

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE

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VOL. XXXII

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THE
CANADIAN
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Vol. 32

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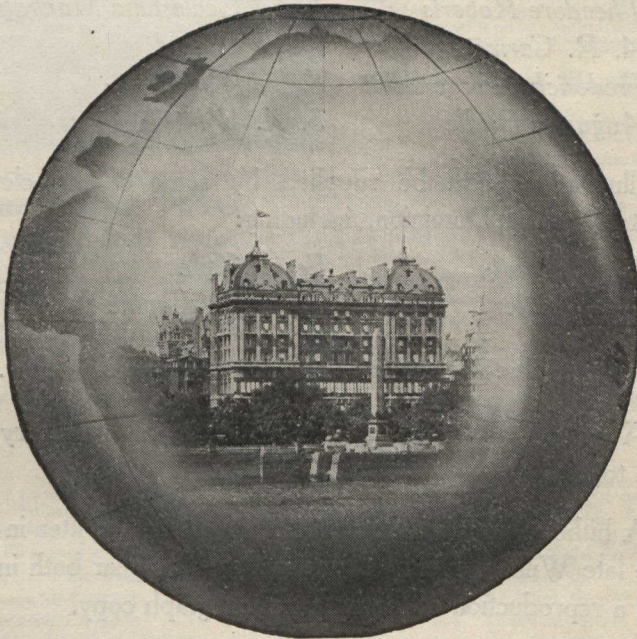
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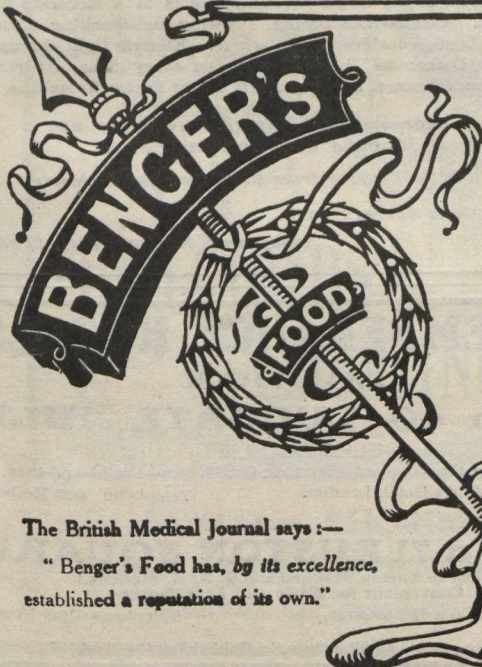
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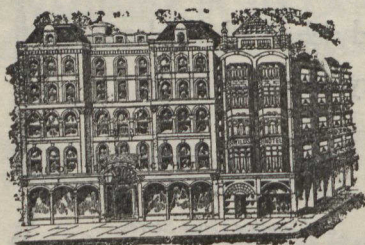
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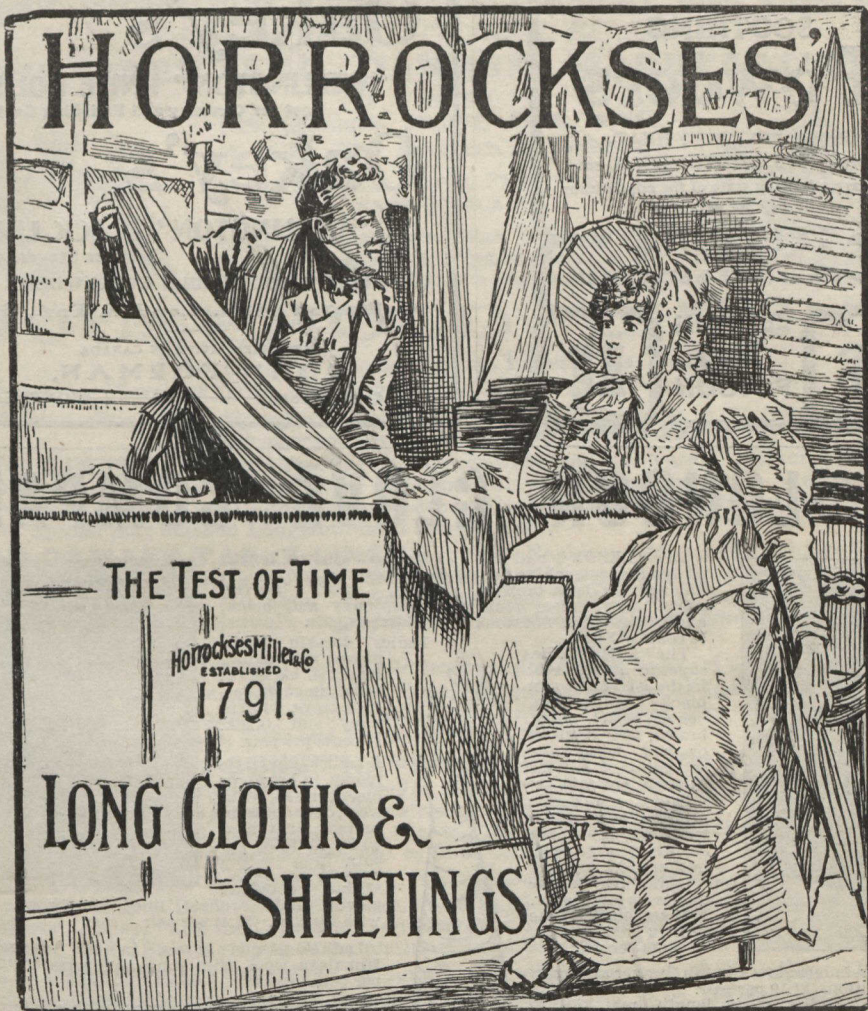
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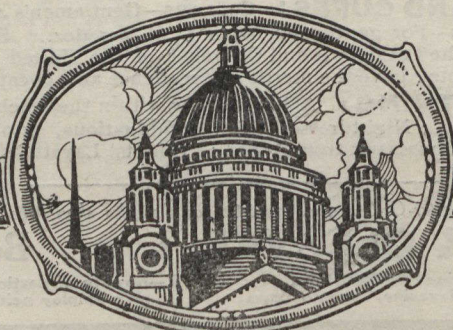
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Yours very truly,
(Signed) HUBERT VON HERKOMER

Feb. 11, 1908.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett, M.A., the famous Wesleyan preacher and historian, the Author of "Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that Won the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia, writes:—
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The Editor of the Hibbert Journal.

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Home Address: Mount Wilson, Edenderry,
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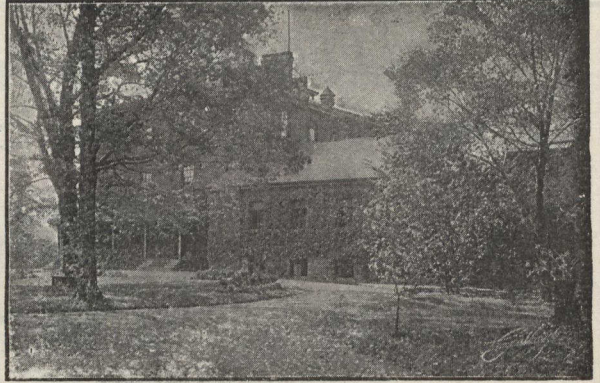
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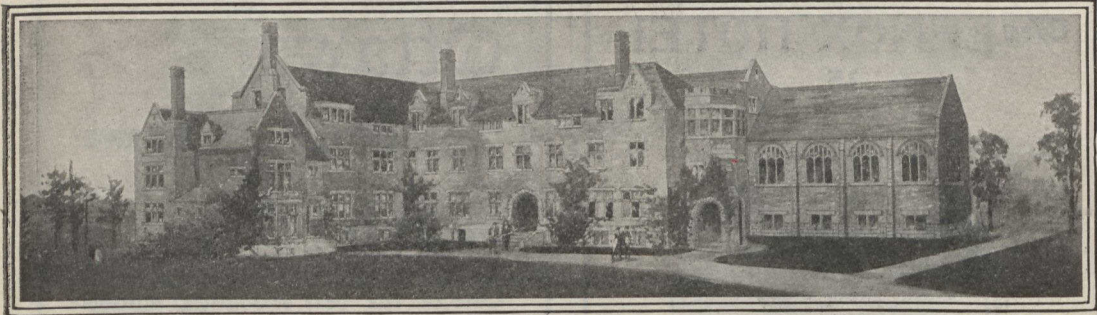
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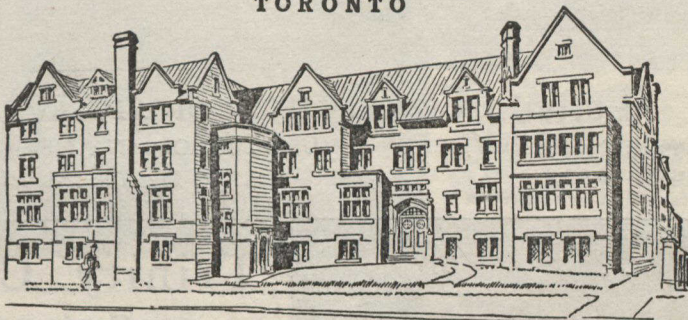
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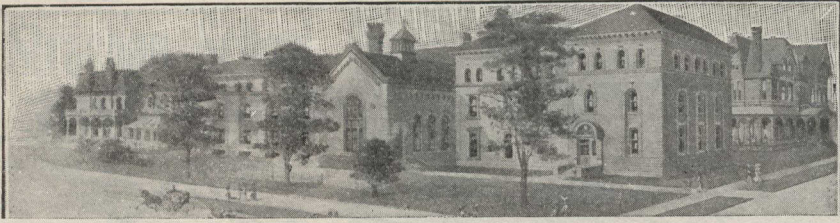
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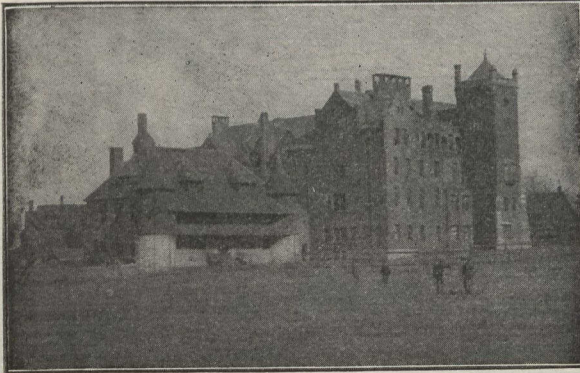


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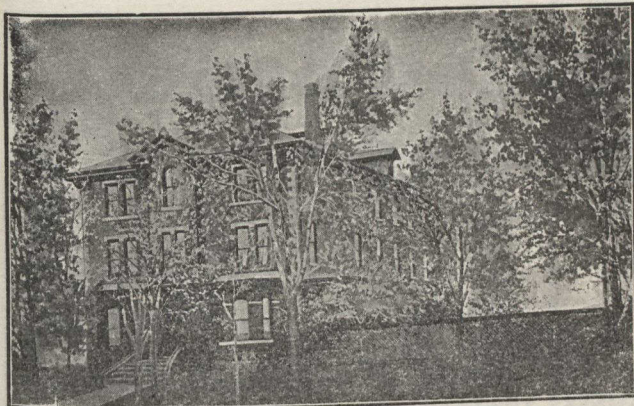
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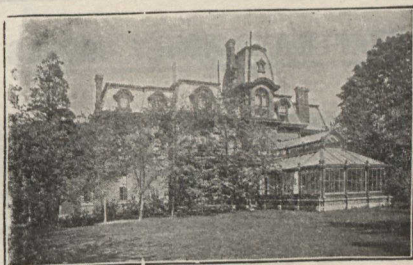
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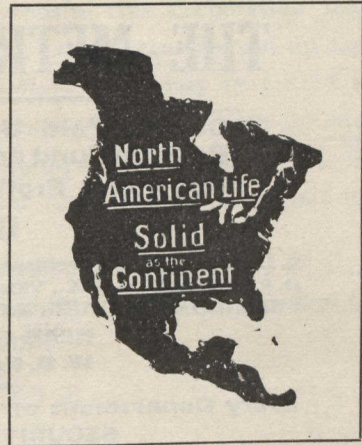
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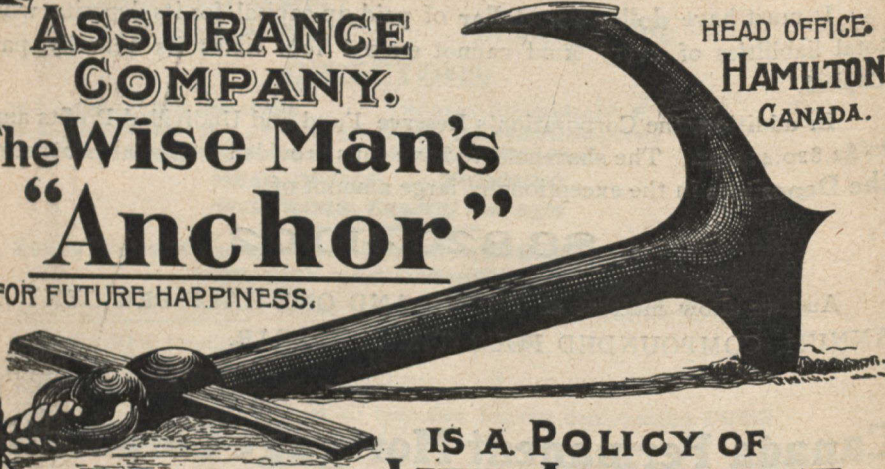
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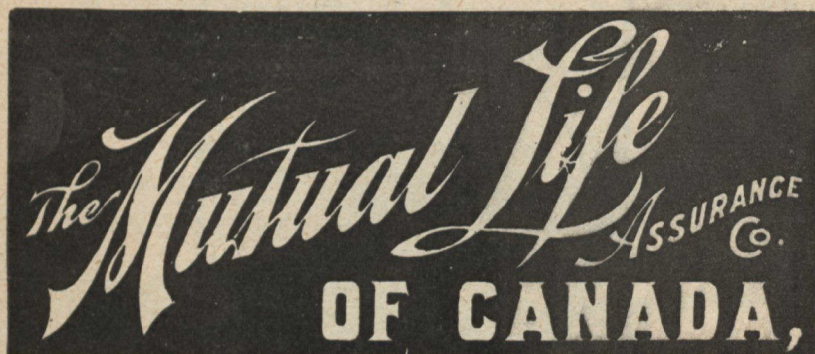
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For article see page 65

KLAASJE

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 1

MOOSE HUNTING
IN NEW BRUNSWICK

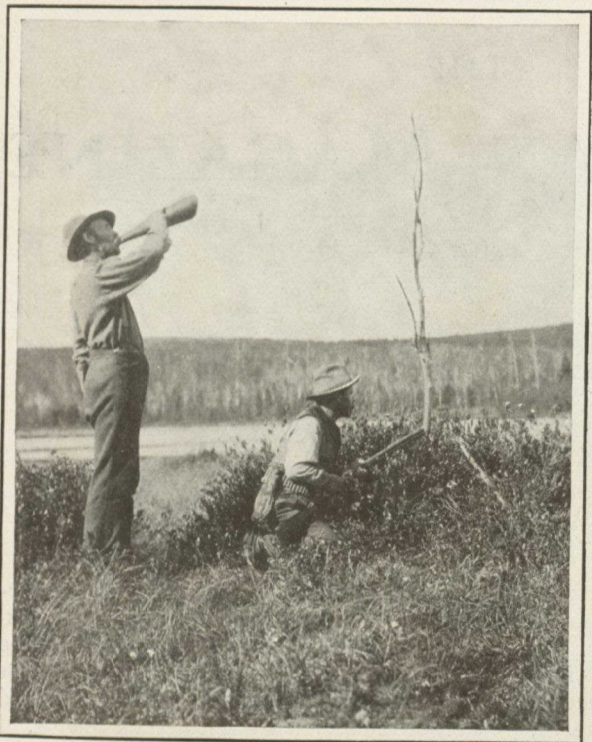
BY DOUGLAS W. CLINCH

IF you are one of those fortunate individuals who, as the clouds clear after a heavy rain and the air has a crispness you can almost feel, are conscious of a superabundance of surplus energy tingling every nerve, you are bound hereditarily to like moose hunting. Once the "wh-i-i-r-r, pung" of an expanding bullet, as it leaves the muzzle and strikes behind the foreshoulder, has been engraved by the master hand on an ever-too-willing memory, you know nothing but the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds will ever erase it. Maybe during the breathless ecstasy of grinning at an eye-lash finish you may be temporarily enraptured by the only sport which really equals it. Just the same on a cool October morning, or as you pause by a snow-laden bough to relight your after-breakfast pipe, you are certain that the pleasures of this life are not confined to European tours, dinner-dances, and "silent-sixes." If you are a bromide and a pessimist, you will miss a great deal out of life, anyway.

Somehow I managed to, yes, literally, fall down stairs in my excitement one bright morning in September. Contrary to all the rules of hygiene, which most of us have

read at school and then forever forgotten, I managed to snatch a breakfast. Outside "Billy" was waiting with a four-wheeler. Five minutes later, with my ticket in my teeth and accompanied by numerous packs, I was bundled into "the Boston" as she pulled out for the West. At McAdam I locked fingers with a Montreal friend, and together we smoked one another's cigars for the next one hundred miles. As the sun, still two hours' high, blinked over nature's skyscrapers on the town of Grand Falls, we once more felt the planks of a platform beneath our feet and were pumping the arm of a grinning "Injun." To mention casually that our cook, while in a hilarious condition, had fallen off the train en route, that we had to trust to the charity of distilleries which never saw Scotland, only helped to fill in the gaps in the rather undulating scenery.

It did not take long to go over our stock in hand and, guided by "Ike," to add a set of "Cooking Tools" on which the Steel Trust had levied no ransom. Then there were many other things which the general "store" gave up from its depths. From the lower floor, where you could buy anything from a scythe to a needle, we fol-



CALLING THE MOOSE

lowed an obliging maiden, not mentioned in "Florodora," to a natural wood-finished storey, where wholesome smells of gingham seemed to break the last tie between civilisation and the perfume of the forest. All our outfit being packed and the town's bakery raided to the last crust, we piled on to the lumber wagon, and had the satisfaction of feeling the last bridge rumble beneath our feet as we looked out over the beautiful fall from which the town derives its name. One by one did the farms and crossroads drop behind. What a perfect stillness seemed to descend over all as the horses toiled up a sandy hill. Only the low murmur of my companion's conversation, as he sat hunched on a stained leather suit case and chatted to our teabster, and the regular swing of the whiffle-tree was carried to my ears. Back on a feed bag "James" and I were chatting

on "things generally." James was a Frenchman who spoke English without an accent, and was, in his way, an optimist. Long before the full moon had peered like a drum-head over the dark forest slopes, James and I were friends. We chatted over the conditions of the people in the vicinity, and always James would wind up with "but they are happy." It is such men who made you believe in the future of this country.

For ten miles that night did we travel hill and dale. The long, winding road was bright as day. Not a cloud was contrasted with the clear starlit Heavens. Here we stopped at a farm house which might have been transplanted from one of Drummond's habitant

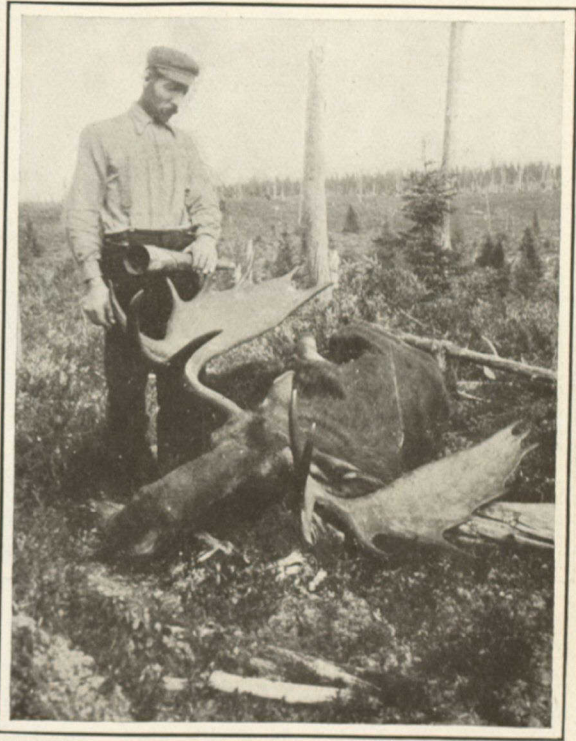
tales the night before. To this day can I see the huge iron sugar pot as it hung from its giant wauganstick, or recall the frowsy-headed Frenchman as he chatted from his corner and demonstrated his views with a crutch, and the close-mouthed narrow-chested woman, as she set about preparing our supper in the low-ceilinged, badly lit room. It seemed to sweep me back into another century, and, standing in the doorway and studying the peeled-logged houses, at least two centuries old, I could hardly believe I had that very morning left the city.

Without an after-dinner smoke, we carried our blankets to an adjoining barn and were soon dreaming on the fresh cut hay. At four I was awake, and once more the horses were hitched and the remaining fourteen miles of our journey considered seriously. Mile after mile we drove. Here we would ford a stream long before the

early morning mists had disappeared, and were deep in the heart of the wood. At times we walked through the deep shadows, guided only by the light of a waning moon and a stingy lantern. From the rear the creaking of the lumber wagon was the only perceptible sound. Then the East slowly reddened and, driving the chariots of scurrying night before it, the sun peeped over the distant mountains. It did not require an æsthetic taste to appreciate its splendour, and an imaginative one but magnified it..

By nine we swung around a turn and there, outlined against a background of green timber lay our destination. How eagerly we unpacked our dunnage! How we rummaged that deserted camp! How the initials carved on the walls were studied with an almost childish pleasure! Then, toting a table and benches out-doors, we ate. There always being a certain amount of straightening up to be done, my friend and I took it in hand while Isaac "cruised for signs." He returned to say a big bull had been down to the lake that morning and that once he distinctly heard him rasp his antlers on the bushes. Not wishing to disturb him he had not worked within closer range.

About four that afternoon we headed for the calling ground selected. Within an hour we were seated behind some sheltering bushes as Isaac commenced to whine through the horn in imitation of a cow moose seeking her mate. To some the sport has a wonderful fascination, and I am afraid we are all a trifle heathenish after the manner we worship for the



BULL MOOSE KILLED ON A NEW BRUNSWICK BARREN

time being that insignificant piece of birch bark. How we hope, and, yes, sometimes pray, that it will summon him, that he will hurry before the light grows dim or the faint breeze springs into a wind.

Several times did the high nasal cry, ending in a deep grunt, echo and re-echo through every glade of the forest within miles. How we seemed to strain, if it were possible, our ears to catch the answer—and then, all unexpectedly, it came. But it was far, very, very far, away, and though a coaxing call was several times ventured, the clouds darkened and the gloaming gave place to dusk. By means of whispers "Ike" informed us that as the moose was doubtless a big one, with a wide spread of antler, he had taken to the lumber road and if unable to locate the sound would remain in the vicinity till daylight. We were about to return to



GUIDES ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MOOSE

camp when the meadow grass on the opposite shore parted, and a deer stole down to drink. As a rifle shot will not disturb game in a country little hunted, my companion with a single shot dropped him in his tracks. Without wasting any time we returned campward.

It may perhaps seem incredible to the majority, but I doubt very much if some of us ever lose our childhood's distrust of the dark. Of course, we will not admit any such possibility, and, perhaps, experience will oftentimes erase the period of novitiation. The subject, at any rate, furnishes food for thought as we trail along through the shadows in the wake of a guide, who, at that precise moment, is the very best friend you ever had. Not for worlds would he lag behind. And so the three of us hiked it to camp, and, oh, didn't the gleam of a lantern look mighty good as James came out to meet us! Inside, sweaters, hunting-coats, boots, etc., were hastily discarded, and after a lunch-counter wash, we gathered around the supper Fred, our cook, had prepared.

When the last cup of tea had been drained and the last cigar reverently smoked to the very butt, we discussed the sport in general.

Many books by earnest followers of the trail have never covered the entire subject. Generations of guides have always found something new, which, after all, is the real fascination of all woodlore. I think most real students of the subject will tell you that the customs of all animals are as steadfast and consistent as the immortal hills. Study these customs from real life, review them under all conditions, decide on a happy medium, match your cunning against theirs, and you have sport. All else is but luck, and furnishes material for controversies. Concerning moose, as a single factor it would require volumes even to explain the fundamental principles. Of one thing be assured, it is a science, and therefore the results are only regulated as to positiveness in proportion to the qualifications of the hunter. The first few weeks of September the cow moose summons her mate by "calling," and

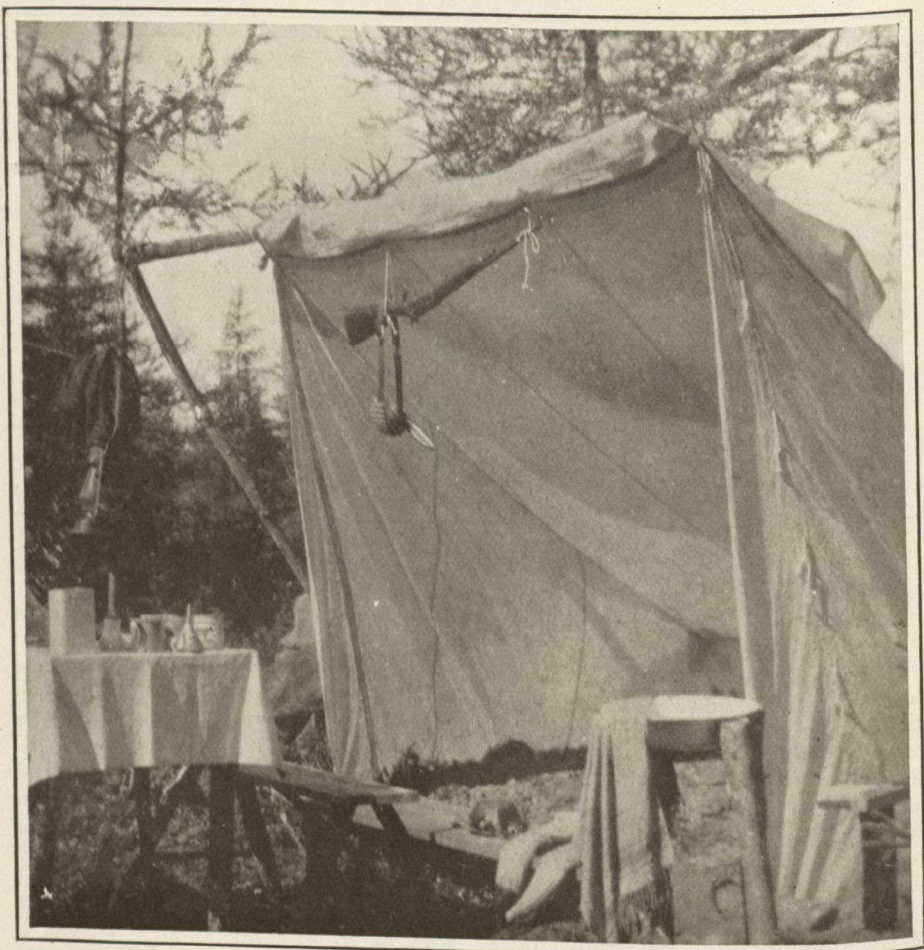


TOWING A BULL MOOSE ASHORE IN THE NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER

continues to do so till the waning of the October moon. Ofttimes a fight will occur between males over the possession of a cow. The call is a whining, wailing note, increasing in volume from the initial grunt. Meadows, bogs, swamps, hardwood ridges, lake shores, etc., are the places selected. Man, through his astuteness, masters this sound, and under favourable conditions can summon a bull. "Still-hunting" is the personification of tracking by wind and trail. It is resorted to at all seasons, but chiefly during the month of November. Both subjects in detail require columns to even portray the fundamental principles, and, though intensely interesting to those especially concerned, have little in common with the general public. But that night we were interested, and it was finally decided to again try the lake on the morrow, providing the wind died down and the lowering clouds dispersed. But the fates seemed against us, and the sixteenth dawned wild and wet. As our chief diet was bacon, it was decided that two of the party should bring the deer to camp, and after breakfast they started.

Now, between our camp, which

happened to be a lumberman's cabin situated some twenty odd miles in from Grand Falls, along the portage crossing Little River and the clear-bottomed lake at which we had been calling, lay a winding portage road. As the two men tip-toed across the deadfall, bridging the stream from which we drew our water, and as they swung to their left along the twisting trail, the rough going and partly-hidden pools gave them all they cared to think about. It was a half-sprawling jump one minute, a stretching and crawling under a deadfall the next, and then through the tall grass, and the half-rotten logs of a crude bridge the water would rumble under their feet. About a mile had been covered in this way when suddenly things began to happen. Like all those incidents, which by their very rapidity seem to be recorded in our mind at length, the telling never seems to tell it all. Without any warning the bushes to the left side of the road parted, and a bull moose, weighing all of twelve hundred pounds, charged direct for the two travellers. The man to the right thought of climbing a tree, afterwards he said he thought many other things.



A MOOSE HUNTER'S CAMP IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The sudden crash of the tushes, the onrushing chest, the thinking man to his left, all wove themselves into the strangest of fancies, on top of which the whole of one's life seemed to sit and smile confusion. But if the unarmed man was thinking quickly, his companion was as quick to act. There was a hardly perceptible "click, cluck," and the ivory bead covered the flying chest; spitefully the little twenty-six-inch nickel-steel barrel spoke, there was a lightning-like movement of the right hand, an empty shell lay smoking on the damp grass, and, as the monarch of the

silent places paused and gave a half turn to the right, the second soft-nose sped home, this time through the heart. There was a mighty lunge and its very impetus carried the immense bulk some ten feet in the direction from which not ten seconds ago it had come unharmed. The distance was about thirty feet at the second shot. The game was quite dead before the hunters recovered their first satisfactory gulp of fresh air. Walking to the fully polished antlers, the spread was found to be just fifty inches and perfect in formation. The bell was one of the finest

among many hundreds I have since seen.

Dr. Ralph Powell, a friend of the author, had his third bull turn on him, but, being mortally wounded, the moose dropped while charging. His head measured sixty-and-one-half inches. Mr. Selous' second largest moose, shot in British Columbia on his second trip to that section, would have undoubtedly gored that gentleman's guide had Mr. Selous not been an expert with the rifle. I mention these incidents, extreme cases as they are, as many pooh-pooh the idea of moose fighting unless cornered.

Many theories have been advanced as to the age of sets of antlers. No one can tell after five years old. Of course, estimates can be made and in-bred moose determined, but no one can say but that, at one, there is one prong on each side; at two, two; at three, three; at four a small pan, and at five a larger pan. It is also generally supposed that a moose's head becomes smaller and more stubby as the years advance. Everything, however, depends on the weather and feed conditions during the spring and summer. If there is plenty of sunshine, plenty of growing foliage, the leads for that fall are apt to be large ones.

Aside from the actual shooting, the environment of a well-planned trip is in itself perhaps longest remembered. You will notice the most sedate of men begin to fidget with the falling of the first leaf. They think of something besides their supper as the dead leaves swirl around their ankles on turning the corner towards home. They don't care if you do laugh as a friend describes how this trustworthy citizen raved like a maniac when his first moose threw his hind legs sprawling in the air. They never knew before that there were so many colours in the fringe of the forest, or that the tiny icicles along the pool where the morning toilet was prepared could somehow foretell the luck of the day. It's the

same spirit which less than three hundred years ago cleared openings in an unknown forest. And so cut there by his barren campfire, or as he trails behind a blinking lantern, he will find the only place where we seem to get something for nothing. Perhaps it is the satisfying of one passion, which, overflowing in its fullness, soothes for the time being the most trying periods of the average existence. Certainly the surroundings are unique. It may only be expressed in the final handshake at a dimly-lit way-station, when the average Pullman is the first taste of another world. Perhaps you recall the satisfaction when at last you reach the first real camp you ever saw. Fresh in your mind are the exploits of a pair of pony-built horses. How they ever managed to traverse such a road you will never quite be able to decide. Then, as the cook is left to fix up camp and you steal along a portage, how every shadow assumes gigantic black and gray proportions, and every dead limb the gleam of an antler prong, or, as you lean back against the second thwart of a canoe and the perfume of a spruce seems to strike your chest with the delightful delusion of trickling down both sides of your arm-pits at once, you experience an eagerness, which, in the very snapping of your teeth and the contraction of your eye-lids, recalls the days when as a kid you tore down stairs to open your most valued Christmas box.

After all, it is very good to be a man, and as you watch a full-grown bull part the last sheltering branch and stride out upon the barren, and you rush through the glaming and glance at the dew-moistened form stretched out on its side, you know that the biggest of Western big game is your own. Perhaps after stalking all day you emerge on forest glade and rapidly search the opening for signs of game. There is not a breath of wind, and the only sound to your ears is the distinct crack of a birch

in the embrace of Jack Frost, or the "crunch, crunch" of your snowshoes as you direct your steps towards camp. You may not apparently have accomplished much during the day, but it is wonderful how the simple tasks of gathering wood for the night, working out through substitution some new recipe for your pot or baker, will suffice to fill in a most beneficial and satisfying day. After supper, as your guide washes up and you lounge on your blanket, knowing he needs no telling to run an oiled rag through your rifle or fowling piece, you will hear tales of the trail which make even a third pipe possible. You have long since discovered what a splendid companion & really good guide is. To him the walking delegate means nothing, and the only labour union he knows is the free-masonry of human nature. How patiently his advice is repeated time and again; what a pride he takes in

an apt pupil! Finally he will glance at the heavens and, foretelling the weather for the morrow, gently hint you had better turn in, as a certain locality will be "tried" before sunrise. Even wrapped in your blankets and blinking at the grate, or the tiny stove as a stick burns and the crackling increases, you must ask one more question ere you pull the robe higher over your shoulders and turn on your side, to dream, perchance, of some massive head. Yes, the actual shooting is but a part of a trip that provides fascinating memories and pleasant reminiscences.

It is impossible to say which is really the best moose country in New Brunswick. Much depends on the time and means the hunter wishes to spend. Personally, I prefer going as far back from the settlements as I can conveniently travel. To any interested, considerable data as to localities is available.

THE SEA BIRDS

By W. A. CREELMAN

Sea birds are rocking on the billowed breast
 Of ocean old, all in a drifting sleep,
 Where low winds murmur o'er the wrinkled deep
 As some fond mother o'er her babe at rest:
 Wild things of nature in a wilder nest.
 Yet brief the peace on lonely seas they find
 In endless search they slant the wind,
 Or fly around the sun low down the west.
 And oft o'er waters, gripped in tempests black,
 The mariner beholds, across the light,
 Some storm-tossed sea bird, riding on the rack
 Of roaring winds, through countless miles of night.
 Child of the storm! O'er watered wastes it flies,
 Blown like a tortured soul along the skies.

MY LADY PLAYED

BY MARJORY BOWEN

"Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?"

"Why pale distraction through the family?"

See my lord threaten and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?—

O, nothing—but last night—my lady played."

"The Universal Passion," Satire VI.

HIS lordship was returning from Carlisle House; he had his domino and mask over him arm, and his hat was thrust at the back of his head; as he passed round Soho Square he hummed a stave of the last song that had reached his ears as he left Mrs. Cornely's masquerade; it had come from the throat of a famous Italian singer; they said she earned five hundred a night, singing at Carlisle House. His lordship had, however, left in the midst of her performance, and now yawned as if the evening had been wearisome.

A crowd of link boys, chairmen and beggars hung about the square; another bored young noble lounged out of the brilliantly lit doorway of Carlisle House.

He hailed his lordship.

"Is it Ellesmere?" He put up his glass. "The Cornelys' grows stale—by the la'."

He walked a little unsteadily; Lord Ellesmere sauntered beside him. And yawned again.

"She can't keep it up," he remarked. "Not now they've opened Almack's."

He coughed slightly and eyed the stars that were distant and pale like

fragile primroses above the dark line of the houses.

"Did you see Bellasys?" asked the other. "He always had the prettiest taste for the cards—but he's ruined now, by Gad, ruined."

"Lost everything?" questioned his lordship, lazily waving back the insistent chairmen.

"Everything," the speaker smiled. "I imagine he will go to Jamaica—"

"Bellasys always had a spirit—I conceive he will find another way," said the Earl.

"And take his journey elsewhere, with no return?" The other lifted heavy lids.

"Possibly," answered Lord Ellesmere. "I should—in his case—are you taking a chair?"

"Yes."

"I am walking—good night, my lord."

"Good night, my lord."

They lifted their hats and parted; the Earl made his way through the link boys and sauntered homewards, his hands in his pockets, his domino hanging over his arm. Lord Ellesmere did not usually return either so early or so quietly; but his peculiar friends had not been present to-night, and he had found the blue satin, the gilded mirrors, the painted ceilings of Carlisle House insupportable. He walked very slowly, having no desire to be at home, and no desire to be in the streets, some desire to be amused, and a contempt for all forms of amusement he could find.

As he crossed Jermyn Street he

eyed one of the watch at the street corner, half asleep, and almost resolved to tilt his box over him and leave him struggling under the ruins.

But he was rather tired of that trick, and had not the energy; so he strolled on, still with his hands in his pockets, towards St. James' Square.

He wondered what Bellasys felt; of course some men had to be ruined; he was glad, though, that he was not one of them. He had never lost much at cards. He could remember a scene with his father when he was eighteen, for having dropped a thousand or so at Newmarket—perhaps it had made him careful—at any rate he held the man who staked his whole estates a fool.

Still, he was sorry for Bellasys; it must be awkward to have to choose between a pistol shot and Jamaica.

He found his house in darkness; they had not expected him so soon; he cursed them all indifferently, and lounged into the drawing-room.

The servants hurried with candles.

"This isn't a funeral," remarked his lordship, falling into a chair. Light the place up—sink me if I want to sit in the dark."

In a moment the room was brilliant; the candles in the sconces on the chimney-piece and on the table leapt into delicate flame. The Earl stretched his limbs, yawned, and picked up a copy of *The Morning Post* from the chair beside him. Then he flung that away with an air of disgust. The servants had gone; my lady, of course, was still out; it was early yet.

His lordship glanced round the room; there was a number of books and prints on the table, never opened since they had been bought—days ago—he did not look at them now; there was a pile of letters; the Earl glanced at the writings and flung them aside; sank into the chair again, blinked for a while at the light, then fell asleep.

The long glass opposite reflected a slim, young figure, with a weary face

fallen forward on the tumbled lace of his cravat; a soft shimmer of satin and brilliants, powder and patches, that could not altogether destroy the freshness of twenty-five; then the mirror reflected the opening door and the entry of my lady; fair, of an unnaturally white complexion, a dead pallor heightened by the black velvet crescents on her thin cheek, on her bare bosom.

She closed the door softly and stood still, gazing with sky-blue eyes at his lordship; her fur cloak slipped from her shoulders; she untied the lace scarf from her hair and pulled off her gloves, still looking at her husband, then she put her hand over her eyes as if the light hurt them, and hurriedly, with a tempestuous rustle of her silk gown, she went round the room, blowing out the candles.

The Earl stretched himself and looked up yawning to find the room in partial darkness and his wife standing at the other side of the table. He was about to speak, in a fretful impatience, but checked himself.

Outside some revellers were returning home, and the sound of their singing served to emphasize the stillness of the room, and the rigid quiet of my lady, staring across the two candles on the table.

The Earl rose.

"I have been playing," said my lady.

She had always been considered a beautiful woman, and she was very young, but at times she looked without charm and faded, as now, when the candle light showed a rigid face on which rouge and powder were mercilessly visible above the blue and gold of her gown.

"And you've lost?" answered his lordship cynically.

They were looking at each other; his eyes were heartless and his mouth sneering; an expression his youth emphasised wretchedly; she showed a misery in her bearing that made her adornments appear ghastly and tawdry.

"Yes," she said, "yes—" then fiercely; "What have you to say?"

He thrust back the pomaded hair from his delicate, haggard face.

"Oh, it is quite *a la mode* to lose, my lady." He leant against the mantelpiece with an affectation of jauntiness; he thought of Bellasys.

But the countess—her hard face was suddenly drenched in tears; she bent over the back of the chair in a paroxysm of bitter weeping; the waving plumes in her hair, the lace on her shoulders, cast fluttering shadows on the wall behind her.

At the sound of her sobs the Earl coloured unaccountably; the dry cough that came when he was agitated shook him.

"Madam, how much have you lost?" he asked. Her extravagance was nothing new; but it was new for her to weep—at anything.

She checked her tears and raised a distorted face.

"I've ruined you," she choked.

The Earl came to the table; he looked very ill; with a shaking hand he raised one of the candles so as to have a better view of my lady's face.

"Ruined me?" he said.

She sank from where she crouched on to the chair, and thence to her knees on the floor. All disarrayed and hysterical with misery, she reached out frantic hands and caught hold of his lordship's satin skirts.

"I've lost a hundred thousand pounds at spadille; it is ruin, my lord, ruin."

The Earl set the candle on the table and stared, not comprehending.

"Ruin," she repeated with a ghastly quiet.

Realizing it in a fiery second, he thrust her fiercely off and staggered against the wall.

"Who holds your notes?" he cried, livid.

She wrung her hands; her head fell forward; in a tumult of agony the name came from her.

"Lord Chudleigh."

"Chudleigh!" repeated the Earl;

the man was one of his bitterest enemies—as the truth forced itself he strode down on my lady with clenched hands.

"Chudleigh! Curse you, madam," he cried in his fury. "Oh, curse you for this."

Then he swung away from her and whirled out his sword. My lady shrieked.

"Kill me, my lord, I desire it, I could not endure to live—"

The Earl was heedless of her words, his drawn sword gleaming in his hand he turned to her frantically.

"Why must you play with Chudleigh, of all men?"

Still dishevelled on her knees, she answered:

"Any would have been the same, we must pay or be ruined, and I played. I believed in my luck, he dared me, I wanted to ruin him, he wanted to ruin you."

"And he won!" cried the wretched young Earl. He dropped his sword and fell into the chair by the fireplace; in his lined face his dark eyes shone supernaturally large and dark; his figure sank slackly together with the apathy of despair; then his tearing cough caught him, and he half sat up, shaking with it.

My lady was moaning; my lord gazed into the empty fireplace; he remembered suddenly that his father had died, old and enfeebled, at thirty-eight; following out his thoughts, he spoke:

"I may as well end it in the Fleet as anywhere else," he laughed miserably. "There isn't much more of it for me, anyhow."

He glanced at his wasted hand on which the great diamonds glittered. So young and so wretched, they might have moved the pity of any as they looked at each other across the space and splendour of their magnificent drawing-room.

"It is my doing," said the countess wildly. "You were right to curse me, my lord."

"No," he answered in a distracted

voice. "God forgive me, my lady—"

He paused, they had been very fond of each other once; their fashionable circle had called their marriage romantic; but of late there had been no time for affection between them, and the cynicism bred of dissipation had dulled feeling. Now the sheer wanton way in which they had ruined their lives came home to him with a bitter hopelessness.

"It was sure to happen," he said, staring at her, "through you or me—"

"Well," she said desperately. "Well, you cursed me, and poor, weak fool that I am, I deserved it, for I've done it—I—" she flung up her arms and clutched at the ribbons on her breast, "we were in debt, entangled before—but this is ruin."

Ruin! The pale young Earl thought on the thing that ruin was; he saw the brokers in his home, he saw them cutting the trees down on his old estates, he heard the light mockery, the sneering comments—comments such as he this very night had made about Bellasys—a scandal, the sensation of a season, and he would be forgotten, an outcast—and she—what was there for her—what heritage for their son? That last was madness to contemplate; pride of blood, affection—all the things he had scoffed at—fired his veins.

He picked up his sword.

"Chudleigh doesn't ruin me so easily," he cried, flushing and paling in his agitation.

My lady paused in her moans.

"What will you do?" she asked, looking at the bare sword fearfully.

My lord sheathed his weapon; the manliness that his effeminate life had not yet destroyed straightened his slack figure and showed in his worn young face, as he bent towards the Countess; between them the dark shining table and the candles fluttering from their uneven breaths.

"If I got your notes from Chudleigh?" he said, and paused to cough.

"He would never give them," answered my lady rising, swaying on

her feet, speaking hoarsely, her hand at her throat. "Never—oh, be assured of that, my lord—never."

"No—but if I killed him—to-night—before anyone knows."

She leant forward, her great piteous, haggard eyes straining in the dim fluttering light.

"It is not possible," she whispered.

"Why not?" asked my lord feverishly. "I can easily fasten a quarrel on Chudleigh. I think to-night I could kill him—by heaven, I think I could—"

"But if not?" she panted.

"What are the odds," he answered. "Only my life, and that is not good for much, my lady, or for long—"

If it were possible for her to turn paler, she went paler now—if it were possible for her to tremble more, to look more helplessly horror-stricken and frantic, she did so now.

"If you are so careless of your life, my lord," she asked wildly, "and of everything—why do you care enough to try to avert this ruin?"

"For my son," he answered her, and at the mention of her child she broke into renewed weeping.

"What have I done?" she sobbed, "what have I done?"

The Earl picked up his hat from the chair.

"Only the same as other ladies, madam—the whole affair is quite *à la mode*."

She caught back her sobs and looked at him, so haggard, so pale, weary and hopeless in expression—he seemed like a ghost of her onetime lover.

As he came past her to the door she flung herself in front of him, and the rustle of her satins broke the silence.

"Say you forgive me before you go," said my lady. "For I can never forgive myself."

"Madam, what am I?" he answered, dreadingly. "What am I?" and moved to the door.

"I shall wait for you," said my lady, with her hand on her heart,

then, as he turned the handle—
“Come back to me, my lord.”

He hesitated at the note in her voice; she turned her head away sharply; the Earl lifted his shoulders and opened the door. At the sound of that my lady spoke frantically without looking round.

“If you never come back,” she gripped the chair tightly and stared out of the window at the darkness of the spring night. “What am I to do?”

He laughed hollowly, recklessly.

“Why—you will scarcely miss me, madam,” she heard his stifled cough, and the click of the closing latch.

He was gone.

My lady dashed to the door, held it open, and listened to his departing footsteps, listened until silence fell again on the splendid sombre house, then returned to snatch up one of the candles and sweep upstairs to her chamber, to enter it with her feeble light glimmering in the darkness, to bend over the dressing table, scattering with feverish hands her toilet articles to right and left until she found what she sought and clutched it to her bosom with wild eyes staring at her pallid reflection in the black mirror.

So my lady, sitting by the ghostly candle-light, with her complexion wash, arsenic and deadly, held in readiness next her heart, so my lady, young and hopeless, waiting for my lord's return, prepared to launch herself miserably into death if he comes not, rather than face the cold horror of the morrow.

Meantime, masquers returning passed the house in song, not noticing the frail yellow light in an upper window, not guessing the tragic figure sitting there enveloped in waving shadows.

Meantime, my lord, with a firmer step than usual, and a carriage more resolute, walks towards Lord Chudleigh's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. How he was to obtain an entrance at this hour, with hostile intent showing

in his very name, how he was to kill this man and get the notes without rousing the household he did not know, nor did he consider.

But as he turned the corner and caught sight of the great gates set with sombre lamps, his inspiration came to him.

He pulled his hat over his eyes and went up to the porter, dozing at his post.

“I must see Lord Chudleigh,” he said sharply.

The man looked up instantly, saw a cloaked figure, and, as he thought, comprehended; his master was in the Ministry, and used to messengers at all hours.

“I have a message from Spain,” said Lord Ellesmere. “Had you not orders that if such an one came you were to let him pass?”

The man had; the Earl thanked his knowledge of politics and was admitted.

In the house they told him his lordship was in bed, but the same ruse succeeded; a startled servant ran to acquaint his master that the long-expected messenger from Spain had arrived. The Earl, waiting in the vast hall, kept his hat over his eyes; he was not a visitor at Chudleigh House, yet one of the men might by chance know him for what he was.

The servant returned, ushered him up flights of wide, glimmering stairs, opened my lord's door, and bowed his leave; the interviews of Ministers were private.

Lord Ellesmere entered quickly, closed the door and set his back against it.

Candles had been hastily lit round the room, which was handsomely appointed, handsomely littered, the massively hung bed empty; Lord Chudleigh lay on a couch, half-dressed, the powder still clinging to his hair, his sword and star flung on the chair beside him.

At the entrance of the Earl he half sat up, put one foot to the ground, and lifted the superb face that ac-

counted for his popularity with the mob.

"Is the King dead?" he asked eagerly.

For answer Lord Ellesmere took off his hat and let his cloak fall away at the throat, revealing the satin ball dress beneath.

My Lord Viscount Chudleigh remained leaning on his elbow, one foot touching the ground; the slightest suffusion of color under his clear skin was the only sign he gave that he was startled or surprised.

"Ellesmere," he said, raising his eyebrows. "Why didn't you send your own name up?"

"I took no risks, my lord," answered the young Earl gravely. "I could not afford to chance your refusal to see me. The affair I come upon is, for both of us, serious."

He saw in Chudleigh's wicked eyes, in Chudleigh's wicked smile, that he knew exactly why he had come, and exactly what he intended to do; goaded by this, he spoke again.

"I think you understand me, sir."

The Viscount, in the same posture on the couch, careless in manner and expression, but never taking his eyes from the pale, young Earl, answered slowly: "The Countess lost at cards to-night. Is it to my luck and her ladyship's indifferent playing I owe the rare honour of your lordship's presence here?" And he smiled in the brilliant way admired of the mob, and hated of his equals.

"Yes," said the Earl. He put his cloak over the chair inside the door.

For a second Chudleigh's fine eyes flashed, disturbing the composure of his manner.

"Can't you pay her ladyship's debts?" he asked.

Lord Ellesmere's transparent face flamed with colour.

"Not this debt," he answered quietly, "as you knew, my lord, when you played with her—"

Chudleigh half laughed.

"Will it ruin you?" he asked.

Lord Ellesmere crossed the room.

"You know that," he said. "You meant it when you sat down to play—if I pay it will ruin me."

"If you pay?" My Lord Viscount sat up now, his gleaming gray eyes were a contradiction to his careless manner. "I think you will be ruined if you don't pay."

"I have not come to ask your pity, my lord," answered the Earl. "There are things between us make that impossible." He coughed, paused, and resumed, all the while Chudleigh's glittering gray eyes upon him. "I came to tell you that you are a knave, my lord, to take advantage of a woman's folly, and a coward to ruin a man through his wife—knave and rascal, Lord Chudleigh, as many men have found you."

The Viscount rose.

"I always hated you," he said, breathing hard; he stood his full splendid height in his crumpled waistcoat and shirt, and swung the black ribbon of his solitaire softly in his right hand.

"I have got in your way before, have I not?" cried the Earl. "It is the reckoning—I have insulted you—"

My Lord Viscount Chudleigh reached out for his sword.

"You think to fight me—to kill me?" he smiled. "To cancel the debt that way."

"I mean to fight you," said Lord Ellesmere.

"It is a desperate chance," answered the Viscount. "And do you think I shall tell you where my lady's notes are?"

He fondled his slender sword, looking always at the other man.

The Earl's weapon was bare.

"I will find them," he answered, and cursed that he was a gentleman and could not run his smiling enemy through as he stood defenceless.

Chudleigh's sword slipped the scabbard; he leant nearer the candle to look at the blade, and the light shone on his dangerous, handsome face, his disordered brown curls, still sprinkled

with powder, the lace and diamonds on his breast. Then he glanced at his frail, haggard opponent, and scorn took his lip.

His fair right hand went into his pocket and flung a packet of papers on the table.

"If you kill me," he said smiling, "you will know where to find my lady's notes."

The Earl did not speak.

They moved to the open space in front of the windows; Lord Ellesmere threw off his coat, the sound of the buttons on it as they struck the floor was the only thing to break the stillness. Both men looked out of the window, stirred by a common instinct, a common expectation; the pale light of dawn was spreading slowly above the dark opposite houses.

Chudleigh smiled, but the Earl's face was tragic. Then they looked at each other, and hate fired their eyes.

They saluted and engaged.

Both were ordinary swordsmen; Chudleigh, clever at everything, had fenced more than well once, but a stab in the right wrist had weakened it; he was now little better than the Earl, who owned a gentleman's average skill and no more.

For five minutes by the stately clock on the mantelpiece the swords rose, crossed, and clashed, then Chudleigh struck through the Earl's guard and wounded him, as a growing stain on the satin waistcoat showed. Neither spoke.

They closed, the swords met at the hilts; the Earl bent, shortened his weapon; my Lord Viscount's weak wrist played him false, for a second his blade dipped, for a second he was defenceless, and in that second Lord Ellesmere's sword slipped home to his heart.

Chudleigh turned about and fell against the wall, both hands held to his side.

"It's my cursed wrist," he said in the voice of a healthy man, then he fell sideways into Lord Ellesmere's arms, thrust him off with incoherent

words, one of which seemed to be a woman's name, and sank on the floor face downwards.

Both the swords rattled to the ground together; for his lordship's hand had fallen slack to his side; he forgot old offences, old bitternesses, and used the name by which he had called this prone man when they were at school together:

"Harry!" he said. "Harry!"

But my Lord Viscount Chudleigh was beyond the reach of any name, and the Earl stepped up and looked down at him curiously. Not that he knew any tenderness, any remorse, or regret as he gazed at his own handiwork, only he felt it as strange that he should have slain Harry (for so now he thought of him), and be standing in Harry's bedchamber looking down at him. He stood for a while above the dead man, coughing miserably, then he thought of his errand and of the possibility of detection.

With no triumph or exaltation did he turn to the table and take up my lady's notes. It might mean Tyburn if he were found here now, but with no haste or fear he spread out the scraps of paper and burnt them in the tall candles, looking the while at my Lord Viscount face downwards on the floor with his bad record finished now and sealed in blood.

When the last fragment of ash was ground beneath his heel, he moved to get his coat, feeling weak and lifeless, and in so doing he caught a wild glimpse of himself in the mirror between the windows and saw his waistcoat, wet and red over one side.

Then he remembered; Chudleigh had wounded him. He put on his coat and cloak, with some difficulty, for his head was light and giddy, held his handkerchief as best he could to his side; blew the candles out and left the room.

He had ceased to care about anything; perhaps to this he owed it that the servants waiting their master's command suffered him to pass

without notice of his ghastly face, and the porter gave him "good-night" with no heed of his slow and painful gait.

His lordship walked a little way round the Fields, then stopped, leant against the gatepost of a great house, and looked at the slow, cold dawn.

He knew that if his wound were not tended he would die of it, yet he made no attempt to seek assistance or even to staunch the bleeding, but stood passively staring at the vanishing stars and brightening sky.

It was none of it worth while; he would die in the streets, not caring, he had saved his son from penury—and my lady—

He began to think of my lady; it was so strange to imagine her waiting now, watching the dawn as he was.

He turned in the direction of his own mansion, helping himself by aid of the posts that separated the footway from the road; he wished to live, now, until he had told my lady that her notes were destroyed.

Creeping through the chill empty streets he came to his closed door, roused the porter with a hoarse voice and passed him, climbing painfully the dark stairs to my lady's room.

She sat at her dressing-table, as she had sat all night, the dreary daylight over her now and the candle guttering unheeded at her elbow, her hands clutching something at her bosom, her haggard blue eyes staring into the intolerable empty shadows. The Earl closed the door behind him; she rose up in her place, but did not question him; and in the wan and ghastly light each winced at the sight of the other's face.

"I have destroyed your notes," he said hollowly, "and now I have come back to die, my lady."

He tried to smile as he sank into the great chair by her bed; his cloak falling apart, disclosed the dark stain

on his waistcoat. My lady crossed to him, speechless.

"Chudleigh's dead, my dear," he said faintly.

"And you—and you?"

She bent over him fearfully.

"'Tis no matter for me," he said, and struggled for his breath.

The Countess went on her knees and stared up wildly into his face.

"Jack is safe with the estates," he murmured. "Though they're encumbered—" and he turned his face from her, writhing; she caught his thin cold hand.

"I dreamed it differently—once," she cried passionately. "And I—I—have made it like this!"

He did not answer; he was fainting into death; his head fell against the back of the chair.

My lady shrieked and seized him by the shoulders.

"Don't leave me to face it alone," she said desperately. "I can't—I am a worthless thing—I am no use—ah!"

He had fallen away from her even as she held him; to see the life ebbing from him drove her frantic. "Speak to me—and—it will be different," she cried. "I'll make it different—"

She loosened her arms and he drooped slackly, then twisted himself.

She could not watch him struggle; her hands went up over her shrieking face.

Then she heard him cough.

When she looked he was sitting back in a quiet attitude; the cross lights of dawn and candle over him—dead.

My lady did not care to face the wretched day; the first sunshine found her beside him, in her blue and gold, her satin and powder, as still as he, as pale, with that she had held to her bosom empty beside her on the floor.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

BY GRACE E. DENISON

TWO young men were lounging in a punt in one of the most lovely of the breakwaters of the Thames. One was stretched on the cushions, a dozen or more of which were flattened under his weight; he was tall, broad, muscular and in good training, as a Lieutenant in a crack regiment should be. His hair was shining in the exquisite sunlight that settled down upon it through a canopy of pale green willows, and with his blue eyes largely veiled from the softened light, he looked the embodiment of repose and comfort. The other man, also young, held a paddle and directed the meandering course of the punt, avoiding snags and the few boats coming up stream, and at the same time talking earnestly.

"If you went out there, Fitz" he said, "there's absolutely nothing fit for you to do, except perhaps the Mounted Police, and they are scattering, and not nearly so fashionable as a cooling-off place as they used to be. But what in heaven's name, if one may be inquisitive, makes you want to get out of this country? You seem to fit your uniform like the paper on the wall. I've never seen anything more gorgeous or more suitable than you and your trappings. You aren't ambitious, and over here you get all the good times you can handle, an easy life, pretty girls to flirt with, polo and bridge if you want them, and—this, if you feel lazy. It wouldn't be life for you, up against conditions in Canada," and the speaker shook his head and pursed his lips about the stub of a cigar. He was a very spare, neatly-made and tidy

small man, a bit of a dandy, even in his boating get-up. His muscular arms were brown and very thin, his eyes were set narrow over his well moulded nose, and his sensitive lips were ever nervously tense and often marked, as he thought, like the muzzle of a rabbit as it nibbles. His hair was a trifle long, very fine, and mouse brown in color, and there were deep lines on the high forehead it shaded, lines of intense concentration and strong tension, which even the *dolce far niente* of a Thames Backwater could not quite eradicate.

The recumbent youngster on the cushions sat up with a lurch.

"I'll tell you what's making this country too hot to hold me," he said roughly. "You'll please not laugh, however you may feel. I am so tortured and tormented with love for a girl I cannot marry, that I simply cannot stand it any longer. I don't care for drink, and I don't believe any sort of dissipation would help me in the least. I want to get away where I shall not be driven mad altogether by the sight of her."

The small man did not laugh, he stared, and then whistled softly.

"I didn't ever think of that," he said at last, when he had steered past a brimming boat-load of a family party. "I'm out of my depth, Fitz. In my busy life I've never met with that experience."

The Honourable Maurice FitzGerald nodded.

"So much the better for you, me boy, but I must begin to blow off steam in some real work, or I'll go plumb to the deuce. Now, you see

why I'm ready to cut the army, not that there's much in it these days but Gran would have me a soldier, and she banters me regular, dear old girl! Even she says I'd better go away than be wretched!" z

The paddle worked steadily for a few moments, then the paddler asked:

"I suppose if you could do as you like, about the girl and all, what would it be?"

"God!" cried the boy piteously. "Don't ask fool questions. Beg a thousand pardons, old man, but you don't realise the situation. If I had her and even a thousand a year, I'd go back to the dear old place at home, Ireland, you know, and be so happy I'd live a hundred years."

The paddler hesitated.

"And she?" he said, very gently.

"Oh, she'd come racing said the Irishman, with glowing eyes, "God and every saint bless her, she loves me!"

His face was transformed as he spoke, transformed and glorified, but again the shadow fell upon it.

"What's the use of it all? We can't do it!" he said savagely. "Drop it, boy, and let's get on. We are at Wargrave now. How far are you going?"

As they shot out from the Backwater into the full stream, he sprang forward and picked up his pole, treading lightly to the stern, where he stood like a Greek athlete and swung the punt along with a shrill which filled the small man, who had scrambled down among the cushions, with genuine admiration and pleasure. Gregory Moreton never envied bigger men. His mind was taken up with other things than his size, with such big things that their extent and ramifications would have set the brain of the Honourable Maurice twirling to Bedlam.

"A thousand a year and some slip of a girl," he mused, as late that night he sat in his pretty drawing-room in Mayfair and thought over the

day on the river, which Fitzgerald had made so enjoyable.

"Poor chap!" and he rang for his man to shut up the room and wait upon him to bed. Before he went to sleep, however, he glanced at a pile of letters arranged on a stand.

"I'm not going to spoil this day," he said, with a small smile: "the lot of you can wait until to-morrow," and in five minutes he was sleeping like a baby.

* * * *

Lady Hilda Blake and her grandmother inhabited a house in Park Lane so small and inconvenient that no self-respecting footman would take service within, and this was well, because Lady Blake couldn't afford any sort of footman whatever, and she considered herself very well off to have a couple of maids and a fairly good cook. Her grandmother was the very build for the fairy house, and trotted about very comfortably in its narrow confines. She was slightly over five feet high, very pretty with her pink cheeks, snowy, wavy hair and blue Irish eyes, child's shoes on her tiny feet, and her waist of eighteen inches. Hilda herself often said she felt a giantess, peculiarly awkward and aggressive whenever her fairy grannie was in sight, and she hated the doll's house in Park Lane with a deep and virulent hatred.

"My great-aunt took it for us," Lady Hilda would say, "and one mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth, but upon my word I often feel as if I'd like to go outside and knock it over," and then she would take a long hungry breath and whimsically enough laugh at the fluttering butterflies on the electroliers and the disturbance of the scraps of lace at the windows.

"One table of bridge in the reception room, two in the dining-room and our house is full to suffocation. I dare not sneeze, really hard, or the window-panes would be blown out. Two cannot pass each other on the stairs. When Maurice used to come,

he reached across the whole room. Gran and I had to draw in our skirts to give him space to move. I'm glad Gran's new beau, the little gentleman whom our great-aunt introduced to us isn't any bigger. He and Gran just fit in the cosy-corner."

They were in the cosy corner the evening following that day on the river, and the Little Gentleman was listening absently to the talk of the fairy septuagenarian.

"But I was out of town all day," he interposed, "and when I came home I was very sleepy and did not look at my mail; just dined and went to bed before eleven, so I did not see your kind note until this morning."

"Well, you came at all events; that's the main thing," said the grandmother brightly, and I wasn't disappointed."

Part of the pretty farce they played was that the little gentleman and the fairy grandmother were making love to one another, and I don't know which most enjoyed it.

Hilda put her head in between the Japanese portieres and laughed at them.

"Don't believe a word he says, Gran, but lead him on, dear, and we'll have him up for breach of promise and get awful damages. Do you know, Gran: I heard to-day that he's worth millions, so don't be standing any nonsense."

The old lady shook her curls at her radiant grand-daughter.

"Don't, Hilda," she rebuked, "It's not quite nice of you. London is fast spoiling her, Mr. Moreton. I wish we might go away, but we must see the season out."

"And then?" queried the little gentleman.

"Then, I suppose Hilda will be married and I may get away to my pigs and chickens."

"Married!" The word slipped out before he could hinder it; and the Little Gentleman hastily apologised.

"Never mind, never mind at all. Of course, Hilda will be married. That

is what we came to London for," said the grandmother dropping her voice to a murmur. "You know, my sister the Marchioness took this house for us, that Hilda might have a season in town; and she was presented, and we have gone out such a lot—I'm so tired! But now, Hilda has three offers, and she's to accept one of them. I don't know why on earth I'm telling you, only we're such good friends, and Hilda likes you, and I'm sure she wouldn't mind." The old lady stammered a little and grew confused, then rushed on again. "My sister thought at one time, perhaps, that you—"

The Little Gentleman started at the suggestion, but at once recovered himself, to say very softly.

"The Marchioness has been very kind to me. The Marquis and I have a good many business interests in common. But, dear lady, I had as soon try to capture a star from the heavens as think of making a proposal to Lady Hilda. The very idea scares me so that I feel like running home."

The grandmother laid a tiny hand on his arm and looked very pathetically at him, whispering.

"Sometimes I had half wished—you are so kind and thoughtful, and, Hilda is such a fine sort of girl, and her offers are—ah well! A girl without anything but beauty and an old name isn't sought after much these days."

The Little Gentleman caught his breath in a gasp! It dawned upon him that the little hand on his arm was trembling under its fringe of cobwebby old lace, that the bright eyes, so blue and wonderfully clear for three-score and ten, were dim with unhappy tears; that he heard of a bartered sale of some unholy sort, which caused every drop of wholesome Canadian blood to tingle in his veins; that an appeal was being made to him! He composed his voice, and in the same low tone enquired:

"The offers Lady Hilda has had don't satisfy you?"

The old white head nodded.

"One man is very rich—Morgenstein, you know!" she whispered.

He nodded in turn.

"Ra-ther! He ought to be in jail, and if he is not mighty careful he will be," he said incisively.

The old lady sighed.

"He's better than George Disart," she said slowly, and the Little Gentleman started up in horror.

"Dear lady," he gasped, "you'd not let her marry that creature, he's almost an idiot, and has epileptic fits."

"No, she says herself she never could, although his father would make any sort of settlement. His desire to have Hilda for his grandson's mother is because she is so healthy. Our family has no weaklings, Mr. Moreton."

The Little Gentleman moistened his lips; he felt sick and qualmish.

"There was another?" he asked thickly, as overcome as if the girl were being degraded before his eyes.

Just then the maid came gently and parted the portieres. "Lord Tunbury," she said, and the grandmother whispered, "This is he!"

Lord Tunbury straddled in his walk, had a cruel underlying jaw and little pig-eyes, gleaming between red puffs of fat. He stuttered and had a brogue, and his personality seemed to fill the little room oppressively.

After an introduction to which Lord Tunbury said, "G-G-G-Good day to ye," the Little Gentleman slipped into the dining-room where Lady Hilda sat alone, her book on her knee and her eyes dreamily gazing beyond the tiny window garden at a blank brick wall. He was trembling with a great protest, a great horror and a nebulous determination. Nothing farther from his thoughts than matrimony, half an hour before, could have been imagined, and yet he found himself so desperately protesting against the way he had seen, shaken with the horror of Hilda as the wife of Morgenstein, the greasy, loathsome dishon-

est Hebrew, who had once done his best to break him, and to whom he owed a grudge he would take joy in paying; a worse horror of Hilda as the wife of Disart, poor, abject, afflicted rich man, some day surely to end in an asylum for imbeciles. Why, even the pig-eyed bull-dog-jawed stuttering Irishman was better than these two; and then Moreton's thoughts raced on to another point; he, the small man, clean-lived and self-respecting, was richer than any of the three. If it were to be a sale, he might out-bid either of them. If he might save Lady Hilda, why not? Moreton's mind was used to quick decisions, and he was unhampered by any sentiment but a warm sympathy and humanity. He slipped quietly into a chair beside Lady Hilda, and as the little maid glided in from the hall and gently delivered her message that "Lord Tunbury was in the drawing-room, and Lady Blake said would her ladyship please come," he answered for her that Lady Hilda would come in a few moments.

"But I don't want to see Lord Tunbury at all," said the girl nervously. "He will be tiresome, and we shall probably quarrel."

"Well, perhaps not," said Moreton slowly. "There may be nothing to quarrel about."

"But you don't know," Lady Hilda interrupted, "He——"

She paused.

"Yes, I know," said he gently. "He wants you to marry him, Lady Blake was telling me just as he came in."

The girl crimsoned.

"Gran shouldn't," she stammered.

"It is as if she hadn't, Lady Hilda, but don't worry about Tunbury. You need not marry him unless (he took her hand and shook it as one good friend might shake another's) you prefer him to me."

Lady Hilda turned slowly and looked him over, her eye was cold her expression almost repellant. She drew herself together after her inspection,

during which he stood at attention, calm, and with friendly eyes and a half smile on his lips.

Suddenly the girl began to sob, quietly, deeply, and with a little nod of her head and gesture of her hand turned and hurried up the narrow stair.

Gregory Moreton drew a long breath.

"By the Lord Harry! that was a surprise on both sides," he said, as he caught up his hat and stick, and made for the door.

An hour afterwards Lady Blake was reading a note from him, part of which ran as follows:

"Lady Hilda, I believe is kind enough to prefer me to the others. I hope this will please you, and that I may call upon you at twelve o'clock tomorrow."

Lady Blake's maid was soon running timorously to the Marchioness's big house three blocks away with a note, which received three words in answer: "Well done, Hilda."

At noon next day Mr. Moreton had appeared in the little drawing-room in Park Lane, and found it fairly well filled by the three titled relatives of Lady Hilda, by whom he had been most cordially received. His affairs were thoroughly well known beforehand to all three. The settlements he was prepared to make were satisfactory, he had plenty of money and was personally acceptable, in fact he saw that by the grandmother he was regarded as a sort of saviour, and he was deeply touched by her pleasure and relief.

Lady Hilda had gone out, but would be home for luncheon. He must wait. No? Then the Marchioness would set him down, and would they all dine with him that evening? There had been no pretence of sentiment except between himself and the grandmother, who had warmly embraced and kissed at parting. The Marquis had patted him on the back, and the Marchioness had once called him "My dear boy." The Little Gentleman led rather a lonely life,

and these things had touched him graciously; he felt them very much more than he suspected.

They had motored from the Carlton at ten o'clock to his pretty flat, which had been made especially lovely with a profusion of flowers, and while the three older people played dummy whist, he and Lady Hilda had wandered out upon the small balcony which looked over a park with fountains and nice trees.

He was shy and silent, and her fine face had clouded over. He had noticed the cloud instantly, and that it had come when her eyes fell upon a handsome picture of Maurice Fitz Gerald in full uniform, which that youth had presented to him at the end of their trip on the Thames. There had been a flash of fire before his brain, one of those illuminating flashes which almost blind a man.

"Lady Hilda," he said confidently, why did you never tell me that you knew Maurice Fitz Gerald?"

The girl turned a pale face to him.

"He is my cousin, my second cousin," she stammered. The Marchioness is his grandmother. I did not know, until I saw his picture just now that you were friends."

"And we are, great friends. I know a great deal about him, but I want you to tell me something I don't know."

She stirred nervously.

"Perhaps I don't know either," she said with a forced laugh

"At any rate you ought to. Will you tell me if you are the girl he loves?"

Lady Hilda covered her face, but before she did so she nodded, and there was a long silence on the balcony.

It was one thing to marry a splendid girl to save her from a greasy Hebrew, an epileptic, or a brutal person who stuttered; it was quite another to marry his friend's girl, knowing they loved each other, and only lacked a little money to be happy,

and the Little Gentleman balked at such an act.

After he had quietly and gently taken Lady Hilda's hand, on the balcony, when a movement in the drawing-room told that the whist players had finished their rubber, he had said a few words:

"If I had for a moment guessed the truth, Lady Hilda, I should have done my duty to my friend more promptly than I shall do it now. You are going to marry the man you love and the man who loves you, or I'll know the reason why. If Maurice had a thousand a year would you be willing to live with him quietly in Ireland?"

And once more Lady Hilda had nodded, but she had put her trembling lips on his hand, and two tears had baptized the caress.

Early the next morning a motor had drawn up snorting before the officers' quarters in a suburb of London and Lieutenant Maurice FitzGerald had been roused from his slumbers to meet a very excited little gentleman with a plan of action so wild and delightful that the young Irishman greeted it with a whoop of rapture, and fell unconsiderately on the neck of the Little Gentleman, thereby increasing his woes.

They had a hurried breakfast and a hurried consultation, and there was mention of a yacht in waiting and a special license and many "By Joves," and "O Lords" from the flustered young officer.

"Thank the Lord for money and lots of it," said Gregory Moreton. "With money judiciously spent, one can give lots of people lots of joy. I am going to give Lady Hilda a thousand a year, and my agent is now after that bit of a homestead in Ireland which Lady Blake says she would love to own. She will leave it to her great grandson if she has one, and all you've got to do, my broth of a Lieutenant, is to be on time for the wedding. Rot, man! do you

think I'm cut out for matrimony? No, my boy, it's back to business for me as soon as I have you settled and grandmamma appeased. This elegant leisure gets one into scrapes. See how it cornered me! Besides, one misses the excitement, the uncertainty of the game, all the interest in life. You must arrange with the Colonel. Tell him the truth, I should, and get your leave. Tomorrow, my boy, till tomorrow! That's a lot better than Canada and the Mounted Police, eh?"

Tomorrow! And, Hilda, pale, with glowing eyes, and the Honorable Maurice FitzGerald, not knowing if he woke or dreamed. And Grandmamma, even she! dimpling and smiling goodbyes to the yacht and its precious burden on the wharf at Gravesend, and later, kissing the Little Gentleman as he bade her a rather hazy farewell at the door of the little bit of a house in Park Lane.

Don't ask me how it was done. The brain and the bank account of the Little Gentleman were equal to everything.

But after it was all over, and he stood alone in his pretty drawing-room, where a couple of days before he had seen the cloud on Hilda's face as she caught sight of Maurice FitzGerald's picture, he reconsidered certain plans he had made.

"It would be a darn shame to separate him from those clothes," he said. "I wonder how much he'd need to stay in the game? It's no use doing things by halves, but if I am going to bank him for life *a la militaire*. I'll have to turn in and make another pile. They must have no risk about their share. Anyhow, I'm about tired of being out of it. I'd like to get back in harness, if only to smash Morgenstein."

And with this peaceful sentiment the Little Gentleman went quietly to bed and slept as usual like a baby.

That Morgenstein was duly smashed is now ancient history.

CANADIANS PROMINENT ON THE STAGE

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

CANADA'S comparative backwardness in theatrical development may be roughly ascribed to her scattered area, involving wide gaps between centres of population, to the pioneer stage of her art development in general, and to a material and religious pre-occupation that in the latter case amounts often to actual hostility toward this particular domain of endeavour. Commendable efforts are, of course, being made in many directions to overcome the natural handicaps, and it may be that even the Puritan strain which we now observe will in the end make for a finer discrimination than certain more "advanced" communities can boast. Meanwhile a national stage and a national drama are still things of the future—how distant we may not venture—and for the present Canada will continue to share the dramatic inspiration of the larger so-called American stage. In selecting from that multifarious product there will consequently be plenty of opportunity for the exercise of a wise discrimination, if a taste for higher things in drama is to be fostered and a standard set for the future.

Notwithstanding her present state of backwardness, however, Canada has contributed a number of highly important names to the dramatic stage of the continent, and among these will be found some of the most refined and successful exponents of the dram-

atic art that we have. To point the moral or adorn the tale of this is not within the scope of this brief sketch, and we shall simply content ourselves with the gratifying fact.

At the head of any such list will naturally occur the names of Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, who for some years now have combined forces with singularly happy results, their joint effort culminating, two years ago, in the production of the greatest of all American plays up to this time, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody. This play, which was reviewed in the *Canadian Magazine* at the time of its production, enjoyed the phenomenal experience of a New York run extending over a year, and is still being played on tour with undiminished success.

Contrary to a general impression, Mr. Miller is not a Canadian by birth, but was born in London, England, in 1860. He was educated, however, and brought up in Toronto, and made his first stage appearance at the Grand Opera House in that city in "Amy Robsart." At the age of twenty he played his first New York season, with Adelaide Neilson, in what proved also the last appearance of that noted actress in New York. He was afterwards a member of the Lyceum Company under Mr. Daniel Frohman, and later was selected as leading man for the Empire Theatre Company, under Charles Frohman. He made his first "stellar" appearance in 1897 as *Eric*



Mr. Henry Miller, as *Stephen Ghent* in "The Great Divide"

Great Divide," with which Mr. Miller is still identified. It is in this play in the character of *Stephen Ghent*, which at times touches the point of real greatness, that Mr. Miller has undoubtedly scored the artistic (as well as financial) success of his career.

Mr. Miller's acting methods are too well-known to call for extended comment at this time. He is unquestionably an artist, one of the three front-rank artists we have, and in certain qualities of strength is perhaps foremost of the three. He has a dominating personality, a firm, well-defined technique, a keen, shrewd intellect, and remarkable capacity for detail, which shows itself in the scrupulous exactness of his drawings.

Temple in "Heartsease," followed later by his *Thomas Faber* in "The Master." Then came his famous *Sydney Carton* in "The Only Way," in which he scored a great personal success and added immensely to his artistic reputation. The subsequent appearance of Mr. Martin Harvey in this role gave us an excellent opportunity for a study in contrast, though in the tender *spirituelle*, almost lyric beauty of the English actor's characterisation, one would hardly recognize the big, rough, wayward but generous-hearted inebriate of the Miller drawing. It is needless to say that if Mr. Miller had conceived the character of *Sydney Carton* in the way Mr. Harvey did, he would not have attempted its portrayal. "Richard Savage," "D'Arcy of the Guards," and "The Taming of Helen" followed in the order named, leading us up to the Miller-Anglin combination and "The

Mr. Miller combines in his person the office of actor, manager and producer, and in the latter capacity has been associated with a number of productions of distinct literary and artistic merit. His managerial enterprise has perhaps reached its highest expression in the recent production of Charles Rann Kennedy's great play, "The Servant in the House." In selecting a play of this lofty character and assembling for its presentation one of the most brilliant casts ever brought together, Mr. Miller shows the high ideal, both of drama and acting, that he would set for this country.

Miss Anglin was "discovered" by Mr. Charles Frohman while still a pupil of The Empire Dramatic School of New York, and promptly engaged by that astute manager to play the part of *Madeline West* in "Shenandoah," which he was then producing.

This was an unique distinction for a girl of eighteen, but her later triumphs have abundantly confirmed this early evidence of conspicuous talent, and, with the steady ripening of her art, we have an actress of real culture, fine technical skill and wide emotional range. Since her New York *début* Miss Anglin has been associated with James O'Neil, playing *Ophelia* to his *Hamlet*; with Mr. E. H. Sothorn in "Lord Chumley"; with the late Mr. Mansfield as *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; and with Mr. Miller as *Mimi* in "The Only Way." It was during her engagement as leading woman of the Empire Stock Company, which followed, however, that "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was produced and gave Miss Anglin the opportunity to establish her reputation as an emotional actress. Since the amalgamation with Mr. Miller five years ago, she has appeared successively in "The Devil's Disciple," "Camille," "The Aftermath," and "Zira." The last named has also the interest of being the first play produced under Mr. Miller's direct management. Although an obviously theatrical vehicle, Miss Anglin's skilful rendering of the role of *Hester Trent* enabled it to score a considerable success. *Ruth Jordan* in "The Great Divide" came next, and in this Miss Anglin shared stellar honors with Mr. Miller's *Stephen Ghent*. Miss Anglin is now touring Australia in a laudable ambition to extend her reputation to that sister colony, geographically so remote but near to us by a hundred ties of kinship and the still deeper ties of social and spiritual aspiration. Her brilliant achievements



Latest photograph of Miss Margaret Anglin

and assured position on the American stage certainly warrant the ambition, while no other artist could more worthily represent Canada and the stage of this country than she. Her work is always characterized by high purpose, loftiness of tone and genuine artistic refinement. The quality is distinctly poetic, in the larger sense, and spiritual in the broadest understanding of that term. If one may venture a criticism, it is that she has been too long identified with emotional characterization for the complete rounding out of her art. An excursion or two in comedy we hope to see follow on her return to America.

Next to these, in point of reputation, at least, we would name Mr. James K. Hackett, a widely-known and highly popular actor of the romantic stage. Born at Wolfe Island, Ontario, in 1869, Mr. Hackett at first studied for the bar, but a taste for



Mr. Theodore Roberts, as *Joe Portugais* in the "Right of Way"

the stage—inherited, no doubt, from his father, Mr. James H. Hackett, an actor well known at the Haymarket, London, and in the United States—soon developed, and early in 1892 he made his theatrical *début* in "The Broken Seal." Like so many of his stage contemporaries, Mr. Hackett received an early training in the famous stock companies of the late Mr. Augustin Daly, then in their glory. These stock company days were halcyon days in the dramatic art of this continent, if that term may be applied at all, and with Mr. Daly and his achievements in this direction are still associated some of the best traditions of the American stage. These were practically the training schools of the present generation of actors, and to them we owe much of the "capital" which the present starring system is so rapidly exhausting. On economic grounds alone, then—if one may di-

gress a little further—a considerable modification of the present starring system would seem necessary if the stage of the next generation is to be saved from practical bankruptcy in acting talent.

In 1895 Mr. Hackett joined the Lyceum Company under Mr. Daniel Frohman, and continued with that company for the succeeding four years. Since that time he has appeared under his own management only, producing in turn "Don Caesar de Bazan," "The Fortunes of a King," "The Walls of Jericho," and "John Glayde's Honour." He has also combined for some years the duties of actor and manager, and besides owning a theatre in New York has a number of companies on tour. It was

under his management that the inimitable "Mr. Hopkinson" was produced here, and, later on, "The Little Stranger."

Although he has appeared with some success in modern drama, Mr. Hackett is essentially a romantic actor, his splendid physique, broad style, resonant voice and rather obvious methods anticipating successfully the qualities of the stage hero.

Miss Julia Arthur, whose brilliant, almost meteoric, stage career is still recalled with lively interest and satisfaction, stands out as one of the most refined artists this country has so far produced. Ten years ago (though it seems but yesterday), when Miss Arthur was successfully wooed from the starry heights, where she shone with conspicuous brightness, to the lowlands of domestic felicity, the American stage lost one of its most promising actresses. She had not

come into her full powers, of course—that was hardly to be expected of a woman not yet thirty—and we saw her sometimes in roles that taxed her strength and technical resources unduly. But, to have accomplished so much and attained the degree of fame that was hers when she laid it down, made her future seem at times one of almost limitless possibilities.

A Hamiltonian by birth, Miss Arthur easily showed signs of the precociousness with which that city is credited by some of its less progressive rivals. At fourteen she made her professional *début*, and before twenty had toured in such grown-up parts as *Portia*, *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, and *Ophelia*. In 1895 she appeared in England with the late Sir Henry Irving, playing *Rosamond* in "Becket," and other parts. Her first appearance as a star was made two years later in "A Lady of Quality." Later on she appeared as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," as *Rosalind* in "As You Like it," and as *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea," in all of which she challenged comparison with artists of continental repute. Her last rôle was *Josephine* in "More Than Queen," and while some of the maturer features of that majestic queen were not quite realized, the tender entreaty, the purity, the piteous pleading at the closed door of Napoleon's heart are still remembered.

Miss Lena Ashwell, although invariably described as an English actress, is a Canadian by birth and England's by adoption only. Curiously enough, like Miss Anglin, with whom she has



Miss Julia Arthur

many qualities in common, Miss Ashwell's reputation was first made in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," which had a London presentation coincident with the New York production. Her recent visit to this country in "The Shulamite" showed us an artist of considerable maturity, fine reserve, magnetic qualities, convincing personality and real emotional depth. The vehicle for her American *début*, unfortunately, was not well chosen, and in consequence of this, she did not come as prominently before the public here as her unquestioned talents deserved. The English verdict on her work, however, was amply confirmed by the critical opinion of this side.

Mr. Theodore Roberts is another finished product of Canadian soil. His *Joe Portugais* in Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," in which he is now



Mr. Donald Brian, as *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow"

appearing, would of itself entitle him to a foremost place among our character actors. In many ways this was the most finished piece of characterization the past season brought forth.

Mr. Reuben Fax, whose recent sudden death still casts its shadow over the theatrical community, although stellar honors had not been accorded him, was an actor of wide reputation and an artist of distinct talent. Since his *Posty* in the famous "Bonnie Briar Bush" run, which first brought him prominence, his art had steadily matured, until he came to be recognized as one of the most finished and versatile actors of his time. A year ago he was associated with Eleanor Robson in a season of repertoire, and played a variety of excellent parts with fine reserve and keen humorous insight. *Captain Starbottle*, in "Salomy

Jane," was an especially happy piece of characterization. This last season he was associated with Mr. David Warfield in "The Grand Army Man," under Mr. Belasco's management, and quite shared the honours of that production. What the future had in store for this excellent actor we can now only conjecture. Death overtook him just in the prime of life and in the full ripening of his powers, cutting off with tragic swiftness a career of splendid achievements and still greater promise.

May Irwin, one of the best-known actresses and entertainers on the American stage, was born at Whitby, and educated at the Collegiate Institute there. She made her first appearance at Rochester in 1875, and two years later joined Tony Pastor's Company at the old Metropolitan Theatre, New York, continuing under his management until 1883. She then joined Augustin Daly's stock company and remained with him until 1886. A mere enumeration of the parts Miss Irwin has appeared in would cover an entire page. She has been before the public continuously for over thirty years, and in such recent hits as "Mrs. Black is Back" and "Mrs. Wilson," shows no sign whatever of waning popularity. An equally talented sister, Flo Irwin, shares the public favour to an almost equal degree, while to complete the theatrical continuity of the family, the genial manager of the Bijou Theatre of New York, Mr. A. C. Campbell—a patriotic Canadian in spite of thirty years exile—is a brother.

Miss Roselle Knott, now starring in

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," is another Canadian actress with a promising career, as her selection for this important part proves.

A complete Canadian list, unfortunately, is not available, but other names of more or less prominence, on the dramatic stage that will readily occur are Miss Catherine Proctor, Mr. Andrew Robson, Mr. Wilfrid Luca, and Mr. Robert Hilliard.

Turning to the operatic stage, the list would probably prove still longer and far more difficult of access. It so happens, however, that the brightest star of this particular sky at this particular moment is a young Canadian, a native of St. John, N.B., Mr. Donald Brian, the charming *Prince Danilo* of "Merry Widow" celebrity. The selection of Mr. Brian for the leading role of this, the greatest operatic success of a decade, has been as deserved as it was fortunate. No prince could be more captivating than his, and to the most engaging qualities of refinement he brings an excellent voice, graceful acting, and a terpsichorean skill that is the wonder and delight of the throngs who seem never to weary of the seductive strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz.

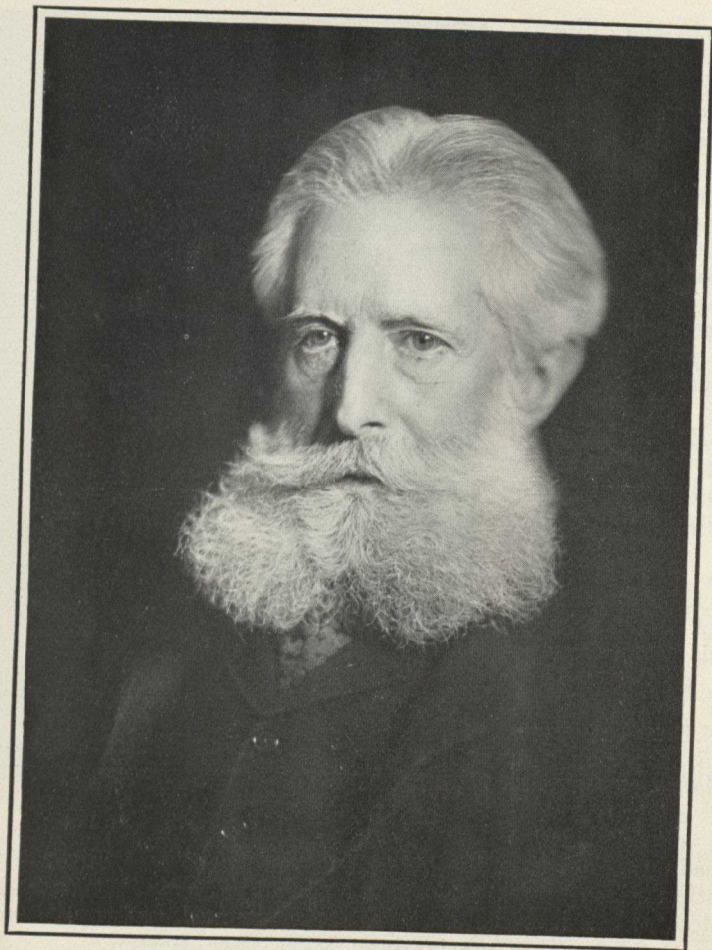
Before this leap—or rather, dance—into fame as the "Merry Widow" suitor, Mr. Brian had served a long and thorough apprenticeship on both the dramatic and operatic stage. He made his New York *début* in 1896 as a juvenile, and after four seasons on the road appeared again in New York in the "Three Little Lambs." He has since appeared in "The Man From Mexico," "The Chaperons,"



The late Mr. Reuben Fax

"Floradora," "Silver Slipper," "Johnny Jones," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and "Fifty Miles from Boston."

Dazzling "Merry Widows," however, are not always lying in wait to scatter roses in the pathway of operatic stage aspirants, and among those Canadians who have climbed to prominence—less dazzling, perhaps, but secure—without such aid are, Mr. Albert Parr (Toronto), now starring in "Tom Jones"; Mr. Arthur Deagon (Ayr), starring in "The Time, the Place and the Girl"; Mr. Eugene Cowles (Sherbrooke, Que.), co-star with Marie Cahill; Mr. Joseph Miron, Mr. Albert Hart (Montreal), Mr. John Parks (Toronto), Mr. Napoleon Dagneau (Montreal), Mr. Louis Casavant (Montreal), and Mr. Charles Meakins (Hamilton).



THE LATE EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

"THE HOSPITABLE CRITIC"

BY FREDERIC B. HODGINS

MY acquaintance with Edmund Clarence Stedman was made in the month of December, 1885. I made it through the medium of a copy of his "Poets of America," sent for review to *The 'Varsity*, the under-graduate weekly of the University of Toronto, of which I was at

that time the editor. I wrote as good a notice of it as a callow under-graduate could and sent Mr. Stedman a copy of the issue containing it. In a week or two I received a very courteous and most appreciative letter from Mr. Stedman. Needless to say I have that letter still. I pasted

it in my copy of the "Poets of America" alongside of a wood-cut of the author, taken from his publisher's catalogue, and these are before me as I write. It was the first personal communication from a distinguished man of letters that I had ever received, and I valued it highly. Moreover, it was a gracious thing on Mr. Stedman's part—to personally thank a reviewer, but it was characteristic. Mr. Stedman was gracious and generous in his treatment of literary aspirants and richly deserved the title which Walt Whitman gave to him—a "hospitable critic." His two volumes of criticism, "Victorian Poets" and "The Poets of America," are probably the best of their kind in existence for the average reader. They contain mention of almost every poet of any note in England and America, and the mention of each is discriminating and distinctive. Mr. Stedman's canon of criticism was to take each poet at his best and for himself alone. Thus he did not seek to stretch his subjects on any Procrustean bed of uniformity and measure them by arbitrary methods, but endeavoured to show the excellencies of each in his own sphere. While thus "hospitable" to all who had a message for the age, his books are by no means mere indiscriminate eulogies of all. Mr. Stedman was a poet himself; he ever kept himself on a high level, and he was a capable critic because he knew and loved his art. He was "hospitable" because he was a constructive, not a destructive, critic.

Emboldened by his courtesy, I ventured on a request that he should contribute to *The 'Varsity!* My request was a rather audacious one, for our paper did not, and could not, pay for contributions. But this did not weigh with Mr. Stedman. I received another characteristic letter in which he said he would be unable to comply with my request, simply because of a serious nervous breakdown. In his

letter he said: "I assure you the question of remuneration would not enter into my thoughts at all."

Shortly after this I sent Mr. Stedman a copy of a volume of prose and verse collected from *The 'Varsity* from its inception. In return I received from him a very appreciative letter and an autographed copy of his essay on Edgar Allan Poe, reprinted from his "Poets of America," and bound in vellum—which sort of binding, he said, he had been the first to induce his publishers to use in America. He also added that whenever I visited New York I was to be sure and pay him a visit.

In the fall of 1888, after my graduation, I paid a visit to New York, and in due course made a pilgrimage to the Broad street office of the banker-poet. He was not in. But that afternoon I received a note, by special messenger, regretting his missing me and inviting me to dine with him at the Century Club, then in its old quarters at 104 East Fifteenth street. His family had gone to their "down-east" home, and he was living in bachelor loneliness at his town house, 44 East Twenty-sixth street. At 6.30 on the following evening I met Mr. Stedman at the Club and received a most cordial greeting. We went in to dinner shortly afterwards and sat down at the old-fashioned long dining-table, which ran the whole length of the room, and gave the Club a most cosy and home-like appearance. I was fortunate in the matter of my fellow-diners that night. At the table were Clarence King, the famous traveller and geologist; John La Farge, just back from Japan, and Henry Drisler, Professor of Latin at Columbia. It is needless to say the table-talk was interesting and that I was a good listener. After dinner we all drew our chairs to the fire-place and smoked and talked, until it was time to go. I walked some distance with Mr. Stedman and

If you ever come Southward,
Of course you will not fail
to look in upon us? An hour
of talk is worth more than a
year of letter-writing.

F. B. Hodgins Esq.
Toronto

Very sincerely yrs,
Edward C. Stedman

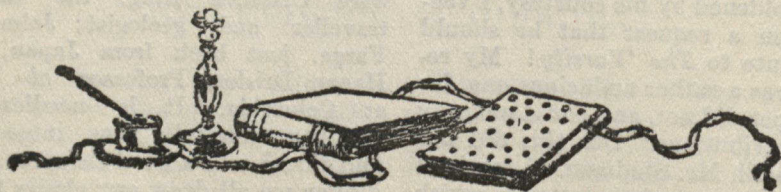
PART OF A PAGE OF A LETTER FROM MR. STEDMAN TO MR. HODGINS

he asked me to go and finish the evening with him at his home, 44 East Twenty-sixth street. Thither I accompanied him, and he showed me his art and literary treasures, pictures given him by noted artists and presentation volumes autographed by their famous authors.

I never, to my regret, saw Mr.

Stedman again. But my recollection of the few hours spent with him, his gracious and delightfully genial companionship are as fresh in my mind to-day as though twenty years had not passed!

I lay this little chaplet on his grave, not with egotism, but with pride and respect.



GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, LL.D., D.LITT., D.C.L.

Rector of St. George's, Montreal; Late Professor of Pastoral
Theology, University of Dublin

THIRD PAPER : HELL

THE fact that a secular magazine should desire the discussion of subjects such as these is surely a marked sign of the times, a sign that the public are asking questions, a sign that there is underneath all the doubt and unbelief, a tacit belief that God is better than He has been represented in current popular belief.

We have seen reason to believe from the teaching of Scripture that no man has ever yet gone to heaven. No man has ever yet gone to Hell. No man has yet been finally judged. No man has ever yet been finally damned. All who have left this earth are waiting still in happiness or in pain in the great waiting life before the Judgment. These are the stages, it seems, of human destiny: (1) This life; (2) the Hades life; (3) the Judgment; (4) Heaven and Hell. At the advent the Bible places the Judgment according to character. And after that Judgment it places Hell and Heaven.

This month we discuss the doctrine of Hell. "These shall go away into the Aeonian, the other world punishment." This word "Aeonian" does not mean everlasting, as we shall see later. Can anything be known of the other world punishment?

Be strictly honest. Face the facts

straight. Let no soft sentimentalism obscure the awful truth revealed in Holy Scripture over and over again, and especially the words of the Blessed Lord Himself that there is a mysterious and unfathomable malignity attaching to sin; that to be in sin means to be in misery and ruin, whether it be in this world or the next; that so long as any man abideth in sin the wrath of God amideth on him in this life or in any other life. That is beyond all question for Christian men.

The problem before us, then, is a very serious one: To reconcile the love of God and the doctrine of Hell. Since both are distinctly declared in Scripture, it must be possible to reconcile them. Therefore, we must face this problem straight. We must not slip around it or evade it. The writer does not come to you to-day as an authoritative teacher where the issues are plain. He asks you as fellow-students with him to study this problem where the issues are by no means plain. Listen carefully. Question keenly every statement and every quotation from Scripture.

But that cannot be allowed to cancel the main trend of Bible teaching, the love and care of the Father

for every soul of man that He has created.

I.

Now, can we reconcile the doctrine of the love of God with the popular doctrine of Hell? Let us state them side by side.

1.—The love of God. There are times when the meaning of this really grips a man like an inspiration. His little, sick boy is on his knee and he fears the little lad may die. "Is there anything," he thinks, "that I would not do to save him? Is there anything that I would not do for his good if he recovers? In this life I would work night and day for him. In 'that' life I would go into outer darkness for ever for him if it would save my little lad from going there. If he went wrong, my love for him would make me punish him—aye, perhaps punish him terribly—but if love and punishment failed I think my heart would break." "O God," he thinks, "how life here and hereafter would be one endless pain, how Heaven would be absolutely useless to me if that little boy were lost at the last." Slowly and fully he lets that thought grip him, and then he wonderingly repeats to himself the little creed that Christ has taught, "If ye, then, being evil know how to care thus for your children, how much more shall the Heavenly Father." And in a few minutes the revelation has flashed on him. He asks himself: "Is that the meaning of the love of God; does it mean a vivid, real, palpitating thing like my love for my little boy: Does it mean that He feels and cares, and suffers for the little chap as I do—aye, that He must suffer for ever if He loses that boy? If I, being evil, must suffer, how much more must God? Is the pain in my heart, which would make me go to Hell itself to save my child but a faint reflection of the pain in the heart of the Good Shepherd which sends him out for ever on the desolate mountains, seeking that which is lost until

he find it? If the love of God does not mean something like the feeling in my heart about my little boy, I don't know what it means. But oh, if it does mean that God actually cares, and by the necessity of His nature must forever care like that—then thank God for the revelation of that love. However awful the penalty of wrong-doing, God cares, God suffers, God must forever care and suffer with us. That is the doctrine of the love of God.

2.—And the popular doctrine of Hell—not the Bible doctrine—not the Church's doctrine—but the popular doctrine is: That if that boy of mine should get into bad habits, and turn away from right, and some day in a drinking bout get smashed by a street car in Montreal, without doubt he shall be damned everlastingly. Everlastingly! Do you realise what that means? I remember as a boy reading a Sunday School book that that helped me to realise the meaning "everlastingly." I was to imagine a huge forest, and a tiny insect coming from the farthest planet and biting an atom out of one of the leaves, and carrying it away to its home, the journey taking one thousand years. Then I was to imagine the ages that must elapse before that whole leaf was carried off. Then the stupendous time before the whole tree would be gone. Then, as my brain reeled at the thought, I was to look forward to the carrying away of the whole forest, and from that to the carrying away of the whole world., Then came the awful sentence in italics, *Even then eternity would but have begun.* I suppose God will forgive the people who wrote that book for children if they repent, but I don't feel much like forgiving them. I can remember still lying awake in the night and crying as I thought of the lost souls in Hell as my poor little brain reeled at the thought of the journeys of that wretched insect, of those whom God kept alive to suffer everlastingly.

That, according to the popular notion, is what God will do to that little boy in my picture, who lay in his father's arms, to teach him the meaning of the love of God. If he misses Christ through his own neglect or fault, God will cast him into everlasting torment, not to do him good, nor to help him to repentance—no, he shall suffer the most fearful agony that the mind can conceive during all the countless ages of eternity, during all the maddening centuries while my little insect is coming backwards and forwards to devour the forest, that in all these agonies his sorrow and remorse are no use to him, and that after it all he is not one iota nearer to the end of his torment. If we were told the devil does this we might see some sense in it. But we are told that God does it. Ah! that is the danger. I have heard good people say that no one doubts about everlasting torment but those who fear to go into it. Ah, no! It is not the fear of suffering oneself that makes the popular notion about Hell so horrible, but the fear that if that notion be true, God has gone away, that we shall look up at the Judgment and find that there is no Christ on the throne.

8.—Now, then, I appeal to you my readers, do you think this popular doctrine of Hell can be reconciled with the doctrine of the love of God? Do you not feel quite certain that it cannot? If so, then don't you think it must be the wrong doctrine of Hell? We shall find a truer doctrine of Hell as we go on. But I want you to face fearlessly this doctrine of everlasting torment and the fate of men fixed irrevocably at death. I want you to drag it out into the light of God's Holy Word, which is the court of final appeal. And before you do it, to strengthen your convictions, I want you to look straight at it by the light of conscience and reason. Every honest Christian conscience sees at once that it is unfair, un-

reasonable, unutterably cruel, impossible to reconcile with justice or love. The reason of every sensible man recoils from the consequences of it.

(1) A God of Holiness leaving men in everlasting sin.

(2) A God of love rejoicing with the blessed in Heaven while their children, and wives and husbands are tortured through eternity.

(3) A defeated Christ, seated in a corner of His universe, with the minority of the race whom He had succeeded in saving, and straight opposite for all eternity the triumphant Satan, holding in bondage and defiance of God, the majority of those for whom Christ died on Calvary. Don't you see that the idea is impossible in the growing light of Christianity as soon as man has courage to look it in the face. But we must drag it up before the bar of God's Word before we have done with it. It is dying out already in the Christian world. It will be dead within twenty years, even if we leave it alone. But twenty years is too long to wait in Canada. We must smash it up now and get done with it. We must see that its poison does not get into the lifehood of this young nation. We must take care that no child of the coming generation shall waken in the night, as some of us did, to cry at the horror of it.

And I want you to feel no whit afraid that the Church is in any way committed to this teaching. In the early centuries the greatest leaders amongst the Greek fathers of the Church fought strongly against such teaching, and in the Reformation days of the sixteenth century, when we had forty-two Articles, the last being an assertion of everlasting punishment, the Church of England swept away that Article, and thus left the whole question open for her children. Therefore, with a free mind you can turn to the Bible, the final court of appeal.

II.

In beginning the study of the

Bible I must ask your very close attention. I think you will allow that it is not wise to build up any doctrine on isolated texts. Before we can accept any doctrine we must assure ourselves that it is in harmony with the ruling thoughts, with the great facts and doctrine of Scripture. Is not that a fair demand? It must be in harmony with the conceptions which run through all Scripture—God's horror of sin, God's Fatherhood, God's love, God's unchangeableness, God's fairness and reasonableness, God's justice, Christ's incarnation, His atonement for the sins of the whole world. It must be in harmony with the idea running through the whole Bible that God is best represented by the Father of the Prodigal, and Christ by the Shepherd seeking and caring for His sheep. All these leading thoughts must be kept in view as the great background of Scripture with which any true interpretation of any separate Scripture ought to be able to reconcile itself.

1.—With this caution let us examine the chief texts bearing on this subject. This wants reverent care and an open, unprejudiced mind. I think you will find that there are in the Bible two trends of teaching.

1st. The repeated affirmations which I have already referred to, that there is a mysterious and unfathomable malignity attaching to sin; that to be in sin means to be in misery and ruin, whether it be in this world or the next; that as long as any man abideth in sin the wrath of God abideth on him in this life or in any other life; e.g., "Depart, ye cursed, unto the Aeonian fire." "They that have done evil shall rise to the resurrection of judgment." "How shall ye escape the damnation of Hell"? Tribulation and anguish on every soul of man that worketh evil." "The wrath of God abideth on him," etc. This is one trend of teaching—the exceeding hatred and anger of God against sin.

2nd. And then there is the other trend of teaching, not only showing that the wrath of God and the retribution, which is the inevitable consequence of evil-doing, are consistent with the stern, righteous Fatherhood of God, but almost making us stop and gasp with wondering hope as we think of what illimitable possibilities they may suggest. No man, I think, can with unbiased mind read them in the light of the ruling ideas of Scripture without feeling somehow, whether he can explain it or not, that beyond the horror of the outer darkness is the glimmer of an eternal dawn; e.g., "These shall go away unto the *age-long chastisement*. The Good Shepherd seeks His lost sheep *until He find it*. *All* flesh shall see the salvation of God. God has shut up *all* in unbelief that He might have mercy upon *all*. As in Adam *all* die, so in Christ shall *all* be made alive. I will draw *all* men unto Me. The Son of Man has come to seek and save *the lost*. For this was the Gospel preached to them that are dead. That at the name of Jesus *every knee* should bow in Heaven and earth and (Hades) under the earth. Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, and *God shall be all in all*."

I think you will agree with me that the whole of this teaching needs to be studied—not the threatening part only—not the hopeful part only, but both. Let us begin with the threatening part. I think a full study of Scripture will show that this is quite consistent with the hopeful part. But how can I show it to you within the limits of this sermon? I am afraid you must study it yourselves at home. I can only help you by some hints.

III.

2.—You will find that nearly all the passages on which the doctrine of everlasting torment is based can be gathered into three groups. In the first group the chief word is Damn and Damnation. In the second, the

chief word is Hell. In the third, the chief word is Everlasting. I think you will allow that if these three sets of passages were removed, there would be very little grounds for the doctrine of Everlasting Torment and Everlasting Sin. Therefore, I shall probably surprise you if I say that there is no word in the original that at all justifies the use of either of these three words in the meaning which we put on them. Take the words Damn, Damnation. Now, in our sense of the word did our Lord say, "He that believeth not shall be damned?" Most certainly not. He said that he should be *condemned* for wilfully disbelieving, but He did not say to what he should be condemned, or for how long. I should condemn you for doing a selfish act, but that would hardly mean sending you to eternal torment. Did St. Paul say, "He that doubteth (about eating certain meats) is damned if he eat?" Did he say that a Church widow should have damnation for marrying again? Of course not; the word only means judgment or condemnation. There is no thought at all in it of this endless Hell. You see the English word long ago had that innocent meaning; e.g., in the Wycliffe Bible in the passage about the woman taken in adultery. Jesus saith, "Woman, hath no man damned thee?" "No man, Lord." "Neither do I damn thee." But a new, darker meaning has grown on to the English word since. Once an innocent word, it has now become dangerous and misleading. Therefore, the Revisers have swept it away, and the words damn and damnation have now vanished entirely and for ever out of the pages of the English Bible. So one of the three groups of texts that helped this popular teaching will help it no longer. But oh! why don't you people read the Revised Version?

3.—Again, the word translated "everlasting" is a word of vague meaning—aeonian—age-long—or belonging to the other world. It does

not of itself mean everlasting. It is applied to God, but also to Aaron's priesthood and Gehazi's leprosy, etc. And the striking thing is that there is a Greek adjective which does distinctly mean everlasting, but the Bible never uses it in this connection. Therefore, again the Revisers have removed the misleading word Everlasting in every case and substituted another word, Eternal, which, in scholarly usage, means the opposite of temporal—that which is above the sphere of time and space, that which belongs to the other world. Therefore, the famous proof text for this doctrine should read, "These shall go away unto the aeonian or other world punishment," and so of the other texts in which this word occurs.

*4.—Now, take the texts with the word Hell in them. The word our Lord used was Gehenna, the name of the valley outside Jerusalem where things were cast to be burnt for keeping the city pure. Our Lord meant something very solemn and awful. But He certainly did not mean the idea in our minds of a vast prison, in which the souls of the lost are pierced through with agony for ever and ever, with no hope of repentance, or amendment or escape. You ask, How can I know what He meant? How could I know what Shakespeare meant by a certain word? I should read up all the books and letters of Shakespeare's times in which the word occurs, and whatever it commonly meant to the people of Shakespeare's time I should accept as being what Shakespeare meant. That looks sensible, does it not? Well, a very interesting investigation has been made by various scholars. They have examined all the existing Jewish records where the word Gehenna was used from 300 B.C. to 300 after Christ. This is the verdict: "There are only two passages in which even a superficial reader could think the Jews meant by it a place of everlasting punishment." The greatest of all modern Jewish scholars, Emmanuel

Deutsch, who does not love Christians overmuch, tells us very strongly, though not very politely: "There is no word in the Talmud that lends any countenance to your damnable Christian doctrine of Everlasting Torment."

IV.

*1.—So we need feel no longer forced to believe of God that which our conscience declares to be unworthy of Him. But does all this mean that there is no Hell? God forbid! The very worst thing that could happen to sinful man would be that—*that there should be no Hell*—that God should leave them alone in their sins, that all moral distinctions should be blotted out, and Herod, and John the Baptist, and Jezebel, and Mary of Bethany should have no difference between them in the world to come. If there is one thing beyond doubt in Scripture, it is the certainty of a Hell. Nay, what we are disclaiming is not the Bible doctrine of Hell, which is absolutely certain, but the horrible, popular doctrine, which is absolutely false. The popular doctrine of Hell is unfair, unreasonable, unutterably cruel, impossible to reconcile with the nature of God. The Bible doctrine of Hell is stern, solemn, awful, unutterably awful, but not unfair, not unending, not unhelpful, not impossible to reconcile with the nature of God. What does the Bible really teach? Shall there be a Hell? Most certainly. Shall its sufferings be awful? Yes. The Bible almost exhausts language in expressing the unutterable loss of God, of Christ, of nobleness of life, the unquenchable fire of remorse. What is the difference between the false doctrine and the true? The difference is that between Nero torturing criminals in the amphitheatre, and a surgeon, with keen pain in his heart, submitting his own son to a fearful operation. Oh! it makes a difference wide as the poles asunder to learn that Hell is not a place where a vengeful God sends the sinner, but a state

and temper which the sinner makes for himself, and of his own will stays in, to believe that no one can be lost through all eternity who does not through all eternity keep on refusing to be saved; to believe that the worm that dieth not and the fire that quencheth not are the agonizing remorse of conscience and the horrible memory of foul deeds done and unrepented; to believe that all the time the love and pain is in God's heart for every soul in the outer darkness, that for ever and ever and ever the Shepherd is out on the desolate mountains seeking that which is lost, if so be, as He touchingly puts it, that He may find it.

*2.—"The love and pain of God for men in Hell!" someone says. "Impossible." Are you quite sure? Did you ever see a man in Hell? I did. He told me himself. "I am in Hell," he said, and I believed him. His Hell was begun. Did you ever see a drunkard beginning his Hell when his temptation had mastered him, and his whole nervous system has become a mass of torment? Delirium tremens has come on—the horror, the agony, the crawling insects, the face of grinning devils looking out at him in his bed. Why does he suffer these horrors, the agony, the grinning devils, the sense of falling, ever falling, into an abyss. Why? Because God inflicts them? Nay, because he inflicts them upon himself. And the God who loves him and wants him to feel how drunkenness blasts, and debases, and brutalises, has attached this horrible consequence to it. Do you not think that there is love and pain in God's heart for that sinner in his Hell? Does God in His love keep away the horrors? No; but He says: "Oh, My son, whom I have made, whom I want to save, if I cannot save thee otherwise, it is better to cast thee into this Hell, this depth of disgrace and corruption, with the grinning devils about thee, that thy spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord." Do you not believe this

is true of the present Hell? Is it wrong to hope that it may be true also of the future Hell? Do you remember St. Paul's sentence on a very wicked Corinthian (1 Cor. 5: 5), "Deliver him to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that his spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord." And how from the next epistle it would seem that this discipline was effectual (2 Cor. 2: 6). Wise commentators think it meant demoniacal possession inflicted on the man. If so it would look as if the man were delivered into the power of the devil that he might be delivered out of his power, just as the man in delirium tremens. May not this be possible, too, in God's hell of the hereafter? May it not be the last and most awful effort of Him who is always seeking that which is lost, if so be that He may find it?

V.

Someone says: Is not the writer afraid that this teaching will make men presume in their sins? Not in the least. I am not afraid to trust men with the thought of God's love and pain, just as I should not be afraid if one went to my child and told him: "Whatever wrong you do, however bad you be, even if you break your father's heart and force him to inflict the severest punishment, you cannot ever make him cast you out and forsake you." I am not in the least afraid that my child should know that. Should you be? But if there be anyone who would dare to misuse such teaching to say: Because God loves me I will do what He hates; because God is long-suffering He shall wait my time to repent, that is the darkest, deadliest depth of sin. Him who could so trample on the love of God it will be hard even for God to save. If any such there be, let him think how awful may be the Hell which God's stern love has prepared. Let him think there may be a possibility of being lost for ever, owing to the tendency

of character to grow permanent. Let him think that, though the path of repentance may never be closed, how terrible that path may be, through what deep shame, and agony, and corruption it may lead. Aye, let him try to realise the meaning of going out into the outer darkness, naked, alone. All the degraded things of sense and appetite are gone. He is torn by appetites and cravings that he has no power to indulge. That poor soul of his, polluted and degraded, stands in the dread loneliness before God, full of the sense of loss and misery—of shame for the past—of dread of what is to come—of horrible discord between himself and all that is good. Ah! no man will think lightly of that awful Hell of God when he gets into it. Awful, unutterably awful, is our Lord's presentation of it. Yet is it not possible to hope that outer darkness may be for some the only path to the light? If it were all done in vengeance or retribution, with no chance of repenting for ever, it could only harden the offender and make him want to curse God and die. But if there comes some day to him the knowledge of God's love—if over all his own pain comes the knowledge of the awful pain that God has borne and is bearing—the eternal pain of God at losing His children—oh! if any power in the universe can break the man down, would not that be the power?

I am not presuming to dogmatize as to what shall be the end of it all. The whole trend of Scripture points to the final victory of good—when evil shall have vanished out of the universe for ever and God shall be all in all. That is to say, that one day there shall be no evil—no evil one—no Hell—no damned souls.

How?

I don't know.

Some people say that all men shall at length be saved. Oh, God grant it, but I cannot find in the Bible sufficient reason to believe it.

Some people say that all will be

annihilated who are beyond hope of salvation. Again, I don't know. I can't find that in the Bible either, and I don't want to know where God has not revealed it. I have been trying to keep to what I think God has revealed.

In our last sight of humanity in Christ's drama of the Judgment, those on the left hand are passing into the "outer darkness" into the "other world punishment," and as they pass the deep, black cloud curtain falls behind them and we see them no more. We dare not dogmatise here. We can only watch outside the darkness as a mother watches outside the closed surgery door, where the wise, strong surgeon is dealing with her boy. What is happening there in that other world anguish, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?" Are any souls being born again through sorrow and shame? Are any lives, spoiled and deformed here, being remoulded in that awful crucible of God? Will all be restored? Will some be beyond restoration, fit only to fling out in the rubbish heap of the universe? Oh! We know not, we know not. We can only whisper softly of our hope. Only one thing we can be

sure of—that the Refiner of silver is watching over His crucible, and that nothing shall be but what comes of the deep pain and love of the Father.

But as we watch the awful shadows of that outer darkness, there comes beyond it on the far horizon the quivering of a coming dawn. For that age of God's Gehenna is to have its end, and far away the day will dawn for which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together: when death and Hell, the evil and the Evil One shall be cast into the lake of fire; when at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of things in Heaven and earth, and under the earth, in the world of the dead. And every tongue, "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." "Then cometh the end," says St. Paul, "when Christ shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, when all His enemies shall be subjected unto Him. And when all His enemies have been subjected unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subjected unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." Thanks be to God for His holy Gospel.

IN DARKNESS

BY

KATHERINE HALE

Moonlit and vistaless—each dream a star—
 My ocean lay—a radiant track to thee!
 Then fading light, and on a darker sea,
 God's wondrous gift of distances—and worlds afar.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

BY RUTH HARRINGTON

THE afternoon light fell in subdued shadings in the doctor's office, and the scant window-draperies looked their best. They were tinselly, with a vague Oriental pattern running through them, but the morning sun delighted to reveal their shabbiness. Patients found themselves wondering, as they waited, why so famous a specialist preferred a poor and badly-furnished office; or whether the fact that he had one, was due to preference, or if not, why not?

Those who came week after week for treatment had ample opportunity to examine the furnishings. Books stared unfeelingly from one side of the room, as cold and unimpassioned as the themes of which they treated. Well-worn, leather-bottomed chairs grouped themselves precisely here and there, with a scrupulous yearning toward order. The pile of late magazines was always to be found on the solemn black table in the centre of the room. The mantle clock was always to be heard ticking loudly, slowly, collectedly. Near the door, stood an open desk, with a revolving office-chair half-turned in expectation. These objects grew to be familiar to hosts of people.

"Cases" were considered in order of arrival, and thus the early patients looked around eagerly on entering the room, to see how many were before them. To be first meant that one had the first hold on the great man's time and attention; while, to be last often afforded no

consolation beyond a fresh chance in the competition of another day. Frequently patients came as early as one o'clock, and waited patiently, or impatiently, according to their various temperaments, until the clock on the mantel chimed four; for, although it might ultimately be to the ailing one's interest to spend weary hours in the office, the doctor's presence was not necessary stipulated. Hospital work, a multiplicity of unforeseen engagements—everything, in fact, might retard his appearance until after three o'clock, and circumstances required that he should leave unswervingly on the stroke of four.

It was ten minutes past one as the white-capped maid noiselessly opened the street-door and conducted the second arrivals of the afternoon across the hall to the office, where she left them with her inevitable low-voiced assurance: "The doctor will be in very soon." In the farther corner of the office, the first arrival, a woman well past the bloom of youth, stopped fumbling the leaves of the magazine which she was idly examining, and looked up curiously at the newcomers.

"Country people," she mentally decided, as the girl and her mother moved diffidently toward a sofa which filled with distressing precision an angle near the window. As they passed her, a surge of pity swept through the woman in the corner, caloused though she was by an intimate acquaintance with disease. Only the supremacy of a powerful will had left

the girlish mouth its sweet expression, had kept at bay all lines of discontent. But her eyes! The woman in the corner shrank involuntarily. Beautiful, helpless, appealing, with the look of a wounded creature, they revealed what the other features strove to hide—the despair of one growing accustomed to a generous meed of pain.

Faithfully the door-bell chronicled each new arrival. Steadily the leather-bottomed chairs found occupants. Patients seldom spoke in the doctor's office. They furtively examined their neighbors with a view to analysing their ill looks or their apparently healthy appearance; they read the magazines, or walked about softly, if they became uneasy from sitting still. When these diversions palled, they listened to the subdued sound of footsteps in the private hospital overhead, and watched the vision of white-capped nurses fitting up and down the stairs leading to the upper world. Opening off the hall, farther down, was the nurse's private dining-room, where a detachment of them could generally be heard at this hour cheering their spirits as they ate with a little mild hilarity.

The woman in the corner, looking up from her magazine, saw that the country girl was watching, with evident enjoyment, the ever-changing aspect of the street outside. Her mother leaned heavily back against the sofa, her eyes closed, her fingers nervously tightened over the worn handles of her black shopping-bag. In repose, the furrowed lines on her face stood out harshly.

It was spring time, and city and country could clasp hands of mutual sympathy over the joyful festival. Ambitious buds were staining the sides of Mount Royal a faint warm hue of crushed strawberry. Beyond the city limits gleamed the winding ribbon of the St. Lawrence; graceful, alluring, sapphire-tinted. Horse-chestnuts glorified some of the quieter

streets, and promenaders wore, with Spring-engendered buoyancy, wonderful creations over which milliners and costume-makers had expended their utmost skill in trying to surpass an already excellent reputation.

The country girl turned from the window a countenance from which every trace of suffering had momentarily vanished. She leaned toward her companion, her face all radiance.

"The city is so lovely, mother—the organ-grinder at the corner, and the stylish ladies, and the babies with their nurses——" She stopped, abruptly, noting her mother's face.

"Don't!" she cried quickly.

Then, after a long moment, "Mother!"

The mother met her daughter's glance guiltily, but her voice could not suppress its note of anxiety.

"You don't feel the pain as much now, Margaret?"

"I'm a great deal better," cried the girl, caressingly. "I'm afraid it was a waste—our coming here, and that I'll reproach myself for . . . for spending the money."

"We'll know, dear. It will be worth the money to know," her mother answered, quickly, but her voice sounded thick and unnatural.

It was five minutes to three o'clock. People who came now gave a hasty glance around the crowded room, and seated themselves disconsolately to await their slender chance. A boy about sixteen years old was shown in. He stumbled awkwardly to a chair, with the appearance of one who wished himself anywhere else. He had come for medicine for his mother, and was the only man in the room. As he looked furtively about, his glance was arrested by the girl at the window. The dread of the coming ordeal had possessed her, and her face, against the sombre setting of the horsehair sofa, stood out pale, chastened, delicately beautiful.

"By Jove! he ejaculated, beneath his breath." "Jove!" he muttered

again, expostulating. "I'm glad it isn't Ethel."

The clock ticked on collectedly. The sounds in the hospital grew fainter. The door-bell ceased to ring. The maid stood idly at the end of the hall. It was the heavy lull that entails inactivity.

The woman in the corner took a patient interest in her magazine, but a close observer would have noticed that her keen glance often strayed from the printed page to the various types of humanity occupying the room, and that it rested with a special steadfastness on the country girl by the window. The woman in the corner wrote stories with the exquisite touch of genius. Sometimes there were drawn battles between her frail body and the genius; but the latter, though handicapped, pretty generally won. Refinement showed in every line of her simple street dress, with its white turn-over collar, and its air of scrupulous attention to details. Her kind eyes told of a wide and unselfish interest in the world at large. Presently, as though fired with a sudden resolve, she rose composedly, and approached a nervous-looking woman, whom she addressed in a low tone. The woman looked up in surprise.

"I should be most grateful," she said, "if you would let me take your place. But there were three before me, and you say you were the first. Of course, you are aware that you will be the loser."

"I have a reason for wishing to remain until the first few patients have been attended to," explained the other, hurriedly, and in returning she placed her chair so that it commanded a full view of the office door, and of the consulting-room beyond.

An involuntary tension now hung in the air, for at any moment the great man might reasonably be expected. The country girl glanced at the clock, and whispered anxiously to her mother. From the far end of the room, the slight figure of a young

woman in brown arose and came to the window, one finger thrust carelessly into the book which she had been reading, as she stood looking out.

"You are from the country?" she said, suddenly, turning to the girl.

"Yes, and we are so afraid that we cannot see the doctor. Our train goes at four-thirty."

"If you were early, your chance will be good."

The girl's face brightened.

"Oh, does that make a difference? Thank you for telling me. We were second."

Her eyes wandered up the street, and stopped at a figure walking briskly: a little man, middle-aged, with a shiny beaver hat, gold-bowed spectacles, and a cheerful aspect. The country girl looked instinctively at her companion, her lips forming the question which the young woman gave her no time to utter.

"That's the doctor," she said, promptly. "And you recognised him? Strangers often do."

A tremour of common relief and interested fellowship radiated over the room, and faces assumed an air of hopeful expectation.

"He's just lovely," the young woman in brown breathed, enthusiastically.

The country girl looked up shyly. "I suppose he has a very large practice," she said.

"Oh, yes, but he's early to-day. I have not known him to be as early for weeks. You'll have a good chance," her companion assured her, kindly, "he doesn't keep one long."

"And he's a very good doctor?" Something compelled the girl to ask it for the very comfort of the reassurance the answer would bring.

The young woman leaned sympathetically forward. "I'm getting better every day," she said, emphatically. "But, of course, you must know . . . he's the famous specialist—he's . . ."

A force, strong and irresistible, drew every eye to where the doctor stood in the doorway. There was about the face, the general aspect, the whole personality of the man, a something indefinable and intangible, which people felt, instinctively, but could not analyse. The breath of an other-worldliness; the upliftedness of an invulnerable serenity; an expression almost beatific. His eye travelled over the well-filled office, noting everything. With a slight smile, cordial and winning, the waiting roomful was included in his recognition.

"First," he said.

The nervous woman rose, instantly, and together they crossed the hall to the consulting-room.

A flood of pale spring sunshine, reflected on a window opposite, stole into the room with the peacefulness of a benediction, and showered upon the girl at the window tints of splendor from the tinsley curtains. Her smile partook of the radiance as she turned reassuringly to her mother.

"We'll know . . . soon," she whispered.

Ten minutes later, the door of the consulting-room opened. The nervous patient was shown out with unobtrusive civility by the white-capped maid. The woman in the corner opposite the door took careless note of the situation. "Relief, courage, hope," she choricled, mentally.

Then the doctor's voice rang again through the room.

"Next," he said.

The country girl half-rose, faltering. A great fear possessed her. Her limbs were trembling almost beyond control. Her mother clutched the black bag, convulsively.

"Yes, it's your turn," the young woman in brown nodded.

As they approached him, the doctor, for the fraction of a second, scanned the girl's face kindly, unsparingly.

"You better bring those with you," he said.

She went hastily back to the sofa and gathered up her gloves and umbrella.

As the door of the consulting-room closed behind them, the woman in the corner leaned her head thoughtfully against her chair, and drummed with her fingers on the magazine in her lap.

"I wonder?" she mused, anxiously, surprised at the suspense she was conscious of feeling. She got up, went to the table, and took a fresh magazine from the pile. Presently she laid it carefully back again, and sitting squarely in her chair watched the door of the consulting-room with compassionate eyes. She was reviewing in her mind the scene within. She knew it perfectly; the great doctor seated before a massive table, a book spread open in front of him, his pen suspended above a clear, blank column, opposite a line of printed questions. She could see his calm inspection of the country girl through his gold-bowed glasses as she stammered her replies; could hear his voice—quiet, unembarrassed, gently insistent, as he asked the necessary questions; could see the faithful pen recording all; could see the mother from her anxious post near by, supplementing, correcting, and rendering intelligent the account given by the girl.

Faint and sweet across the city sounded the new chimes of St. George's ringing the half hour.

At last the door of the consulting-room swung open, and the doctor could be seen leading the way down the hall to another door, through which the mother and her daughter disappeared, and where he presently joined them. Inside were calm-faced nurses, glittering instruments, delicate and intricate appliances. Everything was spotless, cold, professional.

Fifteen minutes later the country patients were shown into the consulting-room again to receive the verdict. The doctor was momentarily engaged,

and they sat down to wait, with the door open. The girl glanced across the hall to the office, with a shadowed pity for the "cases" still waiting. Her eyes met those of the woman in the corner, and she smiled a faint recognition. Then the doctor came and shut the door.

As they passed into the hall once more, a woman across in the office peered out eagerly from her corner, then shrank back—confused that she had seen. The mother came first. Her face wore the grayness that sometimes comes to people once in life. She moved mechanically. With whitened cheeks, and lips that smiled, the girl gave her hand to the doctor. She could not speak, but he understood, and shook hands silently, respectfully.

"The catch is higher up, Madam. Allow me," for her hands were fumbling ineffectually with the street-door.

"May I telephone for a cab?"

"My son is waiting, thank you."

The woman spoke monotonously, as one talking in her sleep, and shifted the worn handles of her shopping bag on her arm. The doctor noted the movement.

"You are not going shopping?" he said, deprecatingly. "It would not be good for her, you know."

"No!" cried the woman, hoarsely.

They had intended going shopping.

He held the door open with chivalrous courtesy, and together they passed into the spring-scented street.

Again the doctor stood in his office door.

"Next," he said.

NOVEMBER

By S. A. WHITE

O, it's Northward Ho! where the paddle drives
 And the sweating tump-line packs,
 With an outland lease on our care-free lives
 And the dunnage-bags on our backs.

Has the tempest split in your deafened ear
 As it tore the crags apart?
 Has the deep night called with its thrill and fear?
 Has the rapid hissed in your heart?

If you've heard the call of the Northland wide,
 How your fierce, free blood will sing!—
 How your bark will leap, with its pulse as guide,
 To the wilds where white-waters spring!

While the rivers smoke in the morning glare,
 While they reek in sunset dyes,
 There are magic lures in the open air,
 There are wondrous things for the eyes.

So it's Northward Ho! where the paddle drives
 And the sweating tump-line packs,
 With an outland lease on our care-free lives
 And the dunnage-bags on our backs.

AUTUMN EVENING

By E. M. YEOMAN

Build, build thy glories, evening in the skies,
Over the forestland, whose splendid leaf
Dies in a scarlet agony of grief!
But even as ye build with fond emprise,
Dark glooms devour all that ye have wrought.
'Twas so we filled life's voids and vacancies
With dear and glorious vanities of thought;
Kingdoms of joy, that were but vanities
For ruthless glooms to spoil and overthrow;
Till now, amidst the wreckage of their themes,
Patiently faint, we keep our way, and know
That life is but the ruins of our dreams.

Faint, faint, wan flowers, in the dusk-cold shades!
The world was fair with you in perished hours,
What time the painted hosts of happy flowers
Dwelt on the fields and filled the greenwood glades.
Dwelt 'midst the splendours of our hearts a space,
Dear needed forms we loved,—ah vanity!
Earth's ruin spares nor flower nor needed face.
And some Earth blighted, some were borne away
By angels gathering for their Paradise,
And some we nourished not; gone, gone, are they,
No more to fondly haunt our vacant eyes.

But die, O ruddy evening, sunk in night!
And faint, frail flow'rs, that are the night-wind's prey!
Turn not, ye faces, vanished far away
To grace rich bournes with all your fresh delight!
Fair things ne'er perish, though their wanderings
Be far and strange; and you were fair. But lo!—
Comes now a phantasy of vanished things,
Where memory, life's langorous afterglow,
Shows one I loved, soft-eyed and rich with bloom
And radiant beauty,—that evanisheth
Ev'n as I look, and mingleth with the gloom
Where woodlands paint a scarlet face of Death.

THE ICELANDER IN CANADA

BY H. B. GUEST

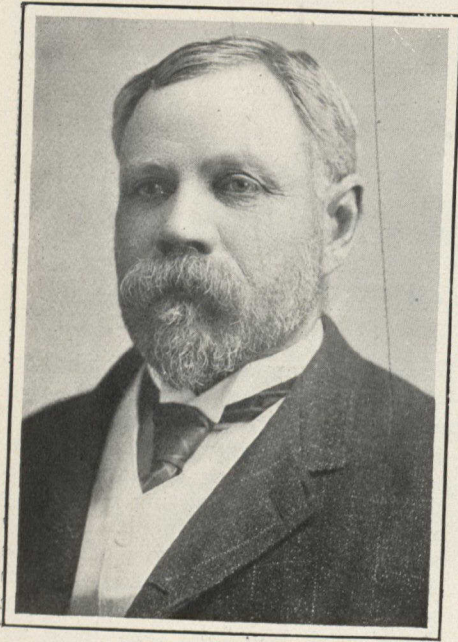
NO settlers in Canada have been more successful as a class, or improved their condition to a greater extent by emigrating to this country than the Icelanders. And likewise, there is no better example of what can be readily accomplished by any people who are at least in some degree adapted for the climate, and who are ready both to endure the struggle of the first few years, and by frugal living, hard work and perseverance,

to seize the opportunities which Fortune offers on every hand in this rich and rapidly growing Dominion.

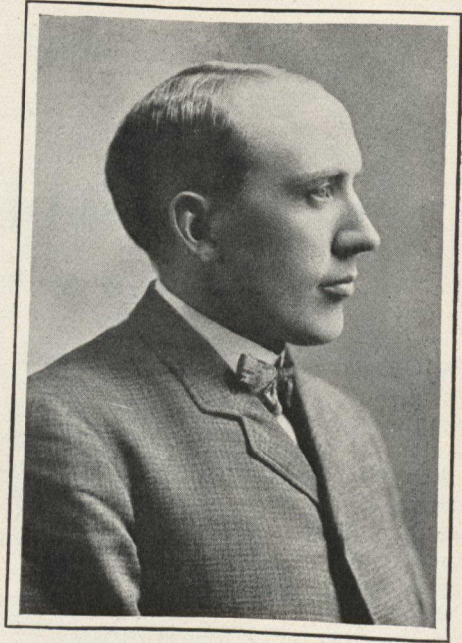
The first Icelanders came to Canada thirty-four years ago, their principal equipment consisting of healthy bodies and willing hands. To-day some of them have farms of over a thousand acres, and many live in commodious modern houses, while in the city of Winnipeg they have acquired wealth in business, acquitted



ICELANDIC UNITARIAN CHURCH, WINNIPEG



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
CAPT. S. JONASSON, MEMBER OF MANITOBA
LEGISLATURE



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
A. EGGERTSON, AN ALDERMAN OF
WINNIPEG

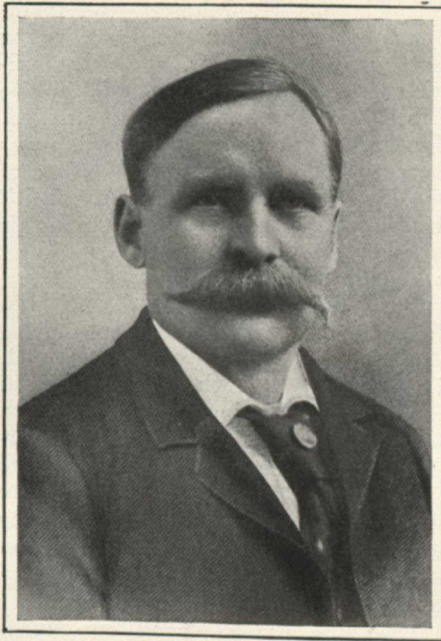
themselves well in the professions, and have been elected to fill almost every public position of honour.

It is an interesting fact that the Icelandic emigration to America began just one year before the millennial celebration of the arrival of that people in Iceland from their former home in Norway.

For some time they had heard of America with its great tracts of fertile soil, but they did not feel the impulse to venture forth till their cousins, the Norwegians, with whom they were in closest communication, began to emigrate in large numbers. Then they caught the fever and, in 1873 a large company of Icelanders left for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They came through Canada, however, and a section of the party was induced to settle in Muskoka, Ontario, where near Hecla Postoffice (in remembrance of the famous volcano in Iceland) a few families still

remain. The majority, however, were dissatisfied with their farms and moved to Nova Scotia. Here they again had the misfortune to get lands more suitable for quarrying than for agriculture, and they decided to leave for the western prairies, which were then beginning to attract many settlers from eastern Canada. They settled at Gimli, on Lake Winnipeg, sixty miles north of the city of Winnipeg, in a district suitable for stock raising, which was the only form of agriculture they knew, and where they could also engage in fishing. The first Icelandic newspaper in America was published at Gimli, and it is significant that it was named "Framfari," or "Progress."

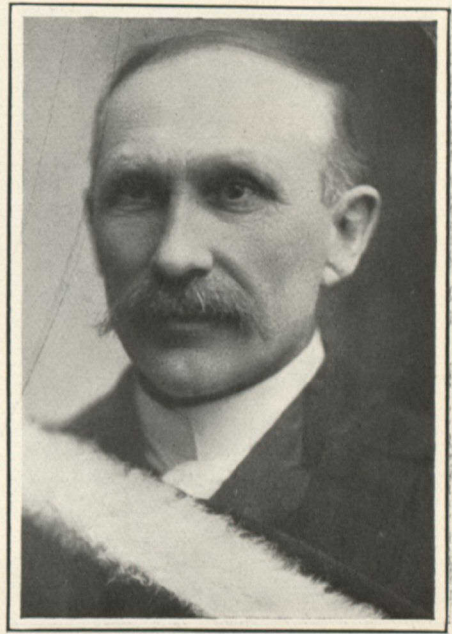
Some of the Gimli settlers decided to engage in the more profitable wheat farming, and secured lands in the municipality of Argyle in Southern Manitoba. Meantime more Icelanders were coming out every year from the



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
G. OLAFSON, MEMBER WINNIPEG BOARD
OF TRADE

old land. Winnipeg soon had an Icelandic community, and a number of settlements were made in Saskatchewan, the largest of which are at Foam Lake and Fishing Lake. During recent years the emigration from Iceland has fallen off, but a large number of those who had settled in North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, have come to Canada with the general rush of American settlers, and have gone mostly to Saskatchewan. It is estimated that 20,000 Icelanders have come to America and that these have increased to 30,000, the majority of whom now live in Canada.

Of those who settled on the land, the Argyle farmers have been the most successful. Although not accustomed to the growing of grain they soon learned this new form of agriculture. They did not go entirely into grain growing, however, but continued in the raising of stock, and were thus the first to engage in mixed



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
FREDERICK J. BERGMANN, PROFESSOR OF
ICELANDIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,

farming in Manitoba. The first years were a hard struggle, necessitating the severest economy and hard, persistent toil, but these in time brought their reward. Gradually they were able to get better equipment, build better homes and buy more land. They had a reputation for honest dealing, and it is told that merchants, not well understanding their broken English, would give them supplies without taking name or guarantee of any kind. At the present time, several farmers have from 1,000 to 1,200 acres of land, and many have large comfortable homes, from which they can communicate by telephone with their friends in Winnipeg.

The Icelanders in Winnipeg number about 6,000, while Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, has only 9,500. Starting as labourers and small shopkeepers, they have engaged successfully in almost every line of business. Many of them are now in very comfortable circumstances, and a few



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
 THOMAS H. JOHNSON, MEMBER OF
 MANITOBA LEGISLATURE

may be classed as wealthy. Among the latter, two examples may be referred to. Both men arrived in Winnipeg twenty years ago. One worked as a labourer and kept a store open in the evenings, and in this way laid the foundation of a very prosperous business. The other worked for eighteen years as a carpenter, then became a contractor, and has since made a respectable fortune.

In both the medical and legal professions in Winnipeg there are several Icelanders, and the same qualities of industry and perseverance are winning for them very creditable standing in those callings. It is worth noting that an Icelandic law student recently headed the list in the graduating class in Manitoba.

In public life the Icelanders are also taking an honourable place. They are represented not only on the School Board, Board of Trade and City Council, but have two representatives in the Provincial Legislature.

Mr. Thomas H. Johnson, the member for West Winnipeg, is a young but successful lawyer, and is regarded as one of the strong men in the Liberal Party in Manitoba. Mr. S. Jonasson, member for Gimli, was formerly the proprietor and editor of the Icelandic newspaper, "Framfari." He is now president of an abattoir company in Winnipeg, capitalised at a quarter of a million dollars.

In religion the majority of the Icelanders are Lutherans, that being the established religion in Iceland. They have two Lutheran churches in the city of Winnipeg, and twelve altogether in Manitoba. The Unitarians have been working among the Icelanders, however, and there are four congregations established in the West. The Winnipeg congregation numbers about two hundred and fifty and has a very handsome edifice.

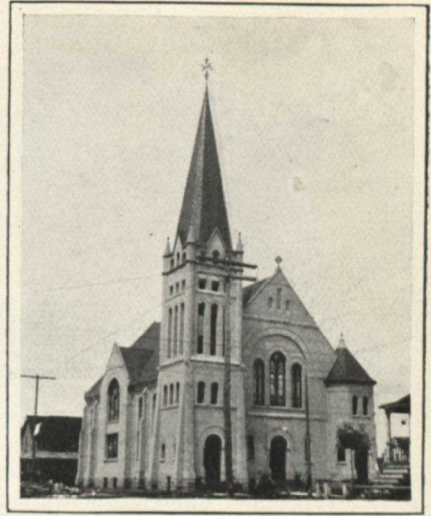
The high value placed on education by the Icelanders no doubt helps to explain why so many of them have been so successful. Ability to read and write and an elementary knowledge of arithmetic, have for a long time been required of the young people seeking confirmation in the Lutheran church in Iceland. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the first things done by those early settlers who came to Manitoba was the erection of a schoolhouse and the engaging of an English teacher in order that their children might learn the language of their adopted country and receive other necessary instruction. The next aim with those who were ambitious for the advancement of their sons and daughters, was that they should attend college, and in many a home great privation was endured that this might be made possible, but it was willingly borne.

As a result of the increasing number of Icelandic students, an arrangement was made in 1902 by the Lutheran church for the establishment of a chair of Icelandic Language and Literature at Wesley College, Winni-

peg. The college thus secured practically all the Icelandic students, and the Lutheran Church, which agreed to aid in supporting the new department, was provided with a suitable means of education for applicants for the ministry of their church and was also afforded an opportunity, which it very much desired, of fostering the study of the Icelandic language and literature by their own people. There are now, annually, about thirty Icelandic students attending Wesley College, and they have given an exceedingly good account of themselves, carrying off, every spring, their full share of honours and scholarships.

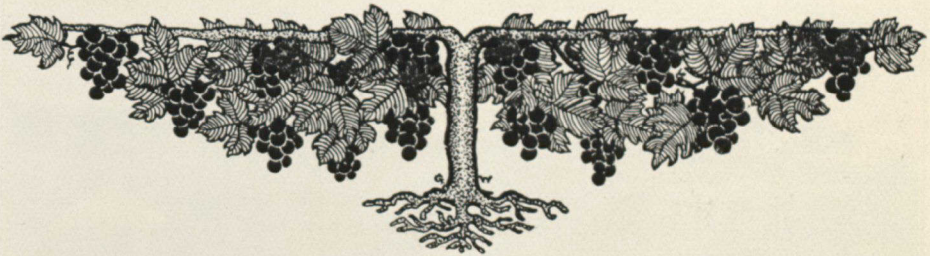
Two weekly papers and four monthly publications, in their own language, indicate the journalistic activity of the Icelanders in Winnipeg. Of the monthlies, one is published by the Lutheran Church and one by the Unitarian Church, while the others are a journal for women and a general magazine.

Very few emigrants are leaving Iceland at the present time. This is partly, no doubt, because of the general wave of prosperity which improved conditions in Iceland, but it is due, as well, to the discouragement put upon emigration by those whose



ICELANDIC LUTHERAN CHURCH IN
WINNIPEG

interests would suffer by any further draining of the population. It may be expected, however, that the emigration will continue again, that Western Canada will be the destination of the greater part of it. If this is the case, there certainly is no class of settlers, outside of the English-speaking people, to whom we can extend a heartier welcome.



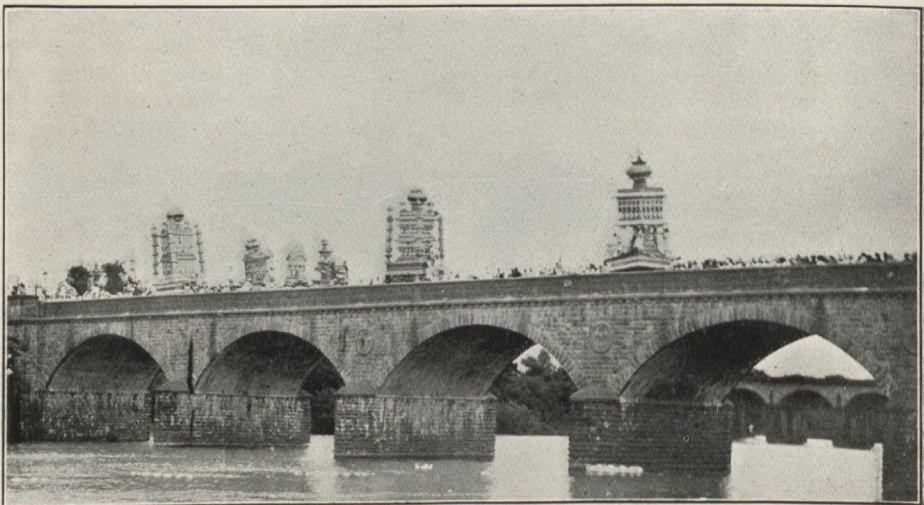
VISHNU WORSHIP

BY H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

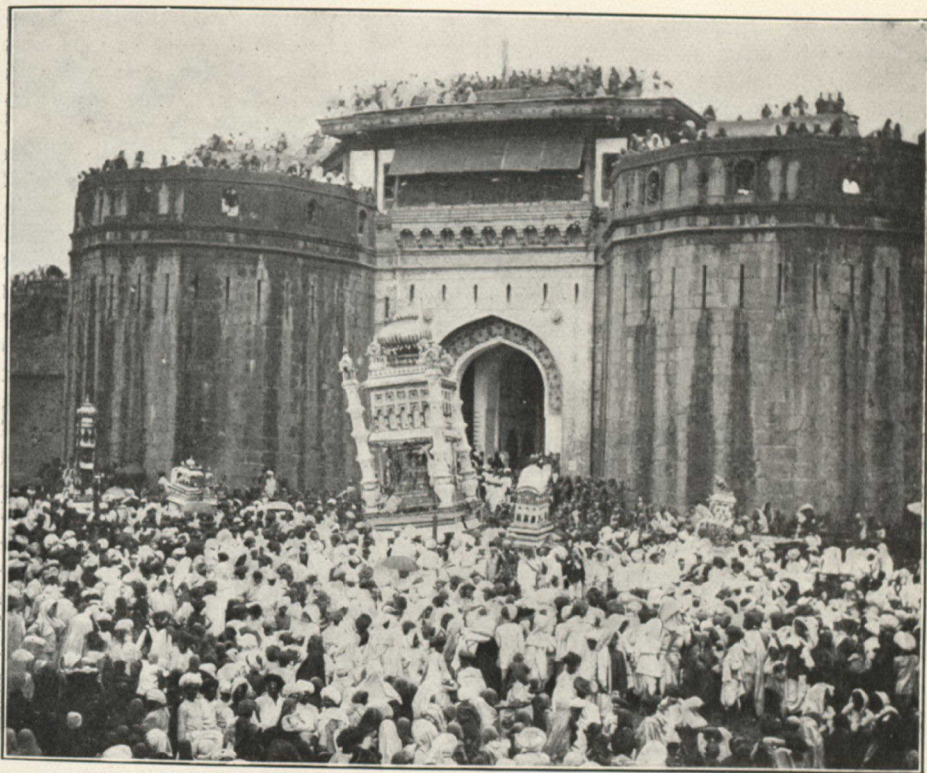
SOMEWHERE about the year of our Lord 640, a Chinese pilgrim wandering amongst the Buddhists in India, found that the Brahmins were gradually getting the upper hand of the followers of Gotama and that there was a fierce conflict between the two religions. The Buddhists had no personal God, and one Kumarita, a Brahmin Priest, persuaded a king of southern India to persecute them. The king commanded his servants to put to death the old men and young children of Buddhist faith, from the southernmost point of India to the snowy mountains of the north. The Brahmins thus gained a victory over Buddhism and offered a new bond of union to the races in Hindustan.

This new bond of union was Hinduism, which is a social and a religi-

ous alliance. As a social league, it rests upon Caste, and has its roots deep down in the race elements of the Indian people. It is impossible to go into the question of castes—as it is difficult to guess the number of them, but there are about 3,000, and each one has a distinct name for itself. These different peoples may not intermarry and most of them may not eat together. The system of caste exercises a great influence upon the industries of the country. Each caste is, in the first place, a sort of trade guild. It insures the proper training of the youths: it promotes good feeling by social gatherings, and provides money for the great feasts and festivals. A favourite plan for raising money in one part of southern India is for the members of a trade



THE GREAT CARS IN PROCESSION



"ONE BY ONE THE GREAT CARS OF THE GODS COME FORTH FROM THE SACRED PRECINCTS"

or caste to keep a certain day as a holiday, and to shut up all their stores except one. The right to keep this one shop open is put up for auction and the amount bid is expended upon a feast.

Hinduism is, however, not only a social league resting upon caste: it is also a religious alliance based upon worship. As the various race elements of the Indian peoples have been welded into caste, so the simple beliefs of the Veda, the wild doctrines of Buddha, have been thrown into the melting-pot, and a mixture of precious metal poured out as dross, and worked up later into the complex worship of the Hindu Gods. Of these Vishnu is essentially the brightest, apparently asking no offerings but flowers, and he now flourishes as the most popular deity of

the Hindus. Under the title of "The Lord of the World," his fame has spread throughout the eastern world, and his festivals are perhaps the most interesting of all such in that land of mysteries. I travelled far to see this Vishnu worship, this religious bond where everything that appeals to a tropical race is mingled with the legends of the cause and the creator of all things.

The great Indian sun has not yet risen, but the croaking of the crows heralds the beginning of another day in the East. The great day for the festival in honour of Vishnu is at hand. I rise from my couch in the Dak bungalow, "The Travellers' Rest," and call my faithful servant to prepare me for the day and to bring me my "Chota Haziri" or little breakfast of tea and toast. After

wandering through the streets crowded with men and women garbed in festival attire, covered with white robes and turbans, bracelets and huge ear-rings. I arrive at the Temple, and see the defiant ramparts of the old crested walls with a dado of coloured stone darkened by age. Already the Brahmins have crowned the heights with colours and wait for the procession. Clustering round the entrance are hundreds of Orientals chattering like the monkeys that sit in the trees at the further end of the street.

One by one the great cars of the Gods come forth from the sacred precincts where Brahmins alone may tread. The huge gilt structures, shining partitions made of cardboard and bamboo frame-work, covered with tinsel paper give impressions of magnificence. An orchestra of weird musicians plays something deafening. Some beat tom-toms, while others blow horns and trum-

pets. The gildings on the top of the car commence to shine, for the sun has risen in the heavens, and the cold damp feeling of the early Indian morn has passed away.

Now, everything is ready. There is a great noise and more beating of drums, and the cars begin to move. Old men whose chests are covered with snow-white down, and young boys with red turbans round their heads lift the structure upon their shoulders, and it is borne to the cart which is to carry it triumphantly to the God.

The huge thing trembles. The carts are drawn by oxen, and the beasts seem to understand their mission to-day, for they are adorned with flowers and garlands of jasmine. At every corner the procession is joined by children of the Sun, and they finally pass away out of sight, past the homes of Christians to their place of prayer, which we do not understand.

AT PARTING

By MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

Is't thou my friend? Now come we to the parting.
 Hush, heart; have we not parted thus ere now,
 With no more surety of the morrow's meeting,
 Though paths and hearts were knit by friendship's vow,
 Than now when new ways lead thee forth far distant?
 'Tis not the parting hurts, but time and space.
 But let no thought of these touch on our present.
 Brave, as of old, bend low thy head with grace,
 And press upon my hand the old kiss gayly,
 As oft before, ev'n where we two now stand.
 Go now—I shall stand here, and ere the hill dips
 Turn thou but once to smile and wave thy hand,
 Then through the distance, low, let us repeat:
 'Tis but good-night, dear friend—until we meet.

THE POETRY OF LOUIS FRECHETTE

BY JOHN BOYD

Poet of the French-Canadians
To thee I bear a tribute
With deepest admiration
Of all thy work conveys.
In strains inspiring hast thou sung
The legends of a people,
Of French-Canadians, our brethren,
In notes resounding told
The heroic deeds of old,
Of mighty hosts of heroes,
Of noble band of martyrs,
Of warrior, priest and patriot,
O glorious history of our country!
Proud is the land which bore such sons
To make her name effulgent shine,
Happy the land which has a poet
To sing them in such strains as thine.

The death of Dr. Louis Frechette, the French-Canadian poet laureate, called forth so many eulogistic references to his works that it would seem as if little remained to be said. But, perhaps, an English-speaking Canadian who is a lover and admirer of Frechette's poems may be able to say something that will give an idea, however imperfect, to English readers unacquainted with his French works, of the characteristics of Louis Frechette's genius and the importance of his works not only from a French-Canadian but also from a national viewpoint.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the importance of poetry and the great service which Canadian poets have rendered and are rendering to their country in the face of much apparent indifference. But a passing reference will not be out of place. In a young country, such as Canada, it is perhaps only natural

to expect that material considerations, the development of the country's resources and the expansion of its trade and commerce, should engage absorbing attention. But while these no doubt are very important in their way the danger must be guarded against that they are not regarded as the end but simply as a means. Thoreau's declaration that "there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry and philosophy, ay to life itself, than this incessant business," is no doubt one of those "extravagant" statements which he was fond of employing to emphasise important truths, but certainly care needs to be taken to again quote from the author of "Walden" that we are not "warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like which are but means and not the end." The supreme need of this age in America, an eminent critic has said, is a practical conviction that progress does not consist in material prosperity but in spiritual advancement; utility has long been exclusively worshipped; the welfare of the future lies in the worship of beauty. These words are applicable not only to the United States, but also, though fortunately in a less degree, to our own country. Especially timely and appropriate, therefore, was the noble plea made by Dr. S. E. Dawson before the

Royal Society of Canada for more attention to the humanities as was also the striking address delivered by Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University, before the Canadian Club of Charlottetown, P.E.I., in which he declared that poetry required more attention in our schools, as its study would tend to counteract any material and utilitarian tendencies that may wish to force themselves into undue prominence in our present day education. Poetry, in fact, as has been well said, is the most precious possession of man, and to quote the noble words of Matthew Arnold "we should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." What more stimulating and ennobling influence, indeed, could be had than the study of poetry in which, as Frederic Harrison so eloquently says, "we see transfigured the strength and beauty, of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life history of our common kind." Canadian poets, therefore, such as Heavysege, Sangster, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, Bliss Carman, McLachlan, Mair, Isabella Valancey Crawford, Frederick George Scott, John Reade, Duncan Campbell Scott, Drummond, George Murray, to mention only a few of the conspicuous names, have rendered and in many cases are still rendering service of incalculable value to the Dominion. And in any consideration of the subject it will not do to overlook the importance of the works of our French-Canadian poets, which furnish a rich tributary to the river of Canadian song. It was an essentially true remark made by Dr. J. D.

Logan on the occasion of Dr. Frechette's death that when, as in Canada, two races must become one people, nothing aids so much in bringing about unification as those individuals who by deeds of distinction in any field compel the one race to respect the other. The works, therefore, of French-Canadian poets, of Cremazie, of Gerin-Lajoie, of Pamphile Lemay, of Nérée Beauchemin, of Louis Frechette, of William Chapman, of Albert Lozeau, of Emile Neligan and of others merit the attention not alone of their compatriots but of all Canadians. In the present article attention must be confined to a brief consideration of the works of the French-Canadian poet whose loss we were so lately called upon to deplore.

To most English readers Louis Frechette was known chiefly by his charming English prose work, "Christmas in French Canada," by his interesting series of articles on French-Canadian folk lore, and by minor contributions. It was a happy inspiration which opened the pages of *The Canadian Magazine* to the distinguished French-Canadian *litterateur* and thus made his merits better known to English readers. But despite the undoubted charm of his English writings it is to the poems of Louis Frechette that we must turn to have any adequate conception of his genius. Unfortunately, to most English readers his French works are practically a sealed book; to those capable of reading them they cannot fail to prove a rich treasure.

In any consideration of Frechette's poems, as well as of the works of French-Canadian poets in general, it is essential that Goethe's words should be always kept in mind:—

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land,
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

If this is not done much of the

spirit of French-Canadian poetry may appear alien to English readers. In Frechette's poems, for instance, as well as in the writings of other French-Canadian poets, frequent references are to be found to the glories of France, to the French flag and to the beating of the heart for the old mother land of the French-Canadians. From a superficial view this might appear anomalous. But let us be just in our conceptions and broad in our views. Let us imagine the positions reversed and a people of British descent placed in one portion of a Dominion over which by the fortunes of war the Tricolour would wave instead of the Union Jack. Would they then forget that British blood flowed in their veins or cease to remember with pride the glories of British history? Assuredly not, if they did they would be craven and despicable. The French-Canadians would be worthy of little respect if they forget their glorious traditions or cease to cherish an affectionate regard for the country beneath the sod of which the bones of their forefathers rest or to take a pride in her great history and her present high position among the nations of the world. But this is far from indicating that the French-Canadians have any desire to change the Union Jack for the Tricolour. Each flag has to them its peculiar significance, each evokes distinctive feelings; one under which they have obtained the fullest liberty has their respect and good-will, the other arouses the entirely natural feeling of race pride and love.

Nearly a century and a half have passed since the cession, and yet the French-Canadians are animated by a race pride which is perfectly natural, are proud of their glorious traditions and loyal to their faith. As Frechette says:

Ils possèdent encore, après cent ans
d'orage,

Ces deux nobles joyaux de leur bel héritage;
Et leur langue et leur foi!

By keeping these considerations in view a better understanding of the spirit of Frechette's poems—a spirit they have in common with other French-Canadian poetry—will be had.

Of Louis Frechette's life it is not necessary to write in detail. As traveller, journalist, politician and *litterateur* he has his stirring experiences, some of which had a marked influence on his writings. One of his poems, *La Voix D'Un Exile*, issued in Chicago in 1867 and copies of which are now exceedingly rare, was inspired by the longing for his native land while he was living in the Western States. But this poem was an exception, his best known works were inspired and written in his own country. From his early years Frechette appears to have found the need of metrical expression. He was but twenty-four years old when he published his first book of poems, *Mes Loisirs*, a small 12mo. volume of 200 pages, issued in Quebec in 1863. The volume contains forty-four poems written between 1858 and 1863 or between the poet's nineteenth and twenty-fourth year. There is a freshness and charm to these early poems that make them appeal especially to the reader. They were as the poet designates them:

Charmes de mes soirées!
Charmes de mes hivers!
Illusions dorées.

While not without an occasional note of deep feeling his first poems bear the impress of the poet's youthful ardour and enthusiasm. They seem to come directly from the heart. "I write," he says in the preface to his first work, "from pure relaxation, from love of art, without ever following any rule than the caprice of the moment, any path than that where my imagination

leads to, any star than that of the inspiration which is born of circumstances." It is to this naturalness that much of the excellence of Frechette's poetry is due. From the very outset Frechette recognised the divine mission of poetry:—

Divine poésie,
O coupe d'ambroisie,
De nectar et de miel!
Voix pleine de mystère,
N'es-tu pas sur la terre
L'écho des chants du ciel?

He sent his poems forth with the high hope that they might have:—

Pour tous les pauvres cœurs déshérités du monde,
Un mot d'amour, un mot d'espoir!

It is significant that the first of his poems is dedicated to Cremazie to whose inspiration he was so much indebted. The subjects of his earliest poems are diverse. There are *L'Iroquoise*, treating of an old legend of Lake St. Peter; *La Premier De L'An 1861*, in which the poet voiced the loyalty of the French-Canadians to the Church during the troublous times in Italy; *Alleluia*, a poem on the Resurrection; *Les Héros De 1760*, in which he sings of the exploits of Levis and his brave companions in arms; *Les Pins De Nicolet*, reminiscent of college days and the *Fête National* on the national fête day of the French-Canadians. There are also a number of stirring songs and numerous verses to relatives and friends.

Naturally in any consideration of Frechette's poems most interest will attach to the work which enjoyed the rare distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, *Les Fleurs Boréales* and *Les Oiseaux De Neige*. The day on which the works of a French-Canadian poet were crowned for the first time by the foremost literary body of Europe was indeed a notable one not only for the poet but for Canada. From that day Frechette's fame was assured. The poems which were pub-

lished in Paris in 1881 the year they were crowned by the Academy are contained in a 12mo. volume of 264 pages prefaced by a portrait of the poet, which recalls the days when the writer first met him, then in the full flush of his young manhood. The opening poem of the series is *La Decouverte Du Mississippi*, in which the poet pays a glowing tribute to Joliet and the other valiant pioneers:—

Humbles soldats de Dieu, sans reproche et sans crainte.

There is also a long poem on Papineau and his great struggle for the rights of the French-Canadians:—

Il fut toute une épèque, et longtemps
notre race
N'eut que sa voix pour glaive, et son
corps pour cuirasse.

There are other poems dealing with historical and miscellaneous subjects and many verses to intimate friends. The charm of Louis Frechette's poetry is most conspicuous in some of his short poems. In *Les Oiseaux De Neige* he struck a rare note of tenderness and sweetness. What more beautiful and charming could be found, for instance, than the verse on *Les Oiseaux Blancs*:—

Du froid, de la neige,
Des vents et des eaux,
Que Dieu vous protège,
Petits oiseaux!

What a simply beautiful line is that with which *Les Oiseaux De Neige* closes:—

Le faible que Dieu garde est toujours
bien gardé.

In another poem, *L'Année Canadienne* inscribed to his father, the poet sings of the beauties of the various months of the Canadian year. The volume also contains many poems on the beauties of nature and numerous *amitiés* and *intimités*.

Louis Frechette's best known work and the one which is regarded

by many of his compatriots as his greatest is *La Légende D'Un Peuple*. This is a series of poems contained in an 8vo. demi volume published in Paris in 1887 and prefaced by a sympathetic introduction by Jules Claretie, the distinguished French litterateur. *La Légende D'Un Peuple* has been well described as the epic of *La Nouvelle France*. Frechette in this work, as Charles ab der Halden, a French critic who has written sympathetically of his works calls him, is the "Garneau of poetry, a noble and fine task worthy of a great writer." The work consists of a "prologue" and three "epochs," the prologue an apostrophe to America in general, the first "epoch" treating of the deeds of the early French pioneers, missionaries and warriors, the second of the heroic struggle in the last days of French Canada, and the third with later events and personages such as Chateauguay and De Salaberry and the patriots of '37. Space will permit of but a brief mention of Frechette's other poetical works. They include *Pele-Mele*, a collection of miscellaneous poems and *Feuilles Volantes* or, as we would say in English, loose leaves, containing a long poem on Jean Baptiste de La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, and poems on various subjects. Among the number is a fine tribute to Matthew Arnold which was read at a banquet given to the English poet and essayist during his visit to Montreal in 1885—this again showing Frechette's broad sympathies. He also paid a noble tribute in verse to Queen Victoria and wrote a poem of welcome on the occasion of the visit to Montreal in 1901 of the then Duke of York, now the Prince of Wales, who was so lately with us again. Frechette also tried his hand at playwriting, *Felix Poutre*, an historical drama in four acts treating of events during 1837.

What after all is the key to Frech-

ette's poetical power? Like Francis Coppee, the French "poet of the people," he was a singularly clever technician but while the technique of his poems is admirable and his versification, for the most part, harmonious, something more is needed to explain its power. Form and harmonious versification are excellent in their way, but as Matthew Arnold so strikingly observes, a nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhymes and yet have no poetry at all. While form makes a large part of the beauty of poetry, yet, as Nathan Haskell Dole, an American critic, whose studies on poetry are especially illuminating, remarks, poetry is more than form. To form, in fact, must be added the thought and spirit which constitute the soul of poetry. The soul of Louis Frechette's poems is the lofty patriotism which pervades them. It was, in fact, in dealing with the heroic events of French Canada as in his *Légende D'Un Peuple* that Frechette struck his highest notes. As he himself said in speaking of Cremazie, it is patriotism which crowns the poet and his own poems are vibrant with patriotism. In inspiring strains he has sung the glorious deeds of the heroic pioneers, missionaries and warriors, whose exploits are the pride not only of the French-Canadians but of the whole Dominion. The heroic deeds of old inspired his best efforts:—

Lève ton front, ô ma Patrie!
Contemple le ciel radieux!
Le soleil d'un jour glorieux
Luit sur ta bannière chérie
Peuple, déroule tes drapeaux,
Débris d'une héroïque histoire;
Va rêver aux vieux jours de gloire,
Sur la tombe de tes héros!

* * *

Nous avons notre vieille histoire,
Il est encore des jours de gloire:
Nous pouvons être des héros!

The fire of patriotism is, in fact, the dominant characteristic of

Frechette's poetry. He glories in the history of his people, the Canadian soil, made sacred by the blood of heroes, is to him the most precious in the world, and he foresees a glorious future for his country:—

Sol Canadien, que j'aime avec idolâtrie,
 Dans l'accomplissement de tous ces grands
 travaux,
 Quand je pèse la part que le ciel t'a
 donnée,
 Les yeux sur l'avenir, terre prédestinée,
 J'ai foi dans tes destines nouveaux!

Frechette, it is true, wrote no song that appeals to the French-Canadian heart like Cremazie's *Drapeau de Carillon* or to Gerin-Lajoie's *Canadien Errant*, one of the most touching songs ever written—the song of the French-Canadian banished from his native land.

But Frechette's work looms large as a whole, and as the French critic has so justly remarked, the inspiration animates all, preserves all. Frechette's genius was not confined in its range. He sang sympathetically of the beauties of nature, the great natural spectacles of the earth; Niagara, the Saguenay, Cape Eternity, the Thousand Islands, all inspired him to song. The mystery of the impenetrable forests appealed to his nature:—

O mes belles forêts que j'aime!
 Vastes forêts de mon pays!

The sense of the deep mystery of life, which so appeals to all poets, also found expression in his poems:—

Qu'est-ce donc, ô mon Dieu, qu'est-ce
 donc que la vie,
 Ce banquet séduisant où notre âme ravie
 Porte une lèvres avide aux coupes des
 amours?
 C'est un nom qu'une main a tracé sur le
 sable
 Et qu'une âme insaisissable
 Efface et détruit pour toujours!

He cherished the poet's dreams and illusions:—

O mes rêves chéris! mes rêves adorés!
 Rappelez-moi toujours mes souvenirs
 dorés!

Love and friendship inspired some

of his most charming verses, such as *Un Petit Mot D'Amour*:—

Soupirs, brises, murmures,
 Vibrant sous les ramures,
 A la chute du jour!
 Rien ne vaut l'harmonie,
 La douceur infinie,
 D'un petit mot d'amour.

Or of a flower he would sing:—

Talisman de l'amour, symbole d'espérance.

Frechette's travels and varied experiences made him a man of wide sympathies and broad views, and much of his poetry is, therefore, marked not only by a beauty of expression, but by a strength and depth of feeling that could only spring from a wide knowledge of human nature. As Senator David, who, by his own writings, has done so much to enrich French-Canadian literature, has so justly observed, Frechette did much "to enrich our language, to deepen our sympathies, and to broaden our views of life." His warm and affectionate nature is shown by the numerous tributes to friends contained in his poems, what John Reade, with the sympathetic appreciation of a fellow poet, has so beautifully called "voices of the heart."

Whether Frechette will be considered a great poet may be left to the future to decide. As Charles ab der Halden wrote while the poet was still with us, Frechette's work is yet too close to our time to allow of its being estimated as it will be by history. His poems, like the work of other poets, are not without their defects, beauties being balanced by faults. But certainly much of his poetry possesses that good sense, which, a high authority has declared, forms the body of poetic genius, the fancy which is its drapery, the motion which is its life, and the imagination which is the soul, that is everywhere and in each and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole. Many of his poems, too, possess that high and excellent

seriousness, which, as Matthew Arnold observes with Aristotle, is one of the tests of true poetry. Some of Frechette's poems were the subjects of a rather lively polemical discussion, in which the poet was warmly attacked and as warmly defended. It was charged that much of his work was largely imitative. But what poet, it may be asked, does not owe much to the influence of his predecessors and contemporaries? As James Russell Lowell says, "Children learn to speak by watching the lips and catching the words of those who know how already, and poets learn in the same way from their elders." Frechette as a youth was a personal friend and disciple of Cremazie, and in one of his earliest poems he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to the inspiration of that great Canadian poet, saying, as Reboul said of Lamartine, "mes chants naquirent de tes chants." Some of Frechette's poetry, too, shows the influence of Victor Hugo, of whom he was a warm personal friend and admirer. But Frechette was no mere imitator shining by reflected glory. His poetical productions possess an originality all their own; many of his creations are clothed in beautiful form and appeal directly to the heart of the reader. And after all, why should invidious comparisons be made between the works of Louis Frechette and those of other French-Canadian poets, who all have done noble work though perhaps in varying degree? Time, which is the great regulator of all reputations, will dispassionately set the place of each. But, as Sainte-Beuve so beautifully observed, "there is more than one chamber in the mansions of my father, that should be as true of the kingdom of the beautiful here below as of the kingdom of heaven":—

But the great Master said "I see
No best in kind but in degree,
I gave a various gift to each
To charm, to strengthen and to teach."

Nobody had a truer or more sym-

pathetic appreciation of the work of his fellow poets than Frechette. Throughout his poems are to be found warm tributes to Cremazie, Pamphile Lemay, Nérée Beauchemin, and other French-Canadian writers. Nor were his sympathies confined to his compatriots; he had also a true appreciation of the work of English-Canadian writers, as was evidenced by his sympathetic preface to Drummond's poems. Jealousy or narrowness, in fact, had no place in the make-up of Louis Frechette, as it cannot have in the thoughts or feelings of any true poet. If any further proof were wanted in this respect, the noble statue of Cremazie, which stands in one of the most beautiful of Montreal's many beautiful squares, is an enduring monument, not only to the memory of the gifted singer of the *Drapeau de Carillon*, but to the large-hearted and sympathetic nature of Louis Frechette.

French-Canadian poetry, as has been said, forms a rich tributary to the river of Canadian song. Unfortunately, French-Canadian poetry and English-Canadian poetry are, at present, to some extent marked by a distinctive spirit, but it will not always be so. If there is one defect in much Canadian poetry, it is the absence as its dominant characteristic of that truly national note—national not in any narrow or restricted sense, but in the sense of the widespread Dominion.

Every Canadian can applaud the sentiment expressed by Frechette in his poem on the occasion of the Duke of York's visit, when, speaking of Canada, he says:—

Voilà ce peuple né de la lutte suprême,
Plus que tout autre il a résolu le problème
De la sainte fraternité.

When English-Canadian poets shall be broad and sympathetic enough to sing with pride of the glories of French Canada, and when French-Canadian poets shall sing of the glor-

ies, not of French Canada alone, but of the greater Dominion, then, indeed, we shall have a truly national poetry. But even with its present limitations, French-Canadian poetry is a repository of rare beauties, and amongst French-Canadian poets Louis Frechette is not the least.

Fortunate in his life, Louis Frechette, despite the painful suddenness of his end, may be said to have been also fortunate in the time of his death. He had almost completed the Psalmist's allotted span; he had enjoyed rare literary distinctions, and was spared to see his works admired and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. To those who knew him, he left the memory of an affectionate and sympathetic friend, and to his country he bequeathed works which will be an inspiration to future generations. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a sorrowing multitude of his compatriots, including many prominent representatives of the professions, letters and arts, while English-Canadian literature was represented by its esteemed doyen, John Reade, who has such a warm and sympathetic appreciation of Louis Frechette's work. A personal reference may here be pardoned. The lines with which this article opens were written while Louis Frechette

was still alive, by one to whom his poems have been a source of pleasure and inspiration, and who had meant to use them in connection with a small effort which he had intended to dedicate to the French-Canadian laureate. Louis Frechette's career had closed before the work was completed. The lines are now given simply as showing the feelings his poems were capable of arousing in one English-speaking Canadian who had read and studied them with sympathetic interest, and the imperfection of the utterance will be excused by the sincerity of the tribute. What more fitting close to this imperfect article, in which an attempt has been made to give an idea of Louis Frechette's poetical works, than the sympathetic tribute of another French-Canadian poet, Bourbeau Rainville, whose words will be re-echoed by every Canadian who has any personal knowledge of Frechette's poems:—

Athlète de l'idée et du verbe sonore,
Peintre de la nature, analyste du coeur,
Artisan des beaux vers et du rythme vain-
queur,
Poète du terroir dont le pays s'honore;

Nous qui t'avons aimé dans ta force et ta
gloire
Nous te conserverons ta place dans l'his-
toire.
A nos enfants ravis nous apprendrons tes
vers.

*Vous signerez toujours au fond de nos pensées :
Et, plus tard, remontant vers les scénes passées,
Des coeurs bressailleront à votre souvenir*

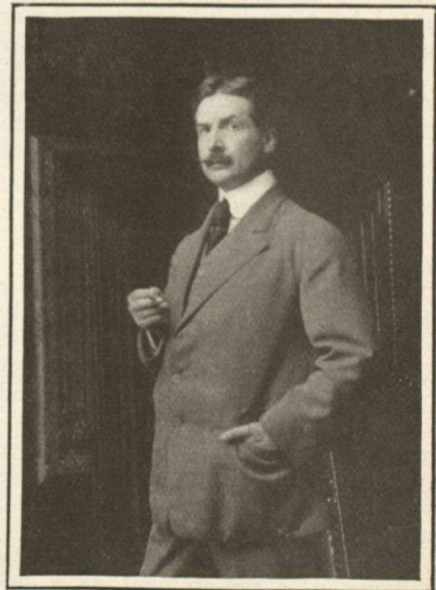
Louis Frechette.

THE ART OF CURTIS WILLIAMSON, R. C. A.

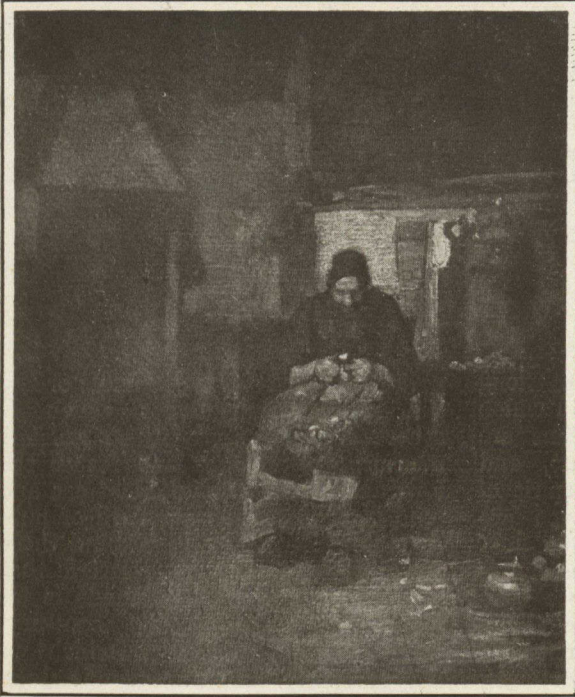
BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

[REMEMBER reading, not long ago, a newspaper article in which it was deplored that Canadians are entirely unappreciative of art, and so utterly imbued with the spirit of commercialism that their eyes are closed to the perception of the finer things of life. In proof, it was shown that with few exceptions those Canadians who had distinguished themselves in literature or art had not been content to abide in their own country, but had either been forced or had chosen to seek in other lands that recognition and preferment denied them at home. This is, in a measure, true, but it is a truth that might just as aptly apply in the case of any other new or sparsely populated country. Culture is born of leisure, and the refinements of existence, the love of the beautiful, or taste in literature or art usually require for their development a more congenial and peaceful environment than that engendered by the pioneer's hard struggle to win a foothold from the wilderness and tame nature to minister to his needs. Those who moan the low standard of our national taste forget, moreover, that a very large proportion of Canada's population is composed of the least educated classes from European countries, who have settled here within the last twenty years; that we have as yet practically no class of leisure, and last, but not least, by reason of geographical situation and distance, we are prevented from ex-

periencing those influences or of sharing those advantages which in other countries serve in so great a measure to promote and foster the love and just appreciation of art and tend to improve the standard of public taste. But, bearing in mind these disabilities, it may be asserted that the condition of art in Canada is far from deplorable; on the contrary, there is a great deal on which we may properly congratulate ourselves. It is, for example, a matter for just pride that, notwithstanding the disabilities to which I have alluded, Can-



CURTIS WILLIAMSON, R. C. A.



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

AN INTERIOR

adian art is at present well represented by a group of perhaps five or six artists whose works may be characterised as both original and distinguished. To describe a work as original is, while according it the highest praise, to at once stamp it as unpopular, for originality is ever regarded by the public with suspicion, even with abhorrence. This is the very simple explanation why meritorious work is here disregarded; while mediocrity or worse is too frequently encouraged. James Morrice must needs go to Paris and Horatio Walker to New York to win recognition and honour; but we have men still resident in Canada of whom we have equal reason to be proud, but whose art remains at present unappreciated except by the few.

Among Canadian artists Mr. Curtis Williamson is pre-eminent as a figure painter; while, at the same time, that breadth of view, force and in-

sight which he brings to bear in the treatment of figure subjects, finds also adequate expression in his powerful and convincing landscapes, on the rare occasions on which he is moved to paint them.

Curtis Williamson is happy in that he has never been compelled to consider or pander to popular taste. He has painted to please, or rather to express, himself in his own way, refusing to prostitute his art for the sake of popularity or gain. True, in some sense, the spur of struggle and poverty is not a detriment; but to the man of real genius, of true, artistic instincts and fine sensibilities a sordid environment may easily paralyse or kill inspiration or originality. Thus, one wonders, would the gentle, sensitive Corot have con-

tinued to dwell in his happy and peaceful dreamland if he had been forced to trouble himself with the harsher facts of life? But, as to Williamson, probably under any circumstances he would have refused to bow his neck to the yoke of convention; or, if for a space he had succumbed to temptation, like Millet, he would very speedily have realised his error.

There is a very general similarity in the early careers of most painters. That of Curtis Williamson is not remarkable. He was born in Ontario, and his father, Mr. W. S. Williamson, now of Liverpool, is also a Canadian. As far back as he can remember, he tells me, he was "afflicted with a desire to make shapes of people and things"; but it was not until he had nearly arrived at man's estate that he seriously considered following art as a profession. After working for a period in the studio

of a Toronto painter, where he became proficient in the art of stretching canvases and painting backgrounds, he went to Paris to become a student at Julian's Academy under Constant and Lefebvre; but after rather a year of studio routine he forsook the attractions of the Latin Quarter, and going into the country, took up his abode near Barbizon, there entering into the life and learning the patois of the peasants, until in feeling he had, as he says, almost become one of themselves. Here he first began to paint in the characteristic and individual manner by which his works may now be distinguished. Mere prettiness does not appeal to Curtis Williamson any more than it can to any artist having in him the possibility of greatness; and even in his earlier efforts we may discern this contempt for the superficial and obvious. A painter must necessarily be also a poet, a seer, a thinker; otherwise what can he say to us that we do not know ourselves? The charm of Mr. Williamson's work, apart from the technical skill shown in its execution, and which merely enables him to express himself as well as he does, is its mysticism and its dignity. To most men those dark gloomy interiors of the peasant huts at Barbizon would suggest nothing but discomfort and squalour, but the eye of the artist is more discerning; the rich luminous shadows; the glorious play of golden light as the beams filter through the tiny casement; the refined and rich tone of the smoke-darkened walls, relieved here and there with notes of vivid colour; the blue of the plates, the red of the copper utensils—these are what appeal to the art sense; but more than



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

AN INTERIOR

that, here among the patient, toiling people of the fields one is brought more directly in contact with fundamental things. No one has realised this so expressively as Millet, and who in the presence of that great artist's masterpieces has not experienced feelings of mingled elation and heaviness of heart, evoked by the master's interpretation of the cry of the earth?

There is no doubt that Mr. Williamson's residence among the peasants of Barbizon exerted a powerful and beneficial influence on his work, and equipped him for his career more adequately than could years of academic teaching. Mr. Williamson exhibited his first picture in the Salon when he was twenty-two years of age, but he has never since greatly concerned himself with exhibitions, partly for the reason that his work rarely satisfied the high standard at which he aimed; and again because he has



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF LAREN

been somewhat indifferent to public opinion, or, to quote a remark of his to me on this subject, he preferred "to dig things out his own way regardless of the popular point of view." Nevertheless, whenever Mr. Williamson has exhibited, he has won appreciation, and, besides exhibiting in the Salon, his work has appeared in the National Academy of New York, the Pennsylvania Academy, and some other exhibitions of note; while, too, he was awarded a silver medal at the St. Louis Universal exposition for

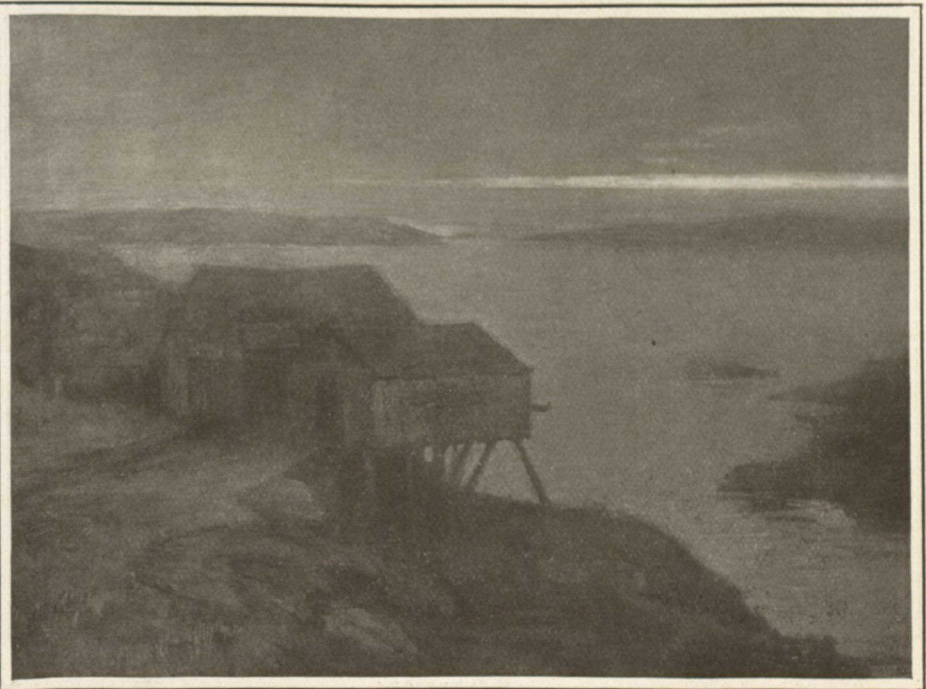
his fine picture, "Klaasje," recently purchased by the Dominion Government. This is the third example of his work to hang in the National Gallery at Ottawa, while the Ontario Government possesses one.

After returning to Canada for a short time, in 1896 he again went to Europe, and remained abroad for about ten years, producing a number of sincere and convincing pictures, chiefly of interiors and figure subjects. He has spent the last three or four years in Canada, working dur-



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

THE MIST, NEWFOUNDLAND



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

A RIFT, NEWFOUNDLAND



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

THE GULF



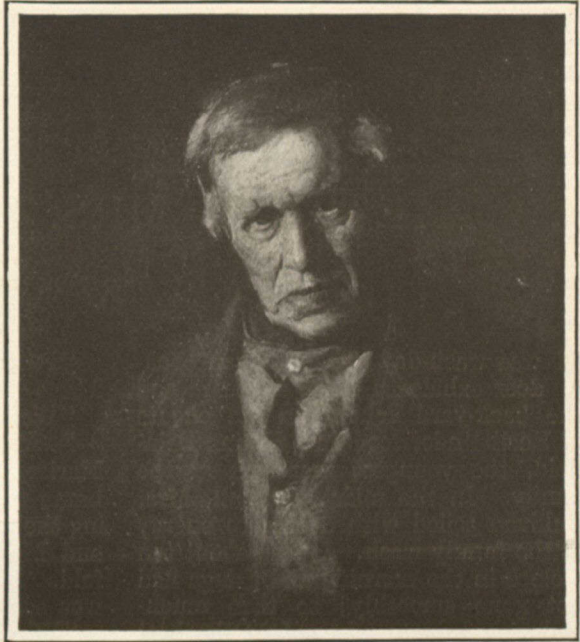
Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

AN INTERIOR

ing the winter months in his studio in Toronto, and in the summer afield. The result of a visit to Newfoundland last summer was the production of three magnificently handled and forceful landscapes, which breathe the very spirit of that grim fog-begirt island.

Mr. Williamson has no regular method of working, but, according to the mood he wishes to express, lays the paint on either with a sledge-hammer directness or feels his way with a sort of indefinite smudge. And, although it is his constant endeavour to seize upon big truths of both form and colour, he cares most to express the feeling or spirit his subject inspires. In short, he is a man of intense feeling, of broad sympathies, and of high ideals; but impatient of conventional restraint and despising humbug in any form. He has in him all the makings of a great artist, the ability to grasp and the skill to execute; and we look forward to the time when his powers will be fully matured.

This brief article is manifestly written in the spirit of appreciation and not with critical intent; but it may not, perhaps, be amiss to note that heretofore a characteristic of Mr. Williamson's work has been that he has sought rather the quality of gloom than of light. Until quite recently many of his pictures were painted in a very low key, and were somewhat lacking in those luminous qualities which are the enduring charm and wonder of the works of Rembrandt and some other of the old masters. Of late, Mr. Williamson appears to have been working in the direction of a higher key of colour, and



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

OLD MAN OF LAREN

some of his more recent works, notably the Newfoundland landscapes to which I have already alluded, possess beautifully luminous and atmospheric qualities.

Canada is essentially a paintable country, and to an artist of Mr. Williamson's temperament it should offer a wide scope. No painter has yet expressed the spirit of the great north-land; none, perhaps, has possessed the power of insight which such a task would demand. Mr. Williamson has so far spent most of his life abroad, and is steeped in the traditions, the poetry and peace of the old world. He has not yet had time to bring himself into sympathy and close accord with unfamiliar and possibly less congenial conditions; but that will come, and we may hope one day to be able to regard him as pre-eminently the painter of our national life.

THE LATE MRS. SULLIVAN

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

IT was wash-day. The Sullivan back-door exhaled a cloud of steam and the back-yard echoed to the shouts of Basil Underwood and Elaine Delafield, the youngest members of the family. In the midst of it all, Mrs. Sullivan toiled with desperate energy at the family wash. It was about ten o'clock in the morning and things had not gone smoothly; so that much-enduring woman was not in the best of temper, and was anything but pleased when a small, white-haired, dark-skinned child appeared before her and said:—

"Aunt Marier, Paw wants to see you."

"Land o' Goshen, child, what's yer Paw want o' me at this time o' day? Ef he ain't got nothin' to do hisself, I have, an' he needn't be a-wastin' my time."

"He's out by the gate, an' he won't keep you more'n a minute, Aunt Marier."

"Why don't he come in like a Christian? Bill always is runnin' round the country wastin' his own time an' everyone else's," went on Mrs. Sullivan angrily, as she wiped her hands on her skirt and started for the front gate for her interview with the unwelcome Bill. On her way she found time to give Basil Underwood, who happened to stand in her path, a slight corrective tap, and this so relieved her feelings that Bill found her most unexpectedly friendly.

"Well, Marier," he began as she appeared, "I ain't been over fur quite a spell."

"Puttin' in pertaters?" queried Maria.

"Well, no; 'tain't that exactly. I—I—in a way I ain't liked to come Marier. I kinder have to stay 'round home these days." He stood, scraping the gravel sheepishly with his feet, and Maria's curiosity increased tenfold. Bill as the possessor of a secret was something new.

"Why, Bill. What's the matter? Shorely, now, that new wife o' yours ain't afraid o' bein' left alone? An' why ain't you puttin' in your pertaters?"

"Well, I'm doin' what I can, without goin' too far from the house."

"Fur the land's sake, Bill," exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, impatiently, "speak out an' say what you mean. You've got me all worked up an' excited now, but I ain't got no time to waste while you're tryin' to come to the pint."

"Marier, I'm goin' in to set down an' have a drink. There's no use me tryin' to tell you out here."

Almost frantic with excitement Maria led into the kitchen, where Lola Deferris, kept home from school to help, was reading "The Fatal Wedding" while the dishes stood unwashed in the middle of the table.

"Lola, you take them two children outside, an' keep 'em quiet while I talk to yer Uncle Bill," commanded Mrs. Sullivan, indicating Basil and Elaine with a sweep of her hand. Slowly and reluctantly Lola led them out and Mrs. Sullivan spread her ample form in an old rocking chair.

"Now, Bill, go ahead an' let's hear what's the matter."

Bill scratched his head, looked uneasily out of the window and then, as his redoubtable sister-in-law began to look impatient, plunged desperately into his story.

"It's Lucy!" he said explosively, "She ha'nts the house an' frightens Mary Ann."

"Mary Ann's a fool," jerked out Maria, "an' you're another, Bill Sullivan, to come 'round here tellin' me such a yarn an' wastin' my time. If Mary Ann was half as good a wife fur you as poor Lucy was, you wouldn't be let make sich a fool o' yourself."

"But she does ha'nt the house," persisted Bill.

"Ha'nt! What in the name of goodness would poor Lucy want comin' back to that old shack o' yourn? 'Twouldn't be to see Mary Ann nor you nuther."

"Mary Ann's afraid it's on account of her beatin' the children."

"Then what's she beat 'em fur? An' what in the name o' sense do you an' Mary Ann think I'm a-goin' to do fur you? Lucy won't go fur my tellin' ef she won't go fur Mary Ann's looks."

"The children's awful bad, an' Mary Ann she's gotter keep 'em down somehow," Bill heaved a weary sigh; "anyway I don't know what to do; do you calkilate you might come over Marier? Mary Ann she sez to me, sez she, 'Bill you git Marier to come over, an' she'll do somethin'."

Maria thought a moment. It was certainly a temptation to investigate this mystery; moreover, it meant a holiday from the cares of her family. She would leave the wash till she came back. Constance Eulalie, the mainstay of her mother and at present out on an errand, would get the dinner for the children and tea for the men if necessary. Yes, it could be done.

"Bill, I'm an old fool to walk 'way

over to the Clearin' with you because Mary Ann thinks she's seen a ghost. It's all o' five miles an' them roads is awful bad; an' I ain't got one mite o' my wash done up. Mary Ann's an awful helpless woman! But I'll go."

She rose from her chair and opening the back door, called in the exiled members of the family.

"Lola, I'm goin' over to the Clearin' with your Uncle Bill. You wash up them dishes an' tell Con when she comes in to git your dinner an' your father's tea when he comes in from the mines. Ef I'm not back to-night I'll be stayin' at Mis. Jim Jones's an' I'll be back in the mornin'; an' tell Con to put that there wash to one side an' we'll do it up to-morrer; there ain't no call to work all the time."

With this excuse for her summary desertion of her home and its duties, Mrs. Sullivan went into the little closet off the kitchen that served as spare bedroom and family wardrobe, and presently came out again, brave in a red silk waist with not more than four split seams, a blue cloth skirt with a train effect at the back, compensated by an equal shortness in front, and a large black hat with a pink feather.

"Now, Bill, I'm ready. Call that there lazy 'Mericus o' yours an' let's get off."

Americus Vespucius Sullivan was called, and the three set off along the rough wood-road to the clearing. The spot had been cleared by a Loyalist regiment from North Carolina as a site for a town, and there had been great hopes of prosperity. But somehow the hopes had not been realised, and the first settlers had died, or drifted away, leaving no one to take their places, and now the sole heirs of the vanished project were Bill Sullivan, his father and two other families, who farmed in leisurely fashion the few spots not yet overgrown with trees.

The road to this remote spot, from

the prosperous little mining and fishing village of Goldham was hardly more than a rude trail through the woods. Mrs. Sullivan had little chance to talk with Bill on the way and by the time they reached the Clearing she was simply bursting with curiosity. At some distance from the house they were met by the easily-alarmed Mary Ann, a thin sharp-faced woman with mouse-coloured hair and weak looking blue eyes, whom Maria frankly despised, and whom she dominated both by physical weight and by mental superiority.

"There she comes;" said Maria as Mary Ann toiled up the hill towards them. "Now, ain't she helpless?" But Mary Ann flung herself impetuously on the rescuer.

"Oh, Marier! Sez I to Bill, 'Ef you kin git Marier there 'll be some-thing' done, you mark my words.' Sez Bill, 'I'll go fur her now, Mary Ann, an' you go up to father's an' stay tell I come back!' An' so I did; an' now, Marier, ef the thing walks, you kin see it fur yerself."

"Ef it walks!" sniffed Maria.

"It's me it ha'n'ts," complained Mary Ann, with just a touch of pride in her voice.

"Well, I pity its taste. What in the name o' sense Lucy wants hangin' around this place," and Maria looked scornfully at the bare room that they had just entered, "is more'n I kin make out."

"First night it came I'd beat little Bob the day before," ventured Mary Ann timidly, looking at a pale miserable-looking child who had come in.

"Well, I suppose that might bring her back," said Maria doubtfully. The atmosphere of Goldham was altogether too prosaic to nourish a belief in ghosts and she was naturally a practical woman. Nevertheless the unquestioning belief of Mary Ann was having its effect.

"Old Mr. Sullivan said he most knew that was why it came," continued Mary Ann, as she hurried about getting dinner for the guest.

"When did it come the first time?" asked Maria.

"More'n a week ago; the night after I beat Bob fur firin' rocks at Mis Jones's Sally. It came in the night and stood at the foot of the bed an' called me; it was all shinin' like's if it was on fire."

"That was how you saw it I s'pose?"

"I guess so, fur it was pitch dark. I 'most died with fright an' next day it came agin 'bout dinner time, an' stood at the back door a-glarin' at me."

"Did Bill see it agin?"

"Yes, an' it nigh about skeered him to death. I had a need fur to beat that there young-one, Bob, an' the night after, there wur Lucy standin' at the foot of the bed an' a-callin' fur me."

"Well, an' did that stop you beatin' Bob?" asked the now deeply interested Maria.

"I should say it did! Why she wur a-scarin' the life outen me! But she ain't stopped it fur all that. Day 'fore yestidy she was standin' at the back door when I come in from milkin'. Old Mr. Sullivan wur with me an' he seed her too. An' this mornin' when I come down to make the fire, there she wur, a-standin' an' sighin' by the stove."

"Must be cold where she is," mused Maria, "an' she don't seem to want to see Bill much."

"How d'ye do, Marier?" said a new voice, and Bill's father appeared at the open door. "Air you a-goin' to see what's to be done about Lucy's ghost?"

"Well, Mr. Sullivan, I don't see much ez I kin do. I can't ask her to come an' stop with me."

"Don't you go makin' a mock of ghosts, Marier; like enough she'd come ef she could hear you."

"Now, Mr. Sullivan," exclaimed Maria, seeking support in her fast disappearing scepticism, "you don't shorely believe in 'em?"

"O' course I do!" he answered

vehemently; "ain't I been a-seein' 'em all me days? Ain't I seen 'em all sizes an' kinds an' colours? White ghosts, an' red ghosts, an' black ghosts? With their heads an' without their heads? Didn't I see Lucy day before yestidy? She wur in a white dress flowin' all loose an' she had a black belt on, an' somethin' black 'round her neck, an' black welwet bands 'round her wrists. No, don't go tellin' me there ain't no ghosts; it's agin natur, an' it's agin religion. More'n fifty year ago, old Mr. Blackwater hisself showed me the verse in the Bible that when you read it to 'em the ghosts has to go; an' then you say there ain't none!"

"Well, p'raps there is, I don't disdeny it," returned the would-be doubter, now almost convinced. Then an idea came to her. "Mr. Sullivan," she said abruptly, "ef there's a piece you read to git clear o' ghosts, why don't you read it to Lucy next time she comes?"

"Marier, yer a smart woman, ef you have got new-fangled notions. Git me the Bible, Mary Ann."

"There ain't none here," said Mary Ann, who had listened wide-eyed with admiration to this combat of superior intellects. "Bill had to send it up to Jim's fur Aunt Sally's funeral and they ain't brung it back yet."

"Send fur it then," said the resourceful Maria. "Bob, you run an' git the Bible fur your grandfather; hurry now!"

"An' while he's gone, set in an' have some dinner. 'Mericus go call yer fater," said Mary Ann, already looking brighter at the prospect of a release from the persecutions of the late Mrs. Sullivan.

Bob was soon back with the Bible and after dinner the whole party sat down to wait for the sole remaining necessity for the laying of Lucy's restless spirit—that is to say, Lucy herself. But Lucy did not come. Perhaps because she knew she was wanted (and as Bill remarked, "She

wur always a contrary woman"), perhaps because the room was too crowded, having four grown people and eight children in it, not to mention two dogs and a stray hen; later on, old Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Jim Jones joined the party, but even this did not bring Lucy. All were rapidly becoming impatient, and at last Mary Ann, who was fast losing faith in the exorcism method of disposing of spirits, rose and went into the pantry, remarking as she went:

"Well, I'm a-goin' to git tea."

She opened the door and then screamed wildly, and fell back into the arms of Maria. There was a general exodus towards the outside door, but Maria stood her ground; for, as she said later:—

"It warn't me as Lucy come fur!"

With the courage born of this conviction, she called boldly to the retreating exorcist:

"Now's the time to read your Scriptur, Mr. Sullivan. Here she be!"

The old man crept slowly back into the room, now dusky with the approaching twilight; in a quavering voice and with one eye on the pantry door, he read the passage. A crash was heard from behind the closed door, and both Maria and the exorcist promptly fled. But there was little doubt that the ghost had fled also, and Mary Ann found next morning that it had overturned a pan of milk in its flight.

But Mrs. Sullivan was then on her way home, after a most pleasant visit with Mrs. Jim Jones. She said little about the incident when she had returned to the bosom of her family, for she had an uncomfortable feeling that the well-informed Con might laugh at her superstition; but she waited anxiously for developments. She had not long to wait. About a week later, one fine morning while she was preparing to spend the day with a neighbour, she heard Mary Ann's querulous voice at the door:

"Marier, for goodness sakes give me

a cup o' tea. I'm nigh beat out!"

Maria emerged from the inner room and looked at her visitor in horror. Mary Ann was red and heated as to the face, and her garments were torn and muddy.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the hostess breathlessly; "Hev you jest come from the Clearin'?"

"Jest this mornin'," replied Mary Ann, worn out, but evidently enjoying the situation and the excitement that her appearance was creating. "We're movin'!"

"What in the name o' sence fur? An' where to?" Maria was bustling

about getting the cup of tea.

"On account o' Lucy," wailed Mary Ann. "She didn't go fur no Scriptur verses! She came twict last week an' nigh skeered me to death. Sez I to Bill yisterday, 'there ain't no use talkin'. I ain't goin' to be plagued to death. We got to move.' At first he wasn't willin', but I didn't give him no peace till he come over here an' rented that little house o' Mr. MacLean's out on the road. An' we're movin' in there to-day."

"Will you hev sugar?" asked the almost speechless Marier as she passed her guest the cup of tea.

"STORM STILL"

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Drenching the moors, and through the forest-glooms,
While thunder booms,

The rain is roaring;

With lightning-glares the heavens shiver,

The giant branches thrash and quiver,

The birds go scudding, screaming, soaring.

For Love, for Love is dead and gone for aye,

So all things say,—

Yea, all things, all things,—

While with fixed eyes and arms upraised in power

An old mad king hurries the fatal hour

With cries, defiances and callings.

Storm still, storm ever, until the day is done,

And, one by one,

The stars are shining:

Though Love be dead, see Love's wan ghost appearing,

And through the silent Dark her pathway clearing,

On bruised and baffled Lear declining!



THE WITCH OF THE YEAR

In cloak of gorgeous crimson
 Enwrought with leaves of gold,
 Draws near with magic footstep
 Ere comes December's cold,
 The spirit of the forest,
 Whose eyes have caught the brown
 That gleams in woodland waters,
 Where leaves of Autumn drown.

A glint of topaz splendour
 Her nut-brown hair has caught,
 Her smile of elfish sweetness
 Of mortal care knows naught.
 She lingers on the hillside
 Where purple shadows throng,
 And boatmen on far waters
 Have heard her evensong.

O'er lakes of pine-crowned Northland
 She throws the spell of dreams;
 The echo of her laughter
 Thrills down Canadian streams;
 When hush lies on the forest,
 And fairy worlds are near,
 She comes—the dusk October,
 The Witch of all the year.

J. G.

* * *

WHERE WOMAN LINGERS

A RECENT article has pleasantly set at rest any doubts concerning the essential femininity of the modern woman. The international exhibitions for the last forty years have usually displayed the productions of woman's art or skill in a section or

department especially reserved for the sex which does not vote. A writer in the *Youth's Companion*, commenting on the extensive display of woman's work at the Franco-British Exhibition of this summer remarks:

"Here are educational sections where by charts and records and specimens the work of women teachers is illustrated; yonder are large spaces given to industrial progress and to the exhibits of art which might well attract the thousands of young women studying art in England and France. All these sections show a mere sprinkling of women who are interested in the story of the march of civilisation.

"There is one place, however, where one must go early to find standing room; it is the display of dresses! From the throng of patient, waiting women about the gowns and blouses all day long, the philosopher may learn something of the sex, although it may not be easily recorded in statistics. It will be a world-old truth—sometimes obscured, but never lost—that the Daughters of Eve is the most powerful organisation in human society, and that when dress is the question there is no disagreement among them as to its importance, whatever they may think of any phase of its fashion."

There is no reason to fear that the freak who smokes ciragettes, drinks whiskey and soda and wears coats

of masculine cut is likely to be imitated by any large number of her sisters. Woman is innately fond of the dainty things of life and finds fluffy ruffles much more to her fancy than Quaker or masculine garb. There once was a "rational dress" organisation which was going to induce women to wear a plain uncorsetted costume, ugly and sensible shoes and altogether be a practical and uninspiring person. However, this society does not seem to flourish, if, indeed, it exists to-day. The average woman (bless her foolish soul!) hates anything in the nature of severe and substantial garments, but will go far to behold a "chiffon creation, embroidered in the most fascinating design." The frilly feminine is in the majority, and is likely to crowd the dress displays until the very last exhibition is held.

* * *

A NEW ENGLAND POET

FREQUENTLY we hear a lament over the vanished graces of the salon. The magazines of the United States have inquired at sundry times when such an institution as the informal reception, where science, wit and literature mingle, will be established on the northern half of this exceedingly commercial continent. According to the *Boston Transcript*, the home of the late Louise Chandler Moulton was a good example of a salon such as we read of in the Old World. There was no provincialism in Mrs. Moulton's experience of life. the *Transcript* says:

"It was the habit she had of keeping in touch with London and Paris by annual visits of several months during the height of the season in those capitals that enabled her to keep literary folk here acquainted at first hand with the ever-renewed procession of literary lions in the great centres. . . . It must not be lost sight of, in considering the merits of a life lived as Mrs. Moulton's was—from girlhood to age—and a grace-

ful and beautiful old age she knew how to make it—that the literary life is quite the exceptional one in this country."

The latter remark applies even more strongly to Canada than to the United States. The appreciation of literary art is more evident in Boston than in any Canadian community, and Mrs. Moulton's influence went far in upholding certain standards of taste and culture. Her poetry is above the turmoil of the street, far removed from the scene of barter and gain. She is not among the greatest poets of the last century, but her voice was true and clear to the last. Her requiem poem seems to be that exquisite slumber song, from which, since her death last August, these lines have often been quoted:

"Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep:
Our weary eyes we close;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows."

* * *

WHEN WOMAN SPEAKS

THIS paragraph does not relate to the woman who talks, for her name is indisputably Legion—but to the woman who undertakes to address an assembly, whether in church or hall. There is no necessity, in this day, to vindicate the woman who desires to say a few words to the public. There was a time when such a member of her sex was discussed as if she were a monster. She was represented as hideous and strident, a being to be shunned by all lovers of grace and decorum. To-day on this continent there are Daughters of the Empire, members of the National Council, women of all sorts of associations who show no hesitation in making their views publicly known in a manner both modest and convincing.

"But would you have every woman speak in public?" asked a horrified man when I was expressing admiration of a certain "Daughter's" style of address.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply, "and neither would I care to hear most men speak to an innocent public." By the way, the startled gentleman is one of the deadliest speakers who ever attempted to impress the public heart and appeal to the public purse.

During the last few months I have heard the repeated criticism that the Canadian woman who "makes a few remarks" does not speak distinctly. I fear there is only too much reason for the charge. I have listened to many Canadian women in meetings at various nature and those who could be heard, easily and pleasantly, were in the minority. It is by no means necessary to shriek in order to attain a hearing. Distinctness and the "low, sweet voice" which King Lear loved are entirely compatible. In this respect, the late Frances Willard, one of the gentlest, rarest natures which our times have known, was a model to all who would make their views known to a public assembly. Her voice had a clear, penetrating quality which yet was of flute-like sweetness. Such a voice is not often bestowed, but if a woman feels that she has the desire to speak from the platform, large or small, she should cultivate the virtue of distinctness, for nothing is more annoying to the listener than half-articulated remarks. There is no sense in the excuse that the speaker is nervous. A woman who is too nervous for distinct utterance in a public address should confine her remarks to a private audience, before whom, no doubt, she would suddenly regain her courage. When a woman arises to make an address, her audience has a right to assume that she has something to say and that she knows how to say it. She should expect no special consideration, either as speaker or writer, on

account of her sex; neither, in the event of successful achievement, should she be condemned by that abominable bit of dishonesty—"good, for a woman."

* * *

THE UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT

IS it not time for whatever powers control immigration to establish a rigid system of deportation for incapables? So far, the Dominion inspection appears to be a farce and the consequence of such laxity is deplorable. On the streets of Halifax, St. John, Montreal and Toronto there may be seen daily recent arrivals from Europe, whose imbecile expression is sufficient indication of unfitness for a life outside the walls of an "institution." Last winter there were many such creatures among those who were aided by the charitably-disposed in Canadian cities, and it is just as well to protest early in the season against allowing any more such immigrants to enter a country, where "the survival of the fittest" is the only doctrine. This may sound harsh, but the truth is often stern. Several women's societies made vigorous complaint last winter regarding the burden imposed on the community by unemployable immigrants. Canada is not a country for either the weakling or the dull-witted. To the immigrant who has a clear brain and willing hands it offers golden opportunities, but there is no room for the mentally inefficient. The older countries may keep their dregs at home—it is paying Canada a poor compliment to send out the criminal or weak-witted. The time has come for plain speaking on this question, and the women of the community are immediately interested, as the burden of charitable work usually falls on them. The Ontario Government has lately taken active steps to protect and shelter feeble-minded women and has also striven to check immigration of such undesirables. One province cannot do a great deal in

the latter regard, however, and it is high time for the Dominion immigration department to cope seriously with the situation.

* * *

WORDS ABOUT WOMEN

IT is somewhat amusing to note the disapproval of modern woman's ways expressed by some of the braver editors in the United States. As has been remarked, this sort of criticism is just what one might expect after a flood of absurd adulation. For many years the "American" woman was praised early and late in terms which must have excited the foreigner's merriment. Diana, Minerva, Venus and Juno were poor things in comparison with the girl from Chicago or Milwaukee. Now some of the writers and novelists are prepared to be as ridiculous in the other extreme and are describing her as a domestic failure and a tiresome bundle of nerves. Neither the hysterical praise of the cheap novelist or the gloomy condemnation of Mr. Herrick is fair to the "American" girl, who is remarkably like other Daughters of Eve, although she may be more capable of finding and making her own way through the world than her sisters in Asia and Europe.

Woman is not nearly so frivolous, even in social life, as she is painted. The sensational papers across the border profess to be profoundly irritated when the daughter of a prominent financier in Gotham becomes the wife of a titled foreigner and are doing their yellow best to show that such alliances are unhappy. As usual, it is the exception which is seized upon

as the rule. The reason many wealthy women of the United States prefer life in Europe is that the men of political and diplomatic circles abroad are more disposed than the men of this continent to treat woman as a congenial companion. It is well known that in Great Britain women are more widely informed on political and scientific subjects than are the women of Washington or Ottawa. It is likely that Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill) and Countess von Walderssee have had much broader and more interesting careers than they would have known in their native land. The day may come when the United States financier will learn that the "first use of dollars is to conceal the dollars," and that woman's nature demands something more than a cheque-book, convenient as such a dainty publication may be. If the men of New York and Chicago do not like to see so many fair women from the land of the free going to Italy, Germany, France and England, as titled brides, let them become more than mere business men, learn to talk of something more than shop, and the aspiring maidens may be induced to remain at home. But the business man of the United States, even if he attain unto millions, is too often deadily dull and uninformed. Hence, it is no wonder that the daughters of the wheat baron, the sugar king or the pork prince turn to Europe for relief and picturesqueness. In the meantime, the discussion of the "American" woman goes on with a briskness that shows how exhaustless is her variety.

JEAN GRAHAM.





Current Events

BY
F. A. ACLAND

AN interesting, though not very practical, point was raised by Mr. H. J. McKinder, an Englishman (or shall we say a Scot, looking at the name?) of some distinction, who is visiting Canada and who delivered an interesting address before the Ottawa Canadian Club the other day. Mr. McKinder's theme was "International Politics," and in an hour's talk he said much that was true and interesting, and presented many points in political and diplomatic world policy in a light new to many of us in Canada. Particularly he dwelt on the immensity of the responsibility resting on Great Britain in the necessity she feels, and has felt now more or less continuously since the days of Elizabeth, of maintaining the balance of power in Europe and preventing the undue development or aggrandisement of any single power, be it Spain, France, Russia or Germany, as it has successively threatened to be. It was in following out this thought that Mr. McKinder incidentally suggested the probability of the centre of the Empire being at no distant date removed to Canada, because of the assumed certainty of the population of Canada soon exceeding that of Britain. The thought is not, of course, new, and was present in the minds of some when Philadelphia was still a British city and might have had aspirations to be the seat of Empire. Lately the idea has been at various times suggested on both sides

of the Atlantic. We take much for granted, indeed, in the first place, in assuming that Canada will at any conjecturable date equal the population of Britain, much less surpass it so far that the removal of the seat of government could become a practicable question; we take much more for granted in assuming that the other commonwealths and dominions of Greater Britain, which presumably will not have stood still while Canada advances so proudly, will allow the palm of empire to pass to Canada; much more again, in assuming that the people of the parent lands will ever consent to part with one iota of their own absolute control over the British Isles and over the army and navy that exist above all other things for their protection; but perhaps we take most of all for granted, and err most in assuming, as Mr. McKinder appears to have done, that it is or should be an ambition of Canada to seek such distinction. Space does not permit to follow the thought into its various obvious bypaths, but a moment's reflection will show the absurdity of attempting to propagate in Canada imperialism of such a brand. Only we may take it for granted that India will never be ruled from Montreal, and that the maze of European diplomacy will never be watched from Toronto as it is to-day from London, unless, indeed, the British Isles have actually ceased to be a factor in the situation. Such extravagant sug-

gestions or predictions tend to injure the sound imperialism that consists in trying to increase the feeling of imperial unity and in being ready always to resist the ever-present tendency to discord and misunderstanding among the members of the Empire.

* * *

A much more distinguished visitor from Great Britain now in Canada is Lord Milner, who has come here avowedly to learn what he can of the possibilities of this part of the Empire, and of the sentiments of its people. Lord Milner is one of the great figures among the British statesmen of the day, though belonging to the party which is at present in opposition. In many quarters he, rather than Mr. Balfour, is believed to be the man on whom the mantle of Chamberlain has fallen, as the most forceful figure in the foreground of British politics. He has taken a bolder attitude than Mr. Balfour on tariff reform, and generally speaking, is of a more resolute and uncompromising nature. Whether these qualities would have proved more successful than did Mr. Balfour's pliancy and finesse in controlling an unruly House of Commons or healing the wounds of a shattered party, it is impossible to say. Lord Milner's rôle in politics is in the easier atmosphere of the Lords. If the present Liberal Government is defeated at the next general election, it is likely that Lord Milner will take high rank in the Unionist Cabinet—Foreign Secretary possibly. Colonial Secretary he would probably prefer to be, but such an appointment would create unpleasant feelings in South Africa, where lately in the Transvaal Legislature there was an astonishing outbreak against him. Whether Lord Milner acted with the highest wisdom throughout the difficult South African crisis, must of course remain always a matter of debate, since we can not know what would have resulted from a less resolute and decided course—whether bet-

ter or worse—but his career and character are more than commonly attractive and Canadians will welcome the present opportunity of coming into closer contact with so great a man.

* * *

We have often had in different parts of Canada intermittent agitation for a system of medical inspection in our schools, but so far without large results. Great Britain is furnishing many precedents nowadays in legislative departures, most of them designed especially to ameliorate the condition of the masses, though the measures enacted sometimes suggest a degree of crudeness in conception or impracticability in operation; but with respect to this matter an admirable scheme appears to have been worked out by the British Board of Education that might well be studied carefully by those in control of our own schools. The subject seems to have been dealt with wholly as one of departmental regulation, but the new regulations are under compulsion to the extent that non-compliance will forfeit the annual grant. The objects aimed at by the medical inspection of children as advocated here and as about to be instituted in Great Britain are two-fold in character, relating on the one hand to the welfare of the individual and on the other hand to that of the children. In the former case it will include the detection of defects of sight and hearing likely to lessen the child's quickness of capacity as a pupil, and the detection of such imperfections of teeth as may result in impaired digestion and consequent imperfect development of bodily strength. It is quite safe to say that in this important matter the greatest benefit may result from a careful inspection of the children of the humbler citizens of every community, and even in many cases of those far removed from poverty, where the neglect of eyes, ears and teeth is a common failing. The class of inspection resulting more im-

mediately to the benefit of the community is the more obvious one of the detection of diseases or objectionable conditions communicable to others, as well as of intellectual deficiencies which may interfere with receptivity and hence require a modification of the teaching processes which may be suitable for the bulk of the children.

* * *

A large latitude is left to the local authorities in the matter of the treatment of the cases detected, the central authority being prepared to consider any well conceived scheme adapted to the special requirements, even, as expressly indicated, to the extent of sanctioning expenditure for the establishing of school-clinics, analogous to those existing in Germany, for the further and more scientific examination of defects which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with on the school premises. Years ago Lord Rosebery warned England that the foundation of the true Imperialism was to be found in the development of an Imperial people, and it is satisfactory to note that some well-directed efforts to this end are being made, and in the best possible of all places—the common schools of the country. There is not perhaps in Canada the same necessity for action in this matter as in England, where the proletariat of the vast cities lives under conditions tending more decidedly to evil conditions than fortunately do those of our own community; but an investigation of the subject here would probably show that such a system could be introduced in Canada also with great advantage. No greater benefit could be bestowed on Canada than a careful attention in this way to the development of the physical type—and with it in many cases, the mental—to the highest attainable ideal. It may be added that Montreal has set an excellent precedent, so far as individual cities are concerned, and has appointed a num-

ber of physicians to carry on a system of medical inspection during the present school year. Other cities might follow the example of Montreal until action on a larger scale can be taken.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd-George appears to have scored heavily with his new Patents Act in Great Britain, and not a word of criticism comes from the Unionist party concerning a measure which, whether it is protection in the political sense of the word or not, has the effect of protecting British industry to an extraordinary degree; this at least for the moment, though what the ultimate effect may be it is not possible at present to say. The new law decrees that subsequent to August 28th last all patents taken out in Great Britain must be worked in that country. The consequence has been already that many foreign manufacturers who have hitherto sent their goods into England ready made are now looking for factory sites with a view to manufacturing their products at home. English newspapers publish interviews with dealers in factory sites and with others, showing how extensive this movement has already become. Moreover, it frequently happens that since a manufacturer's interest in a patented article will induce him to establish a factory in Great Britain under the new law, he will find it convenient and profitable to manufacture there also other articles than those patented. Meantime the spectre of unemployment overshadows industry and promises still to leave the problem unsolved; for the moment, in fact, it may be said to be more acute than ever, since the safety valve afforded by immigration has ceased to work, and for many months past the influx into Great Britain has equalled or exceeded the exodus. Germany seems to be the country which is most affected by the new law, and many industries are being promptly removed from Germany to England; sometimes, too, it must be admitted.

the workers are also coming over from Germany. Foreigners protest, but on the whole are compelled to admit that Britain has in this matter of patents only fallen into line with the rest of the world. It is perhaps a little odd that a government elected on Free Trade principles first and foremost, and warmly attached to the *laissez-faire* theory, should have afforded this striking instance of paternalism, and gives the faintest colour to the rumour among English Unionists that Mr. Lloyd-George is not among those members of the British Cabinet whose conversion to tariff reform is hopeless.

* * *

Some of the problems raised in the operation of the machinery of the Old Age Pensions Act in Great Britain are decidedly curious. The Local Government Board has issued an elaborate series of regulations and instructions as to the working of the Act, but unforeseen situations are arising on every hand. The Act itself provides that those who have received poor relief within a certain period should not be eligible for the pension. There must be some therefore who will be excluded from the pension by the narrow margin of a few weeks. The happy idea of making a refund has occurred to the friends of one old gentleman of seventy or over, who has been receiving an allowance under the poor law, and the aged pauper has written a letter to the Board of Guardians having charge of such matters, stating that his son-in-law will pay back the amount he has already received as out-door relief and will maintain him until the first of January next, if this course will render him eligible for the pension list, which then comes into force. The situation has proved somewhat puzzling to the Board, who have referred it to the legal experts for settlement. This is an illustration of the type of questions coming up for decision all over the United King-

dom. In this particular case the new Act has not dried up the springs of charity as critics of the act had suggested would be the case, but has had the contrary effect. It will be an interesting study in ethics to watch the operation of the law, however, in this and other respects, throughout the country. In the meantime the 25,000 postoffices of the three kingdoms, where the claims are first filed, are said to be flooded with applications, and whatever demerits the law may have, we may confidently assume that many an aged heart will be the lighter for the assured income, tiny though it may be, which the owner will possess for the rest of his life after the beginning of 1909.

* * *

The world has grown so small that international and even national politics have themselves grown like the cables that have caused the shrinkage of the earth, and a touch upon them at any point is quickly felt in the most distant lands. Thus, the *coup d'état* of the Sultan in granting a constitution that he might save his throne, is likely to increase the immediate difficulties of England. The Young Turks, to whose perseverance the new state of things is due, thank England for the ideals she has held up to them and for the encouragement she has in various regards rendered their cause. But apart from the increased unrest which the establishment of a parliament by the Mohammedans of Turkey is likely to create among the Mohammedans of India, the revolution at Constantinople will create a curious problem with regard to Egypt. This latter country, though ruled by England, and benefitting greatly by the guidance and protection she has received from Great Britain during the last twenty years, is yet nominally a portion of the Turkish Empire, and the Egyptian who has been under British training so long, will ask if he is to be denied that measure of free-



MR. R. L. BORDEN,
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
LEADER OF THE GOVERNMENT

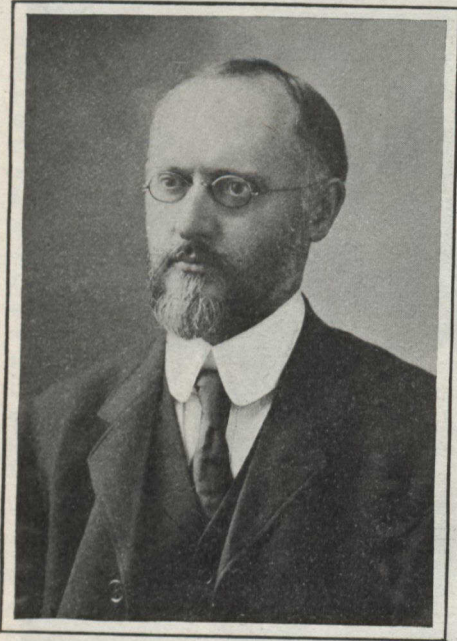
THE BIG GUNS IN ACTION

dom and self-government under King Edward which the Turk will now receive under Abdul Hamid. To say that Egypt is better ruled as it is, is not of course to the point. That is precisely what Charles I. and Louis XVI. said in their respective days and countries. All Europe has taken it for granted that Turkey was not fit for representative government; yet suddenly the Young Turks win everything, and win, moreover, with a minimum of disturbance and bloodshed. The Egyptian will have a good case to make out, and the radical government of Mr. Asquith will find it difficult to refuse what the Sultan has granted. In fact, behind this problem looms also the large one of the occupation of Egypt. It was well, possibly, to occupy Egypt while the government of the Turkish Empire was a despotism, but when Turkey

executes a volteface and becomes a limited monarchy, modelled after Great Britain herself, such an excuse necessarily disappears. Europe has become more than reconciled to the occupation because it has increased the value of all Continental investments in Egypt, but to many Englishmen themselves the ethics of the occupation policy will appear extremely doubtful.

* * *

The Dominion election campaign will be within a few days of its close by the time these lines are printed. It is not proposed here to discuss the respective merits of the policies presented to the electors, but a word concerning the leaders of the two great parties will not be out of place. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the distinguished Liberal leader and Prime Minister,



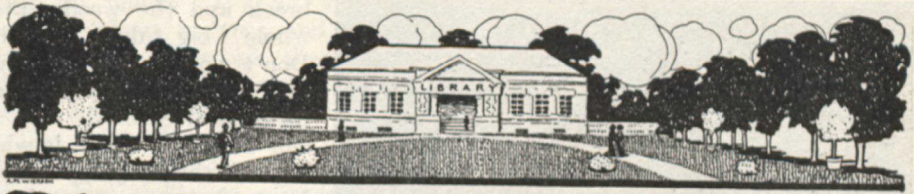
MR. GEORGE T. BELL,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT G. T. R., WHO
HAS BEEN APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF
GENERAL PASSENGER AND
TICKET AGENTS

has been before the public for considerably over a generation, sat, in fact, in the Mackenzie Government precisely thirty-two years ago. Sir John Macdonald alone of Canadian statesmen, past and present, has exceeded or equalled him in the number and extent of purely personal triumphs, triumphs won by virtue of sheer personal popularity, while the great events of his long premiership must always associate his name in Canadian history, like that of his great predecessor, with the present all-important formative period of the Dominion. Mr. Borden, the Conservative leader, is fifteen years younger than the Premier, and did not enter parliament until the Liberal regime

had commenced. Though not possessing perhaps the same large degree of personal magnetism that characterises Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Borden is an imposing and statesmanlike figure in Canadian public life, treating the great problems of the day in a moderate and thoughtful spirit, and should the course of events bring him in due time to the premiership, the high office will be filled with all honour and dignity. The atmosphere is clouded for the moment with charges and countercharges of wrong or doubtful transactions, but there is ground for deep satisfaction in the fact that the two leaders who confront each other at the polls are men whose honour and integrity have never been questioned, and whose patriotism and highmindedness of motive cannot be doubted.

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To a Canadian railway man, Mr. George T. Bell, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, comes the distinction of being appointed President of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents. This organisation was formed at Pittsburg in 1855, and it is therefore the oldest railway organisation of the kind in the world. Almost every chief passenger officer of every important railway and inland navigation company in the United States and Canada is a member, and its annual meetings afford them special opportunities to become familiar with growing facilities in transportation and newly-developed resorts and sections of North America. It aims to consider questions affecting passenger travel along the broadest possible lines, and to secure uniformity and improvement of methods and to extend them beyond the restricted limits to which the operations of territorial passenger associations are necessarily confined.



The WAY of LETTERS

How curiously wrought is this.
The builder followed with my chart
And worked for thee, not for the world's
Here are the outer, a virtues, true! (wild heart
But see how all the inner parts are filled
With singular bliss:
Set it aside
I shall come here again at eventide.
Duncan Campbell Scott

Part of an autograph stanza from the poem "The Builder" by Duncan Campbell Scott

IN the whole range of Canadian fiction one might search a long time for a character study of equal charm with "Anne of Green Gables," a novel that easily places the author, Miss L. M. Montgomery, in the first rank of our native writers. The story of Anne, of her "ups and downs" in life is excellent in technique, development and consistency. It contains much genuine, quaint and wholesome humour, and it also appeals in a very intense way to the best human sympathies. Anne is indeed a most interesting and entertaining person, and she might well be placed with the best character creations in recent fiction. Her environment, a pictur-

esque section of Prince Edward Island, is thoroughly Canadian, and Miss Montgomery presents it in a piquant literary style, full of grace and whole-heartedness.

Anne is an orphan who, owing to an error, is sent instead of a boy from an orphanage to live at "Green Gables" with Marilla Cuthbert, a spinster, and her brother, Matthew, a bachelor, both persons of rather set and precise notions of propriety. Anne is an extremely impetuous girl, and early in life she is bowed down in sorrow with red hair and freckles and an angular form, almost as angular as Marilla's. But she has a very accommodating imagination, a faculty



MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY,
AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

that relieves her of many a heartache. She is continuously seeking "scope for imagination." On her first morning at "Green Gables" she looked out from her bedroom window and saw an apple tree in full bloom. Her delight was unbounded, and she expressed it generously to Marilla, whose appreciation of picturesqueness and romance is not very keen.

"It's a big tree," said Marilla, "and it blooms great, but the fruit don't amount to much never—small and wormy."

"Oh, I don't mean just the tree, of course it's lovely—yes, it's radiantly lovely—it blooms as if it meant it—but I meant everything, the garden and the orchard and the

brook and the woods, the whole big dear world. Don't you feel as if you just loved the world on a morning like this? And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in wintertime I've heard them under the ice. I'm so glad there's a brook near "Green Gables." Perhaps you think it does not make any difference to me when you're not going to keep me, but it does. I shall always like to remember that there is a brook here, even if I never see it again. If there was not a brook I'd be haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be one. I'm not in the depths of despair this morning. I never can be in the morning. Isn't it a splendid thing that there are mornings? But I feel very sad. I've just been imagining that it was really me you wanted after all

and that I was to remain here for ever-and-ever. It was a great comfort while it lasted. But the worst of imagining things is that the time comes when you have to stop and that hurts. . . .

"The world doesn't seem such a howling wilderness as it did last night. I'm so glad it's a sunshiny morning. But I like rainy mornings real well, too. All sorts of mornings are interesting, don't you think? You don't know what's going to happen through the day, and there's so much scope for imagination. But I'm glad it's not rainy to-day because it's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to

bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

The author is a resident of Cavenish, P.E.I., and is a young woman of unusual ability as a writer. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

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A CANADIAN GIRL IN LONDON.

In "Cousin Cinderella (A Canadian Girl in London)" Mrs. Everard Cotes, a Canadian writer who has produced a number of entertaining books, has scarcely succeeded in adding to her reputation. One cannot help greatly regretting that the book does not develop well, because it starts out in a delightful manner and gives promise of something quite out of the ordinary. The first part is distinctly humorous and original and makes one feel that here is a writer who will give us new impressions. But these qualities do not last, and the book soon becomes decidedly commonplace. The Canadian girl is thrown into the whirl of society over there, and she and her brother cut quite a figure. These two seem to be rather too egotistical to be typical Canadians, and the brother, who is supposed to be quite a strong character, is in reality something of a weakling. The jockeying of American and Canadian gold for old country titles is forced and hackneyed, and the love affairs are like lukewarm weak tea. Nevertheless, the book contains some pointed observations. For instance, when the Canadian girl is writing about her brother, she says:

"Graham often remarked that there was one great, hopeful and satisfying feature about the English—you could always quote their own authors against them. Graham thinks that to recognise a defeat, even nationally, is the most interesting stage toward overcoming it, and that one reason why you enjoy life so much in Eng-

land is because they are always walking round themselves there and suggesting improvements."

Again, her observations when shopping in London are amusing. She writes:

"Our first essential was a grocer, and we mentally chose one with a postoffice. Not all grocers have post-offices in London, but nearly all post-offices have grocers, so much so that I shall always associate the catching of the American mail with a smell of cheese and coffee. It gives the stranger a false idea of grocery custom. What he thinks is the grocer doing business is, nine times out of ten, only the King doing stamps or issuing money orders, or taking parcels at the very last minute for the country post. . . . I am not able to say whether it is the grocery that takes in the postoffice or the postoffice that takes in the grocery, whether they go shares, on the understanding that they recommend each other, or whether the Government simply pre-empts the left side going in of any clean, respectable-looking grocery, and says: 'Out with your sugar barrels; I am coming here!'" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company, of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

"THE MACKENZIE RIVER BASIN."

As a result of the Government expedition of 1899, when Treaty No. 8, or the Great Treaty, as it is called, was made with Indians of Northwestern Canada, Mr. Charles Mair, the well-known Canadian writer, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of secretary, has published a most comprehensive volume entitled "Through the Mackenzie Basin." That part of Canada is of particular interest just now and it promises much by its vast resources in timber, minerals and agricultural lands. The volume, therefore, is invaluable to all who are looking to that part of Canada. It contains also notes on the mammals and birds of Northern

Canada by Roderick Macfarlane, a retired chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and there are appendices dealing with the Franklin expedition and Parliamentary reports on the Mackenzie River Basin. It is profusely illustrated. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

* * *

A NOVEL OF DENUNCIATION.

Miss Corelli's latest work of fiction, "Holy Orders," outdoes any of her former startling productions in the matter of sweeping denunciation. This writer's imaginative power is so extraordinary and her earnestness is so intense that the reader wishes she were capable of saving restraint. Without the least touch of humour, Miss Corelli is quite incapable of seeing her own absurd extremes and consequently regards her critics as a benighted band of envious failures.

The present volume is concerned with the evils of the liquor traffic, chiefly as they are manifest in the village of Shadbrook, in the Cotswolds, where Minchin the brewer, with his poisoned beer, makes havoc among those who are deceived thereby. The story of Richard Everton's efforts to reform the besotted villagers is told with a vividness which occasionally deteriorates into third-class melodrama. Richard Everton, the hard-working vicar, has a wife, Azalea, as lightsome and airy as her name, who falls a victim to the murderous fury of a man whose wrongdoing she has exposed. The criminal is run over by a reckless motorist and dies before the law overtakes him. There is also a feminine villain, Jacynth Miller, more beautiful and more shamelessly wicked than any other of her class appearing in recent fiction. This young person, although born in the humblest surroundings, leads a spectacular career, achieving a millionaire husband by the name of Israel Nordstein. The merry matron goes a-ballooning with a social freebooter, Claude Ferrers, who betakes himself to the brandy bottle and falls dead in the balloon. The corpse is

finally toppled over into Ireland while Jacynth finds a grave in the Irish Sea.

Thus it will be seen that the narrative does not lack for thrills. Richard Everton ultimately induces Shadbrook to reform, and the story ends in a hopeful hour. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

A CANADIAN ARTIST IN HOLLAND.

A book for grown-ups to enjoy and youngsters to revel in, is "Little Sam in Volendam," rhymes and pictures by Estelle M. Kerr. Miss Kerr is a Toronto girl whose clever work has won appreciation from all acquainted with the younger group of Canadian artists. She has studied in Holland and France, and possesses both ambition and originality. In this volume the author presents seventeen delightful illustrations for rhymes which have a humour and rhythm all their own. The verses by Miss Kerr are such as might have grown in that "garden" where Robert Louis Stevenson sowed his immortelles. A charming bit of song is "The Windmills":

"A tall thin windmill came one day
to live in Volendam,
The short Dutch windmill laughed
and laughed, as only Dutchmen
can.
The windmill from America, just
waved his arms and said,—
'Now if you watch me, you will see
the laugh's on you instead,
For though you are so picturesque
and steady, you must know,
The winds that blow across the sea
have whispered that you're
slow!'"

There have been few books for the small reader which are as full of quaint and delicate attractiveness as these glimpses of Holland which we catch from "Little Sam in Volendam." These rhymes and pictures will make a gift book which every youthful Canadian ought to possess by the twenty-fifth of December, at latest. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).

Within The Sanctum

THE trail lay warm and almost white under the full light of an October sun. It was a thing tempting enough for coyotes' feet, a good thing to stay by, for with admirable patience in its evasion of *couleés* and sloughs and bad places it led past tracts wide widowed of their saffron sheaves, through landscapes dotted to the horizon with stooks of gleaming grain, and on to the wild prairie, where a lone coyote, at home now to pursue his scent of carrion, slunk slowly from this common way of mankind, a spot of moving gray against the gray of waving grain, and betook himself to farther hills, leaving, as the only other instance of wild life in so wild a region as this, the hawk whose blue-gray wings expanded in happy harmony with the paler blue of the sky beyond. And we, too on carrion bent, bore off from the beaten track, getting away from the obviousness of man's intrusion and seeking shores where wild geese abounded, and duck and plover and snipe and curlew and gull quacked and piped and whistled and screeched in the riotous abandon of their several ways. But the honk-honk of the wild goose was to fall like weird music on barbarous ears, inspiring instinct that seldom lies dormant in man, the primal instinct of conquest and capture. When it did fall, how thrilling was the sound, and how majestic and belittling of mere pigmies of earth appeared that long V-shaped line in the very arch of heaven!

The shores we sought are distinguished by the name of Red Lake,

and we found them towards the setting of the sun, in a valley under the Cactus Hills of southern Saskatchewan. In reality they do not embrace a lake, the body of water being only several hundred acres in extent. But they give grace to the presence of a thousand wild geese and likewise hospitality to man. And man goes there, frequently enough, now that the place is known, and he becomes witness of a scene so enthralling and stupendous in the breadth and simplicity of its lines and contrasts that it might be wondered why aestheticism, by sheer force of supremacy, does not in this instance subdue vandalism. Little else but slaughter could have been expected of the red man who earlier trod those shores, but his was a hunt for food, and he was a real part of the picture. He appeared in primitive garb, and his means of capture were crude and simple. With him it seems more like the meritorious survival of the fittest, in a contest where the odds were fairly well distributed. But modern man comes with modern fowling pieces, and what he lacks in ability to stalk is more than counterbalanced by the strength of his powder and the penetration of his shot.

Thoughts like these were scarcely entertained when we first saw the myriad of geese resting on the water. They had just come in from breakfast in the stubble of the settled lands to the east, and lust of capture held sway, for primitive man again asserted himself. The subversion of many of those attributes that we re-

gard as marks of civilisation was apparent in mere attitude of body, and crouching and creeping came as second nature. With what thrills of anticipation we separated in order to come upon the prey from different sides! There on the water sat the geese, with their sentinels on guard—alert, keen and extremely sensitive. Honking and squawking went on incessantly, and we received with ludicrous disdain the feeble pipings of more diminutive fowl. There were moments of exquisite tension, with extreme fear of a premature alarm. What were a hundred or five hundred or a thousand wild geese if they should fly past beyond gunshot? A method of procedure, with an alternative, was suggested, and it was concluded that the geese must be approached to within gunshot before the general rise from the water, or bagged in the fly-past overhead. So we crouched and crept and even crawled. The shore had no generous allowance of reeds, and to come within gunshot of the geese meant complete exposure while wading out two hundred feet from shore. It therefore looked more like taking chances on overhead shots.

Although there was but little appreciation of the fact at the time, there is nevertheless a pleasant mental picture of other game than geese on Red Lake. Ducks flew past as if happy in the knowledge that the fowler was after big game, and that therefore no harm would come to them. Little bands of snipe ran hither and thither in what ordinarily would be regarded as extreme peril of their lives, and curlew, fat, round curlew, bobbed about, giving chances for taking three or four at one shot.

But with what disdain such game was now regarded! And with what contempt these underlings of the feathered ones had learned to regard us! A shot at them would have set the whole atmosphere aquiver with honking and flapping of wings, and so a close guard had to be maintained on the trigger.

It was soon seen that to stalk a flock of nervous, suspicious wild geese was no easy matter, and wonder might have arisen with a consideration of the difference between the chances for success held by the red man and those of the white man. The sling, the flint-headed spear and the bow and arrow of the red man were effective in their day, but how they must have been backed up by skill and cunning!

But man, as we see him, with all his reason and invention and astuteness, taxing his resources in the hope of capturing these creatures of the wild, presents a lamentable spectacle, a spectacle that is modified to a degree by the element of sport he is prone to weave into it. He soothes conscience with the thought that fair play prevails, and in most instances he really thinks that he gives the bird a chance for its life. But the spectacle presents something more than this: it suggests the terror in which man himself dwelt before those forces we call civilisation began to prevail. In that time man lived in constant fear that some arch enemy would swoop down and slay him. And so lives the wild goose to-day. Evasion of danger is one of the goose's first necessities, and in feeding or in resting it must maintain a strict surveillance of its environment. It has the disadvantage of always acting on the impulse of instinct. Man knows its habits and its instincts, and he employs his decoys and mock whistles to lure it on to destruction. So knew we, but having no decoys or whistles, we took open chances and fared accordingly.

It was high noon, and the sun shone down upon man and goose alike. Seemingly our presence had not caused alarm, but we were as yet several gunshots away from the flock, at the farther side of the pond. The geese sat upon the water in a great group, and with the aid of binoculars some of them could be seen with upstretched necks floating

majestically up and down, as if on sentinel duty, while others sat with head under wing or bill thrust down into the mud at their feet. As we spread out to surround them, there was every evidence of detection, for many more heads went up, and there was a perceptible flurry in the main ranks. The slight startling of flocks of wild ducks here and there along the shore served as a warning, so for a spell we lay low and awaited the calm. Odours of slough grasses rose with the least breath of air, and faint tinklings came, just as if a herd of cattle pastured near by. A long-abandoned buffalo trail led up the side of the hill, and imprints of coyotes' feet were many on every hand. Firing could be heard away over the hills, making it seem as if the ones with the decoys and hides in the stubble field were still bagging the game.

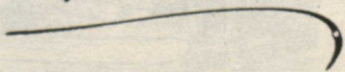
Presently a faint sound of honking could be heard, and in the distance, just above the horizon, a dozen black specks appeared against the sky. The specks grew larger and larger, until they developed into wild geese in flight. The flock circled above the water several times, and then, spreading their wings, slowly descended, and a moment later dropped with a splash, to be lost among the myriad of others that already blackened the water.

Meantime, we had been creeping nearer, and were now almost ready for action. Not that we were within

gunshot of the geese, but their actions manifested uneasiness, and the departure of three or four, notwithstanding further arrivals every minute, gave warning that danger had been feared and that any second the whole mass might rise and fly away without a single shot reaching them. Honks of alarm arose above the pipings of inferior fowl, and it was a hard heart that could not soften at thought of these creatures of the wild being harrassed on land and on water and chased from feeding ground to resting ground and back again. The whole mass did rise, but not until the sun was about to disappear below the Cactus Hills and little birds on the muddy brink had sought their night places. But the rising of the geese was followed by a confusion of terrified honks, and the flapping of wings could be heard for miles. Gunshots followed in rapid succession, and for several minutes the whole valley reverberated with conflicting sounds. The geese formed into several flocks, and flew out over our heads in great haste and alarm. Several of the first flock lay dead or wounded on the ground, and while they were being picked up, the pond and the valley settled back to nurse the superb afterglow of a western sunset. And as peace once more lay upon the scene, away in the far distance could be detected the V-shaped line of migrating fowl, while a faint sound of alarm reached our ears:

"Honk-honk!"

The Editor



What Others Are Laughing at

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically
"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead'."

—*Labour Clarion.*

* * *

DESCRIBED LONG AGO.

Jigsby.—"How well Shakespeare described this apartment of ours."

Snagsby.—"How do you mean?"

Jigsby.—"Weary flat, stale and unprofitable."

—*Cleveland Leader.*



ONE WAY TO FIGURE

ARTIST—"I got more than I expected for that landscape."

FRIEND—"Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of rent?"

ARTIST—"Yes, but he raised my rent."

HOW DID HE?

A man carrying a looking glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass and you will see a donkey."

"How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

IN MOURNING.

Edith.—"Mama, mayn't I play the piano a little to-day?"

Mother.—"But, my dear, your grandma has only been dead a week and—"

Edith.—"But I'll play very softly, mama."

Mother.—"Oh! very well; but be careful also to use only the black keys."

—*Philadelphia Press*

* * *

PAT WANTED THE JOB.

Pat, intent on emigrating, as he was out of work, stops before a news-stand and reads a placard with "Situation in Egypt" upon it.

"Sure, I've come about that situation you're advertising."

"What situation do you mean?"

Pat (pointing to the poster).—It's the wonn in Egypt I'm after."

"Pooh! That's on the state of affairs—"

"Sorra a pennysworth I care whose estate it's on. Bedad, I'll take it."

—*Australian Life.*



THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCHES

MISS FLIGHT: Don't you think that a deficient being, who does not yield to ethical or therapeutic suggestions from extraneous sources, is merely a subliminal consciousness, not yet attracted by the sweep of cosmic currents?

MATTER-OF-FACT GENTLEMAN (trying to make the best of an evening of torture): Well, yes—(thinks for a moment for a word)—in the concretè.
—Life

PLENTY OF TIME.

The minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A labourer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the labourer remarked, "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht."

—Pittston Gazette.

* * *

A COMPETENT TEACHER.

A well known judge of the Court of Sessions was administering the oath to a boy of tender years, and he asked him, "Have you ever taken the oath? Do you know how to swear, my boy?" The simple reply was, "Yes, my lord; I'm your caddie."—M.A.P.

MOUNTAIN BRAND.

"Praise to glory, the South is going dry!" shouted the temperance advocate, waving his arms. "It will bring sunshine into Southern homes."

"Yes, and moonshine, brother," spoke up the little man who had been sitting in the end row.—Puck.

* * *

BOTH OBJECTIONABLE.

Towne—"They are two fellows I hate to play poker with, Meanley and Kraft."

Browne—"O! I know Meanley's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Kraft?"

Towne—"He's always an easy winner."—Piladelphia Press.

* * *

ONE OF THEM.

Book Agent—"Good morning! Are you the lady of the house?"

Bridget—"I'm wan o' thim."—Life.

THE MERRY MUSE

INCONSEQUENT

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I sometimes think it hardly fair
That I am here while you are there;
Still I am perfectly aware
You might come here or I go there

And I would just as soon be there,
Or here; or have you here or there.
So I suppose I scarcely care;
In fact, it's neither here nor there.

* * *

GOOD MORNING

Good morning Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song.

I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.

My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.

I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;

Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness
Good morning, Sister Cheer.

I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin

When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

—J. W. Foley, in the *New York Times*.

LIFE

Life's a game of go and hustle, life's
a thing of rush and bustle,
Life's a play of brain and muscle.
life's all jump and buzz and whirr;
Life's a game at whose beginning all
the world is set a-spinning,
That the very thought of winning is
itself a splendid spur.

Life's a thing of rough-and-tumble,
life's a thing of laugh and grumble,
Life's a thing of grab and fumble,
life's a thing of jolt and jar;
Life's a stretch of daisied meadows,
life's a thing of glints and shadows,
Life's a thing of maids and widows,
smiles and tears, and there you are

But who plays the game a-loving,
lifting, helping, never shoving,
Laughing, singing, turtle-doving
through its jars and outs and ins,
With a wife, and little laddie or wee
lass to call him daddie,
Doesn't do so very badly; he's the
chap who truly wins.

—J. M. Lewis, in *American Magazine*.

* * *

KNITTING

Estelle Kerr, in "Little Sam in Vol-
endam."

It is always thought quite fitting
For a Dutch girl to be knitting;
Talking, walking, standing, sitting
All the time she has her knitting!

Idle girls make idle wives
And they lead untidy lives,
So the boys will think it shocking
If you cannot knit a stocking!

* * *

A DIFFICULT RECIPE

One cow's milk for the baby,
Ordered Dr. Summersall;
But how did he think the baby
Would manage to hold it all?

R. R. J.

BOVRIL

Aids in Making Comfortable Homes

Nothing adds to home comfort so much as appetizing meals served in a dainty manner. Nothing is so indispensable to the health of the body, and consequently to the earning power of the individual, as nourishing, wholesome food—and this should be tasty.

"BOVRIL" in the real sense of the term, and by every test, is one of the most economical foods you can buy.

If the quantity seems small in comparison to the cost—remember that it is the concentrated goodness of beef, and a little goes a long way—that a small quantity added to ordinary foods increases their nourishing value very much—and gives an appetizing smack and snappy flavor to the most tasteless of dishes.

You can ill afford to do without "BOVRIL" in the home.



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AWARDED

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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

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Unequaled for
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Sweet, wholesome, highly nutritious
and digestible.

(See recipe on Grape-Nuts pkg., also in booklet)

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TOOTH POWDER

CALOX does more than simply clean the teeth—it whitens them by means of the oxygen it contains. It destroys the germs of dental decay and so prevents decay. It tones up the gums wonderfully and if used daily removes deposits of tartar. The oxygen gives a most delightful sense of freshness to the whole mouth.

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means a bullet placed
in the vital spot with
a sureness and force
that kills instantly -

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have *Special Smokeless Steel* barrels rifled deep on the Ballard system for greatest possible accuracy and killing power.

The simplicity, strength and perfect adjustment of operating parts insure quick, easy operation.

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For your convenience your dealer has it in 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lever lids.

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Spick and Span For
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Old Dutch Cleanser

chases dirt. It cleans the house from cellar to attic with very little help from you. Old Dutch Cleanser contains no acids, caustic or alkali. It cleans *mechanically*, not chemically. It does *every kind* of cleaning—

Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes,
and does it easier, quicker and better than old-fashioned soaps and scouring bricks. It saves labor, time and expense.

If you cannot obtain Old Dutch Cleanser immediately, send 10c. in stamps and we will gladly pay 22c. postage to send you a full size can.

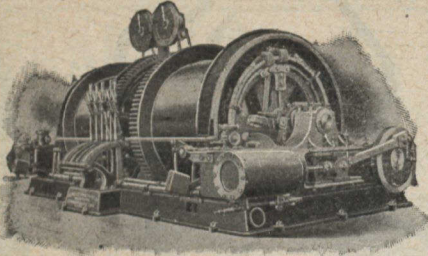
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☐ This Hoist which weighed 200,000 lbs. is probably the largest Hoisting Engine so far built in Canada and required six cars for transportation to destination.

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☐ We invite your enquiries which will have our prompt attention.

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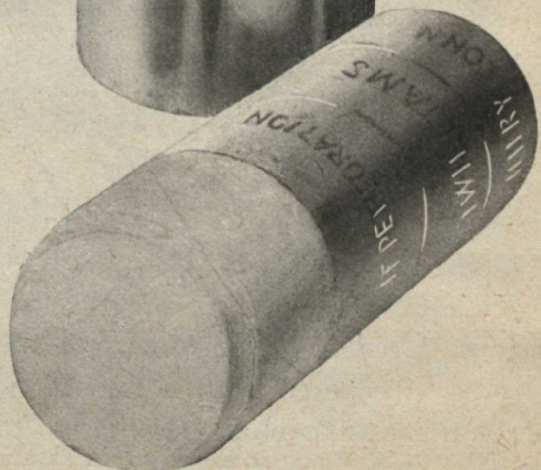
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The cream of the crop, that's FIVE ROSES wheat. Though it costs a lot we must have it, otherwise our flour would be no better than common every-day flour.

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Here's a new thing—a wonderful thing—the invention of a German scientist—a bottle that keeps any liquid *boiling hot without heat, or ice cold without ice*--

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No chemicals—no acids—nothing but one glass bottle inside of another with a space between from which all the air has been removed, forming a vacuum. All you do is simply pour in your coffee, or milk, or soup, or any other liquid as hot or as cold as you want it and the **Thermos Bottle** will keep it **hot for 24 hours or cold for 72 hours.**

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Two months ago I was persuaded to try your Oxydonor No. 2, although I had no faith in it. I tried it for two weeks, and I am now a cured man, and the invalid chair has disappeared from my sight. I am twenty years younger."

All diseases are alike to OXYDONOR, for it cures by renewing the vitality of the body.

If you are suffering, write to-day for full information about Oxydonor and its wonderful cures.

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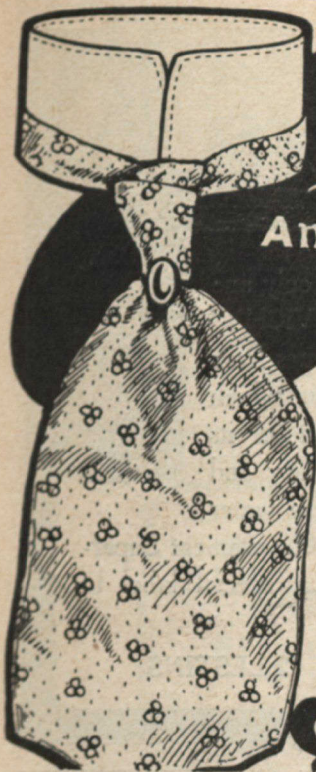
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LIMITED

Established 1859

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1122





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Anglo

Tooke

COLLARS

The material used to make Iron Frame Brand Tooke Collars is an exclusive brand of fine, evenly woven Irish Linen, made specially.

Absolute accuracy is necessary in making each part of a collar so that it will fit perfectly.

All Tooke Collars are made by experienced specialists, only a very small part of a collar being made by each one.

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23
MONTREAL

CARLINGS

CELEBRATED
ALE, PORTER
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
UNIFORMITY





**VICHY
CÉLESTINS.**

THERE is only one Genuine "VICHY" Water. It comes from the *Celestins Spring*, which is so highly prized for its curative-properties in Kidney and Bladder Complaints that the water is bottled under French Government Supervision and sealed with a special label to prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS



**The full value of what
you pay for is in
Baby's Own Soap
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The box and wrapper are purposely made as cheaply as possible.

This enables us to use absolutely the highest quality materials and pure flower perfumes (from Grasse, France) and yet sell "Baby's Own" at a popular price.

In "Baby's Own" you get a soap that can not be excelled—no matter what price you pay. Refuse substitutes, because "Baby's Own" is best for baby and best for you.

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., [MFRS., MONTREAL

Try
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Violet Scented
and Antiseptic.

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- ¶ It is a fact not generally known that very few sewing machine manufacturers produce their own cabinet work. This is a distinct industry in itself.
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- ¶ Only the finest woods procurable are used. To insure the proper selection of these woods, a corps of expert wood rangers is employed, whose duty it is to purchase individual trees, the grain and growth of which entitle them to use in Singer cabinet work.
- ¶ This is why Singer cabinet work, besides being the most durable, is also the most beautiful,—the Singer process brings out all the richness and natural beauty of the wood.

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If a Singer Store or Singer Salesman is not available, address us at
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The
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and
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Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
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"Mothersill's" quickly
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Guaranteed perfectly harm-
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Money refunded if not sat-
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For sale at Drug Stores
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Good Health

depends upon the QUANTITY and PURITY of the blood.
If your blood is impure, secure a bottle of

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

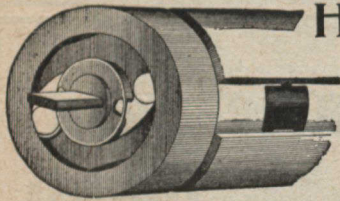
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It is pleasant to the taste, and will cleanse your blood from all impurities.

DR. W. E. METCALFE,
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"Wilson's Invalids' Port, I find, is proving itself to be a most valuable restorative in nearly every case of convalescence where such a restorative is required. I have pleasure in advising its use."

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



Hartshorn Shade Rollers

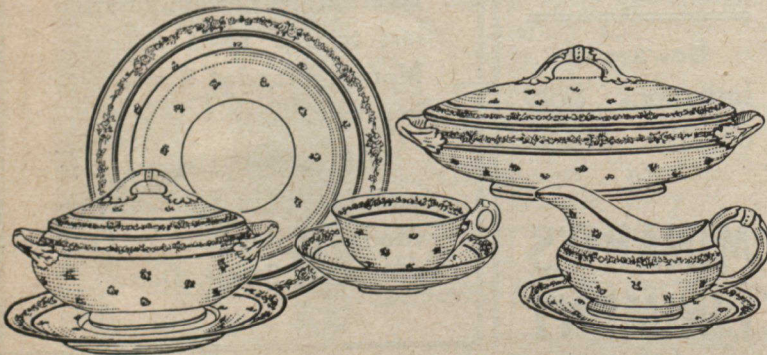
Wood Rollers
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Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Stewart Hartshorn

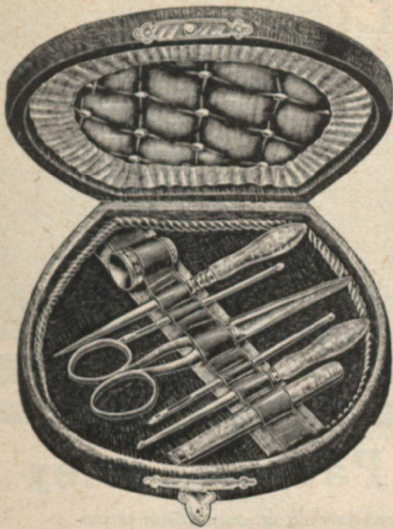


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WHEN THINKING OF X-MAS GIFTS, THINK OF ROGERS CUTLERY.

The above illustrates a gift that any lady will appreciate—the more so 'because the name of Joseph Rodgers is a guarantee of the highest quality.

Such a gift as the above will give lasting satisfaction. 

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"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor { *No*
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) { *Samples*
Specially prepared for the nursery. **Sold only at Stores.**

By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

The Original & Genuine
Worcestershire.

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ESTABLISHED 1857.



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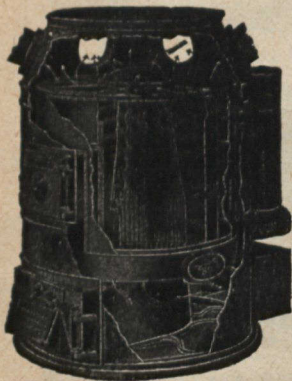
Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having **ROBINSON'S**

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL



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¶ The principles of hygienic heating and fuel economy are better understood now than when thousands of heaters in use were built. The **KELSEY** is the embodiment of the highest attainments of heating engineering.

¶ The **Kelsey Zig-Zag Heat Tubes** of which the fire box is formed and by which greater volumes of air are warmed and **FORCED** to every part of the house than is possible in any other heater, saves you enough in coal bills to more than pay for the change, to say nothing of the comfort of having your house kept at just the right temperature from top to bottom all the time. Let us prove it to you.

THE JAMES SMITH MFG. CO., Limited, Brockville, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man. Exclusive Makers for Canada.

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The use of a pure drinking water vitally concerns every individual, especially children and infants.

Different methods are resorted to to obtain pure drinking water.

Some people boil the water before drinking, and others filter it.

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Drinking-water to be pleasant to the palate must possess other qualities besides purity.

It must contain certain chemicals to give it body and taste.

To be beneficial it must be more than a mere liquid.

After it has been boiled, water is pure, but who wants to drink it?

But why continue to drink flat, tasteless, insipid water when you can have a water that is full of body, invigorating properties,

and taste—a water than which there is none purer anywhere?—MAGI MINERAL WATER.

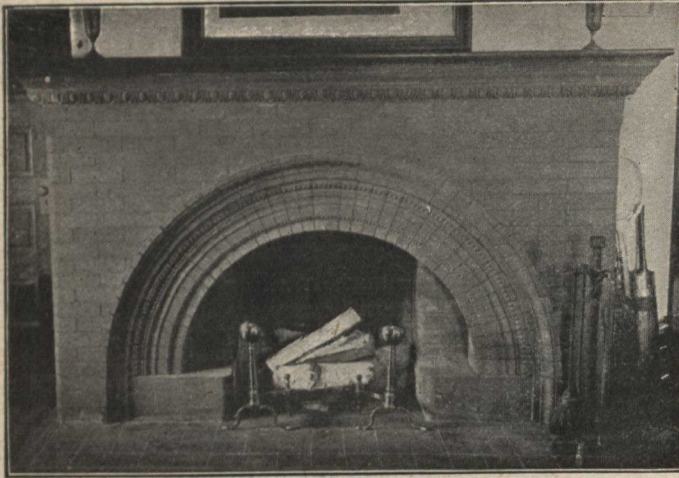
A visit to Caledonia Springs will convince you that nowhere in the world are greater precautions taken to ensure purity.

To keep your system immune from contagious diseases use MAGI constantly as a table-water.

“MAGI” is bottled at the Springs in sterilized pints and splits (aerated) and half-gallon bottles (still.)

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which harmonize with any style of interior decorations. We will send you one of our catalogs showing different designs if you will write us.

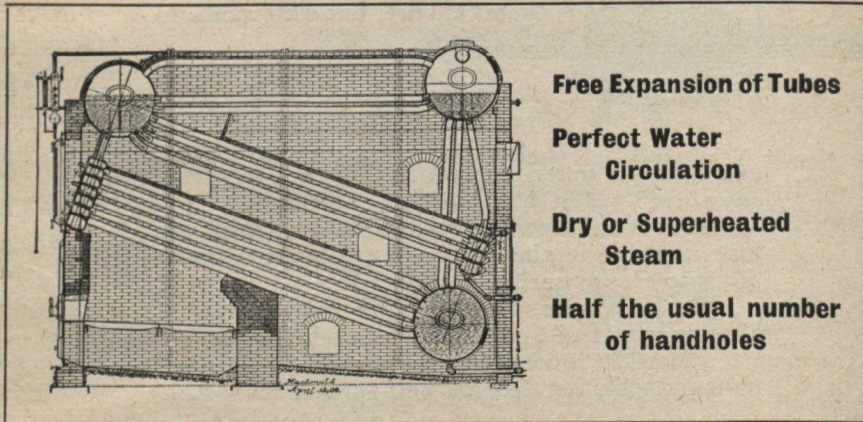
No house is complete without at least one brick mantel in red or buff colors.

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Free Expansion of Tubes

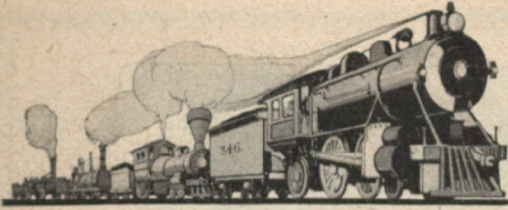
**Perfect Water
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**Dry or Superheated
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**Half the usual number
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Typewriter**

owes its original success to the fact that it was built upon the soundest principle of successful typewriter construction.

It owes its continued success to the fact that with all its improvements this principle has never been changed.



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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
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No other
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REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 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 *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

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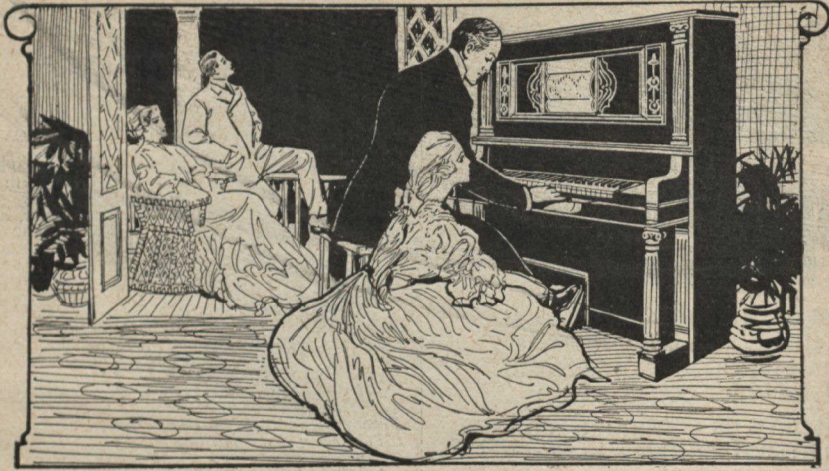
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Player-Pianos

CANADA'S ARTISTIC PLAYER-PIANOS

bring enjoyment to every member of the family every day of the year. All will enjoy the increase of music which it invariably brings. All can, if they wish, help make it.

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This new bag is made from the finest quality of smooth grain leather in Russet, Black and Brown. Hand-sewn edges, corners on bottom, hand sewed English frame with brass locks and catches.

Lined with heavy English linen,	18 inch	\$8.00
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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DEER—November 1st to November 15th, inclusive.

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Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool, Glasgow, London and Havre
Weekly Service

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(Subject to change)

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Corsican	18th Sept.	Tunisian	30th “
*Virginian	25th “	*Victorian	5th Nov.
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Rates—Saloon	Victorian and Virginian	\$87.50 and upwards
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Second Cabin	Victorian and Virginian	\$47.50
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(Subject to change)

Ionian	5th Sept.	Pretorian	17th October
*Grampian	12th “	*Hesperian	24th “
! Pretorian	19th “	Ionian	31st “
*Hesperian	26th “	*Grampian	7th Nov.
Ionian	26th “	Pretorian	14th “
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Rates—Saloon	Grampian and Hesperian	\$67.50 and upwards
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One Class Cabin (called Second Cabin) Steamers

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Parisian ..	26th Sept.	Sardinian	7th Nov.
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77 Yonge St., Toronto

H. & A. ALLAN,
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Before the six railways of the Canadian Northern System followed the old fur trails into the Canadian game lands, only a hardy few dared to go in. But now, the back places of the woods—wealthy in moose, caribou, deer and bear—may be quickly and easily reached. The Canadian Northern system serves a wide range of undisturbed territories. Here are a few suggestions:—

The country between Parry Sound and Sudbury, traversed by the CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY, is a land of lonely muskeg and brule, the native country of the white-tailed deer. From Sudbury north to Sellwood this same line goes in through a moose hunting territory unequalled in Ontario.

The CANADIAN NORTHERN QUEBEC and QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAYS span the native country of the ouananiche, northern brook trout and the spruce shored lakes of the Roberval country, where moose and caribou abound.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY, from Port Arthur to Edmonton, with many branches, griddles almost undisturbed haunts of moose, caribou, deer, wolves, bear, and all species of four-footed and feathered game.

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from a
Railway
Points to
The British
West
Indies
via
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Our
New
Booklet

Worth
Sending for
A
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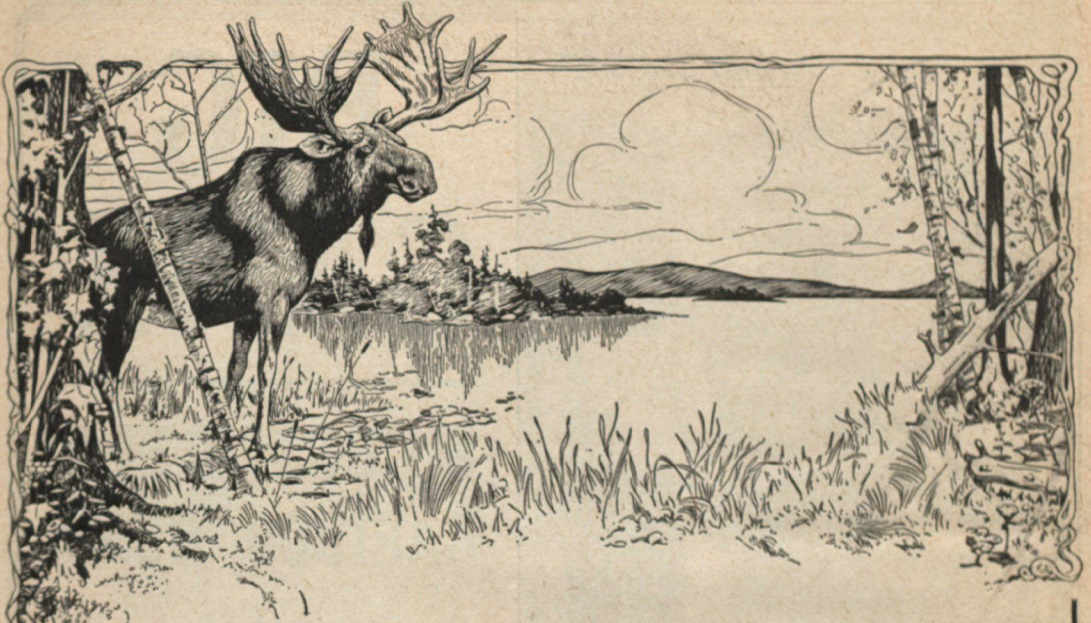
When you realise that only a very few days separate you from charming summer weather, such as we enjoy in August and September, it is not strange that so many Canadians are taking the trip from Halifax to Bermuda, The British West Indies and Demerara.

One of our fine passenger steamers leaves Halifax each twelfth day and makes an ideal thirty eight day cruise. Write for our new booklet which is just out.

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MOOSE

OPEN SEASON

New Brunswick, Sept. 15---Nov. 30

Nova Scotia, - Oct. 1---Nov. 30

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Write General Passenger Dept.

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BIG GAME

**MOOSE, DEER
CARIBOO, BEAR**

abound in the splendid
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

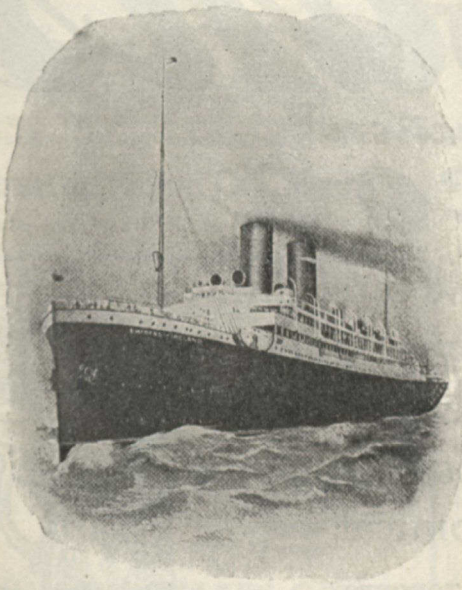
The only line to all the hunting grounds of Canada.

Write for copies of illustrated sportsmen's booklets,
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any information required.

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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMERPORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

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S. S. "KENSINGTON"

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is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor.

Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

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THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1908, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

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I WERE
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they eat

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

**A PERFUME FOR
THE MOST REFINED TASTE**

A Leader Amongst Leaders

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**MURRAY &
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It is a Floral Extract of absolute
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It refreshes and revives as does no
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It is delightful in the Bath, and the
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It is, in fact, the most reliable and
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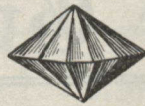
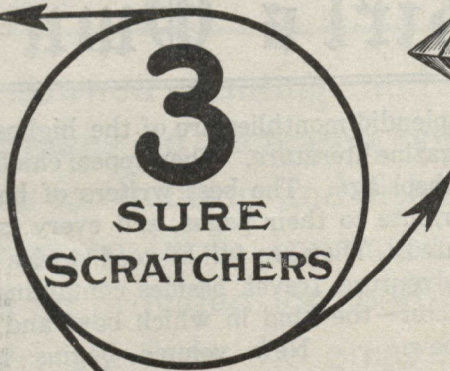
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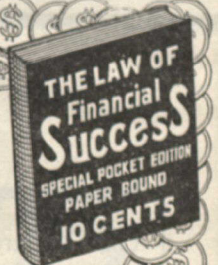
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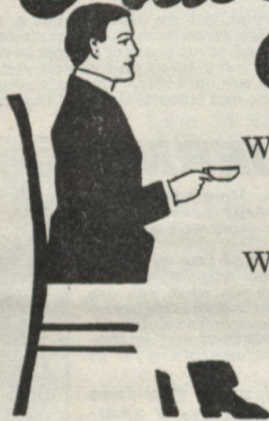
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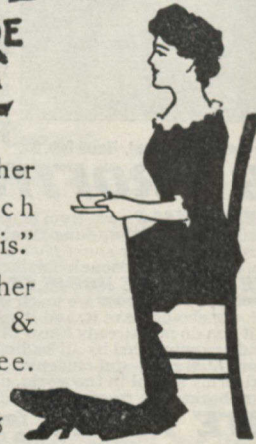
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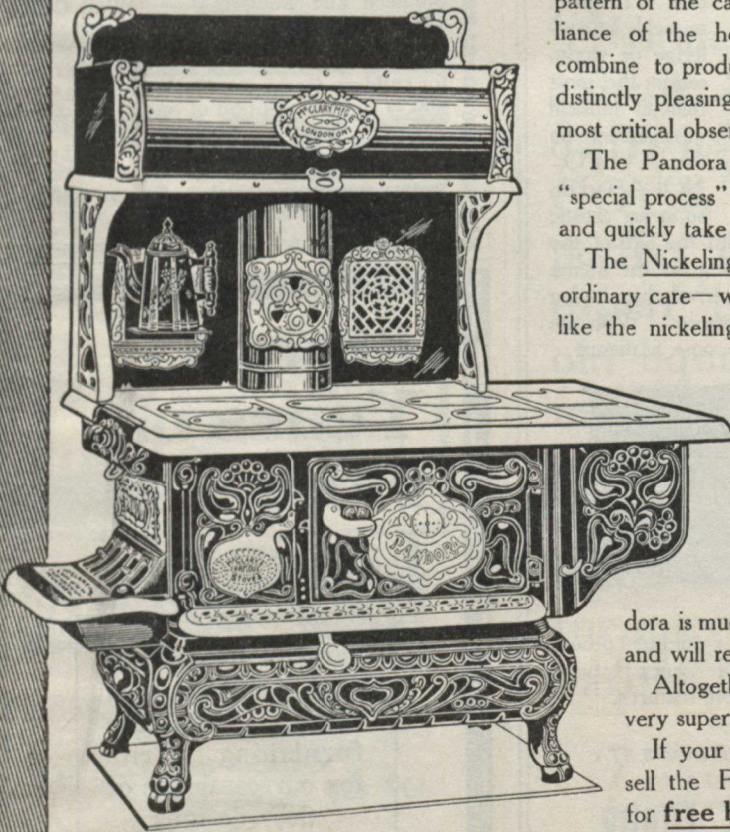
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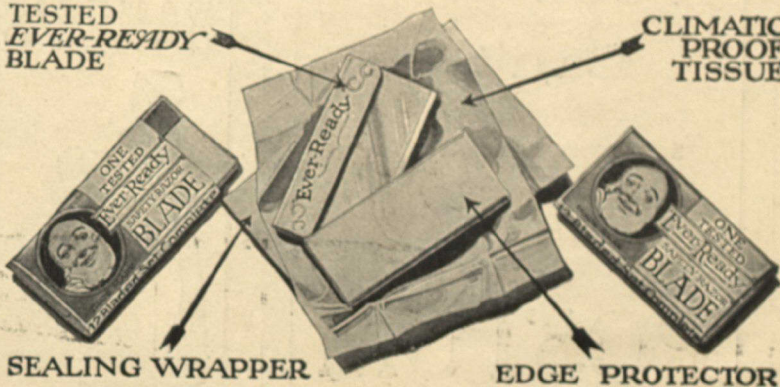
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