling at us from the surrounding hills.

After traversing the shore of this great icy lake for just one hundred miles, under many difficulties and discomforts, our river was again discovered. It was not obstructed by ice as we had feared it would be, but, as be-

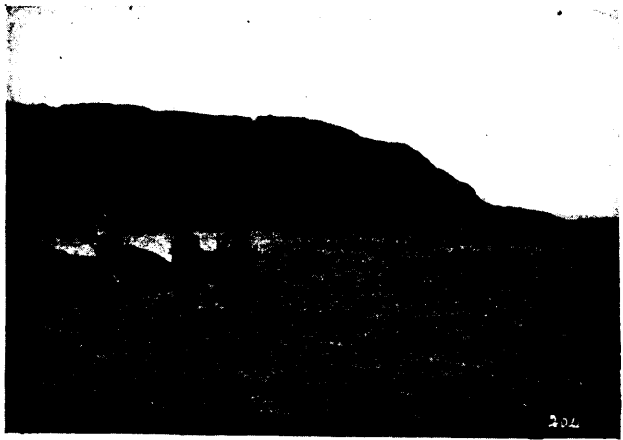


PHOTO. BY AUTHOR.

EXPLORING TOBAUNT LAKE.

fore, its clear cold waters rushed on to the northward.

Two or three miles below the lake we came upon the first signs of the recent habitation of Eskimos, and a little later we reached the head of a wild rapid, where the broad river is contracted to a narrow rocky gorge, not more than fifty yards in width, and which is nearly three miles in length. For this entire distance the river forms one continuous, boiling, tumbling stream of foaming water, which at every rock in its course is dashed high in air into myriad particles of spray.

At the foot of the rapid the river again widened out beyond its usual width into a little lake, which was still more than half covered by the last winter's ice. Past this rapid a portage had of course to be made. At the lower end of it we saw some bones of musk oxen,* and towards evening, upon the opposite side of the rapid, two of the animals—the only ones we met with on our trip—were seen by one of the party.

Farther down the river more signs of native camps were observed, and on the evening of the 19th of August, as our little fleet glided down with the strong, swift stream, upon the right

*See Frontispiece.

bank, some distance ahead, we sighted the solitary lodge of an Eskimo.

Before the tent or "topick" stood the old native himself, intently gazing upon us, whilst behind him excited women and children were seen scuttling into the lodge, and securing the doorway. He alone remained outside, resolved no doubt to guard his own to the utmost, for coming from the south as we were (the land of his hereditary enemies—the Indians), no good was expected from our coming. Through our glasses we could see that the poor man was nervous and shaking; so as soon as we had approached sufficiently near, I stood up in my canoe and shouted "Chimo! Kudloona uvagut Pee-a-we-unga tacko Enuit." (Halloo! We are white men. Glad to see the Eskimos.)

Before my words were finished the doorway of the topick was torn open, and, with great rejoicing and excited gestures, all scrambled out and down to the shore to meet us.

The Eskimo himself was a tall, well built, stalwart fellow, with a shrewd intelligent face, wearing the good-natured characteristic grin of his race. Beside him stood his two wives and five children, and all joined in giving us a hearty welcome.

Their lodge or "topick" was a large, well formed, clean looking one of the "tepee" shape, made of deerskin parchment, and supported by stout spruce poles, which must have been brought from some very distant place. Into this dwelling we were escorted and received most hospitably. Seats of deerskin were offered us, whilst the finest of venison (raw of course) was placed before us, but none of us appeared to be hungry just then.

We secured, however, much interesting information regarding the country and the course of our river to the sea, as well as a sketch map of the river, which indicated clearly that it flowed into Chesterfield Inlet. This was most encouraging information, as judging

from our geographical position and general course of travel, the Great Fish River, and thence the Arctic Ocean appeared to be our more probable destination,

After a very enjoyable and profitable, but brief visit of less than one hour, with many hearty "tabow-tings" (farewells) we parted with our new friends. They had informed me that we were still twenty days' journey from the "Great Salt Water" (Hudson Bay), and though we thought we could likely make the distance in somewhat less time we were impressed by the knowledge of the facts that the season was already far advanced, the game was again becoming scarce, and we were many hundreds of miles by our route from the nearest other source of provisions—which was the Hudson Bay Company's post at Fort Churchill.

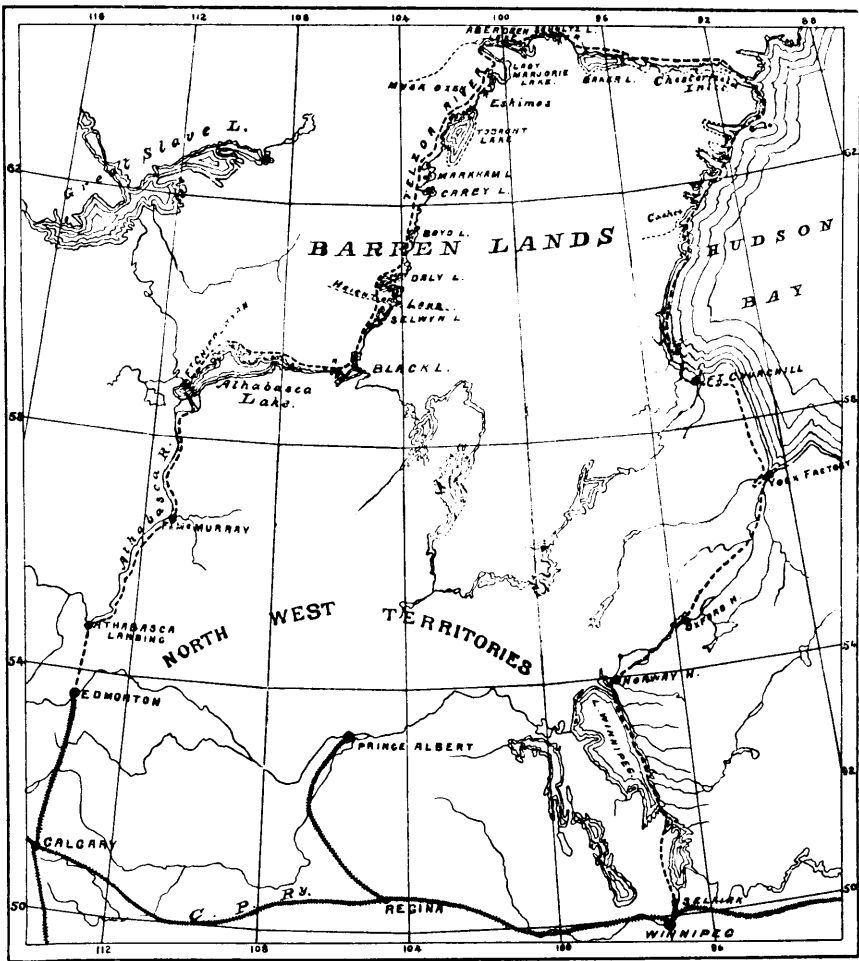
Soon after leaving the Eskimo camp, we discovered a lake, twenty miles long, which has been honored by the name of Whiteaves—one of the assistant directors of the Geological Survey. This lake was almost completely circumferated in our search for the outlet, which was at length found on the east side, at the base of a very remarkable looking mountain of white quartzite. It was very much obscured by a number of islands; but observing a slight indication of current in one of the channels, it was followed with successful results, and we were soon again hurrying down to the northward. Lady Marjorie Lake caused the next interruption, but the exit from it was found without difficulty at its northern extremity. The course of the river from here appeared to be westerly and northwesterly, and this being the opposite direction to that which we were desirous of travelling, we followed it somewhat reluctantly. The whole appearance of the river was different from what it had been higher up. It was now a noble stream, broad, deep, and swift, with a well defined channel and high banks of rock or

sand; whilst near the right or north bank there extended for miles a high range of dark snow-capped trappian hills of about five hundred feet in height.

On and on we were borne in a general north-westerly direction, until we began to doubt the Eskimo's report regarding the river flowing to Hudson Bay. We had already passed the latitude of Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake, and were heading from them straight for the Great Fish River, which was now distant only two days travel. Should this be our destination instead of Hudson Bay, the chances of making our way out of the

country during the open season would be very much against us. Whilst contemplating these prospects, on the evening of the 25th of August, a change took place in the character of our surroundings.

The river banks became low and composed of soft coarse-grained sandstone. The water became shallower, and the channel widened out into the form of a lake, which was full of shoals and sandbars. But this was not all; the surprising and most delightful feature of the locality was, that upon the shores there was strewn an abundance of driftwood. At first sight its occurrence seemed unaccountable, for



ROUTE OF THE TYRREL EXPEDITION OF 1893 THROUGH NORTHERN CANADA.



THE TELZOA RIVER.

we had not seen a stick for hundreds of miles back.

The mystery was readily solved, however, by finding that we had reached the confluence of another large river flowing in from the west. Much of the driftwood was of large size, and judging from the slightly battered condition, one would infer that it had come no very great distance, or at any rate through very few rapids. A great roaring camp fire made from it afforded us such pleasure as we had not enjoyed for many a day; and in leaving the place our canoes were loaded with as much as they would conveniently carry.

From the confluence, the course of the river bore to the north and then to the eastward, and ere long brought us to the entrance of a great lake, which extended as far in an easterly direction as the eye could reach from the highest elevation of the shore. It was a lovely calm evening when the track of our canoes first rippled the waters of this lake. They were the first canoes, as we were the first white men who had ever floated upon its lonely bosom, and as we stood and gazed over the solitary but beautiful scene a feeling of enchantment came over us. Two days were oc-

cupied in exploring this lake, which was found to be fifty miles in length. It has been given the name of Aberdeen Lake in honor of His Excellency our Governor-General, and his most estimable companion.

V. — FROM ABERDEEN LAKE TO BAKER LAKE.

As on many former occasions, much more difficulty was experienced in getting out of this lake than in getting into it. Many hours were spent in searching in bays and coves with barren results; but at length by climbing a mountain on the north shore, our serpentine way was revealed, winding many miles among the hills to the north-eastward.

On the morning of the 29th we entered the river, though enshrouded in such a dense fog that we could see neither bank for a time. At noon, however, the sun appeared and enabled us to obtain an excellent latitude observation, which determined our position as $64^{\circ} 45'$ north. The afternoon of the same day found us traversing



RUNNING A RAPID.

the shore of Schultz Lake (named in honor of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba). Both shores of this lake were bold and rocky, and some little distance back on the north side extended a long range of snow-clad mountains. No further traces of drift-wood were to be found in this lake; and, as not even moss could be found for fuel, its shores seemed most inhospitable. For several days past we had been enjoying fine, calm weather, but now a change was foreshadowed. Light cumulus clouds were observed scudding across the sky, and soon black Nimbus made his appearance upon the horizon and came rolling on before the wind, like a solid wall of darkness. We were far out on the lake in our canoes, and seeing the coming storm we pulled with redoubled energy for the outlet—towards which we were steering and which again we had located from a mountain top. We reached the river in safety, but none too soon, for we were scarcely within the channel when a blinding storm of wind and rain burst upon us; but upon the river we were able to obtain shelter from the fierceness of the gale, if not from the pelting rain.

At the entrance to the river, a large area of highly glaciated porphyritic granite was observed, and the channel was found to be well formed and deep, with a strong swift current and high rocky banks.

Despite the weather our canoes were kept in the stream; though it was with much difficulty that I was able to carry on the survey. Two rapids were met with, but thanks to our Iroquois, little time was spent in descending them. If a rapid could be run at all, Pierre was the man to do it. During the scores of times that he piloted our little fleet through foaming waters, I think I am correct in stating that his canoe never once touched a rock; though the same could not be said of those who followed him.

As we sped on with the current at a rate of about eight miles an hour,

and the cold wind beat the rain and the spray from the waves into our faces, our only consolation was that we were making miles on our journey. The shores continued to be bare inhospitable walls of rock, without a shrub to be seen.

At length about night-fall, beside a high bluff of rock at a bend in the river a low flat shore was discovered. Here it was decided to camp; so canoes were unloaded and things made as secure as possible under tarpaulins upon the rocks. Tents were pitched and within them our soaked and shivering party in vain sought comfort. The wind which continued to increase in violence drove the rain through our canvas—saturating our blankets as well as ourselves. During the night our tents were nearly blown away, and to prevent them from going we had to crawl out in the rain and darkness and secure them with additional guy ropes and piles of stones. The morning brought no improvement in the condition of things.

There was no possibility of making a fire supposing moss or other fuel could have been found, for they would have been saturated with water; but a little alcohol still remaining—tea was made with it, and this with dried venison composed our "menu." As those who have used it very well know, this description of meat is not the most palatable, though it is undoubtedly good *strong* food, so strong that it may well be compared to sole leather.

By the morning of the 2nd of September, but not until then, the storm had sufficiently abated to allow us to again launch our canoes. With a clearing sky, though with a strong head wind blowing, we then resumed our descent of the river.

It flowed in a southeasterly direction, and the channel continued to be deep; but a marked change had taken place in the character of the banks, that upon the south side being composed of hard water-gullied clay,

whilst to the north the formations were those of the Huronian schists, dipping at high angles. Four or five miles to the northeast of the river a conspicuous range of hills, probably six hundred feet in height, extended, and between them and the river bank there appeared to be a broad, elevated plain or plateau; but without delaying to more closely examine these and many other features which attracted attention, we pulled on with the stream, and for a while made good progress.

Late on the afternoon of this day, as we were rounding a bend in the river, an Eskimo in his kyack (canoe) was sighted ahead. Seeing our fleet of canoes, and being alone himself, he evidently believed in discretion being the better part of valor, and fled with such speed that we were soon left far behind, although we made every effort to catch him. I shouted to him in his native tongue, but he did not hear me; or, at all events, he did not slacken his speed until, some distance down the river, he reached an encampment of several "topicks."

There he landed and hauled out his canoe. At a word, the whole village was astir with excitement. Many eyes were at once turned towards us, but upon this occasion there was no exhibition of fear; and as soon as we made ourselves known as white men, we were received with shouts and great rejoicing. None showed the least signs of hostility, but rather the reverse, some of the fair ones exhibiting an embarrassing amount of cordiality, so much so that some of us thought it best to make our visit as brief as possible. We were glad to learn from the natives that we were now close to the mouth of our river, where it empties into Baker Lake, and also to get a sketch made of its course to the sea. There was no doubt left as to our destination. We were to reach Hudson Bay through Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet, and at this assurance we felt much en-

couraged. Besides this information, several skins were obtained from the natives, also some fur clothing and a few curiosities.

One very old man of the camp, who claimed to be chief, asked to be given a passage with us down the river a few miles to another Eskimo village, and accordingly, placing him in the centre of our third or freighting canoe, with many salutes and an escort of three kyacks, we departed.

We were pleased to learn from the natives that there were no more rapids or obstructions in the river ahead of us, although the current proved to be very swift and pretty rough in some places.

As we had treated the native Indian canoemen on the Athabasca River, just so did these sturdy little fellows use us. In their long, slender boats, made of skins of the reindeer, they were able to play all around us in the water, and they appeared to appreciate the pleasure of doing so. At noon, as we halted for our lunch of venison, hard tack and tea, an opportunity was afforded for mutual entertainment. Proceeding to work, as was our custom, with the use of tin-plates, cups, knives and forks, we caused the natives endless amusement. They had never seen such tools before, and they appreciated them as great curiosities. Thinking they might also be ready to lunch, I offered them some venison on a plate; but to my surprise they declined to accept, stating that they had plenty of meat; which fact they presently demonstrated by fishing out from the bottom of one of their kyacks a greenish-looking lump of flesh, which was in an advanced stage of decomposition. From this, with the use of such instruments as nature had provided, they partook of their meal, at the same time quenching their thirsts at the brink of the river.

Before re-embarking, I secured some good photographs of the Eskimos. At first they were not willing



OOMIACK.

to be shot by the camera, but after explaining what I wished to do, they were very much pleased and amused to have their pictures taken, and changed their positions when I asked them to do so.

By the time we had paddled eight or ten miles down the river, our escorts commenced cheering, hallooing, and acting in a most hilarious manner. At first we wondered what had possessed them, but the cause of their strange actions was soon disclosed as we switched around a bend in the river, and found ourselves close upon a large Eskimo village. As we pulled ashore at this place there was no need of introducing ourselves. Our coming and our characters had already been lustily proclaimed from half a mile or so up the river until the time of our landing, so we were received with great demonstrations.

One of the first objects which took my attention upon the shore was a "topick" constructed of no less than the most beautiful musk ox robes. At first I felt inclined to doubt my own eyes. It seemed such a strange waste of luxury. To this princely dwelling I wended my way, and finding the owners—three young brothers—entered into negotiations with them for its purchase. The value asked in exchange for the robes being moderate, they were secured and made into a snug little bale.

Next, my attention was drawn to a pile

of skins lying on the rocks, but as I proceeded towards them several Eskimos deliberately sat on the pile, telling me as they did so, that the owner of them was away hunting and, therefore, I could not buy them. I said "very well," but asked to be allowed to look at them. Even this, however, was stoutly refused, as the owner was not present. Though I would not have interfered with the skins in any way, I could not help admiring these fellows for the way in which they guarded the property of one of their number.

Half an hour or so was then spent in collecting information about the country and our route to the sea, and during this time the owner of the skins returned from his hunt. He at once proceeded to show me his furs, which, with the exception of a few white wolf and fox skins, consisted of musk ox robes. Of them he picked out the four choicest skins, laid them aside and offered to dicker for the rest. I told him that it was the best skins I wanted to buy, but for a time he re-



PHOTO, BY AUTHOR.

PARTY OF ESKIMOS AT BAKER LAKE.

fused to trade in that way. He wanted to dispose of his poorer stock first, on the pretext of wanting the four selected robes for some special purpose. After a great deal of discussion, however, the old fellow concluded that he wanted a tin kettle and some gun caps (for he had an old gun) and offered me one of the skins for those articles. Happening to have a small spare kettle in which we had carried grease, and an ample supply of gun caps for trading, I agreed, with some apparent reluctance, to make the exchange. Thus far successful, I then determined to make him an irresistible offer for the remaining three robes. To this end I produced a spyglass, an old shirt, and a jackknife; whereupon the skins were at once handed over, and my extravagant price received with many expressions of gratitude.

It was now time to be making camp for the night, and though very pressing invitations were extended to us to remain at the village, it was thought best for the moral well being of our party to go to some place on the other side of the river, so parting with our new and warm-hearted friends, and followed by many a "ta-bow-a-tee" (farewell), we pushed out into the stream.

As we had been informed by the natives, so we soon found that we were at last at the mouth of our great river, and gradually as we passed into the broad shallow delta and gazed over the deep blue limitless waters beyond, the gratifying fact forced itself upon us that we had accomplished what we had started out to do, viz., explore a route through the heart of the Barren Lands where, certainly, no other white men, if indeed Indians or Eskimos, had ever passed. We were still a long way from being out of the barren land country, but once on the waters of Baker Lake, as we now were, the remainder of our road was to some extent known to us. Others had visited here and we were now to benefit by their experience.

VI.—FROM BAKER LAKE TO HUDSON BAY.

Baker Lake, about seventy miles long and perhaps thirty wide, was originally discovered and rudely mapped by Captain Christopher about the year 1770. He, in searching for the long looked for Northwest passage, sailed into it with two small vessels from Hudson Bay, passing *en route* through Chesterfield Inlet and the two rivers flowing from Baker Lake into it. Having a copy of Captain Christopher's map with us, though of a very sketchy character, it afforded us some information as to our future course.

Since leaving the shores of Black Lake, we had traversed a distance of just eight hundred and ten miles through an entirely unknown country. We had occupied more time in doing so than we had expected, on account of the extraordinary character of weather, but thus on the evening of the 2nd of September we found ourselves at the mouth of "the great river flowing to the northward," as described by the Chippewayan Indians.

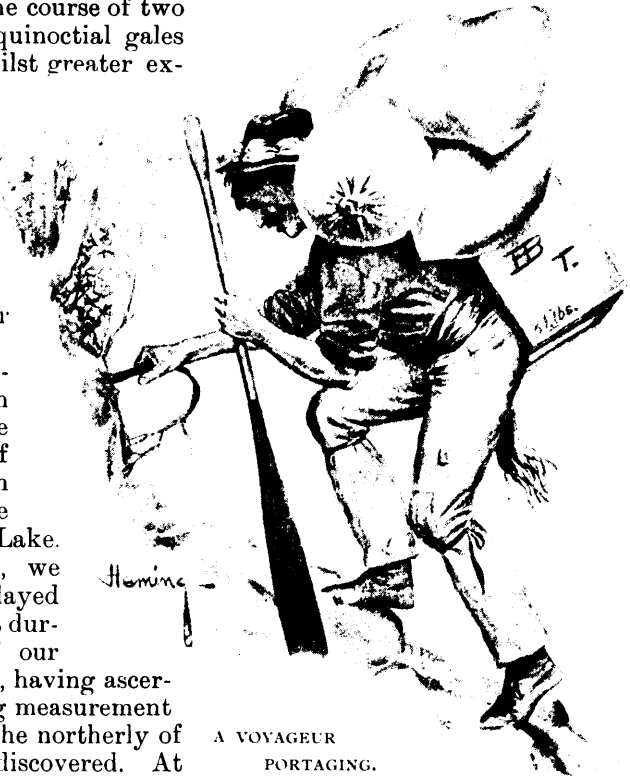
No comfortable camping ground could be discovered, but after following the north shore for some little distance, a landing was made, and with difficulty tents were pitched on the stones.

From this camp at the head of Baker Lake we were to begin a new stage of our journey. According to our maps we were still about two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet; and thence down the shore of Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill—the nearest source of supplies—measured five hundred more, so that seven hundred and fifty miles was the least distance we had to figure on travelling in our canoes before the close of navigation, which, for such crafts as ours, might be looked for within four or five weeks.

The weather had been very adverse all summer, but it was now likely to

be more so. Within the course of two or three weeks the equinoctial gales might be expected, whilst greater exposure to the winds and the tides would be new features of difficulty. Of late very few deer had been seen, and we had not more than two weeks provision in our canoes.

Thus with a keen realization of our position and prospects, on the morning of the 3rd of September, we began the traverse of the north shore of Baker Lake. As we had expected, we were considerably delayed by rough weather; but during the afternoon of our fourth day on the lake, having ascertained its length by log measurement to be seventy miles, the northerly of the two outlets was discovered. At first no current could be detected in the river, but when we had followed its course a distance of about two miles, a stiff current, almost approaching a rapid, was met with, but it was flowing against us. Could it be possible that we were ascending a large river thus flowing in from the eastward? The canoeemen were all confident that we were, and wished to turn back with the stream; but thinking it possible that we had already reached tide water, they were persuaded to continue on, and were soon rewarded by being permitted to witness the seemingly strange occurrence of a river changing its direction of flow. We were not ascending a river, but for the first time on our journey had encountered the flowing tide. The shore of this river, (or more properly, narrow fiord) as well indeed as those throughout the entire length of Chesterfield Inlet, were bold and high, and composed of highly glaciated



A VOYAGEUR
PORTAGING.

Laurentian gneiss. In this locality our magnetic compasses were found to be of very little use to us, because of the proximity of the magnetic pole; but for a time I was able to work by the sun with my solar instrument.

On the 10th instant we met a large party of Eskimos going up the inlet from the coast, but beyond getting some directions from them as to our best route, we could make no use of them. Though inducements were offered them, they refused, on account of the lateness of the season, to return with us as guides to the coast, much less to Fort Churchill. Neither had they any meat that they could dispose of. Our own supply was running very low, and we had seen no game since entering the inlet.

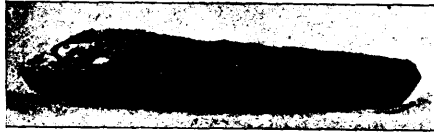
Two days later we obtained our first view of the "big sea water." The first Eskimo we had met had given

us twenty days in which to make the coast, and we had now exceeded his estimate by only two days.

We were now surrounded by new conditions and confronted by new difficulties. We were exposed to the sweep of eight hundred miles of open sea, would be largely dependent upon the condition of the tide as to when we

could travel, would be obliged to find other water than that in which we floated for drinking purposes, and worst of all, after proceeding a short distance down the shore it would be found to be so low, and the water so shallow for a great distance out, that it would be next to impossible to launch or get ashore.

(To be concluded in next issue.)



HYMN TO CANADA.

O, Canada! thy regal head
 Lift higher to the skies.
 Pride with humility be wed
 Deep in thy tender eyes ;
 Stand forth to a more honored place,
 Fair though thy past hath been ;
 Stand forth and vindicate thy race,
 Thou Daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean
 In living beauty sprang,
 And stood without emotion
 While heaven with plaudits rang !
 So thou, my own dear land, arose
 Far on the western sea,
 A hope to glad the hearts of those
 Who dream of Liberty !

Think what thy storied past hath been,
 Thy guarded, ancient lore ;
 The deeds thy former years have seen
 Remembered evermore !
 For thee, a babe of nations,
 The best of blood was spilt,
 And firmly thy foundations
 On heroes' bones were built.

O Canada, unworthy
 Of them thou shalt not be !
 All noble ends to further
 The constant aim of thee ;
 Till, in the van of nations,
 Thyself a star shall shine
 'Midst those fair constellations
 Led by the Voice Divine.

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

JEAN BLEWETT.

"THERE'S no nonsense about my Nan, not a bit—the most practical girl alive," is what Adam Forester tells all his friends. There is solace in the fact. His brother Richard, just over the way, has four stalwart sons to inherit his name and property, while he has only this slender bit of a lass. It doesn't seem quite fair. Always when the wealthy old farmer gets to this point in his cogitations he stops to comfort himself with the assurance that Nan is the most practical woman alive.

There are no "notions" in her head. She wouldn't spend his money foolishly after the manner of some pretty girls; she wouldn't neglect her cook-book for all the novels in the world. Adam Forester is glad enough that Nan is the girl she is, for in the depths of his mind is stowed away the sure and certain knowledge that if Nan were otherwise he would be as wax in her hands, that he would untie his leathern money bag as often as she willed it.

Coming up the pathway from the orchard on this September morning he glances in at the open kitchen door for a moment, then goes on with the look of a man well content.

"The most practical woman in the world," he says with unctiousness, "washing her frocks and petticoats as old-fashioned as you please, and John Somers waiting to say good-bye to her. John doesn't appreciate her good qualities, I fancy. Looks as though he wanted to hang himself. Poor lad!"

The "poor lad" is having a bad time of it in the farmhouse kitchen. Not a glance hardly has Nan vouchsafed him since he came in hot, tired and miserable, half-an-hour ago. He has

the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and this is saying a great deal. There he sits looking sometimes at Nan, but oftener at his boots splashed generously with the soil of the marsh-land pasture at the back of the farm, which until yesterday was his own. Through this pasture he has gone this morning with the purchaser of his fine herd of cattle. He has raced and run till even his great body is weary, for the tall steers—resenting the call to leave the place where the grass kept soft and green instead of withering up as in other spots, where the alders showed first their wealth of creamy-white blossom, then their wide bunches of black-red berries, where the spice-wood sent its breath everywhere, where wild grapevines spread themselves out grandly to make a shelter and a shade, where the blackbird sang its earliest and latest song, and the frogs croaked noisily all night through,—had refused to obey. Instead of coming through the gap, away they had galloped helter-skelter down narrow paths, hidden in ideal hiding-places, and generally misbehaved. Finally they had gone off with their purchaser leaving John standing in the middle of the road. How sleek and fat they looked, the finest lot of cattle in the neighborhood! Sold—gone. He made a queer grimace as they turned the corner. He struck his closed hand against the rail fence.

"I didn't think I'd care so much," he muttered. "Let me see, everything is gone now. I'll go and say good-bye to Nan." He is waiting now for her to grant him a few moments, waiting with ill-concealed impatience.

"You're working hard," he says at length. "This must be your busy day."

"Oh, the work is nothing!" she makes answer without looking around, "a labor of love."

A homely, late sunflower thrusts its face up to the open window, and nods to John in a knowing way. "Look at her," it seems to say, "look at her; she is worth the watching."

So she is. Her cambric gown is maybe a bit old-fashioned—in truth 'tis one of her school-day gowns, but it fits the slim body to perfection, is a trifle low at the neck where the soft lace falls, and is guiltless of sleeves from the elbows to the wrists. As for length, well, you see Nan has grown some inches taller since the skirt was made. It is short, decidedly short; half an inch of white embroidery shows beneath it, as Nan very well knows, for Sarah, the hired girl, passing through the kitchen awhile ago, called out:

"Your father loves you better than your mother, Miss Nan; sure your petticoat is longer nor your frock."

But Nan is not consumed with bashfulness at the thought of John finding her in so short a gown. She has on a pretty pair of tan stockings, number three tan Oxford ties, and her ankles are the neatest in the neighborhood.

As for John he has carried her shoes and stockings many a time along the warm, dusty road, and helped her put them on at the school-house gate. Of course all this was ever and ever so long ago.

"Nan," he says, "why don't you let Sarah do that? I want to talk to you."

"Sarah!" with fine scorn. "Do you know what I am doing? I am washing my blue organdie, and my striped dimity, to say nothing of a few fancy waists. A likely thing I'd let Sarah try her hand on my very best finery. Now don't kick that stool, and don't sit and scowl at the back of my head, please. Can't you smoke?"

"Never mind me," says John, mood-

ily (when has she minded him, indeed?), "I don't want to smoke."

"Just as you like. I won't be long now," bending over the tub in a way that the yellow sunflower seems to admire, for it thrusts its big face yet further in. There is that about Nan which makes whatever she does seem the right and proper thing. That the washing of her own pretty gowns is a labor of love is obvious. No hireling could lift each piece with such solicitude from its foamy bed, rub it, wring it, flirt it in air, plunge it into the crystal depths of the rinsing bucket with such care.

"The most practical woman alive." John recalled her father's oft-repeated assertion with growing irritation as he watches her. Practical! Did she not tell him the other day that she liked the sturdy, tall sunflowers at the window a great deal better than the morning-glory vine which all summer long swung its bells in the sunshine.

"There!" with a look of pride at the rinsing-bucket beside her, "not a color has run. I was afraid of the dimity—mortal afraid of it. You remember the mauve muslin I had last summer, the one —"

"No, I don't," he interrupts, "never mind about the muslin. You surely can think of something besides finery."

"You're cross," she complains, "and all because I wouldn't leave my dresses in the soapsuds and talk to you. You needn't scowl so, John. I know you detest the practical woman and love the other one."

"What other one? Explain yourself."

"Why the sentimental, do-cherish-me one. But you musn't blame me. I'm what nature made me." She glances in the little mirror and sees a fair flushed face, damp curling hair, a decided chin, nose fairly well-shaped, red smiling lips, and two grave dark eyes that seem too big for the face. She is not vain at all, but—well, anyone with half an eye can see that the face is a pretty one.

"I'm not half so nice as Barbara, eh? She wouldn't have kept you in the steam and heat all this time, not she; and all for the sake of a fluted waist and ruffled skirt. But then she has so many more pretty things than I. John," looking at his boots, "you've been to marshland. Are the wild grapes ripe?"

For answer he takes a glossy dark-blue cluster from his coat pocket and hands it to her.

"Oh, the pretty, sour things! Let us go and gather some tomorrow. I've promised father some of the kind of wine his mother used to make. He has the recipe. We'll go early. I declare I'm lonesome for a look at the old place."

"And I expect to be lonesome for a look at it many a time; Marshlands isn't mine any longer." He speaks carelessly, but Nan, looking at him, is shocked at the pallor of his face.

"I wish I hadn't been washing when you came in," she says, "stand up and let me scrape the clay off your coat. If it dries on it will leave a stain. My father has all but ruined his Sunday trousers tramping down to see how well the new ditch drains the meadow. He won't take the time on a



DRAWN BY BRIGDEN.

"NAN."

week-day, and the state he gets his good clothes in is dreadful."

"Nan," says John wistfully, "are you as heartless as you seem?" Theyel-

low sunflower stops nodding to listen.

"My, how can I tell?" lifting her brows; "men ask such foolish questions, and expect us to find wise answers for them. What is it you mean?"

"I mean nothing at all."

"Yes you do," she insists; "you want to quarrel with me to-day. What have I done?"

"Nan," pushing the brush impatiently away, "tell me the truth, are you really as much in love with handsome things—dresses, trinkets, furniture, a carriage, and all the rest of it, as you make out? There's such a difference in girls, you know. Some are happy if they can only make others happy —"

"That's Barbara," she interrupts, "I'd know the description anywhere."

"While others," paying no attention to her rudeness, "can't be happy unless they've got everything."

"Ah! that's Nan Forester. Now look here, John, I'm not going to pretend—I leave that," with a saucy smile, "for the other girl to do. I'm worldly-minded, I'm selfish, and I'm very fond of nice things, especially of the "finery" you so despise. I'm one of the girls that want all the good things of earth."

"And I can never offer them to you." John moves farther from her. "Curious, isn't it? Blake's over ears in love with you and getting richer every day. He's a decent fellow, too, is Blake; square, if a little hard. He's got all I had—my farm, Marshlands, the house I was born in, every acre of the dear old place, the big orchard I planted, my chestnut mare—she knows your step and your voice, Nan. He's got everything."

Nan's face is sober enough now. "I am sorry," she says, laying one small hand, pink and funnily puckered with soap-suds, on his big brown one, "very sorry. How did it happen?"

"It is the old mortgage, you see. If I hadn't been the stubbornest fool on earth, it would have gone before. But I just couldn't let go. Father left it on me in a way. The day he died—it will likely seem foolishness to you—I told him what I meant to do. You remember him, the big, kind fellow, the best man that ever lived, Nan. If ever you hear anybody trying to make out that he left too much on me, tell them—no, you needn't do that; but remember

that you heard me say, he was the best man that ever lived. The day he was buried I was eighteen. Folks were kind of blaming him for getting so in debt. Men that weren't good enough to wipe his shoes were whispering together. 'A fine old place,' I heard one say, 'but mortgaged for all it's worth. What a foolish trick for a man to do!' I hated to see him lying helpless in his coffin, but I went in. There was only me, and I shut the door, and—and I talked to him. I told him I'd pay off the debt if I could; told him I was so strong the mortgage didn't scare me an atom."

He stops here, and presently she gently prompts him, "Yes, John?"

"I've worked hard enough, heaven knows; worked, and scrimped, and saved; but—well, I'm no whiner. I was licked long ago, but didn't know it. Never mind, I know it now. I'm down flat. Not that I'm hankering for sympathy, mind you. Blessed is nothing! The world is big, and there's some things—health for one—the law can't touch, thank God! The happiest man I ever met was a beggar, lived a beggar, and died a beggar." He stands up, a big broad-shouldered giant, and stretches out his right arm, the arm of an athlete. "Jasper Blake, gentleman; John Somers, beggar. Good-bye, little girl; good-bye, Nannie."

The old childish name, outgrown with other childish things! If his young face did not bear the unmistakable print of anguish, one might think he did not care. But John, with all his hatred of scenes, with his sense of fairness which forbids him to appeal to her sympathy, cannot quite hide that his heart is breaking.

"How much am I worth, John?" The sunflower seems to stand with its yellow head perked to listen, as Nan, in the prosaic farm-house kitchen, asks the weighty question, a question no scholar on this green earth has been able to answer since Adam wandered through

"Hill, dale and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring stream"

in the garden of Eden, a lone and a lonesome man. *How much am I worth?*

The September sunshine kissing her soft brown locks, her tender brow and eyes, her cheeks, her bare round arms, seems stamping a value of mighty worth on youth, and love, and the bloom of health. John looks at her, looks till he is fain to pull the torn brim of his straw hat over his eyes to hide what he would shame to have her see—the mist in their deep blue depths.

"You're just worth the whole world, little girl," he says huskily.

"Am I?" She steps close to him, a certain proud surrender in her air, and holds out both hands. "Then you are no beggar, John—stupid John—you're the whole world richer than anybody else."

Now a royal precedent has Nan for her boldness, but I doubt if any prince ever felt quite so proud, quite so overcome, as this farmer lad. He raised her hands to his lips, and if they smell of soap he heeds it not. Bankruptcy! What does the word mean anyhow?

"Do you mean it, Nan?" he whispers.

"I generally do mean what I say," retorts this exceedingly practical woman.

There is only an innocent looking sunflower looking on, so John draws her very close to him, and kisses her lips for the first time.

"Now do go," she says at length, "and let me get those things out to dry. I'm afraid my father will cease to think me the most practical woman alive, if he finds me dallying over such important work as washing a dainty dress."

"I'm afraid he will anyway when he knows about us, Nan; what's the good of you pretending to be practical when——"

"When I look about and find the things of value, eh? Listen to me, John—'tis seldom I talk sentiment—but I want to say that there is nothing of such value for life and for death as love that is real and true. Now go."

As he passes out at the front gate, a fine-looking young fellow is tying the chestnut mare, which until yesterday was John's own. The two men look at each other. Jasper Blake turns and looks at the broad acres he has won from John.

"Poor beggar!" he murmurs compassionately, as he goes up the path to the farm-house.

John thinks of the girl he has won from this prosperous rival, and "You poor, *poor* beggar!" he exclaims out of the fulness of his heart.

Jean Blewett.



A REPLY.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

[F some coarse and acrimonious writer in a low journal instead of answering my arguments in a manly and well-bred way, were to seek to hurt my feelings and insult me personally by saying that I was cynical by nature and had made myself more cynical than nature made me ; that my original defects had been aggravated by a bad education, and that my opinions were the offspring of dyspepsia or disappointment, with other amenities of that kind, I should know very well what to make of it. I do not know so well what to make of it when the writer is the Principal of a University, a Doctor of Divinity, and one who just before had been approaching me in the attitude of friendship.

In the article on "Canada and the Empire," in the English *National Review* to which I refer, Dr. Grant incidentally admits that my opinions are the same as those which were once held by Mr. Huskisson, then Colonial Minister, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Brougham, Lord Ashburton, Lord St. Vincent, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, John Bright, and Mr. Disraeli, I could add from personal knowledge to the list. With the opinions, when they were held by those men, Principal Grant would have felt it incumbent upon him to deal on their merits without personal offensiveness. Why should he not deal with them in the same manner when they are held by me ? *

As an excuse for personal offensiveness, it is alleged that I am "about

the only writer on Canadian topics who ever reaches the British politician." The excuse is hollow. Plenty of articles on the side opposed to mine have appeared in British reviews and journals. If anyone has difficulty in getting a hearing over there at present, it is not the jingo. In the all-powerful *Times* there was a series of articles by a Canadian correspondent understood to have been an orator of the Imperial Federation movement. More than this, there has been all the time in England, as High Commissioner, the very man who was designated by Principal Grant for the Premiership of Canada, and who has not allowed himself to be restrained by the ordinary rules of the public service, from propagating by all the means in his power, Principal Grant's sentiments and his own.

Principal Grant's knowledge of me must have been chiefly gained during two days which he spent as a guest under my roof, when I was considerably past middle age. Yet he knows all about my moral and mental history, and is able to say how my natural narrowness of mind was increased by education at Oxford, by study of history, and by many years of intercourse with public men and general society in England.

"A cynicism which is partly natural and partly cultivated, accentuated the defects of his Oxford training, and rendered him incapable of sympathizing with popular feeling. Nowhere is that John Bullism which was expressed in 'Dr. Johnson's serene conclusion, 'It seems to me that all foreigners are fools,' so securely entrenched as in Oxford. There, too, we find that 'condescension towards foreigners,' which Mr. Lowell has marked united with an ignorance of affairs, and of that part of the world summed up in the one word, 'abroad,' which is at times appalling. The late accomplished Master of Balliol, for instance, was never able to get it out of his head that a friend of mine, a graduate of the University of Toronto, who subsequently

*Principal Grant is right in referring to the Duke of Newcastle as a strenuous upholder of the present Colonial system. I found the other day among some old papers a note written by the Duke to a friend. It said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow; I shall have two or three Colonists to roast you." Such is the temper in which a British statesman treats, socially, differences of political opinion.

spent four years in Balliol, had come from Newfoundland. 'So you have determined to return to Newfoundland!' was his persistent greeting to the Canadian. Another of my friends, who had been on duty in Hong Kong for some years, was asked by a distinguished scholar on his return how he had managed to live under Chinese law! Recently a letter of enquiry from the Secretary of a Royal Commission was addressed to me—at the instance of another Oxford authority—'Kingston, Ontario, U.S.A.!' *

Oxford, which Principal Grant knows so well and so greatly despises for its narrowness of mind and want of knowledge of affairs, has a body of Resident Masters, including Heads of Colleges, Professors, teachers of various grades, and others, numbering considerably upwards of four hundred. This body includes men of the most various pursuits, connections, and opinions. The vacations, during which the men mingle with the world without or travel, extend over half the year. In no place is there more social life or more active interchange of ideas. Oxford being within easy reach of London is the constant resort of eminent men of the world. The Master of Balliol's house especially used to be filled with London visitors from the Saturday to the Monday, while the Master himself was a man of the largest mind, and had been engaged not only in academical affairs but in the reorganization of the Indian Civil Service. If the outcome of all this, so far as Canada is concerned, is an ignorance of her interests and of the feelings of her people not only crass, but so invincible that in my case it has not been cured by twenty-six years of residence in the country, what benefit can Canada possibly derive from being under the political tutelage of the British nation?

It is assumed by Principal Grant that I brought here a confirmed and unreasoning prejudice in favor of my present opinions. He is mistaken. My first impression was strongly in favor of Canadian nationality. I was intimately connected with "Canada

First" and wrote in its organ, *The Nation*. The "Canada First" men knew, I suppose, not less about the "deeper feelings" of Canadians than Principal Grant. It was by sympathy with the aspirations of these men that I was first led to take interest in Canadian politics, which at first I regarded as a stranger.

When "Canada First" was abandoned by its leader and disbanded, I was led to consider the situation, which had itself considerably opened out, especially in regard to the effect produced on territorial and economical unity by extension to the Pacific. I was then brought to the conclusion that the reunion of the English-speaking race upon this continent, the two sections of which had been severed from each other a century ago by a wretched quarrel, was the dictate of nature and would ultimately be fulfilled. Thenceforth, it seemed to me that true patriotism would lie in helping to fit Canada for the exercise of a powerful and beneficent influence in the councils of her own continent, and for playing a worthy part in the great human drama of which that continent was the destined scene. Right or wrong, there was surely nothing mean or degrading in the contemplation of the ampler field.

Dr. Grant seems to think that unless I see eye to eye with him I can have no soul for the greatness of my country. What have I said to make him believe that I regard the Empire as a myth? What have I said to make him believe that I undervalue colonies? A colony remains a colony and equally a glory to its mother country when it has become politically independent.

The only way in which I could possibly contribute to Canadian eminence was by playing my part in the effort to make the centre of British Canada a literary and intellectual centre. This I have done, and if with little or no success, without stint of labor or any other means at my command. A Uni-

*How much do Canadians know about Australia or South Africa? Why should we expect Englishmen to know more about us?

versity worthy of the name was another requisite; and it was attainable only by means of University Confederation, which, for a series of years, I continued to advocate and promote to the utmost of my power.

To keep Canadians at home seemed another point of patriotism. The exodus of which Principal Grant and his party so seldom speak, is a social and political depletion as well as a material drain. It can be averted only by enabling the people to enjoy the full fruits of their industry here. Enjoy the full fruits of their industry here they cannot without access to their natural market. I have always striven with my pen and all the means of influence I possessed to assist in bringing about free trade between Canada and the United States. Dr. Grant tells us once more that man does not live by bread alone. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread that he may live; and it is to be observed that those who impress upon us this sentiment have always themselves plenty of bread.

If I have been false, or to use the gracious epithet constantly hurled at me, a "traitor" to England, Englishmen do not know it. When the United Kingdom, the heart and keystone of the Empire, was threatened with dismemberment, I did my best for the preservation of its integrity both in England and in Canada. In Canada I did my best, while zealous loyalists, who now denounce me as a traitor to England, were either standing discreetly aloof or angling by Home Rule subscriptions and resolutions for the Irish vote. It was with this, I believe, and the protectionist duties on British goods in my mind that I made the allusion, which offends Principal Grant, to the daughters of Lear. I left England too late for a change of affection. Her honor and interest must always be uppermost in my heart, and I have not the shadow of a doubt that reunion of her offspring on this continent, with her goodwill and bene-

diction, would conduce both to her real interest and her honor.

Much harm will never be done to national character by a man who, when he is convinced of the soundness of his opinions, shows that he can stand on his own feet and if necessary stand alone. Such is the political tradition of England. Not that I am really alone in my views. Abundant proof could be given that there exists among the people a great amount of repressed opinion and not a little of repressed desire for free discussion. There is, I am persuaded, more of class division, of sentiment, and of consequent misunderstanding on this subject than is commonly supposed. In the course of two campaigns, one for commercial union, another against the Scott Act, as well as through intercourse with a great variety of acquaintances, I think I have had fair opportunities of looking into the mind of the people.

I should have failed in loyalty to liberty of opinion, to which a public writer's special allegiance is due, had I not come forward to uphold it when it was assailed by official intolerance in the person of one whose opinions were identical with my own.

More than once I have expressed the pain which I most sincerely feel in finding myself at variance on these questions with many with whom I should desire to be at one and who form for the most part my social circle. Of opponents who treated me with common decency I hope I have never spoken a discourteous or disrespectful word. Attempts at social persecution, personal insults, and anonymous threats I have passed over as far as possible in silence. Dr. Grant knows to what a series of these his article is the sequel. He once felt called upon himself to express disapprobation of an outrage committed by a journal of which he was supposed to be a proprietor.

Anyone who wishes to disparage me probably has in his favour notions re-

specting my character and history propagated by hostile writers in a country where I was unknown. For several years I was the subject of attacks on the part of our two leading journals. Many people were probably impressed with the belief that I had left England because I had quarrelled with my political party, and Cornell University because I had quarrelled with the Americans. When I left England I had before me an offer from my party of a nomination for a constituency in which the Liberal majority was sure. A similar offer was made me when I had been some years resident here. Some years later still, during the struggle about Home Rule, I was again welcomed to the ranks, and again offered a nomination. As the constituency in each of the first two cases was large and popular, it seems that my estrangement from popular sympathy was not, in the eyes of those who knew me best what Principal Grant assumes it to be. Cornell has just made me an Emeritus Professor; and I do not think I have quarrelled with the Americans. To say these things about one's self is not graceful, but fiction can only be dispelled by fact.

Dr. Grant represents me as having, on my arrival in this country, provoked dislike by arrogant dogmatism about public affairs. I had been some little time in the country before I wrote or spoke about public affairs at all. I declined to write on politics, when for a few weeks I wrote on literary subjects for the *Globe*. When the *Canadian Monthly* was started, I joined it at first on the condition that there should be no politics. That restriction being found impracticable, I wrote a series of neutral articles on Current Events. I am not aware that any body complained of dogmatism. I had been trained in a high school of English journalism, and, I hope, knew how to address with propriety an educated and self-respecting public.

The Principal goes somewhat out of

the way to impugn my diligence as a historical writer. Knowing all about me, he tells his readers that I have nervous energy, but not the power of continuous work. The power of continuous work, I must own, begins to flag at seventy-five. The sources of early Canadian history, Principal Grant admits, were not accessible in Toronto. But he undertakes to say that if the archives had existed I should not have taken the trouble to consult them. My last trip to England was partly for the purpose of examining Canadian papers in the British Record office, and I had appropriated a month to that work; though, as it happened, on going to the office, I found that the papers were already being transcribed for the printer.

As an instance of my superficiality Dr. Grant says I have missed the Gallican element in the Church of Quebec. "Till lately, however, the Church of Quebec remained a true daughter of the Church of Monarchical France, and kept her Gallican tradition, giving Caesar his due and living at peace with the civil power." (*Canada and the Canadian Question*, pp. 17, 18, Canadian ed.) Is it to such a passage as this that Principal Grant refers?

I have not the slightest weight, Principal Grant tells me. I have not the slightest pretension to any influence, or jealousy of those who possess it. What influence facts disseminated through books and journals may have had, neither my critic nor I can exactly tell.

What Principal Grant or anyone else can mean by ascribing my view of the Canadian question to disappointment I really do not know. What is it that I have sought and failed to attain? Certainly nothing here. If any suspicion of that kind has told against me, it was unfounded. To use Burke's phrase, I knew the map of the country and what line to take if I wanted to obtain anything at the hands of its governing class. I

have not taken that line and have no ground for repining at the result. The only drawback, so far as I know, to the satisfactoriness of my lot is the painful contrast between it and what I have often been called upon to witness elsewhere. I have come to the close of a long and not uninteresting life. I have borne a part in important movements of opinion, the result of which, as I look back, seems to me on the whole to have been good. I look forward with confidence to the realization of my hope for the re-union of my race, though I have no expectation of living to see it. As a Liberal I have seen the world go, on the whole,

in the way which Liberals desire. I have enjoyed noble friendships, the warmth of which no difference of opinion has chilled. In the biographies of my friends, which are multiplying apace, and warning me that my own thread is spun, I find glimpses of a portrait different from that presented by Principal Grant, and drawn at all events by more familiar hands. Regrets, and even bitter regrets, all mortals have. Dissappointment I have none.

Even here I have had good friends who have stood by me in all weathers. It is for their satisfaction rather than my own that I have written this reply.

Goldwin Smith

THE POLAR SEA.

(Supposed to have been spoken by Morton, of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, in sight of an open Polar Sea.)

MID post-built palaces of icy rocks
I gaze with silent wondering awe
Upon this nameless sea, which winter
locks
In walls that never thaw.

To mortal eye was ne'er unveiled before
An earthly vision so sublime ;
Stern Nature marks not on this lifeless
shore
The steps of fleeting Time.

Here Spring comes not with buds of hope
and song,
Nor Summer fair with blossoms crown'd ;
Save wintry gales that fiercely sweep along,
Thou hear'st no other sound.

These winds that moan o'er snowy plains of
ice
Bear not upon their freezing wings

The scent of flowers, the sound of living
voice,
Or note of bird that sings.

So full of mystery and strangely wrought,
The peerless scene here spread to view,
That those who measure all things by their
thought
May deem my words untrue.

And Earth has hearts like thee, O Sea ! on
whom
The light of love has never shone,
Who bear their burdens through a life of
gloom,
Companionless—alone.

Lone, melancholy Sea, thy doleful wail,
So full of agony and strife,
Has sung itself into my heart, and shall
Forever haunt my life.

E. H. DEWART.

KATE GARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XVII.

SMOULDERING FIRES.

IT is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not compelled to condemnation. "There was naething wrang wi' the text," affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheepnichtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he was a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-bye, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by-and-by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a working man, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael,

juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gude man by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and stacked the corn for market, and had driven a gude wife's churn. After which honourable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His ad-

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“ Would gossip with him by the hour.”

ventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dried at the next farmhouse—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a game-keeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snow-storm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie—I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theatre, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past

days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirk man who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously? On which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat,

opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying “Awa wi' ye.”

So it came to pass that notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Biblical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon his coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish

into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochtly Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochtly Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

“It wesna that he sat sae lang as a’ve heard o’him daein’ in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam’,” Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, “maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o’ comin’ through Tochtly Wood—the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an’ jumpin’ the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel’ through the field that year. A’ wudna say,” she used to add in a casual tone, “but that he micht hae gi’en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin’ the door.”

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business of one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General’s help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General’s opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter’s reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the “Pleasaunce,” or accompany him to Janet’s cottage to have a taste of that original woman’s conversation together. It came upon

Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air—for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarrelled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumours to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last verse of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

“Has service begun?” whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. “I’m so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won’t you, and we shall be as quiet as mice.”

“A’ll open the door,” and Archie explained the geography of the situation, “an’ ye ’ill juist slip intae the manse pew; its in the corner, wi’ curtains round it, and naebody ’ill see ye, neither minister nor people;” and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his sermon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair, flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affectation in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervour and high hope, a flavour also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in

Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged,—but those things could be easily put right: then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would find only material for raillery. He tugged his moustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience. They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice

as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skilfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wiles, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the supreme success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalized the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that un-

compromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she choose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war Psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and besides was full of a historical parallel, which after a scientific illustration is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse house-keeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary, he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness of Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practised flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against

the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well "Puir lassie, she hed naeboddy tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon was a graund discourse the day, gude wife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister was a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she was a papist, an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd."

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an' a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither: there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth with much relish. "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she had been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what wud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna enouch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She was fidgettin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she was in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wul hae pleased them the day, an' noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspekkit the cause?"

"It's maist mighty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103rd Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was just above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel: I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, dryly, and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such a . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have

done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is just one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk Manse that evening, and left without an answer.

TOCHTY LODGE.

SIR:—Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self-control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.—Yours truly,

CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lunching with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muirtown Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? It is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE SICKNESS.

COLLEGE friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread cart. Those were exasperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilisation, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer



“The driver stops to exchange views.”

who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station, he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the

familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city, and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his laborers."

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go. In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes people praise the varied flower beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is," pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revellers singing a music hall song, a heavy odour from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashén boughs dipping into the water.

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilsplindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study and to stuff the room with bookshelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defence of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how gray and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness? They were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen labouring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods except when the men took snuff audibly. Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character,

then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighboring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular travellers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitues of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagrants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Urtach to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms, in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher



“Two tramps held conference.”

walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had only worn three times.

“You have done kindly by me in calling”—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—“and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now labouring in iron—did you say? and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

“You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for indeed, it is my privilege to see many travellers, and

there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you ; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days ago most insufficiently clad and . . . but I should not have alluded to that ; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by an excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience ; you might put the matter before her. . . .

"Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold," catching sight of Carmichael in the passage, "This is a Providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity."

"Do not be angry with me, John"—after the tramp had departed with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face—"nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men. Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

"Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, "as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a

poor sinful man, some day, and lo it be . . . the Lord Himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

"Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, "you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening."

"Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed, for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

"Receive you, John? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your faces, and we shall have much converse together—there are some points I would like your opinion on—but, first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains; behold the aid to memory I have designed,"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with "Farewell, George Pitillo, 3 o'clock." "He is the son's son of my benefactor and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea; I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

"There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

"George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, "we shall not meet again in

this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them."

"And George Pitillo?"

"Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the warld and made a great fortune."

"How does it go with his soul, Andrew?"

"Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releegeon yet, but nae doot he'll be turnin' his mind that wy soon."

"Poor George, that I baptized and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved: exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red color, fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?"

"Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld."

"And his soul Andrew?"

"Oo, that's a' richt; gin we a' hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo we micht be satisfied."

"That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound."

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dogcart, and the Rabbi saying "God be with you, George, and as your father's father

received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dogcart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to . . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvellous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman who was indeed at the time little more than girl did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . . friends?"

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a sure reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?"

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle, but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereth my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth, the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-bye at Tochtly woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drumtochtly sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day and so Burnbrae started early on the

Saturday with his dogcart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochtly. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It was juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his house-keeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he might be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the parish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, freends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochtly.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me,

'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loath to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleasantly in the wood and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

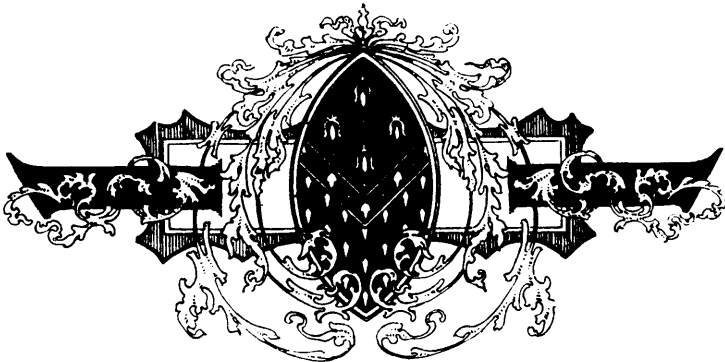
"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void. It is little that can be said on sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall praefermit certain notes on doctrine;

for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savoury meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the bookshelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all his truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first and leave in one heart lifelong regret.

(To be continued.)



A MOTHER.

JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND," ETC.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.—Holy Writ.

SHE lived in a country village, on a river between Canada and the United States. She was unlovely of feature, rubicund of visage, blind of one eye, and lame. Her ordinary attire was a 'Dutch blue' print dress and a checked gingham apron, one corner of which was usually tucked up diagonally in its belt.

She was a washerwoman—and had the pleasing task of supporting a drunken husband and an equally worthless son. The latter was handsome and useless, his character being a bad combination the ingredients of which were dare deviltry, moral weakness, indolence and conceit.

He had been in gaol many times, and at each trial, his mother, her thin lips quivering piteously, her face crimsoned and shining from many tears, her one eye bloodshot and swollen, her toil-stiffened old hands clasping and unclasping nervously, her bonnet perched on the very back of her head and holding on precariously by its stringy ribbons, had plead for him—and to such purpose that his sentences were always light. But each time her task was harder—judge and jury sterner. Nevertheless, she always found some extenuating circumstance for him.

"He was just up to it for fun, being full of the divil," or "He was that reckless! he'd no thought of harm, poor lad," or, darkly, "There was others had a bigger hand in them doin's than poor Bob"—and if all these excuses were untenable, then, simply and unanswerably, "The drink was in him."

She was pious enough in her own

way, and thanked God familiarly and sociably for any extra washing or a windfall of old clothes. But she was not right in her theology; she inclined too much to the "doctrine of works." This beam in the spiritual eye led her to regard Mrs. Bethney, who, to say the truth, did not trouble much about her soul, as a far better christian than Mrs. Ward, for the former bestowed upon Mrs. Reddy many a bundle of half-worn clothes, whilst the latter never gave her anything but two tracts, one entitled "The Sins of Luxury," and the other "The Perils of Wealth."

Mrs. Reddy had once, in the far-off days of her youth, separated from her now by oceans of soap suds, lived in her own house and helped to till her own little farm. But with the death of her first husband she had fallen upon evil days, and when she married her second husband, tall, good-looking, and "in the millingtary," she effectually shut herself out from the places of Hope. Yet she went withal cheerily on her way. But, as time after time, Bob was mixed up with disgraceful affairs, or escaped the effects of some mad escapade narrowly, "as by the skin of his teeth," her smiles grew fewer and her gossip less light-hearted.

She was day after day oppressed by an increasing nervousness. There were strange whisperings hissing about the village. She acquired the habit of suddenly arresting herself in the midst of work or speech to listen apprehensively—for what? She did not know.

Mysterious waggons came to the sheds of the one hotel, canvas-covered waggons such as those from which rural butchers peddle their meat.

Their tired horses certainly had need of refreshment, but rumor had it that the hotel keeper took out tea and bread and boiled rice in covered baskets to his barn. Now, surely the horses did not eat this? The horses and waggons always went away after nightfall, and long ere dawn noiseless boats stole out from the silent shore of the boundary river.

At this time, too, Bob Reddy had money and to spare. He tipped continuously, and treated the village loafers to many a keg of smuggled beer. He swaggered about, singing derisively, and with idle hands jingled the money in his pockets. At last people began to say that at this point Chinamen were being smuggled across the river into Uncle Sam's domains, and when the villagers and farmers spoke of this they added with a significant *addendum* of nods that the hotel man and Bob Reddy "knew more'n they'd tell about this Chinese business——"

So matters stood one bitter night in earliest spring, when the river's swift current bore an unruly burden of broken ice from the great lakes. Mrs. Reddy had early retired to rest—she had been washing all day, the cold was intense, and she had no fire. Her husband snored in a drunken sleep before the kitchen fire. The air was full of the mysterious complaints and murmurs which the night evokes from an old house. Bob was abroad.

A loud knock echoed from the door. She gave a sigh of relief. "Bob," she said to herself, so she called without stirring:

"What is it? Come in, Bob."

"Is Bob in, Mrs. Reddy?" asked the voice of the village constable.

"No," she answered. "For Heaven's sake, what do you want him for?"

"Do you know where he is?" asked the man outside.

"No; I've no notion at all," she said, hopelessly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, I'm quite sure. No good ever came o' lying. What's he 'cused of now?"

But the man outside moved away. Another man's voice came to her faintly. There were two of them evidently. Then she heard their voices clearly. They had stepped to the lea of the house, and directly outside her window paused to arrange their route.

"Well—where is he then?" said the constable's voice, irascibly.

"I'm tellin' ye as fast's I kin," said the other, doggedly. "I knowed it were no use comin' here; he's down in the 'cave' at the fishin' machine, and he's settin' em up for the boys like a new elected council man."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to go by the river edge. They'd see the light."

"Supposin' they do? The path is covered in ice. It would be crazy for a sober man to try it to-night. I'll be bound they're too full by this time to notice half-a-dozen lights, let alone one. Gosh! How bitter, bitin' cold it is."

"Well, come on. You're going to get a square half of the reward, so you needn't kick. This Chinese business——"

Their steps crunched off on the frozen snow; their voices failed in the distance. She heard no more, but it was enough. All the holy mother instinct, so divine in its self-abnegation, so unerring in its divination, was alive in her. She rose, and taking by habit her old silk bonnet, tied it on. Her apron she assumed instinctively. It is the washerwoman's insignia. Her other clothes she had not removed. It is truly deplorable that the poor continue to prefer heat to hygiene.

She opened the door and went out.

She heeded neither the cold, which was paralyzing, nor the wind, whose breath congealed her own. The atmosphere was rarefied by the intense frost, her quivering lips parted with each inhalation, but she heeded not.

She had but one thought. If she could go diagonally up through the cedars, then down the cliff path, she

could warn Bob before the constable and the informer could reach the cave by the more circuitous river path.

She toiled up the steep ascent and her thoughts fled before her. Already she had warned Bob; they had retraced their steps up the cliff together to the road; he had kissed her, called her a 'brave old gal,' damned himself for a brute and a beast (as he did after each of his trials), and started upon his six miles walk to the town, from whence, in early morning, he could conveniently cross the river and be safe with hospitable Uncle Sam.

"If he dassn't come back I'll mend up his cloes and Jim Baine will take 'em to him. He's owin' me, Jim Baine is, for tendin' Kit when she was took. Bob 'll soon git work—a likely young fellar like him—poor Bob."

She fell.

The hill was a mass of ice, and she was not certain where the descent of the cliff path began. She rose and struggled on, and presently she found she had gone too far up the road. She turned with nervous haste and once more fell. She hit her head this time, and cut it, and though she knew it not was some time in rising.

But she struggled up again. Her hands instinctively tucked up the corner of her apron in its belt; it was thus she girded her loins to attack a hard day's work. Once more she started on her search for the leaning tree, which marked the beginning of the descent. A rain, colder than snow, keener than frost, was falling, and was being instantly converted into a sheathing of ice upon everything. She was growing confused, uncertain, when she fell again.

"I must have a pane of glass put in that window," she murmured, "there's a draught— — — poor Bob."

The rain still continued, congealing as it fell. The wind still blew, freezing with its breath. But she did not rise.

Some hundreds of feet below, a

choice selection of boon companions were enjoying beer and tobacco. The beer had been put on tap by Bob Reddy, and he was the hero of the hour.

The banqueting place was unique and warm. In the bank of the river was a deep cleft, widening into a narrow ravine at the summit, narrowing to an angle of a few feet at the base, extending between rocky walls into the bank. Some genius had put a plank flooring from side to side, and roofed it with logs covered with fir branches and sods. The result was a long cavern-like room, wider at the roof than at the floor, with no windows, and closed by one heavy door. It was completely sheltered from storms, and had witnessed many a drunken orgie.

Upon this occasion it was illumined by many lanterns, whose lights strove with the tobacco smoke. The men were seated on empty boxes or short segments of tree trunks. Bob Reddy astride of the cask was a beery Bacchus. The men were talking loudly and boastfully. Vulgar and brutal egotism paraded, naked and not ashamed.

One of them stepped to the door to see what manner of atmospheric visitor it was. A gleam of light, thrown on the river from the shore, caught his eyes. He called the attention of the others to it. They elbowed each other about the door, watching it with interest; now it glowed broadly on the water, then shaded off to an uncertain glimmer again. It drew nearer, nearer. Presently they heard a well known voice shout,

"Which of these two turns do we take?"

All, or nearly all, the men in the cave knew from personal experience the unpleasant authority behind that voice. Each asked of himself, "Is the summons for me?" But as they had given Bob Reddy the chief seat in their synagogue all evening, they felt the ingratitude of depriving him of

the leading role now. With one accord they rushed to the barrel of beer, and secreted it in a place cunningly contrived beneath the flooring; then they turned to Bob.

"He's after you," said one, and the rest assented with superfluous oaths.

"Then I'll git out," said Bob, with drunken nonchalance.

"Which way kin ye slope? Its a pity the cables is no use."

"Who says they're no good?" demanded Bob surlily. "Yez all know I can cross them if I want to."

"Git out! Not in this weather," said the man who had first seen the light. "Try the cliff"

"I'm goin' by the cables," said Bob, with emphasis, "and I'm goin' now."

The men looked at each other. The light, wavering upon the water in consonance with the winding of the path, drew even nearer. They were anxious to be rid of Reddy, who was muddled with drink and decidedly indifferent as to whether he fell or not.

So with an unsteady gait Bob Reddy went along the fifty feet up the river bank to where, from low stone piers, the old cables of the blown-down suspension bridge swayed in the wind. Stretching, like filaments in the gigantic spider's web, across the river to the United States, they were lost to the eye in the night's dusky distance ere half their length.

As he went those fifty paces the keen air brought back all his bravado. "Not cross!" he muttered to himself, "I've crawled across afore now, and I'll just show them fellars what I *kin* do."—

He seized the cable with his hands—and hand over hand made his way along the few feet they stretched over *terra firma*. It was the madness of a drunken brain. As soon as his feet dangled clear of the bank he realized his madness, but did not turn back. He thought only of the terrible gulf before, and beneath him; he forgot

the short return journey to safety. Hand over hand he went, already he could feel the cable oscillate as his hands clutched it.

Hand over hand—away from the over-hanging branches of the trees. The rain had coated the cable with ice. It was now a question of seconds.

At that moment, the moon, obscured before by rain and wind clouds, shone out effulgently. It showed alike to the watchers at the mouth of the "cave" and to the two men creeping up the uncertain pathway, a black figure, clutching in desperate silence, hand over hand at the icy cable. A shout of horror and of warning broke from the men. At that moment the figure shot downward. It struck the water flat, and for an appreciable instant floated stationary in the hopeless outspread fashion of a fly when it falls into boiling liquid. The next moment the current had it—and the moon was hid.

Next morning the sun rose serenely to smile upon the awakened world. It shone upon the village roof trees, upon the river hurrying by with its burden of ice, on the great boulders beside the river path, on the old cables athwart the water. It shone far up the hill on the leaning tree which marks the descent of the cliff path and upon a grotesque heap at the tree's foot. The heap was awkward, stiff, coated with ice. From it there protruded a frozen corner of blue gingham, and upon this perch a snow bird sat singing—reveling in the sunshine, its throat feathers ruffled as its crystal flutings floated out upon the still morning air. And the same sun which shone on the grotesque heap at the tree's foot and waked the snow birds joyous thrilling, shone also far down the river, where the silent grey gulls, wheeled in ever-varying circles above a black *something* caught in the embrace of the current and the ice, and hurrying with them to the wider waters and oblivion.

the Atlantic were struggling for responsible government, an executive responsible to the lower house, an upper house devoid of dogmatic aristocracy, and a legislative control of the provincial administration and expenditure, Joseph Howe was their champion. He led the fight against the personal rule of the Governor, and led it more mildly, more loyally, and more constitutionally than did McKenzie in Upper Canada, or Papineau and Nelson in Lower Canada. He recognized the genius of the British Constitution, and countenanced neither "Independence" nor "Annexation." In his own words, he saw "the superiority of British to American institutions, making, as they do, the will of the nation superior to that even of the chief magistrate," for the Queen of England must accept as her chief adviser the choice of her people, no matter what her personal feelings or opinions may be, and a Governor-General of Canada must accept as his Privy Councillors those men in whose hands the people desire to vest their powers.

In 1851, Mr. Howe spoke of the magnificent unsettled portion of country lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific, and predicted the growth of five or six noble provinces in that region. Speaking of this to Nova Scotians, he said: "God has planted your country in the front of this boundless region; see that you comprehend its destiny and resources; see that you discharge with energy



BY KINDNESS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

and elevation of soul the duties which devolve upon you in virtue of your position." If one might express a wish, it would be that Nova Scotia had followed more closely the advice of her noblest son, that she might be more enthusiastic in the Union which alone can make the British provinces in North America great and powerful.

Of the patriot Howe, the highest compliment which his biographer pays him is that "HE DIED POOR." In these days of degenerate politicians, in the times of rich trusts and powerful corporations, in the period of speculation and financial magic, in an age of low public morality, the compliment grows greater. When the future historian shall tell our posterity of a Macdonald, a Thompson and a Howe, the compliment may be even greater.

While there is much in Mr. Fenety's book, "The Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe," to admire, much to please and much to arouse thought, one finds also a great deal to regret. Many things are left unsaid which we would like to have known and which a careful and skilled biographer would have recorded. But worst of all, Mr. Fenety has used such careless English that one can scarcely excuse him. Let me give a few quotations:

"If one of them died, another was put in his place having the most influence."

"It required a journalist of most undaunted courage to dare the lions in their dens, mostly from this want of public sympathy and encouragement."

"There were no steel pens in those days—blood letting was done by the old style goose quill, just as effective."

"If a man falls down on a slippery sidewalk it is almost published before he has time to get up again."

"In due time Mr. Cunard became wealthy and popular in England, and was created a Baronet of the Empire, which at his death passed to his son Edward, and is now worn by Edward's son."

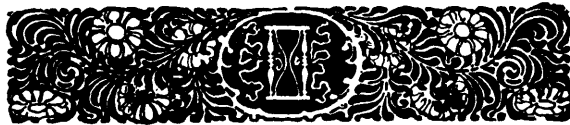
"The Hotel, if not its owners, at once took sick and languished, and hobbled along and finally succumbed for want of patronage."

It is to be regretted that many interesting personal reminiscences are

spoiled by such carelessness. Surely the author could have discovered in St. John some person who might have supplied this deficiency in his literary abilities. Canadian books will never be a success until Canadian authors recognize that their work is valuable only when it may be compared successfully with that of the best British and American writers. Canadians are afraid to spare the years of careful preparation which is necessary to every one who hopes to succeed in literature. And too many Canadian literary productions have so much of the "diamond in the rough" character, that they cannot be distinguished from common pebbles. Great thoughts or cogent facts clothed in tattered or misfitting garments are not literature.

Yet Mr. Fenety's book is worth perusal. He is a successful publisher in St. John, N.B., and in early life was engaged on the *Novascotian* in Halifax, a journal then owned by Mr. Howe. Since then Mr. Fenety has taken a strong interest in the political and social matters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and has had ample opportunity to judge of the worth and merit of Nova Scotia's honored statesman, whose friendship Mr. Fenety retained so long as Mr. Howe lived.

The book is strongly, though not handsomely, bound and contains some twenty-five illustrations.





QUEEN VICTORIA.

HER MAJESTY'S SIXTY YEARS SOVEREIGNTY.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

AMONG the English monarchs there have been many who have occupied the throne for lengthy periods of time: among them, Henry I. for more than 35 years, Henry II. for nearly the same period, Henry III. for just over 56 years, Edward III. for rather more than half a century, Henry VI. for nearly 39 years, Henry VIII. for the same length of time, Elizabeth for 45 years, and George III. for 59 years three months and four days.

George III., the last named sovereign, enjoyed, until September 23rd just passed, the distinction of having reigned longer than any of his predecessors. It has remained for his granddaughter, Victoria, to surpass him, not

yet in her length of days, but in her period of sovereignty, her reign having commenced June 30th, 1837.

There have been only two other cases in either European or Asiatic history, so far as is known, where the monarch has reigned for sixty years, or has even entered upon the sixtieth year of power. The one is Christian IV. of Denmark, who ascended the throne in 1588 and reigned uninterruptedly until 1648. The other is Keen Lung, Emperor of China, whose reign extended from 1736 to 1795.

When we come to compare the sixty years of George III's reign with the same period covered by Her Majesty's, and note the wonderful changes that have occurred in the latter from what

obtained in the former, we may be thankful, as an American humorist expressed it, that "we were born so late." Life is, in this year of grace, 1896, a very different thing to what it was a century since!

During almost the entire period of George III's occupancy of the throne of England were there "wars and rumors of wars."

First came the war with France for the possession of Canada, which was ended by the Treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763. At the same time, India was the scene of frightful conflicts; not until 1765 was that country in any degree tranquilized, notwithstanding the heroic efforts and great capacity of Lord Clive. The truce though was short lived, and war reigned again in India almost uninterruptedly until the defeat of Scindiah the Mahratta chief in 1805. Peace was then concluded and was not again seriously disturbed in India during the Georgian era.

From 1775 until 1782 the American War of Revolution continued, we all know how it ended. Scarcely had the last echoes of the conflict died away when, in 1792, began the war with France, which finally ended at Waterloo in 1815, with the victory of the allied armies under Wellington.

From 1812 until 1814 England was also at war with the United States, the object of the latter power being the conquest of Canada. That object was not attained, nor is it ever likely to be.

England's army and navy were never more powerful, no greater victories were ever achieved, the bravery of her soldiers and sailors was never more conspicuously manifested than in the reign of George III. But there is another side to the picture, for while England was victorious by land and sea she made no progress in any other way. The names of great soldiers, sailors and statesmen abound, but we look in vain for many men eminent in the Church, Science or Art.

There is no sadder page in the history of the Anglican Church than her condition from 1760 to 1820. Had it not been for the efforts of Wesley and Whitfield, religion might almost have died out.

In the field of Literature and of Art in that period, it is true, we find the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Copley, West, Herschel, Watt, Sir Richard Westmacott Chantrey and two or three others. They, however, owe some of their celebrity to the mediocrity of their contemporaries.

Commercially and financially, all through the reign of George III., England's fortunes were at low tide. In 1763, the national debt was £132,716,049. In 1820, it amounted to £834,900,960. In 1780 occurred the Gordon Riots, when Newgate Gaol was burned and hundreds of lives were lost. In 1794, and again in 1798, was the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, as it also was in 1801 and again in 1817. Cash payments were suspended by the Bank of England in 1797, and not resumed until 1817. The country was governed, not by the people, but by the House of Lords and the landed gentry; the House of Commons was a mere caricature of a Representative Assembly. Old Sarum with one elector, Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, with a score, and many other places with less than fifty electors sent one and two members to Parliament, while Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and other centres of industry and population sent none!

As for popular education, there was practically none. The children of the working classes, both in town and country, could rarely either read or write. The vast majority of our soldiers and sailors signed their pay rolls with a cross, and the state of morality was about equal to the state of education.

The laws regarding property were nothing less than brutal, and were administered brutally. Side by side with murderers of the deepest dye,

men were hanged for forgery, for burglary and for petty thefts. Debtors were incarcerated in the debtors' prisons all over England, not because they would not, but because they could not pay their debts; death oftentimes was the only release that ever reached them.

Such was the state of society in "Good King George's glorious days."

Let us turn to a pleasanter picture. When our present Queen succeeded her uncle William IV., a state of affairs much better than had been the case throughout the reigns of her grandfather or of her two uncles was in its commencement.

In 1832, the power of the House of Lords had been in a great degree destroyed by the measure of Reform passed, against the will of the Peers, in the representation of the people. The House of Commons was no longer a close corporation but had become in a marked degree a representative institution, and thirty years later, when the Ballot Act was passed, actually became the most truly representative body in the world. True, in 1837, the franchise was greatly restricted, but by successive Acts, passed in 1867-68 and in 1884-85, these restrictions were fully removed.

Sixty years since, railways in England were in their infancy; in Canada they were only contemplated as something that might be obtained in "the dim and distant future." In 1837, a journey from Toronto to Halifax was an affair of weeks, now it is accomplished in two days. At the same date the vast majority of people leaving England for Canada came by sailing vessels, and were well pleased if they accomplished their journey in six weeks. Now-a-days, a commercial man goes to London, Liverpool and Manchester from Toronto or Montreal, makes all his purchases in the former cities, and is back again in his office and at his club within 28 days.

Sixty years ago, here in Canada, we were without Responsible Govern-

ment; we had local Houses of Parliament it is true, but the will of the people could be over-riden by the caprices or whims of the lieutenant-governor. That state of things came to an end about 1841, and now is only remembered as an unpleasant portion of Canadian history.

At the Queen's accession and for many years afterwards, though there was complete religious liberty in Canada, there was not religious equality. The Anglican Church was connected here as in the Motherland with the State, without the justification which exists in England, where the majority of the inhabitants are at any rate nominal adherents of that body. However, that injustice also came to an end in 1854, and no one now regrets its abolition as a State church less than the Anglican body themselves.

Of material progress in Canada during the Victorian era the evidences surround us on every side. Our cities and towns are as well paved, equally well lighted and far cleaner than the majority of places of similar population, either in the United States or in Great Britain, while our people are as well fed, clothed and housed as any in the world.

At the beginning of the present reign the poverty which existed in the great cities of England was appalling in its intensity, and in the rural districts it was equally severe. That state of things has, in the past six decades, been much ameliorated, and is gradually growing less, but the indigence which still exists in the United Empire in her great centres of population is almost the only blot upon the social condition of English society in the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. It is the one great social problem which perplexed Lord Shaftesbury, which baffled Cobden, Bright and Villiers when they had obtained the repeal of the corn laws and for which successive generations of statesmen, from Peel to Palmerston, from Gladstone in 1865, to Lord Salisbury in

1896, have as yet failed to find a remedy.

Of course there are those Canadians who say that the reports of poverty in England "are very greatly exaggerated." The people who make such assertions are beneath serious notice; they are generally dogmatic writers or speakers who know nothing of English life, excepting from casual reading or from a sojourn there, as a visitor, for a month or so. The value of their assertions may be judged from the fact that one of the noisiest of these dogmatists was never in England in his life for more than two months!

From abject poverty such as just referred to Canada has ever been free. It may be part of her mission in the future to help to alleviate that which exists in England, by providing homes and work for the surplus population across the sea.

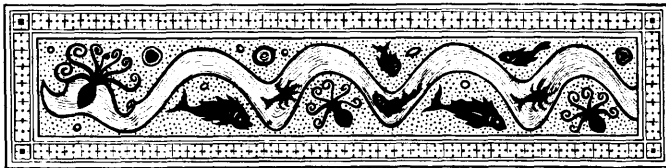
In the earlier portion of this article has been sketched the condition of England from 1760 to 1820. That period had seen great conquests by sea and land, but with no corresponding material or social progress. The population had increased, so had crime pauperism and national debt.

What a contrast between 1820, the 60th year of George III's reign, and 1896, the 60th year of his granddaughter's!

Crime has diminished in a marvelous degree, there being 3,000 convictions less in 1894 than even 20 years previously, with, let it be noted, a greatly increased population. Let us turn to the state of education. In 1873, when the Education Act had been three years in operation, there were in Great Britain 2,963,000 children at school; in 1893, 6,500,000. Deposits in savings banks in England, Ireland and Scotland exceed those of twenty years since by some millions of pounds sterling, while there has been a steady decrease in actual pauperism. The national debt during the Queen's reign has been reduced by more than £100,000,000 sterling, or nearly \$500,000,000.

Churches have been built far and wide as one result of the last sixty years. Would they have so extended had the religious disabilities which obtained in George III's reign not been abolished in that of his granddaughter?

In conclusion, I can but express what is the wish, the earnest prayer, the heartfelt desire, of men, women and children throughout the British Dominions, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, that yet for many years to come, may our Queen be preserved in health and strength to reign over a united and prosperous Empire.



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, B.A.

THE discussion now proceeding in Parliament and in the Press regarding the dismissal of partizan employees from the public service, is clearly a battle between the ins and the outs. The anxiety of the one party to turn out offenders, replacing them with friends of their own, is equalled by the anxiety of the other side to save as many of their appointees as possible from the consequences of political activity. The idea that the people at large may have interests which are not identical with the interests of either party cuts no great figure in the discussion. It is assumed that we all belong to one side or the other, and sympathize with the disputants according to our political bias.

There is some basis for this assumption. The Civil Service has been the subject of Commissions, of Acts of Parliament, of solemn debates, and of recommendations not a few since the union of the Provinces in 1867. The whole question has been gone into pretty thoroughly on more than one occasion. Witnesses have been examined, their evidence recorded at length, and reports based on this evidence presented to Parliament. The system of political appointment, which lies at the root of the evil now so hotly discussed, has twice at least been dealt with in formal fashion by Commissions. The suggestions have been printed and laid before Parliament. But no Government, no Opposition, no public man with a following in the legislature or the country, has been tempted to persist in the demand for reform until it was accomplished. The consequence is that we are face to face with a further extension of the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils." Perhaps the nature of the

remedy proposed may account for the general reluctance to adopt it. Two Civil Service Commissions, that of 1880 and that of 1891, have recommended (1) open competitive examination as the basis of appointment, and (2) promotion by merit—the degree of merit being determined likewise by examination. The competitive system has many enemies even in the sphere to which it is adapted as a test of efficiency. One cannot be surprised, therefore, that a proposal to apply it as the absolute test for appointments to the Civil Service should invariably meet with vehement protest.

The first official inquiry into the condition of the Canadian Civil Service took place in 1868. This was shortly after union, when consolidation and reconstruction were necessary. The Commission was composed largely of deputy heads of departments, and its report laid a basis of fact for future legislation. Many of its recommendations regarding the regulation and classification of the inside Service were subsequently embodied into law. In 1877 a committee of the House of Commons heard evidence on the condition of the Service, but no legislation followed. The Commission appointed in June, 1880, consisted of Messrs. Donald McInnes, E. J. Barbeau, J. C. Taché, Alfred Brunel, William White, John Tilton, and W. R. Mingaye, with Mr. Martin J. Griffin as secretary. The inquiry was thorough, and on the questions of appointment and promotion resulted, as has been stated in a recommendation of the competitive examination system. But there was a minority report, the importance of which was not diminished by the fact that those who prepared it were themselves members of the Civil Service, familiar

with the working and defects of the existing system and capable of judging the kind of remedy to be applied. This minority, consisting of Messrs. Taché and Tilton, opposed open competition. They believed that "Beyond having relieved, to a degree, members of the Administration and of Parliament from the annoyance caused by applicants for office, it is difficult to discover what public interest has been served by the experiment now being made (in England.)" The outcome of these reports was, amongst other things, the establishment of an educational standard for applicants to the Service, and the selection of a board of examiners to conduct the examinations. But the real problem remained untouched, because appointments and promotions continued to be determined by the usual political scramble in which the most energetic, who occasionally happened to be the best qualified, won.

Ten years went by, and the revelation of irregularities in the administration of the inside Service, aired before the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, led to another Commission. The Government promised that it would be a small, businesslike body of able men, and that its work would be promptly performed. These promises were fulfilled. The members selected were Messrs. George Hague, J. M. Courtney, E. J. Barbeau and Mr. Justice Burdidge. Their labours are embodied in a ponderous volume. But no legislative result followed the report. The recommendation of a permanent Civil Service Commission and the adoption of the principle of appointment by open competition shared the fate of previous similar suggestions. The politicians were not ready to part with even a share of their patronage, and the country betrayed no marked inclination to press for a change. Other questions came to the front, and Civil Service Reform stood aside. The Government of the day showed no intense anxiety to carry out the pro-

posed measures, and the Opposition considerably refrained from goading the ministers into action. In truth the competitive system has no very ardent admirers. It is difficult to pronounce upon its merits until the entire scope of the proposition is presented. A man may write a creditable paper on the reign of Elizabeth, and still be a very inefficient clerk. He may be a prodigy of learning in the matter of Greek verbs, and remain slovenly and inaccurate in departmental work. Many positions in the Service could never be filled satisfactorily by any written examination that the wit of man might devise. The Executive must always retain extensive powers in choosing the best men for responsible posts. But there may be a host of minor offices where the competitive system could safely be applied. The Prime Minister at that time, Sir John Abbott, was asked for his opinion by a journalist, and answered in these terms: "There is, of course, the danger that under competitive examination the Civil Service might suffer by being largely recruited from the ranks of prigs. This no light objection, but the Commission has supplied some check to such a tendency by providing that the superior officials may continue to be chosen by the Executive, thus ensuring that men with the proper qualities shall preside over the departments. It must also be borne in mind that politicians generally would be glad to get rid of the responsibility of recommending appointments and promotions. It is often an intolerable burden, and is seldom satisfactory either to themselves or to the Service." There is reason to suppose that if Sir John Abbott had lived to occupy the Premiership for a longer term than his health permitted him to do, more would have been heard of the proposals of the Commission. But they were soon buried in oblivion, and the Ministry of Mr. Laurier is left to make its own record on the subject.

The present controversy takes a

wide range, since it includes the conduct of all sorts of officials, both permanent and temporary in the outside and inside Services, and the precedent now about to be set cannot fail to have deep and lasting effects upon the whole system of patronage. It will be admitted that an official who displays what is termed "offensive" partizanship must, to some degree, neglect the impartial discharge of the duties of his office. There may be cases where his removal becomes expedient. But will it be seriously argued that a reform is effected when he is replaced by another partizan, whose chief merit will consist of his activity on behalf of a different set of politicians? If the present Government intend to make extensive, or indeed any changes in the composition of the Civil Service, surely the friends of good administration in Canada are numerous enough to insist that the reconstruction shall take place at the instance of some impartial body

—that a wise principle shall govern the new policy, and that it shall not be dictated by a mere demand for plunder.

If there is any force of independent opinion in Canada—and sometimes this appears more than doubtful—it should exert all its influence at this juncture to put the Civil Service on a strictly non-partizan basis, rather than to submit passively to the inauguration of a system of grab which must ultimately demoralize officialdom and lower the tone of political life. Although the relegation of vexed issues to Commissions is not popular in Canada from previous attempts in this direction, the present question could be better dealt with by a body of this kind than by a Government at the mercy of importunate friends, and prevented, perhaps, from carrying out, as we may assume it wishes to do, a sound, progressive policy in a fair statesmanlike spirit.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

"WHO DID SIN, THIS MAN OR HIS PARENTS?"

RECTA.

THE Doctor's office was a cosy little room, arranged so as to invite the confidence of his numerous patients. After years of experience he had concluded that a lavish display of surgical instruments, medicine bottles and human remains had an intimidating effect upon most people.

Just at present, in the centre of the large flat desk, a well worn case-book lay open at a page that was closely covered with fine neat writing, and at the end nearest the fireplace some letters had been pushed aside to make way for a decanter and glasses.

The old physician and a dear friend were having their Saturday evening smoke. With these two men, it had been a case of "shoulder to shoulder

and blade to blade" since their boyhood. Through thick and thin in fair and foul they had stuck by each other. The hard struggle was passed, but this weekly smoke—a dear relic of the past—had never been given up.

"Justifiable homicide? Well, Doctor did you ever hear of such a verdict? It is preposterous."

"If you had been at the inquest," replied the old physician, "and had listened attentively to the evidence submitted to the Coroner's jury, you, too, old man, would have returned a similiar verdict."

"Oh, yes, it is all very well to talk; Bob was one of your favorites. But did you see that the newspapers are simply raving over it; state that the

jury was packed; pitch into the Coroner for receiving such a verdict; in short they do not hesitate to assert that the whole affair was a put-up job to shield the cloth."

"Tut, tut. Nothing of the kind. You ought to know how that fool of a Coroner gathers in his twelve intelligent jurors. Old Jones or his clerk, on arriving at the scene, lays hold in the name of Her Majesty of the first twelve able-bodied Christians that are handy, hurries through with the witnesses, and takes the verdict with as little loss of time as possible. In this case, a number of Bob's friends were in the house at the time, friends not mere acquaintances—men who knew the old chap to the core—and the Coroner delighted at finding his men without trouble swore them in. They gave their verdict only after the careful consideration of the testimony as to the poor fellow's life and the remote and immediate causes of death."

"But, Doctor, what a disgrace to his people!"

"No, Sir. If his people had not disgraced themselves by sowing the seeds of the terrible afflictions that he went through, Bob would be alive to-day and one of the most promising of young men. Do you think that a man is damned because after a brave fight he is overwhelmed by a series of misfortunes, and in order to free others from the burden of supporting him he takes his life?"

"Draw up your chair closer to the fire, fill up that pipe of yours, and I will give you something to smoke over—the tale of Bob's life. I don't intend to argue the case out with you; I will give you the facts as I know them."

"Bob Barrington was born about the year '61 at Toronto. He was the eleventh child of a large family of nineteen. Most of these children, thank goodness, did not long survive their birth. His father, of good parentage, was a North of England man; his mother was a Kentish girl of un-

doubted beauty. They were married young, and as I said before the children came in too rapid succession, not only to their detriment, but the poor mother became a wreck. I tell you, old man, that our neighboring Province of Quebec, in lieu of encouraging large families by the hundred-acre bribe, ought to place a fine on such atrocities.

"Bob's father used to be in very comfortable circumstances, so the sickly child was placed in the hands of nurses, and somehow or other pulled through his infancy, taking in due course all the ills that children are heirs to and a number of others. At school the knocking about did him a great deal of good. There he was a great success: he not only carried off most of his class prizes, but he captained the lacrosse team, and was the valued 'quarter' on the football fifteen.

"His parents were Protestants of the ultra-evangelical type. They went in wholesale for 'saving souls.' To superintend a large household and look after one's social duties give the ordinary woman quite enough to do, but when she has also to attend meetings at churches and associations, oftentimes several on every day of the week, something must be neglected. In this, as in similar cases, the children were regarded as a secondary consideration while the parents went forth to save souls. They always saw their offspring once a day at family prayers, and occasionally, when the blessed youngsters would be making too much noise, a visit would be paid to the third storey, and the taws or slipper dealt out with unsparing hand.

"Mr. Barrington was startled into wondering what that boy had been doing, when one morning Bob came hesitatingly into his sanctum sanctorum and said that there was something troubling his eyes, the nurse had bathed them for several nights, but he could not see properly.

"By the end of the following sum-

mer the poor boy was apparently all right. His school career closed brilliantly and he promised well at college until his sight again left him, this time for nearly two years.

"His father was a large-hearted man, but according to my lights, so to speak, his energies were misdirected. You know that I believe that a man ought to look after his own children, guard, guide and tend them and them alone, leaving the saving of outsiders to the clergy, old maids, and crusty bachelors. His duty is to his family first and after he has brought them up, let him do what he likes, but until then his duty lies at home. A man who spends his evenings away from home, gadding about "saving souls" is no better than the married club habitue.

"After Bob had taken his degree, his father gave him a year at Oxford. The boy would have nothing to do with the sect to which his parents belonged and ultimately became a priest of the Church of England. He was then appointed curate of St. George's, the High Church of St. Augustine, and during his first months' stay there he became slightly deaf. Care overcame this trouble and for a couple of years he worked on and was universally liked in and outside of the parish. He was a noble, hard-working fellow, an excellent priest, but above all, a man. No namby-pambyism about him. He was with the foremost in every sport. His manliness gained many additional members to St. George's and its Men's Guild.

"Nearly four years ago Bob noticed that at times, when preaching, a thickness seemed to almost fill up his throat. He put it down to 'Parson's throat' trouble and took a little more care of himself, but it was some months before he went to see one of our best specialists. Dr. S. found that there was a bad grape-like growth on the vocal chords, and for eighteen months tried several operations and every known treatment to get rid of

it. Nothing seemed to do it any good. He got rather worse than better, and eventually had to relinquish his curacy. This was a sad blow; the good Bishop of Niagara, however, came to the rescue, giving him the place of Secretary of that Diocese.

"Bob, I said, was a hard worker, he kept at it incessantly. The poor fellow has often told me that it was the keeping constantly occupied that gave him the courage to live on. He tried to so fill up his time that he would not have an opportunity for considering his hard lot. Hardly thirty and his life's work already a failure. To all appearances he was one of the jolliest of men, but every now and again his heart of hearts would show itself and he would go utterly to pieces. Few ever saw him in this terribly despondent, desperate condition.

"And now let me tell you of the last affliction that killed him. It is almost six months since he came into this office. He had a tired, worn-out, nervous look.

"'Doctor,' he whispered, 'have a look at my eyes; they have been troubling me of late; I have been keeping hard at it night and day to finish off some writing.'

"I glanced at them for a moment, and seeing it was a very serious case I darkened the room, sat him down by the gas jet there, and made a close examination. He must have read my face. His poor eyes asked me for their doom.

"My dear Bob, I began, I have known you since your infancy; you have been afflicted as few have; have suffered much; you have shown great patience, and then I blurted out, you will be blind within a month.

"'I half thought it,' he replied. What does it all mean? My parents were pure and good. I have kept myself straight. Why should I be thus afflicted? What are the causes of it?"

"I told him that his troubles were constitutional and hereditary, and that as far as I could determine he

could not be blamed. That it was one of nature's mysterious judgments for sins done by past generations.

"I can remember the half-bitter smile as he said: 'I am to be the scape-goat; I am to bear the sins of some of my careless ancestors. If I did not feel that the shock and disgrace would shorten my dear parents' days, I would give up the struggle. You know that they are very fond of me. I must keep on playing the old game, and try not to be beaten. For years past I have given up praying for my recovery, and have endeavored to reconcile myself to my fate, asking God to give me the pluck and the patience to stand whatever may befall me.'

"I was right; in less than a fortnight he was helplessly blind. We consulted every specialist of note only

to receive the same doleful opinion that there was no chance of restoration.

"Blind, almost dumb, he did not yet give in, struggling bravely to be patient, bright and cheerful. His helpless condition must have made him desperate. He could do nothing whereby he could earn a livelihood. It was too much for even brave Bob.

"Last Sunday, it was touching to see a friend leading him, arrayed in black cassock and white surplice, up to the chancel stalls of St. George's. That was his last Communion on this earth. About midnight of that day he went to his room, lay down on the sofa and honourably gave up the fight. He could not stand being one of the 'eat-alls and do-nothings' of Tom Carlyle."

"It was exceedingly sad," said his friend, "but still I am not convinced."

Recta.

THE TROOPER'S SONG.

SWING to the saddle and ride away,
No more laughter and no more wine,
No more songs to the gay guitar—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

Sabre and breast plate and roweled spur—
Foot in stirrup and sabre in line :
No more love 'neath the cherry tree—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

No more kisses and no more mirth,
No more leisure to dance and dine,
No more vowing with lip on lip—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

No more rest from the weary ride,
Till we lie in the ditch and our bones out-
shine ;
No more love and no more life—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine

Foot in stirrup—farewell sweet love—
Passion and blood and death are mine :
No more pressing of hand in hand—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

So now I pledge you a stirrup cup ;
Touch first your lips to the ruby wine.
My kiss on your brow, your name on my
heart—
Farewell my love, my Geraldine.

THEODORE ROBERTS.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

PARLIAMENT.

DURING the past month the Canadian Parliament has been deliberating, one may hardly say legislating. This first session of a new parliament was called to pass supplies for the current year. This is being slowly done, and only one lesson can be drawn here, and that is that the Liberals are just as conservative as the Opposition, and there will be little reduction in expenditure this year.

There has been a great deal of after-election talk in the House. The new government has been settling down into its new duties, and quietly and carefully feeling its way. The new Opposition have endeavored to draw themselves together by a constant seeking to make the Government place itself on record on every possible political question. The subject of raising money on governor-general's warrants was the means of bringing on the first division, and the Government which had used these warrants was sustained by a majority of thirty-four. The question as to whether His Excellency had the right to refuse to sign orders-in-council passed by the old ministry in the short period which intervened between its defeat at the polls and its resignation, was dropped after a great deal of talk in and out of the house. At the present moment, Lord Aberdeen seems to have been justified in his action, the Laurier Ministry having accepted the responsibility of his conduct. However it remains to be seen whether the people will or will not justify his action, or whether his usefulness has been impaired.

Mr. Taylor introduced an Alien Labor Bill, which would prevent aliens coming

into this country under contract for their services. The principle was exactly the same as in the United States Alien Law which prevents Canadians in border towns going across the border to do pre-arranged work of any kind. The movement to have such a law in Canada is retaliatory in its character. At the request of Mr. Laurier, Mr. Taylor withdrew his Bill for this session, and in the meantime the Canadian Government will endeavor to induce the United States Government to modify its attitude to alien Canadian labor.

The civil service has come in for a great deal of criticism, and the outcome of the whole discussion would seem to be that the provincial and the Dominion services need re-organizing. There can be little doubt that the Provincial Legislative buildings are hives for party heelers—men who draw government pay and devote most of their time to back-street and side-line work for their particular party. A certain percentage of them are contemptible curs, unblushing leeches. There can be as little doubt that the Buildings at Ottawa were filled under the late Government with time-servers and salary-drawers. They got their positions by a pull, kept them by cool nerve, and used them to fill their own pockets or serve their own private purposes. If the discussion that has taken place will remove partisans and place-fillers from the civil service, much good will have been done.

The political events, speeches, and revelations of the past three months have shown that Canadian politics are fast drifting away from English to United States standards. That "to the victor belongs the spoils," is a doctrine adhered

to by both parties and approved of by both parties, has been more plainly demonstrated. That constituencies and classes can only be secured and held in one way—by paying them a monetary *quid pro quo*—has been shown to be the conviction of both Liberals and Conservatives. That the people of a country should countenance, uphold and dignify politicians who are possessed of such debasing principles, shows that political morality is at a very low ebb in this Canada of ours. It will be a sorry day for Canada when our politics shall have degenerated to the position they occupy in the Land of Liberty to the south.

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC.

There seems to be a prospect that one of the chief issues in the approaching provincial contest in Quebec will be the subject of education. The *Montreal Herald* some time ago made a comparison of the educational status of Ontario and Quebec, based upon the census figures of 1891. A table was published, showing the percentage of persons able to read and write at certain ages:—

	Ontario.	Quebec.
Under 10	24.1	12.8
10 to 19	94.2	77.7
20 to 29	94.8	75.7
30 to 39	92.6	68.2
40 to 59	88.5	59.1
60 and over	79.5	37.8
Age not given	47.2	30.3

Following this lead, the Quebec Liberal papers have been advocating a thorough reform. And it would seem that such is urgently needed, although it is to be regretted that it is made a political question.

On the other hand, the Conservative Premier will not admit that the system is faulty or defective. He states, however, that his government intend to contribute to a greater extent towards the promotion of public instruction.

The real trouble would seem to be that the Quebec clergy have spent too much money on unbecoming presbyteries and costly churches, and too little on good schoolmasters and roomy and properly ventilated schoolhouses. The churches and appurtenances of Quebec are the

most costly, the most striking, the most beautiful in Canada. But if this result has been obtained at the cost of having the people remain ignorant for lack of instruction, have not the people of Quebec paid too much for their whistle?

CANADIAN WOMEN WRITERS.

Thomas O'Hagan has a worthy article on "Some Canadian Women Writers," in the September *Catholic World*. A score and a half of photographs are used to illustrate this very thorough piece of work. I quote the first two paragraphs:

"A remarkable feature of the Canadian literature of to-day is the strength of its women writers. Especially is this notable within the domain of poetry. Some of the sweetest and truest notes heard in the academic groves of Canadian song come from our full-throated sopranos. Nor does the general literature of our country lack enrichment from the female pen. History, biography, fiction, science, and art—all these testify to the gift and grace of Canadian women writers, and the widening possibilities of literary culture in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people.

"England has grown, perhaps but one first-rate female novelist, and it need, therefore, be no great disappointment or wonder that none of her colonies have as yet furnished the name of any woman eminent in fiction. The truth is, the literary expression of Canada to-day is poetic, and the literary genius of her sons and daughters for the present is growing verseward. Canada has produced more genuine poetry during the past decade of years than any other country of the same population in the world. What other eight young writers whose work in poetry will rank in quality and technique with that of Roberts, Lampman, Scott, Campbell, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Harrison? It is enough to say that these gifted singers have won an audience on both sides of the Atlantic."

CANADA'S CHAMPIONSHIPS.

That Canada is producing a race of men which is physically the best in the world—strength backed up by nerve, common sense, science and intellect—has been abundantly proven during the present

year. The Sporting Championships that have come to Canada this year were never more numerous or more representative, and the world is wondering how such results have been obtained. Look at this list.

Jake Gaudaur, of Orillia, Ont., has won the sculling championship of the world.

At Bisley the Canadian Militia team won the Kolapore cup.

At Shoeburyness the Canadian Artillerymen won the Queen's prize.

The yacht *Canada* defeated the yacht *Vencador* at Toledo in the international race for the championship of the Great Lakes.

The *Glencairn* in the race at New York won the championship in her class.

J. K. McCollough, of Winnipeg, won the skating championship of America at St. Paul.

The Winnipeg four-oared crew at Saratoga won the amateur championship of America.

In the international cricket match at Philadelphia, Canada defeated the United States by 40 runs.

This is a record of which Canada may well be proud. Her citizens have not been so carried away by the pursuit of the almighty dollar that they have neglected the development of a sound body and a healthy mental power. Perhaps this little nation with its five million inhabitants may not be the champion in the race to accumulate wealth, but it is the nurse of generations which shall some day play a not unimportant or minor part in the directing and regulating of this world's advancing civilization. The foundations are being laid broad and firm and deep, and the national building will stand imperious and grand when the ephemeral structures of other nations shall have crumbled into insignificant and forgotten ruins. There is a time coming, no doubt, when the foundations will be assailed by a strength equal to their own, but in the words of the Poet Kernigan :

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow

In the seas where the north star shines ;

Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.

We never will bend the knee ;

We'll always and aye be free :

For Liberty reigns in the land of the leal,

Our brothers are round her throne ;

A Southerner never shall place his heel

On the men of the Northern Zone.

Shall the mothers that love us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons ?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead ?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns !
Let the flag be nailed to the mast
Defying the coming blast,
For Canada's sons are true as steel
Their mettle is muscle and bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT.

Great Britain's population has doubled since 1817 and the wealth of its people has increased enormously. Now the complaint has arisen that there is too little opportunity for a safe investment of that wealth. In 1817 there was three times the amount per head of Government stock available for investment that there is now. The amount of Government stock available for investment in 1817, with a population of twenty millions, was £822,526,114—or nearly £40. 11s. per head. The amount in 1896 with a population of thirty-nine millions, is £572,422,000,—or £14. 12s. per head.

A writer in the September *National Review* says the root of this diminution in the supply of Government stocks is in the dwindling of the National Debt. He gives the following table to show this reduction in the Debt :

1817.....	£879,564,028
1827.....	859,819,882
1837.....	846,174,174
1847.....	833,003,888
1857.....	831,532,535
1867.....	799,839,663
1877.....	772,151,725
1887.....	705,575,073
1895-6....	648,341,000

In the last thirty years the total National Debt of Great Britain has been reduced by 151 millions of pounds, or nearly 750 millions of dollars. At this rate the debt would be paid off altogether within the next eighty or ninety years. To the casual observer this would seem to be a desirable state of affairs, and that Great Britain is to be congratulated upon her debt-paying power. But the difficulty is presented as follows :—

“A very serious problem is already facing the Government. In its capacity as banker, operating in the Savings Banks moneys, it is obliged to invest the money

of depositors in Government securities. At present the difficulty has already arisen that with Consols at 110 the Government loses by paying $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to depositors, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach is expected to reduce this interest on deposits. But the difficulty does not stop there. The Savings Banks deposits have lately been increasing at the rate of a million a month, and the question is, what will the Government do when they have exhausted the Stocks, which alone are legal investments for Savings Banks money? You cannot eat your cake and have it. Such a process is suicidal. If the independent investor alone were concerned, the State might insist upon cancelling his favorite stock. But the State is an investor, too, and as such it is depriving itself, not merely of the best security available for its money, but of the only legal one. Things cannot go on like that. Is it not obvious that one of two things must happen—either we must ‘slow down’ in paying off a stock which, as an investment, is vital, and, as a national burden, is considerable (the annual charge per head being 11s. 8d., and the capital value £16 11s.), or else, if this rate of payment is maintained, some other national stock, carrying the national credit, and safe as British solvency, must be brought into existence and added to the present fund?”

VICTORIA DAY.

On the 20th day of June, 1897, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, will have completed the sixtieth year of her reign, making it the longest reign of any British sovereign. English history records no period in which there have been such great strides made in discovery, invention and art, in the development of trade and extension of British possessions, and in its legislative reforms as in that from 1837 to the present time. In so far as the example of a Christian woman, a loving wife and mother, a constitutional ruler winning the love and devotion of her subjects, can influence a nation, to that extent, has Queen Victoria influenced the British Empire during her reign.

Our Canadian nation will, doubtless, give expression to some form of congratulation on the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. May

we not do so by celebrating the 24th of May not only as the Queen's Birthday, but as a memorial of the Victorian era, by making it a statutory holiday as Dominion Day is now?

It will commemorate the transition of Canada from the pioneer stage with sparse population, limited facilities for travel and few educational advantages, its government directed largely from Downing Street and locally administered by the Family Compact, to a nation with Responsible Government and almost exclusive control of its own affairs, occupying rather the relation of an ally to the Mother country than that of a colony, and enjoying all the advantages which the education and enterprise of the nineteenth century can give.

We have not too many national holidays. If anything there are too few in the first half of the year. From New Year's Day to the First of July—excluding the 24th of May—there is only Good Friday, and this is essentially a religious holiday. In the same time our neighbours in the United States have Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, and Decoration Day. Easter Monday is a bank holiday with us, but is not generally observed by the public. In a climate such as ours, with short springtime, the 24th of May has come to be regarded as the beginning of summer. It is a mile-post in the domestic economy of many a farm and household, the beginning of summer travel and the opening of passenger traffic on our inland waters. We look forward to it as the first outing after the long winter, the day on which we don our summer wear and inaugurate the summer sports. Of those living in Canada to day, there are few who can recollect any of Her Majesty's predecessors and who ever holidayed on the birthday of any other sovereign. The 24th of May has been so long celebrated by us that we sometimes wonder how we can get along without it in the inevitable changes which time must soon bring, and when we shall observe as the sovereign's birthday some day in chill November.

As a holiday it has become a part of our national life, and will be greatly missed unless we preserve it. Let us have Victoria Day.

* BOOKS AND AUTHORS *

IN 1891, a young American newspaper man published a novel entitled "Maggie," published it privately because he could not get it published publicly. Last fall, D. Appleton & Co., published another of his, "The Red Badge of Courage." Another novel, "The Black Riders," had been published but had not attracted much attention. Suddenly, beginning in Great Britain, a great wave of approval showed itself and rushed over the reading public of that little island and finally spread over the literature consumers of this continent. "The Red Badge" was the book that caused this fierce approval, and has made the name of Stephen Crane familiar to all those who read "the newest books." "Maggie" has been republished; "The Black Riders" is out in half-a-dozen editions; another book—probably written before "The Red Badge," and entitled "George's Mother," is now being offered to the large and frenzied circle of Mr. Crane's admirers.

One of the chief characteristics of this young author—and he is but 26 years of age, having been born in Newark, N.J., in 1870—is his fondness for colorings. He describes a battle of the American Civil war, but does not designate the battle; it is merely a struggle between "the blue" and "the gray." The hero, described simply as "the youth," first falter, then flees, but finally returns, bears the colors and at the close of the battle is one of the heroes of the two days' fight. Mr. Crane speaks of the firing as "the flaming wings of lightning," of the guns as "shaking in black rage," "when the gray shadows of the woods before them should be slashed by the lines of flame," or "their beams of crimson seemed to get no purchase on the bodies of their foes." Here are some good samples:

"The blue haze of evening was upon the field. The lines of forest were long purple shadows. One cloud lay along the western sky, partly smothering the red."

"The shells, which had ceased to trouble the regiment for a time, came swirling again, and exploded in the grass or among the leaves of the trees. They looked to be strange war-flowers bursting into fierce bloom.... A shell screaming like a storm banshee went over the huddled heads of the reserves. It landed in the grove, and exploding redly flung up the brown earth. There was a little shower of pine needles."

The following are some touches from "George's Mother":

"The broad avenue glistened with that deep-bluish tint which is so widely condemned when it is put into pictures.... Kelcey [drunk] fell with a yellow crash.... He [sobering up] perceived all the futility of a red existence.... A red street-lamp threw a marvellous reflection upon the wet pavement. It was like the death-stain of a spirit.... He saw it [a debauch] as one might see a skeleton emerge from a crimson cloak.... The man was exasperated to black fury.... He could feel her gray stare upon him."

Of the "Red Badge," the *Atlantic* says:

"So vivid is the picture of actual conflict that the reader comes face to face with war. He does not see its pomp, which requires a different perspective, but he feels the sickening horror of slaughter, and becomes a part of the moving line of battle. The process of becoming a hero is so naturally unfolded that the reader no more than the hero himself is aware of the transformation from indecision and cowardice to bravery. This picture, so vivid as to produce almost the effect of a personal experience, is not made by any finished excellence of literary workmanship, but by the sheer power of an imaginative description. The style is as rough as it is direct. The sentences never flow; they are shot forth in sharp volleys. But the original power of the book is great enough to set a new fashion in literature."

Of "George's Mother," the *Bookman* says: "This is sorry stuff. Even if it were well done, it is not worth the doing; and it is not well done." And it then goes on to say that Mr. Crane has injured his reputation gained by "The Red Badge" by raking this fragment from his literary ash-barrel.

Of "Maggie" the verdict is almost the same. The *Literary Digest* says:

"Strenuous it is; but it is more 'impressionistic than real,' and, true to the impressionistic practice alike in point and in letters, the essential figure is the least delineated. Maggie is far less important to the canvas than her brother Jimmie, or her sottish mother, or the coarse and tawdry Bowery bartender who is the villain of the piece, and her destroyer."

The sum and substance of all this is that Mr. Crane has had several books published, but only one has really any merit. "The Red Badge of Courage" is his best work, although better may be expected of him. He is possessed of a fertile imagination, and abundant intuitive knowledge of human nature. He is intense—perhaps too intense—and his descriptions are vivid and realistic. Surely out of these elements something really great may be evolved. Education, time, and a better appreciation of his tools should eradicate his few faults.

**

"A Cathedral Pilgrimage," by Julia C. Dorr,* is a small beautifully bound volume describing the Cathedrals of Old England in a most appreciative and interesting way. It opens with a description of the Cathedral at Wells, which "has been a place of importance ever since the reign of Ina, King of the West Saxons, who built a church here in 704." In this city—"in England only the Cathedral towns are cities"—rills of clear water run along the streets close to the sidewalk. This has always been the case since 1443, when a good Bishop built a conduit from the well of King Ina and decreed that the surplus should run through the streets forever.

Of the Cathedrals the author says:—

"They have grown from age to age by slow accretion: grown calmly, reverently, as the heart of man demanded them. For hundreds of years they have been taking on new grace and dignity. The anthems of the ages have sanctified them; the worship of the ages has floated up from their altars like incense, till the very air is 'filled to faintness with perfume,'—the frankincense and myrrh of chant and prayer and hymn."

**

Egerton R. Young, whose stories of mission life in the Canadian North-West have had a sale of more than 100,000 copies in England, the United States and Canada, is engaged on a new book that

he promises will, as a "seller," far eclipse his previous efforts. It will be entitled "What Two Boys Saw in the Wild North Land." Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London, have secured the English market, and William Briggs the Canadian.

**

The Presidential campaign in the United States waxeth hot. F. Tennyson Neely has published: "Bryan and Sewall,"* by C. M. Stevans, "McKinley and Hobart," by Byron Andrews, "The Nation's Greatest Problem," "Sound and Solid Money," a symposium of the leading Statesmen, and "Free Silver," by C. M. Stevans.

**

From the same firm comes a more interesting book, "Soap Bubbles," by Max Nordau. This is a collection of very bright and very entertaining short stories by that clever Frenchman. The opening tale is especially good, being entitled, "Cant and Humbug: a story of English selfishness and American thriftiness." The volume is not large but has a wonderfully striking cover, untrimmed edges and gilt top. It is very artistic and will delight the hearts of those who love dainty books—and who doesn't?

**

Not gold merely, but poetry must hereafter be classed among the products of our distant sister province of British Columbia. Mr. Eric Duncan, of Comox, has a volume of poems in the press of William Briggs, to appear very shortly under the title of "Rural Rhymes."

**

J. C. Snaith is the author of a seventeenth century novel entitled "Miss Dorothy Marvin."† It is full of love and adventure, and gives a picture of English life just when Dutch William was displacing King James, and when the people were gaining some strong lessons in the disadvantages of an absolute monarchy. The story is quaint and photographic, but it lacks soul. It interests but does not enthuse, instructs but does not enrapture. The language is mostly of seventeenth century model, but anachronisms are not lacking. Mr Snaith

* Toronto: The Toronto News Co. Paper; 25c each.

† New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. 419 pp.

* New York: Macmillan & Co.; 16 mo. cloth, 75 cents.

seems to be one of those who wish to revive seventeenth century models in manners and language, but whether for criticism or imitation is not apparent. However, seventeenth century novels cannot possibly be as soulful, as enthusing and as instructive as those tales which deal with life as it now is, as most readers experience it; yet these works are not on that account to be carelessly condemned.

**

Among the recent issues in Macmillan's Colonial Library* are "Desperate Remedies," by Thomas Hardy; "The Rise and Fall of César Birotheau" and "Pierette," by H. De Balzac, and "Recollections of a Literary Man," by Alphonse Daudet. The first mentioned has been carefully revised by the author; the last is printed on heavy paper and fully illustrated.

**

Issued just as we go to press, and too late for review in this issue, are two books that make a notable addition to the literature of their class in Canada: "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss," by Edward W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," and "Around the Camp Fire," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Both books are unusually attractive specimens of book-making, and if the boys of Canada don't appreciate them, then the boys of Canada are a different set from "the boys of our time." These books and a capital new story by Amelia E. Barr, "A Knight of the Nets," also just issued, bear the imprint of William Briggs.

**

"Far to the Northwest, beginning ten days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake and running down to the Arctic Ocean, with Hudson's Bay as its eastern and Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as its western boundaries, lies the most complete and extended desolation on earth. That is the Barren Grounds, the land whose approximate 350,000 square miles is the dwelling place of no man." It was to this land that Caspar Whitney, sporting editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and Arthur Heming, artist, turned their faces from the town of Edmonton, N.W.T., on December 27th, 1894. From Edmonton to Fort Chipewyan and then straight

north beyond the Arctic circle, Whitney penetrated at a season of the year when the Barren Lands were held most solidly in the embrace of King Frost. His experiences were told in *Harper's Magazine* in a series of delightfully-illustrated articles, and these have now been issued in book form.* The volume is handsomely bound, and the illustrations are the best of their kind I have ever seen.

The most important result of this trip is the information gained concerning musk-oxen. (See frontispiece of this number.) He is the missing link between the ox and the sheep and when full-grown is about two-thirds the size of a bison. They are gregarious and travel in herds numbering usually from ten to twenty, of which two or three are usually bulls. The robe is a very dark brown which against the snow looks almost black. The tail is short and scarcely visible. The hair is from fifteen to twenty inches long in some parts, and at the root grows a coat of mouse-gray wool of the finest texture. The hoofs are large with curved toes and somewhat concaved beneath, like the caribou. They live on moss and lichen. The largest head Whitney secured measured from top to bottom at the meridian line $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the length of horn from meridian line to point measured $27\frac{1}{2}$; width of crevice between the bases of the horns, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; thickness of horn at crevice, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The flesh is coarse and exceedingly tough and unpleasant to eat. The musk taint is very strong in an old bull, but fainter in the cow and the yearling.

The Barren Ground caribou is also fully described by Whitney. The whole book is full of interesting information given in a straightforward manner and mixed in with a delightful account of a most adventurous journey which covered 2,800 miles.

**

The date of issue of "In the Days of the Canada Company," by Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars, has been fixed for Oct. 15th. The work has been enlarged much beyond the original intention of the authors, the amount of material coming to hand and clamoring for admittance increasing the volume to nearly

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds, by Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Bros.; cloth, illustrated. \$3.50.

500 pages. The price has been placed at two dollars. The work will be fully illustrated. Principal Grant contributes an introduction, and a copious Glossary will make the book easy of reference. The authors are reviving the old custom of including in the volume a list of original subscribers.

**

A most useful book to those who are studying the literature of France is "Modern French Literature," by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D. * The first chapter deals with the middle age and the Renaissance, the second with the seventeenth century and the third with the eighteenth. The ten remaining chapters deal with the period from Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand to the present time, the chapter on Huo in exile and in triumph is especially good.

"In the first fifty years of his life drama takes the first place, there is more poetry than fiction, and nearly a quarter of the whole bulk is made up of miscellaneous travel, memoirs and essays. In the second period fiction advances to first place . . . In all departments the work of the second period shows a new strength and earnestness. The causes of this added depth and force are to be sought in his domestic and political experience."

"If now we consider Hugo's place in French literature, one is tempted, with Lemaitre, to call him 'the mightiest gatherer of words since the world began.' But it needs not that critic's acuteness to discover that there is far too much repetition in his work, and, after 'Les Châtiments,' little intellectual development. . . . On the other hand, if we look at his work from the rhetorical standpoint, his management of words and images, there is no loss, perhaps there is gain, to the very last. . . . One observes that if Hugo has a conspicuous lack of humor, he has a certain kind of wit that shows itself in a keen relish for sharp contrasts. . . . Such a wit is never lofty, but it is often effective. But whether bridled or free, his intense feeling and vivid imagination poured into the language a stream of images, new or forgotten, that broaden from the 'Orientales' to the 'Contemplations,' and form the mirror of Hugo's peculiar glory."

These extracts will give a slight idea of the author's style of treatment, and its thoroughness will be admitted by all who read this meritorious work.

**

The London, Eng. *Literary World* says: "A Lover in Homespun and other stories," by Mr. F. Clifford Smith, comprises a selection of sketches of life in Canadian

villages and forests. The stories are of good merit, and comprise some excellent descriptions of forest and clearing, and a clever delineation of the passions which actuate humanity in the rough, although their brevity limits the author to brief outlining in the place of close and careful analysis that Mr. Smith might have brought into them had space permitted. The stories, eleven in all, deal with love and life and religion in many aspects, and as character studies of the simple Canadian peasantry, French and English, can compare favorably with similar selections in which Scotch, Welsh, and Irish rural life have been exploited. The book reaches us from across the water, and in the absence of any indication of an English agency, it is unnecessary to go into detail about the contents, or to dwell upon its readability."

**

Speaking of "Earth's Enigmas," by Charles G. D. Roberts; and "In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott, *The Bookman* says:—We wonder how long the poets will be in finding out that qualities which make poets may not make dramatists or tellers of stories. It takes something more than temperament, colour sense, choice of words, to evoke live men and women from the imagination, or give a zest to narrative. "Earth's Enigmas" and "In the Village of Viger" are very well as experiments in prose. But the successful sketches are precisely those in which the poet has most to do, and the story-teller almost nothing at all. "Do Seek their Meat from God," "The Young Ravens that Call upon Him," and "The Perdu," are all exquisite in their observation of Nature; they are close to the mystery of life in the forest and lonely places.

Mr. Duncan Scott writes with a French pen, and prefers village streets and pastoral gentleness, robins, bobolinks, and little milliners to crude types and primeval places. Viger and Pontiac have something of a common atmosphere. But these little sketches of provincial types, pretty enough, are yet thin and amateurish. Nothing requires greater art than to give human interest and dramatic value to very tenuous incidents and situations; it takes the subtlety, the nice selective faculty of a Guy de Maupassant. Mr.

* Boston: Roberts Bros. Cloth, 12 mo. 503 pp.

Scott's little book, like Professor Roberts', abounds in exquisite felicities of natural description; and one sketch of his, "The Bobolink," has the delicacy and perfectness of a real French pastel; but it stands alone. We would give all the rest of the book for its charming dedication in verse:

"Robins and bobolinks, bubbling and tinkling,
Shore larks alive there high in the blue.
Level in the sunlight the rye-field twinkling,
The wind parts the cloud, and a star leaps
through"—

which amounts to saying: let Professor Roberts and Mr. Scott keep to verse and continue to rejoice us.

**

A volume of short stories of life among the Indians and Cowboys of the Canadian North-West, by John Maclean, Ph.D., author of "Canadian Savage Folk," will be published during the autumn by William Briggs, under the title, "The Warden of the Plains."

**

Mr. Cahan, the author of *Yekl*, a tale of the New York Ghetto* is a Lithuanian Jew, who came to New York as a fugitive in 1882. Consequently he is well acquainted with that portion of New York, called the Ghetto, and the scenes which he describes. For a description of the sweat-shops and the slums of the city of New York, the book is perhaps unequalled. Mr. Cahan's descriptions are wonderfully graphic, and pervaded by a keen sense of humor. The story opens with a description of the shop in which the hero, *Yekl* or "*Jake*" Podkovic is employed. He is a Russian Jew who has been in New York for about three years, having left his wife and child in his native land. In New York he has posed as a single man, and as such has touched the hearts of two young women, one of whom succeeds in winning his affection. From her he borrows money which he uses to enable his wife and child to join him. When his wife arrives he is disappointed in her appearance, which is so different from that of the shop girls with whom he has been accustomed to associate. She does not seem to be able to adapt herself readily to her new surroundings. This, together with the domestic discord stirred up by

the young woman whose affections *Jake* had not returned, leads eventually to a legal separation, and *Yekl* returns to his favored sweetheart. Although the plot is somewhat simple and commonplace the charm of the book lies in the description of the life and character of the people who inhabit the eastern portion of the great American metropolis.

**

One of the most popular books of the year is Mrs. Burnett's "*A Lady of Quality*."* The principal character, *Clorinda Wildairs*, is decidedly original, and as the story is being dramatized, people who have read the book are wondering how she will appear on the stage. The story is powerfully written, but is not what one might call natural or real. Surely there never lived such a creature as *Clorinda Wildairs*! In her earlier years she could scarcely be called a female. Reared as a child under the tender care of grooms and servants, she very soon learns all their bad habits, becomes passionate and wilful and even familiar with the foulest language. It is by means of these particular traits that she at length wins her father's heart. He encourages her in them, dresses her in boy's clothes, and allows her to accompany him to the hunting-field.

At the age of fifteen, however, she resolves to abandon her wild life, and from that time cultivates the more womanly traits in her nature, eventually developing into a magnificent beauty and coquette. About this time she meets and falls in love with Sir John Oxon, who afterwards deserts her. She then becomes the wife of the Duke of Dunstanwolde, to whom she is a good and faithful wife, although, in the meantime, she has met her ideal and learned the true meaning of love. After the death of the Duke of Dunstanwolde, and just as she is about to be married to the man of her choice, the villain of her early years again pursues her, threatening to expose her. In a moment of rage she strikes him with her heavy riding whip and kills him. At first she is horrified, but finally comes to the conclusion that in committing this act she has merely avenged herself. She conceals

**Yekl*, a Tale of the New York Ghetto. A. Cahan. Cloth, 190 pp., \$1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

**A Lady of Quality*. Francis Hodgson Burnett. Cloth, 360 pp., \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

his body in the cellar of her house, marries the man of her choice, and with him leads a noble life. At her death she was thought worthy, strange as it may seem, of the following epitaph:—"Here sleeps by her husband the purest and noblest lady God e'er loved, yet the high and gentle deeds of her chaste, sweet life sleep not, but live and grow, and so will do so long as earth is earth."

**

There is little doubt that Grant Allen has injured himself in Canada by his *outré* writings, yet his novel "The Duchess of Powysland,"* is very wholesome. It is a study in the social life in England, and the leading characters are strongly outlined. The Duchess, herself, whether as a lodging house mistress in London, or the sister of a rich inventor in New York, or the wife of one of England's nobility, is a striking, a majestic figure. Dramatic situations, crime and virtue, plot, dialogue and description—all combine to make this a fascinating and entertaining book. It may safely be recommended to all classes of readers.

**

To a Canadian belongs the honor of the first English translation of Hegel's "Philosophy of Right," (*Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts*). This work has been done by Dr. S. W. Dyde, Professor of Mental Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, and the thanks of all English-speaking students are due him, for thus bringing this valuable work within their reach.

**

Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," which is now running in *Scribner's Magazine*, and Max Pemberton's "A Puritan Wife," also appearing serially now, will be published in book form in October by Cassels.

**

It is said that Stevenson expected the work on which he was engaged at the time of his death, to be his masterpiece. Instead of being a complete novel it is but a fragment—like a piece of unfinished sculpture. Never heless it is a magnificent piece of work and, had it been com-

pleted, it would, undoubtedly, have satisfied the author and the public.

Of this work, "Weir of Hermiston,"* the *London Speaker* says:

"One reads these precious pages with a bewildered delight, that suddenly becomes a pain not less intense, as the thought forces itself upon the mind that this is the last draught of a splendid vintage. It is here that we get the great writer at his greatest and feel most completely the grip of that manly intellect. It is here besides that he reveals most of his own soul to us, and lets us see something of the school in which he was made. The whole story is steeped in the atmosphere of Scotland. We can hear "the whaups crying about the graves of the martyrs" as we turn the pages; the scent of the heather is in our nostrils, and the keen, damp wind of the North blows freshly about us. The town-pent reader, looking out upon dull street or square, finds himself transported into the wide, breezy moorlands of the North as by a miracle. And then he recalls the fact that these pages were written in the under-world, in the island home in the Pacific, from which Scotland must have seemed a thousand times more distant than the stars. If anybody wishes to see how fully Louis Stevenson had absorbed the spirit of his race and of his native land, he must read "Weir of Hermiston." Written under alien skies and amid natural scenes that had not even the fantastic resemblance of a caricature to the scenery of the cold grey North, it is still steeped in the local color of Scotland."

**

In October, Methuen & Co. will publish Mr. Arthur Morrison's story of East end life, "A Child of the Jago." The first thirteen chapters of this book, which form a complete episode, will be first published in the *New Review*, but the entire story will be published only in book form.

**

The Harpers will shortly publish a new book by Margaret E. Sangster, entitled "With My Neighbors."

**

Mr. Gilbert Parker and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, are collaborating in a dramatic revision of the former's romance, "The Seats of the Mighty."

**

A second edition of Dr. Geo. Sexton's "Biblical Difficulties Dispelled," revised and enlarged, is in the press of William Briggs. Another new story by Annie S. Swan, entitled "A Stormy Voyage," is announced for issue this fall.

*American Publisher's Corporation, 310-318 Sixth Ave., New York. Paper, 50 cents.

*Weir of Hermiston, by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 266 pp., \$1.50.



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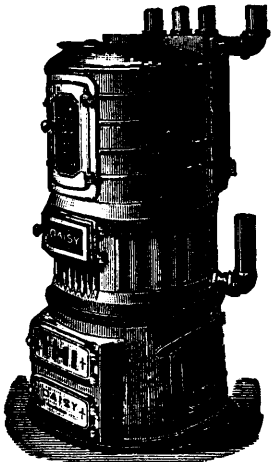
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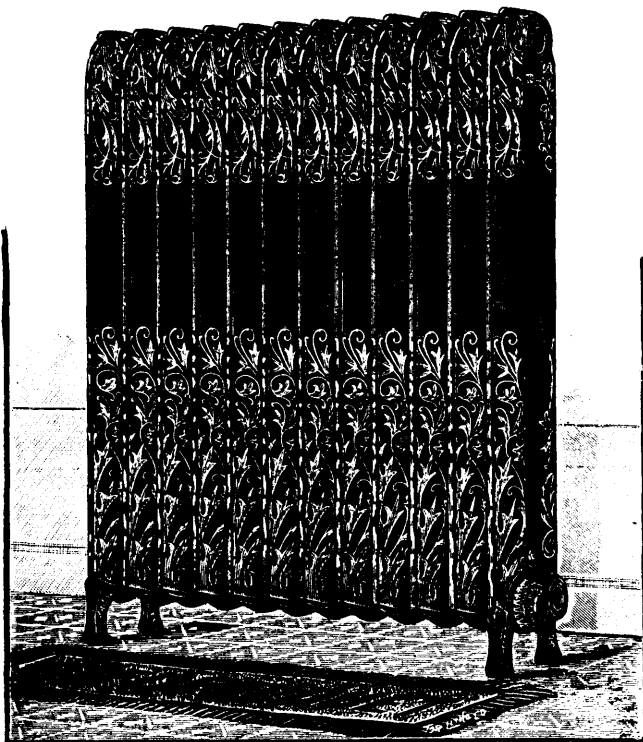
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The Gurney-Massey Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

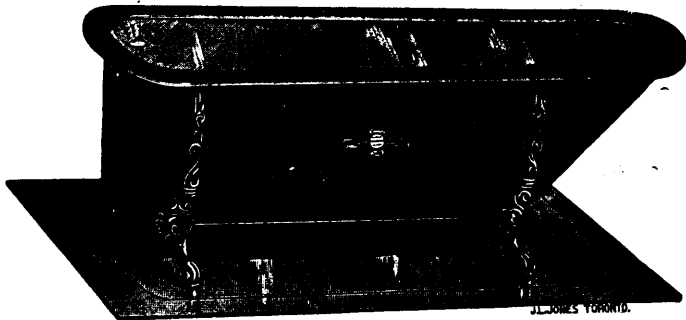
The Gurney Foundry Co., 75 Finsbury Pavement, London, England.

Absorbent Materials

Such as wood-work, should be eliminated from the Bath Room as far as possible.

“Steel=Clads”

* * * * * Are all metal but the rim.



Booth's
Patent

All Open and Accessible. * * * * *



THOROUGHLY SANITARY.



The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co., Ltd.

125 Queen Street East
114 and 116 Richmond Street East, } TORONTO



THE NEW HOT WATER HEATER.

“The Watson.”

Constructed upon scientific principles, its successful operation practically demonstrates the correctness of these principles. The gases are consumed as soon as formed. No smoke, no soot, no dust, great economy in fuel.

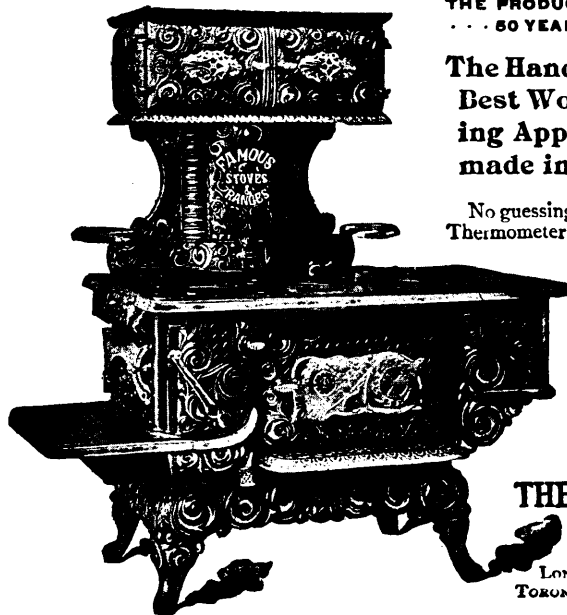
The Grate so constructed that it is impossible to clog.
A child can shake it.

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The Watson Heater Co.

546 Craig Street,
MONTREAL.

The “Famous Active” Range



THE PRODUCT OF . . .
. . . 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

**The Handsomest and
Best Working Cook-
ing Apparatus ever
made in Canada.**

No guessing as to heat of oven.
Thermometer in door shows it
exactly. Every
cook will appreciate this
feature.

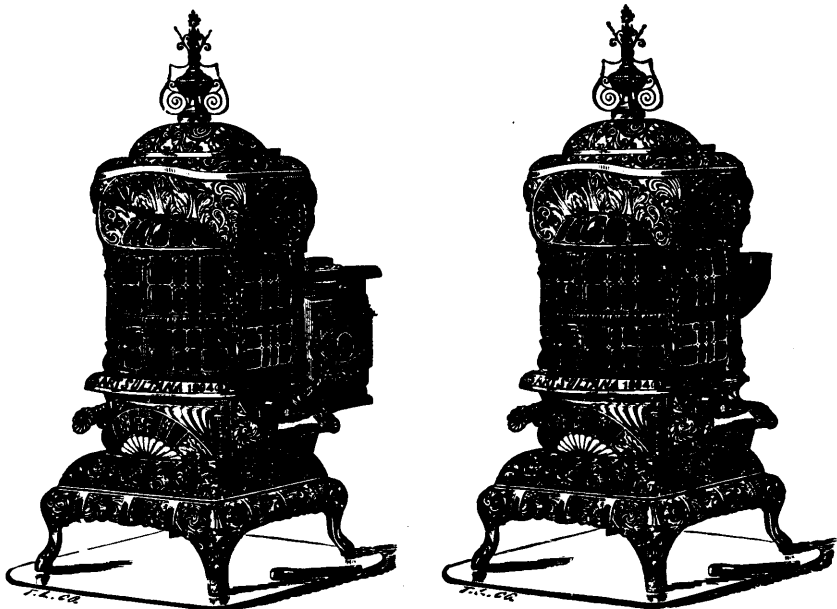
Oven vent-
ilated and cement-
ed top and
bottom, ensur-
ing even cook-
ing.

**THE McCLARY
M'f'g. Co.,**

LONDON, MONTREAL,
TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

No. 5 "ART SULTANA"—With or Without Oven
FOR 1896



A Handsome, Powerful Double Heater for Halls, Parlors and Dining Rooms. The **latest** of our celebrated "Sultana" line, introduced 1876, and **improved** year after year for 20 years, until perfection has been reached. As a Hall and Parlor Stove it is unsurpassed, as an Oven Stove it excels all others.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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



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Was how our ancestors called attention to their business.

Advertising in newspapers and magazines is the modern way.

Most up-to-date advertisers employ advertising agencies to handle this department of their business. Many of the most prominent Canadian firms employ ours. They say they are satisfied with our way of doing business, that we save them time, and money also.

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73 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.



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LIME JUICE

(NO MUSTY FLAVORS.)

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Cools the Blood

and

Quenches the Thirst.

Just the thing for the country home, for pic-nics, camping, etc. Its all ready for use, no sugar to hunt for, and it

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Sold by GROCERS and DRUGGISTS throughout Canada.



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There are many most delicious dishes that require a perfectly rich and pure flavoring extract to make them a success—and what cook does not wish successful results in her cooking? The



CROWN BRAND FLAVORING EXTRACTS are made in forty different Fruit, Flower and Spice flavors, each one pure and strong—we know, we make them. It takes just a few drops to give a most delicious flavor. Ask your grocer for them.

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Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

**PURIFIES
 AS WELL AS
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**
 No cosmetic
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 46 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the

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Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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To women who are not well, and tired of the useless, nauseating taking of drugs, Dr. Sanden of New York wishes to announce that he has just issued a neat illustrated little book fully explaining how they can treat and cure themselves at home by electricity. The treatment is so common-sense that it does not admit of failure, and every woman suffering female weakness, rheumatism, lumbago, kidney or stomach complaints, etc., does herself an injustice by not investigating it. The book holds out no false inducements, but gives scores of plain references in every State who have been cured after all other treatments failed. It is free by mail, upon application. Address **DR. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York City.** ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.



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A CHOICE Farm, 5 miles from Woodstock, Ont., with good buildings, fences and orchard; soil clay and sandy loam; well drained.

Also 3 acres near above, with good house and barn, a 2-story poultry and bee house, with full stock of bees and poultry (thoroughbred), and a full outfit of supplies, tools, etc. A large crop of fruit.

Both the above places, with entire crop, will be sold cheap to an immediate purchaser. Owner leaving Ontario.

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 45 Market Street, BRANTFORD, ONT**



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1896



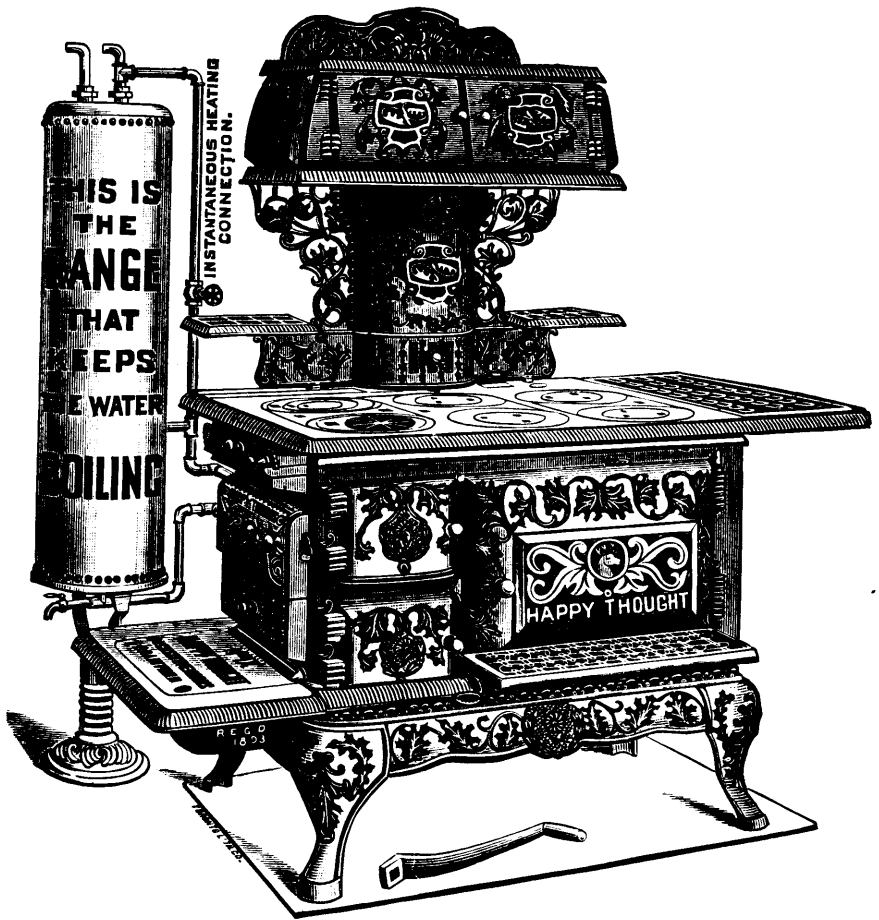
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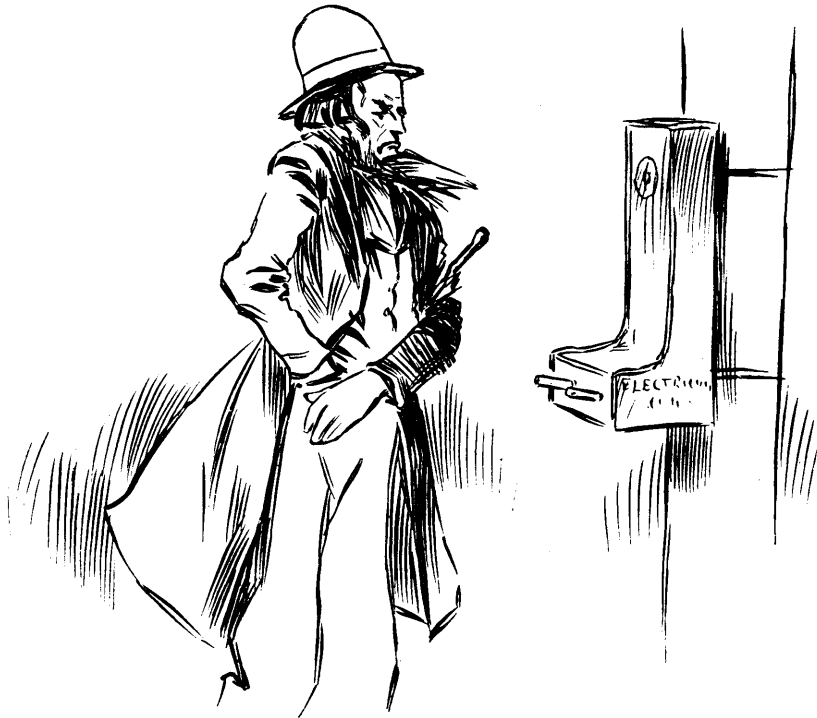
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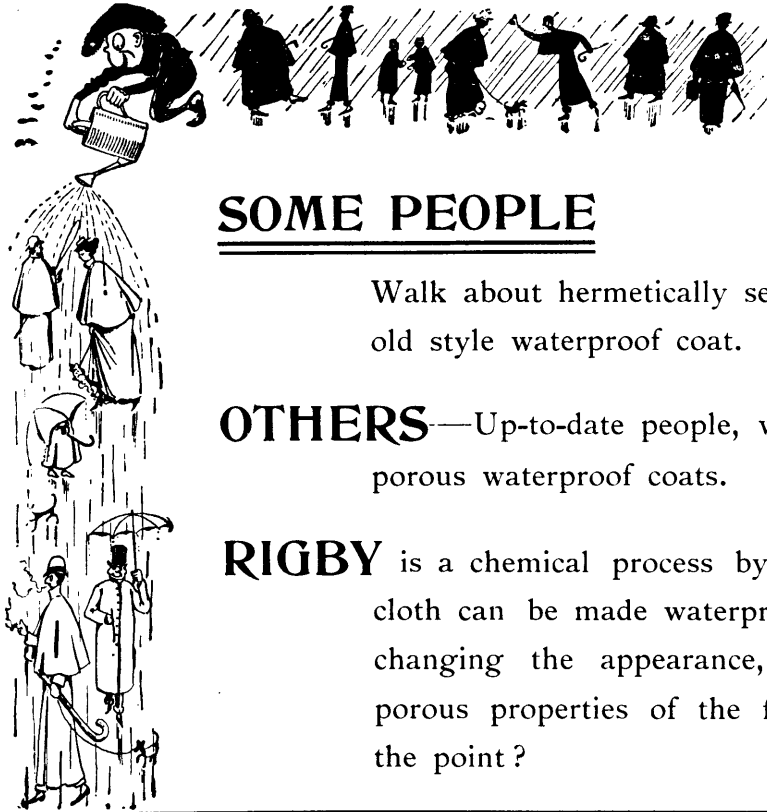
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RESULTS IN A DEGREE OF EXCELLENCE
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But we may have **SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS** and **CLEAR COMPLEXIONS**, which are in themselves the first elements of **BEAUTY** and which make the plainest face attractive.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap

cause the skin to become **SOFT, SMOOTH** and **VELVETY**, and the **COMPLEXION** is made **CLEARER** and **WHITER** by the use of the above **WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES**.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers are a permanent beautifier, building up the wasted tissues underlying the skin, thus preventing the formation of **WRINKLES**, cleansing the pores thoroughly of their secretions and all impurities which find lodgment in them. **Every Lady**, young or old, should use them. **FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP** is a wonderful protection to the skin from the ravages of the wind, sun and weather.

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when you can buy good ones that will wear as long as the garment for but little more in price.

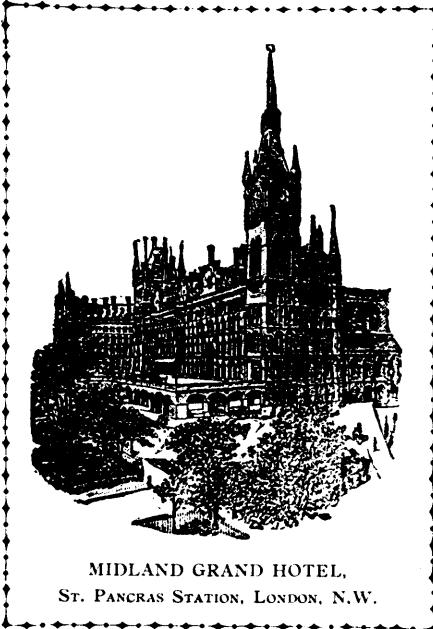
If, in this connection of **Good Dress Stays**, if you have not used them we would suggest that you try the "**Ever-Readys**," they are strong and elastic, and being well'ed with gutta percha (sheet rubber), are impervious to perspiration, and are lighter and thinner, making the waist nearly an inch smaller, an aim of all stylish women.

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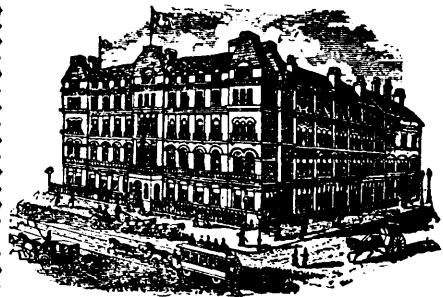
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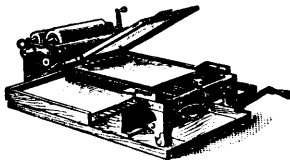
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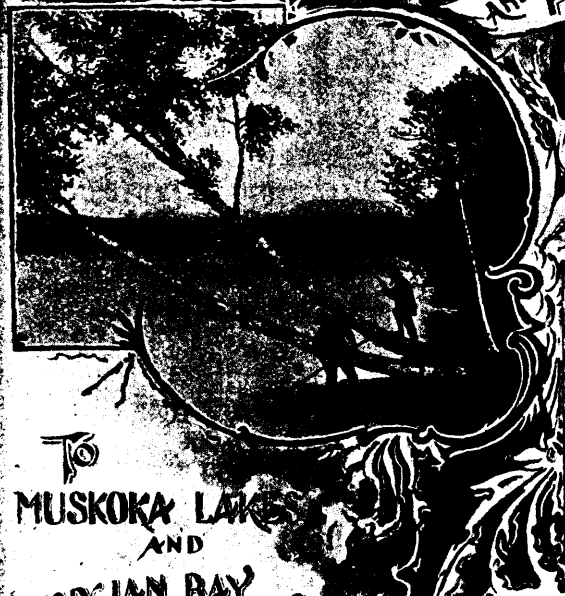
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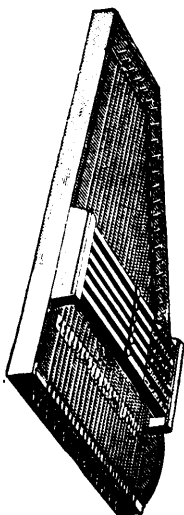
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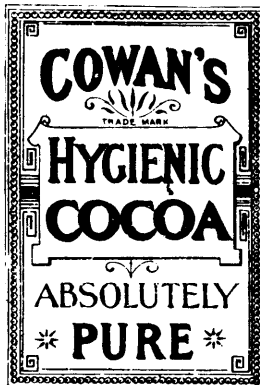
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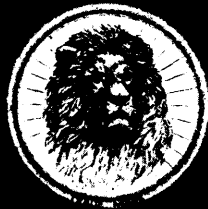
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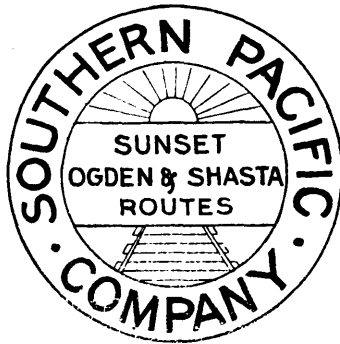
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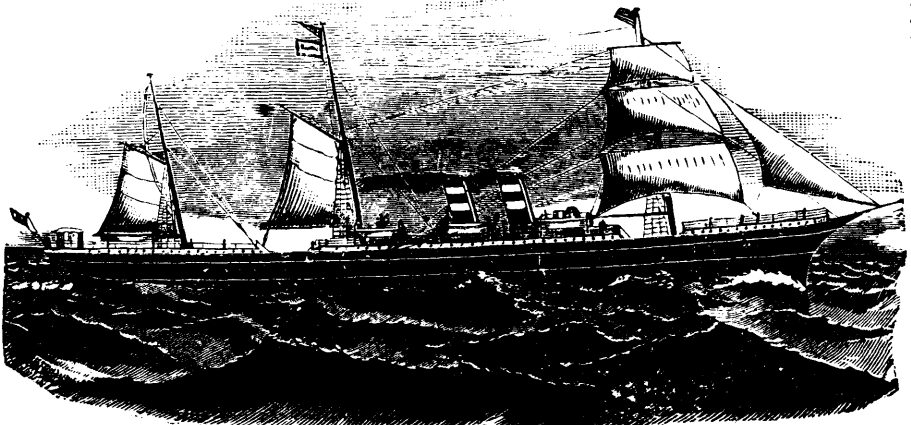
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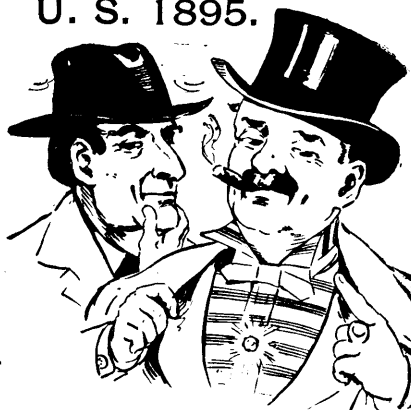
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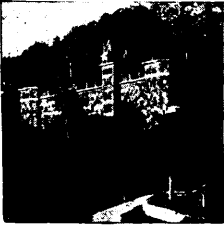
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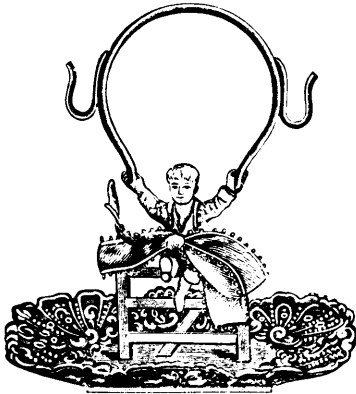
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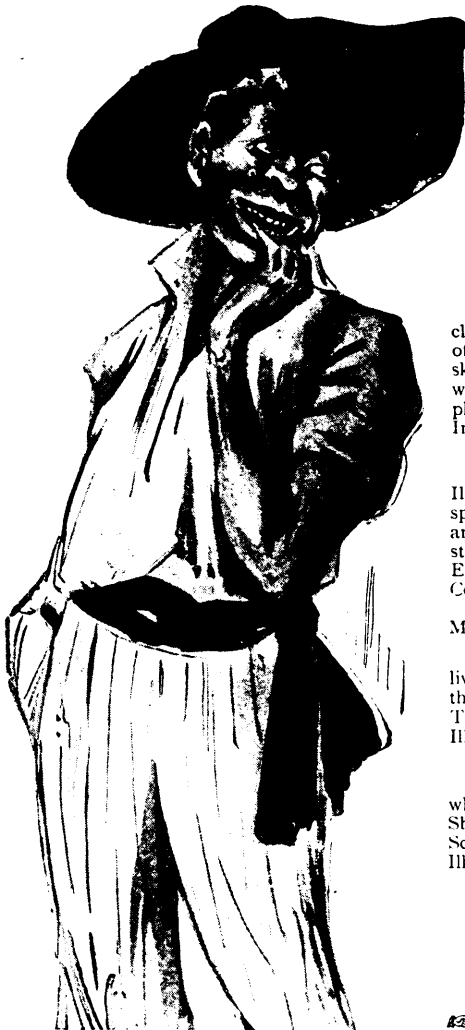
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