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THE
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VOL. XI. JULY, 1898. No. 3.

CONTENTS.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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BANK RETURNS: WHAT THEY TEACH.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MONETARY TIMES," TORONTO.

"HOW is it," a foreigner once asked a great Englishman, "that I never hear in your Parliamentary Debates a word about the blessings of liberty and the glory of the British Constitution?" "Because, my dear sir," was the reply, "we take all that for granted." May not something like this be said of such things as Bank Statements and Returns in Canada? Who reads them? Does anybody study them? How is it we so rarely hear anyone but bankers quote them? Assuredly most people take them for granted; that they are of some use is admitted, yet their utility is not patent to the average man, and their meaning is perhaps rarely studied.

Banking is not a simple matter. It is a highly intricate and difficult form of business which cannot be successfully done by Rule of Thumb. It is dependent for its success on the observance of certain principles, and in pursuance of these principles experience has shown it needful to frame rules, prohibitions, necessities, without which a prosperous banking business cannot be done.

Many a one of a bank's customers, some even among a bank's staff, are unable to see why certain things are done or forbidden by the management or by the law of the land. Why, for example, should it be wrong for a bank to lend on land? And why is it deemed so imprudent to discount certain descriptions of paper? The answer is that trial has been made in these directions and experience has shown their unwisdom. A small banker should not attempt to take large accounts, we are told. Why? Because "many a time a bank, otherwise well administered, has been ruined by one large account."

That some check upon the operations of banks was necessary, some knowledge of their affairs and inner working desirable from time to time, had become evident from experience of the working of banks and observation of human nature as exhibited by bankers, who though able men as a rule are only human, and therefore liable to err. A Canadian does not need to look very far back in the history of Canada to find examples of private banking business wrecked by neglect of rules and precautions which no banker may disregard. Nay, not private banks alone, but chartered institutions. Not to go far back into the mouldy past it is sufficient to name the Exchange Bank in Montreal, the Federal Bank of Canada, the Bank of London, the Commercial Bank of Manitoba, whose failures have all come within the last twenty years. Speculation, irregularities, unwise advances, bad banking in short, charac-

terized all these banks, the shareholders of which, who were doubly liable, had to suffer in pocket for imprudence in the management. Every few years when somebody projects a new bank, we hear the need of "Liberal Banking." That is to say, probably, the sort of banking that will give John James Jennikins, speculator, all the money he wants on his own note; or the Solar Eclipse Company a line of $100,000 discount to produce auroral light for the Sudbury Mines from Hudson's Bay petroleum. But "liberal" banking is not always safe banking.

The thing that a man wants to know about a bank is whether it is sound. If he is going to deposit money in it at interest, or if he intends to get accommodation from it by way of discount, he naturally desires in either case to deal with a safe concern. As it is with a man in such case so is it with a firm or a company.

But there is a disposition, in country places especially, to consider a bank safe merely because it is a "bank." And credulity seems to go even farther —and faster—in the case of a private banker, who is often entrusted by farmers with large sums of money in preference to a chartered bank, and for no better reason than that he will pay one per cent. or one-half per cent. per annum more interest.

It is to discover the condition of banks with respect to their safety or their weakness, and to protect the public from loss, that Government Bank Statements have been instituted. Each bank chartered by the Dominion is required to supply, according to a prescribed form, information about its resources and obligations. One of these forms it must fill in every month, for the information of the Deputy Minister of Finance. The questions or headings therein are framed to ascertain the state of the bank's affairs, and are supposed to be answered truthfully. But in case they are not answered truthfully the culprit may be detected by inconsistencies in the return itself. For example, where a bank borrows $50,000 or $500,000 from another bank, on the security of bonds or customers' notes, the borrowing bank does not always care to put this fact in the return, but leaves the space blank where it ought to be placed, namely, under the liability heading "Loans from other Banks in Canada." The bank which has lent this $50,000 or $500,000, however, has no object in keeping the transaction dark, and places the amount under the heading of assets "Loans to other Banks in Canada." Thus if the transaction appears on one side of the statement and not on the other, it is at once seen that somebody is playing arithmetical juggles with the truth.

With a proper statement in figures of a bank's position before him, a business man can tell whether it is in healthy shape, able to stand a stress of the money market and safe to deposit with, or whether it will likely have to curtail its commercial loans when a time of pressure comes to an extent which may seriously inconvenience those who have received advances from it—himself among the number.

The statement of banks rendered monthly to the Government is a barometer of the commercial and financial situation, showing in detail whether the savings of the people are increasing in the form of bank deposits; whether the circulation of bank notes is expanding or contracting; what amount and proportion of our bank resources are loaned in the United States. It also indicates the financial relations of the government to the associated banks by showing how much of government deposits the banks hold, or, on the other hand, how much the banks have loaned to the government of the day—often a very desirable thing to know. Coming to more specific or individual matters, the Bank Statement will make known what its relations are with other banks by way of debit or credit.

An examination of the Bank Statement will disclose how much of the assets of the banks are locked up in overdue debts, and whether or not these are secured; how much real estate they hold apart from their own

bank premises, head office or branches; what mortgages they hold upon real estate which has come into their hands and been sold. "The best scheme of banking that can be devised," says a well-known writer, "will prove insufficient to guard against occasional losses and disasters." But it should be the aim of authority to lessen these losses and disasters.

It is also very desirable to know, at various times, in case an emergency should arise, what proportion of the bank's assets is readily available. We know, of course, that since it is a bank's business to lend money it cannot have all its resources in hand at any one time, else its very occupation would be gone. But in the changes and chances of local business; in the fluctuations of foreign markets, a time may come when the banks need to be exceptionally strong. Therefore they may have to call in their call loans made on collateral security; possibly their discounts may have to be curtailed.

Canada possesses a great advantage in the elasticity of its bank circulation. Bank notes flow out at certain seasons to industries and districts where they are needed, and their function being meantime over, they flow back again into the banks. In the United States, on the other hand, whose system has not a like elasticity, when pressure comes for money at harvest time, or at other times, high rates prevail, restriction is felt, there are even monetary spasms, and more or less financial derangement. About our Canadian bank notes, some one asks, "How are they secured?" We know, of course, that there is a fund of $1,500,000 or $2,000,000 deposited with government for securing the bank's circulation in case of trouble. But apart from this, "That portion of a bank's note circulation which is in excess of its specie reserve has for its basis the commercial paper in exchange for which it is given and the general credit and capital of the bank." Either the loss or the locking-up of a considerable share of a bank's capital may bring the institution into embarrassment—and either cause may be carried so far as to be fatal. It is of importance, therefore, that a good proportion of the assets of the banks should be of a character promptly available.

There is a necessity for providing for the redemption of the paper currency by paying specie on demand. This every reasonable man or prudent legislator admits. But not one man out of 100, perhaps not one out of 1,000, who receives bank notes requires to have them converted into gold. True, the note he gets is exchangeable for gold, but it is rarely that this quality is tested in practice. There is known to be a gold reserve behind the note, and that is deemed as a rule sufficient. Inconvertible notes, of the nature of assignats or fiat money, are a danger to which we in Canada are strangers.

A feature of Canadian bank assets which has come into prominence during quite recent years is the increased amount they deem it advisable—and perhaps profitable—to hold in Dominion and Provincial Government bonds, railway, municipal or other securities. In June, 1892, the aggregate so held was $18,400,000. By June, 1896, it had risen to $23,200,000, and by June, 1897, to $28,400,000, which is nearly nine per cent. of their total assets.

Placing side by side two monthly bank statements of widely different dates, one made in December, 1868, to the Auditor of Public Accounts by banks in Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (the Dominion was smaller then), and one in 1897, the contrast between them is marked. The first contains but thirteen headings. Under liabilities it demands to know (1) the amount of capital, (2) the circulation, (3) the cash deposits, and (4) the amount due to other banks. Under assets, the statement asks for returns of (1) coin, bullion and Provincial notes, (2) landed property owned, (3) Government securities, (4) discounts, (5) balances due from other banks, and (6) "other debts," the remaining headings being for

totals. There was not much to be extracted from a statement like this as to the condition of a bank or its ability to stand a storm.

The 1897 statement blank, however, asks for returns under no less than forty-one headings. Like the Englishman of the *civis Romanus sum* order, who paralysed the lah-de-dah clerks of a government department with his audacious enquiries, this return "wants to know, you know," and insists on knowing, a great many things. In addition to the items given above, such a document of enquiry insists on knowing the amount each bank owes to or has borrowed from the government; the amount of balances for and against it in Britain and the States; the capital subscribed and paid, and the amount of the Reserve Fund or Rest, as the undivided profits are for the most part called. It is particular as to the deposits of the people, requiring each bank to show how much of them is withdrawable only on previous notice, and how much on call.

A very desirable and prudent set of enquiries are those relating to overdue debts. And although it is not exactly impossible for a bank to "doctor" these so as to lessen their apparent aggregate, it is interesting to remark how their amount rises and falls as times are bad or good. Banks are not permitted to do a mortgage-lending business on real estate, such as the loan societies do, though they may take real estate as collateral security for a loan already contracted. But when they have come into possession of landed property other than the offices they occupy, they are not prevented from securing themselves by mortgage for unpaid portions of the selling price.

Among the vital points to be kept in view in judging of a bank's position from the return are: Whether circulation is excessive, since for good reasons the Banking Act insists that circulation shall not exceed the amount of paid capital. The proportions to be kept on hand of specie and Dominion notes are likewise regulated by law. One has sometimes seen the smaller banks, and even banks not small, sailing in pretty shallow water, so to speak, in this respect. And the proportion of what are termed liquid assets held—meaning thereby specie, government notes, bank cheques and notes, railway and municipal bonds or debentures, and loans on call secured by collateral—is an important matter to be kept in view. The first three of these, of course, are cash, but the others may, except in times of unusual financial stress, be considered equal to cash, since they can be easily realized upon.

The amount of aggregate circulation of bank bills varies at different periods of any year in this as in other countries. As a rule it is lowest here in July, and highest in October. Canada's two greatest industries are lumbering and agriculture. When the lumbermen go into the woods in winter, hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of dollars are advanced by the banks to pay for the cutting of trees and the transport of logs to the banks of streams, down which they may be floated to the saw-mills. And when, the farmers having reaped their harvests, it becomes necessary to move the grain to market, the advances of money made by the banks for this purpose swell the circulation of bills by millions. As an instance of this, the year 1896-7 may be taken. At the close of July in that year bank circulation stood at $29,300,000. From that date it rose to $32,600,000 in September, and $35,900,000 at the close of October, declining slowly through the autumn and winter till the average of $31,000,000 was reached in April and May following.

What is the "Rest" of a bank or a loan company? is a question present to the minds of very probably more than the few who utter it. The Rest or Reserve Fund of a bank is that portion of the net earnings which is not paid out to shareholders in dividend. Say that a bank with a million capital in its first year earns a hundred thousand dollars over expenses and bad debts. It is resolved by the directors not to pay out

the whole of this $100,000 as a ten per cent. dividend, but to pay in dividend $60,000, the remainder to be put aside as the nucleus of a reserve. The net earnings, it may be explained, are those that remain of the "gross" earnings after such expenses as interest on deposits, expenses of management and possible bad debts are deducted. It is when the "net" earnings of a company or a bank are ascertained that sensible directors or managers decide upon the dividend; and when the earnings do not suffice to pay a dividend it is again the sensible and honest directors who decline to pay any.

But I must not drift away from the subject this brief article aims to elucidate, "What Bank Returns are, and what they teach." Some of their teachings have, I hope, been explained. If anyone objects that more has not been done in this direction, it is sufficient to say that I do not here write for bankers. The general public is not minutely informed on banking subjects, although many persons have bank accounts, and although, as Hamlet put it, "Every man has business and desire, such as it is." And it is for the better information of Canadian Magazine readers that I have tried to make plain a few things respecting an extensive, and to many a mysterious, branch of business. It would not do to profess too intimate a knowledge of what an American writer—a compound of bank-clerk and poet—calls "our bank-note world." Still, it may help to justify the choice of the subject if I remind readers who have forgotten the fact, that the Canadian system of banking, founded as it is upon the Scotch system, is admitted to be unsurpassed in its suitability to the needs of this country. It is, indeed, admired, and even envied, by the best informed bankers of the United States.

James Hedley.

SALVAGE.*

CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

"THE boat's an old P. and O. lifeboat," said Mr. McTodd, "diagonal built of teak, and quite big enough for the purpose. Of course, something with steam in her would be better, because we're both steamer men, but that's out of the question. That would mean too many to share. So the thing is, can you buy this lifeboat and victual her for the trip? I'm no' what ye might call a capitalist myself just for the moment."

Capt. Kettle eyed the grimy serge of his companion with disfavour. "You don't look it," he said. "That last engine room you got sacked from must have been a mighty filthy place."

"'Twas," said McTodd. "But, as it happened, I didn't get the sack. I ran from her here in Gib, because I'd no wish to get back to England and have this news useless in my pocket. And, of course, I had to let slide the £8 in wages that was due to me."

"By James, it's beginning to look like business when a Scottie runs away from siller that he's righteously earned."

"Well, I'm no' denying it was a speculation. It's a bit of a speculation, if you come to reckon up, asking a newly-sacked sea captain to join in such a venture."

Kettle's face hardened. "See here, he said, "keep a civil tongue in your head, or go out of this lodging. I'm to be treated with respect, or I don't deal with you."

"Then let my clothes alone and be civil yourself. It's a mighty dry shop this, captain."

"I've no whisky in the place nor spare money to buy it. If we're to go on with this plan of yours, we shall

*Being one of this author's famous stories of Captain Kettle. Published by special arrangement.

want every dollar that can be raised."

"That's true, and neither me nor 'Tonio have 10 shillings between us."

Kettle gave up pacing the room and sat himself on the edge of the table and frowned. "I don't see the use of taking either Antonio, if that's his name, or your other Dago. I don't like the breed of them. You and I would be quite enough to handle an open boat, and quite able to take care of ourselves. If the wreck's got the money on her, and we finger it, we'll promise to bring them back their share all right; and if the thing's a fizzle, as it's very likely to be, well, they'll be saved a very unpleasant boat cruise."

"It's no go," said the engineer, "and you may make up your mind to have them as shipmates, captain, or sit here on your tail where you are. D'ye think I've any appetite for Dagoes myself? No, sir, no more than you. I don't trust them no more than a stripped thread. And they don't trust me. They wouldn't trust you. They would not trust the Provost of Edinboro' if he was to make similar proposals to them."

"Then have you no idea where this steamboat was put on the ground?"

"Man, I've telled ye 'no' already."

"Seems to me you don't know much, Mr. McTodd."

"I don't. What I know is this: I come ashore here after a vera exhausting trip down the Mediterranean, just for a drink to fortify the system against the chills on the run home. Weel, I went to a little dark shebeen, where I kenned the cut-throat in charge, and gave the name of the ship I wanted sending back to in case sleep overcame me, and settled down for an afternoon's enjoyment. Ye'll ken what I mean?

"Weel, I'd just settled mysel' down to a good square drink at this Spaniard's shebeen, when out of a dark corner comes 'Tonio and the other dago, bowing and taking off their hats as polite as though I'd been an archbishop at the very least. It's extraordinary how the lower classes instinctively go to an officer when they need help."

"It is, Mac, it is."

"I'd met 'Tonio in Lagos. He was greaser on a branch boat there, and I was her second engineer. He's some English—coast English—and he did the talking. The other Dago knew nothing but his own unrighteous tongue, and just said see-see when 'Tonio explained to him what was going on, and grinned like a bagful of monkeys. I give Tonio credit; he spat out his tale like a man. He and his mate were in the stokehold of a Dago steamboat coming from the River Plate to Genoa, and calling at some of the western islands en route. One night they were just going off watch and were leaning over the rail to get a breath of cool air before turning in. They were steaming past some rocky islands, and there in plain sight of them was a vessel hard and fast ashore. There was no mistake about it; they both saw her; a steamboat of 1,500 tons. And what was more, the other Portugee, 'Tonio's friend, said he knew her. According to him she was the *Duncansby Head*. He'd served in her stokehold three voyages, and he said he'd know her anywhere."

"A Dago's word isn't worth much for a thing like that," said Kettle.

"Wait a bit. The pair of them stayed where they were and looked at the rest of the watch on deck. The second mate on the bridge was staring ahead sleepily; the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding and blinking at the binnacle; the lookout on the forecastle was seated on a fife rail, snoring; no one of these had seen the wreck. And so they themselves didn't talk. Their boat was running short of coal and so she put into Gib here to rebunker; and from another Dago on the coal hulk, who came aboard to help trim, they got some news. The *Duncansby Head* had shifted her cargo at sea, had picked up heavy weather and got unmanageable, and had been left by her crew in the boats. The mate's boat and the second mate's boat were picked up; the old man's boat had not been heard of. It

was supposed that the *Duncansby Head* herself had foundered immediately after she was deserted."

"Yes; all that's common gossip on the Rock. Mulready was her skipper—J. R. Mulready; I'd known him years."

"Weel, poor deevil, it's perhaps good for him he's drowned."

"Yes, I suppose it is. He's saved a sight of trouble. D'ye know, Mac, Jimmy Mulready and I passed for mate the same day and went to sea with our bran new tickets in the same ship, him as mate, me as second."

"The sea's an awful poor profession for all except a shipowner that lives ashore."

"'Tis. Yes, that a true word. It is. And so Antonio and his mate told the other Dago that they'd seen the wreck?"

"Not much. They kept their heads shut. There was money in the idea if it could only be worked, and a Portugee likes a dollar as much as a white man. So there you have the whole yarn, except that they got to know that the *Duncansby* was on her way home after a long spell at tramping when she got into trouble, and carried all the money she'd earned in good solid gold in the chart-house drawer."

"It sounds like a soft thing, I'll not deny," said Kettle. "But why should Mr. Antonio and his friend come to you?"

"They ran from their ship here in Gib and laid low till she had sailed. It was the natural thing for them to do. But when they began to look round them in cold blood they found themselves a bit on the beach. They'd no money; there's such a shady crowd here in Gib that everything's well watched, and they couldn't steal, so there was nothing for it but to take a partner into the concern. Of course, being Dagos, they weren't likely to trust one of their own sort."

"Not much. And so they came to you."

"They knew me," said the engineer. "And I came to you because I knew you, captain. I'm no navigator myself, though I can make shift to handle a sailboat; so a navigator was wanted. I said to myself the man in all creation for this job is Capt. Kettle, and then what should I do but run right up against you."

"Thank you, Mac."

"But there's one other thing you'll have to do, and that's buy, beg, borrow or steal the ship to carry the expedition, because the rest of us can't raise a blessed shilling amongst us. It needn't be a big outlay. That old P. & O. lifeboat which I was talking about would carry us fine, and I think three five-pound notes would buy her."

"Very well," said Kettle. "And now let's get a move on us. There's been enough time spent in talk, and the sooner we're on that wreck the less chance there is of anyone else getting there to overhaul her before us."

It would be unprofitable to follow in detail the fitting out of a wrecking expedition upon insufficient capital, and so be it briefly stated that the old lifeboat (which had passed through many hands since she was cast from the P. & O. service) was purchased by dint of haggling for an absurdly small sum, and victualed and watered for eighteen days. The Portuguese, who still refused to disclose the precise location of the wreck, said that it might take a fortnight to reach her, and prudence would have suggested that it was advisable to take at least a month's provisions. But the meagreness of their capital flatly forbade this, and they were only able to furnish the boat with what would spin out to eighteen days on an uncomfortably short ration. They trusted that what pickings they might find in the storerooms of the wreck herself would provide them for the return voyage.

With this slender equipment, then, they sailed forth from Gibraltar bay, an obvious party of adventurers. They were bombarded by the questions and the curious stares of all the shipping interest on the Rock; they were flatly given to understand by a naval busybody (who had been bidden carry his inquisitiveness to the deuce) that they had earned official suspicion, and would be watched accordingly, and if ever

ill-wishes could sink a craft, that ancient P. & O. lifeboat was full to her marks.

The voyage did not begin with prosperity. There is always a strong surface current running in through the Straits, and just then the breezes were light. The lifeboat was a dull sailer, and her people, in consequence, had the mortification of keeping Carnero point and the frowning rock behind in sight for three baking days.

At last, however, a kindly slant of wind took the lifeboat in charge and hustled her wetly out into the broad Atlantic, and when they had run the shores of Europe and Asia out of sight and there was nothing round them but the blue heaving water, with here and there a sail and a steamer's smoke, then Senor Antonio saw fit to give Capt. Kettle a course.

"We was steamin' froma Teneriffe to Madeira when we saw thosea rocks with *Duncansby Head* asho'."

"H'm," said Kettle. "Those'll be the Salvage islands."

"Steamah was pile up on de first. 'Nother island we pass after."

"That's Piton island, if I remember. Let's have a look at the chart." He handed over the tiller to McTodd, took a tattered Admiralty chart from one of the lockers and spread it on the damp floor gratings. The two Portuguese helped with their brown paws to keep it from fluttering away. "Yes, either Little Piton or Great Piton. Which side did you pass it on?"

Antonio thumped a gunwale of the lifeboat.

"Kept it on the port hand going north, did you? Then that'll be Great Piton, and a sweet shop it is for reefs, according to this chart. I wish I'd a directory. It will be a regular cat's dance getting in. But, I say, young man, isn't there a light there?"

"Lighta? I not understand."

"You savvy lighthouse—faro—show-mark-light in dark?"

"O, yes, lighta house. I got there. No, no lighta house."

"Well, there's one marked here as 'projected,' and I was afraid it might have come. I forgot the Canaries were Spanish, and Madeira was Portugee, and that these rocks which lie half-way would be a sort of slack cross between the pair of them. Manana's the motto, isn't it, 'Tonio? Never do to-day what you hope another flat will do for you to-morrow."

"Si, si, manana," said the Portuguese, who had not understood one word in ten of all this. "Manana we find rich, plenty too much rich. God save queen!"

"Those Canary fishing schooners land on the Salvages sometimes," said McTodd, "so I heard once in Las Palmas."

"Then there'll be fleas on the islands, whatever else there is," said Kettle. "I guess we got to take our chances, Mac. If the old wreck's been overhauled before we get there, it's our bad luck; if she hasn't been skimmed clean we'll take what there is, and I fancy we shall be men enough to stick to it. It isn't as if she was piled up on some civilized beach, with coast guards to take possession, and all the rest of it. The islands are either Spanish or Portugese; they belong to a pack of thieves anyway, and we've just as much right to help ourselves as any one else has. What we've got to do at present is to shove this old ruin of a lifeboat along as though she were a racing yacht. At the shortest, we've got 700 miles of blue water ahead of us."

Open-boat voyaging in the broad Atlantic may have its pleasures, but these, such as they were, did not appeal to either Kettle or his companions. They were thorough-going steamer sailors; they despised sails, and the smallness of their craft gave them qualms both mental and physical. By day the sun scorched them with intolerable glare and violence; by night the clammy sea mists drenched them to the bone. For a larger vessel the weather would have been accounted favourable; for their cockle shell it was once or twice terrific. In two squalls that they ran into, breaking combers filled the lifeboat to the

thwarts, and they had to bale for their bare lives. They were cramped and sore from their constrained position and want of exercise; they got sea sores on their wrists and salt-grime on every inch of their persons; they were growing gaunt on the scanty rations; and in fact a better presentation of a boat full of desperate castaways it would be hard to hit upon. Flotillas of iridescent pink-sailed nautilus scudded constantly beside them, dropping as constantly astern; and these made their only company. Except for the nautilus the sea seemed desolate.

In this guise, then, they ended their voyage, which had spun out to nigh upon 1,000 miles, through contrary winds and the necessity for incessant tacking; and in the height of one blazing afternoon there rose the tops of the islands out of a twinkling turquoise sea.

These appeared first as mere dusty black rocks sticking up out of the calm blue—Great Salvage island to the northward, and Great Piton to the south and beyond—but they grew as the boat neared them, and presently appeared to be built upon a frieze of dazzling feathery whiteness. The lifeboat swept on to reach them, climbing and diving over the rollers. She had canvas decks, quarter-mast high, contrived to throw off the sprays; and over these the faces of her people peered ahead, wild and gaunt, salt-crusted and desperate.

Great Salvage island drew abeam, and passed away astern; Great Piton lay close ahead now, fringed with a thousand reefs, each with its spouting breakers. The din of the surf came to them loudly up the wind. A flock of sea fowl, screaming and circling, sailed out to escort them in. And ahead, behind the banks of breakers, drawing them on as water will draw a choking man, was the rusted smokestack and stripped masts of a derelict merchant steamer.

There is a yarn about an open boat which had voyaged 1,200 miles over the lonely Pacific, coming upon a green atoll, and being sailed recklessly in through the surf and drowning every soul on board, and the yarn is easily believable. Capt. Kettle and his companions had undergone horrible privations; here at last was the isle of their hopes, and the treasure (as it seemed) in full view; but by some intolerable fate they were barred from it by relentless walls of surf. Kettle ran in as close as he dared, and then flattened in his sheets and sailed the lifeboat close-hauled along the noisy line of breakers to the norrard, looking for an opening.

The two Portuguese grumbled openly, and when not a ghost of a landing place showed, and Kettle put her about to sail back again, even the cautious McTodd put up his word to "run in and risk it."

But Kettle, though equally sick as they were of the boat and her voyage, had all a sailor's dislike for losing his ship, whatever she might be, and cowed them all with voice and threats, and at last his forbearance was rewarded. A slim passage through the reefs showed itself at the southern end of the island, and down it they dodged, trimming their sheets six times a minute, with an escort of dangers always close on either hand, and finally ran into a rocky bay, which held comparatively smooth water.

There was no place to beach the boat; they had to anchor her off, but with a whip on the cable they were able to step ashore on a ledge of stone and then haul the boat off again out of harm's way.

It may be thought that they capered with delight at treading on dry land again, but there was nothing of this. With their cramped limbs and disused joints it was as much as they could do to hobble, and every step was a wrench. But the lure ahead of them was great enough to triumph over minor difficulties. Half a mile away along the rocks was the *Duncansby Head*, and for her they raced at the top of their crippled gait. And the seafowl screamed curiously above their heads.

They scratched and tore themselves

in this frantic progress over the sharp volcanic rocks, they choked with thirst, they panted with their labor, but none of these things mattered. The deserted steamer, when they came to her, was lying off from the shore at the other side of a lake of deep water. But they were fit for no more waiting, and each, as he came opposite her, waded in out of his depth and swam off with eager strokes. Davit falls trailing in the water gave them an entrance way, and up these they climbed with the quickness of apes, and then with one accord they made for the pantry and the steward's store-room. The gold which had lured them was forgotten ; the immediate needs of their famished bodies were the only things they remembered. They found a cheese, a box of musty biscuit and a filter full of stale and tepid water, and they gorged till they were filled, and swore they had never sat to so delicious a meal.

With repletion came the thoughts of fortune again, and off they went to the chart-house to finger the coveted gold. But here was a disappointment ready and waiting for them. They had gone up in a body, neither nationality trusting the other, and together they ransacked the place with thoroughness. There were papers in abundance, there were clothes furry with mildew, there was a broken box of cheap cigars, but of money there was not so much as a bronze piece.

"Eh, well," said Kettle, sitting back on the musty bedclothes, "we have had our trouble for nothing. Some one's been here first and skinned the place clean." McTodd pounced upon the counterpane, and caught something which he held between his black thumb and finger.

"Look," he said, "that's not a white man's flea. That's Spanish or Portuguese. And neither 'Tonio nor his mate brought it here, because they have been washed clean on the trip. You remember what I said about fishing schooners from Las Palmas, skipper?"

"By James, yes. And look on the floor there. See those cigarette ends? They're new, and dry. If the old man had been a cigarette smoker he wouldn't have chucked his butts on his chart-house deck, and even if he had done so, they'd have been washed to bits when she was hove down on her beam ends. You can see by the decks outside that she's been pretty clean swept. No, it's those fishermen, as you say, who have been here before us."

"Weel," said McTodd, rubbing his thumb tightly into his finger's end, "if I were a swearer I could say a deal."

"The Dagos are swearing enough for the whole crowd of us, to judge by the splutter of them. The money's gone clean ; it's vexing, but that's a fact. Still, I don't like to go back empty-handed."

"I'm as keen as yoursel'. There's that £8 of my wages I left when I ran in Gib that's got to be made up somehow. What's wrong with getting off the hatches and seeing how her cargo's made up?"

"She's loaded with hides. I saw it on the manifest. There was Jimmy Mulready's scrawl at the foot of it. That photo there above the bed foot will be his wife. Poor old Jimmy! He got religion before I did, and started his insurance, too, and if he's kept them both up he and his widow ought to be all right—by James ! did you feel that?"

McTodd stared round him. "What?" he asked.

"She moved."

"I took it for sure she was on the ground."

"So did I. But she isn't. There, you can feel her lift again."

They went out on deck. The sun was already dipping in the western sea, behind the central hill of the island, and in another few minutes it would be dark. There is little twilight so far south. So they took cross bearing on the shore and watched intently. Yes, there was not a doubt about it. The *Duncansby Head* floated, and she was moving across the deep water lake that held her.

"Mon," said the engineer, enthusiastically, "ye've a great head and a

great future before you. I'd never have guessed it."

"I took it for granted she's beaten her bottom out in getting here; but she's blundered in through the reefs without touching, and if she's come in she can get out again, and we're the fellows to take her."

"With engines?"

"With engines, yes. If she's badly broken down in the hardware shop, we're done. I'd forgotten the machinery, and that's a fact. We'll find a lantern and I'll go down with you, Mac, and give them an inspect."

The two Portuguese had already sworn themselves to a standstill, and had gone below and found bunks; but the men from the little islands in the north had more energy in their systems; and they expended it tirelessly. McTodd overhauled every nut, every bearing, every valve, every rod of the engines, with an expert's criticism, and found nothing that would prevent active working; Kettle rummaged the rest of the ship; and far into the morning they foregathered again in the chart-house and compared results. She had been swept, badly swept; everything movable on deck was gone; cargo had shifted and then shifted back again till she had lost all her list, and was in proper trim; the engines were still workable if carefully nursed; and, in fact, though battered, she was entirely seaworthy. And while, with tired gusto, they were comparing these things, weariness at last got the better of them, and first one and then the other incontinently dropped off into the deadest of sleep.

That the *Duncansby Head* had come in unsteered and unscathed through the reefs, and, therefore, under steam and control, could go out again, was on the face of it a very simple and obvious theory to make; but to discover a passage through the rocks to make it practicable was quite another matter. For three days the old P. & O. lifeboat plied up and down from outside the reefs, and had twenty narrow escapes from being smashed into staves. It looked as if Nature had performed a miracle and taken the steamer bodily in her arms and lifted her over at least a dozen black walls of stone.

The two Portuguese were already sick to death of the whole business, but for their feelings neither Kettle nor McTodd had any concern whatever. They were useful in the working of the boat, and therefore they were taken along, and when they refused duty or did it with too much listlessness to please they were cuffed into activity again. There was no verbal argument about the matter. "Work or suffer," was the simple motto the two islanders went upon, and it answered admirably. They knew the breed of the Portuguese of old.

At last, by dint of daring and toil, the secret of the passage through the noisy spouting reefs was won; it was sounded carefully and methodically for sunken rocks, and noted in all possible ways; and the old P. & O. lifeboat was hoisted on the *Duncansby's* davits. The Portuguese were driven down into the stokehold to represent double watches of a dozen men, and make a requisite steam; McTodd fingered the rusted engines like an artist, and Kettle took his stand alone with the steam wheel on the upper bridge.

They had formally signed articles, and apportioned themselves pay. Kettle as master, McTodd as chief engineer, and the Portuguese as firemen, because salvage is apportioned pro rata, and the more pay a man is getting the longer is his bonus. On which account (at McTodd's suggestion) they awarded themselves paper stipends which they could feel proud of, and put down the Portuguese for the ordinary fireman's wages then paid out of Gibraltar, neither more nor less. For, as the engineer said, "There was a fortune to be divided up somehow, and it would be a pity for a pair of unclean Dagoes to have more than was absolutely necessary, seeing that they would not know what to do with it."

Capt. Kettle felt it to be one of the supreme moments of his life when he rang on the *Duncansby's* bridge telegraph to "half-speed ahead." Here

was a bit of fortune such as very rarely came in any shipmaster's way ; not getting salvage, the larger part of which an owner would finger, for mere assistance ; but taking to port a vessel which was derelict and deserted, the greatest and the rarest plum that the seas could offer. It was a thought that thrilled him.

But he had not much time for sentimental musings in this strain. A terribly nervous bit of pilotage lay ahead of him ; the motive power of his steamer was feeble and uncertain, and it would require all his skill and resourcefulness to bring her out into deep blue water. Slowly she backed or went ahead, dodging round to get a square entrance to the fair way ; and then with a slam Kettle rang on his telegraph to "Full-speed ahead," so as to get her under the fullest possible command.

She darted out into the narrow winding lane between the walls of broken water, and the roar of the surf closed round her. Rocks sprung up out of the deep—hungry black rocks as deadly as explosive torpedoes. With a full complement of hands, and with a pilot for years acquainted with the place, it would have been an infinitely dangerous piece of navigation ; with a half-power steamer which had only one man all told upon her decks, and he almost a stranger to the place, it was a miracle how she got out unscathed. But it was a miracle assisted with the most brilliant skill. Kettle had surveyed the channel in the lifeboat and mapped every rock in his head, and when the test came he was equal to it. It would be hard to come across a man of more iron nerve.

Backing and going ahead, to get round right-angled turns of the fairway, shaving reefs so closely that the wash from them creamed over her rail, the battered old tramp steamer faced a million dangers for every fathom of her onward way ; but never once did she actually touch, and in the end she shot out into the clear, deep water and gaily hit diamonds from the wave-tops into the sunshine.

It is possible for a man to concentrate himself so deeply upon one thing that he is deaf to all else in the world, and until he had worked the *Duncansby Head* out into the open Capt. Kettle was in this condition. He was dimly conscious of voices hailing him, but he had no leisure to give them heed. But when the strain was taken off, then there was no more disregarding the cries. He turned his head and saw a half-sunk raft which seven men with clumsy paddles were frantically labouring toward him along the outer edge of the reefs.

Without a second thought he rang off engines, and the steamer lost her way and fell off into the trough and waited for them. From the first he had a foreboding as to who they were; but the men were obviously castaways; and by all the laws of the sea and humanity he was bound to rescue them.

Ponderously the raft paddled up and got under the steamer's lee. Kettle came down off the bridge and threw them the end of a halliard, and eagerly enough they scrambled up the rusted plating and clambered over the rail. They looked around them with curiosity, but with an obvious familiarity. "I left my pipe stuck behind that stanchion," said one, "and by gum its there still." "Fo'c's'le door's stove in," said another: "I wonder if they've scoffed my chest."

"You Robinson Crusoes seem to be making yourselves at home," said Kettle.

One of the men knuckled his shock of hair. "We was on her, sir, when she happened her accident. We got off in the captain's boat and she got smashed to bits landing on Great Salvage, yonder. We've been living there ever since on rabbits and gulls and cockles, till we built that raft and ferried over here. It was tough living, but I guess we were better off than the other poor beggars who got swamped in the other boats."

"The other two boats got picked up."

"Did they though? Then I call it beastly hard luck on us."

"Capt. Mulready was master, wasn't he? Did he get drowned when your boat went ashore?"

The sailor shrugged his shoulders. "No, sir. Capt. Mulready's on the raft down yonder. He feels all crumpled up to find the old ship's afloat and you've got her out. She'd a list on when we left her that would have scared Beresford, but she's chucked that straight again, and who's to believe it was ever there?"

Kettle gritted his teeth. "Thank you, my lad," he said. "I quite see. Now get below and find yourself something to eat, and then go you forrard and turn to." Then, leaning his head over the bulwark, he called down, "Jimmy!"

The broken man on the raft looked up. "Hullo, Kettle, that you?"

"Yes. Come aboard."

"No, thanks. I'm off to the island. I'll start a picnic there of my own. Good luck, old man."

"If you don't come aboard willingly, I'll send and have you fetched. Quit fooling."

"O, if you're set on it," said the other tiredly, and scrambled up the rope. He looked around him with a drawn face. "To think she should have lost that list and righted herself like this. I thought she might turn turtle any minute, when we quitted her; and I'm not a scarey man, either."

"I know you aren't. Come into the chart-house and have a drop of whisky. There's your missis' photo stuck up over the bedfoot. How's she?"

"Dead, I hope. It will save her going to the workhouse."

"O, rats! It's not as bad as that."

"If you'll tell me, why not? I shall lose my ticket over this job sure, when it comes before the Board of Trade, and what owner's likely to give me another ship?"

"Well, Jimmy, you'll have to sail small and live on your insurance."

"I dropped that years ago, and drew out what there was. Had to—with eight kids, you know. They take a lot of feeding."

"Eight kids? By James!"

"Yes, eight kids, poor little beggars, and the missis and me all to go hungry from now onwards. But they do say workhouses are very comfortable nowadays. You'll look in and see us sometimes, won't you Kettle?" He lifted the glass which had been handed him. "Here's luck to you, old man, and you deserve it. I bought that whisky from a chandler in Rio. It's a drop of right, isn't it?"

"Here, drop it," said Kettle.

"I'm sorry," said Capt. Mulready. "But you shouldn't have had me on board. I should have been better picnicking by myself on Great Piton yonder. I can't make a cheerful shipmate for you, old man."

"Brace up," said Kettle.

"By the Lord, if I'd only been a day earlier with that raft!" said the other musingly. "I could have taken her out, as you have done, and brought her home, and I believe the firm would have kept me on. There need have been no inquiry, only 'delayed,' that's all; no one cares so long as a ship turns up some time."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," said Kettle, frowning. "Some of those lousy Portuguese have been on board and scoffed all the money."

"What money?"

"Why, what she'd earned. What there was here in the chart-house drawer."

The disheveled man gave a tired chuckle. "O, that's all right. I put in at Las Palmas and transferred it to the bank there and sent home the receipt by the B. and A. mail boat to Liverpool. No, I'm pleased enough about the money. But it's this other thing I made the bungle of, just being a day too late with that blasted raft."

Kettle heard a sound and sharply turned his head. He saw a grimy man in the doorway. "Mr. McTodd," he said, "who the mischief gave you leave to quit your engine room? Am I to understand you've been standing there in that doorway to listen?"

"Her own engineer's come back, so I handed her over to him and came on deck for a spell. As for listening, I've

heard every word that's been said. Capt. Mulready, you have my very deepest condolences."

"Mr. McTodd," said Kettle with a sudden blaze of fury, "I'm captain of this ship, and you're intruding. Get to Hamlet out of here." He got up and strode furiously out of the door and McTodd retreated before him.

"Now keep your hands off me," said the engineer, when he had been driven as far as the end of the fiddley. "I'm as mad about the thing as yourself, and I don't mind blowing off a few rounds of temper. I don't know Capt. Mulready, and you do, but I'd hate to see any man all crumpled up like that if I could help it."

"He could be helped by giving him back his ship, and I'd do it if I was by myself. But I've got a Scotch partner, and I'm not going to try for the impossible."

"Dinna abuse Scotland," said McTodd, wagging a grimy forefinger. "It's your ain wife and bairns ye're thinking about."

"I ought to be, Mac, but God help me, I'm not."

"Verra weel," said McTodd, "then if that's the case, skipper, just set ye doon here and we'll have a palaver."

"I'll hear what you've got to say," said Kettle, more civilly, and for the next half-hour the pair of them talked as earnestly as only poor men can talk when they are deliberately making up their minds to resign a solid fortune which is already within their reach. And at the end of that talk Capt. Kettle put out his hand and took the engineer's in a heavy grip. "Mac," he said, "you're Scotch, but you're a gentlemen right through under your clothes."

"I was born to that estate, skipper, and I no more wanted to see yon puir deevil pulled down to our level than you do. Better go and give him the news, and I'll get our boat in the water again and revictualled."

"No," said Kettle, "I can't stand by and be thanked. You go. I'll see to the boat."

"Be hanged if I do!" said the engineer. "Write the man a letter. You're great on the writing line; I've seen you at it."

"And, so, in the tramp's main cabin below, Capt. Kettle penned this epistle: "To Capt. J. R. Mulready:

"Dear Jimmy—Having concluded not to take the trouble to work *Duncansby Head* home, have pleasure in leaving her to your charge. We having other game on hand, have now taken French leave, and shall now bear up for Western Islands. You've no call to say anything about our being on board at all. Spin your own yarn; it will never be contradicted. Yours truly,

"O. Kettle, Master.

"N. A. McTodd, Chief Engineer.—O.K.

"P.S.—We take along those two Dagos. If you had them they might talk when you got them home. We having them, they will not talk. So you've only your own crowd to keep from talking. Good luck, old tintacks!"

Which letter was sealed and nailed up in a conspicuous place before the life-boat left en route for Grand Canary.

It was the two Portuguese who felt themselves principally aggrieved men. They had been made to undergo a great deal of work and hardship; they had been defrauded of much plunder, which they considered was theirs, for the benefit of an absolute stranger, in whom they took not the slightest interest; and finally they were induced "not to talk" by processes which jarred upon them most unpleasantly.

They did not talk, and in the fullness of time they returned to the avocation of shovelling coal on steam vessels. But when they sit down to think, neither Antonio nor his friend (whose honoured name I never learned) regard with affection those little islands in the Northern sea, which produced Capt. Owen Kettle and his sometime partner, Mr. Neil Angus McTodd.

Cutcliffe Hyne.

SIR MATHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE, KNIGHT.

Late Chief Justice of British Columbia.

AMONG the chief factors in founding and extending the British Empire has ever been the independence and fearlessness of the Judges. The appointment being direct from the Sovereign, attachment to the person, as well as a patriotic regard for the Empire, has been the rule among the Judges. Dependent on no political party and holding lifelong appointments, they have been almost without exception free from corruption and political bias. Confidence in the firm administration of the law has played no small part in procuring submission and contentment among the aborigines in all parts of the Empire.

Perhaps among the Judges who have held Her Majesty's commission, no one has shown more individuality and courage than the late Sir Mathew Baillie Begbie.

He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1819. St. Peter's College, Cambridge was his *Alma Mater*, and in 1844 he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn. He practised in England for fourteen years. His high qualities marked him out for Imperial employment, and in 1858 he was appointed Chief Justice of Vancouver Island. British Columbia was then confined to the mainland, but afterward the Island and mainland were united as one colony, with Begbie as Chief Justice of the whole, at a time, perhaps, the most critical in the history of the Province.

Gold in large quantities had been discovered. The news spread rapidly in all directions, and tens of thousands of gold seekers, hangers on, adventurers and swindlers soon arrived upon the scene, and exhibited a dangerous lawlessness in every mining camp. The Province being so large, and there being no railways, nor even roads of any importance, it was indeed a herculean task to keep order and enforce the law. A weak man at this time at the head of the judiciary would have been a calamity; but the Chief Justice proved himself to be a man of strong will, courage and daring; in fact, the very man for the times, and very soon the majesty of the law was asserted. Everybody was expected to obey, and protection was afforded to the weak, even to the wild Indians and Chinese. The miners had shot down the native inhabitants as if they had been deer or ducks, and enjoyed the fun; but they were brought to justice, and many a white man was hung for killing an Indian. When cases were brought before the Judge he made no difference in colour or race, but hung the murderer whoever he might be, and whoever might have been his victim.

According to the opinion of Bancroft:

"The Province owes an obligation to the memory of the late Chief Justice more than to any person, for the wise and liberal provisions of the Government, and for the almost unbroken reign of peace and order from the time of his appointment onwards. More than any person I have met in my historical pilgrimage from Darion to Alaska, he was the incarnation of justice; there was none to match him. He was an eccentric man, but his eccentricities always took a sensible direction. He was an ardent lover of music, and also of athletic sports."

The country over which he as Chief Justice presided extended for 500 miles either way; many parts were difficult of access; but when it was understood, by savage and civilized alike, that justice in his hands was sure, swift and inflexible, the battle was won. No one cared to kill; he was sure to hang for it. It was a scene worthy of notice which often presented itself, Judge Begbie and his Sheriff, Nicoll, each mounted on a mule, riding through the forests, and over the mountains into the mining camps. "Here goes old Begbie," said one. "Yes," said his

companion, "he will hang you if you don't take care." A case of hanging by himself is said to have actually occurred. A man had committed murder, the case had been tried, and on the clearest evidence he had been found guilty by a jury; but in the absence of Nicoll, no sheriff could be found to perform the disagreeable duty. Nothing daunted, the Judge caused it to be known that on a certain day the culprit would pay the penalty of death. When the time arrived, at 10 a.m., Judge Begbie entered the cell, pinioned the man and led him to the gallows, and there and then the deed was done.

It was often refreshing to hear his fearless utterances on the Bench; one case may be mentioned. A man named Gilchrist was tried for murder. The accused was a gambler, and having lost, he shot the man he played with. The man was tried and the clearest evidence produced. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. In passing sentence, turning to the prisoner, he said: "It is not a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you only to prison for life; your crime was unmitigated murder, you deserve to be hanged. Had the jury done their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death." Then, turning to the jury, he said: "You, gentlemen of the jury, permit me to say that it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for bringing in a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

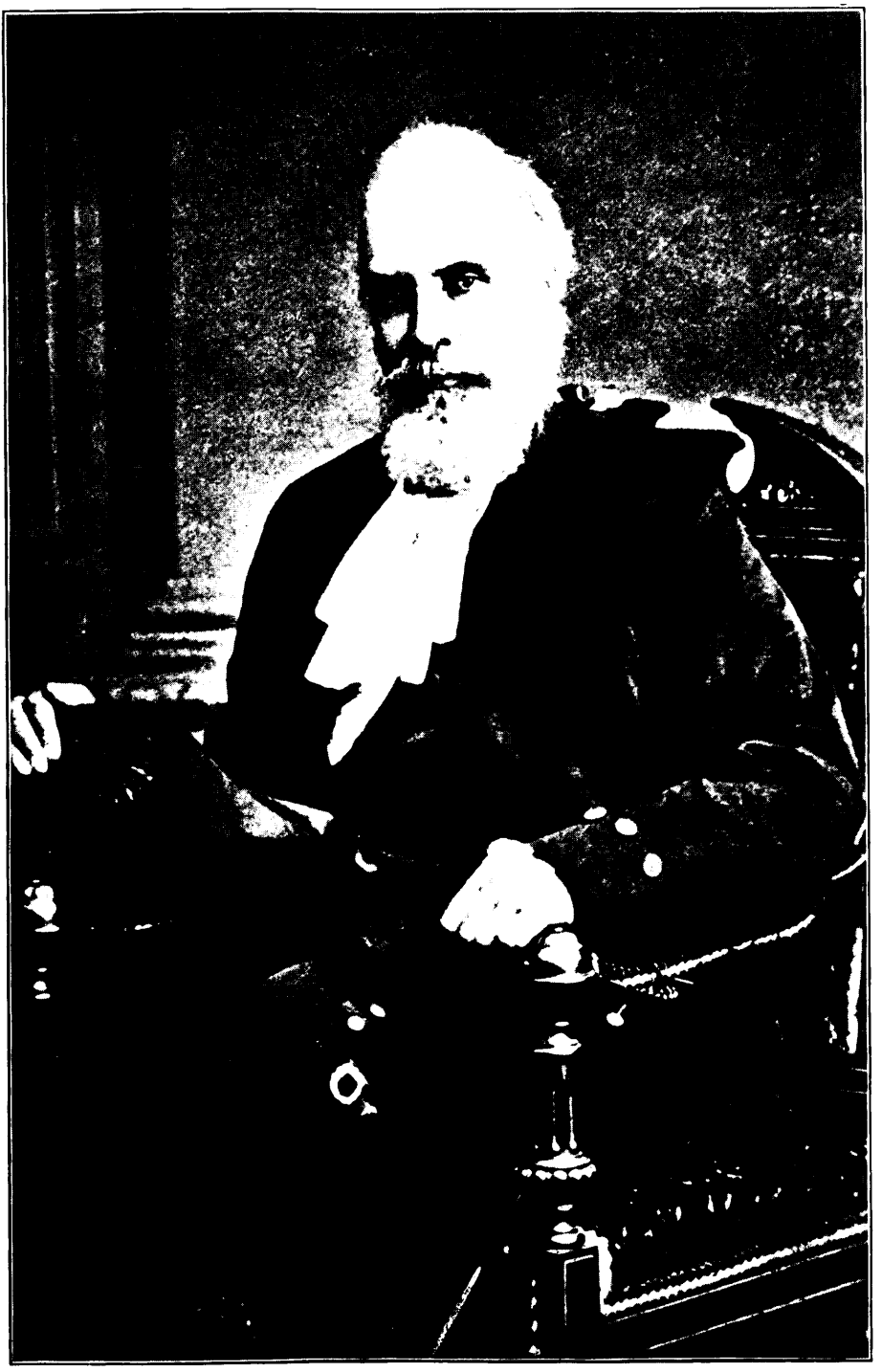
Juries were often difficult to manage, because, to shield their countrymen or friends, they often brought in incongruous verdicts. In a clear case of shooting and killing an Indian, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased had been "worried to death by a dog." The verdict was refused; they then brought in a verdict that the deceased met his death by "falling over a cliff."

Lynching as it occurs in the States, and which is so abominally winked at, never but once occurred in the Province. Under the reign of Judge Begbie no lynching was allowed and none was needed. It is not too much to say that the determined course taken by the Chief Justice saved hundreds, if not thousands, of lives. Unless justice had been meted out there would have been constant reprisals, blood would have been shed in conflicts between the Indian and white population, and even between miners and mining camps.

The tawny aborigines knew they had a friend as well as a master in the Judge, and all matters were referred to him. The splendid exhibition of law and order in this wild western province was the admiration of sober Americans, as it is to-day at Rossland and other mining camps; but this is the result of the firmness displayed by the deceased Judge, and, indeed, following in his footsteps, of all the judges. Perhaps a milder regime may now be followed.

Circumstances are altered in many ways now, the temptation of murder and stealing not being so great. In those old times flour sold for a dollar per pound and other things in proportion. It was then no little matter to take care of the gold that had been won. Judge Begbie, writing in 1861, says: "The gold is a perfect nuisance, as they have to carry it to their claims every morning and watch it while they work, and carry it back again to their cabins; sometimes, as much as two men can lift; and watch it while they sleep." There were but few, if any, companies, every man worked for himself, and the temptation to plunder was great.

Judges have to take into consideration the particular temptation to which a man has been exposed, and to make allowance accordingly; and again, that some men, not bad at heart, but weak in will, are swayed by others stronger than themselves. The writer remembers a case which came before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge at an assize at Cornwall, England. Giles, a farm labourer had been tried and found guilty of bigamy. "Now, Giles," said his Lordship, "what have you to say for yourself before I pass a sentence upon you?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHENE LOWE, VICTORIA.

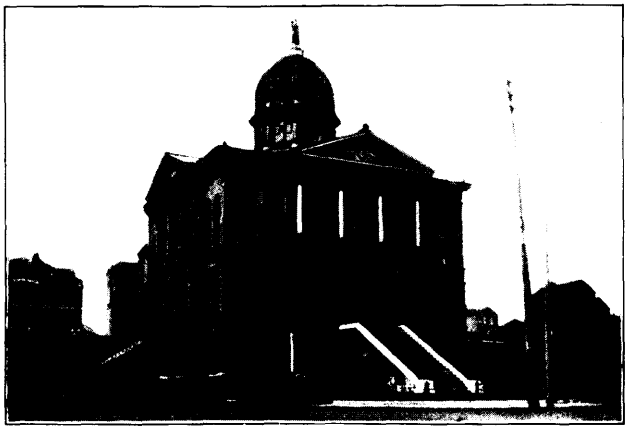
SIR MATHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE.

Late Chief Justice of the Province of British Columbia.

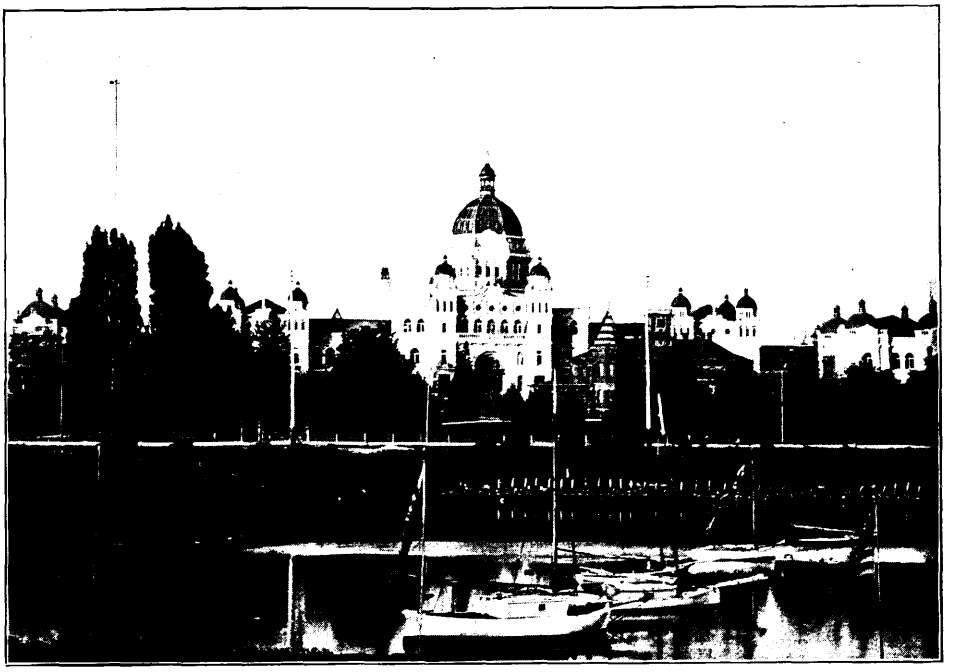
Giles made a profound bow, and as he had no hat upon his head he pulled at a lock of hair which hung on his forehead. "Please, sir," said Giles, pointing to his legal wife (for both women were in court) "that there woman was no good, her didn't get my dinners, and didn't wash my clothes, and arter all her runn'd away, but that there woman," pointing to the illegal wife, "seed what a plight I was in, and her was cruel kind to me; her made my pasties, and her washed my clothes, and I say her was cruel kind. Now, sir, what could I do? Why, nothing if I hadn't married the woman, and furder than that, sir, I be so easy laid away." The learned Judge, looking as profoundly grave as a Judge could look, said: "Giles, I have no doubt you speak the truth and you are easily led away; I see the temptation was great. I did intend to give you two years' imprisonment, but I will give you only three weeks." "Thankee, sir," said Giles, and the court rose.

It must not be presumed that a man so fearless as Begbie should be able to go through his work without making some enemies. It is related that on one occasion having rendered a decision displeasing to one of the parties, the disappointed man went from Cariboo to Victoria to see the Lieutenant-Governor for the purpose of having the Judge removed from the Bench. The man did not succeed, but returned baffled to Cariboo. Begbie was staying at that time in that part of the Province, and often went a fishing with his rod and line. Old Lowmaster, for that was his name, took care, if he could, to avoid meeting the embodiment of the law; but on one occasion he found himself face to face with the Judge on the banks of a stream of water. "Good morning, Mr. Lowmaster," said Begbie. "Good morning, Judge," said Lowmaster. "How is it that I have not seen you about lately? You don't seem inclined to speak to me. How is it?" "Well, sir," said Lowmaster, "as I tried to get you removed from the Bench, I thought you might have hard feelings towards me." "Nonsense," said the Judge, "you know I am fond of fishing, and when I throw the line, sometimes while holding the rod I find a mosquito light on my hand; I brush it away, and then another comes, and I let it alone; I say 'Never mind, he wants a dig at the old Judge.'" This was sarcasm easily perceived by Mr. Lowmaster, who at once said "Good morning," took to his heels and went away, muttering to himself: "The old fiend, comparing me to a mosquito, indeed; I'd hang him if I could!"

A story is told of the Chief Justice which shows his wisdom and acuteness. On a certain occasion he was holding a court in the interior when a case came before him in which two brothers, whom we shall call John and Robert Smith, were excited litigants. Their father had died and left them 160 acres of land as tenants in common, giving to each an undivided half part of the whole. As the brothers could not agree to go on together, they came to the court for the purpose of having the property divided. John was the grasping one, and insisted on having



THE COURT HOUSE AT VANCOUVER.



THE NEW PROVINCIAL BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA.

the most valuable part, and was most persistent. The patience of the Judge was sorely tried, but at length a happy thought struck him. "Now," said he, "I will decide the matter in a minute." Pointing to John, the grasping one, he said: "You shall draw a line on the map before us dividing the land into two parts, and then your brother shall have his choice." "Very good, sir," said John, "I will do it," and went to the work with a light heart; but poor John found the operation far more difficult than he had anticipated. He hesitated and fumbled, but the learned Judge, with a twinkle in his eye, made him proceed. The perspiration burst from John's brow, and fell on the map. "What are you crying for?" said the Judge. "I am not crying," said John, "but I'll be jiggered if I know where to draw the line." "Draw it," said the Judge, and John drew it. The result was that Robert made his selection in five seconds; but, of course, John could not grumble, and so the litigation ended.

Sir Mathew had a fine memory. On the conclusion of the spring circuit at Barkerville he asked the hotel attendant for his bill. The proprietor of the hotel sided up to the attendant and in a hoarse whisper said: "Sock it to him." The account was paid without demur. On the Chief's re-appearance in the fall to hold the assizes, it happened that the same hotel-keeper was foreman of the jury in a criminal case. Towards the conclusion of his charge Sir Mathew said: "If, gentlemen, you have a reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, give him the benefit of it; but if the circumstances you have heard related permit of only one solution—that the prisoner is the guilty man—then (looking the foreman straight in the eye), 'Sock it to him, Sock it to him.'" The foreman afterwards in consternation said: "He meant it for me, and must have heard what I said when he was up here last time."

A man in the upper country was placed in the dock charged with murder; it was a clear case and of great

brutality. No counsel appearing for him, the Judge told the accused he would see that he had a fair trial. The jury found the man guilty, and before passing sentence the Judge asked if he had anything to say. "Yes," replied the man, "I have not had a fair trial." "Well," said the Judge, "you shall have a new trial, but it shall be before another Judge. It shall be before your Maker." And the death sentence was passed.

Sir Mathew was fond of fair play. A man was tried for burglary. The prisoner had no counsel and pleaded not guilty. Sir Mathew said he would see that his interest should not suffer for the reason that he was undefended and suggested that the prisoner should hold his tongue, and he himself would cross-examine the witness. One of these (a policeman) was deposing to having seen the prisoner emerging from the house that had been broken into, when the accused shouted out, "You didn't, for I'd left the house before you came in sight." "There," said Sir Mathew to the prisoner, "did I not tell you to hold your tongue."

Sir Mathew held the scales of justice in an even balance for about thirty-seven years, having constantly before him cases of great importance, affecting both human life and property. Fearlessness on the part of a Judge is not always a sign of hard-heartedness; compassion for the victim as well as indignation towards the criminal may be a motive power impelling him to do his duty. No one ever rightly accused him of cruelty; there was nothing of the Judge Jeffreys in him, and not a man ever dared to breathe a suspicion that the Chief Justice ever took a bribe. His duty as settled in his own breast was his guide, and the memory of such a fearless, patriotic Judge should not be forgotten by those who now live in peace and security.

By his death, which took place in 1894, he surrendered his commission without a stain. On the day of his funeral, the Victoria Bar met and passed a lengthy resolution in which occur these words: "Plain and unassuming in manner, courteous and dignified in his speech, loyal to his companions, firm in his friendships, of a generous and sympathetic nature, he will be missed." Queen and country owe to him an obligation which they can now only discharge by saying, "Peace to his memory."

Edward Nicolls.

IN THE ROCKIES.

OUR ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND.

FROM the earliest ages of her history Ireland has been known as the land of poetry. The Milesian character with its admixture of Spanish blood has always been easily touched by the romantic and poetic side of life, and perhaps no country in existence has so large a store of national ballads, or so many wild legends clinging about the hearts of its people.

One of the most striking proofs of the Irish love of poetry is the number and age of the manuscripts which have come down to us through the centuries. The oldest English manuscript poem known dates backward to the days of King Alfred, but though, during many a long year, "Norse and Saxon and Dane have carried the brand and the blade from shore to shore" of the little isle of Erin, though her language has been proscribed and her bards hunted down and slain, she still can point proudly to the fragments of a literature unparalleled in beauty and antiquity; she still can show poems written while Rome was yet in her infancy, while the Saxon tribes still inhabited their wild German forests, and the skin-clad savage paddled his frail coracle along the foot of the steep chalk cliffs of Britain. Well indeed might Sir Philip Sidney say, "In Ireland the poets are held in devout reverence." From sire to son, from children to their children's children these manuscripts have passed, hidden in caves and dens of the rock, guarded with the lives of their owners, buried in the ruins of monasteries, or taken abroad and dispersed through France and Spain and Germany by many a flying exile. Much has been lost to us, much rendered unintelligible by the gradual dying out of the ancient tongue, but enough still remains to form a glorious inheritance for the Irish nation of the present.

Besides the manuscripts that have come to us, in the memory of the people, many an ancient poem and tradition still lingers, warped and distorted it may be by the variety of minds through which it has passed, but yet of incalculable value to the antiquarian who is, at last, slowly awakening to the fact that a rich store of literary and historical treasure is lying hid within the Irish coasts, a store which has been so long neglected as to suffer much to perish.

It is inevitable that, among the Teutonic and Latin nations, Irish poetry, emanating as it does from a people so radically different in character and temperament, and possessing an absolutely independent system of verse structure, should be received with but a scant measure of favour; yet long before the commencement of the Christian era we find the poets and philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome interesting themselves in the study and imitation of the complex models of Celtic versification. Sigerson has stated, and I think with good reason, in the scholarly introduction to his volume on "The Bards of the Gall and Gael," that the much abused lines of Cicero

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ;
O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

are merely an imitation of the Irish method of verse structure, and if arranged as a quatrain fulfil all the most important of the Celtic laws of poetry.

Perhaps the earliest form of versification in Ireland is the "Rosg" or unrhymed stanza, which consists of a series of short, impetuous sentences, rhythmical though unrhymed, and which is generally used in the composition of war songs or poems designed to stir up vehement enthusiasm in the breasts of the readers. An example of

this may be found in "The Triumph Song" of Amergin, which is perhaps the earliest specimen of blank verse to be found in Europe, being written some thousand years before the Christian era.

"I, the wind at sea,
I, the rolling billow,
I, the roar of ocean,
I, the rock-borne osprey,
I, the Spear for smiting foemen,
I, the God for forming fortune!
Whither wend by glen or mountain?
Whither tend beneath the sunset?
Whither wander, seeking safety?"

This form of stanza is earliest found in the poems of Amergin and his contemporaries, and to it is added the Conaclon verse wherein the most striking peculiarity is the rhyming of the last word of each line with the first word of the succeeding one. Sometimes this rhyme is complete even to English ears, sometimes only the vowels rhyme (a form of rhyme peculiar to Ireland alone); and in this versification alliteration is also common. This form of stanza is naturally rare in literature, but in more modern times it has been used by M. Marc de Papillon (A.D. 1597) and interruptedly by Samuel Lover in his "Fairy Child."

Following these came many other verse forms such as the introduction of end rhymes either assonant or consonantal as in English, the more constant use of alliteration, and the internal or inlaid rhyme, such as that shown in Sigerson's translation of "Fand's Welcome to Cucullin."

Blood drips from his lofty *lance*,
In his *glance* gleams battle fire,
Haughty high the victor *goes*,
Woe to *those* who wake his ire.

This inverse rhyme was introduced from the Irish into Norse, and at a later period we find it made use of sparingly in the works of Spenser and Shakespeare.

As early as the third century, also, we find Irish songs containing a burden or refrain, a form which we see in no other European literature before the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century.

Having thus drawn attention to the principal points in the Irish system of verse structure, we must proceed to give a short history of the most noted of the Celtic bards.

To the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, and the subsequent conversion of the people, is due the destruction of most of the anti-Christian literature of the country, but the names of some of the poets, together with fragments of their verses, still remain to testify to the advanced condition of refinement in Erin even at that remote date. The earliest of these pagan bards was Amergin, who lived about one thousand years before the Christian era. Fragments of his poems are to be found in the Leabhar Ghabhaltus or Book of Invasions, an old historical record, a copy of which transcribed in the twelfth century from a more ancient manuscript is now in the Buckingham library at Stowe. These poems are written in the Bearla Feni or Fenian dialect, and are accompanied by a gloss which is in itself so ancient as to be almost unintelligible to a modern Irish scholar. The longest of these fragments is written in Conaclon verse, contains a description of the "beautiful shores of Ireland, fertile, sea surrounded, with fruitful spreading hills, and wide dropping forests, with showery falling rivers, and overflowing lakes, with tall ships and lordly cities, with noble princes and valiant armies," and concludes by wishing that the author and his companions may find comfort and delight while dwelling there.

Contemporary with Amergin lived Lugad, son of Ith, known in ancient chronicles as "Ceud laid h-Er," first bard of Erin. He wrote many poems, of which the principal one that has dessended to us is his "Lament for the Death of Fial," his wife, one stanza of which may be roughly translated as follows:

"I sit here on the shore
Stormy and cold,
O'erwhelmed with grief and pain
To my undoing,
Because of Death's victory
O'er thee, fair woman;

Fial of the race of Fris,
Bright as the sun.
Quick Death has taken thee.
Matchless and holy,
Great is my grief there at
Even to my undoing."

Royné Filé (or the Bard) writing about four hundred years before Christ gives us a valuable historical poem describing the progress of the Gael from Egypt through Scythia and Spain to Ireland, the division of the island amongst them, and the names of their leaders. A century later we find a fragment by Feirceirtne addressed to "Ollamh Foddhla, brave and bright, mighty in battle, monarch of Tara." It extols him as the founder of the College of Learning, and Institutor of the Feis (or Synod) of Tara, and says that: "He ruled for forty years in peace and plenty, sole monarch of Ireland." It describes the reigns of six succeeding rulers of his race, also explaining the names of the great territorial divisions of Ireland, and is much prized by antiquarians both for its literary and historical merits.

For nearly six hundred years after the death of Feirceirtne no trace remains to us of poetic activity, but at the beginning of the second century literature revived, and many noble fragments testify to the fact. In the Book of Munster is preserved a poem of that date ascribed to Ciothruadh. It is dedicated to Con, the monarch of Erin at the time of its composition; and in the same reign was written Fingin's poem on the "Approaches to Tara," to be found in the Dinn Seanchas. Two curious poems of Dubthach, the only remaining pagan bard of any note, are to be found in the Leabhar na Cceart. One of these is an account of the privileges and duties of his order; the other, addressed to the King of Tara, reminds him of his rights and obligations. Later in life Dubthach was converted to Christianity, and a fragment of his "Hymn to the Redeemer," written after this event, is included in the "Felire Anguis," a poetical calendar compiled in the eighth century, and preserved in the Leabhar Breac.

The introduction of Christianity gave a higher impulse to the poetical life of the nation, and many were those who took advantage of this. Feich, the bishop, whose poem, translated by the learned Colgan, is known to every Irish scholar; Amergin, compiler of the Dinn Seanchas; Cinfæla, who revised the Primer of the Bards preserved in the Book of Ballimote; the holy Columcille; Dallan and Seanchan, are among the names found at this period. Of Dallan, Colgan says that he was better acquainted with the antiquities of his country than any other person. Fragments of his verses are found in an old tract entitled, "The Reformation of the Bards," in Trinity College, Dublin, but his prinicipal poem was written in honour of St. Columcille, and is very rare. A stanza composed by him upon the death of that saint is quoted by the Four Masters.

The Danish invasion again put a stop for a time to literary activity, but in 884 arose Maolmura, of Fathan, whose poems are preserved to us in the Book of Invasions. Contemporary with him is Flann, called by the Four Masters "The Liag," the Secretary of Brian Boru and head Professor of Ireland, who has left us many valuable works, including a life of Brian Boru, an historical treatise on the Wars of Ireland, and several poems. Of these remains Hardiman, no mean authority, says that: "No nation in Europe can produce so old, and, at the same time, so pure and perfect a specimen of its vernacular dialect as are these." He also characterizes this bard's verse as "distinguished for a peculiar ease and elegance of versification and pathetic to a high degree." Many graceful and highly-finished poems by Eochy O'Floinn (died A. D. 984) preserved in the Book of Lecan, Giolla Kevin in the tenth, and O'Cassidy, whose poem, "Sacred Erin, Isle of Saints," is widely known and admired, in the twelfth century, prove that the era of ignorance and darkness which had fallen upon the rest of Europe had not as yet reached Ireland. In the beginning of the twelfth century also we find a very curious poem entitled "A Vision of

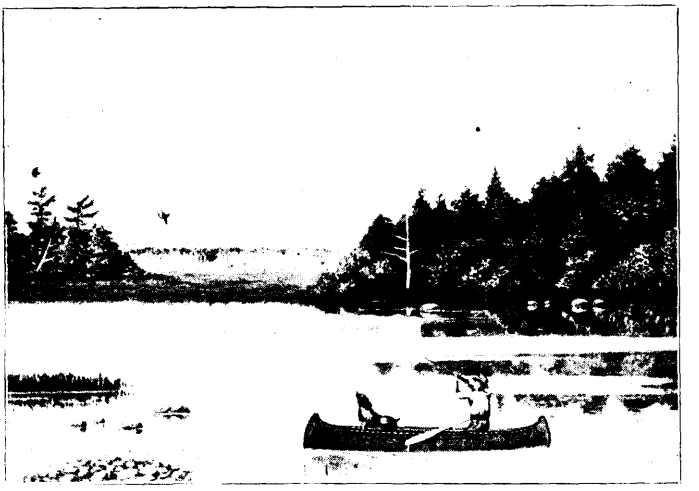
Viands," which appears to be a forerunner of some passages in the well-known "Land of Cokaygne." We give a verse from Sigerson's translation, which is in the original metre:

Ramparts rose of custard all,
Where a castle mustered all
Forces o'er the lake;
Butter was the bridge of it,
Wheaten meal the ridge of it,
Bacon every stake.

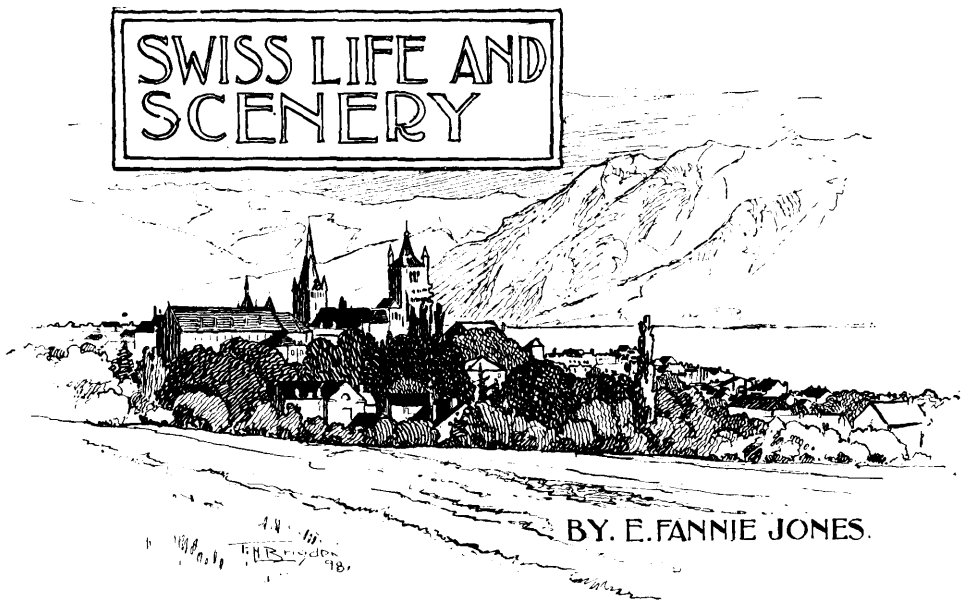
Ruddy warders rosily
Welcomed us right cosily
To the fire and rest,
Seven coils of sausages
Twined, in twisted passages,
Round each brawny breast.

For many years after the invasion of Henry the Second, little of any worth has been preserved. The chains of English slavery which began to press so heavily upon Ireland, weakened, as loss of liberty always does, her poetic genius, but towards the close of the next century it burst forth again in renewed lustre. Donogh O'Daly (died 1260) called for the sweetness of his verse, "The Ovid of Ireland;" John O'Dugan (died 1372), who has left to us a valuable work upon the principal families of Erin at the time of the English invasion, Maolin Oge MacBrodin, O'Gnive of Claneboy, whose "Downfall of the Gael" has roused the spirit of patriotism once more in many an Irish breast, O'Mullory, MacDaire of Thomond, O'Clery of Donegal, and Teige Dall O'Higgin, whose poems are considered to be among the best in the language, form a glorious galaxy of names. Many more there are whom want of space has forbidden us to mention, but whose work is no less worthy of encomium; Spenser, Camden, and even the prejudiced Giraldus Cambrensus have spoken in words of high praise of the stately fragments of our ancient literature. That they are but fragments is due in part to the zeal of the early Christian missionaries, in part to the continual foreign descents upon our coasts, in part, alas! to our own neglect. Yet we may venture to hope that ere long a fresh day shall dawn for the genius of Ireland, and that a new literature, no less splendid and more complete than the old, shall rise like the phœnix from the ashes of the past, bearing upon its wings a bright promise for the future.

(To be concluded next month.)



DUCK SHOOTING.



BY. E. FANNIE JONES.

II.—IMPRESSIONS OF SWISS LIFE.

NO one is allowed to stay more than three months in one place in Switzerland without registering his name, age and antecedents, and paying the sum of three francs. Should he have come away without his certificate, some respectable Swiss must answer for his conduct. No doubt there are many strangers who in some way avoid complying with this little formality, but should you be living with Swiss people you will soon be informed of the regulation. So you may as well get your permit at once and avoid any unpleasantness. You will consider it comparatively a mere trifle when you have seen the paper which in some cantons must be filled up yearly by all householders, Swiss or foreign.

If I had space to give one of these papers verbatim it would be found amusing, but a few items out of a list that covers three pages of large foolscap must suffice. One can see the reasonableness of demanding an account of the number of cattle or of the quantity of grain, fruit and things of that sort owned by the citizen; but when one reads, "give the number of stools and camp-stools, irons, umbrellas and parasols (this item would puzzle some people who have forgetful friends), knives, forks and spoons, pillows, bolsters and cushions, dresses and coats, socks and stockings, handkerchiefs of various kinds, kitchen utensils," and so

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SWISS WOMAN SPINNING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A SHRINE IN THE WOODS ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

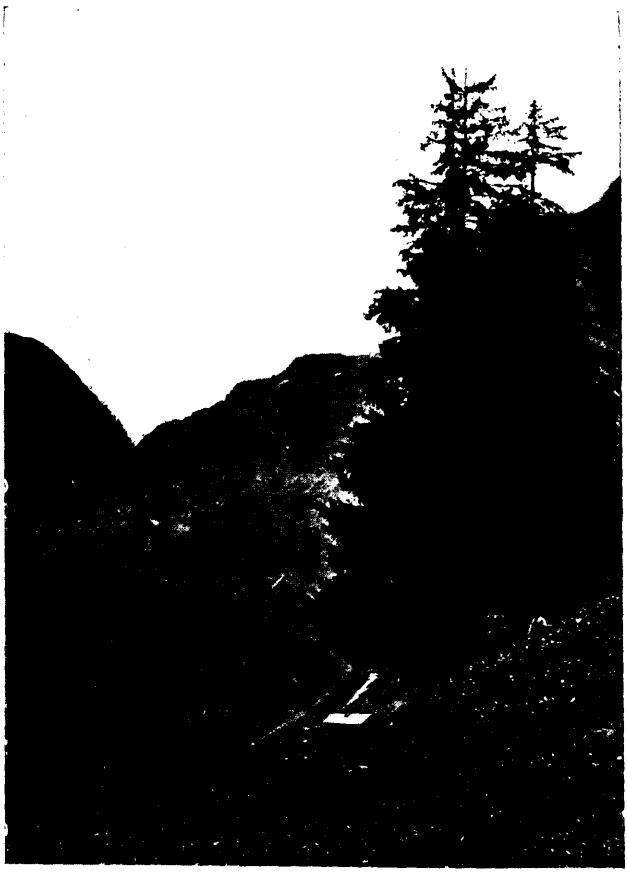
on ; and then another list in which one is requested to give the quantities in the house of the following things : Potatoes, salt meat, nuts, flour, bread, coffee, sugar, fruit, jam, etc., one feels that the authorities are not lacking in curiosity. Strange to say, there is no mention made of pins.

But you have applied for your permit, be it supposed, and can attend to the question as to where and how you will live. You will find plenty of pleasant people in hotels and pensions. In any considerable Swiss town you will find an English quarter, so that if you want to go where you will feel at home, be called upon and invited to afternoon teas and literary clubs, it is here that you will have all these opportunities. But if you desire to see something of Swiss life, my advice to you is to keep away from the English and do what you can to make acquaintances among the people of the country. In our new land strangers invariably arouse at least a little curiosity, and if they seem likely to be in any way a desirable addition to our population we are ready to welcome them and do what we can to impress them favourably with the place where they have pitched their tent. But in Switzerland things are quite otherwise, and if you want to lead a solitary life, undisturbed by those around you, take an apartment in the French quarter and you will be left in peace. As the "stranger" is a creature of which the natives take no notice, if it is possible enter a French family, and then you will be in a position to see something of Swiss life.

And what have I seen during a nine months' visit? Many things that are to be admired, and others in which we Canadians seem to have the better way. The cherishing of family life is with the Swiss an exceedingly strong point ; for him the home is everything, his own hearth the centre around which his life turns. The ties between parents and children are very strong. There seems to be but little social intercourse among the Swiss themselves. Young people do not live in a whirl of excitement, and there remains some of that spirit of wholesome leisure which on our side of the sea is looked upon as dull and behind the times. In Switzerland, a quiet daily half-hour's chat around the fire, or a stroll in the gar-

den, is looked upon as a necessity, and there is no doubt that these simple pleasures aid much in making life sweet and profitable.

In social and family intercourse men here are still most assuredly "lords of creation," and the women their devoted slaves. I heard an eminent Swiss pastor lecture on America after having spent the summer there; his advice to all his countrymen was, "Go to America if you want to find the paradise for women." I had already expressed the same idea to several persons, and was glad to find my testimony borne out by an observant and thoughtful Swiss. Let me mention one or two points that I have noticed. In many of the homes the woman is the principal bread-winner, and often it is only by accident that one discovers that there is a husband who sits by and encourages her. In fact, a woman's capability to increase the yearly revenue seems often a point to be considered in choosing a wife. The men are quite content to receive all the devotion and attention which the women are ever ready to bestow upon them. I created quite a commotion as a female revolutionist by expressing strongly my opinion upon the duties of men at afternoon tea. Here the men bury themselves in the armchairs and expect the ladies to carry everything to them. What would Canadians think of that? Upon one occasion, an American girl and I insisted upon the men doing all the work at a tea in the woods, and it was most amusing to see what a novelty the new situation was for both ladies and gentlemen. It is no uncommon sight to see a man and woman walking together, the latter heavily-laden with milkcans or baskets, and the man with his hands in his pockets. It seldom occurs to a Swiss gentleman to offer to carry a lady's wrap. But it might be just as well, perhaps, not to give any more particulars for fear of putting bad ideas into the mind of the improved Canadian man, so let us talk of something else.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A VIEW OF "DENT DU MIDI."

A word about the newspapers. The journalism of Switzerland must be commended. The newspapers are printed on excellent paper, in good type, and are of moderate size and easily handled. Four pages is the usual number. On the first page is an editorial on some question of the day, the latest impor-

tant news, and a serial story, a chapter of which is published daily. On the second and third pages is found the news from the country itself, and, in a condensed form, that of the great outside world. There is no publishing the minute details of crime and scandals, so that young and old can read the papers without injury. It would be a happy day for Canada, as well as for other countries, if the Swiss style of journalism more commonly prevailed. The last page is devoted to death notices and advertisements of all kinds. The former, irreverent as it may seem, have been an amusing curiosity to me. Below are some examples copied from the Lausanne *Tribune*:

A SWISS ALLEYWAY—WOMAN WASHING.

"Mme. Gaschen-Beyeler and her child of Olten; M. Jean Gaschen, of Bugnon, and his sons, Louis and Aldred, and Mlles. Elise, Mary and Jeanne; Mme. and M. Pache-Gaschen and their children of Lausanne; the families Gfeller-Beyeler of Berne, Beyeler of Kisen and Geneva and their children; the families Gaschen-Marcatti (formerly receiver) of Bienne, Gaschen of Auet, Bourgeois and Mlle. Kohler of Bex, Villard of Montreux, Gashen of Barcelona, Console of Lugano, Chatelaine of St. Imier, announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the cruel loss which they have just sustained in the person of

M. JEAN GASCHEN-BEYELER,

an employee of the S.G.B.

"Their dear husband, father, son, brother, brother-in-law, uncle, nephew and cousin, who died on the 4th November, after a long and painful illness, at the age of 31 years, 6 months.

"Funeral will take place on Sunday, the 7th of November, at 2 o'clock.

"Service at half-past one.

"Leave from Bugnon at one.

"This notice takes the place of an invitation. Visitors will not be received."

"Mr. and Mrs. Eugéne-Henri Decoppet, their sons Robert, William, Eugéne, Félix, Ernest, Marc, and their daughter Andrée Marie at Bretigny, have the sorrow to announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the grievous loss which they have just sustained in the person of their daughter and sister, Eglantine-Adéle, taken away at the age of two months after severe suffering."

"Mme. widow Béboux-Béboux, Mme. widow Kuster-Béboux, Mme. and M. J. Charton-Pache and their children, M. and Mme. G. Pache and their son, M. F. Pache and his children, Alfred and Alice, the families Béboux of Belmont, Lausanne and Geneva, and Gaillard Béboux of Rolle, announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the decease of

Mademoiselle LOUISA BEBOUX,

by profession a cook,

whom God hath called to Him in her fifty-seventh year.

"Please do not send flowers.

"Visits will not be received."

The longer the list of relations and connections the more honourable the announcement.

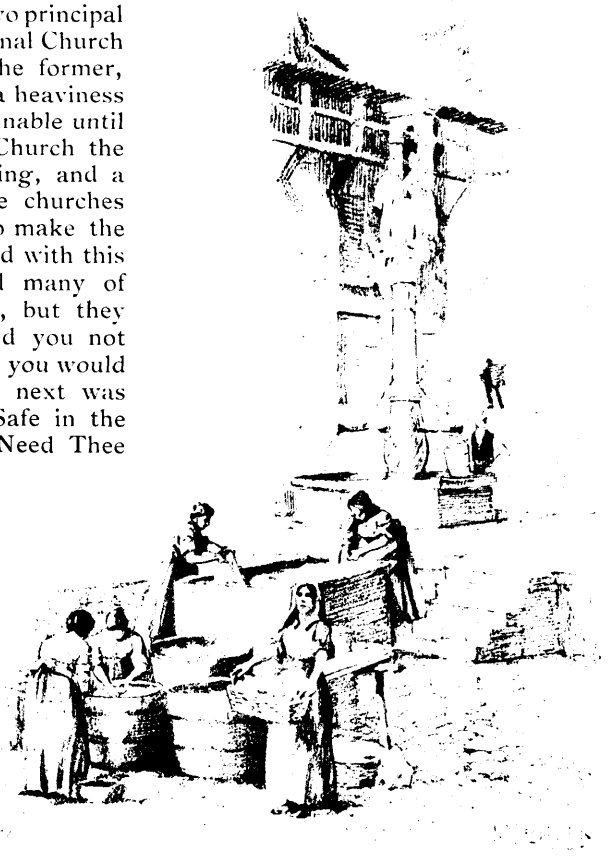
It must be a little awkward when there is a quarrel in the family.

The churches in Lausanne are mostly Protestant, and a strict Puritan kind of Protestantism is in vogue. The grand old cathedral was built by the Roman Catholics about the 12th century, and is architecturally a magnificent building. But what an indescribable feeling of loss and desolation comes over one as soon as he enters. In the desire to get as far away as possible from anything resembling Roman Catholicism these Protestants have ruined this magnificent church. The chancel has been stripped of all its furniture and

the communion-table has been handed over to a neighbouring Roman Catholic church as useless. The pulpit has been removed to the centre of the nave, thus blocking the view, while the beautiful, carved choir-stalls are stuck opposite it; in fact, the whole place looks as though some ruthless Goths had turned things upside down and no one had had the energy to try to restore a little order. As for attending service there, one would as soon think of sitting down to read in a room which was being house-cleaned. It would be impossible to sit quietly in one's pew. One would either have to try to do something or go to sleep. After all, this last would be easily achieved, for of all the services I have ever attended none equalled in dullness, dreariness and monotony the lifeless and soporific performances at Swiss churches. There are two principal Protestant bodies, the National Church and the Free Church. In the former, the service and music are of a heaviness and lugubriousness unimaginable until experienced. In the Free Church the sermon is the principal thing, and a long affair it is. In these churches the authorities have tried to make the singing a little brighter, and with this end in view have adopted many of Moody and Sankey's tunes, but they are sung so slowly that did you not already know them by heart you would forget one note before the next was sung. Such hymns as "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "I Need Thee Every Hour" are droned out like a funeral march, and a suggestion of singing them faster immediately marks one as an aider and abettor of the works of darkness. The Swiss lecturer before quoted said: "Something must be done to make our services more attractive, especially to the young people. The American churches have a power of which we know nothing."

Sunday seems to be almost an unmanageable day and the great question is what can be done to fill up the time. Any pleasures or pleasant duties are put on one side and kept for that day. It is often said, "It is a pity to do that to-day, we can do it on Sunday." On this principle the elections take place on Sunday, school feasts and distributions of prizes are held, and gymnastic exhibitions given. The following advertisement is from a Lausanne paper:

"Young People of Mont!
Grand Ball,
Sunday, January 23rd, 1898!
beginning at four o'clock,
at the Café Central!
Good Wine! Brass Band of Mont!
Beginners cordially welcomed."



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

SWISS WOMEN WASHING IN THE STREET.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

SWISS WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS.

Very often miniature fairs with merry-go-rounds and bands disturb the peace of the day of rest, and as the cafés and beer-shops are open all day long the streets are anything but quiet, even up till midnight.

One of the things that strikes one most in the Swiss towns and villages is the immense number of saloons. It must be understood that a Swiss café or brasserie differs a little from our bar-room. It is said that in Switzerland these places are more like the old English taverns or coffee-houses, where men of all sorts and conditions meet to talk and read. Be that as it may, it is somewhat appalling to learn that if in Toronto, for instance, there were the same number of these places in proportion to the population as there are in a Swiss town of which I have the statistics, the Queen City of Ontario would have nearly two thousand instead of one hundred and fifty. Certainly drunkenness, from all I can learn, is one of the great vices of the Swiss people. Many are awakening to this fact, and are doing what they can to stem the tide of evil.

It is impossible, in a short account like this, to enter into many questions which in the details would be interesting, such, for instance, as the system of military service. There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every man is bound to take a course of drill. There are exceptions, such as the eldest sons of widows, the employees of the post-office, railway, etc., the clergy, teachers, and any men who are physically inca-

SHOPPING IN SWITZERLAND.

Every lady who goes to market is accompanied by a boy, her own or a hired one, who carries her purchases.

pable or undersized; but all others, as soon as they are twenty years of age, are called upon to begin their course, which involves a few weeks' drill each summer for several years. Men of all classes take their drill together, living at the Barracks during that time. In this respect the Swiss are thoroughly democratic.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A VIEW FROM BARMAZ.

There are many interesting points of comparison between Canada and Switzerland in the matter of wages, salaries, and so on. Dressmaking is not a very profitable business for those who are not experts in the art. For the sum of twenty-five cents one can get a woman to sew all day, and I once paid a bill for someone who had employed two women and a machine for a week, and the total amount of the account was $3.40. What would Canadian sewing-women say to that?

SWITZERLAND - A STREET-SPRINKLER.

I would recommend school teachers to stay in Canada. The public school board in Switzerland pay their women teachers from $160.00 to $180.00 a year, and the heads of the schools are supposed to be earning a large fortune when their salaries reach the magnificent sum of $500.00. One can easily understand why the custom of living in apartments is so prevalent, why cabbages are plentiful, and why there is not that luxury in dress and house furnishings which one sees in our country, where money circulates more freely. But this simplicity of life has great charms, and it is delightful to find a place where the modern god, the Almighty Dollar, is not universally worshipped. The Swiss are a happy, contented people, living near to Nature's heart, and finding their greatest pleasures among the mountains and valleys of their land of perennial beauty.

(*To be concluded.*)

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures have been related, and this instalment narrates the closing events of the story.

XII.—THE PASSING OF HAGAR.

IT was now two years since Hagar had presented herself to the astonished eyes of Jacob Dix, and one year since the death of the old miser had left her in sole charge of the pawnshop. During all these months she had striven hard to do her duty, for the sake of the man who had taken pity on her poverty. She had toiled early and late; she had neglected no opportunity to make bargains; and she had lived penuriously the meanwhile. All moneys accruing from the business she had paid into the bank; and all accounts of receipts and payments she had placed in the hands of Vark, the lawyer. At any time that Goliath chose to arrive she was ready to hand over the pawnshop and property to him, after which it was her intention to leave.

As yet she had no idea in her head what was to become of her when the arrival of the lost heir would reduce her to the position of a pauper. It had, indeed, occurred to her that it would be best to return to her tribe again, and take up the old gipsy life. On account of Goliath she had exiled herself from the Romany tents; so when he came into his inheritance she would be free to return thereto. As a wealthy man, Jimmy Dix, *alias* Goliath would not care to spend his life in roaming the country with vagrants; and thus she would be relieved of his presence. Hagar was getting very tired of the shop and the weary life of Carby's Crescent; and often the nostalgia of the roads came upon her. Several times of late she had wished that Goliath would claim his heritage, and relieve her of the irksome task which she had taken on her shoulders out of gratitude to Jacob Dix. But as yet the absent heir had not made his appearance.

Hagar knew very well that Eustace Lorn was looking for him. Pursuant to the promise he had given her, and expecting the reward of her hand on his return, Lorn had been these many months on the trail of the missing man. All over England and Scotland had he tramped, inquiring of gipsy, vagrant, and town scamp, the whereabouts of Goliath; but all in vain, for Goliath seemed to have vanished completely. Indeed, Eustace began to fear that he was not in the United Kingdom, else he would certainly have heard of him, or the man would have seen in the newspapers the advertisement inquiring for his whereabouts. From time to time Eustace wrote to Hagar of his ill success, and received replies wherein she expressed her detestation of the shop, and requested him to continue his search; whereupon, encouraged to fresh exertions, Eustace would resume his wanderings. His adventures while thus engaged were many and various; and in the end his efforts were crowned with success.

One day, while Hagar was seated rather disconsolately in the back parlour; the side-door, which had been used by Dix for his friends who wished to dispose of stolen goods—a form of business which Hagar had abandoned—was opened boldly, and a tall man strode into the room. Hagar rose indignantly to repel the intruder, who had no right to enter by that way, but—on seeing his countenance—she fell back a step.

"Goliath!" she said, with a pale face.

The tall man—he was almost a giant in point of height and size—nodded and smiled. He had closely-cropped red hair, and a rather brutal cast of countenance, by no means prepossessing. Again familiarly nodding to Hagar, who recoiled from him in aversion, he seated himself in a large armchair by the fire which formerly had been used by dead Jacob Dix.

"My father's chair," said he with a grin. "I have come to take possession of it, my dear."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Hagar, recovering the use of her tongue. "Certainly it was about time, Mr. Dix."

"Don't call me Mister, or Dix, my dear! To you I should always be Goliath—your Goliath."

"Indeed you shan't!" retorted Hagar in a spirited manner. "I hate you now just as much as I did when you forced me to leave my people."

"That is uncommon cruel of you, seeing as you have been wearing my shoes all this time!"

"I have been wearing your father's shoes, you mean, and for your benefit solely. I did so simply because your father was good enough to take me in, after you had exiled me from the Romany."

"Oh, I know all about that, Cousin Hagar. We're cousins, ain't we?"

"Yes; and we are likely to continue cousins. But I'm tired of this sparring, Goliath. Where have you been all this time, and how did you learn that your father was dead?"

"Where I've been I'll tell you later," replied Goliath, rendered surly by the attitude of Hagar; "and as to how I knowed the old 'un was gone—why, a cove called Lorn told me just after I got out."

"Got out!" cried Hagar, noting the queer wording of the phrase; "so you have been in prison, Goliath!"

"You're a sharp one, you are!" grinned the red-haired man. "Yes, I've been in quod, though I didn't intend to tell you so yet. I was Number Forty-three till a week ago, and they ticketed me for horse-coping. I got two years, and was took just arter you gave me the slip in New Forest; so now you know how I didn't see your noospaper notice about the old 'un kicking the bucket."

"You might speak of your father with more respect!" said Hagar in a disdainful tone; "but what can one expect from a convict?"

"Come, none of that, cousin, or I'll twist your neck."

"You dare to lay a finger on me, and I'll kill you!" retorted Hagar fiercely.

"Yah! You're as much a spitfire as ever!"

"More so—to you!" replied the girl. "I hate you now as I did when I left my tribe. Now you have come back, I'll go."

"And who is to look after the shop?"

"That is your business. My task here is ended. To-morrow I'll show you all the accounts——"

"Won't you share the property with me?" asked Goliath in a wheedling tone.

"No, I shan't! To-morrow you must come with me and see Vark, to——"

"Vark!" echoed Goliath, starting to his feet; "is it that old villain who is to hand me over my tin?"

"Yes; your father employed him, so I thought——"

"Don't think! there ain't no time for thinking! Job! I'd better get my money afore the head of old Vark is stove in!"

"What do you mean?" asked Hagar, bewildered by his tone.

"Mean!" echoed Goliath, pausing at the door. "Well, I was in quod, as I told ye; there I came across Bill Smith——"

"The mandarin customer?"

"Yes; we managed to talk—how, it don't matter to you; but I guess, when Bill Smith's out of quod, that Yark is bound for Kingdom-come. And Bill Smith *is* out!"

"What!" shrieked Hagar, alive at once to the danger which threatened the lawyer. "Out! Escaped?"

"That's the case. He got away last week, and they ain't got him yet. I'd best go and tell Vark to load his pistols. I don't want the old villain choked until I get my property square You come, too, cousin."

"Not just now. To-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do for me!" growled Goliath. "You come to-day, quick!"

"Oh," said Hagar disdainfully, "it is no use your taking that tone with me, Goliath. I must get ready my accounts to-night; and to-morrow, if you come here, I'll take them with you to Vark. When everything is set out to your satisfaction, you can enter into your property at once."

"Then you won't come now?"

"No; I have given you my answer."

"You'd best give me a pound or two," said Goliath crossly. "I'm cleaned out, and I need money to get a bed for the night. You are as obstinate as ever, I see; but if you won't come, you won't. But I'll go and see Vark myself and tell him about Bill Smith."

After which speech Goliath, with money in his pocket, went off to see the lawyer, cursing Hagar freely for her obstinacy. The man entirely forgot how she had devoted herself these many months to looking after his property; all he thought of was that he loved her now as much as he had done in the old days, and that she was still set on having nothing to do with him. Had she been an ordinary girl, he might have broken her spirit; but it was useless to attempt bullying with Hagar. She could give as good as she got; and this great hulking Goliath could only admire and desire this spirited gipsy girl who disdained him and his money.

"Well," said Hagar to herself as she saw the last of him, "I have had one unexpected visitor; so by all the laws of coincidence I should have another to-day I never knew one strange event happen without another following on its heels."

Hagar did not think precisely in so bookish a fashion, but the gist of her ideas was as above; and this proved correct before nightfall, at which time the unexpected second event duly occurred. This was none other than the arrival of Eustace Lorn, who entered the shop with a smile on his lips and a love light in his eyes. The girl knew his step—by some intuition of love, no doubt—and rushed to meet him with outstretched hands. These Eustace clasped ardently in his own; but as yet—so dignified was the attitude of Hagar—he did not venture to kiss her. His speech was warmer than his actions.

"Hagar! my dear Hagar!" he cried in rapture, "at last I have come back. Are you not glad to see me?"

"I am delighted!" replied Hagar, beaming with pleasure—"more delighted than I was to see Goliath."

"Ah! he has returned, then? I found him at last, you see; and I recognized him from your description."

"He did not tell me of your meeting, Eustace."

"Oh, it was in this way," replied Lorn, as they entered the parlour together. I had searched for him everywhere, as you know, but could not find him. Where he has been all these months I cannot say, as at our interview he refused to tell me."

"Perhaps he had a good reason for his silence," said Hagar, noting the fact that Goliath had kept quiet about his prison experiences.

"I dare say," laughed Lorn. "He looks a scamp. Well, I was down near Weybridge, resting by the roadside, when I saw a tall, red-haired man passing. Remembering your description of Jimmy Dix, I felt sure that it

was him; and I called out the name 'Goliath.' To my surprise, instead of stopping he took to his heels."

"Ah, he had a good reason for that also."

"Not an honest one, I am afraid. Well, I ran after him, and in spite of his long legs I managed to catch him up. Then he showed fight; but when I explained who I was, and who you were, and how his father had died and left a fortune, Goliath grew quiet and friendly. He fraternized with me, accepted the loan of a few shillings—which was all I could spare—and took himself off to London. You have seen him?"

"Yes; and to-morrow I make up my accounts and give him over his property. Then I shall be free—free! Oh!" cried Hagar, stretching her arms, "how delicious it will be to be free once more—to leave this weary London, and see the sky and stars, sunrise and sunset—to hear the birds, and breathe the fresh air of the moors! I am going back to my tribe, you know."

"I don't know," said Eustace, taking her hand; but I do know that I love you, and I have an idea that you love me. In this case, I think that instead of going back to your tribe you should come to your—husband."

"My husband—you!" cried Hagar, with a charming blush.

"If you love me," said Eustace, and then was quiet.

"You leave the burden of proposing on me," cried Hagar again. "Well, my dear, I will not hide from you that I do love you. Hush! let me go on. I have seen but little of you, yet what I have seen I have loved, every inch of it. I can read faces and estimate character better than most, and I know that you are a true, good, honourable man, who will make me, a poor gipsy, a better husband than I dared to expect. Yes, Eustace, I love you. If you care I will marry you—"

"Care! Marry me!" said Lorn, in rapture. "Why, my angel—"

"One moment," interrupted Hagar more seriously. "You know that I have no money, Eustace. Jacob Dix did not leave me a penny. I refuse to take anything from Goliath, who wants to marry me; and to-morrow I leave this shop as poor as when I came into it two years ago. Now, you are poor also; so two paupers are foolish to marry."

"But I am not poor!" cried Eustace, smiling—"that is, I am not rich, but I have sufficient for you, and to lead the life we love."

"But the life I love is the gipsy life," objected Hagar.

"I also am Romany by instinct," said Eustace, joyously. "Have I not led the life of a vagabond these many months while looking for Goliath? See here, my dearest girl; when I left you I sold the Florentine Dante to a collector of books for a goodly sum. With the money I bought a caravan, and stocked it with books suitable for the country folk. All this time, my dear, I have been travelling with my caravan from town to town, earning my living by selling books; and I find it, really and truly, a very profitable concern. I ask you to be my wife—to share my caravan and gipsy life; so if you—"

"Eustace!" cried Hagar, joyfully, and threw her arms round his neck. That was all; the situation adjusted itself between them without further words. When the pair stepped out into Carby's Crescent to see the caravan—it was round the corner—they were already betrothed. For once in this world the course of true love was running smoothly. To marry Eustace; to live in a caravan; to wander about the country in true Bohemian fashion—Hagar could conceive of no sweeter existence. At last she was rewarded for her toils in the pawnshop.

"This is our future home, Hagar," said Eustace, and pointed at the caravan.

It was a very spick and span vehicle, painted a light canary colour, picked out with pale blue; and on either side was inscribed—also in azure—the legend, "E. Lorn, Bookseller." A sleek grey horse in brown harness was between the shafts; and the windows of

the caravan were barred with brass rods and draped with the whitest of curtains. Hagar fell in love with this delightful Noah's Ark—as Eustace playfully called it—and clapped her hands. As it was about six o'clock and twilight, the street was almost emptied of people, and Hagar could indulge in her raptures to her heart's content.

"O Eustace, Eustace! 'Tis beautiful! 'tis perfect!" she cried. "If it is as neat within as without, I shall love it dearly!"

"You'll make me jealous of the caravan," said Eustace, rather uneasily. "But don't look inside, Hagar."

"Why not?" said she, stopping short.

"Oh, because, because——," he began in confusion, and then stopped. Hagar looked at the door of the caravan, and Eustace turned his eyes in the same direction. It opened slowly, and a face—a brutal white face—looked out. The man to whom this visage—it was covered with a hairy growth of some days—belonged peered out at Eustace; then his gaze wandered to Hagar. As the light fell on his sullen looks, she gave a cry; the man on his side uttered an oath, and the next moment, dashing open the door, he had leaped out, and, brushing past the pair, was racing down the street which led from Carby's Crescent into the larger thoroughfare. Eustace looked surprised at this sudden flight, and turned an inquiring look on Hagar, who was pale as sculptured stone.

"Why are you so pale?" he said, taking her hand; "and why did my friend run away at the sight of you?"

"Your friend?" said Hagar, faintly.

"Yes; for the first time being, at all events. He is only a poor tramp I found near Esher the other day. He was lying in a ditch half-dead for want of food, so I took him into my caravan, and looked after him till he got better. He asked me to take him up to London; and I was about to tell you about him when he ran away."

"Why did you not wish me to look into the caravan?"

"Well," said Eustace, "this tramp seemed rather nervous; I'm afraid a bad life has told on the poor soul. A strange face always made him afraid, and I thought that if you looked in suddenly he might be alarmed. As it is——"

"As it is, he was alarmed when he did see me," burst out Hagar. "He well might be, as I know him!"

"You know him—that tramp?"

"Tramp! He is a convict—Bill Smith—the one I wrote to you about."

"What! that blackguard that was engaged in the mandarin swindle!" cried Eustace, taken aback—"that stole those diamonds! I thought he was in prison!"

"So he was; but he escaped last week. The police are looking for him."

"Who told you this, Hagar?"

"Goliath. He was in prison also, for horse-stealing; but he has just been let out—a few days ago. Bill Smith—Larky Bill as they call him—broke out about the same time, and he wants to kill Vark, the lawyer."

"Then I have unconsciously helped him to escape justice," said Lorn in vexed tones. "I really thought he was a tramp; had I known who he was I would not have helped him. He is a brute!"

"He'll be a murderer soon!" cried Hagar, feverishly. "For heaven's sake, Eustace, repair your error by going to Scotland Yard and telling them that the man is in London! You may be able to prevent a crime."

"I'll go," said Eustace, getting on to the driving seat of the caravan. "I'll see about this to-night, and return to talk to you to-morrow. One moment"—he leaped down again—"a kiss, my dear."

"Eustace! there are people about!"

"Well, they didn't stop Bill Smith running away, so they won't object to a kiss between an engaged couple. Good-bye, dearest, for the last time. To-morrow we meet to part no more."

It was in a considerable agitation that Hagar returned to her pawnshop. The coming of Goliath, the arrival of

Eustace, the unexpected escape of Bill Smith—all these events crowded so rapidly into her life—in the space of an hour, as one might say—that she felt unnerved and alarmed. She did not know what the next day might bring forth, and was particularly careful in locking up the house on this night, lest the escaped convict should take it into his head to enter therein as a burglar. The next twelve hours were anything but pleasant to Hagar.

With the daylight came more assurance; also Vark and Goliath. The lean lawyer was much agitated at the news of the escape, and feared—as well he might—that his miserable life was not safe from so bitter an enemy as Larky Bill. However, his fear did not prevent him from attending to business; and the whole of that morning Hagar was busy explaining accounts and payments and receipts to Vark and Goliath. The lawyer tried hard to find fault with the administration of Hagar; to pick holes in her statements; but, thanks to the rigid honesty of the girl, and the careful manner in which she had conducted her business, Vark, to his great disgust, was unable to harm her in any way. Everything was arranged fairly, and Goliath expressed himself quite satisfied with the statement of his property. Then he made a speech.

"It seems that I have thirty thousand quid," said he exultingly; "also a pop-shop, which I'll give the kick to. With the rhino I can set up as a gent ——"

"That you can never be!" retorted Hagar scornfully.

"Not unless you look arter me. See here, you jade, when I was poor you said naught to me; now I am rich you——"

"I say the same, Goliath. When you were an honest man I refused you; now you are a felon I——"

"Was a felon," corrected Goliath. "I'm out of quod now."

"Well, I won't marry you. I hate you!" cried Hagar, stamping her foot; "and indeed, if you must know, I'm going to marry Eustace Lorn."

"What! that puppy?" cried Goliath in a rage.

"That man—which you aren't! I'll live in a caravan and sell books."

Here Goliath broke out into imprecations, and was hardly restrained from violence, so enraged was he. He swore that for her years of service he would not give Hagar a penny; she would leave the pawnshop as poor as when she entered it.

"I intend to," said Hagar coolly. "I shan't even take the mourning I wore for your father. My red dress is good enough for the caravan of Eustace; and to-morrow I'll put it on, and leave the pawnshop forever."

This was all that Goliath could get out of her. He offered to settle the money on her, to go in a caravan round the country if she wished it; but all to no purpose. Hagar had surrendered her stewardship in such wise that not even Vark, who hated her, could find a flaw in the accounts. These things being settled, she declared that she was going away with Eustace, after one more night in the pawnshop. First the altar and the marriage service; then the caravan and the country; and from this programme Hagar never swerved.

That same evening Eustace came to see Hagar, and told her that he had given notice at Scotland Yard of Smith's escape, and that the police were now looking for him. While they were talking over this, Vark, pale and scared-looking, made his appearance. He told the engaged pair a piece of news which astonished them not a little.

"I went to the police about Smith," said he, rubbing his lean hands together, "and I found out that not only one convict escaped, but two."

"Two!" cried Hagar; "and the second?"

"Is Goliath—your friend Jimmy Dix. He got three years, not two; and he broke prison with Larky Bill."

"What a fool to come here!" cried Eustace, recovering from his surprise.

"On the contrary, I think he was very wise," said Hagar; only I knew him as Goliath, and under that name

he was arrested and sentenced. As James Dix, the heir of Jacob, the owner of thirty thousand pounds, no one would suspect him of being an escaped convict. But how did he get rid of his prison clothes?"

"The police told me," grinned Vark. "The two broke into a house and stole suits to fit 'em. Bill Smith was caught in a steel trap, so hid in the ditch where Mr. Lorn found him. Goliath came up here boldly to get his money. If I hadn't heard his description at Scotland Yard I should never have suspected him."

"Did you tell them he was here?" asked Lorn sharply.

"No; but I'll do so unless he gives me half his money—fifteen thousand pounds. If he does, I'll smuggle him over to America. If he doesn't——"

"Well," said Hagar, "if he doesn't, you Judas?"

"I'll give him up to the police."

"You beast!" cried the girl furiously, "you low reptile! You make capital out of everything. Goliath has done nothing to you but kindness; why, he warned you about Smith, and so gave himself into your hands; yet you would betray him!"

"I thought you hated the man!" quavered Vark, astonished at this outburst.

"So I do; but I think you might let him enjoy his money in peace. If he has been in gaol, he hasn't deserved half so much as you."

"I want half his money," said the lawyer sullenly.

"What good will it do?" asked Lorn. "Bill Smith may kill you."

"I'm not afraid of him!" snapped Vark, turning pale nevertheless. "I have Bolker to stay with me at night, and I've got my pistols. Besides, the police are after Bill, so he won't come here."

"Yes, he will," said Hagar, throwing open the door; "he'll gladly give his own neck to twist yours. Get out of this place, Judas! You poison the air!"

Vark whimpered and protested, but Hagar drove him out and locked the door on him. When in the street he turned round and shook his fist at the house wherein dwelt the woman he now hated as much as he had loved. She had escaped his toils, she had run clear of the traps he had laid for her; and now, having discharged her trust towards the dead, she was going out into the wide world with the man she loved, poor indeed as regards worldly wealth, but rich in the possession of Lorn's honest heart. No wonder Vark was wrathful.

The house in which Vark lived was down by the river, and near that ruinous wharf whither Bill Smith on a certain memorable occasion had dragged Bolker. It was a gloomy, ramshackle mansion, which had seen better days in the early part of the century, but now it was given over to the lawyer, his deaf old housekeeper and the rats. On the present occasion Bolker was staying there also, by desire of Vark. The wretched solicitor, who had sold so many thieves, and who was now terribly afraid of one, insisted that the lad should stay by him, in case of need. But Nemesis was not to be tricked in in that way.

Passing through the gloomy streets on his way to this den, Vark, who had grown a trifle hard of hearing, did not hear the stealthy footfalls of one who stole after him; nor did he see a shadow gliding close at his heels. It was a windy night, and the moon was veiled on occasions by a rack of flying clouds. The lawyer walked slowly on, until he ascended the flight of worn steps which led to his hall door. As he did so, a black cloud swept before the moon, and lingered there so long that Vark could not find the keyhole. When he did so, the door blew open with a crash, and Vark measured his length on the stone pavement of the hall. Bill Smith saw his opportunity of entering the house unnoticed, and flew swiftly up the steps, and past the prostrate man, who was so confused by his fall that he did not know of the man flitting by. At this moment Bill could have killed Vark easily; but he judged that the hall, with the open

door, was too public; moreover, he wished to get into the room where the lawyer kept his safe. Vark disposed of, Bill intended to open the safe with his keys, and then escape well laden with plunder. But of these dark plans against his life and moneys Vark was ignorant.

As he gathered himself up and closed the door, his housekeeper came down the stairs with a candle. Grumbling at her for being late, Vark made her precede him into a little room at the back, looking on to the river. Larky Bill took off his boots, grasped the knife he carried, and followed the old man and woman. When he looked through a crack of the door into the room, he started back and swore under his breath, for therein were Bolker and Goliath. Bill began to think he would not be able to kill Vark after all.

He hid in a dark corner as the housekeeper re-passed him on the way up the stairs, and then returned to his 'vantage point near the door of the room, where he could both hear and see. What ensued made him more resolved than ever to kill Vark. Such an ungrateful bloodsucker, thought Bill, did not deserve to live.

"I am glad to see you here," said Vark to Goliath, who rose at his entry. "You got my note asking you?"

"Yes, or I shouldn't be cooling my heels in this hole of yours!" growled Goliath savagely. "What do you want?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds," said Vark tersely.

"Half the money left by the old 'un! And why?"

"Because I know you bolted from gaol," replied Vark coolly, "and that the police are looking for you."

"Do you intend to give me up?" asked Goliath, grinding his teeth.

Vark rubbed his hands. "Why not?" he snarled. "I gave up Bill Smith and got the reward; but I'd rather have half your money than put you in gaol again.

"I've a mind to kill you."

"Oh, I'm not frightened," said Vark with an ugly look. "Bolker sits here, and Bolker has pistols. You can't kill me."

"No; I'll leave Bill Smith to do that," said Goliath coolly.

"Bah! I'm not afraid of that ruffian!"

Before Goliath could reply there was a roar like an angry beast's, the door was burst violently open, and Bill Smith, knife in hand, hurled himself into the room. Vark yelled shrilly like a rabbit caught in a trap, and the next moment he was dashed to the ground by the infuriated convict. Bolker sprang past the pair crying for the police, and flew through the passage, out of the hall door, and into the windy night. His shrieks roused the neighbourhood.

In a flash Goliath saw a chance of gaining a pardon by saving Vark from being murdered. He threw himself on Bill, who was striking blindly with his knife at the struggling lawyer, and strove to wrench him off.

"Let be, curse you!" shrieked the convict. "He sold me; he said he'd sell you! If I swing for it, I'll kill him!"

"No, d—n you, no!"

Goliath plucked the wretch off the prostrate man like a limpet off a rock; and then commenced a furious struggle between the pair. Vark, wounded and covered with blood, had fainted away. The next moment, while Smith and Goliath were swaying together in a fierce embrace, the room was filled with policemen, brought hither by the shrieking Bolker. Seeing them enter, Bill, wrenching himself free of Goliath, snatched up a revolver that Bolker had left on the table when he fled, and fired two shots at the prostrate body of his enemy.

"Yah! Brute! Curse you!"

Then he returned to the window which overlooked the river, and keeping the police at bay with the pistol, he wrenched it open. Goliath sprang forward to seize him, but Bill, with a howl of rage, dashed the revolver in his face.

"Curse you for rounding on a pal!"

The next moment he had swung

himself out of the window, and those in the room heard the splash of his heavy body as it struck the waters of the Thames.

. . . . . .

Two months after the foregoing event, a caravan, painted yellow and drawn by a grey horse, was rolling along one of the green lanes leading to Walton-on-Thames. It was the beginning of spring, and the buds were already running along the leafless branches of the trees, while the sharpness of the air was tempered by a balmy breath fore-telling the advent of the warm months of the year. Beside the caravan tramped a tall, dark man arrayed in a rough suit of homespun, and near him walked a woman with an imperial carriage and lordly gait. She wore a dress of dark red, much stained and worn; but her eyes were full of fire, and her cheeks healthy. The pair were of humble condition, but looked contented and happy. As the horse plodded onward in the pleasant sunlight, the two talked.

"So Vark died, after all, Hagar?" said the man gravely.

"As you know," she replied, "the pistol shots killed him; and Bill Smith was drowned in the river as he attempted to escape. He gave up his life to compass his revenge."

"I am glad Goliath was pardoned."

"Oh, as to that," said Hagar indifferently, "I am neither glad nor sorry. I think myself that he only strove to save Vark in order to gain pardon."

"Well, he got what he wanted," said Eustace reflectively.

"He wouldn't if the public hadn't taken the matter up," retorted Hagar; "but they made him out a hero. Nonsense! As if Goliath was the man to forgive Vark, who intended to sell him. Well, he is free now, and rich. I dare say he'll lose all his money in dissipation. He had much better have held on the pawnshop, instead of giving it up to Bolker."

"Bolker is very young to have a business."

"Don't you believe it," replied Hagar drily. "Bolker is young in years, but old in wickedness. He bought the pawnshop business with the reward he got from Lord Deacey for restoring the diamonds. Bolker will grind down the poor of Carby's Crescent, and develop into a second Jacob Dix."

"You are glad to be away from the pawnshop?"

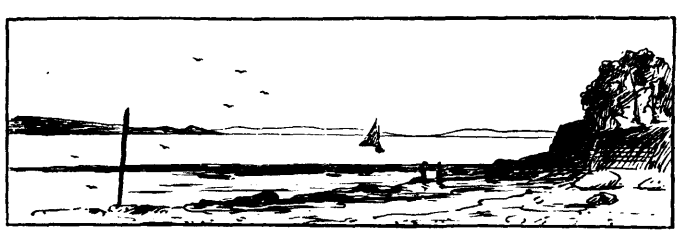
"I should think so!" she replied, with a loving glance at Eustace. "I am glad to leave dirty Lambeth for the green fields of the country. I am a gipsy, and not used to the yoke of commerce. Also, my dear, I am glad to be with you."

"Are you indeed, Mrs. Lorn?" said her husband, laughing.

"Yes! Mrs. Lorn," repeated Hagar very sedately. "I am Mrs. Lorn now, and Hagar of the pawnshop, with all her adventures, is a phantom of the past."

Eustace kissed her, and chirruped the horse onward. They passed down the lane, across the dancing shadows, and went away hopefully into the green country towards the gipsy life. Hagar of the Pawnshop had come to her own at last.

[THE END.]



THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE night was not a very tempting one, and I would gladly have remained indoors by my cheerful fireside, with my good pipe between my teeth. Newspaper men, however, have not much choice in the selection of their goings out, and as I was due at the office of the *Daily Chronicle* at ten o'clock to write out the notes of an afternoon meeting, I slipped into my waterproof; and then, lighting my briar, I stepped out into the street.

It was a wild, dark night in November. The wind, increasing in violence as the night grew on, swung the electric lights and swirled the dirty paper and dead leaves in the street in a most erratic manner. The fall rain, cold and pitiless, beat smartly into my face, but putting my head down I shouldered my way through the storm as best I could.

Instead of taking the main street to the office, I turned into a miserable lane that led to the office by a much shorter route. Few people were abroad. An occasional wretched woman or drunken man went muttering past. The flaring street lamps shed but a feeble light. I was used to the locality, however, and soon traversed half the length of the lane. I was passing a dilapidated-looking hovel when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a figure fell headlong down the steps and landed at my feet with a groan. I stooped down hurriedly, and by the uncertain light saw a young man, evidently a foreigner. Blood was streaming from a wound in his breast, and a hasty examination showed me that it was evidently mortal. The injured man tried to speak, but the attempt ended in a ghastly moan, and gently easing his head down on the sidewalk, I rushed to the nearest side street for assistance. Fortunately I soon found a policeman, and returning we together lifted the prostrate form to the steps. I seized the bell and gave it a sharp pull. The echoes sounded hollow and ghostly through the hall, but no one appeared in answer. By this time a curious knot of people had gathered around us, and the officer finally telephoned for the patrol and had the man conveyed to the nearest hospital. He was quite dead, however, upon his arrival there.

Well, I had a two-column story in the *Chronicle* next morning, and a "scoop" at that. A curious fact about the wound was that it was inflicted in an upward direction, and the thrust had evidently been given with a delicate blade, as the puncture was small, but very deep. An Italian, I thought. An Italian, I knew, always delivered a knife thrust with an upward blow instead of a downward stroke.

Next morning I was at the scene of the tragedy very early, in company with two detectives; but though a diligent search was made of the premises, the guilty party, or parties, could not be found. The neighbours could tell little or nothing. True, two men and a girl had been living in the house for a week or so previous, but nothing was known of their movements except that they remained indoors most of the day, and left the house about dusk, as a rule.

When leaving the house that morning I carelessly glanced at the sidewalk, with an involuntary shudder as I thought of the bleeding form that lay there a few hours previous. As I did so, I noticed for the first time a curious mark on the wood. Stooping down I saw that an attempt had been made to outline the letter "B," but the form was incomplete. The tracing had evidently been made in blood with the finger, and might have been performed while I was in search of the policeman. Looking more carefully I noticed a small cross, written with the same red fluid. A Romanist, poor fellow, thought I. He had evidently made

this sign when Death was marching upon him. But why the letter "B"? I pondered long over the matter, and then the thought struck me that the wounded man had probably been trying to write the name of his slayer, and finding his strength failing had given up the attempt. The marks were well-nigh obliterated by the action of the rain the night before, but I studied them long and carefully, and while doing so noticed another mark just above the cross. It was in the form of a half-circle, but narrowing towards the ends. This still seemed to have no significance to me until, rising to my feet in great perplexity, I saw that the rude half-circle had the appearance of the upper part of a human head. This puzzled me still more, and, calling the detectives, I drew their attention to the markings. They were equally mystified, and we came to the conclusion that they were merely some written forms of religious worship.

The tragedy and the mysterious scrawl on the sidewalk kept the papers busy for a week or so, but gradually the excitement died away and was forgotten for a time. All the efforts of the detectives to ferret out the mystery were fruitless.

About six months after the occurrence I was assigned to write up a strike of miners in the district of H——, some two hundred miles distant. I arrived at my destination early in the evening, and after arranging for a room at an hotel I started out on a tour of investigation.

Seeing a crowd of men in miners' dress entering a well-lighted building, I strolled in and found myself in a room half-saloon, half-parlour; in fact, a veritable "Free and Easy."

The company was a mixed assemblage of Italians, Swedes and Poles, but the greater number appeared to be of the former nationality, and tough-looking customers they were. While standing near the bar my thoughts flew back to T—— and the mystery of six months ago. Somehow, as I found myself in that crowd of rough, swarthy-looking miners, I felt a tremour of fear run through me, though I am not a coward at heart. My eyes kept following a young man dressed in a rough suit of clothes, plentifully besprinkled with coal dust. They did not appear to suit him, however, as in complexion he was pale, and his hands, though grimy, were small and delicate. He leaned against the bar and called for a glass of spirits. While thus engaged, a young girl, with a dark shawl thrown over her head, opened the door quietly and looked in. Her dark eye quickly singled out the man I was so intently observing. Gliding up to him she exclaimed in a low voice, though loud enough for me to hear: "Beppo!" With an angry curse the fellow turned on her, then, recollecting himself, he consumed the rest of the spirits, and, seizing her by the arm, hurried her from the room.

Not knowing exactly what I did, or why I did it, I hastened after them, and caught them as they were at the door. Pretending the crowd around had jostled me, I managed to knock off his peaked cap. The flaring gas-jet over the door lighted up his swarthy features, and just where the black hair joined his forehead I saw an ugly, seared mark, in shape resembling a rude cross. The sight startled me to such an extent that I almost shouted aloud; but concealing my feelings as best I could I picked up his cap and handed it back to him, with a show of great humiliation. He took it from me with a growl of anger, then, with the girl on his arm, shuffled out into the night.

Turning up the collar of my coat hastily, and pulling down my hat, I waited for a moment until they were well out of the lights, then I quietly followed them. I saw them as I emerged from the building. They were just turning into an alleyway about one hundred yards from the saloon. Hurrying after them, and shielding myself as best I could, I watched them enter a house near the end of the alley. When I thought they were safely housed I glided softly up and took the number of the building, and just then I no-

ticed a long, low shed at the other side. I slipped into it, and was glad I had done so, as from it I could see the window of the house into which they had entered. Seating myself on a bundle of old rags and papers I watched the window intently, eagerly. The blinds were down, but I could see the figures in an indistinct way. I must have been sitting there upwards of an hour, and was revolving in my mind what action to take, when I heard a piercing scream that came from the interior of the house. The sound almost froze my blood, but jumping to my feet I dashed at the door of the house, and with almost superhuman strength burst it open. As I did so I distinctly remember shouts in the street behind me, and heard running feet. I found myself in a darkened hall, but beneath a door at the end I saw a light. I opened this, and, with no other weapon but my stout stick, dashed in. A form lay on the floor of the room, wrapped in a black shawl. I had no time to think, however, as before I could collect my thoughts a man dashed at me, and I saw, flashing in his hand, a thin steel blade. I struck at him viciously, but missed, and then I felt him close with me. I struggled violently, and had him about winded when I felt a sharp, stinging sensation in my side. Then I lost consciousness, and knew no more, for some time at least.

When I recovered a police officer was pouring water upon me, and two others were in the room. Huddled beneath a black shawl were the two people I had followed to the house. The girl was quite dead when the officers burst into the room. They found me with a wound in my side, and the Italian (as he proved to be) standing at bay in the room. He resisted arrest, and attacked the officers with his stiletto in such a determined manner that they were obliged to shoot him. I turned back the shawl, as soon as I was recovered sufficiently to sit up, and looked at his face. His thin lips were compressed in a hideous scowl, and the cross on his forehead stood out more prominently than ever. But the secret of the mysterious tragedy died with him.

B. Kelly.

MIDSUMMER IN MUSKOKA.

HOW cool the breeze that sways the balmy pines,
And rocks our birch canoe beneath their shade,
While drifting idly where the bitterns wade
Toward their nests as day's red orb declines.
On yonder bank the wild-grape's tangled vines
Give forth mellifluence of some strange bird,
That pipes its vespers that they may be heard
Among the gods of all the island shrines.

O how delightful are the Northern Lakes!
How near to God in these His solitudes!
Let us forget Ambition's clamorous throng,
And pitch our tent nigh where the cascade breaks.
Here but the trapper or the deer intrudes,
For here is Paradise the summer long.

William T. James.

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

IX.—THE FATHERS OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT (1792-1847).

IT has been already shown in the seventh paper of this historical series, that by the beginning of the present century there were representative institutions in the five provinces of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. It was asserted authoritatively that the object of the Imperial Government was to give the colonial peoples a system as like as possible to that of England. So far as having a permanent head of the executive and a council to advise the governors and a legislature composed of two houses, there was some similarity between the English and Canadian constitutions. The essential differences, however, lay in the absence of any responsibility on the part of the executive councils to the people's assemblies, and in the little or no control allowed to the latter over the revenues, expenditures and taxation of the country. It would have been more correct to state that the Canadian system of those early times bore a likeness to the old colonial system in its latest phases when the Crown-appointed governors were constantly in collision with the representative bodies.

Up to 1838, when the Constitution of Lower Canada was suspended on account of political difficulties, the government of the provinces was administered by the following authorities, their power being, generally speaking, in the order we have given them :

A Secretary of State in England, who had the supervision of the Colonial Governments.

A Governor-General of Canada, and Lieutenant-Governors in the other provinces, the latter being practically independent of the former, and acting directly under Imperial instructions and commissions.

An Executive Council, appointed by the foregoing officials and owing responsibility to them alone.

A Legislative Council, composed for the most part of executive councillors appointed for life by the Crown, that is to say, practically by the governors.

A Legislative Assembly, elected by the people on a restricted franchise, claiming but exercising little or no control over the government and finances of the provinces.

In the provinces by the sea there was no formal division between the executive and legislative councils as in the upper provinces, but the legislative council exercised at once legislative and executive functions. The governing body in all the provinces was the legislative council, which was entirely out of sympathy with the great body of the people and with their immediate representatives in the assembly. It held its position by the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, and possessed a controlling influence with the governors, not only by virtue of its mode of appointment, but from the fact that its most influential members were also executive councillors. In the contest that eventually arose in the working out of this political system between the governors and the

assemblies for the control of the revenues and expenditures, and the independence of the judiciary, and other questions vitally affecting the freedom and efficiency of government, the legislative council in every province was arrayed as a unit on the side of prerogative, in opposition to the elected or popular body, which more than once became arrogant and even unconstitutional in its efforts to obtain greater power.

It is easy, then, to understand that in all the provinces, and especially in Lower Canada, to the very day of Papineau's insane revolt, the efforts of the popular leaders were chiefly directed to the breaking down of the power of the legislative council and to the obtaining from the Imperial authorities of a change in its constitution. The famous ninety-two resolutions of 1834, which embodied in emphatic phrases the real or fancied grievances of the popular majority of French Canada, do not directly or indirectly refer to the English system of having in Parliament a set of ministers responsible to and dependent on the majority of the popular house, but make a fierce onslaught on the upper chamber. Even in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the opinion of the leaders of the popular body appears to have hesitated for a while between a change in the constitution of the legislative council and the creation of a responsible ministry. Mr. Howe, and other Liberal leaders, however, eventually recognized the fact that it was only by the adoption of the English system in its entirety that public grievances could be redressed and the constant strain on the public mind removed. In Upper Canada, also settled by Englishmen imbued with the spirit of English institutions, public men gradually found that unless the executive and legislative branches were brought into harmony by the adoption of such principles as had been broadly laid down after the revolution of 1688, and had been developing themselves in England ever since, no mere change in one branch of the legislature would suffice. Had William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the extreme Radical party, been content with legitimate constitutional agitation in this wise direction, and not allowed his personal and political passion to have mastered his reason, Upper Canada would have been spared much misery, and some unfortunate men, misled by a rash leader, would have saved their lives and probably taken an active and useful part under the happier condition of things that ensued with the concession of responsible government.

In Canada the people had to work the system of responsible government practically out of their own experiences. Until, however, the necessity of applying the system to the colonies became obvious even in the eyes of English statesmen, the governors of the provinces were from the very nature of things so many autocrats, constantly in collision with the popular element of the country. In some respects the governors of those days were to be pitied. Little versed, as many of them were, in political science, and more learned as they were in military than in constitutional law, they might quite naturally at times give expression to a little impatience under the working of a system which made them responsible to the Imperial authorities, who were ever vacillating in their policy, determined to keep the colonists in leading-strings, sometimes ill-disposed to sift grievances to the bottom, and too often dilatory in meeting urgent difficulties with prompt and effective remedial measures. The secretaries charged with colonial administration were constantly changing in those days, and little fame was to be won in England by the study and consideration of colonial questions. It is quite certain that, until the time of Lord Durham, no Governor-General or Lieutenant-Governor ever thoroughly appreciated the exact position of affairs in Canada, or even suggested in a despatch a remedy that would meet the root of the evil and satisfy the public mind.

The necessary change was brought about with rapidity when the difficulties

of the long strained and neglected situation in Upper and Lower Canada culminated in the uprisings of malcontents in those two provinces. In Lower Canada, the conflict between the people's House, in which the French Canadians had an overwhelming majority, and the executive authority assisted by the Legislative Council, in which the official and English-governing class dominated, was intensified to a bitter degree by a war of races. Louis Joseph Papineau, unsafe and brilliant, excited a small number of his impulsive countrymen to take up arms. But the revolt was soon stifled by the energetic measures of General Colborne. In Upper Canada, where all power had been practically for years in the hands of a selfish, aristocratic clique of officials and their friends, William Lyon Mackenzie, who had little of the sound judgment and calmness of his canny race, attempted to seize the government, but he failed at the very outset and soon found himself an outlaw across the border of the American Republic, where in the course of time he alienated the sympathies of its citizens also.

It is not necessary, even if it were possible within the limits of this short paper, to review the salient features of that unhappy conflict between political parties which eventually ended in the shedding of blood and the destruction of much valuable property. For years in French Canada the struggle was notable for the attempted impeachment of judges by the popular House—always for political and inadequate reasons—the refusal to grant a permanent civil list to the Crown, the rejection of the supply bill and other measures by the Legislative Council, on the ground, sometimes well-founded, that they were in antagonism with the rights of the Crown and the existing constitution. Before the outbreak of the revolt the Imperial authorities had practically yielded to all the demands of the popular House for the control of the public funds and expenses, but Papineau and his friends were not even then prepared to listen to conciliatory propositions. They did not desire the constitutional remedy of an executive council responsible to the Legislature, and indeed had it been offered them it is doubtful if they would have understood its full significance. They were clamorous for an elective Upper House because they knew they could have a large majority in that body, as well as in the assembly, to obey their dictates. In their rash decision to grasp all power in their own way, they alienated a number of influential English-speaking people, who were on their side so long as they followed a course of legitimate and loyal agitation against positive public grievances. Many French Canadians of influence and discretion were also driven to oppose the rash action of their compatriots, and the same is true of the Bishops and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church.

In Upper Canada the financial difficulty never assumed such a troublesome phase as in the Lower Province, but was gradually settled on a satisfactory basis. The political situation, however, was aggravated by the existence of many abuses in the administration of public affairs. Partisan rancour was intensified by the favouritism that was shown to the Church of England, (notably by Sir John Colborne in the establishment of rectories) which claimed the sole right to the Reserves, granted for the support of a Protestant Clergy by the Constitutional Act of 1791. The majority of the aristocratic governing party, or "Family Compact," as it was derisively called on account of a connection by marriage or birth between some of its members—a connection, however, more imaginary than actual—had among its most influential members Bishop John Strachan, famous for a Scotch tenacity of purpose and a rigidity of Toryism which would not abate a jot or tittle of what he believed to be the just pretensions of his Church, and—which came next—his party. Some allowance must be made for the violent antipathy which was felt against—as they considered—republican and democratic

principles, by the more prominent leaders and supporters of the dominant party, some of whom were descendants of the Loyalists who had suffered so severely during the American Revolution. Sir Francis Bond Head, when Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, made use of this loyal sentiment by declaring British connection and British principles of government in peril, and brought about the defeat of the Reformers at a critical stage of the constitutional struggle. Consequently he created an intense bitterness of feeling, which culminated in the revolt of Mackenzie and a section of his party, who believed that they would expect no fair treatment whatever from the Imperial authorities or their representative. Lord Durham sympathized obviously with the moderate Reformers generally, and had only words of condemnation for the policy of the selfish oligarchy that controlled the Government, but at the same time he did not hesitate to describe the insurrection as having been "as foolishly contrived and ill-conducted as it was wicked and treasonable." We who know the political history of Robert Baldwin, of Peter Perry—a descendant of a Loyalist and the founder of the Reform party—and of other eminent Reformers, can well agree with the distinguished Liberal statesman that the insurrectionary movements which did take place were "not indicative of any deep-rooted disaffection," and that "almost the entire body of the Reformers of this Province sought only, by constitutional means, to obtain those objects for which they had so long peaceably struggled, before the unhappy troubles occasioned by the violence of a few unprincipled adventurers and heated enthusiasts."

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had always pursued a constitutional agitation, and by the time of the arrival of Lord Durham, as a High Commissioner, authorized to enquire into public matters in the Canadas, Mr. Howe and his friends had succeeded in obtaining the redress of not a few grievances. Lord Durham and his chief adviser, Charles Buller, immediately understood that an elective Legislative Council was not the true panacea which would cure the body politic of its grievous sores, and the result of their inquiries was a report which, in its clear and impartial statement of the political difficulties of the country, and in its far-reaching consequences, must take place among the great charters and state documents that have moulded the English constitution. While urging the reunion of the Canadas, a revision of the constitution of the Legislative Council, the giving up of the Crown revenues to the legislature on the concession of an adequate civil list, the securing of the independence of the Judges by the tenure of good behaviour and security of income, the settlement of the clergy reserves and the initiation of money votes by the Crown; the authors of this able report recognized that these and other reforms would be incomplete except on the following fundamental condition of government:

"I know not how it is possible to secure harmony in any other way than by administering the government on those principles which have been found perfectly efficacious in Great Britain. I would not impair a single prerogative of the Crown; on the contrary, I believe that the interests of the people of these provinces require the protection of prerogatives which have not hitherto been exercised. But the Crown must, on the other hand, submit to the necessary consequences of representative institutions; and if it has to carry on the government in union with a representative body it must consent to carry it on by means of those in whom that representative body has confidence."

In Lord Russell's despatches of 1839—the sequence of Lord Durham's report—we can clearly see the doubt in the minds of the Imperial authorities whether it was possible to work the system on the basis of a governor directly responsible to the parent state, and at the same time acting under the advice of ministers who would be responsible to a colonial legislature. But the Colonial Secretary had obviously come to the opinion that it was necessary to make a radical change which would ensure greater harmony between

the executive and the popular bodies in the provinces.

"Her Majesty," he states emphatically in one of his despatches, "had no desire to maintain any system of policy among her North American subjects which opinion condemns," and there was "no surer way of earning the approbation of the Queen than by maintaining the harmony of the executive with the legislative authorities." Mr. Poulett Thomson—at a later time Baron Sydenham—was the Governor-General expressly appointed to carry out this new policy. If he was extremely vain, at all events he was also astute, practical and well able to gauge the public sentiment by which he should be guided at so critical a period of Canadian history. He believed that the council should be one "for the governor to consult, and no more," and, voicing the doubts that still existed in the minds of Imperial statesmen, he added, the governor "cannot be responsible to the government at home," and also to the legislature of the province. Lord Sydenham, however, soon found, after he had been for a while in the country, and had frequent opportunities of consulting with the leaders of the popular party, who well knew the temper of the country at large, that if he wished to accomplish the union successfully he would have to temporize, at the least, and disguise his own conception of the best way of carrying on the government of the country.

When the Assembly met it was soon evident that the Reformers in the body were determined to have a definite understanding on the all-important question of responsible government, and the result was that the Governor-General, a keen politician, immediately recognized the fact that, unless he yielded to the feelings of the majority, he would lose all his influence. It is well known that the resolutions which were moved by Mr. Harrison—the Provincial Secretary in the Draper-Ogden Ministry — and eventually passed, in favour of responsible government, in amendment to those moved by Mr. Baldwin, had the full approval of Lord Sydenham before their introduction.

The close of the first legislature of Canada, after the union of 1841, saw responsible government virtually adopted in that province as the fundamental basis of its political system, although for a few years its development was in a manner retarded by the ill-advised efforts of Lord Metcalfe (who came fresh from India, where English officials were so many mild despots) to assert the prerogatives of the head of the Executive in the spirit of times which had passed away.

The critical period of responsible government in the Maritime Provinces, as well as in Canada, extended from 1839 to 1848. In New Brunswick Sir John Harvey, the Lieutenant-Governor, at once recognized in Lord John Russell's despatches "a new and improved Constitution"; and by a circular memorandum informed the heads of departments that thenceforward their offices would be held by the tenure of public confidence. Unfortunately for Nova Scotia there was at that time, at the head of the Government, a brave but obstinate old soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, who had petrified ideas on the sanctity of the prerogatives of the Crown, and honestly believed that responsible government was fraught with peril to Imperial interests. At last such a clamour was raised about his ears that the Imperial Government quietly removed him from a country where he was creating dangerous complications.

Nova Scotia had been making steady headway towards responsible government as a result of the changes that were made by Lord Glenelg (truly described as "one of the most amiable and well-disposed statesmen who ever presided over the colonial department") in the position of the legislative, council which was at last separated from the executive authority. But the executive council was very far from being in accord with public opinion, and its members had no political sympathy with each other. The Governor's friends predominated and acknowledged no responsibility to the

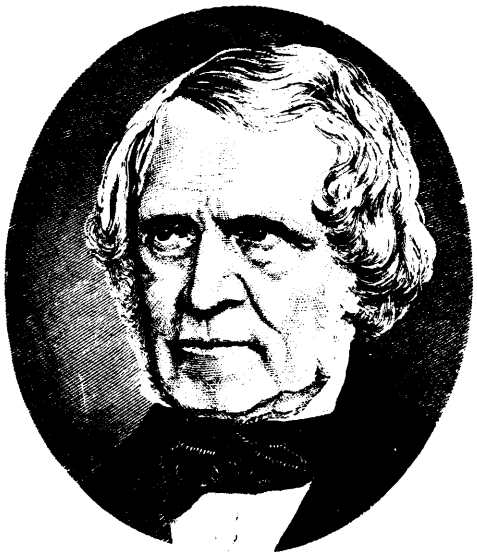
LORD DURHAM.

LORD ELGIN.

assembly. When Lord Falkland was appointed Lieutenant-Governor in 1840, there was every expectation that he would exhibit that tact and judgment which were so essential at a time when a new system of government was in course of development, and it was necessary to respect the aspirations of the popular party. But the choice of Lord Falkland was in many respects unfortunate. He used every possible effort to oppose the development of responsible government, and in doing so threw himself into the arms of the party that had so long ruled in social and political life in Nova Scotia. The history of the contest in Nova Scotia became interesting as soon as the Governor began to develop his reactionary policy. The father of responsible government in Nova Scotia, Mr. Joseph Howe, was a poet as well as an orator, and it is curious to note that Nova Scotia has given birth to the few humourists that Canada can claim. Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was a Nova Scotian, and Mr. Howe, who was the first to publish his writings, had also a deep sense of humour which was constantly brightening his speeches and writings. Some of the most patriotic verses ever written by a Cana-

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

LOUIS J. PAPINEAU—AT AGE OF 70.



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

dian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively very few persons now-a-days in Canada recollect those once famous satirical attacks upon Lord Falkland which gave great amusement to the people throughout the Province, and made the life of that nobleman almost unbearable.

In the "Lord of the Bed-chamber"—an allusion to the position formerly held by Lord Falkland—we have a ludicrous report of an interview supposed to be held at a critical time, when votes were wanted, between the Lieutenant-Governor and one of his political friends. The latter at last suggests a method of settling matters quite common in those old times:

"Suppose," and his voice half-recovered its tone,
"You ask them to dinner," he cried,
"And when you can get them aloof and alone,
Let threats and persuasion be tried.

"If you swear you'll dissolve—you might frighten a few,
You may wheedle and coax a few more,
If the old ones look knowing, stick close to the new,
And we yet opposition may floor."

This advice was obviously palatable to his lordship.

"I'll do it, my D—dy; I'll do it this night;
Party government still I eschew;
But if a few parties will set you all right,
I'll give them, and you may come to.

"The Romans of old, when to battle they pressed,
Consulted the entrails, 'tis said;
And arguments, if to the stomach addressed,
May do more then when aimed at the head." *

* The writer has often thought that a very interesting chapter might be written on the influence of dinners in the politics of Canada. Cabinets, no doubt, have been sometimes moulded and changed as a result of a dinner or two at a house of some astute statesman. I remember well the frequency of dinners about the time it was necessary to bring obstinate Nova Scotia into confederation, and General Williams, of Kars, was sent to Halifax for the express purpose of accomplishing that object, so much desired by the English and Canadian Governments. I am quite sure that around that warrior's table, over the nuts and wine, more than one doubting member from the country felt his opposition to union waver, and the General was able to add a fresh chaplet to that he had won at the eastern fortress amid the thunder of cannon and the misery of famine. I often think that not a few

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

JOSEPH HOWE, IN 1866.

In this way the political fighters of the Maritime Provinces diversified the furious conflict that they fought with the lieutenant-governors and the Tories, and it was certainly better that the people should be made to laugh than hurried into an insurrection.

Lord Metcalfe left the country a disappointed and dying man, and Lord Falkland was stowed away in the East, in Bombay, where he could do little harm; and with the appointment of Lord Elgin to Canada, and of Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek, to Nova Scotia, and with a clear enunciation on the part of Earl Grey of the rules that should govern the conduct of governors in the administration of colonial affairs, the political atmosphere cleared at last, and responsible government became an accomplished fact. As Lord Durham, by his clear exposition of the necessity of responsible government, laid the foundations of the present system, so his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, a statesman of signal ability and discretion, perfected it during his exceptionably able administration of public affairs. Since those days Canadians have had a succession of governors who have endeavoured to carry out honestly and discreetly the wise colonial policy which was inaugurated at the union of 1841, and the difficulties which Lord John Russell anticipated have disappeared, or rather have never actually occurred, in the practical operation of a system of government which has proved itself the best safeguard of Imperial interests.

THE HON. ROBERT BALDWIN.

In the history of the past there is much reason to deplore the blunders of English ministers, the want of judgment on the part of governors, the selfishness of "Family Compacts," the arrogance of office-holders, the recklessness of Canadian politicians. But the very trials of the crisis through which Canada passed brought out the fact that, if English statesmen had mistaken the spirit of the Canadian people, and had not always taken the best

Canadian members of Parliament accustomed to early dinners, domestic habits, and early retirement attribute to the "bad ventilation of the Commons Chamber," what is probably the effect of the very elaborate *cuisine* which is now a well-established adjunct of our system of parliamentary government. In the course of time some of our high functionaries of State, like the famous Brillat-Savarin, may be best remembered, not for their knowledge of political economy, but for their skill in gastronomy.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D.C.L.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

methods of removing grievances, it was not from any studied disposition to do these countries an injustice, but rather because they were unable to see until the very last moment that, even in a colony, a representative system must be worked in accordance with those principles that obtained in England, and that it was impossible to direct the internal affairs of dependencies many thousand miles distant through a Colonial Office, generally managed by a few clerks. These very trials proved that a great body of the people had confidence in England, giving at last due heed to the complaints, and that the sound sentiment of the country was represented, not by Mackenzie or Papineau, who proved at the last that they were not of heroic mould, but rather by the men of cool judgment and rational policy, who throughout this critical period of Canadian history believed that constitutional agitation would best bring about a solution of the difficulties which had so long agitated the provinces.

Of all the conspicuous figures of those memorable times, which already seem so far away from us, who possess so many political rights, there are several who stand out more prominently than all others, and represent the distinct types of politicians who influenced the public mind during the first part of this century. Around the figure of Louis Joseph Papineau there has always been a sort of glamour which has helped to conceal his vanity, his rashness and his want of political sagacity, which would have, under any circumstances, prevented his success as a safe statesman, capable of guiding a people through a trying ordeal. His eloquence was fervid and had much influence over his impulsive countrymen, his sincerity was undoubted, and in all likelihood his very indiscretions made more palpable the defects of the political system against which he so persistently and so often justly declaimed. He lived to see his countrymen enjoy power and influence under the very union which they resented, and find himself no longer a leader among men, but isolated from a great majority of his own people, and representing a past whose methods were antagonistic to the new regime that had grown up since 1838. It would have been well for his reputation had he remained in obscurity on return from exile, and never

SIR L. H. LAFONTAINE.

stood on the floor of a united parliament, since he could only prove, in those later times, that he had never understood the true working of responsible government. The days of reckless agitation had passed, and the time for astute and calm statesmanship had come. Lafontaine, Morin and Cartier were safer political guides for his countrymen. He soon disappeared entirely from public view, and in the solitude of his picturesque chateau, amid the grove that overhangs the Ottawa River, only visited from time to time by a few staunch friends, or by curious tourists who found their way to that quiet spot, he passed the remainder of his days with a tranquillity in wondrous contrast to the stormy and eventful drama of his life. I have often seen his noble, dignified figure—even erect in age—passing unnoticed on the streets of Ottawa, when perhaps at the same time there were strangers, walking through the lobbies of the Parliament House, asking to see his portrait.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY.

"The Hero of Stoney Creek"; afterwards Governor of Newfoundland.

William Lyon Mackenzie is a far less picturesque figure in Canadian history than Papineau, who possessed an eloquence of tongue and a grace of demeanour which were not the attributes of the little peppery, undignified Scotchman who, for a few years, played so important a part in the English-speaking province. With his disinterestedness and unselfishness, with his hatred of political injustice and oppression, Canadians who remember the history of the constitutional struggles of England will always sympathize. Revolt against absolutism and tyranny is permissible in the opinion of men who love political freedom, but the conditions of Upper Canada were hardly such as justified the rash insurrection—for it never rose to the dignity of a rebellion—into which he led his deluded followers, many to misery and some to death. But even if allowance can be made for the desperate resolve which carried him into revolt at a moment of intense passion against the intrigues of the oligarchy led by Sir Francis Head, every one must condemn without reservation the want of patriotism and the spirit of revenge which he showed when he took his stand on the Niagara frontier, and encouraged bands of ruffians to invade the province where there was at no time any great body of people prepared to dissever their relations with the parent state. Mackenzie lived long enough to regret these sad mistakes of a reckless period of his life, and, like Papineau, he returned to Canada to find himself entirely unequal to the new conditions of political life where a large constitutional knowledge, a spirit of moderation and a statesmanlike conduct could alone give a man influence in the councils of his country. One historian has attempted to elevate Dr. Rolph at his expense, but a careful study of the times of those two actors in a stirring drama will lead most fair readers to the conclusion that even the reckless

ness of Mackenzie was preferable to the double-dealing of his more wily colleague.

Joseph Howe, too, died about the same time as Papineau—after the establishment of the Federal Union. Unlike the majority of his compeers, who struggled for popular rights, he was a prominent figure in public life until the very close of his career. All his days, even when the spirit was sorely tried by the obstinacy and indifference of some English Ministers, he loved England, for he knew — like the Loyalists, from one of whom he sprung — after all, it was in her institutions his country could best find prosperity and happiness. It is an interesting fact that among the many able essays and addresses which the question of Imperial Federation has drawn forth, none in its eloquence, breath and fervour can equal his great speech on the Consolidation of the Empire. The printer, poet and politician, died at last at Halifax, the lieutenant-governor of his native province, in the famous old Government-house, admittance to which had been denied him in the stormy times of Lord Falkland. A logical ending assuredly to the life of the statesman, who, with eloquent pen and voice, in the days when the opinions he held were unpopular in the homes of governors and social leaders, ever urged the right of his countrymen to exercise that direct control over the government of their country which should be theirs by birth, interest and merit.

C. POULETT THOMPSON, LORD SYDENHAM.

One of the most admirable figures in the political history of the Dominion was undoubtedly Robert Baldwin. Compared with other popular leaders of his generation, he was calm in council, unselfish in motive, and moderate in opinion. If there is some significance in the political phrase "Liberal-Conservative," it could be applied with justice to him. The "great ministry," of which he and Louis Hyppolite Lafontaine — afterwards a baronet and Chief Justice--were the leaders, left behind it many monuments of broad statesmanship, and made a deep impression on the institutions of the country. Mr. Baldwin, too, lived for many years after his retirement from political life, almost forgotten by the people for whom he worked so fearlessly and sincerely.

Other notable figures in old Canada during the early days of responsible government were Mr. A. Norbert Morin and Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Hincks, who made a considerable impression on the material and political development of the country.

In New Brunswick the triumph of responsible government must always be associated with the name of Lemuel A. Wilmot, the descendant of a famous U. E. Loyalist stock, afterwards a judge and a lieutenant-governor of his native province. He was in some respects the most notable figure, after Joseph Howe and J. W. Johnston, the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Nova Scotia, in that famous body of public men who so long brightened the political life of the Maritime Provinces. But neither those two leaders nor their distinguished compeers, James Boyle Uniacke, William Young, John Hamilton Gray and Charles Fisher, all names familiar to students of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick history, surpassed Mr. Wilmot in that magnetic eloquence which carries an audience off its feet, in versatility of knowledge, in humorous sarcasm, and in conversational gifts, which made him a most interesting personality in social life. He impressed his strong individuality upon his countrymen until the latest hours of his useful career.

In Prince Edward Island, the name most intimately connected with the struggle for responsible government is that of George Coles, who, despite the absence of educational and social advantages in his youth, eventually triumphed over all obstacles, and occupied a most prominent position by dint of unconquerable courage and ability to influence the opinions of the great mass of people.

In the working out of responsible government for the last half century there stand out, clear and well-defined, certain facts and principles which are at once a guarantee of efficient home government, and of a harmonious co-operation between the dependency and the central authority of the empire. In the first place, the misunderstandings that so constantly occur between the legislative bodies and the Imperial authorities on account of the latter failing so often to appreciate fully the nature of the political grievances that agitated the public mind, and, on account of their constant interference in matters which should have been left exclusively to the control of the people directly interested, have been entirely removed in conformity with the wise policy of making Canada a self-governing country in the full sense of the phrase. These provinces are, as a consequence, no longer a source of irritation and danger to the parent state, but, possessing full independence in all matters of local concern, are now among the chief sources of England's pride and greatness.

As a result of the system of responsible government, the Governor-General, instead of being constantly brought into conflict with the political parties of the country, has gained in dignity and influence since he has been removed from the arena of public controversy. He now occupies a position in harmony with the principles that have given additional strength and prestige to the Throne itself. As the legally-accredited representative of the Sovereign, as the recognized head of society, he represents what Bagehot has aptly styled "the dignified part of our constitution," which has much value in a country like ours where we fortunately retain the permanent form of monarchy in harmony with the democratic machinery of our Government. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Governor-General is a mere *roy fainéant*, a mere ornamental portion of a political system, to be set to work and kept in motion by his council. Lord Elgin, the ablest of constitutional governors, has left it on record that in Jamaica, where there was no responsible government, he had not "half the power" he had in Canada "with a constitutional and changing Cabinet." This influence, however, was "wholly moral, an influence of suasion, sympathy and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the aims of local politics." If the Governor-General is a man of parliamentary experience and constitutional knowledge, possessing tact and judgment, and imbued with the spirit of his high vocation — and these high functionaries have been notably so since the com-

mencement of Confederation—he can sensibly influence, in the way Lord Elgin points out, the course of administration, and benefit the country at critical periods of its history. Standing above all party, having the unity of the empire at heart, a governor-general can, at times, soothe the public mind, and give additional confidence to the country when it is threatened with some national calamity, or there is distrust abroad as to the future. As an Imperial officer he has large responsibilities of which the general public have naturally no very clear idea, and if it were possible to obtain access to the confidential despatches which seldom see the light except in the Colonial Office—certainly not in the lifetime of the men who wrote them—it would be seen how much, for a quarter of a century past, the colonial department has gained by having in the Dominion men no longer acting under the influence of personal feeling, through being made personally responsible for the conduct of public affairs, but actuated simply by a desire to benefit the country over which they preside, and to bring Canadian interests into union with those of the Empire itself.

Finally, to sum up the results of responsible government, the effects on the character of public men and on the body politic have been for the public advantage. It has brought out the best qualities of colonial statesmanship, lessened the influence of mere agitators and demagogues, and taught our public men to rely on themselves in all crises affecting the welfare and integrity of the country. Responsible government means self-reliance, the capacity to govern ourselves, the ability to build up a great Nation on the northern half of the North American continent.

(To be continued.)

WILSON BARRETT.

WILSON BARRETT has made more conquests and achieved more triumphs than usually fall to the lot of the average author, actor or playwright. While natural endowments have assisted, hard work has accomplished this pleasant feat. The early cultivation of his artistic traits made him what he is to-day, or rather laid a very solid foundation for it. Born in Essex, England, in 1846, he made his theatrical début at Halifax, and in 1874 became lessee of the Amphitheatre at Leeds. In 1879 he assumed the management of the Court Theatre, London, and two years later of the Princess Theatre. As may readily be supposed, he is a thoroughly capable manager and one of vast experience.

Mr. Barrett made his great popularity as Harold Armytage in "The Lights of London," playing this rôle for over 200 nights. He appeared as Wilfrid Denver in "The Silver King" for 300 consecutive nights. This, surely, is a record of which to be proud. His chiefest success, however, that which has come to him later in life and doubtless the more lasting, was accomplished in "The Sign of the Cross," of which he is the author. The energy, charm and fascination of this play are apparent, and it was the means of reconciling innumerable ministers of innumerable denominations to the theatre. It received its initial performance at St. Louis, on the 26th of March, 1895, and caused a tremendous sensation, although there were a few dissenting voices. Subsequently it was presented in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Memphis, creating unusual attention. Then across the water it was taken, and in August of the

same year, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, was seen in England for the first time. After a successful tour of the provinces, Mr. Barrett made his reappearance in London at the Lyric Theatre. Here the piece scored another enormous hit, ran for over a year, and this season was revived at the Shaftesbury Avenue playhouse. It has been translated into nearly every language, and was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, early last spring. Caroline Barrett, Wilson Barrett's niece, daughter of his brother Robert, has been playing the rôle of Mercia in one of the touring companies with marked success, it is said.

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, BOSTON

WILSON BARRETT.

Among the countless expressions of admiration which the author has received is this warmly appreciative letter from Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who was himself a dramatic enthusiast :

HAWARDEN CASTLE, Aug. 8, 1896.

MY DEAR SIR,

We have just returned from witnessing the performance of your "Sign of the Cross" to a very crowded afternoon audience in the theatre at Chester, where we were received with the utmost courtesy and kindness.

I was aware that this was a daring operation on my part after ceasing to attend the theatre some years ago on account of the condition of my sight and hearing, but I was anxious to render this feeble tribute of acknowledgment to your important and high aimed effort. Both the acting and the rich mounting appeared to me, so far as I could judge, to do very high credit to the performers and the manager, respectively.

Though little weight can justly be attached to my judgment, I cannot but think the piece displays a strong dramatic spirit and a lofty aim, and much judgment and tact as well as force in the management of a difficult dialogue.

You seem to me to have rendered, while acting strictly within the lines of the theatre, a great service to the best and holiest of all causes, the cause of Faith. The audience, which showed remarkable self-government even in the smaller points, appreciated most highly the passages which were most directly associated with this service and with the fundamental idea of the piece.

And I rejoice to hear of the wide and warm approval which the piece has received, most of all because its popularity betokens sound leanings and beliefs in the hearts of the people, and show that you acted wisely as well as boldly in placing your reliance upon them.

I offer you sincere congratulations, and thank you for making me, with my party, your guests to-day.

I remain, my dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

WILSON BARRETT, ESQ.

"The Sign," unquestionably, has proved a mascot to the author, for this success was followed by still another, when a novel founded upon the play issued from the press; and which, in the public mind, divides honours with the play. The sale of this work has been large, and the author received $5,000 outright, besides a royalty. The book has gone into its second edition, and the publishers have arranged with Mr. Barrett for a novel founded upon his drama, "The Daughters of Babylon." This piece contains no less than thirty-three characters, and was brought out at the Lyric early in the year, and although the advance booking was considerably in excess of $60,000, the expense in connection with it was such as necessitated its withdrawal from the boards in April. Public opinion is divided as to the relative merits of "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Daughters of Babylon." The latter play is powerful, vigorous and full of dramatic instinct. The dialogue, too, is forceful and interesting, while magnificent scenic effects and costumes in all the beauty of their Oriental gorgeousness lend an air of splendour rarely seen. The representation of the plains of Babylonia, dazzling in sunshine or pale in the brilliant starlight, is both artistic and picturesque, which applies likewise to the entire drama.

WILSON BARRETT AS MARCUS SUPERBUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Mr. Barrett, with Mr. Clement Scott, is part author of "Sister Mary," in which our own Julia Arthur played the title rôle some years ago. A later production is "The Wishing Cap," also written in collaboration. The dramatization of Hall Caine's celebrated novel, "The Manxman," made a telling production, and brought both fame and fortune. In a recent revised version of Sheridan Knowles' "Virginius" several important changes were introduced for the betterment of the piece, while at present Mr. Barrett is engaged on a new play, which has for

its theme the story of "The Prodigal Son."

Personally Wilson Barrett is as attractive as he is clever, and in manner splendidly unassuming, a man, indeed, of exceptional grace and refinement. He possesses a combination of likeable and honourable characteristics, besides a pleasing personality, a gentle nature and superb talent. A fine generosity is his, and unfortunate actors have not a better or more willing friend than Wilson Barrett. He particularly likes Canada, and regrets he will not visit it again for nearly two years. Speaking of our Canadian troops, who made such a gallant showing in the Jubliee procession, he says:

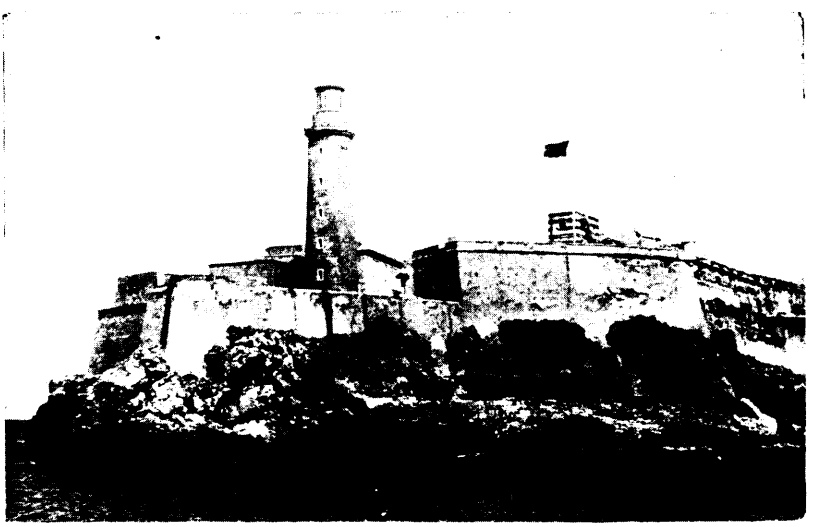
"It would have cheered the heart of a Canadian to have heard the splendid ovation given to the Premier and the magnificent fellows Canada sent to represent her in the procession. They evoked and deserved tremendous enthusiasm. Canada may well be proud of such sons. England glories in such kinsmen."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the poet and writer of those forcefully put "Retrospective Reviews," is at present at work on "The Stage Life of Wilson Barrett." This should make a distinctly interesting book. No higher tribute could be paid the distinguished Englishman than that which Mr. John Truron voices:

"To purify the stage, that the stage might raise men, to go straight to the source of high emotion, to bring together the old and the new natures till each told the truth of the other, to bring the 19th century face to face with the first,—this seemed to me heroic. And more so because great actors and good men said it was impossible, for the English playgoer was best caught with broad pieces and the things which he would condemn in the real life of his own home. Many a tragedian preferred the things that made for good, but their audience seemed of another mind. We only seemed so; at the bottom of our hearts all the time there was a scorn of base thoughts, and a kindling to whatever is pure and true and honourable and lovely, although we did not always know it. And when "The Sign of the Cross" reached us we knew its kindred touch, and the story found itself at home. So we thank Mr. Wilson Barrett for his work; his success seems to be ours. His success is the mother of plays that live, and ideas of life that make men live."

What need to say more? Only that the name and memory of Wilson Barrett will outlive even his greatest and most excellent good work.

Margaret O'Grady.



THE MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

THE FIRST CANADIAN STAMPS.

Issued April 6th, 1851; 3d. red, 6d. purple or black lilac, 12d. black. The last is the most valuable of all Canadian stamps, a good specimen being worth from $300 to $400.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF CANADA.

THE difficulties of internal communication in British North America about fifty years ago can hardly be realized now by the person who has become accustomed to the use of the telephone, the telegraph, the railway, and our admirable postal system. Then the most expeditious method of sending messages or of travelling was by steamboat or stage coach in summer, and by sleighs in winter. In 1853 it took ten and a half days for a letter to go from Quebec to Detroit; in 1857, after the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, it took but forty-nine hours.

The postal accommodation was poor and the rates of postage were excessive. Just previous to 1850 the rate on a single letter (without an envelope) not exceeding one half ounce in weight was 4½d. currency for 60 miles and under; 7d. for 60 to 100 miles, and it increased in about this proportion. The cost of sending a letter from Montreal to Toronto was 1s. 1½d. Between the Provinces and the United Kingdom the uniform charge was 1s. 2d. sterling, or 1s. 4d. currency per ½ ounce. For newspapers ½d. was the lowest rate. Notwithstanding the high rates charged, the revenue of the Post Office Department was comparatively small, because few letters were written and payment of postage was avoided by the sending of letters with friends travelling to the place to which the letters were addressed. The carrying of letters by private persons was punishable by a fine, but nevertheless it was extensively practised until the rates were lessened.

In February, 1837, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rowland Hill published his famous pamphlet, "Post Office Reform." In it sweeping changes in the management of the Post Office Department of the United Kingdom were first *publicly* advocated. The most important recommendations were, a uniform rate of postage (prepaid) of one penny, within the United Kingdom, for letters not exceeding ½ ounce in weight; and that "stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public from the stamp office or post office at such a price as to include the postage." The general use of adhesive stamps does not appear to have formed part of the original scheme, but was a suggestion to obviate the difficulty that might arise from the use of unstamped paper. Stamped envelopes and adhesive stamps had been in use *locally* in the United Kingdom and the continent many years before 1837, but for national use stamped covers date from May 1st, 1840, when they were first used by the post offices of the United Kingdom. These stamped covers, known as the "Mulready envelope," were in a few days rejected by the public, and adhesive stamps almost wholly used.

At this time the post offices of the British North American colonies were under the control of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, and neither the boon of cheap postage nor the use of postage stamps was granted to these colonies for some years although asked for. The initiative appears to have been taken by Nova Scotia. The post office commissioners of that colony,

in 1844, recommended the use of postage stamps in the colony, and petitioned the Postmaster-General of Great Britain to issue them. This petition was unheeded, but when notice was again called to it, the Government of the United Kingdom refused to grant the request, giving as an excuse that the stamps might be forged, the forgers would probably escape and a loss would be incurred. It took more than a polite refusal to repress the public men of those days in their agitations for reforms, particularly when reform appeared so necessary, and the reason for not granting it so trivial. A few years later all the British North American colonies joined in a demand for colonial management of the Post Office, and offered to account to the Postmaster-General of the United Kingdom for all letters going to or by way of the United Kingdom. The combined requisition stirred the Imperial Government to action. The time was opportune. A new colonial policy was to be given a trial. The leading men in the Imperial Parliament were beginning to recognize the fact that to retain the affections of the colonies a greater measure of self-government would have to be granted them. Consequently when petitioned on post office affairs, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament in the twelfth and thirteenth years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, entitled *An Act for enabling Colonial Legislatures to establish Inland Posts.*

After a great deal of correspondence between the various colonial governments, an agreement regarding post office management was arrived at, and an Act was passed by the legislature of each of the Colonies of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island on the lines of the agreement. The respective Acts were approved by the Imperial Government and became law in each colony in 1850 or in 1851.

THE JUBILEE DESIGN.

The main provisions of the Post Office Acts of each colony as to rates and stamps were as follows:—The rate of postage on all letters from one place to another within the four colonies to be 3d. currency for ½ oz. or under, and for a letter over ½ oz. and not over 1 oz. 6d., and so on at the same rate; letters posted in the colonies addressed to the United States, except to California and Oregon, to be rated at 6d. currency, or 10 cents per ½ oz.; to California and Oregon 9d., or 15 cents per ½ oz.; the rate to Newfoundland 7½d., 3d. inland and 4½d. packet per ½ oz.; from Nova Scotia the packet rate to be 5d.; the rate to the United Kingdom *via* United States by weekly closed mails 1s. 2d. sterling, and *via* Halifax semi-monthly 1s. per ½ oz. The equivalent currency rate was different for each colony. In all the above cases prepayment was optional.

THE SECOND ISSUE OF CANADIAN STAMPS.

The 10d. was issued in 1854, and the other two in 1857.

The Acts of all the colonies except Prince Edward Island, provided for the issue of postage stamps as an evidence of prepayment.

Sir Edmund Head, Governor of New Brunswick, suggested that the stamps of each colony should be of similar design. This suggestion was not follow-

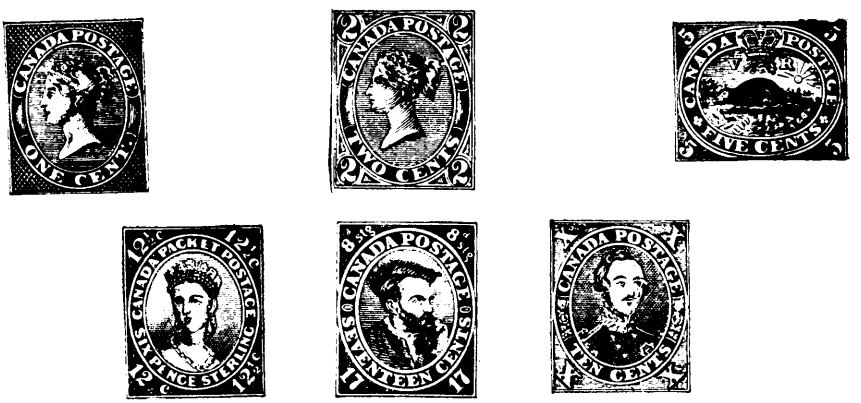
ed by Canada, but is a probable explanation of the likeness existing between the first issue of the stamps of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

CANADA.

The Act establishing the rates of postage previously enumerated was passed by the Legislature of the Canadas in 1850. The Act provided for the issue of stamps of three denominations, 3d., 6d. and 12d. They were issued to the public on April 6th, 1851. The 3d. is red or red-brown in colour, and is popularly spoken of as the "three-penny beaver." This stamp was designed by Sir Sanford Fleming, who, I believe, has the original proof in his possession. December 5th, 1854. The 10d. was issued to prepay postage to the United Kingdom, the rate per ½ oz. *via* the United States having been reduced to 8d. sterling, or 10d. currency. Although the letter rates per ½ oz. to the United Kingdom were reduced to 10d. *via* Cunard Packet and 7½d. *via* Canadian Packet in 1854, the public did not have the convenience of a 7½d. stamp until Aug. 1st, 1857. On this date a ½d. stamp was also issued.

These stamps were all imperforated and had to be cut or torn apart. In 1858 the ½d., 3d. and 6d. were issued perforated.

In 1859 the Decimal System of Currency was introduced, and this



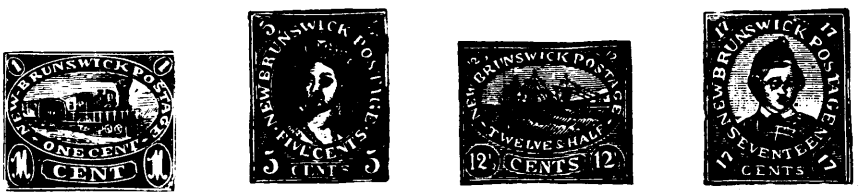
THE FIRST CAANDIAN STAMPS UNDER THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

The 6d. stamp is purple or black lilac in colour and bears the picture of the Prince Consort. The 12d. is black in colour and bears the picture of the Queen. Only about 1,500 of this last stamp were issued, and it is, consequently, the rarest and most expensive of all the Canadian stamps, a perfect specimen being worth from $300 to $400. The manner in which the value is expressed on it is not an error, as might be supposed, from it being officially called a "shilling." There were shillings of different values in circulation in various parts of the colony, and to more definitely describe the value of it "twelve pence" was used instead of "one shilling." This last stamp was withdrawn when the 10d. stamp was issued on necessitated a new issue of stamps in this system. They were of values: 1 cent, 5 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents and 17 cents. These stamps were similar in design to equivalent values in the old currency, and do not call for any minute description. It is worthy of note though that the sterling designation is retained in the 12½ cents and 17 cents, from the fact that these stamps were used to prepay postage to the United Kingdom. On August 1st, 1864, a 2 cent stamp was issued similar in design to the 1 cent. It was used to prepay "prices current" and periodicals to the United Kingdom. These stamps were used until Confederation. Those issued then will be described after those of the other colonies.

THE N.B. THREE PENNY.
ISSUED 1851.

THE N.S. PENNY AND SHILLING.

On February 10th, 1860, stamped envelopes were issued of the values of 5 cents and 10 cents. The post office authorities saw that the vital principle of the system of uniform postage was prepayment, and to secure this end they issued stamped envelopes and had recourse to a system of fines. Letters to the United Kingdom if not prepaid were fined 6d., that is, the receiver had to pay the regular rate and 6d. additional. Between any two points in Canada the rate per ½ oz., if prepaid, was 5 cents, but if paid by the receiver of the letter 7 cents was charged.



SOME OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK ISSUES OF 1860.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Legislature of New Brunswick passed an Act establishing inland posts on the 26th April, 1850, and an additional Act on 15th March, 1851. These Acts were still further defined by regulations adopted on the 7th July, 1851, the date upon which the new Acts came in force. The stamps authorized by the Act were issued on 6th September, 1851. They were of three values—3d., 6d. and one shilling. They are diamond-shaped and similar in design. These were the only stamps issued before the Decimal currency came into use.

For prepaying postage by stamps to the United Kingdom, Newfoundland, or United States, the device of bisecting the stamps on hand was resorted to. These bisected stamps are called "provisionals." The diagonal bisection of the 3d. was the most common. This does not appear to have been authorized by the Post Office Department as in Nova Scotia, but the practice was evidently not discountenanced.

On April 9th, 1860, an Act changing the currency was passed; a clause in it specified that it was to come in operation on Nov. 1st. The Postmaster-General, Hon. Chas. Connell, anticipating the change, had ordered stamps of the values of 1 cent, 5 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents and 17 cents. These stamps were received early in 1860, but it was

THE ISSUES OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE P.E.I. PENCE ISSUES.

found that the 5 cent stamp bore the portrait of Mr. Connell. This was considered irregular by the other members of the Council and the Governor, Hon. J. H. T. Manners-Sutton; consequently the Provincial Secretary, Hon. S. L. Tilley, on May 27th, informed the Postmaster-General that he had received notice from the Governor that the stamps should not be issued till approved of by the Governor-in-Council. The 5 cent stamp was not approved and a new one was ordered, to bear the picture of the Queen. On May 18th, a memo was addressed to the Governor by the Executive Council, asking him to approve of and to order to be distributed all the values but the 5 cent. This angered Mr. Connell and precipitated his resignation on May 19th, 1860. From what I can learn I believe that none of the "Connell" stamps were used regularly.

THE P.E.I. CENTS ISSUES.

In 1863 a two cent stamp was issued. This stamp was for the purpose of prepaying postage on a letter mailed and delivered in the same county, the rate having been reduced from five cents. All stamps of the cents issue were perforated and were in use until Confederation. The 10 cent stamp and the 2 cent stamp have been found bisected and used for half of the value of the whole stamp.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Act establishing Inland Posts in Nova Scotia became law by proclamation on 17th June, 1851. Stamps were issued on Sept. 1st, 1851, of the values of 3d., 6d., and one shilling. These stamps are of the same diamond shape, size and design as those of the first issue of New Brunswick, and were printed on bluish paper.

In the first months of 1853 a 1d. stamp was issued to facilitate prepayment of postage on drop letters in Halifax, and to help to make up exact

THE FIRST ISSUE AFTER CONFEDERATION.

amounts in prepaying postage to Newfoundland and the United States. In 1854, when the rate per half oz. to the United Kingdom was reduced to 7½d. currency, to save expense, no new stamp was issued, but authority was given to bisect diagonally the 3d., calling each half 1½d. Although the 3d. was the only stamp authorized to be bisected, the other values were similarly treated, and the 6d. and shilling were quadrisected.

These stamps were imperforated, and continued in use until one month after the introduction of the new stamps in the Decimal System, on Oct. 1, 1860. The new stamps were not ready on Jan. 1st, 1860, when the coinage was changed, and great confusion resulted from trying to adapt the old stamps to the new system. The issue of these stamps marks the introduction of compulsory prepayment of postage. The values of these stamps were 1 cent, 5 cents, 8½ cents, 10 cents, and 12½ cents.

On May 11th, 1863, "The County Postage Act" came in force; by it, the rate on letters mailed and delivered in the same county was reduced from 5 cents to 2 cents. On the above date a 2 cent stamp of the same design as the 5 cent was issued. The 5 cent and 10 cent are met with bisected. The cents issue were perforated, and were the last stamps issued by Nova Scotia.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Legislature of this colony passed "*An Act to Provide for the Transfer of the Management of Inland Posts*" on May 18th, 1851. As previously stated, the Act did not provide for the issue of stamps, and it was not until March 9th, 1860, that the Act was amended to provide for their issue. As a result a 2d. stamp, a 3d., and a 6d. were issued on Jan. 1st, 1861. The 2d. and 3d. were authorized to be bisected diagonally.

About May 1st, 1862, a 1d. and a 9d. were issued, and during the last months of 1867 a 4d. stamp.

On June 1st, 1870, the letter rate per half oz. to the United Kingdom was reduced to 3d. sterling, or 4½d. currency, and to prepay this rate a stamp of this value was issued. This stamp has a full-face view of the Queen's head, while all the others bear the profile view. In 1871 the currency was changed, and in 1872 a new set of stamps, in the decimal system, was issued of values of 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 12 cents. These were in use about a year, Prince Edward Island entering Confederation on July 1st, 1873.

It may be of interest to know that the original dies and plates of the 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., and 9d., 1 cent., 3 cent, 4 cent, and 6 cent, were purchased at auction from the successors of Messrs. Whiting, who were the designers and printers of these stamps, by a Mr. Tuer, a collector of objects pertaining to printing. Mr. Tuer had large offers if he would sell unconditionally, but refused, and finally disposed of them to Messrs. Tilleard and Garth, who presented them to the London Philatelic Society. This is a guarantee to collectors that the dies will not be used for any illegitimate purpose.

VANCOUVER ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver's Island was constituted a colony in 1849, and remained as a separate colony until 1866. In 1857 gold was discovered on the mainland, and in the next year a part of it was formed into a colony, called British Columbia. In 1856, Sir James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was appointed Governor of Vancouver's Island; and in 1858, when British Columbia was made a colony, he was appointed Governor of that also. He held the dual position until 1864. That the executive of both colonies was practically the same accounts for the fact that the first stamp issued was for both colonies. Its value was 2½d., and bore the picture of the Queen's head in profile to the left, "British Columbia" above, "Vancouver's Island" below. It was issued in 1861, and continued in use until 1865.

Some were imperforated and some perforated. From this date till their union in 1866 each colony had different stamps. Those of Vancouver's Island were a 5 cent rose and a 10 cent blue. The stamp in use in British Columbia was a 3d. blue.

After the union of the two colonies and the introduction of the decimal coinage, sheets of stamps printed from the same plate as the one last described were surcharged with the value in cents. These stamps continued in use until 20th of July, 1871, the date on which British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion.

It is rather a curious and interesting incident that any British stamp should do duty alongside of a United States stamp, but abundant evidences are to be seen of this. When in the early '60's, and before there was an all-Canadian route to the Pacific, letters were posted in British Columbia, via San Francisco, with British Columbia stamps; on reaching San Francisco they were again stamped with United States stamps and sent on their way, the San Francisco office charging British Columbia with this additional postage. In many cases the United States stamps completely covered those of British Columbia, and on old correspondence surprises sometimes result, for on removing Washington's picture one may possibly find that of our Queen beneath, the United States stamp having been pasted over the British stamp at San Francisco.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The confederation of the Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, on July 1st, 1867, was made the occasion of a new issue of stamps. The first Dominion of Canada stamps issued were, 1 cent for newspapers; 2 cents for "prices current" and periodicals for the United Kingdom; 3 cents for ordinary Dominion letters and those to Prince Edward Island; 6 cents for letters to United States; 12½ cents for letters by Canadian Packet; 15 cents for letters by Cunard Packet. Home talent was patronized in the production of these stamps. They were designed, engraved and printed by the British American Bank Note Co., of Montreal and Ottawa, and, although there is little variety of design, they are a very creditable production. These stamps were put in circulation in March and April, 1868. Shortly after this the ½-cent stamp was issued for the purpose of prepaying postage on periodicals sent singly, and less than one oz. in weight. The rate to the United Kingdom by Canadian Mail Steamers was reduced to 6 cents in 1870 and to 5 cents in 1875. To facilitate prepayment of this last sum a 5 cent stamp was issued on August 1st, 1875.

As the supply of those stamps was exhausted they were replaced by others very similar in design and approximately the same colours, but smaller in size.

The 12½ cent stamp was not replaced by another of the same value, as there was no necessity for it. In 1873 a 10 cent stamp was issued. In 1893 the registration rate to local points, to the United States, and to the United Kingdom was made uniform, 5 cents, and might be prepaid by any stamps whose total value was 8 cents, 5 for registration and 3 for postage. To facilitate prepayment by one stamp, an 8 cent stamp, not a registration stamp, was put in circulation.

In 1875 a 2 cent registration stamp, to prepay registration rate in Canada, a 5 cent to United States, and an 8 cent to the United Kingdom had been issued. The registration rate was additional to postage rate and could be prepaid by registration stamp only.

Postcards were first issued for the convenience of the public in 1871. Several designs and sizes, value 1 cent, have been issued since, and in addition a two cent card for writing to places in the United Kingdom has been in use since 1877. A double card (reply) for use between places in Canada has been in use since 1882.

Envelopes of the value of 1 cent and 3 cents have been in use since 1877. A few years ago, when the rate for letters, posted in cities to be delivered in the

same city provided with a regular delivery system, was increased from 1 cent to 2 cents, an envelope of the value of 2 cents was provided. In 1893 letter cards of the value of 3 cents were issued, and later of the value of 2 cents. Comparatively few envelopes or letter cards were used, the public evidently not appreciating their convenience.

One cent wrappers for newspapers are more generally used than stamped envelopes and have been in use since 1875.

THE JUBILEE STAMPS.

In June, 1897, the close of the 60th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was celebrated. To commemorate this momentous event, Canada, as well as many of the other colonies, issued a new set of stamps. The stamps of Canada have the portrait of the Queen in 1837 and in 1897 in ovals. They are all of the same design. The values are:

½ cent	1 cent	2 cent
3 cent	5 cent	6 cent
8 cent	10 cent	15 cent
20 cent	50 cent	1 dollar
2 dollar	3 dollar	4 dollar
	and 5 dollar.	

The honour of suggesting an issue of stamps to commemorate the Jubilee largely belongs to the Toronto Philatelic Club, which passed a resolution on the subject. Along with this resolution was transmitted a paper on the value of the study of philately and a suggestion that the designs of the various stamps should indicate the resources, the beauties, the emblems and the important events in the history of our country.

It is to be regretted that this latter suggestion was not acted upon as a memento and as a national advertisement. If it had been, the beauty and value of the stamps would have been greatly enhanced. To more fully recognize this it is only necessary to look at the Jubilee issue of Newfoundland, consisting of 14 stamps, ranging in value from 1 cent to 60 cents, each having a different design and each design commemorative of some historical event or personage, or indicative of some colonial sport or industry.

To minutely trace the gradual development of the postal system of Canada from Confederation until the present time would require the space in a large book. In matters of registration, transmission of money by means of money orders, the institution of a savings bank department, the free carriage of newspapers and other periodicals from the office of publication and the reciprocal arrangements with nearly every country in the world, the postal system has made giant strides. At the present time the Postmaster General's Department is one of the most important in the public service as regards the revenue produced and the wide grasp of the subject that the head of the service must have.

Taking a retrospective glance at the various stamps of Canada and associating them with the various circumstances that caused their issue, we cannot fail to recognize that each issue marked a distinct advancement in the facilities of communication between the people of the colonies themselves as well as between the colonies and the Mother Country. Macaulay has well said:

"Of all inventions, the printing press and the alphabet alone excepted, those inventions that abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies and to bind together all branches of the human family."

The benefits to be derived from the recently proposed cheapening of the latter rate between all places in the British Empire are of vital importance to the Empire as a whole, and particularly to Canada. It is hoped that the promoters of the scheme will bring to a successful issue a plan so fruitful of good to the people of the Empire.

It is a remarkable fact that governments are very slow to move in any matter that tends to preserve in some form those things that throw most

light upon the past events of the country. It is only of recent date that the archives branch was established at Ottawa by the Government of Canada. The irreparable loss sustained by not forming such a branch earlier is quite evident to anyone reading the able reports of the Archivist, Dr. Brymner. Good work is now being done by the Legislatures and the Government of Canada in collecting everything that is valuable in shedding light upon the past. I am not aware that the Government has done much in the way of preserving the various issues of stamps of the country. It is not yet too late to make a beginning, and it is hoped that an effort will at once be made by the authorities to get together a comprehensive collection of the various stamps issued in the Dominion of Canada for revenue and postal purposes.

A. C. Casselman.

THE GOLDEN GLORY.

MARK CAREY had tried a good many things during his twenty-seven years' sojourn on this sphere, but although they had brought him experience, many friends, and—he flattered himself—a wide knowledge of "men and things," unfortunately they had brought him little else. He was beginning to tire of the journalistic work upon which he had latterly been engaged with little lucrative result, when he received from England a totally unexpected legacy.

Then poor Mark's troubles began. Each one of his host of friends seemed to think it his special mission to invest and watch over that young man's inheritance, and Mark frequently found himself the silent, unconsulted, apparently only unimportant individual in a group of excited men all bent upon disposing of Carey's few thousands. Mark smiled and let them talk, but he kept his hand clasped tightly over the mouth of his money-bag and thought his own thoughts.

One afternoon he sauntered into the card-room of his club. An eager group of men were clustered round a table, almost devouring a chart which was spread out before them. They greeted Mark with noisy demonstrations of welcome, and all began to speak at once.

"Here's the thing for you, Mark," —Burke's voice rose above the rest— "We're all going into it; it's the best mine of the lot. See here, your thousands will be millions in ten years!"

Mark laughed, but before he could reply Sawyer interrupted, "I say, Carey, we're forming a joint stock company to buy out the entire mine. You must be in it—we'll make you president."

"Thanks awfully, I am sure I possess the total ignorance of the subject necessary for the position; but—'pon honour, gentlemen, I'm awfully sorry—I can't really accommodate you. My little store is already invested."

A bombshell projected suddenly into their midst would perhaps have created less astonishment. Then surprise turned to pity, for of course poor Mark's money was gone now. Poor fellow, why had he not consulted some of them!

"Did you put it in that Company I mentioned to you last week, because" —began Sawyer anxiously.

"Rest easy," Mark answered. "I know it's gone up—No, 'not there, my child, not there.'"

"That consolidated B. & C."—Burke hesitated—

"Has stopped payment, hasn't it?" finished Mark gently. "No, neither is it there, my child."

"I hope you didn't invest it in those railway shares I spoke of to you last month," cried another, "for it's too late now to realize anything out of them, as I said it would be. The stock fell to 51 to-day."

"Yes, so I read. My dear friends,

I am sure my investment will meet with your universal approval. I have bought a mine in British Columbia."

"A mine ! !"

"A mine—a poor thing, perhaps, but *mine* own."

"Mark, Mark," began Burke regretfully. "If you meant to invest in mining stock, why didn't you tell us and wait to go into this? What do you know about mines ? And a whole one, all by yourself ! My dear fellow, it's unquestionably barren ground, if it even exists—which is doubtful."

Mark laughed good-naturedly.

"I did not wait, old man, because it's not in my nature. I only heard of my mine last night, bought her this morning, and start this evening to go and claim her."

"This evening !"

"This evening. I just dropped in to say good-bye."

And thus it came about that Mark Carey shook the dust of Toronto from his feet, and arrived, one bright morning, at a desolate little spot high up in the Rockies.

"So this is the place, is it?" he asked of the man who had driven him the last twenty-five miles.

"Ay, sir, this is the Golden Glory station. It b'aint exactly what ye'd call a thickly-populated township, be it?" And a wide grin curled back towards the man's ears, dividing his broad, flat face neatly in the middle.

"That over there," he went on, pointing with his long blackthorn, "is the boardin'-house where the miners, when there be's any, puts up. There's nobody there now but old Gray and his wife as runs it. They were goin' too, but changed their minds when they heard you was comin'. Them ruins over there repersents the beginnin' and endin' of the workin' of the Golden Glory."

"And that ?" queried Mark, indicating the remaining building, a low, square cottage among the trees.

"That belongs to the owner of the Golden Glory. It's his own private reserdence." Again the grin.

"Oh, that's mine, then," cried Mark, brightening visibly. "Just drive my traps over, will you ? I'll take possession at once."

"Lots of time, Boss," said the man. "Wait till we've had our dinner. Here comes old man Gray now."

"You can speak to him. I'm going home first," cried Mark, and he set off briskly towards his "private residence."

It was a picturesque little place, with rich wild ivy straggling over it. A momentary flash of surprise swept over Mark as he perceived a thin stream of blue smoke curling out of the little chimney ; then "Thoughtful of old Gray," he murmured, and increased his pace.

As he neared the door, which was slightly open, the sound of a low, sweet voice rang out clearly in the dear old lines of "Home, sweet Home." Mark stopped involuntarily—"Mrs. Gray making things comfortable, of course," he thought, "but gad, what a voice !" and he entered the little square room boldly. At the sound of his step a woman came from the inner apartment which completed the dwelling. She evidently expected to see old Gray, for a wave of startled surprise swept over her fair face as her eyes met Mark's, and she stopped abruptly.

So they stood for a minute silently confronting each other, speechless—she from amazement, he from bewilderment at her beauty. She was a dainty, graceful little thing, with luminous grey eyes and a wealth of rippling golden hair.

"The spirit of the Golden Glory," muttered Mark, then suddenly coming to himself, he doffed his hat with a certain native grace which was peculiar to him, and said gently :

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion. I am afraid I have startled you, but I never dreamed there was any one here." His chivalrous tone reassured the girl. She smiled a bright, sweet smile. "Don't mention it. I was foolish to be startled, but I so fully expected to see Mr. Gray when I heard your step ; and strangers are an extinct species here."

Just then a bell rang loudly.

"That is the dinner-bell," said the girl, "we had better go. Of course you are stopping at the Grays'?"

"Well, no, I hadn't thought," began Carey, as they emerged into the sunshine, then he paused abruptly. The girl evidently considered herself the rightful mistress of his house, and he did not wish to embarrass her.

"I'm afraid if you intend remaining here overnight you'll have to stop at Gray's," she cried merrily. "There's not a great choice of hotels here." He laughed, and then they fell to admiring the scenery. Neither asked any personal questions, but each was consumed with curiosity regarding the other's business in that lonely spot.

The Grays were a silent couple, who seemed to have become infected with the natural stillness of the place. During dinner not a word was spoken regarding the mine, although Mark and his fair companion kept up a continual clatter about every other subject under the sun.

When the cheese and crackers had been placed upon the table, Gray and his wife withdrew.

"Are you an engineer?" asked the girl.

"Why, no," said Mark, a little surprised at the sudden descent into personalities.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry. Please forgive my abrupt question, but I thought you surely must be, and I was so glad."

"I wish I did know something about engineering; it would come in very handy just now, for I've come to look after my mine here. But may I ask why my being an engineer should make you glad?"

"Because I thought you might be able to give me some advice about *my* mine. I am so densely ignorant ——"

"*Your* mine!" interrupted Mark. "Then we have a common interest. Is yours near the Golden Glory?"

The girl looked at him curiously.

"My mine *is* the Golden Glory," she said coldly.

Mark gazed at her in blank amazement. "Are there two Golden Glories then?" he managed to ask at last.

"I never heard of any but my own," answered the girl.

"And I never heard of any but *my* own," retorted Mark. "Pardon me, but may I ask your name? I am Mark Carey, of Toronto, and I bought the Golden Glory on the fourth of this month from one David Spence, of Vancouver."

"And I am Dora Merle. The Golden Glory was deeded to me on the ninth of this month by my uncle, John Merle, of Victoria, he having bought it on the fourth from John Brines, of Esquimault."

They looked at each other in silence for a minute or two; then the girl's mouth began to quiver, a dimple or two appeared, and suddenly she burst into a rippling flood of melodious laughter. In a second Mark had joined her, and the two laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," gasped Mark at last. "So that's how you happen to be installed in my house?"

"Certainly, I took possession of *my* house as soon as I arrived," answered the girl, dimpling again. "Oh, what an interesting lawsuit this will make, for, of course, you will go to law about it! I have always longed to be in a lawsuit, it must be so exciting."

Mark laughed. I'd like to see your uncle about it. I suppose he came up with you?" The merry face sobered suddenly.

"My uncle died the day he gave me the mine," she said. "He was the only living relative I had, and he made me promise to see about the Golden Glory at once, so I came up immediately. Perhaps it was not quite the thing to do, but I never thought of *les convenances*. I only remembered dear old uncle's wish, and the Grays have been very kind to me."

Before Mark could reply, she jumped up and cried, with the sudden change of mood and manner which Mark found so charming: "Suppose we go and look at it now, though I assure you

there is not much to see. I expected to find bars and strata of gold gleaming about everywhere, and I cried myself to sleep from disappointment the first night I came."

It was a dreary enough looking place, in truth, with the old, broken-down shaft, bits of decayed, ivy-grown wood everywhere, and here and there a rusty pick or bar of iron lying half-buried in the long, lush grass.

"The man who owned it first began to work it, but had to stop through lack of funds, and it was only this year that any one could be found to take it off his hands. But it really is a good mine, I believe," and the girl peered about a little doubtfully.

Then they seated themselves on a great boulder to talk the matter over.

"It's a very strange business," said Mark. "Clearly we are both entitled to the Golden Glory, since both your uncle and I paid out our golden sheckles for it."

"But we cannot both be really entitled to it. There can be only one legal title. There is nothing for it but to go to law."

"Law is so confoundedly expensive," remonstrated Mark, whose worldly goods were chiefly represented by the desolation before him. "It would probably end in neither of us having any title to anything. Suppose we effect a compromise," and Mark chewed a blade of grass reflectively. "One of us—you for instance—might furnish enough money to begin working it, and after it has commenced to pay I'll refund you half of what you invest, and we'll own it share and share alike. Come now, you couldn't get a better solution to the puzzle than that."

Miss Merle dug little holes in the ground with the tip of her shoe.

"It's not a bad idea," she said slowly," but you'll have to do the furnishing. Neither uncle nor I took that into account at all, and I have just enough money to live on for the next six months. After that we thought I should be living on the mine."

A curious expression stole over Mark's face.

"That's my position exactly!" he cried. "I never gave a thought to the working of the thing. I thought if I owned it that would be enough, as if I had bought a gold-patch where the metal grew on bushes. What a confounded ass I am!"

Miss Merle, representing a smile, straightened herself haughtily. "Please remember, Mr. Carey, that in passing judgment upon yourself, you are also condemning my uncle and me."

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon." He was searching through the papers in his wallet.

"What are you looking for?" asked the girl.

"For the—ah, here it is—my title-deed," and he drew it out. "Miss Merle, I have settled this matter finally. The mine without means to work it is worthless. I have no means, therefore it is worthless to me. I renounce my claim. The Golden Glory is yours, but if you will allow me I will act as your manager. I shall return to Ontario, where I am well known, and there I will talk the mine up among my friends, and sell a sufficient number of shares to start the working of it. In return for which you may give me either a salary or a few shares."

As he finished speaking he folded the deed, and was about to tear it across when the girl stopped him.

"Let me see it first," she said, and took it out of his hand.

She read it, folded it carefully and put it into her pocket. Then she turned to Mark, a sweet, graceful expression in her soft eyes.

"What you have been saying is nonsense, Mr. Carey; kind, generous nonsense, it is true, but nonsense nevertheless. Do you think I would permit you to do such a thing? The mine is rightfully yours or rightfully mine. If yours, I would certainly never accept it from you; if mine, your renunciation of it is meaningless and ridiculous. No, we must write to a lawyer to-night, get him to look into the title, and then abide by his decision, or, if one of us is dissatisfied, I suppose we can have a lawsuit over it. If it is mine, I shall

accept your offer to be my manager with pleasure, and shall give you half the Golden Glory in payment. If it belongs to you, perhaps you might find me some humble position; I might direct your envelopes or write your letters," and she looked at him with such a bewitching expression of demure coquetry and merriment, and yet in the depths of her grey eyes such pathetic pleading, that Mark half-gasped and jumped up abruptly, that he might smother his sudden uncontrollable impulse to take her in his arms as one might take a tired, lonely child.

That night they wrote a joint letter to one of the best known lawyers in Victoria commissioning him to investigate the title of the Golden Glory as expeditiously as possible. Then they waited.

It was a beautiful spot, the site of the Golden Glory. When the sun was shining brightly, far down among the mountains one could see it raining in the valleys; dazzling rainbows would arch from peak to peak, and high above all towered the rugged, snow-crowned heights, looking as if the vast blue sky were resting on their mighty heads.

Two people looked and saw that it was good, and that the land was fair to dwell in.

One day a caravan came up the narrow mountain path. There were miners, mining implements, machinery, and well in front, riding tough little mountain ponies and waking the echoes with their enthusiastic shouting and merry chaff, were half-a-dozen gentlemen.

Mark went forward to meet them. The surprise was mutual when he recognized among the party Burke, Sawyer, and one Briggs, a mining engineer whom Mark had met in Toronto.

Burke explained. They had come up to start the working of their mine, which experts declared to be one of the most fertile in British Columbia. It had a good name anyway—the "Golden Glory." Didn't Mark think so? Mark did think so, and became quite skilful in parrying questions regarding his own investment.

They had fallen in with old Bill Jakes, who came up once a week with supplies and letters, when there chanced to be any.

There was one that day for Mark. It was from the lawyer in Victoria. He begged to say that the title of the Golden Glory had been carefully investigated. No such man as David Spence or John Brines had ever had the least claim to the mine. It had been owned for many years by one John Shanklin, who had recently sold it to a joint stock company whose headquarters were in Toronto, and whose manager was one Richard Burke. He begged to remain, etc., etc.

Then did Mark grow thoughtful for a space. That evening, as he smoked a cigar with the new-comers, he turned abruptly to Burke.

"Old man," he said, "my mining investment has turned out as you all so cleverly predicted. I shall soon be completely strapped, and I want to get married this month. Can you give me a situation as bookkeeper or something in your new company?"

Burke seized his hand. "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. It's the pretty little golden-haired girl, isn't it? As for a situation, you dear old donkey, you can have it if you like, but as a part owner and director of the Golden Glory I'm afraid you won't have much time for—"

"A—a—what?" gasped Mark.

"A—part—owner—and—director—of—the—Golden—Glory!" roared Burke, with a pause between each word. "We heard all about your jolly old swindle, got it from his nibs in Victoria, who had been doing some legal jobs for us, and we put down your name at once. You needn't say a word, for it is there and it's going to stay. Besides, as far as you are concerned, you really bought out the whole business, and probably look upon all of us as robbers."

* * *

Mark is wont to say, as he strokes his wife's sunny hair, that of all his investments none equalled his mining venture, for by buying one Golden Glory he became shareholder and director of two.

Mabel Maclean Helliwell.

LITERARY CRITICISM: ITS SCOPE AND EFFECT.

RUSKIN says, "A bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world." A bad critic is as bad a thing as can be; but, after all, his mischief does not carry very far. Otherwise, it would be mainly the conventional books, and not the original books, which would survive; for the censor, who imagines himself a lawgiver, can give law only to the imitative, and never to the creative mind. Criticism has condemned whatever was, from time to time, fresh and vital in literature; it has always fought the new good thing in behalf of the old good thing; it has invariably fostered and encouraged the tame, the trite, the negative. Yet, upon the whole, it is the native, the novel, the positive that have survived in literature. Whereas, if bad criticism were the most mischievous thing in the world, in the full implication of the words, it must have been the tame, the trite, the negative that survived.

Bad criticism is mischievous enough, however; and it may not be amiss to assert that nearly all current criticism as practised among the Canadians and Americans is bad, is falsely principled, and is conditioned in evil. It is falsely principled because it is unprincipled, or without principles; and it is conditioned in evil because it is almost wholly anonymous.

At the best its opinions are not conclusions from certain easily verifiable principles, but are effects from the worship of certain models. They are in so far quite worthless, for it is the very nature of things that the original mind cannot conform to models; it has its worm within itself; it can work only in its own way and by its self-given laws. Criticism does not enquire whether a work is true to life, but tacitly or explicitly compares it with models, and tests it by them. If literary art travelled by any such road as criticism would have it go it would travel in a vicious circle, and would arrive only at the point of departure. Yet this is the course that criticism must always prescribe when it attempts to give laws. Being itself artificial, it cannot conceive of the original except as the abnormal. It must altogether reconceive its office before it can be of use to literature. It must reduce this to the business of observing, recording and comparing; to analyzing the material before it, and then synthetizing its impressions. Even then, it is not too much to say that literature as an art could get on perfectly well without it. Just as many good novels, poems, plays, essays, sketches would be written if there were no such thing as criticism in the literary world, and no more bad ones. But it will be long before criticism ceases to imagine itself a controlling force, to give itself airs of sovereignty and to issue decrees. As it exists, it is mostly a mischief, but it may be greatly ameliorated in character, and softened in manner by the total abolition of anonymity. There should be no hesitation in saying that anonymous criticism is almost wholly an abuse, and it is not intended to confine the meaning here to literary criticism. Now that nearly every aspect and nook and corner of life is searched by print, it is intolerably oppressive that any department of current literature, or of the phase of literature we call journalism, should be anonymous. Every editorial, every smallest piece of reporting, that involves a personal matter, should be signed by the writer, who should be personally responsible for his words. Journalism has been included in this connection because journalism is criticism—the criticism of life, and therefore intimately associated with the criticism of letters. Literary criticism is only life criticism, dealing with the finished product instead of the raw material, and generally its manners are as bad when it is employed in the one way as when it is employed in

the other. Except for the constant spectacle of its ferocity, incompetency, and dishonesty, one could not credit the fact. It would be safe to say that in no other relation of life is so much brutality permitted by civilized society as in the criticism of literature and the arts. No newspaper or publisher is above legitimate criticism, but because a criticism is made, it does not of necessity follow that the criticism is well taken. Criticism is itself the legitimate subject or object of other criticism. It sometimes happens that critics of written articles arbitrarily assume that a certain project is not for the public good, and from that standpoint they straightway proceed to denounce everybody who does not agree with them as being improperly influenced, including newspapers which consider such project a public benefit and legitimate business enterprise. The critic's judgment is often proven to be faulty, and he sometimes speaks from a no higher standard of responsibility than the author he criticises. In other words, it is frequently a question primarily of judgment, not of morals, and the critics of journalism are not infallible in their judgment, or impeccable in their motives.

Accepting the risk of being considered unkind, I must reproach literary criticism with the uncandour of judging an author without reference to his aims; with pursuing certain writers from spite and prejudice, and mere habit; with misrepresenting an article by quoting a phrase or passage apart from the context; with magnifying misprints and careless expressions into important faults; with abusing an author for his opinions; with base and personal motives. Any writer is in good luck if he escapes without personal abuse: contempt and impertinence as a writer no one will escape. Anonymous criticism is the enemy of mankind, and the man, or even the young lady, who is given a gun, and told to shoot at some person from behind a hedge, is placed in circumstances of temptation almost too strong for human nature. If anonymity is nothing worse than absurd, it is too absurd for endurance, and it ends in placing the journal which practises it in all sorts of ridiculous positions. We see the proof of this constantly in the glaring inconsistencies of which the party newspapers convict one another. With the changes of *personnel* which death, sickness, and other chances bring about in every newspaper come changes of opinion which a wary antagonist easily makes his prey.

The temptation for a critic to cut fantastic capers before high heaven in the full light of day is great enough, and for his own sake he should be stripped of the shelter of the dark. Even then it will be long before the evolution is complete, and we have the gentle, dispassionate, scientific student of current literature in place of the arrogant, bullying, blundering pedant, who has come down to our time from the heyday of the brutal reviewers. In his present state he is much ameliorated, much softened; but he still has the wrong ideas of his office, and imagines that he can direct literature, not realizing that literature can not be instructed how to grow, or not knowing that it is a plant which springs from the nature of the people, and draws its forces from their life. If it has any root at all, its root is in their character, and it takes form from their will and taste. The world of critics will not believe this, for it is still the prevailing superstition that literature is something that is put into life, not something that comes out of it.

Every now and then some idealist comes forward and declares that you should say nothing in criticism of a man's writings which you would not say to his face. But this is asking too much. Such a course would put an end to all criticism, and if it were practised literature would be left to purify itself. We ought not to destroy critics; we ought to transform them or turn them from the arrogant assumption of authority to a realization of their true function in the civilized state.

So it is not in the interest of author-

ship that criticism is so strongly urged to throw off its mask, but in the interest of the reading public, which is corrupted by the almost inevitable savagery and dishonesty of the anonymous critic. We should not ask them to forbear everything they would not say of a letter under review in the author's presence. That may come yet, to the infinite gain of the critic's manners. But for the present it is not too much to ask them to stand fairly out in the open, and deliver their judgment for what it is worth as that of this or that man, and not advanee upon the trembling writer in the obscurity, bearing the doom decreed by a powerful or influential journal. The editor cannot rightfully lend its authority to criticism he has not verified, and he has no right to lend it to an anonymous critic. Still less has he the right to deprive the reviewer of the praise that should come to him personally from a well-written, well-felt, and, above all, well-mannered criticism, and claim the advantage of it wholly for his publication. The only advantage which the publication ought to enjoy is the credit of employing an able, modest and courteous critic; and all else should belong to the critic, the honour and the cumulative repute which naturally remain with his name, and follow it to any other publication using him more wisely, and paying him better.

I. Cyrus Doull.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WAR.

THE Spanish-American war is a small affair compared with the strange results that may possibly flow from it. Spain's decay, which has been going on since the days of Philip II., is the smallest of these. Those which appear most striking are the dominating and conquering spirit that the American people have shown under the intoxication of success, and the drawing together of the two great branches of what are called, for lack of a more precise term, the Anglo-Saxon family. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was astonishingly outspoken, and when we find even so "American" a paper as the *New York Sun* declaring that "the statesman on our side of the water who will not consider any proposition of this magnitude with an open mind is unworthy of his influence," we may well rub our eyes, indeed. But still more significant to my mind is the awakening of the desire for possessions among the American people.

The newspapers, with few exceptions, speak with scarcely concealed exultation of the fact that the Philippine Islands are in the hands of a United States fleet, and that the Stars and Stripes are supreme at Manila. Nor can the language used be interpreted as merely a note of triumph. There is in it the distinct pride of possession, and only the traditions of the Fathers, voiced particularly in Washington's farewell letter, serves to prevent an open avowal of a policy that if adopted and pursued might in time change the face of the world. Indeed, in some quarters an open avowal is not lacking. On all hands we hear it said that in future the United States must have a great navy, and that for a great navy a wide distribution of coaling stations is necessary.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has voiced this feeling by treating the ideas of the Fathers as absurdly antiquated and not at all binding on their sons of to-day, and he comes out squarely in favor of finding breathing room for the overflow of the American people. Our cities are overflowing, he says, and the lands available for settlement are exhausted, and it is time to look abroad for fresh fields of settlement. It will hardly be denied that a great fleet would be, to a large extent, in time of

war confined to its own shores if it had no ports at which the fuel, indispensable to a modern fighting vessel, could be obtained. The position was well illustrated by the crux in which Commodore Dewey found himself. When turned out of Hong Kong harbour he had no choice but to fight. He could not afford to waste coal cruising about the ocean, even though, in his judgment, such tactics had been necessary. Should his coal bunkers become empty his fleet would be little better than derelicts on the ocean, 6,000 miles from a coal supply. This fact will be made to do great duty when the question of the relinquishment of the Philippines comes up for consideration, and those who stand out for the maintenance of a coaling port there will have strong arguments for their contention, and once the practice of establishing coaling ports is adopted the ice will have been broken and the maxims of the Fathers will fall on deaf ears. Mr. Ingalls explains the phenomenon by the statement that conquest and the acquirement of possessions is in the blood of the race, and needs but the opportunity to awake on this side of the water with more that its original strength and passion.

This is not a fanciful explanation after all, although it would be a mistake to suppose that our race is the only one that inherits this lust of territory. The chronicles of mankind show it to be an almost universal passion, and the history of the last twenty years exhibits it rushing into new channels and showing greater vitality than ever. The continent to which the epithet "dark" could have been applied since the beginning of time was suddenly illuminated through and through in obedience to the pangs of this land-hunger. Now the eyes of desire are turned on China, whose fatness attracts attentions which its valour is unable to repel. Is the United States about to join in the rush? While vigorously denying such intentions with one breath, the next reveals longings and aspirations that, once entered on, break down the bars that have so far confined the energies of the American people to the American continent. It is difficult to see how republican institutions could be made to fit such new conditions. There is no place in them for the colony, but it may be presumed that the political genius of the race could find a solution even for this problem. Indeed, the judgment just delivered on the Alaska prohibitory liquor law by the Supreme Court shows that Congress can govern a "territory" with unlimited powers.

The other matter fits this in a certain way. One can only wonder at the folly of the European powers who, by their fatuous management of affairs, have made an Anglo-American alliance possible. That British statesmen have long had such a combination in view is by no means a secret. The arbitration treaty was a straw indicating many things. There was, of course, an influential section of public opinion in the United States in favour of the treaty, but the section opposing it was sufficiently strong to defeat it. At the present moment the treaty would be passed with acclamations from all quarters, and if no change of sentiment takes place in the meantime President McKinley will likely have the honour, soon after the close of the war, of appending his signature to a document so worthy of the leaders of civilization. This has been made possible by the stupidity of foreign governments. While their sympathy has been utterly useless to Spain, it has been demonstrative enough to anger the American people. We have been told that Prince Bismarck favoured German intervention. If this is correct, most people will attribute his impolitic preferences to an intellect dimmed by age. Statesmanship is invariably ruthless when ruthlessness is the best course for the State which it guards, and Bismarck was by no means the man, from mere motives of sympathy, to identify himself with a waning power, while at the same time offending one that looms on the horizon as one of the great national

forces of the world. What Bismarck would not have done, the ephemera who now govern Europe have fallen into as innocently as might have been expected. Europe is lacking, at this juncture, in great public men. The last of them departed with Crispi. The others have yet to be heard from. The Cavours, Metternichs, Thiers and Bismarcks have been succeeded by the Hanotaux, Badenis, Mouravieffs and Rudivis, who now guide the foreign policies of the great continental powers. One can scarcely keep even their names in memory, and their chief recent achievement is to make the Anglo-American alliance a possibility.

In the meantime, the people of the United States are glorying in Dewey's remarkable victory at Manila, and before this reaches the eye of the readers of the "Magazine" a still greater naval victory may have been added to their score. To carry on the war after that would be wholly mischievous and useless. If the Spanish fleet cannot hold the supremacy in Cuban waters, the capture of the island could only be a matter of a few weeks at most. Although the blockade of Havana has not been effected, it is not at all likely that much provision has reached the city, however, and in a very short time the garrison, as well as the unfortunate reconcentrados, will be feeling the pinch of hunger. With no prospect of relief from the fleet, Gen. Blanco could be forced to surrender without firing a shot. President McKinley has shown that he would prefer that sort of a surrender, though there is a deep feeling in the country for vengeance on those who are popularly supposed to be the authors of the disaster to the Maine and the cruel death of 269 American sailors.

In the meantime, American patriotism has made a noble response to the President's appeal for men. The 125,000 originally called for have been offered twice over. Here and there a man or a regiment is denounced for exhibiting unwillingness to join in the movement; but, as a whole, the citizens have responded with an encouraging enthusiasm. It is true that the great bulk of the men now hurrying to the front belong to the heedless, one might almost say the shiftless class, as is the case with armies all over the world. The solid citizen and his son want to be officers, if they have anything to do with the militia at all. The Seventh Regiment of New York, which is a species of social club, put such impossible conditions on its offer to serve that the war department could not accept of them. Officers and men have been subjected to considerable odium on account of it, and have endeavoured to reinstate themselves in public favour by making heroic offers to capture Havana single-handed, or do some other equally doughty deed. As an offset to this unpleasant view of the distinctions that exist, even in democratic States, we have several of the curled darlings of society joining the cowboy regiment which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is organizing. This sign of patriotism from Fifth Avenue has filled New York journalists with unutterable emotions. It would be an interesting enquiry to ascertain how many of the sons of the Senators and Representatives, whose voice was still for war, are to be found among the privates who are hurrying to endure the privations and dangers of camp life in Cuba. This is said with no disposition to sneer at American patriotism, but merely as an indication of the writer's opinion that men who are not likely to be called upon to make any sacrifices in the war, except such as are involved in burning the midnight oil composing speeches about it, should leave most of the words to those who are determined to implement them with their deeds. I am prepared to applaud to the skies the patriotic speech of a full private just after a day's march with a sixty-five pound pack on his back. He is the only man who has a right to make it.

In the meantime the eternal colour question comes to the front. The negro soldiers think that if they are good

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

Lieut. Hobson, U.S.N., and seven men, sank the "Merrimac" in the narrow mouth of Santiago Harbour. After performing their daring piece of work, under the hot fire of the Spanish forts, they escaped on a raft, but were finally taken prisoners by the Spanish. Lieut. Hobson's home is in Greensboro, Alabama. He is twenty-eight years of age and has had no sweetheart but his mother. He was educated at the Southern University, and the Naval College at Annapolis, afterwards studying at the Paris School of Naval Architecture. He was always known as an earnest and thoughtful young man.

enough to wear Uncle Sam's uniform they ought to be good enough to drink at a bar like a white man, and climb into the chair when the barber calls "next." Where they are usually stationed, at far western forts, these privileges are not denied them, but when they penetrated the States south of Mason and Dixon's line they were at once reminded of the badge of inferiority that the descendants of Ham seem fated to wear. Presuming to drink cheek by jowl with the white man, they were reminded that it could not be. They fumed and stormed accordingly. At Chattanooga it resulted in these dark warriors drawing their side arms, and in a discharge of revolvers. Wherever they have been stationed they have pressed this equality of rights, and again it has resulted in the effusion of blood. At Lakeland, Florida, where a coloured cavalry regiment is stationed, the question arose again, this time in connection with the right of a coloured trooper to be shaved in a white barber shop. The angry negro used his pistol and an inoffensive spectator was shot. The citizens of Lakeland, and even the white soldiers, were dangerously angry over this event, but there have been no other unpleasant consequences.

The eyes of the whole country, indeed, it may be said of the world, were during the early days of June concentrated on the proposed invasion of Cuba. For two months troops and munitions of war had been accumulating at Port Tampa, a considerable harbour on the gulf side of the State of Florida. In spite of the possession of an unlimited purse, it was found a colossal task to get the first expedition of some 16,000 men ready. That number is, of course, quite insufficient to subdue Cuba, but it is thought that they can make a place of landing for the troops which are to follow. Heavy complaints have arisen as to the treatment of the troops. They were put aboard the transports on the 6th and 7th of June, but the discovery that some Spanish men-of-war were in the neighbourhood caused delay. The men, in the stuffy transports, with field rations, suffered severely, and the complaints were loud and deep. War is no picnic, as these men are finding out, and it is to be hoped that the jingo orators of Washington will pay Tampa a visit and see what war means.

Tampa, Fla., June 13th.

John A. Ewan.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

SO far as Canada is concerned, the proposed Anglo-American Alliance, or *entente*, has been received with much favour. The signs of this are to be found in the discussions in Parliament, in clerical conferences and in the press utterances. The feeling is not that there is any likelihood of Canada gaining any concessions from the United States in the way of reciprocity or a relaxation of alien labour laws, but rather that we are practically the same blood as the people of the United States and hence should live in peace with them. We know the ways of their Government, we know the lack of political high-mindedness among their more active politicians, and we know the peculiarly popular character of their Government; and because we know these conditions better than the residents of Great Britain know them, we do not expect much out of all this talk. Nevertheless, we do not regret the exchange of society phrases which the statesmen and newspapers are now making.

Lord Salisbury's remarks on China, made in the House of Lords on the 17th of June, may prove to be memorable. Even the telegraphed précis of his speech shows that he has at last publically acknowledged that China will go to pieces unless some European nation reorganizes her navy and army, and that Great Britain hopes to be that European nation. Lord Salisbury said that negotiations respecting the reorganization of the Chinese navy were well advanced, and there was every hope that a distinguished British officer would be placed in charge of the reorganization. China, according to most thinkers, is doomed; her people have no national or military spirit and no patriotism. Yet Lord Salisbury thinks that, with European officers, something might be done. If Gordon had not gone to Khartoum!

Edward Bellamy and Henry George have passed away. They represented on this continent a sort of vague but intelligent socialism which had crossed from Europe. The vagueness of their preaching, and the intelligence of each man, prevented their work from being dangerous. In Europe, socialism is much more malignant. In Germany it is, according to the recent general elections, marching on steadily and constitutionally, but with a distinct hatred for the aristocracy, the military and the wealthy. In France it murdered Carnot; in Spain it killed Canovas; in Italy it has caused riot and bloodshed; in these three countries socialism is essentially anarchistic. As this great democratic feeling filters

A SPANISH IDEA OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.
An Ornamental Initial from the Cadiz Alègre.

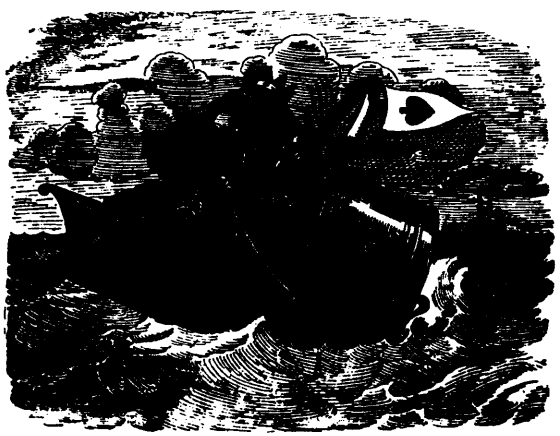
FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

COUSINS.

across the English channel, the soreness seems to be taken out of it ; and when socialism appears in Great Britain it is mild and generous. Yet Great Britain has its engineering and its coal strikes, showing the latent feeling which agitators play upon so skilfully. Canada knows little of socialism. She has gone a great distance in granting manhood suffrage, and while this lowers the morality at election times, it keeps the poor people and the uneducated labourers more contented. Nevertheless, as we look across the sea, and perceive the troubles which socialism is sure to bring upon Western Europe during the next half century, we should be very thankful that we are in America.

The United States and Great Britain have decided to "commission" all outstanding disputes between Canada and the United States. During the last thirty years Canadians have been allowed to take a leading part in all discussions, conferences and settlements concerning British interests on this continent. British statesmen have by this concession bound Canada more firmly to the British Crown. The Canadian statesmen who engage in this work feel that they have behind them the sympathy and the power of the British Government. They recognize the value of this, and while willing to use it to secure concessions for their own country, they do not forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the Motherland for allowing them to plead their own case with full imperial support.

Canada wins in the first round — about the only time we ever held our own with Washington—in that she is not called upon to discontinue pelagic sealing. This was the preliminary condition insisted upon by the United States in 1896, and as Canada would not agree, no conference was held. The present arrangement for a commission seems to be partly, if not wholly, due to the friendly sympathy extended by Great Britain to the United States during the present war. The first meeting will be held at Quebec in Sept.



THE KING OF THE SEAS.

King Coal (loq.): "Aha! Peace or war they can't get on without me!"—"Punch."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Honourable Sir Joseph Adolphe Chapleau, one of the best known politicians of recent years, passed away last month. Striking and handsome in appearance, eloquent as a public speaker, and clever as a politician, his life must be pronounced a success—even if, as with most politicians, he sacrificed something to attain that success. He was born at Ste. Thérèse, in the Province of Quebec, on November 9th, 1840. He was called to the Bar in 1861, and in the year of Confederation entered the Quebec Legislature as member for Terrebonne. He was successively Solicitor-General, Provincial Secretary, leader of his party in opposition, and Premier of the Province. In July, 1882, he entered the Conservative Government at Ottawa, then under the leadership of the late Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald. He became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec in 1892. In 1896 he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He shared during many years with the late Count Mercier and Sir Wilfrid Laurier the honour of being one of the three most popular Frenchmen in the Province of Quebec, and at the same time he possessed a large number of warm friends and admirers throughout the other Canadian provinces.

The Late Sir J. A. Chapleau.*

While the United States is learning many lessons from this war, or this attempt at war, a few of them are filtering through the press to the people of Canada. One of these is that the day of the soldier has not yet passed, and that the military training of a certain number of citizens is a necessity with all nations. Our weakness in this respect was very clearly pointed out by Captain Wood in last month's issue.

Lessons from the South.

But as a sequel to that article it may not be amiss to dwell for a moment on the value of military training to the average citizen. General Miles spoke strongly upon this in a recent interview with a New York journalist, when he insisted that military service makes a man better fitted for the duties of life; it teaches him to concentrate his mind on what he is doing; it teaches him that there is a right method in the performance of every duty, and the right method is the best; it makes him quicker in his actions and more decisive in his speech; and, lastly, it polishes him as nothing else on earth can possibly do. Military training teaches a man the value of method and discipline—not only in undertakings where a large number take part, but in work which the man himself performs.

The Minister of Education for Ontario has recently formulated plans by which cadet corps will be formed in most of the high schools of the province. Those who control the educational affairs of the other provinces are said to be considering the advisability of similar regulations. This is commendable. The boys will not be made bloodthirsty and cruel by such training, but they will be taught a few of the elementary lessons of a soldier's life: erectness of bearing, dignity of carriage, neatness of clothing, respect to seniors, implicit obedience to orders, promptness and exactness, and the value of co-operation. When they have learned these lessons they cannot help being better citizens, so much are

* For portrait, see Frontispiece.

we the creatures of circumstances, environment and training.

Canadian Art.

A much debated question among Canadians is again to the fore. Is Canadian life as a whole romantic and artistic, or is it commonplace? Some years ago, Edmund E. Sheppard, now editor of Toronto *Saturday Night*, wrote some descriptions of Ontario life, and one or two novels, of which the principal scenes were laid in Ontario, which indicated that a master-hand might show that Ontario civilization had its romance. Joanna E. Wood has done this more recently. So has Robert Barr in one novel and in some of his newspaper sketches. But no one novelist had stood forth pre-eminent as the exponent of Ontario romance, and as a consequence most Ontario people believe that the civilization of this province is essentially commercial and commonplace.

On the other hand, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and the North-west have the reputation of being more romantic. Numerous poets and novelists, chief among whom are Longfellow and Roberts, have dipped into the romantic history of Acadia, and have kept the people of the Maritime Provinces convinced that there is something in their life, their historical localities and their civilization, which is capable of artistic treatment. Similarly Kirby, Parkman, Drummond, Parker and others have exploited the romance of Quebec, but have made that romance, as in Nova Scotia, live in the traces of its French civilization. English Quebec and English Nova Scotia, like English Ontario, are thought to be commonplace.

The North-West lends itself to artistic treatment because of its rolling prairies, and its relics of the *coureurs-de-bois*, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indian tribes. Manitoba is included in the North-West, while British Columbia shares a little of the same historical picturesqueness. But in addition, British Columbia has its large swift rivers, and the majestic Rockies.

Thus the parts of Canada which retain some touch of French or Indian civilization or barbarism are thought to offer a field in which the novelist may work, and the parts which are purely Anglo-Saxon do not. Such at least is the apparent general conviction. It confines our novelists, and it also limits our artists. The French-Canadian peasant is thought picturesque, but the English-Canadian is thought commonplace.

Personally, I cannot bring myself to share this general belief. I cannot convince myself that the English-Canadian life is not possessed of characteristics which are just as capable of artistic treatment as the French-Canadian life. To my mind, the novelists and artists who confine themselves to Indian and French-Canadian characters, historical and present day, and to such phases of our life as have been affected by Indian and French civilization, are doing only part of their work, and are misrepresenting us to ourselves and to foreigners.

Speaking of the present position of art in Ontario, Professor Mavor in a pamphlet asserts that the quantity and quality of artistic production is remarkable because of the disadvantageous conditions: "the unpaintable character of the atmosphere, and also of much of the landscape and of all domestic interiors." He admits that Homer Watson is an exception, and that his landscapes are good. But why should not Ontario have a dozen Homer Watsons? If one can find something to paint, cannot a dozen? It is rather difficult to accept the learned Professor's dictum that these "disadvantageous conditions" are insurmountable. Is it not possible that the root of the difficulty is the weakness of our artists and our novelists rather than the barrenness of our landscape and our English-Canadian civilization? The English-American life of the United States is finding its novelists and its artists, and surely we may be optimistic enough to believe that some day we will have a master, either a painter or

a novelist, who will show us the artistic and romantic side of Ontario life.

This is a serious matter. If we are to go on believing that the life we are living is flat, inartistic and without colour, we will naturally become dull, sluggish, and depressed. If we see no beauty in our lakes, our rivers, our forests, our landscapes, and our mode of living, we are like convicts in cells, without energy, without enthusiasm, without ambition, without the mainsprings of progress. If we are to see no beauty in each other, or in each other's mode of life, then we might as well be chattering monkeys. Rob our lives of their artistic parts, and we would be mere animals. Take away our art and our literature, and we would be a nation of automatic imitators.

A near relative of Gilbert Parker recently told me this story of him. From his earliest youth he was very fond of pictures, and his parents encouraged this taste. In his home was a picture of Michael Angelo, which he admired very much. Once, when about fifteen years of age, he was lying in his chamber very ill. He asked his mother to bring him the picture of Angelo, so that he might look at it. She brought it up to his chamber and put it in such a position that he might gaze upon it. He was pleased and soothed, and forgetting his pain was soon asleep.

All children should be taught to love pictures and nature. What little artistic taste I possess I attribute to the art education which, while a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, I received in two or three "terms" of lessons in pencil-sketching from a local artist. The education was limited, but it was sufficient to teach me to distinguish to some extent between what was beautiful and ugly, and to teach me that there were beauties in nature if I would learn to look for them. I remember another incident of my art education. While a small lad I was playing one evening with some neighbour boys, when our sport was suddenly stopped by the father of one of the lads calling him to see the beautiful sunset. I was much younger than this particular companion, and no person had as yet taken the trouble to point out to me the beauties of an Ontario sunset. That one lesson, though indirect, was sufficient; I have been partial to a purple and golden sunset ever since.

We teach drawing in our schools, but it is not art. Neither does it inculcate a love for what is artistic. It is all a barren beginning of straight lines and curves, with no middle and no end. Our children are taught everything at school except a love for the beautiful. They are worried with endless mathematical methods, chemistry problems and Greek and Latin roots which are never referred to in the ordinary avocations of this country, or which should be left to the teachers and professors who train specialists; but they are not taught to appreciate a water-colour, an oil, a pretty piece of sculpture or an example of fine architecture. It would be easy to insist on every high school adding to its equipment a few specimens by leading Canadian painters and sculptors, or, easier still, to place in our drawing-books reproductions of famous works of art.

Foreign vs. Native.

An earnest young man remarked to me the other day that the Canadian people had very little confidence in anything that is Canadian, whether it be a political destiny, a manufactured article or a new novel. He acknowledged that he had just passed the stage when to discover that a likely-looking article was Canadian was to prejudice him against it. He had grown, he declared, to know that some Canadian articles and some Canadian books were really worth purchasing. This would be amusing if it were not so true.

The other day I received a marked copy of a paper containing a notice of this publication; and these were the opening words: "One of the chief

charms of The Canadian Magazine is that it is so thoroughly Canadian. It is with a feeling of positive pleasure and a sense of restfulness that a Canadian reader opens its pages, after being wearied and surfeited with the flood of American literature that inundates our store-windows and book-counters, crimsoning a peaceful and progressive country with the red line of war." "What a bright, discerning journalist" was my thought, and my heart grew lighter. I at once felt that another flower was to be relieved of that terrible state of blushing unseen. My eye wandered up the page, and all my new-born brightness fled as I read "The 'war number' of McClure's Magazine is an exceptionally good issue." When I had perused those lines I knew that the man had been writing "puffs," and in all probability had never read the number of The Canadian Magazine which he praised so highly.

That seems to be the attitude of the majority of Canadians. They believe Canadian productions to be good, or say they believe it; but they buy or read only those produced in London and New York, with the emphasis on the latter city. Many books that are published in New York or London are better than any that are issued here; so are many magazines, so are many other manufactured articles. Every person must recognize that. But on the other hand many of the articles sent out from these places are inferior to those produced at home. Why should not this be acknowledged with the same freedom?

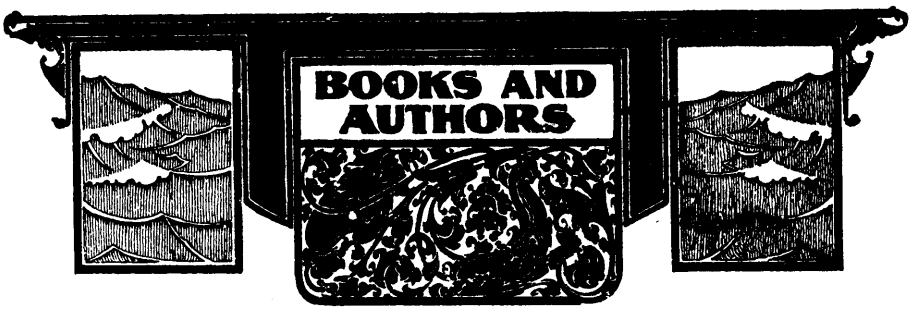
What I should suggest is that Canadians should buy the best Canadian literature; and if, after that, they have any further desire or requirements, buy the best of that which is foreign. (I speak now of literature, because that is the article of commerce with which I am most familiar.) It is the Canadian who will not buy Canadian magazines, pamphlets and books, to any extent, who is the unpatriotic citizen. There are thousands of men and women in Canada—and I believe this is not an extravagant statement — who have never read a Canadian periodical (except the daily newspaper) or a Candian book since they left school.

Canadian books and pictures have a value, as Canadian productions, over and above their value in the general field of literature and art. They analyze and reveal and illuminate Canadian life; and to the man who desires to thoroughly understand the national life in which he bears a part, they are indispensable.

Is Republicanism Dying?

France and the United States are the two great republics of the world. They have been wont to style themselves "sister republics." In France, republicanism seems to be on its last legs. A general election has just been held, and the republicans have but a bare majority over the monarchists, while the socialists hold the balance of power. Before five years France may again be a monarchy. In the United States the people with property and other vested interests have become afraid of Congress and the political system upon which it is based. They are endeavouring to discredit it in the eyes of the people, and are raising an army, so that, as in France, the turbulent representative bodies may be held in check.

For some years there has been in Canada a small body of able and energetic men who have been persistently urging Canada to throw off her British connection and her British Governor-General, and to establish a republic. They do not care whether it be an independent republic or an integral part of the United States Republic, so long as the connection with British aristocracy and monarchy is broken. It must be a sad blow to the hopes of these men to find the republican system being discredited, or at least placed under the ban of suspicion by the two greatest republican nations of the world! We have not heard very much from the little clique during the past year; now we shall probably hear less.



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

HOWEVER much the Canadian people may disagree with Prof. Goldwin Smith's political views, they are not divided in their admiration of his literary work. He has written a large number of books, but it is doubtful if there is a half-dozen complete collections of his works in this country. Some of these volumes were published in England before his departure from that country; some were published in New York, and some have had the honour of a Canadian edition. Some of the earlier editions are very scarce. I saw one the other day for which a dealer asked four dollars, and I recently paid a good price to a New Jersey bookseller for a copy of "Pym, Cromwell and Pitt," published in New York in 1878. The world of scholars is awaiting with much expectation "The History of England to the Reign of William III." The learned ex-professor of Oxford and Cornell is now giving the finishing touches to this great work at "The Grange," his beautiful home in the city of Toronto. The Macmillan Co., of New York, who have published the Professor's recent books, has recently issued a new edition of his "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects." * This book is, without being agnostic, an attack on the accepted interpretation of Biblical doctrine and teaching.

RECENT FICTION.

The Macmillan Co. have just issued "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsemere," "The History of David Grieve," "Marcella," etc. The author is a grand-daughter of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby. She is also a niece of Matthew Arnold, the famous son of Thomas Arnold, and a daughter of Thomas Arnold, a less famous son, who is most noted for his conversions to and from Roman Catholicism. With such hereditary influences and early environments, it is not to be wondered at that Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Ward) should become a religionist and an author. As a literary woman she is in the front rank of the female writers of the century, for she writes nothing light and trashy. In her latest work, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," Mrs. Ward has to a great extent pourtrayed her own life, experiences and feelings. Laura Fountain is martyred between love and religion. Her lover, Allen Helbeck, is a Roman Catholic, while she is the daughter of an agnostic, nominally a Catholic, but secretly revolting against Catholic order and discipline. The story of her struggle and eventual suicide is a wonderful one, powerfully told.

Of an entirely different character is "The White-Headed Boy," by George Bartram.† It is an Irish tale, full of legends, fenianism, smuggling, secret dis-

* Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop. Cloth, $1.25.
† Unwin's Colonial Library.

tilling, head-cracking and other Irish amusements. The story is briskly told, strong though rough, bright and interesting, though told in form which can hardly be classed with that of the best literature.

"A Bride of Japan,"* by Carlton Dawe, is the tale of a young Englishman who married a Japanese woman and afterwards repented it. After some years she elopes with another man, and the husband is left with the care of a young son, who greatly interests him, softens his heart and refines his life. The author has been living in Japan and in this book gives a clear insight into Japanese character. The style is very fair, and the interest well sustained.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.*

The simultaneous publication in London, Toronto and New York of any novel is a tolerably sufficient indication of the popularity of its author, and of the intensity of the public expectation with regard to it. This is the position occupied by Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau." We have seen "special bulletins" in book-store windows, announcing that "Rupert of Hentzau" is coming out; cards of abnormal size have also appeared with Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations of the coming novel pasted upon them, while the press has teemed with notices to the effect that "Rupert" will shortly be published. It is understood that the advance orders for this book exceed all that is known in Canadian annals, and that from the woods and wilds, as well as from the cities, orders are being forwarded to the fortunate publisher. Why is this? Why is it that miners and farmers, ladies and lawyers, brokers and merchants want to know what Rupert of Hentzau did after he had concluded the series of brilliant escapades which Mr. Hope narrated in "The Prisoner of Zenda?" Well, for one thing, part of the interest thus excited is due to the fact that Rupert of Hentzau *is* a sequel. Whether it were an accident or not, Mr. Hope, in the finish of "The Prisoner of Zenda," left all his readers with the question on their lips—"What became of Rupert?" Everybody who read "The Prisoner" desired to know what that magnificent and audacious villain did afterwards. In "Rupert of Hentzau" everything is told. We are again introduced to the unsatisfactory king and his much-tried wife. The grizzled old soldier Sapt appears. So does the redoubtable Rudolph Rassendyll. In fact, we are back in an old environment among people we know. There is always a charm about that if the people are themselves. In Rupert they undoubtedly are. Mr. Hope has succeeded in breathing into his characters the breath of life, and we are just as interested in them as if they had actual existence.

For another thing, there is no doubt that "The Prisoner of Zenda" was a revival of the imaginative and romantic novel, and the public, having been satisfied by the long, demoralizing, and fruitless discussion of so-called sexual problems, were quite ready for it. Any sequel of such a popular book must necessarily be popular. Again, both "The Prisoner" and "Rupert" make large demands on the credulity of the reader. You have to determine to blink the improbabilities before you can enjoy either of them. If anybody doubts whether improbability is an element in the success of a book he has only to go back over the most successful fictions of the past quarter of a century, when he will find that incredible situations have, in clever and able hands, proved conducive to the most engrossing interest. Nothing is a greater mistake than to suppose that every novel must be a photograph of life. On the contrary, it should be a relief

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* H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York. Tyrrell's Book Shop, Toronto. $1.50.
* Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang.

from its tedious reality. There is no doubt that "Rupert of Hentzau" performs this office to admiration. The reader is introduced to a fresh atmosphere, just as he is when he opens the enchanted covers of "The Arabian Nights." He is carried to a land where things are possible that are not possible amid the humdrum prose of to-day. At the same time, he is conscious of the art and skill with which the illusion is produced.

NOTES.

"The King's Jackal," by Richard Harding Davis, with illustrations and a striking cover design by Charles Dana Gibson, will be issued by the Copp, Clark Co. at once. Mr. Davis showed in his very successful "Soldiers of Fortune" that he could sustain through a long novel the same fascination which had so prominently marked his short stories, and this tale of a bankrupt king is as well drawn, as romantic, and as continuously interesting as anything the author ever wrote. The newspaper correspondent, who is the real hero, is one of Mr. Davis' finest creations, and all the characters of the drama are real and vital. The book will be issued simultaneously in the United States, Canada and England.

Rev. Dr. Dewart has ready for the press a volume of essays and papers that promise good reading. Of special interest to Canadian readers will be a study of Charles Sangster, the well-known Canadian poet, and a collection of Dr. Dewart's poems written since the publication of his "Songs of Life."

Dr. Rand has betaken himself to his delightful summer resort at Partridge Island, washed by the waters of the Stone Basin of Mines, and hard by Blomidon's lofty headland, truly a likely place to seek the afflatus divine. We understand Dr. Rand will spend much of his leisure this summer in a study of the Canadian poets.

"Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton, is a stirring romance of love, adventure and political intrigue. The interior of the gloomy fortress of Kronstadt, the Baltic, the Finnish Islands and London, furnish the background for swiftly moving scenes, which are tense with suspended interest, with the power of love, and with the stress of peril. Although a story of the present day, the pulse of adventure and romance throbs as strongly in these pages as in a mediæval tale.

A biographical series of much interest to medical men is now being published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, England, under the general title of "Masters of Medicine." The volumes already issued are John Hunter, by Stephen Paget; William Harvey, by D'Arcy Power; Sir James Y. Simpson, by H. Laing Gordon, and William Stokes by Sir William Stokes. Other volumes are in preparation. The editor of the series is Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal.* The volumes are large crown octavo, at 3s. 6d. each.

Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada," published in an English edition by T. Fisher Unwin, is having a good reception from the press. The reviewer in the *Times* suggests that other books of its kind might be published from time to time. This is a suggestion worth pondering by the topographical and scientific sections of the Government, and by Canadian publishers as well.

A second edition of Dr. Workman's "Old Testament Vindicated" has just been issued.

"John Marmaduke," by S. H. Church, is a stirring and captivating romance. Mr. Church's biography of Oliver Cromwell evidenced his ability as an historian, and his story of the English invasion of Ireland in 1649 has proved his skill as a

writer of romance. The Canadian edition, to be published by the Copp, Clark Co., is almost ready.

J. F. Herbin, B.A., of Wolfville, N.S., said to be the only descendant of the exiled Acadians now living in the land of his fathers, has placed with William Briggs for publication a "History of Grand Pré," to be illustrated with several pretty views of the Evangeline country.

Among the new books which The Copp, Clark Co. are about to issue are "Leddy Marget," by Mrs. L. B. Wanford; "The Gods Arrive," by Annie E. Holdsworth; "Outlaws of the Marches," by Lord Ernest Hamilton, and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The second annual issue of "Musical Toronto," compiled by H. H. Godfrey, is to hand. It is a charming souvenir of the music halls, choirs and individual artists of the Queen City, illustrated from photographs of public buildings, churches, colleges, military bands and individuals. The frontispiece is an admirable reproduction of a portrait of Beethoven. (Published by the author, 32 King St. West, Toronto, at 25 cents.)

"The Anglican Church in Canada" is the title of a pamphlet published in Toronto by Thomas E. Champion. The text comprises the three excellent historical articles recently published by this writer in The Canadian Magazine. (25 cents.)

A very valuable appendix to the Report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for 1896 has just been issued. It contains four articles: Political and Social Arithmetic by S. Morley Wickett, Fellow in Political Science at Toronto University; The Growth of Municipal Institutions in Ontario by C. R. W. Biggar, Q.C.; The Municipal Government of Ontario and The Development of Agriculture in Ontario by C. C. James, M.A. The articles are brief, but full of facts and very readable.

"The School System of the State of New York," as viewed by a Canadian, is a work just issued by the Minister of Education for Ontario. The author is John Millar, B.A., the deputy, a forcible writer and a patient investigator. It contains about 200 pages and is neatly bound in cloth.

The Quartier Latin is the title of a very interesting magazine published by J. M. Dent & Co., 29 Bedford St., London, England. It is an exponent of advanced art in literature and illustrating, and is especially interesting to those who admire oddities. The May number contained four reproductions of the last drawings from life of Mr. Gladstone. These were made at Bournemouth Church in March by A. S. Forrest.

The Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto, have just issued the first Canadian edition of "The Untempered Wind," by Joanna E. Wood. The book has already run through several editions in the United States, and is perhaps without a peer among Canadian novels. "Current Literature" (New York) pronounced it the greatest book of the year 1894.

George H. Dobson, of Halifax, has issued a pamphlet entitled "Ocean Routes and Modern Transportation: Canada's Splendid Opportunity." (Price, 25 cents; printed by The Herald, Halifax.)

Raoul Renault, of Quebec, is developing into a publisher. One of his recent issues is "John and Sebastian Cabot," by N. E. Dionne, Librarian of the Legislative Library of the Province of Quebec. This is a fifty page pamphlet printed on heavy paper with wide margins—in fact, a pamphlet showing taste and artistic sense, such as one never sees in Ontario publications.

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DR. Mary Green, author of "Food Products of the World," says: "For Mothers nursing their Children and for General Debility

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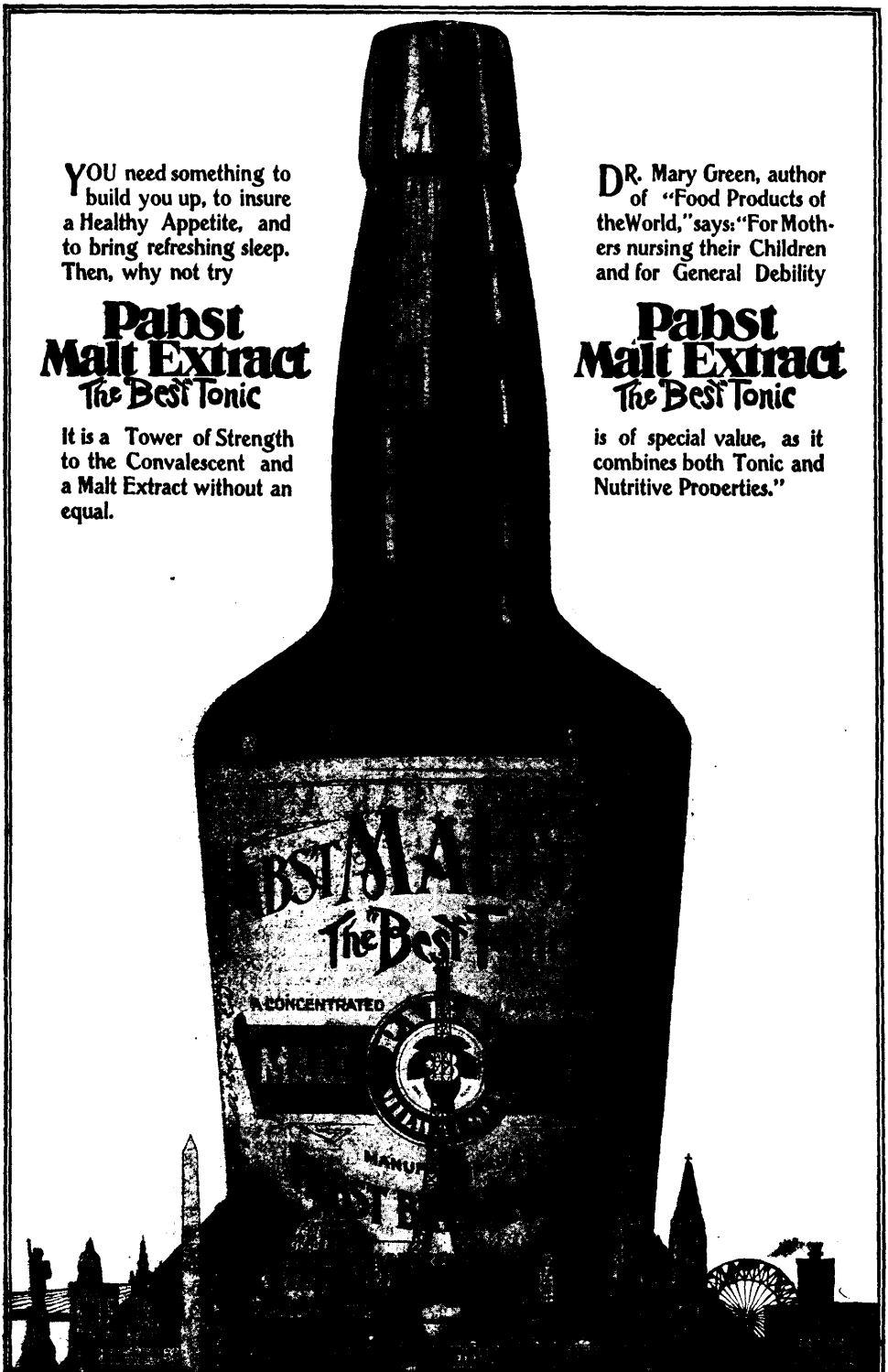


PABST PERFECTED BREWING IN AMERICA

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

ISSUE OF FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

SEALED TENDERS for the purchase of Terminable Annuities running for a period of 40 years, issued under authority of an Act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic., Chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on or before 14th day of July next, at 2.30 p.m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend.

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half-yearly payments at his office at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of $100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (£20 10s. 11½d.), on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June instant, the first half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is $5,700 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than $200 annually.

Tenders may, if preferred, be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Sterling in London, England. In such case the conversion will be at the par of exchange, $4.86⅔=to the pound sterling. Tenders will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 20th July, and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be made within ten days thereafter at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if, from any cause, the purchase money is not paid by the 1st day of August next, purchasers who have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment, at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders.

The Annuity Certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered.

The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the Province, but no tender will necessarily be accepted. Tender forms sent on request.

Envelopes containing tenders should be endorsed "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities."

Further information may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's Office,
Toronto, 2nd June, 1898.

NOTE—Illustration of calculation on interest basis—At the rate of 3 per cent. per annum (or in strictness, 1 1-2 per cent. half-yearly) a present payment of $2,320.36 would represent an annuity of $100 for 40 years, $50 payable each half-year.

We Make

Kitchen utensils of every shape and size in our famous

"GRANITE"

AND

"DIAMOND"

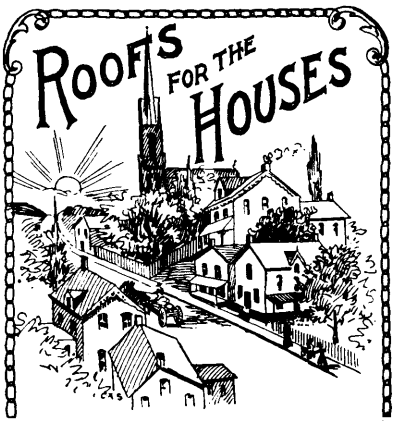
Enameledware.

We guarantee every piece bearing either of these labels.

They don't cost more, but are pure and will last longer than others.

That's why it will pay you to ask your dealer for them—instead of taking chances.

Kemp Manufacturing
Toronto



32 Years ago

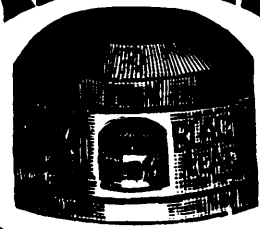
we started the manufacture of sheet metal building materials, and this long experience enables us to offer intending builders all that is desirable in Steel Roofing, Steel Sidings, Steel Ceilings, etc.

We give You

the benefit of our long experience—any of our big catalogues—and up-to-date information on these goods on receipt of a post card.

The Pedlar Metal Roofing Co.,
Oshawa, Ont.

ROYAL



BLACKLEAD

A Stove Tonic.

Royal Blacklead is pure blacklead. It acts on the iron stove as a tonic, filling up the pores, preserving it from rust and wear, while giving it that polish dear to the housekeeper's heart.

Beware of paste and liquid polishes, as they stain the hands, and are as bad for the stove as for the human beings who inhale their poisonous fumes.

Are 10,000 Men Mistaken?

Unless about 10,000 men, mainly professional men—lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and all other classes, including the writer, are very much mistaken, the Electropoise effects cures and gives relief where all other known remedies have failed. Especially is it efficacious in the case of feeble women and children. I have used one for the past two years, and find it invaluable as a curative agent.—REV. ZEPHANIAH MEEK, D.D., Editor of Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky.

THE editorial above was published about four years ago. Since that time the sale of the Electropoise has increased to such an extent that we feel warranted in stating that there are now in use not less than 75,000 instruments indorsed by at least 300,000 prominent people.

Last July we reduced the price of the Electropoise from $25.00 to $10.00. We did this at the urgent solicitation of our many friends and also to place a price upon the instrument which would permit every family to enjoy its benefits. We do not propose to sell an inferior instrument at this reduced price. They will be just exactly the same in every respect as heretofore. They are the original and the best. They fill to the utmost extent the principles of this method of treatment.

Result of Scientific Examination.

Laboratory, 70 Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.,
LONDON, Eng., August 8, 1892.

I have finished a series of experiments upon myself and on other subjects with the Electropoise submitted to me for scientific examination last January. I have also made a chemical analysis of the component parts of the instrument. As the result I beg to certify:

First.—That its action, which is distinctly traceable shortly after the application of the instrument, has a decidedly beneficial effect upon the system.

Secondly.—That it is impossible for the Electropoise, when attached to the body, to communicate any electric shock or sensation.

Thirdly.—That no injurious results can follow upon its use according to directions.

I see no reason whatever to doubt the curative powers claimed for it.

PETER AUCHINACHIE, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

Spinal Trouble, Etc.

ST. JOHNS, Que., Canada, February 19, 1895.

I have now used the pocket Electropoise in my family since last August, and cannot speak too highly of its merits. I fully believe it does all you claim for it. My daughter, who has been an invalid for the past three years from spinal trouble, partial paralysis and neuralgia, and had the best medical advice that St. Johns and Montreal could give, has greatly benefited by the use of this wonderful little instrument; she is now able to walk about and come down stairs alone; she looks forward, and with good reasons too, to a complete restoration to health. I have also tried it on myself for muscular rheumatism, and on others for inflammatory rheumatism, cramps in the stomach, inflamed sore throat, indigestion and other ordinary ailments; in all cases the effects were so convincing that I cannot speak too highly of its curative powers.

I have recommended it to a number of my friends, and to my knowledge they all speak highly of its virtues. I consider it invaluable in a family if the directions are faithfully carried out. Very truly yours, R. MONTGOMERIE.

Miss Clara Barton's Letter.

CONSTANTINOPLE, February 21st, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—When in London the other day I received two packets from the United States Embassy, each containing an Electropoise; to-day I received your kind letter. Please allow me to thank you heartily and gratefully for the splendid little machines. As you remember, I am not an entire stranger to the virtues of the Electropoise, and I will take great pleasure in passing your offering to afflicted humanity. Very sincerely yours,

CLARA BARTON, President Red Cross Armenian Relief Expedition.

Write for 112-page Booklet—mailed free. Address all communications to

The Electropoise Co., Room 35, 1122 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

DELIVERED FREE OF DUTY.

"Mr. Bond, may I get off this afternoon? I should like to go to a funeral."
"I am afraid not, Mr. Binks, for we are very busy; but if business slackens I have no objection to your going to a funeral Saturday afternoon."

Lehigh Valley Railroad System

THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM AND BUFFET

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

BETWEEN

Toronto, Hamilton and New York via Niagara Falls.

Fastest Time Toronto to New York.

The new route between all CANADIAN POINTS and BUFFALO.

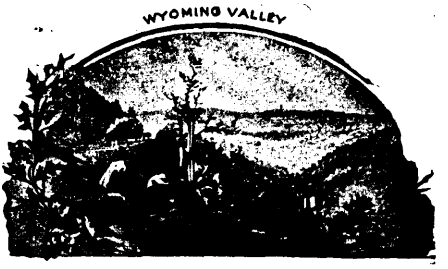
DIRECT LINE TO AND FROM

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, via Niagara Falls and Buffalo,

AND

Toronto, all points in Canada and Chicago.

Solid Vestibule Trains through.
Dining Cars a la Carte attached to Day Express Trains.
Route of the **BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.**
Handsomest trains n the world.



For Tickets, Time of Trains, etc., apply to Agents of Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

R. S. LEWIS,
Canadian Passenger Agent,
33 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

A. A. HEARD,
Western Passenger Agent,
223 Main St., BUFFALO.

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent,
26 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK OFFICES—355 Broadway, 273 Broadway, and 26 Cortlandt Street.
DEPOTS—Foot of West 23rd, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Sts.

1898 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS (Subject to change). **1898**

BEAVER LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

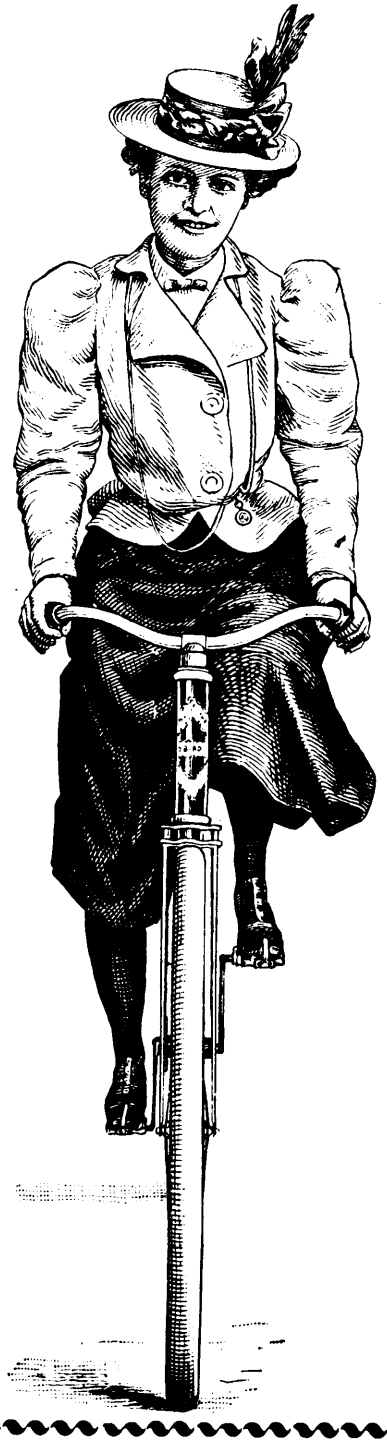
SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL. Calling at Rimouski, and Moville, Ireland, each way.

From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.	From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.
Sat., June 18	Gallia	Wed., July 6	Sat., Aug. 13	Lake Huron	Wed., Aug. 31
" " 25	Lake Ontario	" " 13	" " 20	Lake Superior	" Sept. 7
" July 2	Tongariro	" " 20	" " 27	Gallia	" " 14
" " 9	Lake Huron	" " 27	" Sept. 3	Lake Ontario	" " 21
" " 16	Lake Superior	" Aug. 3	" " 10	Tongariro	" " 28
" " 23	Gallia	" " 10	" " 17	Lake Huron	" Oct. 5
" " 30	Lake Ontario	" " 17	" " 24	Lake Superior	" " 12
" Aug. 6	Tongariro	" " 24	" Oct. 1	Gallia	" " 19

Steamers sail from Montreal Wednesday Morning, passengers may embark the Evening previous after 8 o'clock, if desired.
Passengers from Quebec embark Wednesday Afternoon, and must apply to the Agents, G. M. Webster & Co., Dalhousie Street, not later than Wednesday Morning, for the time at which they are to embark.
Passengers from the Lower Provinces embark at Rimouski Thursday Morning, on arrival of Mail train, and those so desiring from Montreal and the West can do so by taking the I. C. R. Mail Train leaving Grand Trunk Depot at 7.05 P.M. Wednesday.

SPECIAL RAIL RATES TO AND FROM ALL POINTS.

D. W. CAMPBELL, General Manager, 18 Hospital St., Montreal. D. & C. McIVER, Tower Buildings, 22 Water St., Liverpool.



$5.00 in Gold

will be presented to the first person sending in the correct name and address of the young lady who is the original of the accompanying illustration.

Her smile is, perhaps, a trifle more pronounced than usual, but that is because she is immensely pleased with the easy running qualities of the Lady's Red Bird Special she rides.

It is the new caged bearings that make her wheel run easy, for with Red Bird Special bearings every ball runs in a separate cage, never coming in contact with its fellows. The result is an entire absence of friction and an ease of propulsion impossible with bearings that have the balls all jammed in together.

The improved bearings, however, are by no means the only important feature of the Red Bird Special. It is high grade from the pedals to the handle bars, combining beauty, strength and easy running qualities rarely found in a bicycle. Price, $100.00.

• • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Goold Bicycle Co.
Limited.
Brantford, Ont.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for completion of Goderich Works," will be received at this office until Friday, 15th July next, inclusively, for completing the harbour and river works in course of reconstruction at Goderich, Huron County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Goderich, at the office of Mr. H. A. Gray, Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 15th, 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Royal Military College of Canada.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June of each year. Evidence satisfactory to the Headquarters Board of Examiners of Matriculation in the Faculty of Arts, within the previous 12 months, will be accepted in lieu of passing the obligatory examination. Such matriculants will rank, for admission to the College, in alphabetical order after those who pass the obligatory examination.

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

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

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

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

Length of Course three years.

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

Board and instruction, $100 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, Ottawa.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1897.