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HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1893. No. 2.

OUR MILITIA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. O'BRIEN, M.P.

THE maintenance of a military force for defence against foes from without, and for the preservation of order within, has at all times, and in all countries, been accepted as a necessary condition of national existence. And till the practical teaching of Christianity rules the world, preparation for self-defence, and readiness to endure all that it may impose, will continue to be among the first of national necessities. Canada offers no exception to the rule. We have assumed national responsibilities, and we must be prepared to accept all the conditions by which they are accompanied. To this proposition all parties in the State must be held to be assenting, as a little consideration will show. Those who desire the existing state of things to continue, are aware that a certain expenditure for military purposes is one of the terms of the contract. Those who look forward to independence, must accept the undertaking of the defence of the country as a necessary condition of national existence. Those who advocate Imperial Federation base their scheme upon our assuming our full share of Imperial defence. And even the annexationist, if any such exist, must admit, that were Canada to become a portion of the Union, the expenditure on State militia, and in support of the regular army, would be a far heavier burden than that now imposed upon us for maintaining the militia of the Dominion.

And not only do reason and experience concur in these conclusions; the temper and spirit of the people demand that practical effect shall be given to them. Our history, from the earliest times, proves the existence of a vigorous warlike sentiment, which finds expression in the voluntary effort by which our militia is maintained, and which, on various occasions, has carried our forces triumphantly through the trials of actual conflict.

With these premises established, the duty of the statesman is to consider by what means, and in what manner, the greatest military efficiency can be attained with the least expenditure of money, both *maximum* and *minimum* being regulated by the political conditions existing, and the available resources of the country.

The conditions are:—an enormous territory with an extensive frontier, vulnerable throughout its whole length of three thousand miles; and a sparse and scattered population. The means are simply what is grudgingly spared from a revenue required to administer the affairs and develop the resources of this vast territory; the portion al-

lowed for military expenditure never having exceeded the annual sum of twenty-five cents per head of the population—the lowest proportion of revenue devoted to defensive purposes which can be found in any civilized country.

Clearly then a military system suited to such conditions must be one sufficiently elastic to embrace, in case of need, the whole of the population capable of bearing arms. A small body of men, however well equipped, however highly trained, and however well disciplined, would obviously be of no use for the defence of a country so situated. It must be sufficiently developed to be capable of rapidly and easily extending its organization just as far as the necessity of the case may require, and the material at its disposal permit. It must, as far as its means will allow, keep in working order the nucleus or skeleton of a force which, existing throughout the land, will be continually imparting some knowledge of the art of war, keeping alive the military spirit, and interesting all places and all classes in maintaining its efficiency. Now this is exactly what our present military system *does* accomplish.

Having a regiment in every city and county in the Dominion, besides cavalry and artillery, by the simple expedient of raising the strength of companies to one hundred men, our present organization would give us an effective force of nearly one hundred thousand rank and file, requiring only the same number of staff and regimental officers at present commissioned. By adding a second or reserve battalion to each of these regiments, this force could be doubled without any necessity for enrolling the reserve militia, which could be best used to fill vacancies in the active militia, as required. Having its regimental headquarters in every city or county, and its company headquarters in the country towns and villages, not only are local interests enlisted in support of the forces, and a local *esprit de corps* created, but, from the number of men passing through the force, and obtaining thereby some knowledge of drill and discipline, a general familiarity with what may be called "soldiering" constantly exists, the military spirit is kept alive, and thus what, in one respect, seems the weakness of the force, supplies an element of strength. It is true that the force thus constituted, and at present existing, is, in many respects, very "unfinished." Both officers and men, especially the latter, have much to learn before they are fit for service, but the foundation is laid, and a great deal has been accomplished, both in the way of organization and instruction. In every corps there are a number of drilled men, who stick to it from pure love of the work, who set an example, and give a pattern to the recruit, who teach him his duties, and are competent for the position of non-commissioned officers, and who are also sufficiently numerous to take up and discharge all duties, if the regiment is called out, while the recruits are being instructed. The result is that, speaking of the force generally, a regiment can be mustered, moved from one place to another, and marched into camp, can pitch its tents, mount its guards and pickets, issue and cook its rations, be amenable to discipline, and make progress in drill and knowledge of all duties, under the instruction of its own officers, in a manner that shows how great is the aptitude of the Canadian youth for the work of a military life—how quickly he learns, how readily he obeys. Now by what other system that can be devised will results so satisfactory be achieved at so small a cost to the country?

The system is also one of natural growth and development, and, in that, we have the best evidence of its being suited to the habits and tastes of the people, as well as to the requirements of the country. Beginning in 1855, with a few scattered companies called

into existence by the patriotism of a few individuals, it has steadily advanced till it has attained the position of a truly national force—Her Majesty's army in Canada. This growth is mainly due to the same cause which gave it birth—the patriotic spirit of the people. Neither to the officers nor men who compose it does it offer any advantage, either social, political or pecuniary. On the contrary, membership in it is rather a hindrance than a benefit. It involves loss of time and loss of money, as well as a good deal of work. By politicians, it is looked upon as a political necessity. They grudge an expenditure which yields no chance of profit, and serves no party end. Yet the force is so popular in the country that they do not dare to meddle with it. The employers of labor give it no encouragement, and their men who join it do so at the risk of losing their places, as well as their time and their money. Yet under such conditions it lives, and it grows, and could at any time be largely extended. Nor is it a mere holiday force. It has always been ready for war. It rushed to arms to meet the Fenian invasion in 1866, and in 1885 it found in the North-West campaign something of the hardships and dangers of actual warfare.

If this view of the subject be the correct one—if the force as at present constituted not only best fulfils the conditions so obviously essential to any successful attempt to provide for the defence of the country—and if it is also best suited to the habits and ideas of the people, it is surely the part of wisdom to encourage and develop it—to find out its deficiencies and to endeavor to remedy them, rather than to suggest changes which would entirely alter its character, and endanger its stability.

Its deficiencies are many, most of them apparent, and all capable of remedy. The most obvious and important is that the period of service is so short, and that even during that short period, sufficient time for instruction is not given. Men engage for three years, and during that period they *may* attend only one annual drill (I am speaking now of the rural battalions), and at most they can only attend two. To lengthen the period of service would be of no avail, for except in time of actual warfare it is useless to attempt to *compel* men to remain in the force, especially under the present system of drill. But, in the first place, the drill should be annual, which is obviously the great desideratum, and, in the second, some inducement in the shape of increased pay, however small, should be given to men who, after continuous service for three years, re-enlist for another term.

At present the man who remains in the force, and is an efficient soldier, so far as it is possible for him to become one, is entitled to no more consideration than the man who only joins for the annual drill, and is perhaps never seen again. As has been already remarked, the constant changes in the force which seem to be such a source of weakness have this countervailing advantage that they diffuse a knowledge of drill and discipline among the population, which is never altogether lost, and in case of emergency these men would be the first to come forward to fill the ranks. The proposals above made, viz., annual instead of biennial drill, and increased pay for extended service, simply involve an increase, and not a very large increase, of expenditure—an expenditure which would go directly into the pockets of the men, and which I believe Parliament would cheerfully vote.

Some inducement should also be held out to captains of companies to keep their companies together, and drill their men as often as possible. At present the captain who brings an entirely raw and undrilled lot of men to camp is on as good a footing, as regards his allowances, as the cap-

tain who, having been assiduous during the year, keeping an eye upon his men, and holding evening drills as often as possible, as many do, brings to camp a company, including perhaps many recruits, yet having a backbone of fairly drilled men, which makes all the difference as regards its usefulness and efficiency. To meet this difficulty it is suggested that the payment of the allowance for drill instruction should be contingent upon the company being up to a certain standard of efficiency.

The period of drill, nominally twelve days—really only nine, is too short. It is better than nothing, which is all that can be said, and it is surprising how much is done in the time; but just as the men have got well used to camp life, and have got over the least interesting part of their instruction, they are sent away.

This is also a question of money, but the increased amount required would double the value of what is now spent. Even an additional five days would be of immense service, and might be made the most popular as well as instructive portion of the drill.

While on this subject I may add that the rations for the men are barely sufficient, and the deficiency, into the details of which I need not here enter, could best be supplied by a small money allowance, paid through the captains of companies, to be expended by the men themselves, in some additions to their messing, which would be very grateful, and make the annual camps much more popular. A very small sum would suffice.

A second class of deficiencies comes under the head of organization. The force remains in exactly the same form in which it was left by Col. Robertson Ross. He found it a number of isolated and independent companies. He left it a number of isolated and independent battalions; and so it has remained ever since. Why should not the organization be extended to Brigades, if not to Divisions, with their proper and complete staff, such as would be required on active service, and such as has to be improvised at every camp of instruction? It would cost no more than at present, and would be found of great service, if the force were ever called out. Another and serious defect in the working of our system is, that the schools of instruction, especially those for the infantry, do not answer the purpose for which they were instituted to anything like the extent which they should, considering the charge which they are upon the country, and the requirements of the force. The tendency of the militia department is to regard them as a military force in themselves, distinct from the regular militia, with special privileges and distinctions, instead of treating them simply as that for which they were intended—schools for the instruction of officers and non. com. officers of the active militia. As at present conducted they are growing less and less adequate for this purpose, while the expense attending them is constantly increasing. They are a heavy charge upon the sum voted for the militia, while not of corresponding advantage. For the sum they cost they ought to be able to give all the instruction that is needed; but in this they largely fail. Their usefulness is now limited to the amount of barrack accommodation which they can give to attached officers and men, while they ought to be able to receive and instruct all those that apply for and are entitled to instruction. They must open their doors very much wider, or some other method of instruction must be found, so as to meet at less cost the necessities of the service. And also the men of these permanent *corps*, as they are now called, must be more available for the purpose of instruction than they have been hitherto. Larger attendance at instruction parades; more men and less rope; more men on parade and fewer on fatigue and garrison

duty, is what is required. There is no fault to find with the instruction that is given, or the style of men that the schools turn out, but they must extend their sphere of action, and be more alive to their proper and legitimate duties, or the consequences will be serious. There are various and obvious ways in which an improvement can be effected, and they are respectfully suggested to the consideration of the authorities.

Of the military college at Kingston, which is also a charge upon the militia, one would desire to speak in the most respectful terms. As a school for the training of young men it is, perhaps, the best in the Dominion, and as such, as well as in some respects peculiar to itself, it is of great service to the country. But the question may fairly be asked: Of what practical benefit is it to the militia? That, under certain circumstances, it might be a benefit, will be readily admitted, but is there no way in which it could be made a direct benefit under existing circumstances? Could not its methods of instruction be made available for the active force? Could it not in other ways be brought more into direct connection with it? These are questions which are also submitted for the consideration of the minister and his advisers.

The foregoing remarks—brief and necessarily imperfect, written in no spirit of partizanship, and, it is hoped, without prejudice—are based upon an experience of nearly thirty years' connection with the active force, during which time the writer has had more than ordinary opportunities of observing the merits, as well as the demerits, of the present system. His object has been not unduly to exalt that system, but, believing it is the one best suited to the country, to show how it can be improved and rendered more effective; not going into details, but pointing out the principles by which this can be brought about. That, in order to accomplish anything, some increase of expenditure will be required, is admitted. But the increased expenditure will greatly increase the value of what is now spent, and largely wasted; and with the increased expenditure that in some respects is required, reductions in others may be effected.

One question of importance—to which attention has been drawn by General Herbert—the distinction between the rural and urban portions of the force, has not been touched upon, and what has been said refers almost entirely to the former. As at present constituted, the city battalions partake more of the nature of military clubs than of a working force. This is not said by way of disparagement either of the system on which they are conducted, or of the spirit which animates them, but because it is clear that on active service, while the spirit would remain, the system would be no longer practicable; the whole force would necessarily be placed upon the same footing, and the distinction between the two branches which now exists would at once disappear. At the same time, it does seem invidious that the rural battalions should be in an inferior position, as regards drill and training, to their city comrades, and, therefore, necessarily appear at a disadvantage when brought together. This is one of the many changes for the better that drilling the whole force annually would effect.

There are many minor matters in connection with the force upon which a great deal might be said. Arms are obsolete, and largely defective from long and often careless usage. The clothing might be much improved, and with economy, too; and of the equipment it is no exaggeration to say that it is almost useless. A new rifle is required, the simpler and more easily managed the better, and a new rifle would certainly involve equipment to match. The clothing, as far as it goes, is all right, but a working suit for camp and fatigue duties, suitable to

our summer climate, would be comfortable for the men, and effect a saving in the wear of the full-dress uniform; and some suitable uniform head-dress should be devised and issued. These matters, however, may be left for the consideration of the staff. The country, and Parliament as representing it, having adopted the principle that the maintenance of a military force is a necessary part of our national expenditure, should see that that expenditure is so made as to produce the most effective results, even though from time to time some additional outlay may be required.

THE STRANGE VESSEL.

QUEBEC, 1759.

And no one saw, while it was dark,
The outline of that sweeping barque,
    Without a flag or light;
And no one counted, one by one,
Upon her decks, each silent gun,
    That glimmered through the night.

And far above the water's swell,
Upon a guarded citadel,
    Arose the laugh of men;
But some upon the ramparts there,
Felt Evil hurrying through the air,
    And never laughed again.

The creak of sail, the dip of oar,
Were heard by none upon the shore;
    And in the forest vale
None knew the ambush that was kept,
Nor saw a thousand men, who crept
    Along the narrow trail.

When day at last was breaking forth,
There came two eagles flying north,
    And on the morn awoke
The solemn pageantry of war,
And o'er the shining hills afar
    Floated the rolling smoke.

—E. H. STAFFORD.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

BY JOHN S. EWART, Q.C.

In the July number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I pleaded for liberty of thought and opinion. As one argument, I suggested that possibly even the cockiest bigot might be wrong; and I mentioned a few out of the millions of opinions that had already gone to the ditch. Might his not go, too? "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it *possible* you may be mistaken." After seven pages, I summarized the proposition to which I had "been endeavoring to win assent," as follows:—"(1) That human thought is, even the best of it, upon social and religious questions, far from infallible; (2) That other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with us, are as likely to be right as we are; (3) That religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable . . .; (4) That the true policy, with reference to all *such* questions, is that of perfect liberty; for the *onus* of proving the harmfulness of opposing opinion cannot be discharged." Then follow four pages wherein I applied these principles to the schools.

The Rev. Dr. Bryce, in the September number, makes reply, and that in the very simplest manner possible. He puts into my pages opinions and contentions that are not there, and, so far as I am aware, I never entertained; and then, without much effort, victoriously confutes them. He might have spared himself the confutation, for the poor, miserable things, with all possible shifts, straddles, and devices, could never have stood upright, even if left alone. The worthy Doctor would have accomplished all his purpose, had he contented himself with saying, in a single sentence, "Mr. Ewart's whole article is a foolish defence of the geocentric theory." My discomfiture would thus have been sufficiently apparent to all men, without wasting pages to disprove the antiquated absurdity.

Not that Dr. Bryce had the slightest intention of misrepresenting me. He is merely a singularly good example of that "incapacity to appreciate and sympathetically understand an opinion contrary to his own," to which I referred in July. Instead of either understanding my argument, or telling me that it was something "no fellow could understand," he flings a heap of wretched inanities at me, saying: Your opinion is that "my right is your wrong; my wrong is your right. One for me is as good as the other for you. *There is no fixed right.* There is no hope of reaching a common standard . . . Plainly Mr. Ewart believes there is no common standard of opinion; that *there can be no concensus of right*; that there can be no invariable principle in man which can serve as a basis of agreement, and hence of truth. That being the case, then each must be allowed to believe and *act* as he likes. Absolute, unrestrained liberty *to do* as he may choose must be given him. He might just as well have added, "And Mr. Ewart believes that alligators are Divine emanations, and ought to be protected with forty-five per cent." He seems to say:—

> "As for you,
> Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true."

In order to justify his ascription to me of these absurdities, Dr. Bryce quotes four passages from my article. They are as follows (numbered and italicised):—

FIRST PASSAGE.—"*If we cannot decide (and Mr. Ewart says we cannot*

decide) *whether the opinions are harmful or innocent, A has as much right to have his way as B, has he not?"* What opinions was I alluding to? Whether alligators are emanations, or not? Whether A. is to have "absolute and unrestrained liberty to *do* as he may choose," or not? No, neither of them; but whether atheistical opinions are so certainly harmful to society as to warrant the State in suppressing them. That is what I said could not be decided. Was I not right?

SECOND PASSAGE:—"*Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect than are the opinions of others.*" If Dr. Bryce refuses to admit "that other people of equal intelligence, who honestly differ with him, are as likely to be right as he is," then, in all politeness, I shall make an exception in his favor. With this qualification, I believe the statement to be perfectly accurate. Nevertheless I will reverse it entirely, if he wishes, and say that every person's opinions *are* entitled to "greater deference and respect than are the opinions of others." But it must be understood that the change was made to oblige Dr. Bryce. Plato, more modest than the Doctor, would have said: (*a*) "To be absolutely sure of the truth of matters concerning which there are many opinions is an attribute of the Gods, not given to man, stranger; but I shall be very happy to tell you what I *think*."

THIRD PASSAGE:—"*Religious and irreligious opinion is in the category of the debatable; the true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty.*" With the same understanding I will reverse this, too. I shall say: Religious questions are *not* "in the category of the debatable;" that from the time of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, down to the time of Prof. Briggs and Prof. Campbell, they never have been debated. I shall further say that "the true policy with reference to all such questions is" *not* that of liberty at all, perfect or otherwise; but that of the Doctor's Confession of Faith in the words following: "The civil magistrate . . . hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the church; that the truth of God be kept pure and entire; that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed; all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented, or reformed; and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed. For the better effecting thereof, he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the mind of God."

It must, however, again be most distinctly understood that the change was made to oblige Dr. Bryce. (I find myself still muttering something like "*E pur si muove.*")

FOURTH PASSAGE:—"*In the name of liberty, I would say to the parents: Certainly you have the right to teach, or have taught, to your children anything you like, so long as you can agree about it.*" Robbed of all its own context, and surrounded with a totally different one, this sentence might be taken to mean, that I thought that parents were acting quite properly, did they teach their children "Falsehoods, thieveries, iniquities, injustice, disloyalty, anarchic tendencies." With its own context it is plainly limited to Imperial Federationism, Militarism, Pietism, Sabbatarianism, Anti-alcoholism, and every other ism *of such like* you can think of.

These are the four quotations to prove that one of my principles must be that "absolute, unrestrained liberty to *do* as he may choose must be given him." Of course they are laughably worthless for that purpose; but they serve excellently another (probably not intended), namely, to show with what extraordinary fitness the Doctor selected, for his opening page, the words "Lord, thou knowest gif I dinna gae richt, I'll gang far wrang." In

(*a*) Laws, Bk. I.; Jowett's Trans. IV., 172.

future he can apostrophise all Canada as well.

But he goes much further "wrang" than this. Having tripped up quite successfully the rickety Aunt Sallys, that the first passing butterfly would have tumbled over, he proceeds to enunciate three propositions which he says are "in opposition to these views." Three propositions—every one of them as certain, as well-known, and as broad-based as Ararat, Blanc or his own Nevis! Three propositions—and not one of them in opposition to anything—so far as my views are concerned. On the contrary, while the first of them is as irrelevant as would be any proposition in Euclid, the other two are among the foundations of my July argument. These are the three (numbered consecutively and italicized):—

I. "*That the State has a right to form, and enforce, an opinion, at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects.*" Why this platitude, rather than any other—"Some things are good to eat," for example—I cannot imagine. "The State has a perfect right to form, and enforce an opinion" *upon some matters* "at variance with the opinions of many of its subjects," is, surely, what the Doctor intends. He does not mean that the State ought to form, and enforce, an opinion upon *all* matters—upon the literary value of the Psalms, upon the use of meat on fast-days, upon attendance at church, etc. He does not advocate (probably) the return to Acts of Conformity, and Test Acts. His proposition, if intended to be universal, is unquestionably wrong. If intended to be limited, it is perfectly correct, but at the same time perfectly worthless; for there always remains to be proved, that the matter under discussion *is* one of those upon which the State may form and enforce an opinion. "Far wrang!"

II. "*The writer further contends that the State, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects.*" Most certainly, Doctor; that is what I was hitting at, and you were objecting to, when I said: "A has as much right to have his way as B., has he not?" "Your opinions are not entitled to one whit greater deference or respect, than are the opinions of others;" and "The true policy with reference to all such questions is perfect liberty." A few pages ago you said that "these are the elementary principles of anarchy." What do you think of them now? "No special privileges to any class of its subjects,"—let us adhere to that, for it is good.

And it is not in the least opposed to my views, as the Doctor seems to think. He says: "What does Mr. Ewart propose? He proposes that the people of Manitoba should have their public schools, and that one denomination should be singled out, and be allowed to teach their 'isms,' in certain schools, to be controlled by them." To which I can only reply that I never proposed any such thing; or anything having the faintest resemblance to it, and that the whole drift of my article is entirely opposed to any such notion, and directly contrary to any such contention. "Far wrang!" "Far wrang!"

The Doctor tries in another way to make it appear that my purpose is as he alleges. He says that I "was most strenuous, when pleading the Roman Catholic position before the courts, in insisting that Episcopalians and Presbyterians had no rights in the same way." Which is to say, that because I argued as to the meaning of certain words, in a certain statute, therefore my contention must be that that statute, with that certain meaning, upon abstract principles is just and good. Far, "far wrang" again! A lawyer might argue as to the meaning of one of Dr. Bryce's sermons surely, without being compelled to justify it? But the Doctor is wrong, not only in his logic, but in his facts. I did not so argue, for I was not even

engaged in the case in which the question was debated. Once more "far wrang!"

Why does not the Doctor tell me that my real object is to destroy all belief in an isosceles triangle? And why, at all events, does he not doggedly adhere to that method of arguing, rather, at all events, than change to another very much worse? For, on the whole, I would much rather be told that I had said something that I did not, than have it alleged that the "mild, gentle-faced tolerance that Mr. Ewart pleads for, is not the reality for which he is arguing." This means, either that I am endeavoring to mislead, or that I do not know what I am arguing for—sufficiently uncomfortable horns both of them. I take comfort, however, in the fact that it is the "far wrang" Professor that so charges me, and the chances are infinity to one that he is "far wrang" again.

But what is this dreadful, or evasive, "reality, for which" I am arguing—this thing too horrible to mention, or too elusive for common apprehension? Veritably this: a desire to place the schools "under the control of the church"—that is, under the same kind of control as is the college in which Dr. Bryce has spent the best part of his life, as a most worthy and estimable professor! He sees nothing improper in *his* school being governed by a church, but deems the design of a similar government for other schools, a purpose altogether too heinous for public acknowledgment. Were he the Professor of "far wrang" (and I do not think he ever did lecture on exegesis), he could not go much further "wrang" than this, surely? He may endeavor to distinguish. He will say that his school is sustained by private subscription. The distinction does not appeal to me as having much validity. Some of my income goes directly to the support of his school, and some of it indirectly (through the tax-collector), to the support of the other schools. To me, it is either well, or ill, that all these schools should be under church government—well or ill, that is, for the pupils. Whence come the salaries, can, by no means, affect the benefit or disadvantage to the children. He may urge, too, that theology is taught in his college, and that there is, therefore, for it, a necessity for church-government. But I do not refer to the theological department of his college, which, in numerical proportion, is but an adjunct of it; but to the larger body of the institution, the part in which the Doctor himself labors so successfully—to the ordinary every-day school for general education. Is church government for such schools well, or ill, Doctor? You spend a little of your time arguing for the suppression of them, because (1) "the only hope for the province was to * * have a vigorous effort made to raise up a homogeneous Canadian people;" and (2), "in order to make us a united people, a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient;" and you employ the main energies of your life in working in, and seeking support for, a particular school of that very class. I know that you can distinguish again, and that your church is always right, and the others always wrong; so do not tell me that. But, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be" gone "far wrang!"

I say that this, the second of the Doctor's propositions, is not only not opposed to my views, but that it is one of the foundations of my July argument; and I further say that it is entirely opposed to the action of the Manitoba Government.

Let us suppose that there are in a community three classes of persons, each with desires and ideas in reference to education. There are (A) those who desire it to be purely secular; (B) those who desire to have a certain spice, or flavor, of religion in it; and (C) those who desire to have it distinctly religious-history-taught, as in the Old Testament (God acting all the time), and not as in Gibbon (chance

and circumstance at play). And now, Doctor, what I want to know is: How, upon the "no special privilege" plan, you pick out B, and determine that *he* must have his way? Do you say that B is in the majority? Very well, then we must amend our principle, and say "that the State may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects," *except the majority*. Is it right now? If you think so, take it down to Quebec, set it to work, and watch it a little while. You will change your mind!

III. The last of the broad-based propositions (said to be opposed to my contentions), for which the Rev. Doctor contends is, "*That religion is outside of State interference, unless religion invade the State's domain.*" But this is *not* opposed to my contentions. On the contrary it is one of them, and the one to which I constantly make appeal as against the action of the Manitoba Legislature. What did that Legislature do? There were two sets of schools in existence—in one was a little religion suitable to Protestants, and in the other a little more religion suitable to Catholics. Under such circumstances, if the Doctor desires to know "What could patriotic Manitobans do?" I can have no objection to say, that if in the name of patriotism (or of all biology), they felt bound to abolish the one set of schools, and to strengthen the other, they could not have hit upon a more stupid reason for their action than that "religion [*all* religion that is] is outside of State interference." Any first-come law of dynamics (the science which treats of the action of *force*), would have been much more appropriate. Surely, far "far wrang!"

For religion has not been removed from the schools. Episcopalian and Presbyterian Synods thank God annually that it is still there; while Roman Catholics bemoan its character. At present religion is taught, but taught perfunctorily, indirectly, circuitously, and as though people were ashamed of it. This may be taught, and that may not. The Bible may be read, but it must be read "without note or comment." The meaning of words probably cannot be given; the local customs, or notions, must not be referred to; the connection with the previous chapter must not be pointed out. Christ's life is to be read in this foolish fashion, and in detached snatches, with a minimum of ten verses at a time; but no one must say a word to help the children to understand or appreciate it. All which, to my mind, is worse than making a fetish of the Bible; it is making a bore and an annoyance of it Why does not some Educationist propose that History or Philosophy be taught in the same way? There must be no note or comment on the Bible; but, on the other hand, some of the means to be employed for "instruction in moral principles," are "stories, memory-gems . . . didactic talks, teaching the Ten Commandments, etc." Should the Professor again write upon the School question, I beg of him to tell us, (1) Whether, working under these prescriptions, religion is, or is not, taught in the schools; (2) Whether religion ought to be taught in the schools; and (3) If yea, how it comes that his maxim, "that religion is outside of State interference," leads to State-directed religion in State schools. And let me anticipate one of his replies: "Yes, there is religion in the schools, but it is purely of a non-sectarian character." I shall still (1) ask him to apply his maxim, or to submit to its amendment, so that it shall read "Religion, *other than non-sectarian religion*, is outside of State interference;" but further, (2) I shall beg him to remember (as said D'Israeli) that, "a non-sectarian religion is a new religion." "Non-sectarian" is it? Look at the "Form of Prayer," and tell me if any Jew or Unitarian would join in it. Read at one sitting a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic catechism; and see what they would respectively make of "teaching the Ten Commandents."

Will Dr. Bryce say that he would consent to Roman Catholics, in their way, "teaching the Ten Commandments" to Protestant children? Of course he will not, but he thinks it quite right in the name of "patriotism," and of "homogeneity," and of "a united people," to require Roman Catholic children to take their ideas from Protestant teachers. As he says, "a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient." "Far wrang!" "Far wrang!" Toujours perdrix!

One more effort to make myself understood. In my July article, quoting from Dr. Bryce, I said, that of the Catholic school districts, "all but a very small percentage, are in localities almost entirely French." And I added, "Manitoba has said to a large section of her people": Unless you undertake to stop teaching your own religion, to your own children, in schools to which no one goes except those of your own faith, we will not permit you to organize yourselves together for the instruction of those in whose education the whole community has a decided interest." This is too true to be denied, and the Doctor does not deny it. He contents himself with denying the motive which actuated it. Let the motive go; there is the fearful fact. Catholics *are* thrown upon voluntary effort, and subscription, *unless they will abandon that which is to them a sacred duty.* If this be not intolerance and persecution, then the world never saw those horrid monsters and never will see them.

Dr. Bryce helps me splendidly here: "Probably most would say that should Roman Catholics or others desire to educate their children in private schools at their own expense, so long as illiteracy does not result it would be well to allow it." There are three conditions—(1) "private schools"; (2) "at their own expense;" and (3) "so long as illiteracy does not result." The difference between private and public schools (apart from expense) is that in the latter there is public inspection and oversight, a common standard, control by the vote of the people. It could be no reason for *not* allowing Roman Catholics to educate their children that they were willing to permit public inspection and oversight, to adopt the common standard, and to substitute control by the people for control by the church. Upon the contrary, this would evidently remove an objection quite formidable to many minds, and make Manitobans all the more willing, one would think, to allow the Roman Catholics to proceed in their own way. Shall we, therefore, rub out the first condition? By so doing we shall also dispose of the third, shall we not? Where are we now? We have Catholics in public schools, under public regulation, governed by the people, working up to a common standard. Well, then, the only condition left is—"at their own expense," and they (*mirabile dictu*) unanimously reply, "Why, certainly! We do not want a sixpence of anybody's money but our own." What do they propose? Merely this, (they are not beggars, although most of them are poor), that they should be allowed to organize *themselves* for the purpose of taxing *themselves* to raise money for *their own* schools.

Take an example. In the district of X. there is an exclusively Roman Catholic population. Up to 1890 there was a State school there. To-day there is none. (This is what is known as providing "one public school for each locality.") The people, therefore, pay no taxes for school purposes at all. They contribute voluntarily, but not in a sufficiently systematic way, for the purpose of providing private education for their children. They want power to tax themselves, in order better to support their schools—schools which shall have all the qualities of public schools. And Manitobans ("as Mr. Ewart knows, are a generous people") reply: "Certainly you may do so, but upon one condition. You must promise to

read the Bible 'without note or comment' of any kind, and either refrain from teaching religion altogether, or else adopt and teach this emasculated thing called 'non-sectarian religion.' This is our ultimatum. Accept, or go and be hanged—you and your children." "A patriotic love of our province demands this expedient," coolly adds Dr. Bryce, seated comfortably in his study, and continues to act on the exact contrary of "this expedient."

In addition to the right to tax themselves, and as something which Manitobans may or may not, according to their sense of justice (no one asks for generosity), withhold, the Catholics further propose this: Out of public funds there is paid to each school a certain sum in aid of the amount raised by taxation. These public funds belong to the people, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and "the State, being founded on justice, may not give special privileges to any class of its subjects." The people of district X say: Give us our share. We will conform to all your secular requirements, to inspections, to regulations, to standards; "Religion is outside of State interference;" leave it, therefore, outside of your regulations. Pay us our share, if in every respect we do the proper and efficient work of a secular school. And "generous" Manitobans reply: No; your school may be the best in the Province, but you will not get a cent if you comment on the Bible. When we said that "religion was outside of State interference," we meant that the State could quite properly interfere with the teaching of religion, and that, by one of the most drastic of penalties, namely, the threatened illiteracy of your children, it could with the most perfect justice, indeed, in the exercise of much generosity, prevent Catholics teaching Catholic children the Catholic religion in the only way in which Catholics believe it can effectively be done.

Let us dissect a little this seemingly simple proposition, "Religion is outside of State interference," and let us distinguish, because in *not* understanding it, simple as it is, lie many difficulties for many people. Guizot says[a] that Church and State have maintained four forms of relations to one another:—(1) "The State is subordinate to the Church;" (2) "It is not the State which is in the Church but the Church which is in the State;" (3) "The Church ought to be independent, unrestricted in the State; the State has nothing to do with her; the temporal power ought to take no cognizance of religious creeds;" (4) "The Church and the State are distinct societies, it is true, but they are at the same time close neighbors, and are nearly interested in one another; let them live separate but not estranged; let them keep up an alliance on certain conditions, each living to itself, but each making sacrifices for the other; in case of need each lending the other its support."

Many people apprehend clearly enough the two first situations, but the last are usually jargogled together. And yet what a wide difference between them. Under the one principle, a man-of-war goes to sea, and many of her crew go to their graves beneath the water, without the services or offices of a clergyman. Under the other, the State recognizes the *fact* of religion (although refusing to say anything as to its truth), and, among each ship's officers, places one of the spirituality. The State in this case has regard to the wants of the crew. Even as provision is made for food and raiment as wants, so provision is made for *de facto* spiritual wants. It may be considered by many to be a very foolish thing to wish to have a clergyman with you on a battle-ship; even as others think it very absurd to want "baccy" or grog. But the State recognizes the *existence* of these wants (not their wisdom), and

[a] Civilization in France, Lect. 3, Vol. I, p. 317, and see Lect. 12, Vol. II, p 27.

refuses the men neither the one nor the other. Again, under the one principle, the name of God, and everything which could suggest the fact of religion, is excluded from the schools. While under the other, the State takes cognizance of the existence of religion; and the wants of the parents respecting it are, so far as practicable, recognized and acceded to. The distinction is now, I think, sufficiently clear. Which of them is correct? To my mind, he who is actuated by the true spirit of liberty will undoubtedly choose the latter.

With this understanding, let us return to Dr. Bryce's proposition, "Religion is outside of State interference." By this is properly meant that, revolving as they do in different orbits, they ought not to collide with, or clash, or oppose one another. It does not mean that one can deny the existence of the other, or act as though it did not exist, or invade the territory of the other, saying, "Make way, for we must not collide." It means, so far as the State's action is concerned, that the *fact* that religion exists must be recognized; and that in so far as its orderly observance and propagation are concerned, it is "outside of State interference." Doctor Bryce himself concedes that "on the whole, the trend of modern thought is to allow as great liberty as possible to religious opinion."

Let us go back to District X. Prior to 1890, the school there was under State control and governance; the people taxed themselves to support the school; and, according to the secular work accomplished, they obtained the same assistance from public funds that other schools received. In addition to secular instruction, the children were taught the way of salvation, as believed by the parents of every child in the school. The State, true to principle, interposed no obstacle. It allowed as "great liberty as possible." It did not interfere. It did not oppose. It did not object. Then Manitobans ("as Mr. Ewart knows, a generous people") informed these poor parishioners, that unless they would cease telling the children about Jesus, they would be deprived of their organization, they would lose their share of the public moneys, and might get along as best, (or as worst,) they could. Since then, the Government (the people have not yet approved the step) has had the astounding hardihood to send agents to these poor people to sympathize with them, and to urge them to forego their conscientious convictions, in order that they may have the pecuniary advantages of which, for their religion's sake, they were deprived. Than this, history records nothing more intolerant, and, but that it is done without proper reflection, more base. I use the word deliberately. These people have been taught to believe, and do most thoroughly believe, that it is their duty to provide a certain kind of education for their children. It is not proposed to remove this belief by argument. It is proposed to tempt these people with money to act contrary to their belief. If the word "base" is not too strong to apply to the Judas who exchanges conscience for mere cash; does not the tempter who, to accomplish a base betrayal, appeals to the basest of motives, also richly merit the same word.

And is it not in the last degree extraordinary, that of all principles, social or scientific, mundane or divine, or other whatsoever, the one which most strongly and clearly condemns such gross interference with religious liberty—*Religion is outside of State interference*—is the very principle selected by Dr. Bryce to support it? We must leave him, venturing and proffering this suggestion, namely, that if at any time he does "heartily join in the prayer of that fellow-countryman, who pleaded for heavenly direction, saying, 'Lord, gif I dinna gae richt, Thou knowest I'll gang far wrang,'" the proper hymn for the occasion would be, in my humble opinion, "For those at sea"—far, far at sea. Failing relief

by this method, I am afraid nothing remains but the traditional surgical operation!

Si quid per jocum dixi, nolito in serium convertere; for

> Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is human.

The few passages of my July article which escaped misconstruction at the hands of Dr. Bryce, have, at those of Mr. Le Sueur shared the general fate. This latter gentleman seems to think that one of my contentions was, that because opinion might be erroneous, therefore we ought to "shun the responsibility of putting any of our opinions into practice." This is not my "therefore," nor the proper "therefore;" but this rather: that as our opinions *may* be erroneous, we ought not *unnecessarily* to ride rough-shod over the opinions of others—that while acting upon our opinions, we should proceed, not as if they were certain to be right, but *as if, possibly, they might be wrong;* and that, therefore, if, in our economy, scope can be left, or made, for the free play of contrary opinion, left or made it ought to be. A general may be of opinion that the enemy is 40,000 strong. He ought to act upon that opinion; but he would be a fool if he made no provision for a sudden reversal of his idea.

Suppose that the city of London determined to establish a number of public hospitals, and that there came to be determined the question of the system of medicine to be adopted. Alderman A proposes the allopathic system (which he *knows* to be the best), and has the majority on his side. Alderman B, who is an homœopathist, urges that many of the people are of his way of thinking; that, possibly, the majority may be wrong; and that both kinds of hospitals ought to be established, so that people of both opinions may be accommodated. Alderman A says. "Certainly not. The majority must act upon its opinion, and not be deterred by the fact that they may be entirely wrong. If homœopathists want special treatment they can have it at their own expense, and at other places." In such case, Alderman B, in my opinion, is, most undoubtedly, right. A is wrong, because he acts upon his opinion as though it were the "ultimate infallible credo." Is my meaning now clear?

This imagined case may be made further useful. Allopathic hospitals may be taken to represent Protestant schools, and homœopathic hospitals, Catholic schools. In such case Alderman C proposes that, inasmuch as the people are not agreed upon the question of medicine, there should not be any practice at all, of a sectarian character, in the hospitals. "We are all agreed," he says, "upon surgical matters; we are all agreed that nursing and low diet are beneficial in fever cases; there is much about which there is unanimity. There is a national mandate thus far. Let us, then, have non-sectarian hospitals, and if any patient wants more than that, let him pay for it out of his own pocket." Then, quoting Mr. Le Sueur, he adds: "Do not ask that the hospitals, which *all* agree, are not only useful, but necessary, shall be made subservient to the propagation of your peculiar ideas in these matters." Manitoba has established non-sectarian hospitals (as she chooses to call them), and many of the people will make no use of them. Could not Alderman B have given them a better idea?

Mr. Le Sueur gives me credit, also, for the "idea of handing over local minorities to local majorities, without any check from the general law of the land." My article was, as I understand it, one long argument *against* this idea—*against* the exercise of the power of majorities; and I am indebted to my critic for the great support which he gives me. The single sentence in my article which has led Mr. Le Sueur astray refers to *unanimities*, and not to majorities and minorities at all. "Practical unanimi-

ty," or the disregard of merely "eccentric, or isolated opinion," I, for one, can by no means translate into a "majority vote." And if I am asked, "What power does he look to, to check a school-district which, dispensing with practical unanimity, wants to introduce some fad into the school by a majority vote?" the answer is very simple: I look to the "check from the general law of the land," which my critic makes me say that I do not look to. I must have some little license to speak for myself.

Passing from these misconceptions, Mr. Le Sueur says that "the State may, therefore, be said to get a mandate to establish secular schools. Does the State get any similar mandate to teach theology in the schools?" I beg to recommend these sentences to Dr. Bryce, and to Manitobans in general. There is more point in them, I venture to say, than will be admitted; for they avoid the inconsistency of arguing from the principle of entire separation of Church and State, to the practice of teaching some certain limited religion in the schools, and the exclusion of a few degrees more of it. But Mr. Le Sueur is speaking beside the facts. If there was any mandate about which Manitobans were more emphatic than another, it was that the schools should *not* be secular. For the rest, the mandate of the majority was to continue non-sectarian schools, and the mandate of the minority to re-establish the old system. Mr. Le Sueur's argument, leading, as it does, to secular schools, therefore, may for present purposes be disregarded. The subject is interesting, but purely academic, so far as the pending controversy is concerned.

I have to thank Mr. Le Sueur for another sentence: "Liberty consists in being as little governed as possible, and in having the largest possible scope left for private initiative." Apply this to district X, and some scores of other districts in Manitoba. In them, the Catholics, if "governed as little as possible," will be required to keep their schools up to certain secular standards; and will not be forbidden (for it is unnecessary) to comment on the Bible-reading of the day, if unanimously they desire to do so. Am I not right? Is it in the name of liberty, or of tyranny, that all such comment, when unanimously desired, is by law stringently prohibited? Is this imposing the will of other people upon them, or is it freedom to act as they like?

Mr. Le Sueur is more successful, if I may be allowed to say so, when he advocates the rights of the Catholics to "be allowed to count themselves out," as he expresses it. Suppose this was done, and that the Catholics of district X applied for a charter under which they could organize themselves for the support of education. This would not, surely, be refused them, so long as every other good purpose is being aided in similar fashion. The charter having been granted, suppose that the Catholics in district X all became members of the Association, and agreed to pay certain rates per annum into the exchequer, and to charge their properties with the amounts, Mr. Le Sueur would, I think, see nothing wrong in all this. How far would he then be away from the separate school system? He will say that the arrangements would be purely voluntary. He is aware that in Ontario every Catholic must support the public schools unless he *voluntarily* supports some separate school. Make the law the same in Manitoba, and give each school district a separate charter, or provide for all by one general law, as you wish. That difference, if insisted upon, would not cause much grumbling or discontent. Mr. Le Sueur is, I think, more with me than with Dr. Bryce to whom, nevertheless, he says, "Well done."

Winnipeg.

LA QUÊTE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS.

BY H. BEAUGRAND.

Il est né le divin Enfant,
Jouez hautbois ! Résonnez musette !
Il est né le divin Enfant.
Chantons tous son avènement.
(*Old French Noël.*)

I.

WHEN Fanfan Dalcour received a message from *M'sieu le Curé* of Lanoraie, asking him to call at the *presbytère* on the following Sunday, after Vespers, he hardly knew what to say, and hesitated for a moment or two before lifting his eyes towards the beadle, who stood waiting for an answer:

"Well, tell *M'sieu le Curé* that I will go;" and after another pause: "that's all."

"*Bonjour, M'sieu Fanfan.*"

"*Au revoir, père Landry!*"

Fanfan Dalcour was a robust and handsome young farmer, who had lately returned from the North-west country, where he had been hunting and trapping among the Indians and Half-breeds on the head waters of the Saskatchewan River.

His sudden departure from home, some two years before, had been connected with a scandal in the rural parish of Lanoraie, and since his return he had not yet been to pay his respects to the venerable old priest who had baptized him twenty years before.

Fanfan was sulking, and even appeared inclined to forego his allegiance to his old parish church. Instead of accompanying his father and mother to the church at Lanoraie, as he was wont to do with pride in the days of his boyhood, he had always, since his return, started alone before the others to go to the neighbouring village of Lavaltrie to perform his Sunday devotions. And that, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the old *curé*, who had always taken great interest in him, and who, probably, wanted to give him a bit of pastoral advice.

There was no way of avoiding the meeting since he had formally promised to go, and Fanfan began at once to build up a defensive argument against the reproaches that he thought would surely fall upon his guilty head.

II.

Fanfan Dalcour, from his earliest boyhood, had always been considered as a *protégé* of *M'sieu le Curé*, and specially so, when at the age of ten he became an *enfant de chœur*, with a black soutanelle and a little daintily plaited white muslin surplice that M'amselle Marguerite, the *curé's* housekeeper, had made expressly for him. He had then learned his catechism and made his first communion, and had soon become noted as the favorite altar boy who could most prettily make a bow and a genuflexion, and most carefully pour the wine out of the *burettes* for the holy sacrifice of the mass.

His father, Pierriche Dalcour, who was a well-to-do *habitant*, took great pride in the accomplishments of his son, and his heart fairly thumped with delight when, one evening at the service of the *Mois de Marie*, he recognized the voice of Fanfan leading the first verse of a sacred song to the Virgin:

Salut ! O Vierge immaculée !
Brilliante étoile du matin.

And Fanfan had also become the smartest pupil of the old village schoolmaster, and it had even been rumoured that he had begun to study Latin with the intention of going to college to become a priest, a lawyer, a doctor or a notary. But that was

only idle talk, and old Pierriche Dalcour declared that he wanted his first-born to stay at home to till the farm as he and his father and his forefathers had done for two hundred years before him, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. And that suited Fanfan's inclinations. He loved to rise with the lark in summer, and to work in the broad fields with the farm hands. In the evening he enjoyed boating and swimming in the waters of the big river that flowed lazily and majestically past his father's old homestead. He would shoot ducks and wild geese as they passed every spring and autumn in their regular migrations, and in winter time he loved to speed his horse on the polished surface of the ice-bound river. Fanfan had grown to be a strong, active lad who took the lead in all the sports of the parish, but as he reached manhood he remained faithful in his attendance at church, and in his gratitude for the unbounded kindness of *M'sieu le Curé*.

He had also become the leading singer in the church choir, and the whole congregation was proud of his deep, powerful voice when he led the *Kyrie Eleison*, the *Gloria in excelsis*, the *Credo* or the *Sanctus*.

III.

The old secular parish church of Lanoraie had ever been without an organ, and it was an eventful Sunday when *M'sieu le Curé* announced from the pulpit that, after due consultation with *ces messieurs du banc-d'œuvre*,* he had come to the conclusion of purchasing an instrument in Montreal, and that it would be put up in the *jube*, during the following week, in time for the approaching Christmas celebration.

The daughter of the village trader, Juliette Leblanc, who had just completed her studies at the convent of Berthier, had volunteered her services as organist gratuitously, for the first year.

This naturally brought Fanfan Dalcour in contact with Juliette Leblanc, who was a pretty girl just budding into womanhood. And the usual result followed. *La vieille, vieille histoire* was repeated.

A few rehearsals became necessary before the inauguration of the organ, which would take place on the occasion of the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, and Fanfan and Juliette, who had merely known each other by sight from childhood, were now brought together almost every day for the purpose of choral practice and service organization.

Juliette Leblanc, who was naturally endowed with musical talents, had received a fairly good training from her teachers at school, and with much patience and a few days' hard work, she succeeded in preparing a *Messe Bordelaise* that was sure to create a sensation among the music-loving population of a French-Canadian parish.

Fanfan now assumed the duties of *maître-chantre* in the choir, and naturally took great pride in his new position.

Every thing was in readiness for *la messe de minuit*, and the church had been elaborately decorated and illuminated for the occasion. When the last stroke of the bell had finished tolling the midnight hour, every pew was filled with a pious and expectant congregation. A soft prelude was heard, and every one instinctively held breath to listen to Fanfan's voice, accompanied by the swelling chords of the organ, in the ancient canticle announcing the coming of the Messiah:

> Ça, bergers, assemblons-nous ;
> Allons voir le Messie.
> Cherchons cet enfant si doux
> Dans les bras de Marie.
> Je l'entends, il nous appelle tous,
> O sort digne d'envie !

M'sieu le Curé, who was putting on his sacred vestments in the *sacristie*,

* Literally "those gentlemen of the work bench." The expression is popularly used in French Canadian churches to designate the Board of Churchwardens.

stopped and wept like a child and declared that his *musique* was sweeter than any thing he had ever heard in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, in Montreal.

The whole choral service was indeed a success, as well as the rendering of the ancient *Noëls*, sacred echoes of distant France, that had, from time immemorial, been sung in the old church during the Christmas festivities.

And when the service was over, the old priest in a simple allocution related the incidents of the birth of the Infant Saviour, and the whole congregation joined with him in a sacred song of exaltation:

> Nouvelle agréable !
> Un Sauveur enfant nous est né.
> C'est dans une étable,
> Qu'il nous est donné.

At the *réveillon* that followed the midnight mass, at the residence of Jean-Jean Leblanc, Juliette and Fanfan were congratulated and toasted on the success that they had achieved in so short a time of practice.

And the old people, in returning home that night, declared that such a talented young man and such a pretty girl who could so well sing and play together, would naturally fall in love with each other and that there certainly was a new *mariage à l'horizon*.

The prediction was soon realized, for at the New Year's gatherings, it became a matter of public gossip that Fanfan and Juliette were *fiancés* and that they were to be married *aux jours gras*, at carnival time. Both families were respectable and well to do, and it was universally acknowledged that it was a *mariage de bon sens* as well as a *mariage d'amour*.

The old priest was all smiles when he heard the news, and he sent for Fanfan and Juliette to tell them of the gladness of his heart and to give them his blessing in anticipation of the marriage ceremony.

His *protégé* and master-singer wedded to his organist!— what a boon for the church and what a happy realization of his own dreams!

But "he that reckons without his host must reckon twice," says an old French proverb, and *M'sieu le Curé* had not reckoned with "politics," when he had considered the future organization of his choir as settled beyond paradventure by the marriage of Fanfan and Juliette.

IV.

Early in January, the news came that an election to choose a member of Parliament for the county of Berthier would take place on the first day of the following month, to replace the old member, who had been called to the Senate.

And with the new election came a host of stump speakers and district canvassers from Montreal, with the usual accompaniment of committee-meetings and other evils inseparable from the free and untrammelled judgment of the people on such occasions.

The parish soon became infested with a spirit of acrimonious discussion that oftentimes degenerated into enmity and quarrels among the younger voters.

Old Pierriche Dalcour was an outspoken liberal, *un rouge*, and Jean-Jean Leblanc always voted with *les bleus*, the conservatives. Fanfan, as a matter of course, followed his father's political proclivities, but on the other hand, it is hardly necessary to state that Juliette knew nothing of party preferences and intrigues, and that she was absolutely indifferent to the burning topics that were discussed around her. She was all wrapped up in Fanfan's love, and was awaiting with delight the hour when she would become his wife.

Not so with the old folks, who generally became quite excited when, once in four years, they were called to vote against each other's favorite candidate.

Pierriche Dalcour had said to Fanfan:—

"Until after election, you had better be on your guard, when you go to see Juliette. You know that her father's house is looked upon as the headquarters of the conservatives, and that it is always filled with canvassers and speakers from the city. They might think it to their advantage to say that you have joined the *bleus* and use your name in connection with their party. My father fought at St. Denis, under Papineau, and I would not have it said for all the world that one of us has gone back on the party."

"Never fear, father," answered Fanfan, smiling. "Juliette and I never talk 'politics' and I shall be very careful with the others."

V.

There was to be a grand rally of the voters on the following Sunday afternoon, after Vespers, when speakers of both parties were to meet at the church door to discuss public matters.

Two young advocates from Montreal had already arrived and were the guests of Jean-Jean Leblanc. One of them had even offered to join the church choir for the occasion. As he was known as a singer of considerable repute in the great city, the offer was thankfully accepted by Fanfan, and at High Mass, the congregation were delighted to hear a stranger sing an *Ave Maria* in a clear, cultivated tenor voice. It was even acknowledged, after the service, that the young man from the city could sing *almost* as well as Fanfan Dalcour.

Fanfan himself had been the first to offer his congratulations as he was leaving the church to go and take his dinner with *M'sieu le Curé*, as he had been in the habit of doing, every Sunday, for many years past.

The repast over, and after a few moments' conversation with the priest, Fanfan lighted his pipe and walked leisurely towards Jean-Jean Leblanc's, to have a chat with his comrades, before Vespers. The house was full of people and when he entered it he heard the voice of his new acquaintance, the tenor, rehearsing a *Magnificat*, with piano accompaniment, in the sitting-room, up stairs. The men down stairs were discussing the political situation, and one of them, at the sight of Fanfan, said tauntingly:—

"Look out, Fanfan, *mon garçon!* The Conservatives are going to defeat you in this election, and if you are not very careful the young advocate, up there, after disputing your laurels as a singer, will also beat you out of your sweetheart. Don't you hear them warble together?"

A peal of laughter greeted these remarks, because, politically, Fanfan found himself alone among his opponents, at this particular moment. He felt somewhat embarrassed, and he hardly knew whether to laugh or to be vexed, but he passed on without answering. With his accustomed familiarity he walked up stairs, where the women had been listening to the music that had just stopped.

Juliette Leblanc was sitting at the piano with her back turned to the door, and the young advocate, with the assumed freedom of an old acquaintance, was just bending over her and whispering in her ears words that made the young girl laugh and blush at the same time. And then, raising his voice so that he could be heard by every one in the room:—

"I have been told, Mademoiselle Juliette, that you are engaged to be married to the *maître-chantre* of your choir, an obstinate liberal who surely does not deserve such a prize, the prettiest girl of conservative parentage in the parish."

"But *Monsieur!*" pleaded the girl.

"Well, *Mademoiselle*, I am sorry to see it, and were it not for the fact that I am probably too late, I would myself ——!"

"What would you do yourself *Monsieur le godelureau?*" interrupted Fanfan, taking a step forward toward the speaker, who was somewhat non-nonplussed at his appearance, but who

prided himself, as a politician, in never being taken by surprise.

"I would enter the field against you, Monsieur Fanfan, and with a little patience, I think I would be as sure of winning the contest against you as we are of beating you and your friends in the coming election."

This was said with an air of conceit and sarcasm that put Fanfan fairly beside himself.

With Glaring Eyes and Clenched Fists.

Poor Juliette saw that a quarrel was imminent, and she got up pale and trembling, and attempted to interpose herself between the two men. But before she had time to act, Fanfan had stepped up to the young politician and with glaring eyes and clenched fists :—

"You are both a braggart and a *malappris, M'sieu l' avocat!* to act and speak as you have done. And if it were not for the respect I have for the ladies here present, and for the house of Mr. Leblanc, I would give you a thrashing that would take the conceit out of you before you return to Montreal."

The advocate turned pale, but did not lose his self-control. With a constrained smile :—

"Oh, you are also a village bully, Monsieur Fanfan, but need I tell you that such as I are not afraid of such as you."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Fanfan had caught him by the throat, and heedless of the shrieks of the women present, and before any one could interfere, he lifted him from his feet, carried him towards the door at the head of the stairs and flung him down among the crowd below.

All this had happened so quickly that Fanfan had time to run down stairs himself and to make his way out of the house before the people knew what it was all about.

Juliette had fainted upstairs and could not answer the inquiries of her father, who had come to see what was the trouble, and it took fully ten minutes before the circumstances were explained.

The lawyer was not seriously hurt, although badly shaken up, but the scandal was great. The news spread like wildfire among the crowd that were now wending their way toward the church to attend the afternoon service.

The psalms and the hymns, at Vespers, that afternoon, were chanted without the organ accompaniment, and the old curé who inquired the cause, was told that Mam'selle Juliette had suddenly been taken sick and that there was no one to replace her.

"But where is Fanfan Dalcour?" continued the pastor.

No one seemed to know, or cared to tell him the news.

Fanfan, on coming out of the house of Jean-Jean Leblanc, had driven home at full speed, and had told his father about what had just taken place.

"*Oh, les bleus! les bleus!* the rascals! Did I not tell you to look out for them! You did right, Fanfan, to resent the insult of that young coxcomb. But what are you going to do now?"

"Do? I don't know, but I suppose that the best thing that the lawyer can do himself is to have me arrested for assault, and put in jail, but I won't give him the chance to do that. I will keep away from home for some time to let the thing blow over. Anyhow, my engagement with Juliette is at an end, and I don't care what I do now. What, if I go to Manitoba to see uncle Thomas, who lives at St. Boniface? He has often written to us inviting me to go. Now is the time; I can leave for Montreal by the next train and escape the vengeance which that pettifogger of a lawyer will surely try to take on me."

"Well, I suppose it is the best thing that you can do under the circumstances. Get your things ready, and I will drive you to the station. I will write soon to let you know the effects of your escapade."

And Fanfan had disappeared from Lanoraie without giving any explanations to the *curé* or to his *fiancée*.

Poor Juliette Leblanc had been ill for some time after Fanfan's departure, and it had been fully three months before she had resumed her place at the organ.

She had never spoken about Fanfan, had never even pronounced his name, but she was known to have said that "politics" were not only delusive, but they were also mendacious and pitiless. She never would permit any one to allude to the trouble between her lover and the Montreal politician, and when the young man had called to say good-bye before leaving Lanoraie, she had refused to see him.

The old *curé* had called to comfort her, and she had resigned herself to a state of apparent indifference that puzzled her father. Fully half-a-dozen offers of marriage had since been made to her, but she had refused every one, declaring that she would not marry. That was all.

VI.

Such were the causes of Fanfan Dalcour's trip to the North-West country, whence he had lately returned after a two years' absence, when the *Curé* of Lanoraie had sent him that message, to ask his presence at the *presbytère* on the following Sunday, after Vespers.

Fanfan kept his own counsel until the appointed hour, when he simply said to his old mother:—

"I am going to harness up to pay a visit to *M'sieu le Curé.* I will return for supper."

And he went, wondering what reception the good old *curé* would give him; because, apart from the scandal his departure had caused, the church choir had been very badly disorganized by his absence.

Starting for the Christmas Collection.

When Fanfan drove up to the *presbytère*, he found the old priest awaiting him alone in his reception room. He embraced him affectionately, asked him about the most important events that had taken place during his journey, but never alluded to the cause of his sudden departure for the North-West.

"Now that you are back among your friends, I hope to see you take your place in the parish among your old comrades. Meanwhile, I desire you to accompany me next week for *la quête de l'Enfant Jesus*.

Fanfan was deeply moved by the kindness of his old pastor, and could not refuse his request, although he dreaded the ordeal of facing every household in the parish.

La quête de l' Enfant Jesus,—" the collection for the Infant Jesus,"—is an annual visit made in every French parish in Canada, for the purpose of gathering candles for the illumination of the church at the Christmas midnight mass. The women also contribute bits of lace, and ribbons, and artificial flowers, for the decoration of the holy manger, where a scene representing the birth of the infant Saviour is exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

The parish priest makes that his annual call, and is usually accompanied by the *marguiller en charge*, the oldest among the church-wardens. *M'sieu le Curé*, in his fatherly affection for Fanfan, had selected him this year, for the purpose of facilitating his first meeting, since his return, with all the parishioners, who would be sure to welcome him cordially on such an errand, and especially in such company.

The following Monday, Fanfan harnessed his favorite horse to his best sleigh, and at the hour appointed, 9 o'clock in the morning, knocked at the door of the *presbytère*, where *M'sieu le Curé* was already waiting for him. The collection having been announced in the pulpit the day before, every one was on the alert to welcome the visitors, who stopped at every house as

they proceeded on their way. Fanfan was thus brought in contact with every family, until he stopped his horse at the door of the residence of Jean-Jean Leblanc. Here, he hesitated a moment before following his old friend, who led the way. The *curé*, who had expected as much, came to the rescue:

"Come Fanfan, you can't stop now that you have come so far. *Courage, mon ami!*

And, while speaking, the priest had already knocked at the door, and before Fanfan had time to reply, Jean-Jean Leblanc stood on the threshold:

"Welcome, *M'sieu le Curé;* do me the honor to walk in."

And perceiving Fanfan, who held back, pretending to be busy with his horse:—

"*Bonjour*, Fanfan! come in, *mon ami.* Happy to see you. Come in, come in!"

And he walked down the steps, and extended his hand in such a cordial manner that Fanfan could not help accepting it as heartily as it was offered.

The visit was necessarily a short one, but the ice was broken, and when Jean-Jean Leblanc had contributed his donation:—

"My wife and Juliette are away at Berthier, but they will return to-morrow, to be on hand to help in decorating the church for the midnight mass. Come and see us, Fanfan. I know the ladies will be happy to meet you. *Bonjour, M'sieu le Curé! Bonjour, Fanfan!* give my regards to your father and mother, and bring them along with you when you return this way."

And late in the evening, after the visits had all been made, and when the priest had insisted that Fanfan should take his supper with him before returning home:—

"We have done a good day's work, have we not, Fanfan? The collection has been a large one, and our old church will look beautiful at the midnight mass. What kind, generous souls we have in our parish! And then the day has not been a bad one for you, Fanfan. You have met all your old friends and acquaintances after a prolonged absence, and I only need your promise that you will take your place in the choir, now. The people will be so happy to hear you."

"I will, *M'sieu le Curé*, and I hardly know how to express my thanks for your kind offices in arranging my reconciliation with so many persons that I had offended by my childish display of anger two years ago. It will be a lesson to me, and you can rest assured that I will watch over my temper in the future."

"Well, well!" interrupted the old priest, "let bygones be bygones, and let us see that we take good care of the present."

When Fanfan went home that night it had been arranged that he would bring a load of pine boughs and evergreens sometime during the week, and that he would help the beadle to put up and decorate the old-fashioned branch chandeliers that were always used to light up the church during the Christmas festivities.

Old Pierriche Dalcour, when he was told of what had happened, was delighted to hear the good news. The absence of his son, for two long years, had appeased his resentment, and he declared that, for his part, he would be the first, under the circumstances, to go and offer his hand to Jean-Jean Leblanc, and that no later than the following Sunday, when he went to church.

Christmas was now fast approaching, and the young girls were busy with the church decorations. One of the lateral chapels had been converted into a bower of verdure, where could be seen a representation of the interior of a stable. According to custom, a dainty wax figure of the Infant Saviour would be laid upon the straw of the holy manger, during the celebration of the midnight Mass

Fanfan Dalcour, in fulfilment of his

Going to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

Drawn by H. Julien.

promise, had brought a load of green boughs and had unloaded them at the church door. Taking an armful of the fragrant greens, he walked into the temple, looking for a place where he could deposit them, when he suddenly found himself face to face with Juliette

He suddenly found himself face to face with Juliette Leblanc.

Leblanc, who was perched upon a step ladder, arranging some draperies above the *créche.*

They had both been looking forward to an early meeting, but neither of them had dreamed that it would be brought about in such an embarrassing manner. They stood for a moment staring at each other, being quite incapable of making a move, or saying a word that would relieve the awkwardness of the situation.

Happily for them, *M'sieu le Curé* was in the chancel at the same time supervising the ornamentation of the great altar, and the noise made by Fanfan in entering the church had attracted his attention.

The good old pastor took in the situ-

ation at a glance, and came to the rescue.

"That's right, Fanfan, drop those branches just where you are. Mademoiselle Juliette needs them to complete her decorations."

And with a twinkle, full of engaging kindness, in his merry eye :—

"Come down, Juliette, from the ladder, and let Fanfan help you to do that part of the work, while I return to my altar. And do not forget that the members of your choir will soon be here for practice."

And *M'sieu le Curé* went away, leaving the young couple together to heal the breach that had caused a separation of two long years.

Few words were spoken, and scarcely any allusions were made to the misunderstanding that had estranged them from one another.

"Will you forgive me, Juliette?" said Fanfan, simply, in taking a hand that she did not attempt to withdraw.

"I was probably as indiscreet as you were hasty. Let us forget the past," ingenuously answered the young girl.

And the conversation turned on the incidents of Fanfan's journey and his life among the Indians and Halfbreeds. When the priest returned, half an hour later, he found his young friends quietly conversing together.

"Now, Fanfan, with the permission of Mademoiselle Juliette, I expect you to take your old place as leader of our choir for the coming midnight Mass, and I think that you might take this occasion to have a little practice together. What say you, Juliette?"

"*A votre service, M'sieu le Curé.* I am entirely at your disposal."

And the reconciliation was sealed by Fanfan and Juliette going to the organ and singing together the old Christmas song of joy and praise :—

Les anges dans nos campagnes,
Ont entonné l'hymme des cieux ;
Et l'écho de nos montagnes
Redit ce chant mélodieux
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

VII.

Among the public announcements that were made from the pulpit by the pastor at the Christmas midnight service, was the following :

"I call the banns of marriage between François Dalcour, minor son, born of the sacred wedlock of Pierre Dalcour and Madeleine Hervieu, of the first part; and Juliette Leblanc, minor daughter, born of the sacred wedlock of Jean-Jean Leblanc and Angélique Lafontaine, of the second part. First and last bann. The marriage will be celebrated on the second day of January next, at the parish church of Lanoraie, at 9 o'clock in the morning."

And again at the *réveillon* that followed the Mass, the *fiancés* were toasted and congratulated by their friends, and Jean-Jean Leblanc and Pierriche Dalcour united their voices in the solemn declaration that no "politics," could interfere this time with the happiness of their children.

ART AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY J. A. RADFORD.

THE Angel of Death has passed over the White City—the grand and beautiful, the child of the Republic. She came on a zephyr and vanished on a whirlwind. What a noble birth! What a sublime burial! Never in the history of the world has so successful a phalanx of worth been gathered together at one time. And to die so young, —it makes a throb pass through every human heart. She leaves her immensity, grandeur, glory and purity engraved on the wall of memory, never to be obliterated. She has ameliorated national prejudices and heart-burnings, teaching "Peace on earth and good will towards men." She showed her majestic strength, awakened new sentiments, broadened narrow minds by the discoveries they made in her, touched sympathetic chords through her music, explained mysteries of art and profundities of science, and educated the rising generation. Her Art Palace was crowded, and illustrated the truth that good pictures sweeten life as bright couplets do a weary poem, and that the artists, who are truly great, paint their ideas with such an originality of expression, such a wealth of color, depth of thought and conscientiousness in labor that their productions are totally different from those painted by any school or master.

Originality is the keynote of success; the most laudable of all ambitions, and the indelible mark of genius. In these degenerate days, is the world of art aroused to enthusiasm by dastardly brutality dexterously displayed on canvas? No! The good are not all dead. There are those who unfortunately revel in the horrible, receiving commissions when they have nothing but brute force to recommend them. When art falls so low, merit ceases to be a virtue, and degrades the highest of all ideal professions to the level of a trade. Pictures of this class should be termed horrible, frantic, chromatic deliriums, and are not suited to this age of refinement. Through the munificent gifts of some of Chicago's millionaire municipal benefactors, where the Art Palace was, "The National Museum" is. The masterpieces in that huge building enlightened the public, gave renewed stimulus to the artists in their efforts to portray allegorical subjects that are a closed book to the illiterate and an open door to the learned. Great men have lately drifted into painting purely for a monetary consideration. Probably the most shining examples to be found are in the English gallery.

Alma Tadema paints beautiful women who are the acme of grace, surrounded by marble terraces and playing fountains. They are always good in drawing, color and repose, and show him to be a dexterous and powerful technician. Another is Marcus Stone, who paints "The Lover's Quarrel," "Two is Company, Three is None." It is the same inexpressibly handsome women, the same garden, the same seat, painted in exquisite taste; but the pictures pall upon the appetite with constant repetition. It is not that such masters of technique and color are unable to paint other subjects. It is because their paintings are readily sold to publishers on a royalty, owing to their effectiveness when reproduced as an engraving or half-tone. Of course, pictures by men of this calibre command attention, for they are pure and virtuous in sentiment, depicting true types of life in light as well as shadow, and the beholder becomes better, wiser and more confirmed in

his belief in the goodness of God and humanity. There are men in other galleries who have a continental reputation, but are open to severe criticism from the fact that they prostitute their genuine gifts by persistently following a particular master, of whom they are but a faint and dismal echo.

Pictorial art appeared to predominate in the majority of galleries. Is this because it is easily painted? or that there is a wider field and surer market for such art? Then there is a notable scarcity of good portraits, except in the English gallery; these were born in the womb of thought, suckled on the milk of genius, and matured by the inspiration of art. Is this scarcity to be accounted for by the fact that they are more difficult to paint; or being likenesses of the owners, the owners are too modest or reticent in lending portraits by master minds to be stared at and criticised by the uncultured mob?

The Spanish department appals: it is so strange, so brilliant, so disorderly entertaining and full of outdoor life, with bright sunshine, and strong shadows. It nearly suffocates one with its subtle caresses and sweet aroma.

Italy opens a new vista of delight. With her luxurious foliage, marble statuary and bright-hued flowers in endless variety, she stands on a plane of excellence far above any other nation. We become enraptured with villages on the hillsides, with mountains behind them in silent grandeur rearing their huge outlines and snowy peaks. The views of vales, castles, vineyards, monasteries, chapels, and moss-covered ruins; the glorious, deep, ultra-marine blue sky; the open country; the verdant lawns; the cultivated gardens; the imprisoned villas; the exotic plants; the swarthy peasants; Ave Marias and ever-changing landscape,—make one love dreamy, sunny Italy the more.

The exhibits from the various countries were so great, so real, and so widely different to each other that words fail to adequately express the sublime impression felt by a careful and studious observer. The entire exhibit was a delightful intoxication, and its enchanting diversity of talent shed a magic spell like a halo over the possibilities and achievements of humanity.

The most vigorous, bold and original work in Norway and Sweden was by Zorn, who, being a judge, was unfortunately debarred from competing for medals.

In the Belgian gallery were some marvellously delicate pictures, but the majority of them were painted too tight and hard, and lacked that softness of expression and execution so noticeable in the British, American, and French exhibits.

The works of the Japanese none but themselves attempt to understand; they are excruciatingly humorous and amusing to a foreigner, and are out in drawing and color. However, the Japs more than make up this defect by their extraordinary bronzes and lacquered work.

Russia shows strongly her Tartar origin in many of her pictures. The Russian painters are either devoid of feeling in the finer sense, or are too proud to shew their oppression, or they fear the Russian court officials.

The French exhibit magnificent impressionistic masterpieces by the forefathers of their school. Their nude in art is well painted, but savours of *la femme du pavè*. The battle pictures are the *chef d'œuvres* of the collection. Many of the most beautiful and best-executed efforts on the walls are by men who are not French, but live in Paris, and when one visits the gallery it is only fair to the nation represented to eliminate those of Jean Van Beers, for example, a man who paints textures on a microscopic scale without a rival.

The English gallery and the American loan collection have an innate refinement about them seen in no other galleries, as a whole.

Canada in art did not make an ass of herself, as many anticipated. She was not up to the European standard, and her exhibit contained no historical, allegorical, figure, cattle, humorous, dramatic or pathetic subjects; and the scarcity of these has been the critics' cry against Canadian art collections, and rightly so. A great number of her pictures were painted abroad, instead of being purely Canadian, with the very scent of the soil—the native birthmark—impressed on every one. Canada to-day is a country full of the most interesting historical events. She is noted for her handsome women, and for being a greater cattle producer (for her population) than any other country on earth, while humor finds here a congenial home. There is no reason why, having the necessaries within her own boundary, Canada in future collections should not have that which in the past has been lacking. Daubs will continue to be painted as long as patrons are to be found who will purchase anything but that which is a credit alike to the artist and his country. True art treasures are dumb exponents of the world's latent talent.

In all the collections there were blemishes, but the virtues most assuredly transcended them.

It would be impossible in a short article to give more than the merest mention of impressions, there being seventy-four galleries and eighty-eight alcoves, filled with oils, water-colors, wash drawings, pen and ink sketches. drawings in pencil, chalk, charcoal, pastels, etchings, architectural works, and engravings from Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway, Poland, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and from the United States, whose architectural drawings were equalled by few countries and excelled by none.

The Chicagoans endeavored to hold the standard of their work high. New York, Philadelphia and Boston lent 2,550 pictures, and only 576 were accepted. The loan collection of the U.S. was a credit to the artists and to Miss Hallowell, through whose indefatigable efforts this gallery was filled by works from the brushes of the best-known masters of Europe.

It would be unkind and ungenerous to leave the White City without mentioning the Court of Honor, peristyle, the temples to industry, the bridges and lagoons, the Palace of Art, the colonnades, the wonderful grouping of her magnificent buildings. Their illumination by electricity was the most bewildering spectacular feast ever enjoyed by mortals, and seemed like a glimpse of paradise. Its like will, probably, never be known again by this generation of men. The saddest thought is that the whole world could not see it before the despoiler's hand marred so bright a vision. Praise enough cannot be meted out to the artists, architects, sculptors, engineers, and directors, for suggesting so colossal an undertaking with so glorious a consummation. There was method in the madness of the genius which planned it.

The illustrated catalogue was disappointing, because it produced, in the majority of cases, that which made the best reproduction independent of the merit of the work. Art has a mission to perform as an educator of the people, and catalogues should contain the best works by the most famous masters, and, if necessary, the picture should be re-drawn for publication, if it be so delicate in its tints as to be impossible to photograph.

MR. W. T. STEAD ON TELEPATHY.

BY ADAM BYRNE.

THE visit of Mr. W. T. Stead to Toronto, the other day, created quite a stir of interest. Every newspaper in the city interviewed him, and enough of other people called upon him to occupy all the waking hours of his visit. His journalistic *confrères* found that the great interviewer is himself a perfect subject for his own art, while his other visitors found in him conversational powers of remarkably varied scope and vigor. He is a veritable encyclopædia of information upon every subject, living or dead; has strong, original views upon most matters of human interest, and is as willing to share his knowledge with his fellow-creatures as are men whose opinions are of no importance to any but themselves. But among all the subjects upon which his views were sought during his two days in the city, one which is, perhaps, as interesting as any other, remained in the background. None of the professional interviewers approached the regions of his Borderland. They felt safer, perhaps, when they kept him upon the unspiritual grounds of landlordism, home rule, woman's rights, or Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Or, perhaps, they did not know how to introduce the supernatural, whether with seriousness or with scepticism, and so kept to the beaten paths. And yet this, to one who had the courage to exploit it, was the richest vein he could strike. A man with views on the labor problem and landlordism, social evils and Lord Randolph Churchill, is no rarity, but a spiritualistic medium who does not make his living out of his obliging, genial spirits, and a telepathic, automatic writer, whose "sub-consciousness" is as full of undelivered messages as the Dead Letter Office, is not seen every day. At the same time, to the groping disciples of his spiritualistic, telepathic, and other ghostly beliefs, his splendid assurance and undaunted faith were an inspiration and rebuke.

I had a short time only to talk with him, when, pursuant to an appointment, I called to see him. He was discussing the woman question with another visitor, when I was shown into his room. The visitor was deprecating the abuse of mankind, which, she said, is characteristic of a portion of the women suffragists, and she gave that as the reason why many women in Toronto held aloof from the Enfranchisement Association.

"Abuse men!" rejoined Mr. Stead. "Well, I don't wonder at it. I would abuse them, too, if I were a woman. I expect women to stand man's insolence to them no more than I would stand it myself."

A moment afterwards and that visitor was gone. Then, standing with his back to the fire in the grate, he asked me what I wanted to know about telepathy. I said I would like him to tell me all about it. "That would be difficult," he replied, with a half serious smile. But, with no more questioning, he took up the subject suggested to him. Starting at the A B C, he traced the development of the faculty, or whatever it may be called, from the discovery of its possession by a medium up through the stages of its cultivation, until communication will be possible between persons on opposite sides of the globe.

In the first place, telepathy (he said), is a power of communicating, without speech or outward means of expression of any kind, your thoughts to the minds of other persons, and the

power to receive with your consciousness such communications. The simplest form is for a person downstairs to will that another person in the house, who is upstairs, shall come down. The farther away from each other the persons are, the more difficult it becomes to convey or receive the communication. The theory is, that your thoughts go out from you in etheric waves that will carry them to their object, wherever in the universe that person may be. All that is needed, therefore, to make these unseen and unheard communications intelligible to our consciousness is the cultivation and development of our receptive faculties. As roughly as it can be stated in two or three words, this is what is meant by telepathy.

Mr. Stead, proceeding, went into some involved explanatory theories, and cited a number of examples in confirmation of all he was saying. They made so formidable a narrative that, although I was not a believer, and had come, if not to scoff, at any rate, not to pray, I became a sympathetic listener. I felt it would be bad policy, if not bad taste, if I let myself express the scepticism which, in truth, seemed a very puny thing in the light of his vigorous faith and redundant data. There is no doubt of his sincerity in his telepathic experiments; and his apostolic nature makes him preach the doctrines with all the fervor and courage with which he propagates his other gospels.

One of the examples by which he illustrated telepathy was told as follows:—

"One day I wanted my assistant editor on *Borderland* to come to my office. She lives nine miles away, and I wrote a telegram, intending to send it to her. However, I did not send it, but took my chances on her coming down. Later, when I was going out, I met her on the office steps. 'Hello!' I said, 'what brought you here?' She replied that it was because I wanted her."

"What are the possibilities of telepathy?" I asked.

With all the decisiveness of his decisive nature he declared: "They are infinite." "Telepathy," he added, "is not restricted to a small class of people. Some persons, however, are more favorable mediums than others. The exercise of the power may therefore require greater cultivation in some cases than in others, but so firmly do I believe in the future of telepathy that I will establish, when I am able, a college for the training of mediums under the most favorable circumstances possible,—which means away from all worrying or disturbing causes."

"Any one may be a medium?"

"Certainly; and they may find out simply enough, whether they are or not. All any one has to do is to sit down at a table, and with a pen—or, what is better, a pencil—in his hand, resting upon a piece of writing paper, wait for the pencil to move upon the paper. My hand will write in a railway carriage, or any where, but that is not the case with all. The mind must not be worried, and must be thinking of the person from whom the message is desired. It is necessary, too, that there be a mutual feeling between the two persons of liking or of dislike—hate will do as well as liking."

Mr. Stead went on to tell how he discovered his telepathic faculty. "A friend of mine," he said "was communicating with a dead person, and that dead person told my friend that another dead person said she could use Mr. Stead's hand if he would let her. I replied to my friend that it was perfectly absurd; that my hand had never written. However, I sat down to give it a trial. I waited for five minutes, and, nothing coming of it, gave up the trial. A second experiment which was made failed. Another day, subsequently, when my friend was again speaking with the dead person, that dead person told him that the other dead person was

weeping bitterly. When she was asked what was the matter, she said it was because she wanted to use Mr. Stead's hand. I said that I had tried and failed, and she replied that I had not waited long enough. I said then to my friend to tell the dear lady I would make one more trial. And so it was arranged that next morning at 9 o'clock, before I commenced work, I was to try again. I did so, and found, after waiting nine minutes, that the pencil moved on the paper.

"This talking of dead persons was in as matter of fact a manner as though it was quite an ordinary proceeding to have dead ladies in visible form at our elbow, weeping bitterly to be allowed to use one's hand."

This was his story of the way he discovered that he was a medium for dead persons to send messages to the living. The discovery that he could communicate with living, absent persons was another matter. The distance over which he can receive or send telepathic messages has been increased, until by a late experiment he received an interview from Lady Brooke, who was in the North of Scotland when he was in the South of England, near Dover, travelling in a railway carriage.

His latest experiments have been since he came to America. "I have several times sat down and written messages from my friends in England, since my arrival in America," he said, "I don't know yet whether they were accurate communications or not. I have sent them home to the persons from whom they were received, and there has not been sufficient time for me to obtain replies to my letters."

"With some people whose hands write, the pencil will at first make nothing but illegible characters: sometimes it will be only straight strokes running up and down the paper or across it; in other cases blasphemy and indecent pictures will be put down on the paper. I have known such cases, where persons have had no control over their hands, but I have never been troubled in any of these ways. My hand has never been beyond my control; if it ever should get so I should stop writing."

It was a natural transition from spiritualism to the question of the hereafter of the soul, and before I came away, while we stood on the tiger skin in front of the fire, I asked him his theory.

"Your personality" he said, "is greater than the body which it uses. This case which you use dies, but what reason have you for saying that you yourself will not go on living. Just as you are greater than the telephone you speak through, so is your mind infinitely greater than this two-legged telephone. This two-legged telephone wears out and is put away, but the mind, which is yourself, never dies. It goes on living. Why not?"

CHARITY.

Softly downward the snow flakes fall,
Covering earth with a fleecy pall;
Gently hiding 'neath mantle white,
All dark stains that offend the sight.
Softly downward, sweet Charity,
Fall on the friend who has wounded me;
Fall on my heart that is angry with pain,
Change hard resentment to sweet love again.

LE ROY, N.Y. FLORENCE MERCY WALKER.

AN HOUR WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES, PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTOR, TORONTO.

WHEN I listened to Dr. Holmes reading his beautiful poem at the reception given in the Vendome by the Boston publishers to the authors and superintendents, I allowed myself to dream of what my happiness would be if I could obtain the manuscript copy of his inspiring lines.

With the view of making my dream a reality, I called next day on Mr. Houghton, the senior member of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and through his extreme kindness obtained a note of introduction to the venerable poet and philosopher, with which I started from Park street for his house on Beacon street, on the "back bay."

I turned into that peerless avenue, the Mall, that I might walk as far as possible through Boston's glory—her elm-robed common, most sacred of city parks. No other park seems to me so conscious of its own majesty. Every tree appears to realize that it has an historic record of dignity to maintain. One can imagine that the stately elms whisper to each other of the patriots, the lovers of liberty, and the creators of literature who have walked beneath their branches. Every tree looks like a bishop extending his arms in benediction. Every twig is dripping with the dews of golden memories. Truly, my pathway was studded with the memorials of the mighty and the noble dead. Here is the sunlit dome of the State House, whose foundation stone was laid by gallant Paul Revere, and in which Horace Mann prepared the laws around which the school systems of the world have been crystalized. How proudly his statue stands there beside Daniel Webster's! There stood the home of John Hancock, and yonder he sleeps on busy Tremont-street, with eight other governors, with Samuel Adams, Paul Revere, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, and many others noted in the history of the colony or state. Here is the soldiers' and sailors' monument. In front of me are the statues of Washington, Everett, and Sumner. But I thought little of any of these records of the glorious past that stood around me. I did not yield to any of the many temptations to turn aside or linger.

When the "Autocrat" took his first walk with the patient and beautiful "schoolmistress," she said, as they entered the common:

"This is the shortest way."

"Then we won't take it," he replied.

He was excusable for preferring a longer way. Any man of good judgment should do so, when he is honored with the company of a charming schoolmistress, either on Boston common or elsewhere. The other conditions do not make much difference—if he has the right schoolmistress. I mention this parenthetically, because so many men think schoolmistresses are so wise that they cannot be witching. It is quite a mistake to believe that their full heads must be balanced by empty hearts.

However, I had no companion to make me choose any but the shortest path, and I hurried on, pausing only opposite Joy street, on the spot where the "Autocrat" stood with the "schoolmistress" when he reached the climax of his human life, and said, as he pointed down the avenue leading away across the common to Boylston street:—

"Will you take the long path with me?"

"Certainly," said the schoolmistress—"with much pleasure."

"Think," I said, "before you an-

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

swer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more."

The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree.

"Pray, sit down," I said.

"No, no," she answered, softly; "I will walk the *long path* with you."

Who can blame the young ladies of Boston for preferring the "long path" for their evening rambles?

Before the picture of the happy schoolmistress and her lover had faded from my imagination, I was standing in the library of the "genial Autocrat" himself, receiving his hearty hand clasp, and listening to his kindly greeting.

I have always felt that nature's gentleman is the man whose penetrative sympathy and genuine self-subordination enable him, with most exquisite naturalness, to adjust himself to the intellectual and spiritual tastes of those he meets. There is no assumption of the unreal in thought or feeling in such an adjustment. A truly great and well-balanced man who instinctively and unconsciously reads character and enjoys the happiness of others, enters without effort into communion with those whom he meets, and they like him, and feel at home with him at once, if their natures are responsive.

Dr. Holmes is one of nature's gentlemen, if my definition be correct. I realized immediately that, as he intimates in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," he did not need to examine my cranial development in order to describe my character. I knew that he read me in my step, my movement, my face, my voice, and my manner, as few men had ever done before; and yet in his case the consciousness of this fact was comforting instead of embarrassing. How the race would develop, if all teachers had the mighty power of character discernment, and the mightier power of productive sympathy. We might then reasonably hope for the overthrow of the tyrant Self-consciousness in pupils, the greatest enemy to the growth of real individual power.

"How old is Dr. Holmes?" you ask.

He was born August, 1809, but it is misleading to say he is 84 years old, and stop there. He is one of "The Boys" yet, as surely as when he wrote his class poem to the gray-haired "boys" in 1859. His laugh is still merry, his voice has youthful quality, and his dark eyes twinkle with the perennial spirit of humor.

"You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done."

—*The Boys*: Class Poem; 1859.

"How old is he?"

Listen! Let him tell his own story as he interviews himself:

"This only we know,—amid sorrows and joys,
Old Time has been easy and kind with 'The Boys.'"

—*Our Banker*: Class Poem; 1874.

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,—
Turn to the record where his years are told,—
Count his grey hairs—they cannot make him old!"

—*The Autocrat*. Chap. VII.

"You know well enough what I mean by youth and age;—*Something in the soul*, which has no more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it."

—*The Autocrat*. Chap. IX.

Hear him as he speaks of his brother poet, Whittier, on his 70th birthday:—

"What story is this of the day of his birth?
Let him live to a hundred;—we want him on earth!

Thousands to-day send back this hopeful thought to the kind-hearted man who gave it life.

" A hundred years ! " That recalls the age of the wonderful one-hoss shay, and reminds me that Dr. Holmes himself is very much like the Deacon's master-piece in having no apparent weak spot in his physical make up. He will " wear out," and not " break down."

He's made " so like in every part,
There isn't a chance for one to start."

The Professor said : " men begin to go down after 45." How gently he is going down ! May the flowers grow and the fountains flow all the way to the foot of the hill.

Dr. Holmes sat in his 'one recumbent chair " beside the open fire place, and I sat opposite, where I had a good view of the library, and could look through the north windows over the " back bay " formed by the widening of the Charles River, and away across to Cambridge and Charleston, with its tall column on Bunker Hill. Around me on mantel and table and shelf and stand, were the treasured gifts of nearly sixty years. He directed my attention specially to a model of Grandfather Harrison's white hat, made from redeemed Treasury notes.

" That," said he, " was given to me by the little daughter of Lord Aberdeen, who is to be your new Governor-General. She is a very attractive child."

I could reach out my hand and reverently touch the pearly shell of the Chambered Nautilus, which the poet so long ago adopted as the material symbol of his highest thought regarding the conscious growth ot the human soul towards the divine.

The world will never forget the interpretation of the

> " Heavenly message brought by thee
> Child of the wandering sea,"

as contained in the last verse of the most beautiful of his poems :

> " Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll !
> Leave thy low-vaulted past !
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea ! "

The author's own book-plate has an engraving of the shell of the Chambered Nautilus over the motto ; " Per ampliora ad altiora."

But I knew the man was greater than his treasures. So I looked at him, and listened to him, and was grateful. He spoke of the convention of superintendents that had just closed, and showed a hearty appreciation of the great developments in educational work in recent years. I told him how thoroughly the superintendents enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him, and especially the privilege of hearing his address, and the reading of his beautiful poem.

" Not a word of the poem was written till after half-past ten, and I assure you it is exhaustive work to write under such pressure at my age," said he.

I revealed my heart's desire to take home the original manuscript of the poem.

" Mr. Houghton expects my manuscript," said he.

" And deserves them," I replied, " but I told him before coming here, my daring wish to annex that manuscript to Canada."

" What did he say ? "

" He said I would probably not get it. But Canadians are not so easily discouraged. He has many of your manuscripts ;—I have none."

His eyes twinkled for a moment ; then my heart bounded as he arose and said, " I think I'll have to give it to you."

He opened a drawer in his writing desk, took out the precious paper, read it over to me, wrote his name with the date at the bottom, and it was mine.

A comparison between the first draft and the poem as read by Dr Holmes shows that he made very few changes.

Teachers of teachers, yours the task :
Noblest that ~~mortal man~~ noble souls can ask
High up Aonia's ~~hoar~~ murmurizing mount
To watch, to guard the sacred fount
That feeds the streams below
To guide the hurrying ~~[illegible]~~ flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous Nature ever yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil
Ploughed deep by thought's unwearied toil
In learning's broad domain
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits
Without your watering at the roots
To fill each branching vein?

Welcome! the author's firmest friends
Your voice his surest God speed lends
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands
Through all the mists of morn,
And knowing well the future's need
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To flower in years unborn.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Feb. 28d 1893.

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Feb. 23, 1893.

The author expressed a greater liking for the last three lines of the second verse than for any other part of the poem.

I was much interested in his desk appliances. Some of them are valuable gifts from friends on both sides of the Atlantic. He writes with a gold pen, fixed in an inverted swan's quill. "God makes better penholders than man," he remarked.

He told me how well he used to enjoy his teaching work at Dartmouth and Harvard for 37 years, and contrasted the magnificent accommodation and equipment of the medical department of Harvard to-day with the humble conditions of his time, when his own private room was the half-lighted space under the gallery seats in his lecture room.

"I resigned my professorship when I was seventy-two years old. My publishers wished me to devote myself to literary work exclusively, and I was tempted by their proposals. I value that cup presented me by my last class."

"Do you remember the nature of your early school influences?" said I.

"Yes, I had some hard experiences with my own teachers when I was a boy. Only one of them was an inspiration to me."

"Can you crystalize into one sentence a description of the characteristics that made him an uplifting power in your life?"

"Yes; he was an amiable man, and he liked me."

There is no other intellectual or moral stimulus so potent as love. No teacher ever liked a boy unselfishly without letting light into two lives—his pupil's and his own. The coercion of a century cannot widen the range of a human soul as much as the love of an hour.

I said: "Dr. Holmes, I am deeply interested in language teaching. What were the school processes by which you learned to use the English language so forcefully and so charmingly?"

"I had no formal teaching of either grammar or the use of language at school. I learned to write by having something to say, and being particular in trying to say it—by thinking and expressing thought."

Dr. Holmes has long held advanced views in regard to both the oral and written expression of thought. In the second chapter of The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, he said nearly forty years ago: "There is another thing about this talking which you forget. It shapes our thought for us; the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore."

He spoke delightfully of the extension of educational privileges to women, and closed the conversation about teaching, with the golden sentence, which I commend to the men and women in the teaching profession everywhere: "Your best work is not giving knowledge, or thought power, but training true men and women." It is worth remembering, in connection with this thought, the other one he expressed so tersely long ago: "I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been

great scholars, nor its great scholars great men."

"Elsie Venner" naturally led to a brief reference to Heredity; and my entertainer recalled many instances of families with cumulative energy, each succeeding generation of which was larger, stronger, and more energetic than the preceding; and also of others who seemed to shrivel gradually as weakening father was succeeded by a weaker son. There is a diminuendo and crescendo in heredity as in music. "The saddest thing," said he, "is to see a young man, who is the product of the enlarging growth of a series of progressive generations destroy in a year or two, by bad habits, the improvements made in a century."

"Did you write 'The Autocrat' under the pressure of a busy professional life?" I asked.

"I did. I was always driven by the printer. I had a large sheet of blotting paper on my desk there; and I jotted down on it stray thoughts as they came to me during the month. I used to extend them when the printer came for 'copy.' I thought when I began the articles that I might keep them up for two or three months, but they ran on for three years. I was more surprised than any one else at their very favorable reception."

Stray thoughts! How rich the world would be if every "Autocrat" kept a blotter!

There are some very young old men in the teaching profession in Boston. Dr. Holmes asked me if I had met Mr. Cushing, who was principal of Chauncey Hall school for two generations, and who is now 79 years old.

"I had the pleasure of dining in his home last night," I replied. "What an extraordinary young fellow he seems for his age."

"I do not know his age," said he, "but I have always regarded him as a young man, because I knew his predecessor intimately."

Truly "old" and "young" are relative terms after all.

I felt like questioning the politeness of the wise looking old clock, when, having caught my eye, it solemnly assured me that the few brief moments I had passed so delightfully amounted to more than an hour. I have no doubt it had been shaking its pendulum at me for some time, but I am glad its owner had so enraptured me, that I did not hear its warnings. Dr. Holmes is a fine illustration of his own theory that "talking is one of the fine arts." I looked back calmly at the clock, and said to myself: "I have the advantage of you at any rate, for I have grown faster than you have gone."

When I stood up to obey the clock, the gracious author kindly asked me which of his books I would prefer as a souvenir of my visit. I chose his poems, as representing most of his varied shades of thought and feeling, and his wondrous adaptation to the infinite phases of human life and experience. While with kindly thought and steady hand he entered a valued inscription in the book aud wrote his autograph on a portrait for me, I stood by the north window——

> "My airy oriel on the river shore,
> And watched the sea fowl as they flocked together."

The season and the conditions seemed exactly the same as those described in "My Aviary." I, too, could see scores of

> "Solemn gulls in council sitting
> On a broad ice-floe, pondering long and late.
> While overhead the home-bound ducks were flitting,
> And leave the tardy conclave in debate."

I looked, too, at the "old mezzotint of Eclipse by Stubbs, and Hering's portrait of Plenipotentiary" hanging on the wall, and moralized on the influence the love of animals has on character, and asked myself, how much of Dr. Holmes' wonderful constitution and persistent good humor, is due to his life-long fondness for horseback riding, rowing and other healthful exercises?

I left Dr. Holmes with a definite consciousness of soul expansion. "The Autocrat" said: "Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or a new sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions. After looking at the Alps, I felt that my mind had been stretched beyond the limits of its elasticity, and fitted so loosely on my old ideas of space that I had to spread these to fit it." Great men are more stimulating than lofty mountains. "Let me tell you," he says again, "there are companies of men of genius into which I sometimes go, where the atmosphere of intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol, that if I thought fit to take wine, it would be to keep me sober." I suspect I was intoxicated.

He said as he thought of the "schoolmistress;" "Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it." I knew I had been with one of these great souls.

My heart sends back to him the prayer he breathed for Agassiz: "Heaven keep him well and hearty," and as his evening years pass, may he ever have the blessings he asked for Lowell:

> "Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
> The sunshine on his lips,
> And faith, that sees the ring of light
> Round nature's last eclipse."

A STORY.

Little soul so free and pure,
Looking out with eyes demure,
On a world so full of care,
That besets thee everywhere.

In those eyes the truth doth lie
In its native purity.
Would that they could ever give
Highest thoughts of how to live.

Happy eyes! The world's veneer
Finds no welcome resting here;
Truth and falsehood ne'er could shine
Out of eyes with look divine.

Trustful, loving, all that's good —
Teach me, innocent childhood,
That to have a soul like thine,
Means a happiness sublime.

Teach me that to forfeit this
Means a loss of every bliss,
But that if my soul's like thine,
Every joy you have is mine.

E. Blanche Burns.

JOHN BENTLEY'S MISTAKE.

BY JESSIE A. FREELAND.

Chapter I.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."
—Lowell.

It was Christmas week. Christmas in Southern Ontario is generally almost snowless, but at the time of our story, the heaviest snow-storm of the season had been raging for three days, and the streets of Tobasco, a small Canadian town near the frontier, were almost blocked with the deep drifts. By the end of the third afternoon the weather at last began to clear.

Far away along the country roads the fences had almost entirely disappeared, and the snow was blown into exquisite wreaths and whorls, and fantastic shapes of every description. But in the town it lay in uncompromising solid heaps, and the muffled scrape of many snow-shovels was beginning to be heard along the sidewalks, as householders and store-keepers turned out, each to clear his section of pavement.

It was still four days from Christmas, but the stores had begun to assume a festive appearance, and branches of Canadian holly and evergreen decorated most of the windows, and formed arches over the entrance doors.

Looking down the main street, perhaps the biggest bunch of holly hung in the window of the railway ticket agent's office.

Certainly the biggest snow drift was in front of his door. There was no doubt of that in any one's mind, least of all in that of John Bentley, the cheery, broad-shouldered young giant who held the responsible position of agent for the S. and L. L. Line in Tobasco, and whose genial, obliging manners had made him, during his two years' stay, the most popular man in town.

A more perfect specimen of athletic young Canada you might search the Dominion in vain for. Six feet two, and broad in proportion, his strong muscular arms sent shovelful after shovelful of the heavily packed snow flying out into the street, with apparently as much ease as if each consignment had been a feather weight; and the biting wind whistling round the corner and freezing the blood of his small office boy, only had the effect of an invigorating tonic where physical and mental equipoise were so perfectly adjusted.

As he straightened himself and took a triumphant survey of the finished job, his merry blue eyes fell with a half compassionate glance on the shivering figure beside him, and he exclaimed briskly:—

"Here Jim, put up the shovels, and go in and mind the office. I'll go up street for the papers."

Pulling down his cap and buttoning his coat, he glanced up at the crimson-curtained windows over the office. At the same moment a slight, gentle looking girl, with soft, dark eyes, appeared at one of them, holding a miniature edition of John Bentley in her arms, who crowed and kicked with all his might at sight of his father in the street below.

"You ought to be a proud man, John," said a voice behind him.

Turning quickly with a gay laugh, as he aimed a snow-ball at the window-ledge for the benefit of his son and heir, John encountered the envious gaze of the richest and loneliest old man in Tobasco.

"So I am, sir," he returned, with a bright smile that showed a set of brilliant white teeth beneath his brown moustache. "And the happiest and

richest man in Christendom into the bargain," with a look, that spoke volumes, towards the red-curtained window.

"It's well you know it," said the old banker sternly. "Many have waited for grey hairs to teach them that happiness and gold are as far asunder as the poles." He stopped abruptly, and bowing with old-fashioned courtesy to the pretty young matron smiling down at them, gathered his fur-trimmed coat closer, and moved slowly away.

John looked after him, his kindly face for an instant serious; but next moment he lifted his cap to his wife with his usual merry smile, and strode off up the street whistling a lively air very much out of tune, while the dark eyes watched him out of sight, and the owner confided to baby that "the world held not another like him."

Sitting over the papers a little while after, in his own private sanctum behind the office, John fell into a reverie.

It was just three years since he had first met Rose Allen, the pretty pupil teacher at Madame Rheinhart's "Select Seminary for Young Ladies" in L———, a large city some forty miles from Tobasco, where John at that time held a junior clerkship in the head office of the S. and L. L. The Manager, Mr. Sutcliffe, had been an old friend of his father's, and John had *carte blanche* to drop in and spend the evening whenever he chose at his quiet bachelor quarters in the suburbs, presided over by a widowed sister and her rather spoiled, only daughter. Miss Nora Berners had not been long at Madame Rheinhart's before forming a violent school-girl attachment for Rose, which resulted in the latter often accompanying her home to spend Saturday and Sunday.

How well John remembered that first evening, destined to be so memorable to both of them. He smiled to think he could recollect the very dress she wore, and every little trick of voice and manner, since become so familiar, but which then took captive his masculine heart with all the charm of novelty. Both were poor, both were alone in the world, and the short, happy courtship terminated when Mr. Sutcliffe offered him the agency at Tobasco.

Not a very lucrative position, but enough so to leave a balance in the bank at the end of both years; and if the rooms over the office were small and inconvenient, what did that matter, since Rose's nimble, artistic fingers had transformed them into marvels of dainty prettiness. Yes, they were happy—very happy.

There was just one small speck on the horizon of John's perfect content. Rose had inherited a delicate chest, along with her mother's dark, southern eyes, and a slight, persistent cough during the severe winters had more than once made John's heart stand still with a nameless terror. He thought, for the first time with a touch of envy, of that snug berth, just vacant, in Lawnton, a western city noted for its mild climate. But many steps lay between it and his present position.

"I suppose Leonard Calkins will get it," he reflected, with a half sigh, running over in his mind the various employees in the L——— office. "He must have worked his way pretty well to be taking Mr. Sutcliffe's place while he is in England." Half ashamed of himself, he resolutely turned his thoughts into another and pleasanter channel.

Christmas would be the anniversary of their wedding day, and by doing the work of two men, and dispensing with an assistant for the past year, John had at last been able to gratify his heart's desire. He smiled as he pictured to himself the delighted surprise in Rose's face when the warm sealskin coat he had ordered a fortnight ago should make its appearance.

He was just wrapping her in its soft folds, and looking down complacently at her shining eyes and flushed cheeks, when the bell of the

office door suddenly jangled, and he came out of his reverie with a start.

CHAPTER II.

The office was closed for the night, and upstairs, in the pretty, softly-lighted parlor, John sat, with his slippered feet on the fender, smoking his evening pipe.

"I hope I haven't made a mistake," he suddenly remarked, so *apropos* of nothing, that Rose looked up, astonished, from the little work-table beside him, where she sat industriously sewing.

"Put away those curtains, Rosie," he said, in answer to her inquiring look, gently pulling the heap of snowy frilled muslin from her fingers. "You'll get them done long before Christmas; and come and sit by me and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, it was this way," after a moment's survey of the glowing coals. "He was such a miserable, down-on-his-luck sort of chap, not much older than myself, with one of the saddest faces you ever saw, and when he came to pay for his ticket to a town away out west, he hadn't enough — not much more than half enough. Had been out of work for a long time—couldn't get anything to do—a sick wife and child out west—trying to make his way back to them.

"'It's Christmas time, boss', he said, hoarsely, pointing to the bunch of holly you hung in the window this afternoon. 'Couldn't you call it square, now.'

"Of course, I said I was sorry, but couldn't possibly do it. Something about him interested me, though. His voice had a genuine ring, and I fancy I'm a pretty correct judge of human nature by now. He looked several degrees better than his language, which, I suspected, was assumed to suit his condition; so I asked him if he hadn't anybody who could help him—had he a father? His eyes flashed, as he answered, with a muttered imprecation, that he had, but would sooner starve than ask him for a cent; had run away when his mother died, and hadn't seen him for ten years. Then he owned he had been a bit wild, but for three years, ever since his marriage, as steady as a rock."

"Oh," said Rose, earnestly, as he paused; "do go on."

John smiled at the deep light in her eyes, and the spots of carmine on her usually pale cheeks.

"Well," he proceeded, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "I'd been thinking a good deal about you and the boy this afternoon, and I just put myself in his place for a couple of seconds. Still, I hesitated a good deal. You know the company's rules are awfully strict. Just then little Jack came creeping out from behind the *portiere* between the offices, his curls flying, cheeks scarlet, and eyes dancing with fun at having escaped from everybody. The man seemed perfectly fascinated. Couldn't take his eyes off him. I lifted him up on the counter between us, and, strange to say, the little chap took to him at once. 'Yours, boss?' he said, after a minute. 'Ain't he a reglar beauty? Just the size of my little girl, out west.' And touching one of his curls, he turned round, and broke right down.

"Of course," continued John, with a queer look, "that finished me, Rose. I just handed him his ticket without a word, and dropped a ten dollar bill of my own into the till along with the change he had given me."

"I knew you would," cried Rose, drawing a long breath. "And, oh, John, I'm sure it was the right thing to do," she added earnestly. "How could you think it was a mistake. You may have saved the poor fellow from crime, or even suicide."

"Well," he replied dubiously, "if the company ever comes to hear of it, which I don't suppose at all likely, it may get me into a scrape."

"I don't see how," said Rose, looking perplexed. "You did a generous

thing, with your own money, to a brother in need."

"I sold him a ticket at under value," returned John drily. "That was breaking rules, and the company might not view the case from your standpoint, little woman."

"Then I think such rules ought to be broken, and I'm glad you did it," she answered so energetically that John laughed.

Both sat silently looking into the fire, and after a little Rose added softly, "Inasmnch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren ye did it unto Me."

"Yes, I thought of that too, dear," said John, as he stooped and kissed her.

Days of brilliant winter weather followed the heavy storm. The air was keen and frosty, the sky a cloudless blue, the sleighing was perfect, and people went about congratulating each other on the prospect of a fine Christmas.

In the little kitchen behind the office on the afternoon of Christmas eve, Rose was busy, deep in mysterious preparations. The little maid of all work was out with the baby, and she was alone when John, in cap and ulster, put his head in at the door.

"I'm off on the 2.10 Rose," he said, "Calkins has just wired me to come down." Her face fell.

"Why, I ll be back on the 5.30," he remonstrated.

"It isn't that," she answered, looking anxiously at him.

"Oh, I see," and John laughed heartily, "afraid to trust me with Calkins? You think he hasn't forgiven me for cutting him out yet, and is still breathing threats of vengeance? Well" he continued trying to look gravely into her distressed face, "if it had been me you refused of course I should never have got over it. But seeing it was Calkins, why I think I can answer for him by this time."

"I dislike him very much," said Rose slowly. "I believe he would do you an injury if he could. How sorry I am he is back at the head office again."

John's eyes were dancing with fun. Still he couldn't bear to leave Rose unhappy.

"My dear Cassandra" he said, putting his arm round her. "I'd love to stay and argue the matter out with you, but I've just seven minutes to catch my train. Rest assured I am not afraid of Leonard Calkins, or any other man living, and from a letter I had from Mr. Sutcliffe last week I could tell you exactly what he wants me for, so don't look so solemn." Rose tried to smile, and with a hasty goodbye John hurried off.

As he turned the handle of the manager's door, about an hour afterwards, he remembered that although they had done a good deal of business correspondence he and Mr. Calkins had never met since his marriage. Soon after his engagement to Rose became known, the latter had gone to take charge of a distant agency, and had only returned to L——— a month ago. He was sitting at his desk writing busily when John entered, and raising his eyes an instant, motioned him to a seat with a brief "Good morning. Disengaged in a moment."

"The same as ever," reflected John, surveying critically, as he waited, the dark, smooth-shaven face and slight dapper figure. "Clever little fellow, but hard as nails,"—watching the thin compressed lips that moved nervously with every stroke of the pen. "Getting grey too, at thirty-five. Well, I'll give him a chance anyway."

So when Mr. Calkins at last turned round John rose, saying in his most cordial tones:—

"Don't you shake hands, Leonard, for the sake of old times?" A rather unfortunate speech, for the person addressed flushed a dull red, as if old-time memories called up anything but pleasant recollections.

"Thank you," he returned coldly, standing perfectly still. "I prefer not to shake hands with a thief."

John recoiled. "I beg your pardon?" he said, increduously.

"I think you heard me, but I'll repeat it if you choose. I prefer not to shake hands with a thief."

With two strides John was beside him. "Unsay that," he thundered, towering over him in a highly unpleasant manner Mr. Calkins thought, for he involuntarily reached towards the electric bell.

"You needn't be afraid," John flung out scornfully, "I never strike a man smaller than myself. Take back those words, or explain what you mean instantly."

"I can easily explain. I was about to do so if you had given me time," resumed the other quietly, opening a small note book. "On the night of December 21st you defrauded the company of the sum of ten dollars, underselling a ticket to that amount to ——"

"I did not," interrupted John hotly, "I made good every cent."

"They all say that," responded Mr. Calkins drily. "But I am here to protect the company's interests, and if rules are broken the penalty must be paid. How many times have you made good," with insulting emphasis, "tickets after this fashion? Why have you refused an assistant for the last year? And," he concluded, meaningly, "not many men in your position can give their wives sealskin jackets at Christmas."

Every drop of blood in John's body was boiling, but he controlled himself and looked steadily into the face confronting him. It all flashed on him like a revelation. The man he had befriended was a spy, sent merely to entrap him, and this man before him had it in his power to ruin his prospects and hold him up before the world with a stain on his name. This was a thousand times worse than the dismissal he felt sure was to follow.

"So," went on the cool, even tones, "I feel justified, considering all the circumstances, in informing you that the company does not require your services any longer. But, for the sake of old times," he added, with a peculiar smile, "as to-morrow will be Christmas, I won't take any steps till next day. Then," he concluded, slowly, "you needn't be in Tobasco by that time unless you like."

John turned and gave him a look of contempt he never forgot.

"Excepting this one breach of the company's rules, I am innocent," he said calmly, "and you know it. I have nothing to fear, and so I will be there."

He passed out into the roar and rattle of the busy street, and made his way mechanically to the station, deaf and blind to everything.

For years after the sound of the car wheels reminded him of that winter evening he sat in the smoker, when their monotonous whirr seemed grinding two words into his benumbed brain, "Dismissed, Disgraced." Letting himself noiselessly into the back office, the first thing his eyes fell on was a large express parcel. Rose's sealskin coat! It would have to be sent back now, and hastily opening a small cupboard, he tossed it in and locked the door. This was the last straw, and sitting down John buried his face in his hands.

He had firmly resolved not to tell Rose anything till Christmas was over, and after a few minutes he pulled himself together and went upstairs. She was sitting in the firelight, and sprang up with a smile to meet him. After one look at his face she drew him down beside her.

"I was right after all," she said, quietly. "What has he done to you?"

CHAPTER III.

A great crisis in life usually comes unexpectedly. So also the deliverance from apparently unavoidable disaster.

If any one had told John Bentley, as he sat by the fire that Christmas eve, looking ten years older since morning, that already three people were

working to bring Mr. Calkins' machinations to nought, he would have smiled with scornful skepticism.

"If only Mr. Sutcliffe were back," said Rose at last. John was pacing restlessly up and down.

"Before he can even hear of it the mischief will be done," he said gloomily. "It isn't the dismissal I mind so much, Rose, though that is bad enough, but think of the way that fellow will represent the cause of it! If I ever get hold of that miserable spy," he went on between his set teeth, "he shall pay dearly for all this—the lying scamp."

"Oh, hush," cried Rose, looking distressed.

"He deserves all you can give him and more," said a voice from the doorway. Both started as a man's figure came slowly into the fire-lighted room, "But every word I told you was gospel truth, and I did it for the sake of wife and child. I was well paid for it." Taking out a roll of bills he flung them on the table. "And to say I've felt like Judas ever since means nothing. I never dreamed of the consequences, and when I followed you from the head office two hours ago, I did what I swore I'd never do for myself. I went straight to my father, a rich old banker here, who knows you well. He gave me the Prodigal Son's reception, which I didn't deserve," he continued with emotion, "and I am here to say we will both do anything under heaven to atone for what I've done. My father has money and influence," he went on eagerly, "and both shall be used to the utmost in your behalf. When matters are fairly righted again," looking timidly at Rose, "I'll ask you both to forgive me—if you can."

John didn't need his wife's appealing glance. He held out his hand with a smile.

"We both do so *now*," he said heartily. "I'm glad I was not so much mistaken in you after all. But I'm more than doubtful of any success you may have at head quarters. It's too late."

"We shall see," the other replied with a determined look, wringing John's hand, and quickly leaving the room.

The 11.30 express left only one passenger at Tobasco that night—a short, stout little man with white whiskers, and keen eyes looking out beneath shaggy eye-brows. He walked briskly down the street and stopped in front of the ticket office.

"Lights yet. All right," he muttered, and opening the street door went upstairs. Rose was coming along the hall and did not look up till he was close beside her.

"Mr. Sutcliffe!" she cried hysterically. Then her over-taxed nerves gave way, and as he caught her in his arms, she burst into tears.

In a few minutes they were sitting round the parlor fire, stirred to a cheerful blaze, and Mr. Sutcliffe was explaining in his own brusque fashion:—

"Left Mrs. Berners and Nora settled at Nice, and took it into my head to run over for Christmas. Can't stand that beastly English climate. Walked into the office soon after you left," turning abruptly to John. "What cock and bull story is this of Calkins? I just told him I didn't believe him, and only stayed long enough to give him the best going over he's had for many a long day. Now I want to hear the rights of it all from you."

As John told his story simply, but with an eloquence born of what he had come through, Rose kept her eyes fixed on the shrewd, rugged face, which grew more and more inscrutable under her gaze. At his first words, when John ended, her heart sank.

"Well, you can't get back your position here, John," he said, slowly. Then, with a quick look at Rose's down-cast face, he added, "Because I've something a great deal better for you." Just then the clock began to chime twelve. All three rose to their

feet, and John turned and kissed his wife.

"Amen," said Mr. Sutcliffe, following his example. "A Merry Christmas to you both. And," laying his hand on John's broad shoulders, "allow me to congratulate the future manager of the Lawnton agency."

The sunshine of Christmas afternoon looked in on a happy group in the red-curtained parlor. The old banker sat between John and Mr. Sutcliffe, while his son, with little Jack on his knee, talked to Rose.

"I leave to-morrow for the west," he said, in answer to her sympathetic enquiries; "but only to bring them back. We shall always live with my father now."

"Well, I've done my best to impress John with a sense of his errors," Mr. Sutcliffe was saying, with a twinkle in his eye, that contradicted his words. "You know it *was* a mistake, a lamentable mistake, from a business point of view."

"Don't say that," the old man interposed, laying a trembling hand on John's arm; "it gave me back my son. And, although I deeply regret the unhappiness it caused, I shall always say, from the bottom of my heart, Thank God for John Bentley's mistake!"

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN.

BY BLISS CARMEN.

Smile, you inland hills and rivers !
  Flush, you mountains in the dawn !
But my roving heart is seaward
  With the ships of gray St John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
  Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
  Peace, and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
  The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
  With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
  Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
  Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me
  Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
  With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy !
  Blow, you white fogs, in from sea !
I was born to be your fellow ;
  You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,
  Doubt, the derelict, is gone;
Sane and glad I clear the headland
  With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
  This gray port by the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
  Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
  Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer too,—slip my moorings
  With the ships of gray St. John

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
  Be a word to lift the world,
Till the many see the signal
  Of the few once more unfurled!

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
  Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbor
  With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
  As they clear the island bar,—
Fade, till speck by speck the mid-day
  Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight the vaster sea-line,
  Wider lee-way, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
  With the ships of gray St. John.

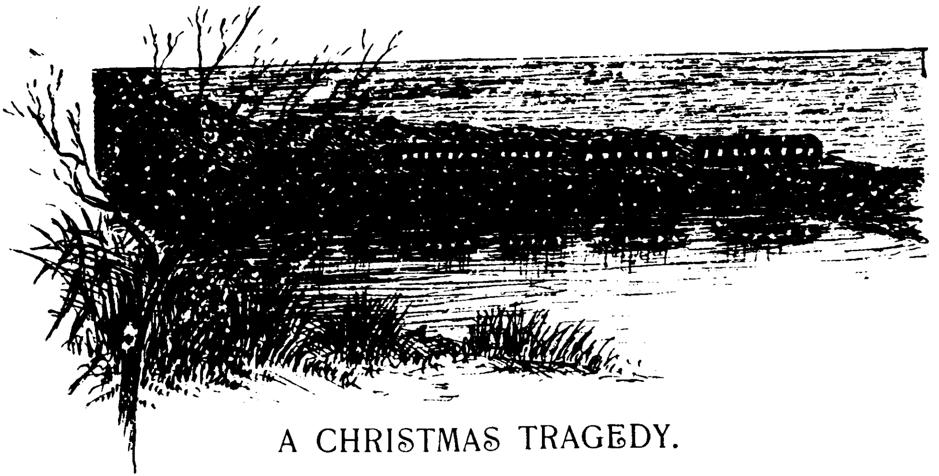
MIDNIGHT.

THE stars from out the ethereal sea
Their wide appointments keep with me;
They look beneath in gentle love,
Like souls of flowers flown above.

'Tis so sublime to see as far
As a distant fairy star;
To meet the moonshine cool and kind,
And marry starlight with the mind.

I love to sink my soul into
The melancholy midnight blue,
So cool and pure and passionless,
So beautiful and fathomless.

NEW YORK. HOWARD HALL.



A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND OTHERS.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

It was Christmas eve.

The train, bound west from Montreal was half an hour late, and was now putting on its best speed to make up for lost time.

The night had long fallen, and the snow, driven by a fierce north-easter, was drifting heavily across the track.

But within the first-class car all was warmth and comfort. Some of the passengers were chatting confidentially; some were munching biscuits or sandwiches; some were musing; a few were already so fast asleep that not even the peripatetic promptings of the banana and "yellow-covered-dirty" fiend could any longer excite their appetites, or their ire.

Alderman Goodenough lay back, snugly ensconced in his seat, pondering with half-closed, dreamy eyes on many things:—the coming municipal elections, aldermanic salaries, Christmas festivities, and the head before him.

Truth to tell, it was, as Dominie Sampson would have said, a pro-di-gi-ous head, located in the compartment immediately in front, and appertaining to a homeward-bound drummer in the "shoot and boo" line, as the gentleman in question, who was something of a wag, as well as disciple of St. Crispin, pleasantly termed it.

It was a large head, perfectly round, and covered with a growth of the most aggressively pronounced red hair, coarse, uncompromisingly erect, brilliantly ruddy—very quills upon a fretful occiput.

All else that could be seen of our auburn-tressed Adonis was a meagre back view of narrow, sloping shoulders, and an amazing height of white shirt collar, that girdled the lower horizon of hirsute affluence, as the sea-foam girdles the red, red coral reef in the far Pacific.

Suddenly, there came a series of little tremors, accompanied by a swerving motion, as though the train were being transferred to other rails, while a light blue haze seemed to fill the car. Just as our worthy alderman was thinking of a change of position, whereby he might peer through the window into the darkness, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the vibration, there was felt a violent shock. Everything seemed momentarily to stand still. The red head in front blazed ruddier and more aggressive than ever through the blue mist. And then, without a word of warning,

our magnate found himself shot from his seat with fearful velocity clean through the roof of the car, into outer and infinite space.

The whole atmosphere seemed permeated with a ruddy glow, only rendering the distant night shadows, by contrast, more profound. The driving flakes of snow were tinged with the same obtrusive tint, and fell around like great gouts of curdling blood. The very wind blew redly fierce and keen, and far, far below him, like a serpentine streak of vermilion motion, the train, from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected, sped on into the blackly-roseate distance.

But where was he?

Another shock, which struck fire from his eyes, and made everything redder than ever, and he was sitting alone, and rubbing his coat-tails with considerable emotion, on what appeared to be the summit of a hill of moderate elevation.

The train had disappeared, the storm had subsided. The night was drawing to a close. The keen, cool breath of the dawning was playing about him. Out in space yet gleamed a myriad glancing points, the eyes of the dying night, and, overhead, or what appeared to be overhead, a great, round, luminous shield like the moon, only many times larger, was slowly and majestically sinking towards the gray line of the horizon.

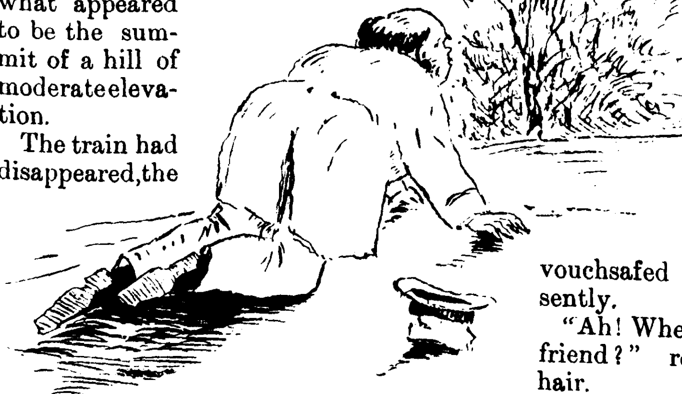
Having administered plenary friction to his coat-tails, our worthy alderman transferred the motion to his eyes and rubbed *them*.

Where was he, and what did it all mean?

A sigh, evidently not that of the wind, came wafted to his ears, followed by a little groan, as evidently human.

Mr. Goodenough turned over, and on his hands and knees peered curiously into what seemed a clump of underbrush. The daylight strengthened, and gradually there loomed into being, slowly and with evident tentativeness, the red head,—there was no mistaking it,—and pronounced shirt-collar of his travelling companion, the "shoot and boo" man.

He, too, was rubbing his coat-tails.



He, too, presently, transferred the motion to his optics and rubbed them—rubbed them till they seemed on fire, and then with helpless wonderment, gazed from out their fervid rims at his *vis-à-vis*.

The pair sat and stared at each other.

"Where are we?" vouchsafed the alderman, presently.

"Ah! Where are we, indeed, my friend?" responded he of the hair.

The big moon, shield-like, sank and disappeared. The fiery segment of the rising sun was protruded above the faraway gray line, and the day was begun.

"Here's a go," said the drummer. "Here's a situation for a representative of the manufacturing industries to be placed in—the leading exponent of the great "shoot and boo—"

"Hold!" cried a stentorian voice in their rear, in accents which made them start to their feet and quake with terror.

"Desecrate not the land of Anti-Humbug with the senile cant and slip-shod fooleries of out-worn earth and earth's frivolous children."

"Your worship," began the alderman, "we did but—"

"'Did but,' 'did but'; 'worship,' 'worship;'" repeated the voice in accents of finical mockery. "We have no 'worship' here, but the worship of Hullabaloo, and 'did but' is long dead. Here, in the land of Anti-Humbug, it is all 'did' without the 'but.' 'Buts' with you, my friend, belong solely to the past, and judgment will be meted out to you for what you 'did' while on yon revolving globe of struggling mites, yclept, in your vulgar parlance, the earth."

"Are we not, then, on the earth?" ventured the drummer, with a perceptible quaver in his voice.

"Oh!" whimpered the alderman, "I believe we are dead and didn't know it, and, now, we are in, are in, in—"

"Yes," said the Voice, "that's just where you are, just *in 'Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd; no reckoning made, but sent to your account with all your imperfections on your head.'"*

"It quotes Shakspeare," said the drummer, delightedly. "There must be something human about it."

Suddenly the Voice gave a prodigious shout: "Come, come," it said, "this is Christmas Day. Come all ye that are ready for the feast. Come and partake. Here are two new animals sent by special providence to supply our larder, which has been wofully deficient since the repeal of the Sherman Act and the collapse of the Chicago employment bureaus."

Whereat a multitude of creatures, of every conceivable shape, hue and size,

seemed to spring as if by magic, from the plains, and began to clamber up the hill side.

They began the ascent like an army of ants and grew in proportions as they approached the summit.

"Mercy!" shrieked the alderman, falling on his knees before the Voice, "Mercy! I am in poor condition, half starved, in fact; have not had a full meal since the collapse of Ashbridge Bay. The failure of that gigantic scheme ruined my appetite, and, and, and, well—you see how thin I am."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the voice. "Why, you weigh 250,—250 juicy lbs., —a toothsome morsel, though only a morsel to be sure, for the legions to be fed."

"I don't weigh a hundred," said the drummer, "and what there is of me is principally bones and skin. I have given my flesh away in the good cause. I have literally sweated myself into a skeleton for the sake of humanity and the 'shoot and boo' interest."

"It is a pity," said the Voice, commiseratingly, "that you did not bequeath your skin to the cause you served so well before you left earth. As it is, we'll have to make the best of it. 'Twill bear stewing."

"Oh! oh!" protested the drummer. "Stew—a thing I detested on earth; only another name for hash, boarding-house hash. Oh! oh!"

"Hash!" supplemented the alderman. "Don't mention it. Please, sir, don't make me hash. I'd rather be anything than that. Think of what one has to consort with in an ordinary stew."

"Pride must have a fall," said the Voice. "The elect of earth have no place here. Here all are equal. All are——"

"Stew,' burst involuntarily from the poor drummer, who was now paler than ever with fright, while his hair stood out like very arrows of the sun-god.

But the nondescript creatures that had been swarming up the hillside were now arrived at the summit, and had formed a circle round the strangers, eyeing them greedily, licking their chops, and stroking their stomachs, while they all cried out as with one voice: "Christmas Day! Christmas Day is come at last, and we'll eat you up, as you ate us long ago."

And now the two unfortunates realized for the first time that these were the souls of the creatures that they had devoured on earth.

"Children of the Moon," said the Voice, "this is indeed good luck; for, as Sir Isaac Newton said, the influence of gravitation being *directly as the mass* and *inversely as the square of the distance*, it has, of late years—in fact, since the discovery—attracted all the good things, including atmosphere and water, from our planet to that other voracious sphere of Home Rulers, monopolists, bulls, bears, and bucket-shops, and left us only moonshine, and the little we have left we can scarcely call our own. Why now I come to think of it," broke off the Voice, in accents of real concern, "this very alderman and his porpoise-hide companion won't weigh what we expected."

"Oh! oh! oh!" from the nondescript voices.

"That wretched *inversely as the square of the distance*," continued the Voice, "will spoil all. This fellow weighs 250 at the earth's surface. Just compute, my liege subjects, the loss of flesh that will be undergone by a transference to the surface of our orb. What *will* he weigh here—and the other, that bag of bones?—"

"Give it up," cried one of the crowd.

"Send it to the University for next year's mathematical conundrum paper," suggested another.

"Don't, oh, don't!" squeaked another, the tears streaming from its eyes. "It makes me think of the steelyard and the horrid knife that took my young and lusty life in Chicago."

"Send it to the examiners; send it to the examiners for teachers' certificates," came a chorus of voices.

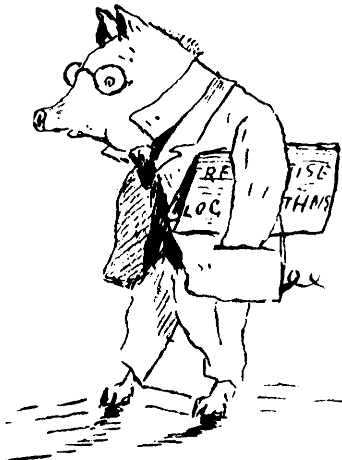
"Yes, but our present appetites? What a disappointment!" said the Voice. "Why, there'll be nothing—absolutely nothing for you, my children."

"Less than nothing, great Voice," came a piping voice from the assembly.

"Who's that that speaks?" enquired the Voice. Stand out and explain. How less than nothing?"

"It's the learned pig, the soul of the learned pig," cried a number of voices, pushing him to the front. "He's great at mathematics. Was great while on the earth at counting up to ten, and picking out the card with the acorn under it. Explain, explain! How less than nothing?"

"They'll be *minus* quantities, don't you see?" said the learned pig, coming to the front bashfully, as is the manner of profound scholars. "Just calculate for yourselves. 'Tis as easy as A.B.C.—algebraic A.B.C, I mean: 250 lbs. on earth, transported 240,000 miles away—inversely as square of distance! Go home, good friends, there's nothing for you, not even skin and bone; for those two creatures, alas, are now both *minus* quantities."



"Question, question!" shouted the soul of a goose.

"Bonnet him!" cried a plethoric spirit, with pompous person, apoplectic complexion, and what looked like a red cravat on his nose. "Hit him for interrupting the speaker."

"Put the closure," suggested another. "No fisti-cuffs, Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, or we'll send you to Mr. Gladstone."

"Yah! for you."

Here followed a general melee.

Meanwhile the Voice shouted and vociferated, and our two exiles stood quaking, and wondering whether they were in a city council or the British House of Commons.

After a time the hubbub ceased, and silence fell upon the assembly. The turkey had a bloody nose, and the learned pig a black eye.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said the Voice, in stentorian tones; "but it serves you right. You'll have nothing to eat. Do you hear? Nothing to eat."

There were universal sounds of lamentation.

"No," said the Voice, "'Tis utterly impossible by stewing, or any other culinary means, to render a negative quantity fit for the ordinary processes of deglutition. The question arises, what are we to do with these sinners—sinners they are, that can be seen at a glance. Look at that stomach That was never amassed by honest means in one generation. Illicit is written on its very rotundity. Look at that other one's hair. 'Tisn't natural. Contraband is in every fibre. My friends and subjects, this is a grave matter."

"My stomach, sir," said the alderman, rendered bold by a virtuous in-

dignation, "is not illicit. I'll give you to understand that nothing ever entered there that wasn't legally paid for."

"What about your head?" queried the Voice. "Has anything ever entered there that wasn't legally paid for?" A great hush of expectation fell upon the assembly, but he of the stomach was silent.

"We are waiting for the answer," said the Voice.

"Well," began the alderman," I once wished to learn Chinese, and a learned professor, who spoke the language like a native—of the south of Ireland—undertook to impart a thorough knowledge of the language and literature in eight weeks. That was hardly legal, was it; for, under ordinary circumstances, I believe it takes about sixty-six years? So some other learned professor lost his legitimate fees for that extended period of time."

"Yes," said the Voice; "proceed."

"I was young, you see, and giddy,' continued the alderman, "and the learned professor was so persuasive. His knowledge of philology was profound. When he was at a loss for a Chinese word, he substituted one in broken French or Gaelic, and, of course, being guiltless of a knowledge of those languages, we were none the wiser. Besides, he was entertaining, and told funny stories. He made all the English aristocracy drop their *h's*, or put that erring aspirate into places where it had no business. He was great, moreover, at derivations and roots; indeed, to judge from the state of his finger-nails, he must have been delving for roots all his life."

"What's the Chinese for *cold roast rat?*" interrupted the Voice.

"Coldee loastee lattee," responded the alderman, glibly.

"Convicted out of his own mouth," said the Voice. "Who ever heard such Chinese outside of the State of California, the Celestial's seventh heaven?"

"But—— " began the alderman.

"Didn't I tell you there were no 'buts' in the land of Anti-Humbug?" said the Voice. "By persisting in these equivocations, you but magnify your offences. Now, friends and liege subjects all, know ye this: Wherefore, whereby, and notwithstanding; whereas, by the grace of Father Christmas, in this year of liberation from the flesh of earth, and in these mildly-luminous realms of moonshine and Anti-Humbug, it having been given, granted, bestowed, awarded, that these bipeds, two-legged creatures, bifurcated humanity atoms— "

"Savors somewhat of a preamble, friend, does it not? Who would have thought of encountering lawyers in the moon?" whispered the alderman, nudging the drummer, who merely grunted his disgust.

"Be projected, shot up, hurled, discharged, propelled against our luminary, orb, planet, revolving mass of, of—

"Lunacy," suggested the drummer.

"Another word," said the Voice, "and you'll wonder what in luna struck you—— be it enacted, decreed, ordered, commanded, decided, that these two same bipeds, being unfit, through lack of gravity or weight, for ordinary deglutition, be, according to the law of Anti-Humbug, changed, transmuted, altered, transmogrified into such other substances as by law allowed, permitted, decreed. Whereas, whereby, notwithstanding, nevertheless, howbeit, etc., etc., etc."—

"I can give you the whole list," volunteered the drummer. "They're in Lindley Murray, and I learnt them all when a boy. They're prepositions."

"No they ain't; they're a nuisance," said the learned pig.

"'Ain't' isn't good grammar," remarked the alderman.

"Good enough for a mathematician," retorted the turkey; "but I say, they're conjunctions."

"Well, I think they're adverbs," said another.

"Let us have peace," said a grave looking calf of plethoric habit. "Why this bandying of words? Put the question before some earthly board of city school supervisors. Only, here let us have peace."

"Piece of what?" enquired the drummer.

"Calf," replied the alderman. "That would exactly suit your case as a 'shoot and boo man.'"

"The charge. The charge. What about the "charge?" came a chorus of voices.

"All emigrants who come to this planet, and who, by the law of gravitation, or other causes—as is the case with the Chinaman whose flavor is decidedly ratty—have been rendered unfit for lodging-house culinary purposes, otherwise hash, must undergo a process of transformation."

"A verdict. A verdict!" shouted the mob.

"Have either of you citizens any money about you?" enquired the Voice.

"I gave my last to a charity before leaving earth," said the alderman, buttoning his pocket.

"And I gave my charity to the last, as befitting a 'shoot and boo' man, so have none for myself," said the drummer, following the example of his companion.

"Ah! just like you emigrants, you never bring us anything worth having, only impecuniosity, cholera, poor Irish wit, and bad puns. Well, as you have no money, you must undergo the transforming process. You must be changed. There is no alternative. Only the choice is left to yourselves. Whatever you most affected on earth that can you now be; otherwise the choice must be left to a jury. Now make up your minds."

"On earth, I much affected, at this jovial season, beef and puddings; the roast beef of old England, fed on Canadian pastures; the pudding suggestive of the fruity south," said the alderman.

"And I," supplemented the drummer, "had at this especial season a weakness for champagne, the amber, bubbling, sparkling nectar of——"

"Green gooseberries," broke in the Voice. "Bah! The fellow's tastes are low. No cash. No solidity. Only stale puns and gooseberry juice. Away with them. Be ye what ye seek—the embodiments in the land of Anti-Humbug of your desires in the land of the genuine article, with a big H, great U, capital M, and all the other letters to match. Presto! Change. Ab-ra-ca-dab-ra, fee-fi-fo-fum, hie-did-il-didle, tick-tack-tock, dickery-dickery-dock, whereas, whereby, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Presto! Change! Pudding-head you! Gooseberry-bottle you!"

"Ha ha ha! He he he! Ho ho ho!" roared the drummer, whose gaze was riveted upon the alderman. "Here's a guy!"

"Ha ha ha! yourself," retorted the alderman. "You're another," and he too, as he looked at his companion, burst into a fit of laughter, and the two stood lost in merriment, each regardless or ignorant of his own personal plight.

For instead of the plump rotundity of the alderman and the lank proportions of the drummer, there stood on the hill-top before the crowd of aboriginal nondescripts, nought but a plum-pudding in a frock coat on human legs, and a champagne bottle in stiff stick-up shirt-collar on ditto, laughing at each other.

But at the moment of transformation, another crowd of natives appear-

ed at the foot of the hill and began making for the summit; some mere anatomies of skin and bone, others short, and so stout they could hardly waddle.

"You had better run," said a good-natured-looking guinea-fowl, who till now had kept in the rear, but had pressed to the front rank at the moment of the transformations.

"'The boys out of work and the girls in place' are after you, and they haven't yet lost their taste for plum-pudding and champagne. Gravitation is nothing to them, nor the *inverse ratio.* They know nothing of it. They take the shadow for the substance, and, if you're not off, they'll have you in a trice."

Even while she spoke, the advanced files of the new crowd arrived at the summit, and gazed with hungry eyes at the transformed.

"What do they want with us?" inquired the alderman, shaking like a jelly.

He trembled to such a degree, that the raisins began to fall out of him, while a great piece of lemon peel tumbled to the earth and was picked up in Texas. The people there said afterwards it weighed three tons, and that it was an ærolite. They advertised the wonder, and *savants* from the New England States have since been looking for it. These, however, maintain that there must be something the matter with the *inverse ratio,* as the celestial visitor has not materialized—for them.

The drummer was so frightened, that the cork in his neck started, and the champagne began to drip from him in torrents.

"What a remarkable rain for December," said a citizen of New Brunswick, who happened to be immediately underneath.

"It's shwate wather intirely," said an Irishman. "Shure an' it tastes loike the crather itself."

"Providence," said a third, an anti-prohibitionist. "See how Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Law deprives us of liquor, and Nature proves indeed 'the sweet restorer.'"

Then the three winked and adjourned to a refreshment buffet.

"Don't sell hard stuff here," said the bartender gruffly.

"No, we know you don't. We wouldn't ask for it. Give us something soft. German-cider for instance."

Whereat the three winked again, and the bar-tender winked, and everybody was happy.

"Run, I tell you," said the guinea-fowl, "or you are lost. They'll eat you up surely. Those skeletons are the ghosts of the young men that were crowded out of situations on earth by young women. They have had nothing to eat since the passing of the 'Woman's Emancipation Act.' You. Mr. Alderman, will be but a mouthful for them. Those stout parties are the young women, who, while on earth, ousted the men and lived upon the fat of the land. They have had enough of pudding, having been well fed on earth, but were total abstainers there. Here, they have changed their politics. So you had better look out for yourself, Mr. Champagne drummer. They'll gulp you down quicker than a strawberry ice cream. Run, I say."

So the two ran, the drummer first, for he was still long and lank; the

alderman a bad second, for he was still round and obese, and after them sped the pack of skeleton boys and fat girls.

Away they went like Gilpin, neck or naught. The raisins flew like hail The gooseberry juice oozed and fizzed.

Everything presaged a big bang.

Horror! The pursuers were nearing!

"I can run no more," gasped the unfortunate alderman. "Oh!— "

"Cobourg, Cobourg, stop here for refreshments."

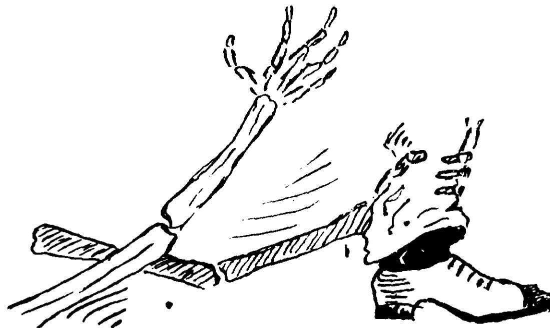
"Eh! what? How's that? Where am I?"

"Cobourg, Sir. Fifteen minutes for refreshments."

The red head had disappeared from the compartment in front. It was already at the bar within the station.

Alderman Goodenough sat up, mopped his head with a bandana and gazed round with a bewildered air,

"Dear me!" he muttered presently. "That late dinner at Montreal must have disagreed with me." He looked at his watch. 11.50 p.m. "I have been asleep for half an hour. Hang that gibbering skeleton, I thought he had me by the leg."



SALMON FISHING AND CANNING ON THE FRASER.

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWEN.

THE far west of the Dominion of Canada is a land rich in minerals and in lumber, in gold and in grain; but richest of all, perhaps, is the harvest of the river. The mighty Fraser, which rolls through the forest-clad mountains of British Columbia, is not only a highway of the land, not inferior to the Canadian Pacific Railway, but it is also a fruitful field and an inexhaustible mine.

It is not difficult to realise this when one sees the river in some places and at certain times almost choked with the salmon forcing their way to the upper waters for the purpose of depositing their spawn—so numerous that, as the popular saying has it, you can almost walk across the river on their backs—or when one learns at the end of the fishing season that something like a million and a-half of dollars enters the City of New Westminster alone as the result of a successful fishing.

As in all matters of greater or less moment than fishing, success comes from knowing and following the laws of Nature. To do this is of more importance than understanding the "why" and the "wherefore" of those laws. And as some of these are of first-rate importance to the canners and fishermen, we may, without attempting to explain, briefly refer to them here. First of all is the fact that there are in the course of the year several salmon runs, not all of equal importance to the canner. In the spring we have the fine *spring salmon*, a large and delicious fish, but not sufficiently numerous for the canner to use. Then in July, and until the end of August, comes the great run of the year, that of the *sockeye* salmon, a fish smaller than the last mentioned, but more remunerative for canning. It is for this kind that the cannery is prepared, and when the sockeyes depart the cannery is shut down. Close on the heels of these come the *humpbacks*, a very unpopular tribe, coarse and ill-shaped, and deemed (perhaps unjustly) unfit for human food. Soon after these despised members of the family come the *steelheads*, a beautiful fish, canned sometimes with the sockeyes, but not numerous enough to be sought on their own account. Lastly come the *cohoes*, which run till the end of October, and are kindly welcomed on all sides and universally esteemed.

But in speaking of the salmon fishery and canning industry of the Fraser River, let us, not forgetting the enormous quantities of fresh fish sent as far as New York, and the still larger quantities salted, dried, and dispersed the whole wide world over, concentrate our attention on the *sockeye* run as the most important of the year. Here, again, we have a strange but uniform law prevailing, of which the canner must take account. This is the fact—that the runs may be grouped in cycles of four years. Every fourth year there is a regular glut of salmon, when the fish are so numerous that tens of thousands are cast back again into the river, and when the fishermen have to be strictly limited in the number they are allowed to take. After this *annus aurens* the runs decline for three years, reaching a point when it may be actually unprofitable for the canneries to be kept open, except for the sake of keeping the fishermen together, and then in the fourth year rising once more to the zenith.

The fishing and the canning on a

large scale are confined, as may be inferred, to a comparatively short time in the year, not more than a month or six weeks, from the middle of June to the end of August. During this time, however, nothing could be more interesting or more picturesque.

Standing upon the wharf of a cannery some day in the month of June, you will see the first arrivals of Indians in their canoes from the north. The canoes are long, black craft, each made all from one piece, except the high prow, and most graceful in shape, and proving by experience their ability to stand the heaviest seas, unless they should split from stem to stern. And they need both size and strength, for not only does each boat contain a whole family of Indians—men, women and children—but also dogs and fowls and tents, and baggage of a most heterogeneous description. The Indians look anything but attractive as they paddle their canoes to the wharf, with their faces thickly smeared with red and black paint (to protect their complexions from the sun), and themselves clumsy and almost shapeless from the endeavours to wear their whole wardrobe at once. When they step on shore you cannot help contrasting them with your ideal Indian, or with the stalwart hunting Indians of the North-west, for these fishing Indians are short and squat—something very like coarse specimens of Japanese, their features broad and ugly at their best, and in the older men and women surpassingly hideous. But they soon get to work. Tents and huts are erected in an incredibly short space of time, a few yards from the river brink; beds and bedding are passed from the women in the boats to the men on the shore; fires are lighted in such dangerous proximity to the walls of the tents that the absence of a great conflagration is a daily miracle, and before many hours there is the Indian encampment as though it had existed for months, with fires burning, and dogs barking, and fowls cackling, and an ancient fish-like smell asserting its supremacy in a peculiarly malodoriferous atmos-

NEW WESTMINSTER.

phere. Then at night may be heard the wild chant and whoop, and the beating of pans and kettles, while, through the smoke, dusky figures may be seen moving round and round in some strange barbaric dance. At least, the women (who are called *kloochmen*) do the dancing, looking for all the world like the "weird sisters" in *Macbeth*—circling round the hell-brewed caldron, whirling round faster and faster, till their starting eyes and panting breasts show that they have completely lost all self-control; while the men (who are called *siwashes*) stand looking critically on, or compose the orchestra.

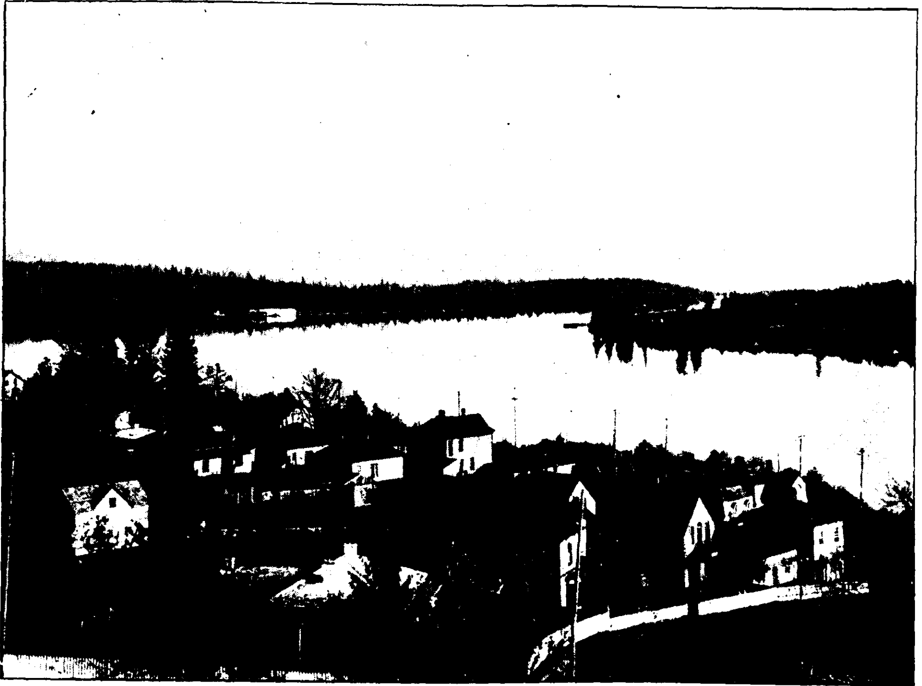
ON THE WHARF.

A more common, though less picturesque, recreation is found by the Indians in gambling, and for hours you may see them, squatting on the wet ground or in the smoky huts, eagerly handling the cards, and staking almost all they possess upon the result of the game.

But all this is in their play time, and when the fishing season begins in earnest, dancing and gambling have to be put aside, and the Indian takes his place in the fishing-boat.

Though, perhaps, the majority of the fishermen are Indians—and the same Indians will come to the same cannery year after year—there are many other nationalities which contribute their *quota*. There are white men in plenty — English, French, Italian and Scandinavian, and a considerable number of Japanese. The Chinese are not particularly good fishermen, but they have their own part in the fishery, as we shall see later. The most successful fishermen are those who can endure the longest hours on the water, and in this respect the palm may almost certainly be given to the Newfoundlanders, of whom there are quite a number on the Fraser.

Each boat is manned by two men, or, in some instances, by a man and his wife. One manages the boat and the other the net—no light matter when it is remembered that a salmon net is 300 yards long, and that the work of hauling includes the killing of each salmon by striking it a sharp blow on the head with a stick. This sort of work all through the long night-watches, added to the discomfort and cramping in the narrow boat, fully deserves the amount paid for it, especially as the unsuccessful nights, when but a dozen or less fish are taken, have to be reckoned with the successful nights, when the nets may be hauled in as soon as floated out.



THE FRASER RIVER, WITH CANNERY IN THE DISTANCE.

It is a pretty sight to look out upon the broad waters of the Fraser some evening when the ripples are dyed scarlet and orange and green with the last rays of the level sun, and watch the boats scattered here and there, with the long line of floats stretching obliquely across the river; and pleasant it is to hear the weird strains of some Indian song floating from the distant boats, where the fishermen are beguiling away the lonely hours. But far pleasanter, doubtless, is it to the fishermen when at daybreak they pile up on the wharf or in capacious scows the silver fruit of their toil—great masses of shining fish, such as gladden the heart of the canner.

What the fisherman means by a successful night depends upon a variety of circumstances. In the "good year" (such as this last has been) the fishermen can catch during a run more than the canneries have capacity to deal with, and, therefore, a limit of perhaps three hundred fish a night is set to the exertions of each boat. Consequently, the skilled fishermen prefer an ordinary season to a glut, because, while in a good run anyone could catch a boatload, in a less prolific season, endurance, knowledge and skill will make themselves felt. As an example of what is considered a fair take of fish may be instanced the fact that during the late season, lasting about six weeks, of seven boats manned by fourteen men known to the writer, the lowest take of fish was 6,700, and the highest 11,000, a result which would make each man's earnings average from $350 to $550.

But now we must go back a step, for the finny harvest lying on the wharves would soon perish if the cannerymen had not been before-hand well prepared to deal with it.

And the first step in this part of the business is the manufacture of the cans. Nothing could be more interest-

ing than this, and it is here that the Chinaman's share of the work comes in. Making the cans is an operation involving about fourteen several processes, from the time the boxes of tin are unshipped, piled, and counted, to the time that the trayfuls of cans stand ready to receive their dainty contents. It would take too long to follow all these processes, but it is really very fascinating to watch a can on its way, passing through the deft fingers of the Celestial workman, and through complicated pieces of machinery—squared, trimmed, formed, seamed, bottomed, topped, crimped, soldered, and piled—till the store-rooms of the cannery seem like the treasure-houses of the Incas, filled from top to bottom with ingots of precious metal.

Now we return to our "*muttons*"—that is, to the glittering fish lying on the wharf ready to be canned. Here, again, time would fail to tell of the many hands employed before the perfect result is attained—certainly forty, and none of these superfluous. The fish is cleaned, and it is no uncommon thing for a Chinaman to clean as many as a thousand fish a day, working like a machine, without haste and without rest. Then they pass into the hands of the *kloochmen*, who wash the fish and prepare them for a sort of guillotine arrangement by which they are cut up into the requisite lengths. There is a certain amount of waste, but on an average, about thirteen fish go to a case of forty-eight cans. Then comes the filling process, from which the cans are carried to the scales and weighed. Thence they are taken again, and by successive stages wiped, topped, crimped, soldered, piled in coolers, tested to find out whether they are air-tight, and put into the boiling kettles. After a sufficient time has elapsed they are taken out and tested a second time, then placed in a retort for cooking; then they are washed in the lye-kettle with caustic soda, from thence wheeled to the packing-room, tested with a nail, piled in trays, taken to the lacquering table, lacquered, labelled, boxed, piled and shipped. This is, of course, but a bare itinerary of the journey of a can of salmon, with many intervening stations omitted, but it is a journey for the eye to follow in the cannery itself, and it will make you marvel at the quiet, constant, unresting labor, the economy of time and space, and the simplicity of arrangement by which the pile on the wharf becomes the less perishable pile in the warehouse.

A good cannery can turn out from 1,000 to 1,800 cases a day, each case (as has been said) containing forty-eight tins; and the average pack of a cannery in the season is about 15,000 cases, representing a total of not much less than 200,000 fish.

It is when one thinks of the number of canneries along the Fraser River that some idea is obtained of the myriads of fish ensnared in the attempt to make the voyage up the river. Truly, as Spenser said long ago, it is

> "much more eath to tell the stars on high,
> Albe they endless seem in estimation,
> Than to recount the sea's posterity,
> So fertile be the floods in generations,
> So huge their numbers and so numberless their nations."

Yet the country looks far ahead, and realising that years of fishing may sensibly diminish the number of fish in the river, takes care to replenish the waters with millions of salmon fry hatched in the hatchery at Bon Accord. Perhaps a greater danger than that of too many fish being caught lies in the fear that the salmon may consider the river getting too lively, with its steamboats and well-settled banks, and may take to patronizing some quieter spawning grounds. But in the case of fish, as of men, old customs die hard, and nothing but a revolution among the finny tribes will make them abandon the grand old Fraser.

It is at the close of the fishing that the good results of a successful season become most apparent, and perhaps

the busiest time for the canner is when the pack of fish has been completed, and he has to pack off his men and sell his fish.

The latter process is sometimes simplified by a buyer coming along and purchasing as many as 40,000 cases at one transaction, whereat the heart of the canneryman is exceeding glad; but the former business of paying off the men is a sore vexation and trial of patience. For all want to be off at once, and to make up their individual accounts and settle disputed claims is not done most conveniently with a horde of Indians, Chinamen, and white men pressing eagerly into the sacred precincts of the office, and each vociferously demanding attention before every other. If the manager in his nightly dreams obtains for a while respite from his weary task, the strident notes of an impromptu Indian band at his bedroom window will awaken him to business before the rising of the sun, and, altogether, the cashier and manager are not sorry when the last Indian has disappeared from the premises on his way to the stores.

INTERIOR OF CANNERY. A PILE OF CASES.

And it is no inconsiderable amount that the fishermen have at their disposal at such a time. Of course, prices vary from year to year, but the fisherman never gets less than 6 cents a fish, and occasionally as much as 15 cents, so that it is quite possible for a man to earn $100 in a night, and stories are told of men earning over $1,000 in a season.

That money is plentiful is soon noticeable in the towns. There are the banks paying out at the rate of $60,000 a day; there are the saloons, alas! full of men trying to get rid of their money faster even than they earned it; and there are the Indians, wandering curiously from store to store, heaping together goods wherewith to fill their canoes for the return voyage northward. They are not particular as to what they buy; indeed, their chief anxiety is lest they should have money left on their hands; so their purchases are not made by any means from an utilitarian point of view. They buy flour and clothing, saddles and bridles, guns and ploughs, even *coffins* and *gravestones*, rather than return unladen, and what money they fail to dispose of in purchases they generally contrive to disperse abroad in *potlaches*.

The *potlach* is a peculiar Indian institution, combining the essential features of a free lunch and a free blanket scramble. Perhaps, indeed, the indiscriminate giving away of presents by the chief surpasses in interest the banquet. Potlaches are all the rage after the fishing season is over, and it is astonishing with what delight the Indian braves indulge in

them. Here is an account of one, given in the words of a prominent canner, about a year ago:—

"Last year," he says, "I had an Indian working for me who earned $1,400. He drew the whole of this in a lump sum, and laid it out in eight muskets, a dozen boxes of crackers, and the balance—about $1,200—in blankets. Then the noble redman called all the Indians within reach together, and announced his intention of giving a grand potlach.

"The blankets were spread out in a two-acre field, with the crackers on the outside for his friends to lunch on, and the muskets in the centre. When the appointed time arrived to begin the ceremonies, the Indian waded through the sea of blankets to where the muskets lay. Here he climbed on a box and began a long oration, which lasted over an hour, at the end of which time he picked up the muskets one by one and smashed them over the box, signifying that all enmity between the tribes present was forever ended, and rifles would be no longer needed. Then he gave the signal that the potlach had commenced, and the Indian women sailed in and packed away not only one pair of blankets, but as many as they could carry, and in a few minutes there was not even a single blanket left for the use of the generous contributor. This grand give-away, of course, made the Siwash very popular, and a few days after he was elected sub-chief of his tribe. A few weeks later this same Indian came to me dead-broke, and got a sack of flour on credit.

"As a rule the headmen of the tribe do this sort of thing, but once in a while an ambitious young Siwash tries to make a name for himself. Last fall a young fellow who had made a little money fishing for me came into the office and got $150 in silver. With this he climbed on top of a shack, and after addressing the multitude for an hour and a-half, scattered every cent of the money among the people below. This young Indian is looked upon as a coming man, and by the time he has squandered the earnings of half-a-dozen seasons' fishing he will be made a chief."

However, as a good deal of money is left to circulate in our midst, and the Indians go home well satisfied, it is not for us to grumble. Indeed, grumbling is at a discount after the fishing, or should be, for it is the harvest of the year—a blessing to the fishermen, a blessing to the canners, a blessing to the tradespeople in our cities, and, let us hope, a blessing to the world at large, which tastes our Fraser River salmon as fresh a year hence as on the day they were caught. Long may the world be grateful for the industry which brings the wealth of the seas to those far inland who may never have heard the music of old Ocean's voice.

HUMORS OF BENCH AND BAR.

BY W. H. BLAKE.

OSGOODE HALL, Toronto, presents a distinctly non-humorous aspect to the passer-by who contemplates its classic façade from Queen-street; and the harassed litigant or casual visitor who ventures within its portals hears and sees little to move him to laughter.

Even to those who there reap a precarious crop with the sickle of their eloquence, this vast legal mill has a certain awesomeness, and its daily grist is ground in a very sober and humdrum fashion.

A spirit of seriousness settles upon the curious ones who come to observe how Justice demeans herself in her appointed home, — possibly arising from an uneasy feeling that to exhibit levity would be a contempt of Court, punishable with hideous despatch and in manner dire.

A brace of Fair-time rustics illustrated, not long since, this frame of mind. With an apologetic mien they were clumping through the corridors, occasionally passing remarks in a husky whisper, and seemingly were much oppressed by the pervading atmosphere of solemnity. Yearning for something more interesting, they ventured to address a gay young barrister, whose soul had not quite become as ashes within him, "Whar's the Museum?" The answer was: "There is no regular museum here, but you will find an excellent collection of fossils in that room,"—pointing to one of the courts. They entered, gazed vacantly about at Judges, Counsel, Clerk, Sheriff and Reporter, but spoke not nor smiled. The very air of the place forbade the idea of a jest, and probably they are wondering to this day what that too-sharp young lawyer was driving at.

Perhaps it is the principle of contrast that lends a peculiar fragrance to any flower of wit that ventures to blossom in so sterile a desert, and it is to be feared that such delicate plants cannot survive when deprived of their environment. With all diffidence, therefore, the task of transplantation is essayed.

It happens sometimes, when the circumstances forbid a smile by reason of the lack of humorous intent on the part of the Bench, that scenes occur, painful in their wealth of suppressed mirth. Figure to yourself a sultry day in June. At 11 o'clock Chancery Chambers opened bright and fair, but the afternoon is waning, the room is still full of those who crave an audience, and little has been accomplished, The time has passed in prosy and tedious disputes about trifles, and the atmosphere of the court is not only close and sultry. but dangerously surcharged with electricity. Talking has been severely checked from the Bench more than once, and now not a whisper is heard. In its turn. the next motion is called on, and something supremely trivial is broached which bids fair to absorb most of the precious time remaining. As the involved skein is slowly unwound, the Judge lays down his pen (as one would deposit a burden too weighty to be longer borne), and turns to the window. The droning recitation of affidavits proceeds, but the Judge is far, far away—his gaze fixed on remotest space. Flies buzz at the panes and rival the reader's voice in their melancholy monotony. Hush! the Judge is thinking aloud. The reader stumbles, halts in the middle of a word, and bows his head. "It seems—to me—that the length–of matters–which–are brought —before this Court—is—in *inverse*

ratio—to their importance. I suppose —if it were humanly conceivable— that a question—should arise—about —nothing at all,—that—it would last —for ever—and ever."

It is assumed that the terminology of Poker is a part of the common wisdom of mankind, though, perhaps, the Bench would refuse to take judicial cognizance of the fact that "three of a kind beats two pair." A case relating to the moving of a building from one place to another, was before a certain appellate Court, one member of which tribunal, with his usual appetite for minute detail, kept questioning the counsel. "You say, Mr. — that this house was—was raised?" "Yes, My Lord." "Now, Mr. — on what was it raised?" "On four Jacks, My Lord." Between questioner and questioned passed one gleam of sympathetic intelligence, but otherwise Bench and Bar were unmoved,—only an obscure junior in a back seat, who had had the personal ill-luck to experience similar unfortunate "raises," passed out of the court-room to lean over the balustrade and tell the mosaic pavement how funny a thing had been said.

Not a few amusing discussions arise about the pronunciation of words; and such philological questions have been known (for the moment), to quite obscure the point at issue. In a case involving consideration of some injury to the brain, the word "paresis" was used by several of the Judges in giving judgment, and pronounced invariably "parésis." When it fell to the turn of the last member of the Court to deliver himself, he called the word "păresis." It is said that his Chief, a few moments later presented him with this quatrain:

> "This word of your's 'păresis,'
> Our nice ears harasses;
> You would ease us, and please us,
> By saying 'parésis.'"

In the examination of a witness, a certain very learned Queen's Counsel used the word "peritoneum," and made the "o" long and accented. The Judge was ready for a little fun on the strength of the mispronunciation, but under-estimated the counsel's power of turning the tables. He said, "Mr. ———— that is *short*, is it not?" With the familiar twinkle came the reply, "On the contrary, my Lord: in the case of a full grown adult, it is rather long."

Really unkind things do not very often come from the Bench, but occasionally an unfortunate receives a crushing blow. A very pertinacious advocate of many years' standing at the bar was pressing his client's claim somewhat unduly. The Court was against him, and so informed him more than once. At length it was borne in upon him that what he desired was to be denied him, and in much despair of soul, he said, "But, my Lord, whatever in the world is my client to do?" He got his answer, *extra sec.* "My advice to him would be to consult a Solicitor."

Accuracy is most desirable in matters legal, but sometimes its bounds are over-stepped. An official of the court, distinguished for this virtue, recently had an affidavit placed before him in which it was stated that a certain event took place "in the end of May." He rejected it, pointing out, with much justice, that the month of May, like every thing else, had two ends, and the affidavit did not specify which of them was meant.

Perhaps this is paralleled by the Judge who refused to accept a mother's statement as to the date of her child's birth, "unless she could associate it in her mind with something collateral, in order that the time of the event might thereby be fixed."

Some years ago the "Bobtail Car Case" was argued by a great array of counsel, and all the law applicable, statutory and otherwise, was very elaborately expounded to the Court.

At the conclusion of a most erudite and pain staking leader's address, the Chief Justice remarked that he was surprised to find that no reference had been made to one of the most import-

ant enactments bearing on the question. This was a very disconcerting reflection on the diligence of the advocate, and he scarce knew how to reply.

"I think—your Lordship—must be in error. I have endeavored to give the Court with rather unusual fulness a reference to all legislation, which could possibly affect the matter. I cannot hazard a guess at the enactment to which your Lordship alludes."

"You surprise me, Mr. ————, because I certainly thought every student was familiar with the Act respecting Short Forms of Conveyances."

It is customary for the Judges to note with more or less fulness the points taken by counsel upon arguments before them. Sometimes they can do so very shortly, and this independently of the length of the argument. A gentleman who occupied some hours in his client's interest (as he fondly believed), was not a little chagrined, on happening to see the Judge's book accidentally some time afterwards, to find the following brief epitome following his name. "*Vox et præterea nihil.*"

A thermometer has its uses in a court room; but frequent references to it do not tend to reduce the temperature in which Bench and Bar must sometimes labor. A long and intricate injunction motion was before the Court on one of our tropical July days, and the thermometer was consulted from time to time, to justify the prostrated condition in which the participants found themselves. When it reached the 90° mark, the Judge considered the fact worthy of mention—whereupon counsel for the defendants made his point. "Yes, My Lord, a good day, as your Lordship sees, for dissolving an injunction."

Mr. ————, was arguing for a certain position with much strenuousness but little success. The Court could not, would not, follow him, but he nevertheless persevered. At length, overcome by the seeming absurdity of one of his contentions, the representative of Justice became a trifle ruffled. and broke out: "I do believe that you would endeavor to prove to me that two and two are, or can be, anything else than four." To which speedily and cheerfully came the reply! "Why, certainly, my Lord, I should not despair of convincing your Lordship that in proper juxtaposition two and two would be twenty-two."

A piece of very important city litigation lasted for several weary weeks, and from time to time the leading counsel on one side stated his personal opinion with increasing positiveness upon a certain point in the case. At the outset he contented himself with argument, but conviction grew, and, in his closing address, he put it plainly that no human being with the gift of reason could, by any possibility, differ from his conclusion. The leader who opposed him suffered in silence until the time came for his reply, and then delivered, by way of reminiscence, his rebuke for this substitution of personal conviction for argument:—"My learned friend recalls to me the unfortunate position in which, some years ago, a late learned leader of the bar found himself. He was engaged at the trial of a case, and his client failed. Being consulted as to an appeal, he delivered a very positive opinion in his client's favor, and the case was carried to appeal, where again he was unsuccessful. His view was only fortified by this mischance, and he reiterated it in still stronger terms. The action went through the usual gamut of appeals, upon this learned counsel's statement that no sane and reasonable man could hold a conclusion different from his own. Alas, for human fallibility, in the fulness of time, it was his lot to appear before the Supreme Court and to find himself addressing a *Bench of lunatics.*"

A very well known Q. C., of the days gone by, was haranguing the old Court of Error and Appeal, and although his argument was very long

and very loud, it failed to carry entire conviction. The Chief Justice, wishing to find if his own half-formed view was corroborated, turned to the judge sitting next him:

"Brother ——, do you think Mr. —— is sound?"

To which Brother ——: "Yes, *all sound.*

A pretty story is told of a certain Judge of the Supreme Court. After delivering a batch of judgments in his court, he dropped into the Rideau Club, where he met several members of the Ontario bar. One of them remarked, in the course of conversation, that the Privy Council had recently allowed several appeals from the Supreme Court, where the judge of whom we speak had dissented from the majority, adopting his opinion in preference to that of the rest of the Bench. "That reminds me of a very curious thing," said Mr. Justice ——. "Perhaps you have have seen that little mare of mine—nice little beast, and wonderfully intelligent. I drove down to the Court with the judgments you speak of, left the animal where I usually put it up, and went to my room, but, in a few seconds, discovered that the papers were gone—probably had fallen out of my pocket. I hurried back to the stable, and found them lying on the straw beside my mare, and, would you believe it, *that clever little beast had eaten the only one in which I agreed with the rest of the Court.*"

A certain testator left a handsome bequest to the Sisters of Charity of Hamilton, and his will was before the Court for construction. As to the gift, it was argued that there being no such society or incorporation as "The Sisters of Charity of Hamilton," the bequest failed. An ingenious Hamilton counsel contended, notwithstanding, that individuals answering the description of "Sisters of Charity" in Hamilton, might take the benefit of the legacy; to which it was replied—"By common repute, Charity has but two sisters,—Faith and Hope—and both these ladies ceased to reside in Hamilton many years ago."

An action to recover the balance of an account being before an Appellate Court, one of the judges was seeking truth after the Socratic fashion, and was being supplied with it a little over eagerly, by the counsel whose turn to address the Court had not arrived. The verdict was a long and curious production, and the last line read—"The defendant is to pay for the beer." When this caught the eye of the interrogating Judge, a question flew out, which, as he expected, was snapped at, "And to what does this last item refer?" The advocate hastened to inform him that part of the cause of action was for beer supplied, and that this was a finding in respect of it. With a weary and disappointed air, His Lordship turned away, observing, —"Oh!—Ah!—I thought it was the beer for the jury."

A County Judge was sued for the price of law books supplied to a county library, and there was some difficulty about having the case tried, as other County Judges were interested in similar questions. The Judge, before whom the matter was being discussed, sought to solve the problem with this happy suggestion—"Why not let the trial take place before one of our learned brothers who dispenses with books?"

Another sly hit at that highly ornamental body may be recorded. Recent legislation authorizing County Judges, on occasion, to hold Court outside of their own counties, was under discussion, when the following *dictum* fell from the Bench: "It is surely a grievous hardship to send a County Judge among people *totally unused to his law.*"

And yet one further. A County Judge was in the witness box, and the questions put to him were objected to as being leading. A good deal of friction had developed between the objector and the Bench, on account of

several questionable and obnoxious rulings that had proceeded from the latter, and this objection was met with the remark—"There is no occasion for so much astuteness, as the witness is a lawyer." Mr. —— fixed his gimlet eye upon the Bench as he replied: "Pardon me, your Lordship is in error, the witness is a *Judge*,—not a *lawyer*."

At an Assize in a county town, Pat —— had just given his evidence with a great deal of volubility, and Mr. —— was about to open the fire of cross-examination upon him. The learned, and not a little dreaded, Q.C., levelled his eye at the witness, and was slowly advancing towards the witness-box, arranging his gown and clearing his throat. Suddenly it seemed to sweep over the witness what was in store for him, and overcome with apprehension, he turned to the judge and flung out the following: "Yer Honor, ivry word I have been sayin' is the God's truth, and if Mr. —— makes me say anythin' else it'll be a bloody lie."

Beneath Osgoode Hall, in regions subterranean, is a shrine where the profane foot may not penetrate. This sacred spot has been set apart by the Benchers (Rest their souls !) for the offering up of incense to the goddess Nicotina. Such as are compelled to labor in the dry and windy wastes above, find there surcease from toil, and the consolations of tobacco smoke. During the cherished half-hour of the midday adjournment, you may there see and hear, through the shifting blue haze, many things both pleasing and profitable. Here are no privileges, no precedences. Tobacco and clay pipes are common to all, and it is a nice speculation to what extent the cause of the pleasant *camaraderie* that there obtains is atmospheric.

A briefless Junior claims the ear of the assembly with as much confidence as that well-known advocate, his neighbor, who has frayed out a half-dozen of silk gowns in the practice of his profession. Yea, even do their feet repose side by side upon the table.

Save in one respect, every man does as he wills within these four walls. He may sit in sulky silence, join in the pleasant chat that flies around, spin yarns, or listen to them, but otherwise than as the groundwork of a story, he must not touch upon aught that smells of law if he would not pay toll to the Tobacco Fund.

Tales are told, both old and new—the flotsam and jetsam of many an Assize forgotten save for some memorable fragment of an address to a jury, or some spark of wit struck out between counsel and judge.

Here, too, is heard the plaint of him who deems he has received hard usage or scant justice at the hands of judge or jury, or that susurrant murmur at things that be, which the poet speaks of so touchingly as "the moaning of the Bar."

But the hands of the clock advance swiftly, and the Courts wait for no man. Our half-hour in the Barristers' Common-room is over, and I leave you in the timid hope that what passes for humor with *us* may, at least, not draw tears of sorrow to *your* eyes.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

SINCE Lord Dufferin initiated the policy of making the Vice-royalty of Canada a popular link in the silken chain which binds the Dominion and the Mother—land together, we have been singularly fortunate in the distinguished men who have occupied that increasingly important position. In the long range of pro-consuls who have filled great offices abroad, as representatives of the monarch of Great Britain, hardly one can be named who achieved such immense and enduring popularity as the present Marquis of Dufferin. By his eloquence when here, and his speeches upon many occasions since, he has done Canada great and valuable service, besides gaining for himself international renown. Hence the difficulty which faced his successors in office. But Lord Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise did much to promote the sympathetic relations between Great Britain and Canada, which Lord and Lady Dufferin had helped to develop, whilst the Marquis of Lansdowne won wide popularity anda reputation which transferred him eventually to the charge of the vast Indian Empire. And the present Earl of Derby, by his unaffected friendliness and his skilful administration of a by no means easy post, has maintained the best traditions of the order to which he belonged, and the British statesmanship in which he had held a prominent place.

Like his predecessors, the Earl of Aberdeen comes to Canada with some experience in the administration of affairs; with a reputation already made to a certain degree, but still capable of expansion; with the prestige of a great name, a long rent-roll, and considerable wealth. Like them, also, he has voluntarily given up many of the pleasures and privileges enjoyed at home by a British nobleman of high reputation, in order to assume duties which involve many perplexities and which must at times be irksome. Nevertheless, he cannot fail to recognize, as all connected in the past with the Government of Canada, have recognized the greatness and the responsibilities attaching to the position of Governor-General. As the connecting link between the different countries of a world-wide empire, as the symbol of its unity, and as the representative of the sovereign's person, standing high above all partisan considerations and dictation, and holding a position which gives unlimited scope for the promotion of the noblest principles of philanthropy, religion, social progress and moral reform, the Governor-General of Canada possesses functions and opportunities which the best men in the British realm might well be proud to hold. And if we may judge by an extract from His Excellency's reply to the Ottawa Civic Address, on Sept. 18th, Lord Aberdeen fully appreciates the importance of the duties which lie before him:

> "If, and because, your Governor-General is in the service of the Crown, he is therefore also in a literal and absolute sense in the service of Canada. In other words, aloof though he be from actual executive responsibility, his attitude must be that of ceaseless and watchful readiness to take part by whatever opportunities may be afforded to him, in the fostering of any influence that will sweeten and elevate public life; to observe, study, and join in making known the resources and development of the country; to vindicate, if required, the rights of the people and the ordinances of the constitution, and lastly, to promote, by all means in his power, without reference to class or creed, every movement and every institution calculated to forward the social, moral and religious welfare of all the inhabitants of the Dominion."

The career of the New Governor-General has been of a nature to well

fit him, from different points of view, for the carrying out of such a programme, while the reputation of the Countess of Aberdeen as a philanthropic co-worker with her husband in many fields is assurance that she will add lustre to the high position of leader in the social world of Canada, which is now hers.

Born in 1847, John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, s the seventh wearer of the title, and a grandson of "The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen," who ruled Great Britain as Prime Minister during the momentous Crimean period, and whose accomplishments attracted even the admiration of Byron.

He succeeded to the honors and estates of the family in 1870, upon the death of his brother at sea.

Lord Aberdeen was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and University College, Oxford, whence he graduated as M.A. in 1871. Since attaining his majority and a recognized position, the Governor-General has been one of the most active promoters of philanthropic and charitable movements in Great Britain. As an illustration of the disposition which seems to have marked his entire career, it may be said that when in New York recently, on his way to Europe, he is reported to have sent to various Scottish societies cheques amounting to $500, with a list of men to whom money was to be given if work could not be obtained for them. His wife, who is a daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth, has become especially prominent along almost identical lines, and in connection with movements for the elevation and enfranchisement of women, the increase of their influence, and the development of their political knowledge and power. It is therefore easy to see how the work of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen in their separate, yet similar, lines has been made to harmonize and be mutually helpful.

Up to the time when Lord Beaconsfield inaugurated the spirited foreign policy, which resulted in 1878 in the Treaty of Berlin, and "peace with honor," Lord Aberdeen had been a consistent Conservative, and had spoken and voted in the House of Lords for the policy of his party. But between 1876 and 1878, he joined the late Earl of Derby and the Earl of Carnarvon in vigorous protest, and in final withdrawal from the Tory ranks.

Unlike them, however, he never returned in any way to his old allegiance. Lord Derby in after years became a Liberal Unionist, and Lord Carnarvon was at a later period Conservative Viceroy of Ireland. But Lord Aberdeen remained true to his new leader, and since 1886, when the split in the Liberal party took place, has been a pronounced Gladstonian Liberal. One of the reasons for this allegiance may have been the great personal friendship existing between himself and Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone in recent years have spent many a day with Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and the visits have been frequently returned at Hawarden Castle.

In 1880, Lord Aberdeen was appointed to a minor position in the new Liberal Government, and was also made Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, In the latter post, during a dozen years and more, he has given great satisfaction by an impartial and careful performance of the duties which appertain thereto. In 1881 he was called to the dignified position of High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which he held until 1886. It is more than probable that five years' experience of Holyrood and the head-quarters of Presbyterian society in Scotland, as well as a later experience of Dublin and London society, will enable their Excellencies to gauge the heights and depths of Ottawa social circles, and accommodate themselves to the social functions of Canadian Vice-royalty, in a very short time.

But it was not until 1886 that the Earl of Aberdeen reached that tide in the affairs of men which, in some cases, leads to success, and, not unfrequently, ends in disaster. During the brief Gladstone Ministry of that year, he accepted and held the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was a difficult position at the best, and at that time was rendered unusually so by the political uncertainty over the Home Rule Bill, and the partisan bitterness which seemed to reign supreme from one end of Ireland to the other.

The new Viceroy had to inaugurate a new policy; to conciliate hostile factions; to calm the excited feelings of the hour: and to soothe the intense opposition of sections of the community to the Government of which he was a member. It would be inaccurate to say that he was particularly successful from a party standpoint. There was not time for that. But there was abundant opportunity for the display of tact, geniality, and kindliness, and the cultivation of a popularity which still remains strong throughout the Green Isle. No Lord Lieutenant in recent times has so endeared himself to the people, and when it is remembered that Lord Aberdeen was there only from February to July, the following tribute from a Conservative paper—the *Newcastle Chronicle*, May 13th, 1893—will testify to his possession of some remarkable qualities:

"The immense popularity of Earl Fitzwilliam is not yet forgotten, and when the Earl of Aberdeen left Ireland, nothing like the regret which his departure evoked had been witnessed there since the departure of Earl Fitzwilliam in 1795."

Of course, much of this feeling was due to the popularity of Home Rule as a panacea for all distress, and to Lord Aberdeen, as the representative of that principle. But, as was shown by the comments of papers like the *Times*, when the change of Government relegated him once more to private life, there were other reasons as well for this great popularity. It was not all plain sailing. Before Lord and Lady Aberdeen had been in Dublin a week, strong addresses were presented from two hundred Methodist ministers, from the representatives of the Presbyterian Church, and from other bodies, protesting against Home Rule, and indirectly stigmatising Her Majesty's representative as disloyal. But Lord Aberdeen took, as far as was possible, a non-partisan ground, and before long, though party feeling was not greatly modified, it had ceased to be directed against him in person. As early as March 7th, following their appointment, the Countess of Aberdeen started the movement which has lately been so successfully exemplified at the World's Fair, by writing an open letter, which urged a due representation of Irish industries at the approaching Exhibition in Edinburgh. In the endeavor to promote this and other laudable objects, Lord Aberdeen joined, and during May they were able to take a prolonged tour through Southern Ireland, and were warmly received everywhere. In no place was this reception more enthusiastic than in Cork, where the Lord-Lieutenant was able to speak of "the combination of loyalty and national feeling" which appeared to exist.

Curiously enough, Canada came to the front during this period in connection with the Home Rule question. In April, the Quebec Assembly passed a resolution unanimously in favor of Home Rule, and a little later Hon. Edward Blake failed in carrying one through the Dominion House, an amendment being adopted, however, which expressed the very general and praiseworthy wish that measures be adopted, which, while "preserving the integrity and well-being of the empire, and the rights and status of the minority, would be satisfactory to the people of Ireland, and permanently remove the discontent so long unhappily prevailing in that country."

In July, Mr. Gladstone was defeated upon appealing to the country, and Lord Aberdeen prepared to surrender

his charge. It was then that the feeling of the masses shewed itself. Personal friendliness for the people, known attachment to Mr. Gladstone, devoted attention to charities and industrial objects, Lady Aberdeen's kindly sympathy towards the poor and lowly, coupled with the popularity amongst a large section of the supposed Policy of Conciliation, had created for their Excellencies a very warm place in the hearts of the public. But let the Dublin correspondent of that most Unionist of papers, *The Times*, speak for this phase of their administration (July 18):

"If it were possible, the majority of the people in the country would desire to see the Viceroyalty retained by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who have done more to make the office popular with the masses than any of their predecessors. * * * Their Excellencies have conquered any prejudice which may have been felt respecting them on political grounds, by their unfailing and unbounded kindness and generosity. Their sympathetic help was given freely and liberally wherever there was a good work to be done, without any distinction of creed or party. Their hospitality has been thoughtfully extended to the humblest as well as the higher class, and many inmates of institutions which depend upon the bounty of the public have enjoyed the unwonted pleasure of being their guests at the Vice-regal Lodge."

Such a tribute from a politically hostile source speaks volumes for the brief Irish administration of our present Governor-General. And the farewell demonstration held on the 3rd of August is described by the same authority as the most remarkable expression of public feeling, and tribute of honor, since the days of O'Connell. The whole Nationalist organization of Ireland was employed to make the pageant successful, and it was not unaided by Conservative and Unionist sympathy. The streets of Dublin were thronged with an enthusiastic populace, and the civic address was presented with all state, and responded to by the Lord Lieutenant from a platform draped in scarlet cloth. Lord Aberdeen, in his brief reply, justly referred to the scene as an extraordinary one. It was certainly an unusual one for an Irish Viceroy to witness and share in.

Since his retirement from this important position, the Earl of Aberdeen has devoted himself mainly to the management of his estates, where a system is maintained which, if pursued in Ireland during the past century, would have prevented the possibility of serious agrarian discontent or agitation. He is one of the kindest landlords of the time, and Haddo House, the Scottish home and estate of their Excellencies, is a model in respect of management. And Lady Aberdeen has done much to make it so. The Onward and Upward Association, which now has a membership of 8,281, looks to her as its founder and President, and has for its object the presentation of a higher ideal of life to the working women of the country' and the forming of a closer bond of union between them and their mistresses. Originating in a desire to better the condition of her own servants, Lady Aberdeen's idea has expanded into application to the relations of thousands of employers and employed. It was, therefore, little wonder that the Association refused to accept the resignation of their President on her departure for Canada, and referred, in the course of an Address, to her "great kindness, courtesy, hospitality, and unwearying labors." A magazine is published in connection with the Society, to which Lady Aberdeen has made numerous contributions—recent ones taking the shape of descriptions of scenes and occurrences in Canada, which have been republished in book form. Meantime, events had made the Aberdeens leaders in the Liberal society of London, while inclination made them continue to take a foremost part in the social and philanthropic movements of the time. General Booth and the Salvation Army found in them warm and sympathetic friends, and Lord Aberdeen was one of the first subscribers to the "Submerged Tenth" scheme. And in many other

ways they continued to win general esteem and popularity.

But in 1891 a new direction and impetus was given to the activities of the present occupants of Rideau Hall, and one upon which Canadians may be congratulated. In that year Lord Aberdeen came out to Canada for the summer months, and selected Hamilton as a place of residence. There he duly established himself with his family, and soon made a most favorable impression in such opportunities as offered for the performance of public functions. At the opening of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, his Lordship, after performing the usual ceremony, delivered an address which proved how thoroughly in touch he was with the best principles of British unity. He plainly and logically advocated Imperial Federation as the noble and honorable solution of any difficulties which might, and must, come to the surface from time to time in our vast empire. At the Ottawa Fair he purchased a span of Canadian horses, for which $1,000 was paid, and shipped them to his estates in Scotland. In another way he had already given an even more practical proof of his interest in the Dominion by purchasing a ranche of 500 acres in the beautiful valley of Lake Okanagan, in British Columbia. And so pleased was he after visiting it at this time that he purchased an additional 16,000 acres, and started fruit farming on a large scale. Last year the ranche or farm had 200 acres in grain, 50 acres in root crops, and 130 acres in fruits; while in the part devoted to stock-raising were 2,000 head of cattle, besides a large acreage devoted to grain. In view, therefore, of these manifold objects of interest in Canada, it was not surprising that upon Mr. Gladstone's return to power the name of Lord Aberdeen was everywhere heard as that of the future Governor-General of the Dominion. And when it was seen that the Viceroyalty of Ireland, to which he appeared to have a prescriptive right, went to Lord Houghton, the supposition became almost a certainty.

Meanwhile, and during the year following this six months' residence in Canada, Lady Aberdeen had added to her multifarious duties the labor of establishing an Irish village typical and illustrative of Irish industries, at the World's Fair in Chicago. It was nothing more than a continuation of the work she had been doing for years as President of the Irish Industries' Association, but it entailed an immense amount of extra labor, not the least of which was the visiting of towns, districts and villages all over Ireland, the encouragement of local work, the selection of suitable exhibits, and the choice of persons fitted to take them in charge. Then when all was done and the "Irish village" duly established, it had to be popularized and advertised. Success, however, has followed, and thousands of pounds sterling have found their way into the pockets of home-working Irish artizans.

A little later and Lady Aberdeen became President of the World's Congress of Women at Chicago, and not long before leaving England for Canada accepted (in succession to Mrs. Gladstone) the Presidency of the National Women's Liberal Federation.

In June of the present year it was definitely announced that Lord and Lady Derby would be succeeded by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Speaking shortly afterwards, at the Dominion Day dinner in London, the Governor-General designate stated that he should "hold himself absolutely aloof from anything approaching an indication of political predilection," and unless the acceptance of a partisan office in Great Britain by Lady Aberdeen can be construed otherwise, his Excellency has most ably lived up to this wise principle of his predecessors.

Prior to leaving home the new Governor-General and the Countess were

entertained in the town of Aberdeen, on August 3rd, at a banquet attended by some 200 people representative of all political opinions, and characterized by unstinted laudation of the guests of the evening. Lord Aberdeen made an eloquent speech, in which he referred to the brilliant enterprise of Canadians, the grand and romantic natural features of the Dominion, and its splendid scope for development in trade and agriculture. He also spoke of the advantage of its slower, but none the less sure, growth over that of the neighboring country, where stability was apt to be sacrificed to speed. In the middle of September their Excellencies arrived at Quebec, accompanied by their children and suite. After being sworn into office, the first duty of the Governor-General—and the principal one for the succeeding month—was the reception of addresses. It is neither correct nor wise to sneer at those manifestations of loyalty. No doubt, they become very monotonous to the Queen's representative. No doubt, also, there is a certain sameness about them, and a lack of spontaneity about the replies. But, none the less, the custom brings the different elements and organizations of our population into touch—and, we may hope, sympathetic and loyal communication—with the Governor-General, while the speeches delivered by him, especially when presented in the pleasing style which has marked those of Lord Aberdeen, cannot but do good. No amount of repetition, for instance, in different parts of the country, can take the point from His Excellency's appeal at Quebec—repeated in Toronto—for "the co-operation of all races upon a common ground, for a common cause, in the confirmation and extension of Canada's influence and resources."

Warmly welcomed at the Ancient Capital, at Ottawa, at Hamilton, at London, at Montreal, and at Toronto, Lord and Lady Aberdeen have already made an excellent impression upon the public. Unaffected in manner and sincere in style, they have laid the foundations of a marked degree of popularity. The Governor-General has said some things worthy even of his eloquent predecessor, Lord Dufferin. For example, his definition of Canadian loyalty well merits public recollection:

> "That intelligent kind of loyalty which, mingled with and strengthened, as it is, by personal regard and affection towards the illustrious occupant of the throne, is based, also, upon the definite recognition of the constitutional principles and constitutional securities with which this sentiment is essentially connected and associated."

At the opening of the Montreal Board of Trade building, His Excellency delighted the French-Canadians by speaking fluently in French, as well as in English, and told the audience before him, and incidentally the country as a whole, that "what we need more than unity of language, is unity of purpose." In Quebec a little later, he urged the German immigrants, who had just landed, "above all things, not to forget the religion in which they had been brought up, and to thank God, who had brought them safely to this God-fearing country, where all may practise their religion without fear of molestation." At a dinner, given by the Toronto Club, His Excellency referred to the British constitution as "giving the fullest scope for the development of popular and democratic institutions," and speaking at McGill University on Oct. 31st, referred to the fact that "a Canadian student, author, poet, scientist or theologian, who rises to eminence, does so as a Canadian, and brings fame to his country as such, because of the happy combination of Canadian nationality and patriotism with attachment to the mother country and her constitution."

Such pointed and eloquent phrases cannot but establish Lord Aberdeen in reputation and in popularity amongst Canadians everywhere. And Lady Aberdeen has made an equally favorable impression. So far as the work-

ers in the various women's societies of the Dominion are concerned, she has captured them entirely, and Her Excellency's acceptance of the post of President in the National Council of Women for Canada, at their recent meeting in Toronto, strengthened this influence. The speech delivered by her upon that occasion was remarkable. Its keynote may be found in this paragraph:

> "Do we value our responsibilities as mothers, as sisters, as friends, as the makers or marrers of home life, of social life?"

Unity of organization was what she wanted, though the objects of the individual societies might be different. Increased strength would then come to the central body and be diffused throughout all its limbs no matter how diverse the ends in view. In this plea Her Excellency was successful. But to reach the hearts of Canadian women as a whole, public bodies, however strong, are not sufficient, because the majority do not take a marked interest in them. That will have to be left to time and to the qualities portrayed by a lady member of the Chicago *Herald's* staff a few weeks since:

> "Lady Aberdeen is a beautiful woman in the best sense of the word. Her frank face, her sunny smile, her cordial manner, and her quiet dignity all bespeak the perfect gentlewoman."

Such is a brief sketch of our new Governor-General and his wife. His Excellency has a great future before him, in Canada and elsewhere. His ability in saying the right thing in the right place, his reputation for tact, and his high personal character will be powerful factors in that direction.

There may be one difficulty to overcome. Writers, like W. T. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews,* who never have a good word for Canada, and who never cease prating about that unity of sentiment between England and America, which residents in the United States find so much difficulty in discovering, already speak of the "magnificent opportunities" now lying before Lord and Lady Aberdeen for "the promotion of an Anglo-American entente." Such utterances overlook the vital fact that Canada does not exist for the sole purpose of unifying British and American sentiment, and that the Governor-General of Canada is not here as an ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, but as a representative upon Canadian soil of the sovereign of our own Empire. The great interest so generously taken by Lord and Lady Aberdeen in the Chicago fair has led, in certain quarters, to this strange misconception of their duties. But time, as in many other things, will prove the error—and in this case it may well be expected, place the new occupants of Rideau Hall high in the roll of Canadian fame, and leave for the Earl of Aberdeen a reputation and a popularity which will compare with that of even his most distinguished predecessor.

DOWN THE YUKON AND UP THE MACKENZIE.

*3200 Miles by Foot and Paddle.**

BY WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S., F.R.G.S.

IV.

FORT McPHERSON stands on a high bank of gravel and slate, on the east side of the Peel River, about fourteen miles above the point where it divides and joins the Mackenzie delta, which is common to both rivers. The height of this bank rapidly decreases towards the mouth of the river, where it almost entirely disappears. The country surrounding has evidently at one time been a part of the Arctic Ocean which has been gradually filled up with alluvial deposits brought down by the two rivers.

On this rich soil, the timber, mostly spruce, with some tamarac, birch and poplar, is, for the latitude, very large. As far as I could learn, no attempt at cultivating cereals or roots has been made at Fort McPherson, but considering the prevailing temperatures during the growing months, the period of vegetation, and the duration of sunshine at this northern point, it seems evident that Fort McPherson has all the essential elements for the successful cultivation of most cereals and vegetables. There are twenty-four hours sunshine each day from about the 1st of June to the 15th of July; and during the four growing months, May, June, July and August, the sun is below the horizon altogether only a little over three hundred hours, or about one-tenth of the time. When the temperature is suitable, vegetation, under these conditions, thrives to an almost incredible degree. When I arrived at Fort McPherson, on the 20th of June, the new buds on the trees were just perceptible, and on the evening of the 22nd, when I left, the trees were almost fully in leaf.

The following table, which I have computed, showing comprehensively the different durations of sunlight for the latitudes of Ottawa, Forts Chipewyan, Simpson, Good Hope and McPherson, may not be uninteresting :—

——	OTTAWA.	CHIPEWYAN	SIMPSON.	GOOD HOPE.	McPHERSON.
LATITUDE........	45° 26′	58° 43′	61° 52′	66° 16′	67° 26′
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Hours sunlight, May 1..	14 08	15 34	16 05	17 06	17 30
" " June 1....	15 16	17 36	18 39	21 04	24 00
" " June 21...	15 30	18 44	19 14	22 48	24 00
" " July 1. .	15 24	18 36	19 02	22 04	24 00
" " Aug. 1...	14 32	16 16	16 56	18 16	19 24
" " Aug. 31....	13 08	13 52	14 08	14 36	14 44
	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.
Hours sunlight in May.....	456	514	538	592	706
" " June....	462	549	570	662	720
" " July.....	464	530	558	625	684
" " August ..	423	467	481	519	527
Totals..............	1,805 or 75 days 5 hrs.	2,060, or 85 dys. 20 hrs.	2,147, or 89 dys. 11 hrs.	2,398, or 99 dys. 22 hrs.	2,637, or 109 days 21 hours.

* Several of the illustrations accompanying the present article are from photographs taken by the French traveller, Le Compte de Sainville, and kindly loaned by His Honor Lieut.-Governor Schultz, of Manitoba. The other illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Ogilvie.

The number of hours of sunlight in each month has been obtained from the mean of the numbers at the beginning and ending of the month, neglecting the want of uniformity in the rate of change of the sun's declination. Were the light of each day in the period separately computed, the totals would show even more difference in favor of the North. In the foregoing table refraction has not been taken into account, except in the case of Fort McPherson. Allowance for refraction would increase the duration of sunlight at all the other places, but much more in the North than in the South.

During my stay at the fort I had the pleasure of being entertained by Chief Robert of the Loucheux Indians, who gave a grand dinner in my honor. The Hudson's Bay Company's officers, chiefs of neighboring tribes, and others, were invited to the banquet, which consisted simply of boiled meat and tea. This was partaken of, however, with much dignity and decorum. Chief Robert made me and my party a formal address of welcome, which was translated for us by the interpreter. He said that his fare was simple and frugal, and he knew that it was not such cheer as his white brother from the far distant south was accustomed to, but to such as it was we were heartily welcome. Of course, I had to make a suitable reply, thanking him for his hospitality and expressing my feelings of friendship, and those of the great white queen who had sent me into this land of great mountains and mighty rivers, where, though the summer might be short and uncertain, and the winter long and cold, I had found that the love of my red brothers was constant and their hearts always warm and true. At the conclusion of my little speech I distributed some provisions, and a few small articles, as presents among them.

PROTESTANT MISSION AT FORT MCPHERSON.

After dinner we were treated to an exhibition of step-dancing. A villainous looking kit was produced which, in the hands of a stalwart son of the forest, screeched as if all the demons in pandemonium were tearing at its insides.

"*Nunc pede libero, pulsanda tellus.*"

The louder it screeched the higher the dusky heels flew, some of the noble red men displaying a surprising degree of agility and proving themselves to be proficient in the terpsichorean art.

Their national dance, however, is a very different affair, consisting of a series of monotonous, jerky movements, performed with swaying and rocking bodies and accompanied by much dismal chanting or howling and vigorous beating of tom-toms, which, at night particularly, and around a flickering camp fire, has a weird and gruesome effect. After the dancing, games of various kinds were indulged in. One in particular, which I had never seen before, in some respects analogous to

our children's game of snap-dragon, afforded considerable amusement. A pot of dried meat is put on to boil, and when it is done the sport begins. The boys having collected from all sides, an Indian seizes the pot and runs hither and thither at full speed through the camp with it, the boys making frantic dives for the pot as its smoking savory contents are whisked past them. Unfortunately, the runner, in this case, though fleet, was not sure of foot, and, stumbling against a little mound, he sent the pot flying, and himself went heels over head, with the whole pack of boys writhing, struggling and kicking on top of him. The dogs, in the melee, quick to seize the opportuniiy of a life time, pounced upon and secured the lion's share of the meat. But, alas! they had bolted it blazing hot, and then howls of anguish, rising and falling through all the varied gamut of canine vocal expression, could be heard for long after our departure.

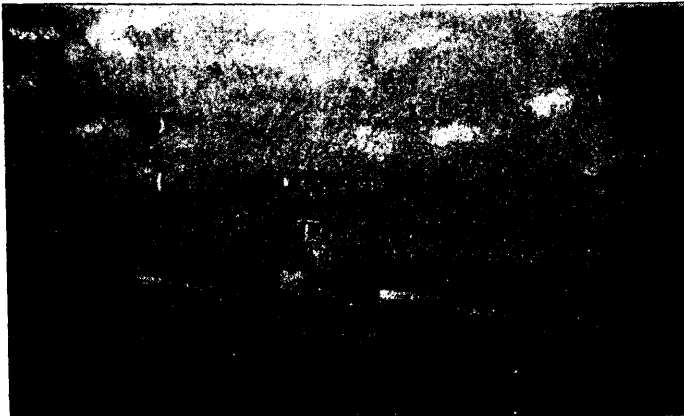
The greater part of two days was spent in making preparations to resume the micrometer survey and carry it from this point to Fort Chipewyan, there to connect with my micrometer survey of the Athabasca and the Peace rivers. I tried to take some observations for latitude, but as the sun never set, I could get only a couple of meridian altitudes of first magnitude stars, in addition to that of the sun. The instrument used was faulty, so that the result, 67° 26', cannot be accepted with much confidence, as it may be in error a minute or more. I observed the sun, east and west, for azimuth, and that night did what I think no other Dominion Land Surveyor has ever done,—I took the sun's lower or mid-night transit across the meridian, for time. On the 22nd of June I took a set of magnetic observations, and all the necessary preparations for the survey being completed, started the work at six o'clock that evening, completing about seven miles.

BLACK MOUNTAIN, BELOW PEEL RIVER.

Between Peel river and the Mackenzie about two-thirds of the channel in the delta averages more than a quarter of a mile wide; the remainder about one hundred yards. All of it was deep when I passed through, and the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Wrigley*,

drawing five feet of water, finds no difficulty in navigating it. The banks do not rise more than ten or fifteen feet above the water, and the current is continually wearing away the soft deposit and carrying it down to the lower part of the delta and to the Arctic ocean.

Where we enter the Mackenzie proper, the channel is three-fourths of a mile wide, but it is only one of four, there being three large islands at this point. The whole width of the river cannot be less than three or four miles. Looking northward, down the westerly channel, the view is bounded by the sky, and widens in the distance so that one can fancy he is looking out to sea. This can hardly be so, but from the altitude of the bank where I stood, added to my own height, the horizon must have been six miles away, and a bank in the channel of equal height would have been visible twice that distance. Now, if the supposed bank was timbered, as was that on which I stood, it would be visible ten or twelve miles farther, but none was in sight.



STEAMER WRIGLEY, BELOW THE BANK ON PEEL RIVER.

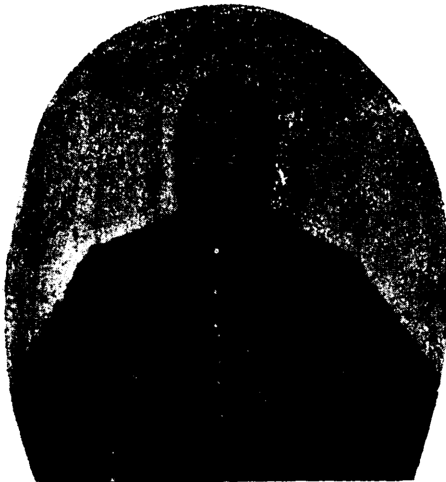
A north wind raises quite a swell here, and the salty odor of the sea air is plainly perceptible above the delta. The banks continue low, and the country flat on both sides of the river, for some nine or ten miles above the islands. The shore on the east side is sloping, while that on the west is generally perpendicular, showing the action of the current, which is wearing into and carrying away portions of it. This form of bank changes into steep shale rock on both sides, gradually increasing in height as far as the Narrows, where they are probably one hundred and fifty feet above the water.

On the Mackenzie I did not stay long enough to learn much about the Indians in the district, nor did I see many of them. While we were in the delta, nine large boats loaded with Esquimaux from the coast passed us on their way up to Fort McPherson to do their trading for the season, in one of which I noticed a young woman devouring a raw musk-rat with evident relish. These people come up from the coast in skin boats, called oumiaks, made, it is said, of whale skin put round a wood frame. These boats present a very neat appearance, and are capable of carrying about two tons each. Whale oil is one of the principal articles which they bring in for sale.

The Esquimaux are reputed to be great thieves, and to require close watching. For this reason they were not encouraged to remain when they called at our camp. Moreover, as they are not very cleanly in person, their presence is not desirable. They were formerly very aggressive toward the Indians on the lower part of the river, frequently coming up and robbing, and, sometimes, killing them. Many years ago they received a severe chastisement for this from the combined whites and Indians, and since that have been guilty of no very ag-

gressive act, though they are inclined to be overbearing when they have the advantage in numbers. It is said that murders are frequent among themselves; and, as in most savage tribes, retribution is the prerogative of the kin of the murdered. Missionaries have tried to do something toward their moral improvement, but, hitherto, without very much effect.

Recalling the description of the much-dreaded Nahones, given to me by the Indians of the Porcupine,—their fierceness, and warlike nature, eating their food raw, and so on,—the idea has occurred to me that this agrees closely with the character of the Esquimaux,



CAPTAIN BELL, STEAMER WRIGLEY.

and that, possibly, these have been mistaken by the Indians for the redoubtable Nahones. This seems more probable, also, when it is remembered that the Esquimaux formerly used to make frequent long incursions inland, in the course of some of which they must inevitably have encountered the Indians of the Porcupine.

A few miles above the Narrows the banks change from rock to clay and gravel, and continue generally steep and high as far as Fort Good Hope. In a few places the bank recedes from the river for a short distance, forming a low flat, on which generally grows some fair spruce timber. I noticed that these flats are being eaten away by the action of the current and waves. The greatest extent of level ground I saw is opposite the site of Fort Good Hope. For a distance of about eighty miles up from the delta the river is clear of bars and islands; it then widens to two miles or more, and scattered bars and small islands occur. The current is uniform, as one would expect in such an immense volume of water, and never exceeds four miles an hour. There are many places where, looking up and down the valley, the view is bounded by a water horizon.

No rivers of importance flow into the Mackenzie between Red and Hare Indian Rivers. Sixty miles above Red River, a stream one hundred yards wide enters from the north-east. I think this is a river which an old man at Fort Good Hope described to me as one up which a Hudson's Bay Company's officer went, many years ago, to its source, which he found to be not far from the head waters of Anderson River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean. It would appear from the old man's statement that several trips up it have since been made; but his information was vague, and I afterwards met no one who could give me a reliable account of this river.

One hundred and thirty miles further on, Loon River enters from the east, and, twenty miles above this Hare Indian River also enters from the same side. The Indians report that Hare Indian River rises in a range of hills on the north-west side of Great Bear Lake, but about its navigability I could learn nothing. There was an old Indian at Fort Good Hope, who had been up to the head waters of this river several times, from whom I had hoped to obtain some reliable information; but because he saw me taking an observation in daylight, and learned that I could see the stars at that time, he would tell me nothing, saying: "A man who could

see stars in daylight did not need to be told anything about the river, as he could just as easily see the whole of it for himself."

A few days before reaching Good Hope, a cow moose and calf were noticed crossing the river. Although we were not in need of meat at the time, the love of sport was so great that the forward boat, with Sparks, Gladman, and a Fort Good Hope Indian, whom we had picked up at Fort McPherson, at once gave chase. We had heard stories of the fierceness of the female moose when protecting its young, and the men determined now to put these yarns to the proof by attempting to separate the mother from the calf. This proved to be most dangerous sport, and had they not been expert canoemen, it would certainly have resulted in disaster. The moose kept herself between the calf and the canoe, and whenever the latter came too close, she would turn and charge, making three or four frantic bounds through the water at a terrific rate of speed. A couple of swift strokes of the paddle would send the canoe out of danger, and the mother would return to the calf, whose bellowing could be heard for miles around, and, placing her breast against his side, push against him as hard as she could. The attack on the calf would then be repeated from the other side, and with the same result. In this way, the canoe making sudden dashes at the calf, the mother furiously charging back, and the calf bellowing as if his life depended on it, the shore was reached. Here the moose might easily have made off at once, but this she refused to do, still keeping her body between the calf and danger, until he had reached a point of safety far up the bank.

R. C. CHURCH AND DWELLING HOUSE AT GOOD HOPE.

Now, whatever the Indian's ideas of all this had been, he certainly never dreamt that the white men intended the moose to escape. Such an idea never entered his mind. When, therefore, he saw the poor animal turn to follow the calf up the bank, his excitement reached a climax, and, seizing a rifle, he levelled it at the faithful creature. Gladman, however, who had no intention of seeing the panting victor, after such a hard-fought battle and such a magnificent display of courage, stricken down in the moment of her triumph in that dastardly manner, leaped upon him and wrested the rifle from him. To any one who is familiar with the Indian character, and particularly with his propensity to slaughter every wild animal he comes across, it is needless for me to attempt to describe the bewildered amazement of this particular Indian. He sulked for three days, and would not speak a word to any member of the party; at first he would hardly eat his food. When we arrived at Good Hope he relieved his mind by telling everybody that we were lunatics, which statement, I have no doubt, he himself firmly believed.

We reached Fort Good Hope on Saturday, the 24th of July, and remained over Sunday.

The Fort is built on the east side of the Mackenzie, about two miles above

Hare Indian River, and two below the "Ramparts." It was originally about one hundred and twenty miles down the river from this point, but was subsequently removed to the Upper Manitou Island, whence it was swept by a flood in 1836. It was then built on its present site. The Hudson's Bay Company has quite a large establishment at this point, consisting of half-a-dozen houses and some stables. The Roman Catholic Church has a flourishing mission here, and the church is said to possess one of the best finished interiors in the country.

GREAT SLAVE RIVER. STR. GRAHAME AT SMITH'S LANDING.

Two miles above the Fort we enter what is known in the vicinity as the "Ramparts," though in the more south-westerly part of the country it would be called the "Cañon." Here, for a distance of seven miles, the river runs between perpendicular and occasionally overhanging walls of rock. At the lower end they rise one hundred and fifty feet above the water, but their height decreases as we near the upper end, at which point they are not more than fifty or sixty feet. The river, at the lower end of the "Ramparts," is nearly a mile wide, but its walls gradually converge until, about three miles up, the width is not more than half a mile, and this continues to the upper end. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, when passing through, sounded at its upper end, and found three hundred feet of water, which accounts for the fact that although the Canon is so narrow the current is not perceptibly increased.

When Mackenzie dicovered and explored this river in 1789, he met some Indians a short distance above this place. After confidence had been established by means of presents, he prepared to start onward; and, although his newly-made friends told him there was great danger ahead in the form of a rapid or cataract which would swallow him and his party without fail, he continued, the Indians following and warning him of his danger. He advanced cautiously into the "Ramparts," but could hear or see nothing to vertify their statements. At last, when through, they admitted that the only bad water to be encountered was now passed, but that behind the island just below was a bad spirit or monster which would devour the whole party; failing there, the next island below would surely reveal him. From this incident the two islands have received the names of Upper and Lower Manitou, respectively.

Mackenzie's experience with these Indians all along the river is identical with that of nearly every traveller through regions previously unexplored. Everywhere he came in contact with them, they manifested, at first, dread of himself and party, and, when friendship and confidence had been established, they nearly always tried to detain him by representing the people in the

direction he was going as unnaturally bloodthirsty and cruel, sometimes asserting the existence of monsters with supernatural powers, as in the present case. The people, too, on a very large river far to the west of the Mackenzie, probably the Yukon, they described to him as monsters in size, power and cruelty.

In our own time, after all the intercourse that there has been between them and the whites, more than a suspicion of such unknown, cruel people lurks in the minds of many of the Indians. It would be futile for me to try to ascribe an origin for these fears, my knowledge of their language and idiosyncrasies being so limited.

In the fall of 1887 a whale made its way up the river to the "Ramparts," remaining there the whole season, and, before the river froze over, it was often seen blowing. At first the Indians were afraid, but they soon became accustomed to the sight, and shot at the whale whenever it approached the shore. In the spring its dead body was beached by the ice on the west shore, seven or eight miles below Fort Good Hope, and the Indians used part of it for dog food. I enquired its dimensions from several who had seen it. They described it as about twice as long as one of their canoes and thicker through than their own height. This would mean a length of from twenty-five to twenty-eight feet. I have often heard it stated that all the channels of the Mackenzie delta are shallow, but the presence of this whale assures us that one of them, at least, is over six feet deep.

Forty-eight miles from Fort Good Hope, Sans Sault Rapid is reached. This, like the rapid at the head of the "Ramparts," is all on one side of the river, which is here a mile and a quarter wide. As I went up the west side, and the rapid is on the other, extending but little more than a third of the way across, I cannot say that I saw anything of it. I heard the roar plainly enough, but saw nothing except a swift current. It is caused by a ledge of rocks extending partially across the river.

A ridge of hills here extend beyond the river from the Rocky Mountains, occasional glimpses of which can be caught from the water.

Just above this the Mackenzie turns sharply to the east from its southerly direction, and skirts the base of the mountains for six miles. Its course then curves a little to the south, when, what might be termed a cañon, is entered, which extends for nine or ten miles. The river here averages a mile in width, and is walled on both sides by perpendicular limestone cliffs, rising from one to two hundred feet above the water. On the south side, this wall terminates in what is known as "Wolverine Rock," which rises perpendicularly from the water to a height of about three hundred feet. The formation is limestone, the strata of which stand almost on edge, and the water has worn through them in several places, so that one can sail underneath. Above this point the mountains again approach the river for a few miles, when they suddenly drop almost to the level of the plain. The banks here are clay and gravel, with an average height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

Six and one-half miles above Sans Sault Rapids, Carcajou River empties its waters into the Mackenzie from the west. This river, I believe to be the largest tributary of the Mackenzie below the Liard. An Indian with me stated that this stream was very large and very long, and that they had ascended it for great distances through the mountains. He pointed out the direction of the valley for some distance above the mouth, and it appeared to run parallel to the Mackenzie; turning sharply to the west, it was lost among the hills.

Creeping around a bend in the river, close to shore—to avoid the floating logs and driftwood, which filled it on the afternoon of the 21st of July—about

INDIAN CAMP BELOW GOOD HOPE, SHOWING METHOD OF DRYING FISH.

one hundred miles above Fort Good Hope, we met the Hudson's Bay Company's little steamer "Wrigley" on her way down to Fort McPherson. As she was overdue at Good Hope, we had been expecting to meet her, but the suddenness with which she dawned upon our view in that region of loneliness and desolation, startled us. Parker was in advance with the line, but it did not need his excited shout of "steamer ahead" to focus all eyes upon her. There she was, puffing away, about half a mile out in the current. Would she pass without seeing us?

The thought was appalling. It flashed through all minds at once. Parker let a series of yells out of him that would have done credit to a Comanche chief on the warpath. I have said that nothing ever excited Gladman, but I make a notable exception of this case. Seizing his rifle, he fired a signal shot, and waited breathlessly, vowing with flashing eyes that he would shoot *into her* if she passed us. Morrison caught up one of the signal flags and waved it excitedly. In anxious suspense we waited several minutes, which seemed like hours. Would she pass?

A lump rose in my throat as I saw the little prow turn slowly towards the shore and I knew that we were seen, while an answering shout assured us that we were recognized as "Ogilvie's party." This incident reads only like an ordinary occurrence here, but to me, it was no ordinary event—to me that little boat, slowly steaming towards us, with the grand old flag aloft, was *home*, and all that the word implies, and thus only can I explain the frenzy and excitement that possessed the whole party. For fourteen months we had been wandering in this dreary wilderness, unknowing and unknown, and now in the form of that small boat, home burst upon our view. I have somewhere heard or read, that Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home," was himself a homeless wanderer. Be that true or not, as a fact, I can believe the idea is true, and that only one who had felt the aching void that nothing but home can fill, could compose such a song, or infuse so much feeling into so few words. It may seem strange, but my emotion at the moment completely overmastered me, and I could not restrain my tears. On board the steamer were Bishop Bompas, who is in charge of the diocese of Mackenzie River for the Church Missionary Society of England, Lord Lonsdale and party on a holiday excursion, Mr. Camsill, Chief Factor of

the district for the Hudson's Bay Company, and others, and from them I heard the first news from the outside world since May in the previous year.

Opposite where I met the steamer is a large island in the river, which the officers of the boat and Mr. Camsill named "Ogilvie's Island," requesting me to so mark it on my map, as henceforth it would be known by that name throughout the district.

Four hundred and forty-four miles from Fort McPherson brought us to Fort Norman, which is situated on the east bank of the Mackenzie, just above the entrance of Great Bear River. I arrived here on Saturday, the 28th of July.

At Fort McPherson I had expected to get letters from home, and I was sorely disappointed to find that though every letter was plainly marked, "*To be kept at Fort McPherson till called for*," my mail had all been sent on to Rampart House on the Porcupine, on the supposition that I was coming through that way, the only known route, and in the hope that I would thus get it so much earlier. When I learned this, an Indian courier was at once despatched to Rampart House for it, and I left McPherson with instructions for it to be sent on after me.

It was while I was here at Fort Norman, delayed by two day's rain, that it overtook me, brought up by the steamer "Wrigley," and, though the dates of the letters were all many months old, the contents came with all the welcome freshness of the morning newspaper.

As these letters had travelled over two thousand two hundred miles by dog team, a word of explanation here with regard to the Hudson's Bay Company's postal arrangements in the far north may not be out of place.

The northern winter "Packet" now starts by dog teams from points along the Canadian Pacific Railway sometime about Christmas. A few years ago, before the railway was built, the general starting point was, of course, at Winnipeg. The packet consists entirely of mail matter. No goods or provisions of any kind are carried with it, and as the first requisite is speed, its bulk and weight are reduced as much as possible, and it is carried by relays of the fastest dog teams from post to post.

The parcels for the different posts are made up separately, and packed in boxes and loaded on the sleds, so that there is nothing to do at each post but to open the proper box, take out the parcel and nail up the box again. The rapidity with which this is done is surprising.

The arrival of the Packet at a post is an event not likely to be forgotten by one who has witnessed it. A keen rivalry exists among the different posts in sending on the Packet with the least possible delay. Everything else must give way to it for the time. For days before its arrival it is hourly expected, and the anxiety if the Packet does not arrive at the proper date is very much like the feverish excitement with which an overdue ocean steamer is awaited. Dogs, drivers and sleds are prepared long beforehand, and ready to start at a moment's notice. The excitement is so great as to interfere with all other work, and all ears are strained night and day to catch the first tinkle of the approaching bells.

On one occasion, while I was at a post in the Hudson's Bay district, the Packet was expected, and for two days the officer who was in charge of the post, a young French-Canadian, never took off his clothes, nor lay down to sleep. At intervals he would spring up and listen, and then sit down again, or resume his walk up and down the room. At length, about three o'clock on the morning of the third day, the Packet, which had been delayed by heavy snowstorms, arrived. For a few minutes a lively scene ensued. A kick in the ribs brought Pierre, the teamster, ready dressed, to his feet. The fresh team was harnessed while the load was being unstrapped and the parcel

for the post taken out. The load was quickly shifted and made secure, and, with a snap of the long whip and a "Hoop-la!" Pierre was off into the darkness of the night, leaving behind the worn-out driver and the tired dogs standing in the welcome ruddy glow of the open doorway.

At Fort Norman, the Hudson's Bay Company had a garden, with turnips, potatoes and other vegetables. The potato vines were from six to ten inches long, and did not promise a good yield. The Roman Catholic Mission had about an acre under cultivation, the soil being of better quality, and the potato vines nearly covering the ground. The Anglican missionary had planted a smaller piece of ground near the river, on a sheltered bench below the top of the bank and facing south. Here the growth was much stronger than at either of the other places. Some barley had been sown in it, and was well-grown, the stalks averaging from two to two and a half feet high, and the heads being long and just beginning to fill. The growth of grass on this flat is luxuriant. Near the edge of the woods, wild vetches grow as long and as vigorously as near Edmonton. Every one complained of the cold, wet weather which prevailed during the summer and much retarded vegetation. The Roman Catholic missionary told me that in twenty years' residence at the place, he did not recollect such a cool, damp, cloudy summer.

H. B. CO.'S RESIDENCE AND STORE, FT. SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER.

On the east side of the river, two miles below Fort Norman, a limestone ridge, known as "Bear Rock," rises one thousand five hundred feet above the water, and maintains this height for some distance northward from the Mackenzie. All along the river here, the main range of the Rocky Mountains was occasionally in sight. I tried to locate the most prominent peaks by triangulation, but, on account of continuous wet weather during the whole summer, I did not succeed as well as I wished, although I continued this work to within a few miles of Fort Simpson. The data thus collected, when placed on my map, will permit an approximate location of the main range for the future maps of the district. In most cases, the angular altitudes of the peaks were noted, so that their heights and positions can both be given. At Fort Norman, the mountains are not more than twenty miles distant, but, just south of that point, they turn away from the river, and are not visible for some distance.

In 1844, Fort Norman stood twenty-three miles above its present site, on the west bank, but when that fort was built I could not learn. During the occupation of that site, one evening the occupants of the fort observed that the water in the river was falling very rapidly. They, however, retired to sleep, not expecting any danger. Early in the morning they were aroused by finding the water in their houses floating them out of bed.

They escaped by means of boats, but all their cattle and other property was carried away. It was afterwards discovered that the fall in the water had been caused by an immense landslide damming the waters of the south branch of the Liard River, and the flood by their release. The fort was then removed to its present site. Just above the point where this incident occurred, the river expands into what might be called a lake, only that it is filled with islands, and all the waterways together, probably, do not amount to much more than a mile in breadth. This expansion is six miles long and four wide. Above this the current is very swift, part of it running fully eight miles an hour. In this portion the current washes the base of a high clay bank on the west side, and is continually undermining it, so that it is unsafe to either walk along the bank, or sail close to it in a small boat.

About three and a half miles above Fort Norman, on the east bank of the river, two extensive exposures of lignite occur. The upper one is overlaid by about fifty feet of clay and a few feet of friable sandstone, and is about fifteen feet thick. The other seam is of about the same thickness, and probably forty feet lower. When I was there, it was nearly all under water.

The upper seam *has been on fire for over a hundred years*, as it was burning when Sir Alexander Mackenzie passed in 1789, and, according to Indian tradition, it must have been burning much longer. The place is locally known as " Le Boucan," from the fact that the Indians hereabout smoke and cook large quantities of meat or fish in these convenient fire pits. The fire extends at present about two miles along the river, not continuously, but at intervals; when I passed, it was burning in three or four places. After it has burned a certain distance into the seam, the overlying mass of clay falls in, and, to some extent, suppresses the fire. This clay is, in time, baked into a red colored rock, in which are found innumerable impressions of leaves of plants. Some specimens of these I brought home. Traces of this red rock were noticed on the bank some distance below Fort Norman; but no trace of lignite was seen near it, the lignite having probably been all burned.

The burning seam appears to be of poor quality, containing much shale and sand, which is converted by the heat into scoriæ. It did not appear to me that it would be difficult to cut off all the burning places, and thus stop the further advance of the fire, which is destroying what yet may be of use. In order to find whether the combustion could be checked, I took a shovel at one place and soon had all the burning coal for a short distance completely cut off, so that the fire ceased for a time at that spot. It is a pity that at least an attempt to put out the fire is not made. Many persons in the district have an idea that it is subterraneous, and that the seat of it cannot be reached. This is a mistake, as at the point mentioned I cleared the fire off from the face of the seam to its base, and found underneath no trace of burning. The lower seam appears to be of better quality, there being no shale or sand mixed with it, as far as I could see.

Heavy rain detained us here for two days, and we burned a good deal of lignite from the lower seam, as we could not reach the top of the bank to procure wood, and could find only a log or two of driftwood. The coal burned well in the open air, and threw out a much stronger heat than a wood fire. These seams are visible at frequent intervals for eight or ten miles, and appear, from the reports of travellers, to extend up Great Bear River for a considerable distance. No other traces of coal were observed on the river.

About a hundred miles above Fort Norman, on the west side, a river discharges a large volume of clear, black

water, which rushes bodily half-way across the Mackenzie, and preserves its distinctive character for several miles before it mingles with the main stream. The name applied to this river by the people at Fort Wrigley was "*La rivière du vieux grand lac.*" It is said to flow out of a lake of considerable extent, lying not far from the Mackenzie. Many peaks can be seen up its valley.

Six hundred and twenty-four miles from Fort McPherson brings us to Fort Wrigley. This post was formerly known as "Little Rapid," but has received the name it now bears in honor of Chief Commissioner Wrigley, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Just above the fort there is a swift rush of water over some limestone rock which appears to extend across the river. On the west side two small islands confine a part of the stream in a funnel-like channel, which, being shallow, causes a slight rapid, and gives rise to the former name of the post.

At Fort Wrigley, some slight attempts had been made at cultivation, but I do not consider them a fair test of the capabilities of the place. When I was there, the people were gathering blueberries, then fully ripe, and as large and well-flavored as they are in Ontario. Ripe strawberries were found on the 9th August ninety miles below this, and a few raspberries soon afterwards. Above Fort Wrigley, wild gooseberries, and both red and black currants were found in abundance, some of the islands being literally covered with the bushes. The gooseberries were large and well-flavored, and the currants would compare favorably with the same fruit as cultivated in the vicinity of Ottawa, the black currants being especially large and mellow. This was in the middle of August, in latitude 63°.

For about sixty miles below Fort Wrigley a range of mountains runs parallel to the river on its east side. They are in many places so close to it that the foot-hills come down to the water, especially near the fort; but just above this point they turn away eastward. Above Fort Wrigley the east bank is generally low and swampy, but the west (although low near the river) gradually rises to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. Fifty-eight miles above Fort Wrigley this hill terminates in a bold, high point, and the ridge turns off to the south-west, enclosing a deep, wide valley between it and the mountains, which here approach the river. This range continues south-eastward out of sight. The positions and heights of some of the peaks were determined by triangulation. One of them was found to rise 4,675 feet above the river.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FORT SIMPSON.
Bishop's Residence in Back-ground.

We arrived at Fort Simpson on Friday, the 24th of August, and remained until the following Tuesday. The Hudson's Bay Company has here a large plot of ground, planted with potatoes, turnips, onions, and other

garden produce, such as is generally grown without artificial means in Ontario. The growing vegetables looked almost as good as the same kinds seen on the Ottawa market at the same date. Lettuce, particularly, was very large and fine. There was also a large area of barley, which looked well and promised an abundant return, if allowed to ripen. The grain was then full and plump, and just beginning to harden, but fears were entertained that a frost might come and spoil it. The people there claimed that the prevailing cool, cloudy weather had retarded its growth, as otherwise it would then have been out of danger from frost. This cereal has been grown with success at Fort Simpson for many years. The garden altogether presented an appearance hardly to be expected at a point 1,150 miles further north than Ottawa.

The fort is situated on an island just below the junction of the Mackenzie and the Liard Rivers, and the presence of the large body of water may moderate the climate and account for the fine appearance of the garden.

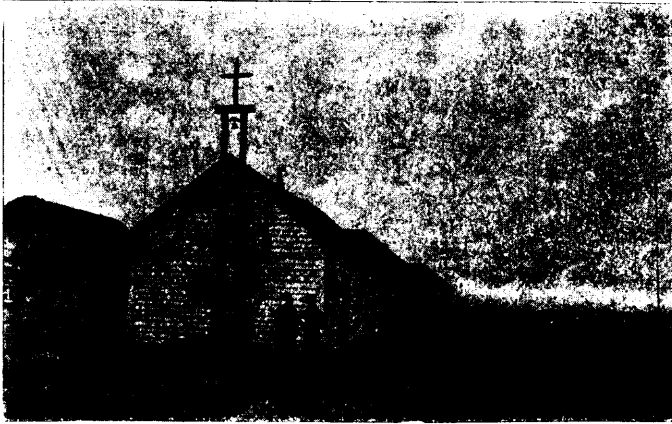
The arrival of a party at a post, it is needless to say, is not an event of everyday occurrence, and hence it is frequently made the occasion of some sort of demonstration or jollification. This was the case at Fort Simpson, where an impromptu dance was got up in our special honor.

During the evening an incident occurred which furnished unbounded amusement. There was at the fort a snobbish young employé of the company, named Miller, whose insufferable conceit appears to have offended the male portion of the little community to such an extent that it was determined on this occasion to give him a lesson which he would not easily forget. Accordingly, when Miller made his appearance, and stepped jauntily into the ring to dance, word was quietly passed around among the men to *let him dance.* All went well for a while, and he continued to have it all his own way. At length he began to show signs of fatigue, but no one stepped in to relieve him. His partners had heen cut out several times, but, whenever he looked around, the men were all steadfastly contemplating the floor. Now, by the etiquette of the dance, it is considered a disgrace to discontinue until relieved, and as it was a warm August night, poor Miller began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Throwing off his coat, he danced away in his shirtsleeves, the perspiration rolling down his face. The fiddler, seeing the fun, kept up a breakneck pace, and poor Miller's vest, collar, and cravat were soon keeping company with his coat on the floor. Finally, seeing that it was all of no use, his whole body steaming, and his face livid with suppressed anger and wounded conceit, he stopped abruptly, and burst out with, "Well, say! I'm not going to do all this blasted dancing!" A roar of laughter greeted this statement, amid which poor Miller, quite crestfallen, picked up his things and disappeared.

A short distance above the confluence, the Mackenzie narrows to an average width of little over half-a-mile, with a generally swift current. This continues for seventy-five miles above Fort Simpson, and causes this part of the river to be called the "Line," from the fact that large boats cannot be rowed against the current, but have to be hauled by a line attached to them and pulled by men on shore. This is the common mode of navigation on all the northern rivers where there are no steamers, as it is less laborious than rowing against a current.

The season of 1888 was unusually wet, and the water in the rivers and lakes correspondingly high. The flat shores above the Line were all submerged, sometimes for several hundred yards into the woods, so that I found it impossible to carry on the survey in the ordinary manner. I spent two days experimenting, to find if I could not

continue the accurate instrumental survey by some other method than that heretofore used, but failed. There are no hills in the vicinity of the river, so that a triangulation was impossible, nor could I find any spots on the shore where cutting trees would enable me to continue the micrometer survey. I was compelled above this point to abandon the instrumental survey, and carry on a mere track survey, taking compass courses and obtaining the distances from point to point by the time and estimated rate of travel. I intended to resume the micrometer survey as soon as the height of the water permitted, expecting to find suitable conditions a short distance up. I found the general state of the shores, however, the same all the way to Great Slave Lake, and along it to the mouth of Great Slave River. I was compelled to continue the compass survey to that river and up it several miles before the banks were high enough to permit a continuous micrometer survey. Even then much of the instrumental work was done in mud so soft that frequently one could not stand without sticks under his feet to prevent sticking.



R. C. MISSION, FORT SIMPSON.

We arrived at Fort Providence on Saturday, the 8th of September. Wild gooseberries and currants were plentiful along the banks, but at this season somewhat over-ripe. At the fort, where we remained over Sunday, the usual collection of buildings at a Hudson Bay Company's post is to be found. The Roman Catholic church has also a mission here. Wheat has been grown here for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, generally being fairly ripe before it is touched by frost, and sometimes escaping altogether. The wheat is ground in a small handmill, and the flour is used by the people of the fort. While here I ground a few pounsd of the crop of 1887, and had the flour made into a cake, which, though not as good as that made from quadruple X flour, was palatable, and would probably sustain life as effectually as any other.

A few miles above Fort Providence a small black object was noticed in the river, which did not appear to be moving with the current. An examination with the glass proved it to be a bear leisurely crossing the river. Both canoes put after him at once and drove him towards the shore. Whenever the canoes would come too close he would turn and snort defiance at us, then turn and resume his course. Gladman claimed the honor of the shot—which was accorded on condition that he would not shoot until bruin began to rise out of the water, or at say twenty or thirty yards from the shore. When within two hundred yards of the shore, however, Gladman begged to be allowed to shoot, and I consented, warning him, however, that we ran more risk of losing him in that way than by waiting. Parker and Sparks lay down in the *Mackenzie* to steady her, while Gladman knelt in the bow. Preparing ourselves for a spurt forward with the *Yukon*, Morrison and I waited the

shot. A sharp report, and the bear's extended nose settled level with the water and in a moment more his head had disappeared beneath the surface. Dashing the paddles into the water, the little *Yukon* swept over the spot, and plunging my arm down after the disappearing head I caught and held it by the shaggy hair until the others came up. Catching him by the ears, we towed him to shore between the canoes. He was an enormous fellow, one of the largest of his kind I have ever seen. The skin, exchanged at Fort Resolution, brought us four pounds of tea, of which we were in need.

Forty-six miles from Fort Providence we enter Great Slave Lake. The south shore of the lake, between the Mackenzie and Great Slave Rivers, is so low and flat that most of it was submerged when I passed. Around the mouth of Buffalo River is a prairie some forty or fifty acres in extent, on which the Indians have built a house and erected racks for drying fish.

At Fort Resolution the Hudson's Bay Company were growing potatoes, turnips and barley. The Anglican Missionary also had a garden in which were potatoes, cabbage, cauliflowers, turnips, onions and peas, the latter still green on the 21st of September. The Roman Catholic Church also had, when I passed, a mission on an island in the lake, about two miles from the fort, which has since been removed to the mainland. At the fort I took magnetic observations, as well as star transits, to determine the error of my chronometer. I then resumed the micrometer survey; but, after working seven miles from the fort I found the shore around the delta of Great Slave River so low and muddy that I was forced to desist, and I had to go up the stream some distance before I found ground dry enough to land on. In this place I was unable to get even compass bearings, as the channels of the delta are very narrow and crooked. When I reached a point probably seven or eight miles from the lake I resumed the instrumental survey, this time to carry it through without a break to my station at Fort Chipewyan, connecting there with my survey of the Athabasca River.

As we approach Fort Smith, the banks of the river begin to rise, until at that point a height of one hundred and sixty feet is reached. At the fort the drift, composed of clay, gravel and sand, lies on top of granite rock, which for sixteen miles up causes many rapids in the river. This is the head of the run of the steamer *Wrigley*. The distance from Fort McPherson is twelve hundred and seventy-three miles.

On the evening of the 19th of October I had completed the survey almost to Lake Athabasca, and was confident of reaching Fort Chipewyan with it during the next day, when the ice which had formed along the shores of the lake was blown out of the bays and carried down the river by the current in such quantities that evening that I became alarmed at the prospect of being closed in before morning, and therefore at once started for the lake. When I arrived there about nine o'clock, there was a furious snow storm raging, so that I had to remain on the shore until the next morning, when I proceeded to the fort. The weather moderated in a day or two, and I completed the survey on Thursday, the 24th of October.

More than one hundred guests crowded the large room of the fort at my levee, and a more miscellaneous collection of human beings it would be impossible to imagine. They came from near and far; within a radius of twenty miles no one was forgotten. Such a brilliant assemblage, it has seldom been my privilege to meet. They came in silks and satins, and in ribbons and laces which defy my powers of description. The half-breed is inordinately fond of color and fine clothes; he will give his last dollar cheerfully to rig out himself, or his squaw, in the most gorgeous attire his money will buy, and when he is so

dressed you may depend upon it that he is fully conscious of his own superiority and importance. This was certainly true in the case of Jimmy Flett, a half-breed fiddler and general beau, whom I must attempt to describe, for "thereby hangs a tale."

He had on an immaculate white shirt, collar and flaming necktie, trousers of the finest blue broadcloth the Hudson's Bay Company imports for the use of its officers, moccasins embroidered with silk and beads in all the colors of the rainbow, a jaunty yellow cap with ribbons streaming from it, and, to crown all, a bright vermilion plush vest. Jimmy wore no coat, because that would have hidden the gorgeous vest. The general effect of this outfit was indescribably stunning. At the far end of the rooms, squatted on the floor, and enveloped in an immense green blanket, I noticed an old squaw, who went by the name of Mother Cowley,—a well-known character about the fort, who gleaned a scanty livelihood from the meagre charity of the little community. How old Cowley came to be there I do not know, nor did I stop to enquire. The idea of doing her a good turn and at the same time having some fun at the expense of the radiant Jimmy took possession of me. Crossing quietly over to her I offered her a pound of candies if she would get up and "cut out" the girl who was dancing with Jimmy Flett. It was a great temptation—but she was afraid of offending Jimmy, of whom she stood somewhat in awe. The offer of a loaf of bread in addition to the candies, however, brought her to her feet, and, seeing that she still hesitated, I threw in, as an additional bribe, a plug of the best Myrtle Navy tobacco. This had the desired effect. With her blanket extended in both hands like an enormous bird, she made a sudden swoop in front of the girl, and commenced a series of the most extraordinary leapings and gyrations imaginable. At the sight of this grotesque figure, Jimmy stopped, paralyzed with astonishment; the fiddler also stopped, but the old woman continued to wave her arms and to bounce up and down as if her body were balanced on steel springs instead of legs. Cries of "Go on! go on!" to the fiddler, started the jig again: mechanically Jimmy's feet began to move, and amid roars of laughter Sparks rushed in and cut Jimmy out. Then Morrison took a hand, and imitating the antics of the old woman, began to bounce up and down with extended arms. This was the signal for a general uproar of merriment such as I have never heard equalled.

FORT McMURRAY, ATHABASCA RIVER.

It was generally conceded that this ball eclipsed any social event which had taken place at Chipewyan within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

As soon as the ice on the river was strong enough and the snow sufficiently deep, I took my departure from Fort Chipewyan for Edmonton. We left the fort between three and four o'clock in the dark of the early morning of the 27th of November, travelling by way of Quatre Fourches channel and Lake Mammewa. The ice on the lake was still so thin and frail that we had to proceed with the utmost caution. It was seven o'clock before we had made one mile from the fort on our

homeward journey. In spite of the utmost caution, however, Morrison, who was in advance, was unfortunate enough to break through the ice and had a narrow escape from drowning. By lying down on the ice and reaching a snowshoe to him, Parker and I succeeded with some difficulty in pulling him out.

On the way I made a rough survey of the channels and Lake Mammewa, which will enable me to lay them down on our maps more correctly than has heretofore been done.

Although I had left the two Peterboro' canoes, which had seen such good service, and also some baggage, at Chipewyan, in order to reach Fort McMurray I was obliged to take three dog teams with me as far as Point Brulé on the Athabasca River, from which place I sent one of them back.

The dogs are great eaters, and the chief inconvenience of this mode of travel is in the amount of dog fish which has to be carried. At starting, the sleds were so heavily loaded that they could barely creep along, but as they were lightened by dogs and men at the rate of about fifty pounds a day, it was not long before the load was sufficiently reduced to be carried by two teams.

Fish are numerous in the Mackenzie. The principal species is that known as the "inconnu." Those caught in the lower river are very good eating, much resembling salmon in taste, being also firm and juicy. The flesh is a light pink in color, but as they ascend the river and become poor, this tint turns white and the flesh gets soft and unpalatable. They average ten or twelve pounds in weight, but have often been caught weighing thirty or forty. They ascend as far as the rapids on Great Slave River, where they are taken in the fall in great numbers for dog feed, being then so thin that they are considered unfit for human food. This fish is not fed to working dogs, unless scarcity of other fish compels it. There is a small fish locally known as the "herring," somewhat resembling the "inconnu" in appearance, and which does not grow larger than a pound or two in weight. The staple fish of the district, and, for that matter, of the whole north-west, is the white-fish. It abounds in many parts of the river but especially in all the lakes discharging into it, and it forms the principal article of diet during the greater part of the year, as very little food is brought into the country. This fish is caught in large numbers everywhere. At Fort Chipewyan the Hudson's Bay Company required a winter supply of thirty-six thousand for the use of the post; the Roman Catholic Mission, twelve thousand; and the rest of the population at least thirty thousand more. Most of these were caught while I was there. Sometimes they are numerous in one place, and sometimes in another, so that long journeys are often necessary from the place where they are caught to where they are to be used. This necessitates a large number of dogs to haul them home, which is a very poor method, though the only one in use. To overcome this inconvenience, Mr. McDougall, at Chipewyan, has built an ice-boat, but has, so far, met with indifferent success, the ice having been unusually rough during both of the preceding two falls.

Our daily programme during this last section of our long journey was as follows: We would turn out at three o'clock, have breakfast, break camp and be ready to start at four. The sun rose at about nine o'clock and set at about three in the afternoon. Dinner was eaten at sunrise, then we pushed ahead till sunset or as long after as there was twilight enough to see to pitch our camp.

In the morning, after leaving Fort Chipewyan, while running down a steep hill in the woods in the dark, I was unfortunate enough to strike my boot against a sharp stump partly covered by snow, and burst the nail completely from my great toe so that

it hung only by the skin. A somewhat similar accident happened to Gladman. Though little would have been thought of this at another time, we had now before us, four hundred miles of walking, with feet in that condition, so that this trivial accident for a time assumed serious proportions. It was impossible to stop, as we had just provisions for six days, or sufficient to take us to Fort McMurray. It was equally impossible to ride, as the sleds were carrying every pound the dogs could draw. We were impatient to proceed, and the thought of turning back to Chipewyan and prolonging our stay there was repellant. Chafing with vexation and suffering intolerable pain, there was nothing for it but to hobble along as best we could to McMurray. The agony of walking under such circumstances was so great that we made slow progress. By the time we reached McMurray, however, on the

INDIAN CAMP AT FORT CHIPEWYAN.

3rd of December, the inflammation had subsided so that we were able to proceed on the 5th, though walking was still painful, taking the Hudson's Bay Company's winter trail to White Fish Lake, and having the assistance of two of the Company's dog teams which were going across to the Long Portage. From White Fish Lake, my track out was south-easterly over an Indian trail never before travelled by white men, to Heart Lake; thence to Lac la Biche, and thence by horses and sleighs to Victoria, on the Saskatchewan River. On the way from Fort McMurray to Lac la Biche, I kept up a survey of my track, rough, it is true; but on plotting it I find that it agrees with the latitudes of the terminal points within three or four miles, though these latitudes are uncertain. This will fill a gap in our maps, as heretofore nothing certain was known of that region. I arrived at Edmonton on the evening of the twenty-third of December, and after transacting some business there, I left by wagon for Calgary, the nearest railroad station on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Christmas morning.

I reached Calgary on the morning of the twenty-ninth of December, and Ottawa a few days later. It would be ungrateful in me to close this narrative without acknowledging the kindness and attention of all with whom I came in contact on my travels. On the coast, the United States officers shewed me personally every possible attention, and did all in their power to assist me. In the interior, the miners were not less considerate and thoughtful, and the traders, Messrs. Harper and McQuestion, were more than kind; giving me much valuable advice, often when it was against their own pecuniary interest to do so, and aiding me in my dealings with the natives to the best of their power. To the missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic,

on the Mackenzie River, I owe much for their hospitality and disinterested advice and assistance. To the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, both myself personally, and the party generally, owe much for their readiness everywhere to assist us. I can truthfully say that their kindness and assistance were disinterested and genuine, if aiding me, often without being asked, and certainly with no pecuniary profit to themselves or the Company, be any proof of it.

To the four men who accompanied me through the whole journey, I would here return thanks for their cordial co-operation, and spirited readiness to do their duty at all times and in all places. They were called on to toil for long hours, and under conditions more disagreeable and hazardous than fall to the lot of many; yet they never flinched, even when their lives were in danger.

The total result of the expedition has been, in round numbers, nearly nineteen hundred miles of accurate instrumental survey, and a very close approximate determination of the position of the International Boundary Line on the Pelly-Yukon and Forty Mile Rivers. In addition to this, about eight hundred miles of partially instrumental survey was made, which, when plotted, proves more accurate than I had expected. Of this, between five and six hundred miles was over country previously unknown and untravelled by white men. The knowledge gathered by this expedition will enable us to almost complete the map of the extreme north-western portion of the Dominion, as it will serve as a sketch on which to adjust aright the mass of disjointed information we already possess.

A WILLOW AT GRAND PRE.

THE fitful rustle of thy sea-green leaves
Tells of the homeward tide, and free-blown air
Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,—
A silvery foam, thy bosom, as it heaves!
O slender fronds, pale as a moonbeam weaves,
Some grief through you is telling unaware!
O, peasant tree, the regal tide doth bare,
Like thee, its breast to ebbs and floods,—and grieves!

Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
Of motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
Or voice of those who brought thee in the ships
To tidal vales of Acadie, or words
Heavy with heart-ache whence sad Gaspereau
Bore on its flood the fleet with iron lips?

THEODORE H. RAND.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

GABLE ENDS.

TWILIGHT.

O Twilight hour of faint, mysterious light,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Float back and chant, like spirits of the night,
In low, sad monotone, until, at last,
The night wind bears them far beyond the sea ;
And shadows fall across the fading land
As shadows fall upon the heart of me,
When earth's sun sinks beyond the stretch of sand,
Beside the sea.

An unseen bird clear carols from the gloom,
Amid the murm'rous reminiscent pines,
Whose huge black line of shadows darkly loom
Against the west, where wan the sunlight shines ;
And wild and sweet the song rings thro' the hush,
Yet with a sound of unsung sorrow, bid,
As evening star is hid in sunset's blush,
And seems but sleeping with a twinkling lid,
Like violets lush.

One swallow swerves along the river's rim,
Then soars aloft thro' golden, glowing air,
And flees into the sunset faint and dim ;
The mists come stealing from their unfound lair,
And float upon the argent river's breast ;
The rustling reeds are murmuring low and sad,
And dying day lies in the arms of night,
While soft he rocks the maid, until a glad,
Sweet smile of hers illumes the fading light,
Then onward flight !

The red, wan sunset, like a sea, afar,
Doth stretch until it melts in golden mist
Away beyond the lights of farthest star,
To where, on blessed isles, the angels list
To low, soft wash of infinite, far seas ;
And from those unknown isles I half expect
One, one lost soul to flutter o'er the leas,
Borne rustling back with pale, pure light redecked—
Lost love now wrecked.

O, silent hour, dreamlike, and sad, and dim,
When long-forgotten voices of the past
Sing to the soul their old, old memoried hymn,
When toll of unheard Angelus is cast
Across the dusk and sinks beyond the sea ;
Oh may that dark, dull hour, when death appears,
Be lulled with those sweet twilight sounds, and be
As soft, yet sweet and sad, when sunset nears,
And night of years.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

OUR AIN COUNTREE.

Each man dreams of what the future may hold — of what it ought to be — and, disappointments notwithstanding, dreams on resolutely. Waking, he presses on perseveringly towards the goal of his ambition — a world-wide brotherhood of nations; a social state worthy of its name, where all shall dwell in unity, and where political, social, and religious freedom unfold in each man the highest attributes of humanity. Obstacles and difficulties have met him at all points; enemies within and without; folly, ignorance, and inexperience; divided interests rivalries, and competitions;—all these have made waste where the energies used among them should have gone to help to make the strength of the whole. But, if sometimes faltering, the race has worked on. There come to us times when something arrests the attention; a trivial thing, may be — an anniversary, a fête, a death, or the demolition of some old building, making way for a new one. In the pause arise questions. Where are we? How far have we progressed? And to each must be the same answer: The end is not yet. To us in Canada, if some important rights have yet to be claimed and won, the present question is—What use shall we make of the rights already acquired? Any given form of government is not necessarily a guarantee of progress or safety; that guarantee is to be found alone in the hearts of the people, in the possession of pure and fixed ideals, and in the culture of heart and soul as well as of mind. Man stripped of his ideal is a poor thing:

> "Unless, above himself he can
> Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man."

That love of country is one of the most beautiful ideals, has been sung in prose and verse in every language, civilized and barbaric, and in all earnestness it may be asked: First, granting that the Press is the every-day educator of the masses, how, in this Canada of ours, do we at the present moment plant, foster, and develop this loveliest of ideals in our children? If, on the one hand, we read articles almost foolish in their over zeal, for one of this class there are a half-dozen where comparisons injurious to home are drawn, and where, instead of a wise imitation of neighboring institutions being advised, there is an almost undisguised motion towards the extinction of our national individuality. If we trace the various steps by which this young Dominion has advanced in the path of progress and improvement from the time Jacques Cartier planted the lilies of France at Gaspé, to the memorable 13th of September, when upon the Plains of Abraham, the standard of England replaced them, and down to the last 1st of July, the twenty-seventh anniversary of our Dominionhood, we shall see that to be a significant part of that glorious British Empire, whose morning drum-beat girdles the earth, and whose language is destined to become the universal tongue, is no mean destiny.

It is somewhat difficult to be truly interested in, or proud of, the things of which we are to a great extent ignorant. Our schools teach Canadian History, and every child is now thoroughly at home in the leading points which go to make up what may be termed our Constitutional History; but that mass of historic detail which gives piquancy to the story as a whole, has as yet been collected after a hap-hazard fashion; and when well done, as it has been in some cases, has not received recognition in our schools by being made familiar to the scholars. In the Province of Quebec, the stereotyped method of bestowing foreign books as prizes, has, since 1873, under M. Ouimet, as Minister of Public Instruction, been superseded by the bestowal of books of fancy, history, or criticism, which deal in Canadian matters. Since Confederation, our annals and social circumstances must be of interest to all enquiring minds in the different provinces. Quebec and Nova Scotia can furnish works elaborating the rich stores of literary lore to be found there, and if in the Province of Ontario, the mines equally rich have not been equally well worked, Scadding, Dent, Canniff, and others, have been pioneers whose works deserve wider acknowledgment; and the widest would be to put them in the hands of our young people. "Give me the children, and you may have the people."

Some time ago, in an American paper, there appeared, from the pen of a well-known critic and writer, a list and eulo-

gistic notice of Canadian writers and writings. Of the men on that list two have found their home in England, and the remainder, with two exceptions, in the United States. Men must live, and will ever go where they find a market for their wares, but it is contended here that if there were the lively interest among Canadians in Canadian subjects which the latter deserve, these writers would not have had to go so far afield for an audience. To enlist the sympathies of our young in the lives and trials of our forbears, in the scenery and legends of our country, would be to make the past the background of the present; its contrast an inspiration to stimulate the thought, fancy and literary ambition, and invest every neighborhood, hitherto devoid of past interest, with an interest born of knowledge.

The power in the hands of a writer is great, if his pen be used aright. The majority of us, for example, date a good deal from the time that "the race accursed of God and man" lost power; but while Sir Walter Scott is read, interest in the Stuarts will never die, and the halo which his pen drew about them will be found to have been written in indelible ink. If among us ever arises such an one, Niagara will not be a place mentally dedicated to brides and tourists; but looking at it, in their commonplace stead, will appear the loveliest maiden of the tribes, who, dressed in white, and in a white canoe laden with fruit and flowers, was sent over the Horseshoe, as an offering to the Spirit of the Waters; and with her, all the lore of ante and post-Colonial days.

FR HOLT.

KOOTENAY.

There are treasures in the mountains
Hemming in the Kootenay,
But the forest, close embracing,
Hid them from the light of day.
Ages, they the secret kept; but the torrents downward crept,
And a portion stole away
For the roaring, rushing, leaping, treasure-keeping Kootenay.

Through the forest growth of ages,
Man, the fell destroyer, came
Searching for the hidden treasure,—
Wreathing all the woods in flame.
As he neared the secret hoard, rose in fury—madly roared—
Striving his advance to stay
With a flood of waters turbid, the uncurbèd Kootenay.

From the lake where rests the river
Like a giant in his sleep,
Down the tossing waters hastened,
There the awful tryst to keep;
Where the smoking waters fall, and the roaring rapids call,
Plunging, leaping, flecked with spray,—
Floods of waters downward hurling—raced the swirling Kootenay.

Impotently raged the river,
And, when 'twas low once more,
Man despoiled it of the riches
Scattered all along the shore.
Eagerly he sought to trace where might be the secret place,
Where concealed the treasure lay,
'Midst the mountains grimly scowling on hoarse-growling Kootenay.

Where the streams, like fairy lacework,
Trickle down the walls of rock,
That defiant yield no passage,
And the climbers' efforts mock,
Toiling up the pathless steep that the wolf and grizzly keep,
Nothing could his progress stay;
Startled, screamed the eagles soaring over roaring Kootenay.

Long they searched the ancient mountains—
Strove with precipice and snow;
Great the trouble and privation,
But at last the place they know.
Now the mountains' sides they tear, and they lay the treasures bare,
Bringing to the light of day
All the riches they were keeping – fiercely weeping Kootenay!

Vain thy fury, foaming river!
Thou shalt feel the tyrant's chain;
Man shall harness thee to serve him,
Shall enslave thee for his gain;
Make thee help him as he wills to defraud the ancient hills,
Till he has torn away
All the mountains' hidden treasure, for his pleasure, Kootenay!

VANCOUVER, B. C. —G. F. MONCKTON.

HOPE ON!

Wir heissen euch hoffen.—GOETHE.

"WE bid you hope," the poet saith,
And in the darkest hour to trust:
The light shall come because it must,
And life be victor over death.

Dark clouds may cover all the sky,
The snow may hide the barren plain,
But sun and spring-time rule again,
For storms and winters pass and die.

When trials come and friends grow cold,
Though life may seem one web of ill
Where warp and weft but sorrows fill,
O lose thou not Hope's thread of gold!

Virtue not Vice is monarch here
And no revolt of Sin can last;
The transient tumult soon is passed,
The sun of Right again shines clear.

The higher judgment calmly wait,
Nor faint 'neath scorn of human minds,
It may be that the Great Judge finds
Thy neighbor's small, thy action great.

No Truth of God can fail or fall,
In His design there is no flaw,
No accident, but only Law
And Justice sovereign over all.

Despair not, thou, though crushed by Sin ;
Forgiving at the Eternal Gates
The tender Shepherd eager waits
To let the weary wanderer in.

A F. CHAMBERLAIN, M A., PH. D.

LOST AT SEA.

OVER the stout pier the wild sea leaps,
Over the brown rocks the white spray sweeps,
On the horizon a far lone sail
Drifts, grey and ghostlike, before the gale.

Black is the north as with clouds of night,
Ploughed is the sea into furrows white ;
Over the harbor the sea-gulls wheel,
Wildly the tall masts rock and reel.

Boats at their moorings creak and strain,
Sharp as a whip lash beats the rain :
Fishermen look from the sheltered lee —
God help men out in such a sea !

Over the grey pier the wild sea leaps,
Over the harbor the white spray sweeps :
But God only knoweth upon what shore,
Love waits for the sail that shall come no more

J SSIE KERR LAWSON.

RUSTY STREAKS.

In portions of the West, during hot seasons, non-alkaline water is so scarce that men get up in the middle of the night and lick the dew off the grass to get a drink.

Fogs are so thick in the water on the north shore of Lake Superior, that you have to alight from the train with a dark lantern to find the semaphore, and having found it, have as much trouble in retracing your steps to the train.

Sorrow sours hearts, but brightens minds.

Love sometimes takes a man to prison.

The man who sits on loose boards is sure to get pinched, sooner or later.

Half of art is knowing when to stop.

FAME.

Would man give virtue, or honor for a name?
To have it writ on the tablature of fame ;
For all men feel of fame begins and ends
With satirical foes and piratical friends.

GENIUS.

All men of money do compute
The man of genius but a brute ;
All men of genius are but fools,
When monied men make them their tools.

One winter recently two Englishmen, wishing to have a cutter ride, repaired to Benson's livery, Winnipeg. While in the office waiting for the sleigh, they overheard Mr. Benson say, "George, it's very cold to-day, bring out a couple of buffa-

loes." One of the Englishmen poked out his head from the window, and remarked: "No use, chappy, to 'itch 'em up; we cannot drive your blooming buffalo; don't know how, you know."

A little fellow four years old observed his grandfather sleeping on the sofa. He ran to his uncle, laughingly remarking: "Do tum until Dak, and 'ou'il hear ganpa purr like anysing." One day when taken to a hippodrome, where there were two rings, he cried out, "'ou teap 'ou eyes on dat one; me teap mi eyes on dis one, an' an' 'ou and me 'ill see the whole ting 'tween us." His uncle was a famous story-teller, and one day the little fellow held up puss in the corner with both hands. "Don't doe 'way Tom; Fed want to tell Tom 'tory; it is a tu (true) 'tory; Mama told Fed 'tory, and not uncle Dak."

J. A. Radford.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In a Berlin, Ont., cemetery is the following curious epitaph over the grave of an old lady:

"Dear friends, go home, don't shed no tear,
For in the grave I must lie here;
I must lie here till Christ do come,
I hope I'll have a happy home."

In a Galt cemetery, above the grave of a railway man who was killed in an accident in or near the town, is the simple inscription:

"When the whistle blew, he had to go."—M.

THROUGH MY WINDOW.

By day, a sultry arch of changeless blue,
With sordid house-roofs, and with dusty trees
Breaking its line. Night, the Magician, flew
Just by, and all is changed—one sees
A sky that shades from crimson into rose
Through delicate gradations—paling thro'
Faint rose to gold, through gold that warmly glows
And melts in green—that, into deepening blue,
Wherein one pale star trembles, half afraid
To be the first to come. The roof and trees
Are magically touched, in this soft shade,
By some strange charm, at once to pain and please;
Pencilled against the evening sky they stand
Clearly defined by Night's transforming hand.

—Lee Wyndham.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

There is now running in *Popular Astronomy* (Prof. Payne, Northfield, Minnesota), a series of articles by Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., of England, on "Shooting Stars, How to Observe Them, and What They Teach Us." It would be difficult to imagine how such an interesting subject could be treated in a more instructive, and, at the same time, entertaining manner. The articles are also beautifully illustrated.

Mercury should be visible to the naked eye before sunrise during the middle of December. His place will be R. A. 16h. 04m., and South Declination 18° 38'. Venus reaches her greatest elongation east during the afternoon of December 6th. Mars may soon be seen in the early morning, rising about 4.30 o'clock on the morning of the 6th of December. Mars and Uranus will be in nearly the same telescopic field, the distance between them at conjunction being only eight minutes of arc. During the same day, Mars will pass within eleven minutes of arc of Alpha Libræ, the well-known double-star. During December, Jupiter will continue to be the most noteworthy planetary object in the skies. Saturn is gradually getting into good position for observation in the early morning hours. His ring-system is opening out and becoming very interesting again. At the end of December, the angle of the plane of the ring to the line of sight will be 14 degrees. Uranus is near Alpha Libræ. On the 1st of December, Neptune may be found on a line between Iota and Epsilon Tauri, and about one-third of the distance from Iota.

BOOK NOTICES.

Doctor Bruno's Wife: A Toronto Society Story. By Mrs. J. Kerr Lawson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Anstruther: Charles D. Russell. Crown 8vo, 208 pp.

Mrs. Lawson is well-known in Canada, and her pen has given us some of the richest and raciest humor that has appeared in our literature. Her recent sojourn in Europe has been marked by much activity in the production of novels, and as a novelist she has made a very favorable impression. The present novel is of a highly meritorious order. The plot is one of the best in recent fiction. The handling of it is exceedingly skilful. Nowhere does the interest flag, and the reader is kept on the tiptoe of expectation from beginning to end, and is being constantly surprised by unexpected developments which are yet thoroughly natural. The story is very well told; the characters are drawn with faithfulness to nature, and a rich vein of humor sparkles in every page. Altogether the story is one of the best presented to the public in recent years.

Stories from Canadian History, based upon "Stories of New France." By Miss Machar and T. G. Marquis. Edited by T. G. Marquis, B.A. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 96 pp.

This little work deserves a place in the school and home. The stories, which are all of some of the most interesting periods and most thrilling events in Canadian history, are selected with good judgment, and are told in a graphic, lucid and accurate style that reflects much credit on the authors and the editor. Many of the stories are such as will tend to make English-speaking Canadians proud of much in the history of New France, and the heroism that characterized the French-Canadians in their arduous early struggles in the wilderness. Several very interesting events of the British period are also narrated. The work is likely, wherever known, to instil a patriotic feeling in the youth of Canada.

Patriotic Recitations and Arbor Day Exercises. By Geo. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, Ontario. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter. Crown octavo, 374 pp.

It is not a compulsory text book that the Hon. Mr. Ross has given to the teachers and schools of Ontario and Canada in this admirable volume, but a work that is almost certain to secure a large circulation, because it so well fills the demand which has been so marked of late years for literature calculated to develop patriotic feeling. The scope of the work is comprehensive. A brief section is devoted to acquainting the pupils, by exercises in which they can engage, with the constitution of the country, and the methods of conducting public business in parliamentary and municipal bodies. With considerable adroitness, the Minister of Education has introduced a sample meeting—it is to be feared, not the average meeting—of a board of school trustees, for the purpose of selecting a teacher. From the character of the sentiments expressed in the model, it is only a natural inference that the country boys who take part in the mock meeting will, when they become school trustees themselves, do much to raise the standard of salary for the rural teachers. The second, and greatest, part of the book is filled with patriotic selections in poetry and prose from the poets and public men of Canada. The selections are made with good taste and judgment, and besides stimulating the patriotism of Canadian youth, serve the additional purpose of bringing about a better knowledge of the treasures of Canadian literature. These selectives, which appear for the first time for purposes of school recitation, are truly representative of our patriotic and distinctly Canadian poems and speeches. No partiality in regard to politics is evidenced; but the endeavor is made to have our youth respect the great men of Canada, irrespective of partizan prejudices. The third part of the volume embraces, under the head of "universal patriotism," many of the best patriotic poems of the last few centuries. This collection is admirable. In the last part, relating to Arbor Day, an effort is made by a, perhaps, too brief essay on trees, and by suitable poems on trees, to develop that love of beauty which, perhaps, owing to the recent emergence of the world from the semi-barbarism of the middle ages, has been one of the lacks of our modern civilization. The Philistinism which leaves so many of our substantial farm houses bald and naked, without verandah or trees, and so many, even yet, of our school houses, ungraced by surrounding foliage, and that in our cities seeks to fill up and level to a dull monotonous ugliness every ravine and beautiful variation of level, requires a strong effort to conquer, and this instalment of effort in that direction will be welcomed by many. It is worthy of note, in connection with this volume, that, notwithstanding its size, good paper and printing, it is sold for only one dollar, the author receiving no part of the profits.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, as an essayist, ranks in some respects above either Macaulay or Addison, and his productions are amongst the very best reading English essay literature affords. His new volume of essays on public questions, which appears simultaneously from the press of Macmillan & Co., Boston, and Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd., of Toronto, will be widely read.