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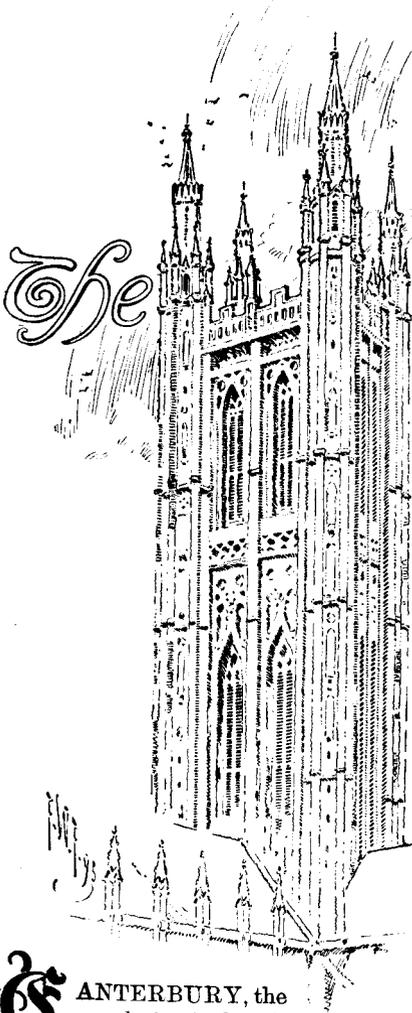
"Lord from his rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents-discourteous answers the wail of the forest."—LONGFELLOW.

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VOL. I.

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No. 1.



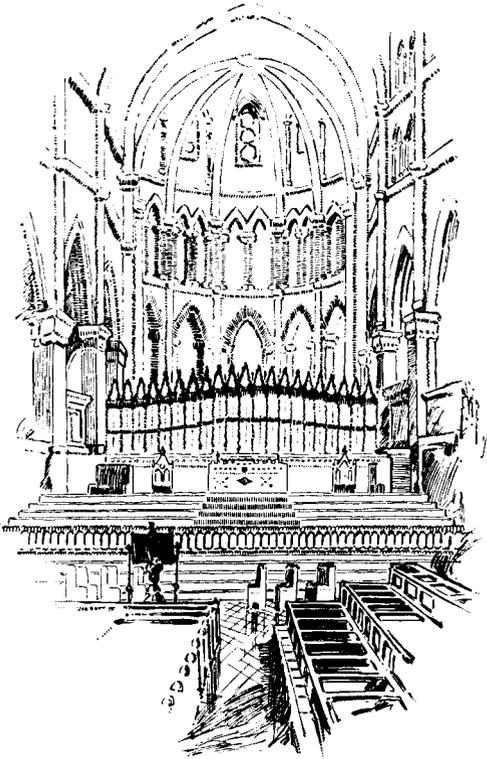
Cathedral of Christ's Church- Canterbury.

BY PROF. WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.

CANTERBURY, the ecclesiastical capital of England, was the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Kent in the time of the Heptarchy; and it was the centre of the diffusion of Christianity among the Saxons. British Christianity had been virtually destroyed by the

successive invasions of the heathen Jutes and Saxons and Angles. Although it had found something of a refuge in Wales and in Scotland, and was afterwards to take no mean part in the evangelization of the island, there was no Christianity among the invaders until Augustine arrived in 597, and succeeded in converting and baptizing Ethelbert, King of Kent, who had been partially prepared for the Gospel by his marriage with a Christian wife, Bertha, daughter of Charibut, King of the Franks. The story of the landing of Augustine, and of his mission in Kent, and of the extension of the mission into Northumbria by Paulinus, is an oft-told tale, and need not detain us here.

The history of Canterbury is almost



THE CHOIR.

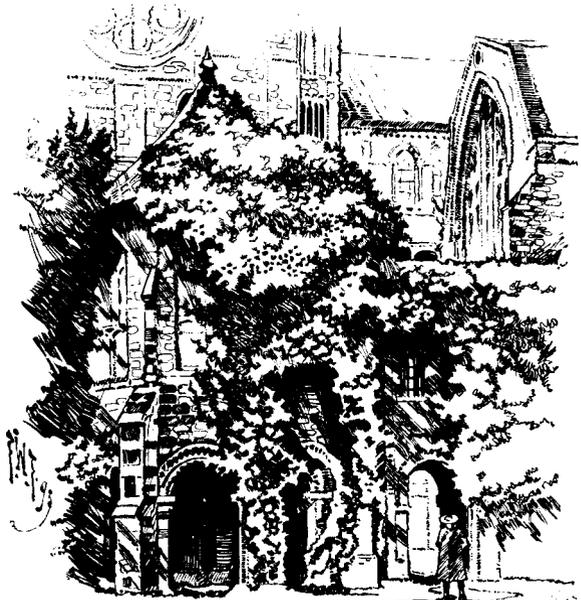
entirely an ecclesiastical history. The fame of the place is derived from its cathedral, and from the great names of the men who have occupied the metropolitan chair. When Augustine and his forty companions found a footing in Kent, they did not delay their work, which soon had fruit in a cathedral and an abbey. For six centuries the city was open to the invasions and plunderings of Saxons, Danes, and Normans. The Cathedral was nine times over destroyed and rebuilt, and in its present structure it bears testimony to the work of many successive ages.

Lanfranc, the first Archbishop after the Conquest, found the Cathedral in a

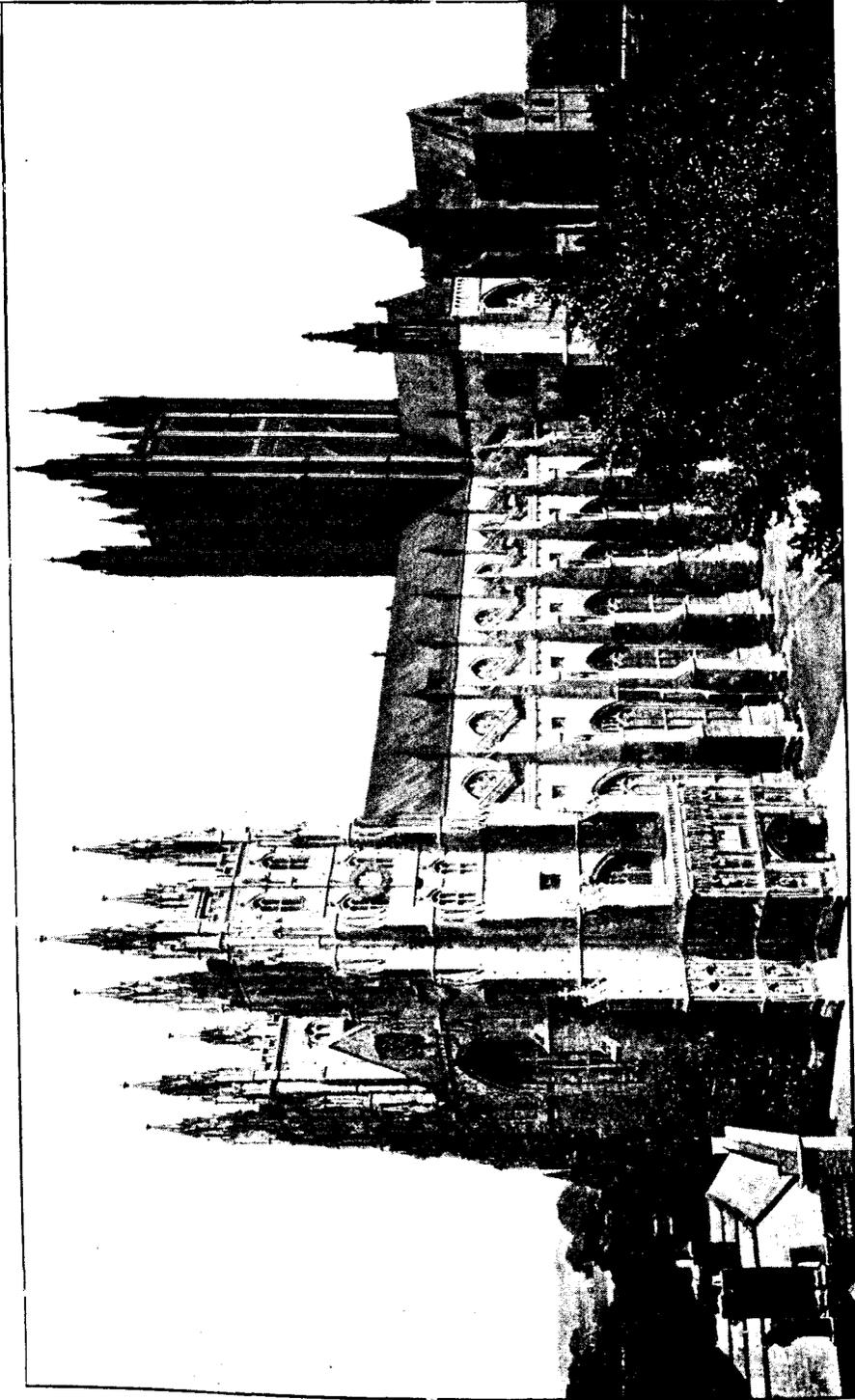
ruinous state, but being a man of artistic tastes, he took in hand to repair the breaches, and do the work in a more thorough manner than that in which it had been accomplished before. Prior Conrad, and Anselm, the successor of Lanfranc, continued the work, a good deal of which must still remain, although the pillars have been lengthened and the arches rebuilt.

In 1174 a large portion of the Church, including the choir and sanctuary, was consumed by fire; and the whole east end of the Cathedral was rebuilt from 1175 to 1181. It would be difficult to mention a church in England or elsewhere, of which the eastern end, comprehending the choir and sanctuary, is more exquisitely beautiful and more imposing.

On the one hand, the whole spirit of the work is Norman, as is seen particularly in the floriated capitals. On the other hand, it affords one of the earliest examples in the country of the pointed architecture, and one of the most beautiful, as well as what we might call the most



A BIT OF NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE.



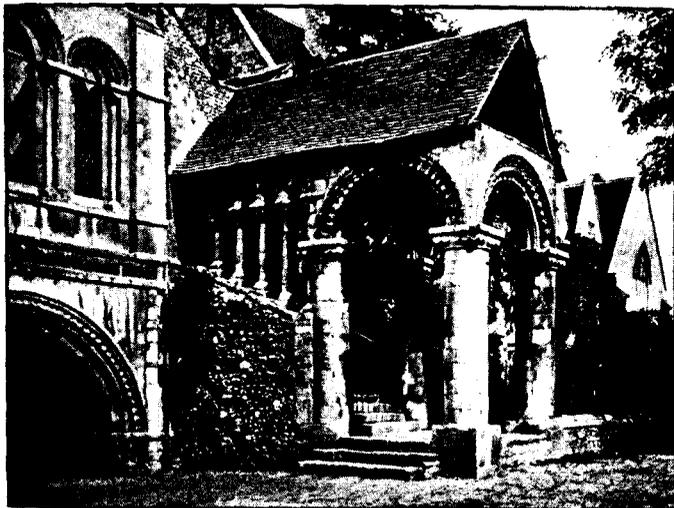
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

independent, since it follows none of the ordinary types.

As has been already mentioned, the pillars of the new choir, while of the same thickness as the old, are much longer—twelve feet in fact, which gives a wonderful sense of elevation, lightness and elegance to the structure. Besides the greater length of the columns, there were introduced into the building (about 1180) marble shafts not found in the earlier, and the decorated capitals already mentioned. In addition to this, the vaulting of the aisles of the choir, which was formerly plain, is now pointed with keystones; and the roof, which, in the old building was flat, as at Peter-

exterior of the Cathedral, we may well be forgiven if we are carried away by the marvellous strength and energy which seem to pervade the splendid towers which dominate the great building, and furnish a landmark to the traveller for many miles.

We may withhold from the nave of Canterbury the admiration that we bestow upon the Norman naves of Ely and Norwich, or the early pointed of Lincoln and York; and, certainly, the nave of Canterbury will hardly come into competition with that of York; but when we survey the grouping of the vast pile, and the way in which the three splendid towers are related to the whole



THE OLD NORMAN CHURCH.

borough and Ely, is now beautifully arched; whilst, instead of one triforium, there are now two.

But it is not merely the choir and sanctuary which came under new influences at the re-building. The same may be said of Trinity Chapel, Becket's Crown, and Becket's Chapel.

Those who are enthusiastic over the eastern half of the Church will probably find their ardour damped when they come to the western, unless they belong to the few who maintain that the perpendicular—the characteristic English architecture of the fifteenth century—is the finest of all. And if we survey the

building, we must give the palm to Canterbury. These buildings were raised in succession from about the middle of the fourteenth century to near the end of the fifteenth.

The Church of Canterbury has been the scene of many remarkable events, but of none more tragic, and more lasting in its influences, than the murder or martyrdom of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, at what we fear we must call the instigation of Henry II., who paid dearly for his outburst of anger in many ways.

Those who wish the story told at large, and with graphic power, may turn to



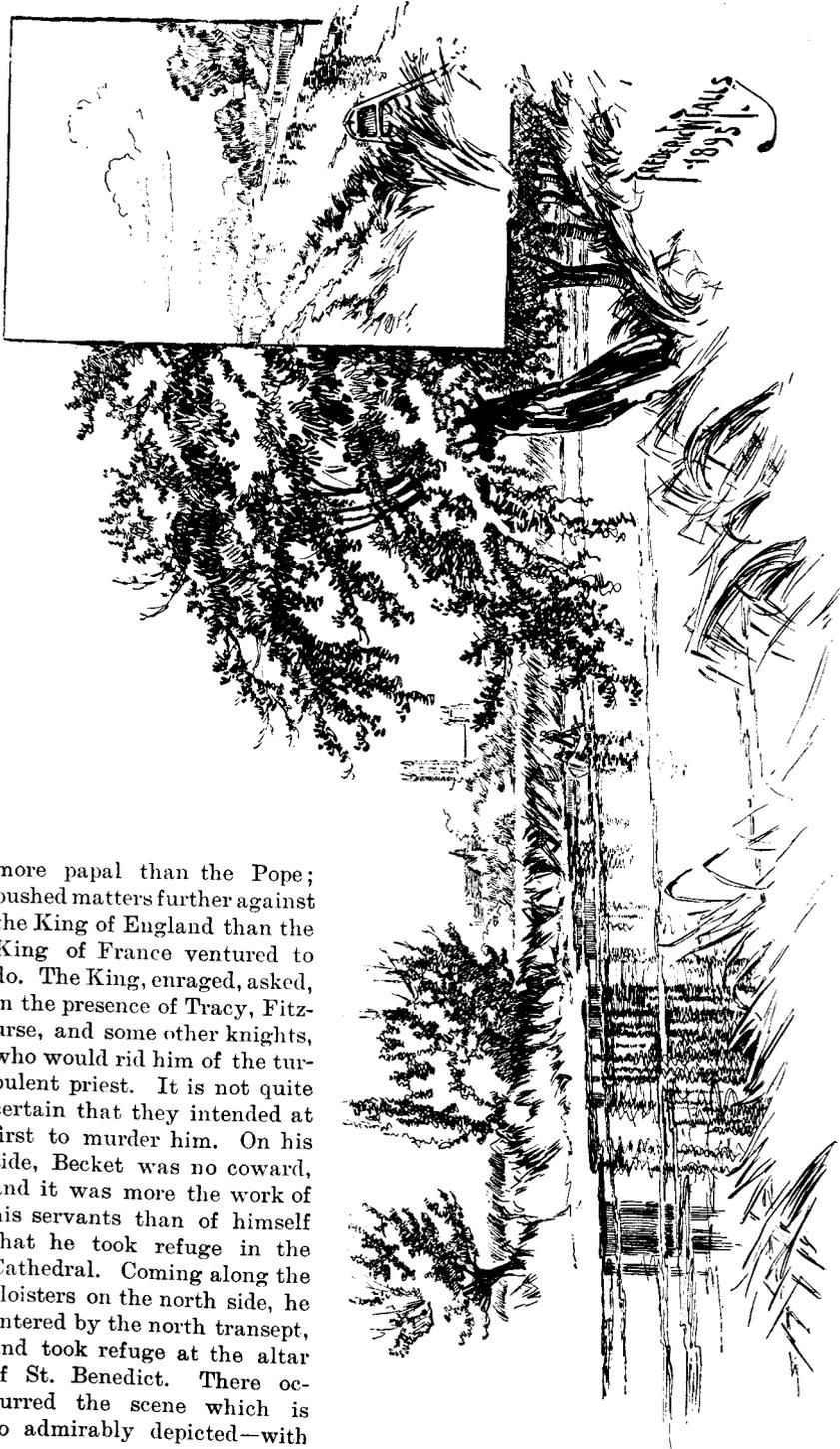
DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

VIEW IN THE NAVE.

FROM A PHOTO.

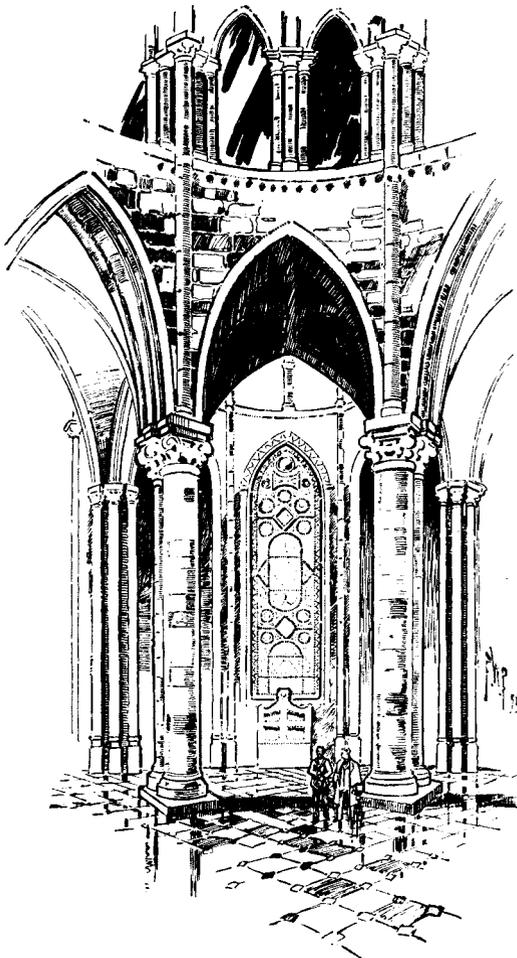
Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury," or to Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." Here we can but glance at the facts. Becket had been the King's Chancellor, and his devoted servant—he was then but a deacon. The King hoped that when he was made

Archbishop he would equally serve him. But Becket had a new mistress—the Church; and this mistress would brook the intervention of no higher authority. Both men were evidently sincere, and bent on doing good to the country; and both were very provoking. Becket was



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER STOUR,

more papal than the Pope; pushed matters further against the King of England than the King of France ventured to do. The King, enraged, asked, in the presence of Tracy, Fitzurse, and some other knights, who would rid him of the turbulent priest. It is not quite certain that they intended at first to murder him. On his side, Becket was no coward, and it was more the work of his servants than of himself that he took refuge in the Cathedral. Coming along the cloisters on the north side, he entered by the north transept, and took refuge at the altar of St. Benedict. There occurred the scene which is so admirably depicted—with



BECKET'S CROWN.

scarcely the addition of a word—in Tennyson's noble play of Becket. The great Archbishop fell dead before the altar, and his murderers fled. The place is still shown. He was buried first in the crypt, and afterwards in the Chapel east of the high altar, in a splendid shrine. The translation of his remains took place in the presence of King Henry III.; Pandulf, the Papal Legate; Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury; and the Archbishop of Reims.

The devotion to St. Thomas of Canterbury, as he was now called, became the favorite form of saint worship in England. To this, we are told, is attributable the fact that Thomas is the second

commonest man's name in England, John being the most common in all Christian countries. This was the origin of those Canterbury pilgrimages, which were the greatest of all the excursions of the kind in England for three centuries, and to which we are indebted for the "Canterbury Tales" of Geoffrey Chaucer.

The Shrine of St. Thomas, we are told, was a coffin of wood, which covered a coffin of gold. When this was drawn up, "then an invaluable treasure was discovered; gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary size; some were larger than the egg of a goose." We are reminded of the crystal Shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo, in the crypt at Milan. But in the year 1536 Henry VIII. put an end to the festival, which was celebrated on the 7th of July, and in the following year declared Thomas a traitor, whose memory should no longer be honoured, but should be held in contempt. And soon afterwards the shrine was destroyed, and the treasures turned to practical account by the King. So they did with a much better man, St. Alban, although his shrine has been recovered. Let us be thank-

ful that they did not, like the French, dig up the Kings also. In Westminster Abbey many of them rest, from the saintly Edward to the not quite saintly German George II.; and are likely to rest there.

There are many illustrious persons buried at Canterbury, among them the great Dunstan. But there are two lying in peace near the empty grave of Becket who are worthy of a brief notice. One is Edward, the Black Prince, the hero of Cressy; the other is King Henry IV. It is a curious fact that Henry IV. was the only king of England who died within the walls of Westminster Abbey, and he is the only King of the period who was not buried there. Every reader

of Shakespeare's Henry IV. will remember the touching scene in the Jerusalem Chamber. There the King died, but he was buried at Canterbury. At Westminster lay Richard II., whom he de-throned; his grandfather, Edward III.; and his ancestors for several generations

(except John at Worcester, and Edward II. at Gloucester); so also his son, Henry V., and his grandson, Henry VI. But not Henry IV.; and his almost solitary grave at Canterbury may still remind the passer by how uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

William Clark.



A SONG OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

(OLD STYLE.)

[In an open space between St. James' Park and the Admiralty, every morning about 10 o'clock, the Foot Guards parade, before proceeding through the park to relieve guard at St. James' Palace. At 10.44 a.m. the fine bands of the Coldstream Grenadiers and Fusilier Guards play for a quarter of an hour in the open court facing Marlborough House.—*Hand Book to London.*]

Now hearken all you people,
 Old London's population ;
 All strangers, too, Bushrangers, Jew,
 And Gentile generation ;
 All colonists of hybrid hue
 And varying reputation.
 There is a sight which may be seen
 On fair and misty morning,
 Close by St. James' Park so green,
 If you will heed my warning ;
 A sight which surely stirs the blood,
 A sound most truly Royal,
 Which turns the head and warms the heart
 If you be truly loyal.
 'Tis the Fifeing and the Drumming,
 'Tis the Scarlet Coats a-coming,
 'Tis the " British Grenadiers " upon the wind ;
 There be those who call it Mumming,
 But we love the noisy Drumming,
 And we fall in—follow—march, march behind.

Outside St. James' Palace,
 That ancient Royal station,
 The Coster vies with Pastor wise
 To cheer in acclamation
 The gallant soldiers who comprise
 One glory of the nation.
 The splendid soldiers of our Queen
 March by on every morning,
 Unmoved by croakers gaunt and lean,
 All kinds of weather scorning;
 They do their duty, earn their pay,
 And show the British Scarlet
 Bright in the gloom of mire and fog
 To coward churl and varlet.
 Though the company may shock you,
 And the Radicals may mock you,
 There's the "British Grenadiers" upon the wind!
 Though the Socialist may snub you,
 And as foe and tyrant dub you,
 Still you fall in—follow—march, march behind.

The Lawyer and the Nursemaid,
 "The Millionaire" from Peru,
 The Country Squire and the "Alpine Choir,"
 All Anglo-Indians, too;
 Most Bishops and some Barmaids—
 They all must have a view.
 O, wonderful are thy Pageants,
 Old London! Rare and fine!
 But of all, methinks, the grandest—
 The Guards in shining line.
 Their tramp's so firm and steady,
 Their gaze so true and bright,
 Who says that the British Soldier
 Isn't able—To-Day—to fight?
 O, the Fifeing and the Drumming!
 O, the Scarlet Coats a-coming!
 O, the "British Grenadiers" upon the wind!
 Though the Pessimist may mock us,
 And the company may shock us,
 Still we fall in—follow—march, march behind!

Seranus.

THE WORLD OF ARTS

THE EVOLUTION OF TWO OF MY PICTURES.

BY G. A. REID, R.C.A.

WHEN the editor of this magazine asked me to write a short article dealing with my reasons for painting "Mortgaging the Homestead," and the "Foreclosure of the Mortgage," I accepted with hesitancy for various reasons, an important one being that the artist always expects his picture to be taken at its face value.

There seem to be occasions, however, when he is called upon to use both tongue and pen in addition to his special instrument of expression, the brush. I must, therefore, plead as my excuse that the above enquiry having reached me from various quarters, it seems to warrant an answer. While I am willing to communicate anything that may be of legitimate interest, I should be quite as willing to let the pictures continue to speak for themselves.

Why a certain subject occurs, and how it develops, are too intricate to follow with exactness; but a comparatively satisfactory history of the evolution of an idea may be obtained by interrogating the artist in regard to his philosophy and his individual bent. When these are taken into consideration, it may often be seen why he has produced a certain class of work, and perhaps a particular work.

My task is to give such of my views as may make it reasonably clear why the subject in question occurred to me.

Life seems to be full of antagonistic forces, and nothing more adequately expresses our bewilderment in the presence of these than Mr. Tulliver's homely saying, "It's a puzzlin' world."

But while philosophies of life are various, it is possible to group them into two

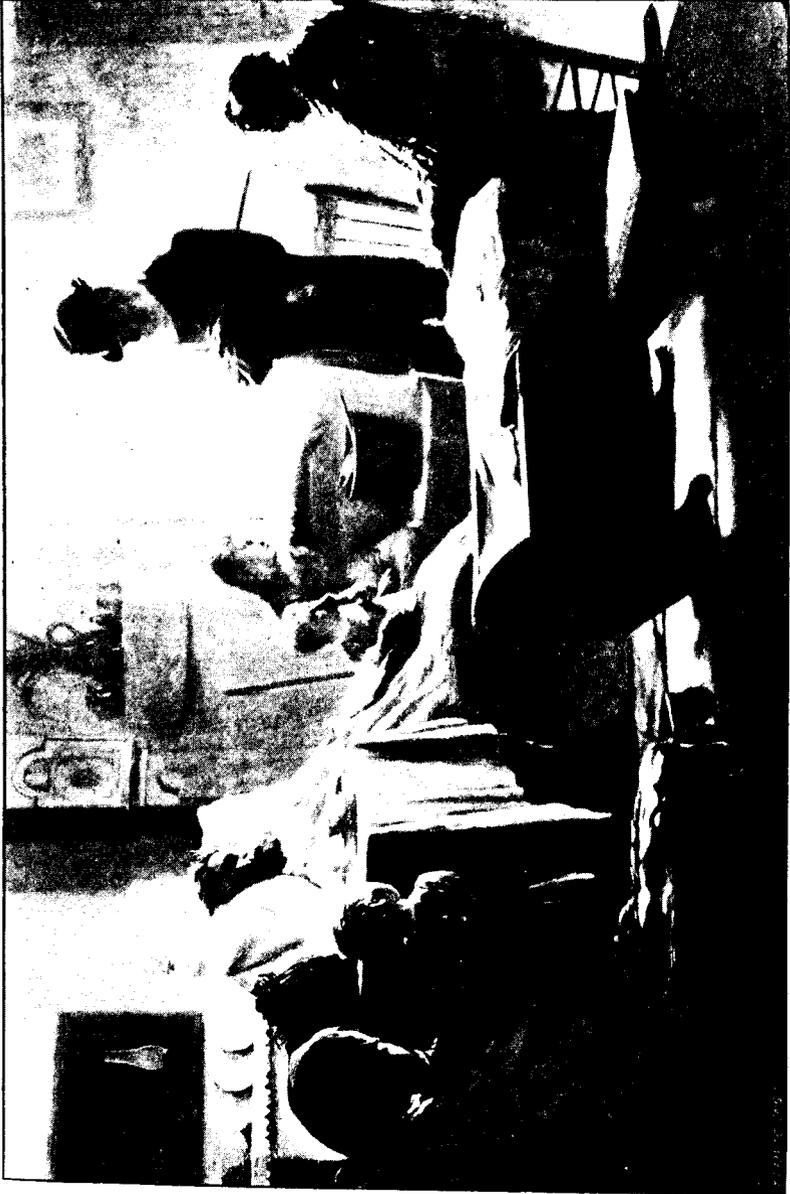
main divisions, which, though difficult to designate by well-defined terms, I shall name the Utilitarian and the Æsthetic.

It is generally conceded that the work of the artist is to search for and express the Beautiful, by which is meant the Fitting, the Harmonious. Those who differ from this claim that the artist simply expresses his own fancy, irrespective of beauty, and without question as to result. The former view recognizes him as a being wielding a power to render life more complete; the latter, as an impulsive being requiring no motive but the joy of life and the love of art. It will be seen that these two views form the basis of a dispute as wide as it is possible to conceive, and in individual cases producing extremes. In one case the extremist is so overburdened with the idea that his mission is of vital import, that, disregarding form, his clumsy effort only repels the thoughtful and refined. In the other case, the loose freedom and thoughtlessness of the so-called Bohemian is encouraged by the aphorism, "Art for art's sake."

In the midst of such a conflict, it is difficult to maintain a middle position.

If one disapproves of the contention that "technique is supreme," one is classed with the moralist, who makes the idea predominant, believing that it is a loss of power to render the expression as nearly perfect as possible, and when technique is lauded, one is placed among those who worship form.

While giving no uncertain impression, I am anxious to be saved from the extreme of either view. The utilitarian side of the question appeals to me as being the more logical, and if the term is



FROM THE PAINTING BY G. A. REID. H.C.A.

"THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE."

given its widest interpretation, it is plain that the beautiful and the useful are identical, each being a culmination of the harmonious. The discussion for and against utilitarianism has been a long one, and is yet far from settled; and perhaps until our thought is more logical and our use of language more careful, we shall continue to speak of beauty and use as being essentially different, and of æsthetics as having nothing to do with morals. While accepting in a general

without relation to the fitness of things.

But, to return, why should the artist's scope be narrower than the author's? The brush and pen should be equally free to express the joys and sorrows of life as they are felt by him who holds it; he should be limited only by the possibilities of his medium. As has been already said, the noble and enlightened character of the artist will be exemplified by his work, and when he accepts no limitation to his range of subject but that which is



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. S. CHALLENGER.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

way the two views of the artist's mission, my agreement is more completely in accord with the one which regards the method as a means to an end; I take exception to the other when it claims that art has nothing to do with morals and æsthetics, and press the claim that morals and æsthetics in the highest sense cannot be separated. No true touch of the artist's hand can be given

in the nature of the language in which he speaks, his philosophy leads him to express all phases of life, and although he is only an actual participant in some of its varied scenes, yet as an observer in the arena of experience he makes a philosopher's record, pointing now to where there is pleasure and joy, now to where sorrow has cast its shadow. Perhaps to the foregoing reason for sometimes deal-



FROM THE PAINTINGS BY G. A. REID, R.C.A.

"MORTGAGING THE HOME HEAD."

ing with the painful in art, may be added one which is the result of our human heritage of sorrow and misfortune. The sum of all that man has suffered has so penetrated his character that the alleviation of pain has become a necessity of existence. Is it strange, then, that the artist in any field, whether literature, music or painting, is impelled at times to proclaim in his work the fact that sorrow as well as joy makes the whole world one, and that it is only by the lightening of misfortune that beauty is to be secured? This is not pleading for the admiration or enjoyment of that which is morbid or sensational; morbidity is but the extreme of frivolity, and both are to be avoided.

Perhaps enough has been said to suggest a reason why all pictures are not merely prettily pleasing.

In painting the two pictures, "Mortgaging the Homestead" and "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," my intention was to represent possible events in life as realistically as I was able, by means of the best technique at my command. They were not intended to suggest any theory of social reform, though it was my wish to direct attention to mortgages, which are engulfing millions of homes intended to be the joy and hope of their founders.

The former picture was painted in the winter of 1890, immediately after the heartrending stories of the sufferings of the Dakota farmers reached us; in view of how generally the new world, with its pretensions to freehold homes, was being mortgaged, the subject pressed itself upon me as suited to a new world painter.

But it may be necessary to mention that my earliest acquaintance with mortgages was in my youth, when the burden of one limited my life. When I learned of its existence, some cherished hopes seemed to have gone forever, and the homestead changed its character. At that time, in my mind, shame as well as misfortune was connected with mortgages, but when I became better acquainted with conditions, I saw that the worthy as well as the shiftless and profligate were being swept into the vortex of debt.

Then it was that I became interested in the various movements intended to relieve the inequalities which our civilization is slow to throw off.

"The Foreclosure of the Mortgage" was painted in 1892 and 1893, and was not a sequel to "Mortgaging the Homestead," except in the sense that one event may foretell another. I intended each picture to be complete in itself, though dealing with the same subject.

One picture frequently suggests to the artist's mind another in the same vein, and a story told me by one on whom falls the painful duty of executing foreclosures, was the basis of the scene in the second picture. The local color of the pictures is, of course, Canadian, but the pledging of property has invariably accompanied modern civilization.

If this were all, and there were nothing to deplore in it, there would be no need to draw attention to it, but when the artist sees that our vaunted progress not only offers no adequate relief, but seems to aggravate sorrow and suffering, he must express himself for the sake of his devotion to the beautiful, for his love of truth, for his desire that life should be made to develop all its noblest possibilities, nor without motive or appeal to result. I thoroughly agree with the view that demands the best possible expression of an idea. Then when the artist is true to himself, his work must exhibit the purpose for which he has striven, and in proportion as his character is noble and enlightened, will he create works possessing these qualities.

A middle position, then, demands that the idea and expression be adequate to each other, and in proportion as this balance is attained, will an effort live, and be worthy of the name, "A Work of Art."

It has been my desire to work in accordance with this principle of the necessary union of expression and idea in the painting of the two pictures in question, and indeed in all my pictures.

The question has often been asked why artists ever paint painful subjects, that which prompts it being the prevailing idea that all pictures should be merely pretty or lightly entertaining. This notion is so general that it has taken

form in the expression "pretty as a picture." While at the foundation of this there is truth, this popular feeling is one of the most potent factors existing

for the degradation of art; the artist is commercialized by it, and his pictures are too often what has been termed, "pot boilers."

G. A. Reid.



THE SINGER OF TANTRAMAR.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

" Beyond the marsh, and miles away,
The great tides of the tumbling bay
Swing glittering in the golden day,
Swing foaming to and fro."

It was afternoon; warm, yellow, sunshiny. The August sun slipped down the western heavens, and beneath his big lazy disk the whole world drowsed.

All sound seemed dulled, indefinite, smothered. Even the never-ceasing rumble of the train on its south-eastern journey from Quebec grew vague and velvety.

Backward from the smoking department floated a faint, sweet suggestion of tobacco, and the occasional intimation of masculine laughter. Apart from that nothing, save summer sounds, intruded.

Some one touched my shoulder lightly. I started from a half sleep to realize the porter was beside my chair saying:

"Sorry to 'waken you, ma'm, but we are nearing Tantramar, and your friend in the smoking room said as how you'd want to see it."

Tantramar? I started up, rubbing my eyes, with a sense of self-accusing shame as I thought what a heathen I was to sleep up to its very borders. I raised the car window and looked out; we were swinging down the Inter-Colonial railroad through the last half mile of New Brunswick, and—yes, at last, there it lay, one of the now most famous spots in the Maritime Provinces. Tantramar! with its mile upon mile of low, level, salt marsh, outreaching to the far pale

horizon—that giant tract of reclaimed land that Roberts has sung into fame, whose peculiar beauties he has voiced in the lyric music that can only come in sea-notes.

Tantramar! That hitherto great salt waste, unheard of, unknown, until this clear Canadian singer caught its atmosphere of sea-beauty, and with his strangely magnetic pen

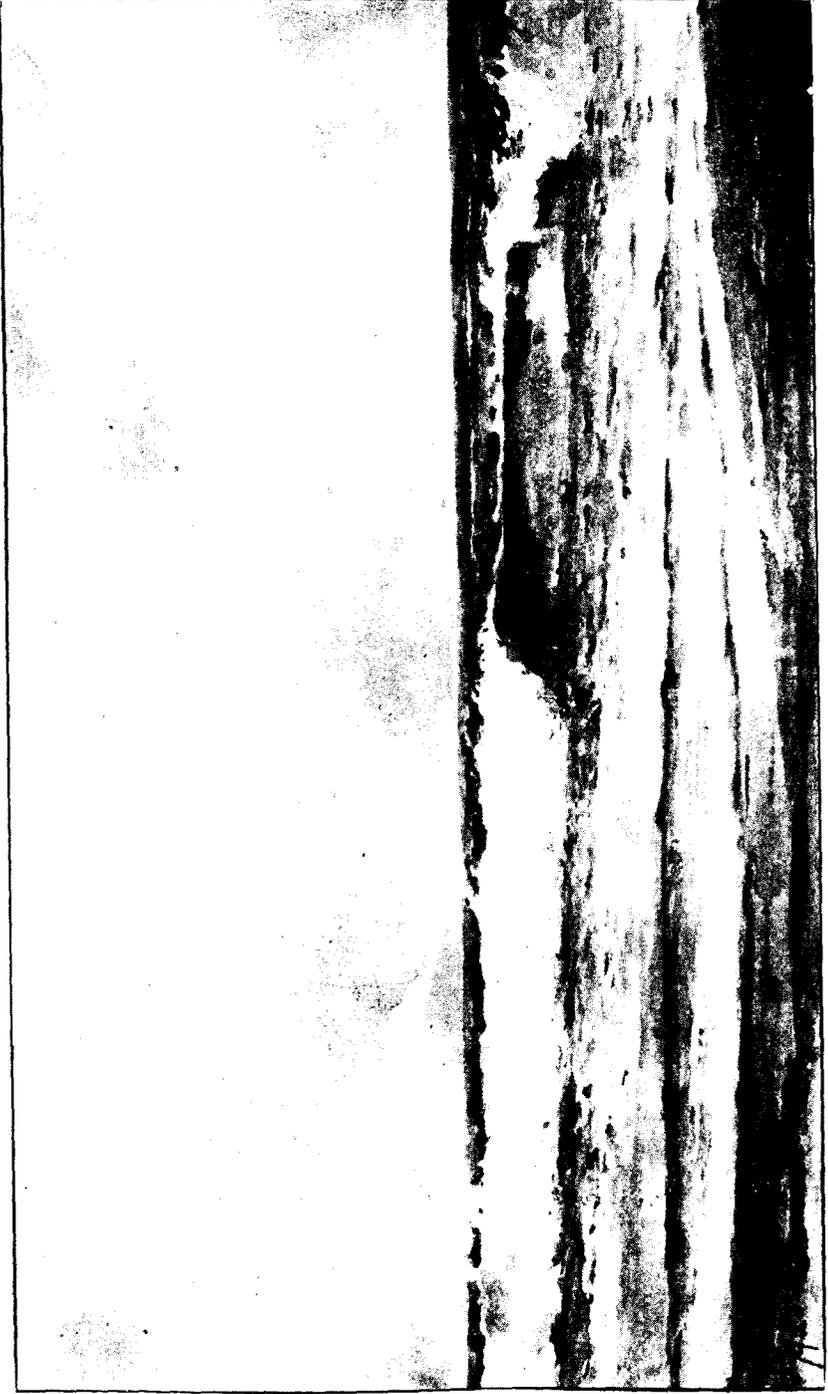
"Made dull familiar things divine."

Whose poetic insight saw

"What beauty clings
In common forms, and found the soul
Of unregarded things!"

Tantramar! The erstwhile undiscovered, until Roberts made the name familiar to the greater portion of the poetry-loving world, until its wide sea-wastes and tide-washed margins have become an almost national pride.

The prosaic see but little in Tantramar, only leagues and leagues of unbroken flats, rimmed on all sides by the pearl blue Maritime skies, with a thin streak of liquid light along the southern border, which the map shows us is Chignecto Bay. Only leagues and leagues of salt grass, intersected with irregular dykes and far reaches of red mud flats, where the sea washes perpetually, at times caressing, then beating its breast against the protecting walls, that like strong human arms wrap about and shelter the low fields from the demon tides.



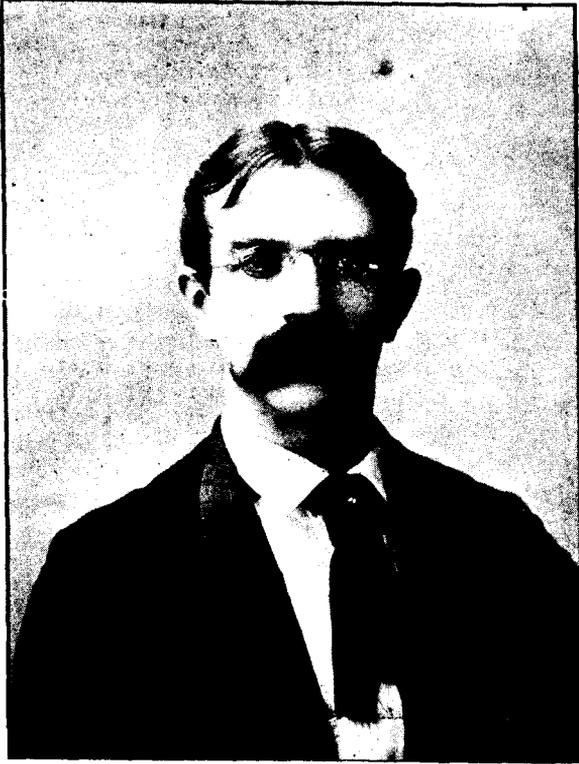
DRAWN BY J. T. M. BURNSIDE.

«The great fides of the fumbling boy—
Swing glittering in the golden day;
Swing bounding too and fro.»

And always, and everywhere those strange little stacks of harvested salt-hay, perched upon wooden elevations, and seeming like huge plump, brown birds, wading half-high in rush-grown lagoons; for notwithstanding the dykes, the land is too moist and the low slopes of hills too distant for the haymakers to garner it there, so the quaint little haystacks seem to have climbed up out of the wet, curling their paws up beneath them as a pussy does when asleep. And

the dykes melted away into russet-colored coulees, and the glittering Chignecto took the windings of the far Saskatchewan, for they are strangely, unaccountably alike, those two vast slumber lands of nature, the great north-western prairies, and the marshes of Tantramar.

And this is the spot that every lover of Canadian literature longs to see. It is not grand scenery, to some it may not even be distinctive, but it is more than these, it is *Roberts*. The marsh-lands



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

yet what was it that the whole scene mirrored? To me a strange mist gathered in the summer sunlight, not the fogs from the ever restless distant Bay of Fundy, but only a memory—a something—an inexpressible. Ah! it is the reflection of the great, wide western prairies, rolling out to the infinite, baring their beauties for ever, and ever, to the territorial skies.

Instead of the little stacks on Tantramar, I saw the far-off tepees of the Crees,

are himself, the sea voices, the tides, the sands, the wet salt breath of the margin winds—all are Roberts, and all are his atmosphere. None sings as he of the grey sea-mists, none has so caught the color, the pulse, the promise of the shorelands, and no voice but his has transmitted their breathing and sweet low murmuring into our far inland country, that without him would be so imperfect, so sealess.

For another to sing of Tantramar

would be almost plagiarism; its very name is so wedded with Roberts, that to sever them would be an arrant literary divorce. The great Maritime marsh is not only his lyrical possession, it is *himself*, for as you view, and study, and absorb a great picture painted by a great artist, reaching through its color-soul the real meaning of the master that created it, so with passing through Tantramar you learn of the man who identified himself with it ere he could glorify it in song and story. There is no condition under which it has not touched him, under which he has not responded with all the wondrous tenderness that nature in her moods has found in him. He tells of it in an idle day, when the fisher folks' reels

"Over the gossiping grass
Swing in the long, strong wind."

He tells of it in the still night-time when
"Under the moon, all the calm night long,
Winnowing soft grey wings of the marsh-owls
wander, and wander."

He tells of it

"As the blue day mounts and the low shot shafts
of the sunlight
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers jewelled
with dew."

Then of

"The salt raw scent of the margin."

And when tempest-swept it crouches
"beneath a stormy star," he sings:

"To-night the wind roars in from sea,
The crow clings in the straining tree,
Curlew, and crane, and bittern flee
The dykes of Tantramar."

And when you see the wide lone lowlands you, too, catch the spirit of its minstrel, and when they slip past and you leave them far behind, you have an odd sense of loss, you feel that you have left the presence of the greatly simple man who has taught us how to see below its surface—desolation and emptiness.

But we had not stepped beyond his presence, for but a few hours more brought us to Fredericton, and as we left the train someone came quickly towards us with outstretched, welcoming hands. We knew him at once, that eager, tenderly-strong face, that firmly-knit athletic figure, that easy Bohemian manner of dress, that happy trick of absolute good fellowship, it was un-

doubtedly he, of Tantramar, Roberts himself, with as warm a handclasp for us both as though we had all known each other for years. We had rather expected to stand in awe of him. We knew him to be professor of all sorts of heavyweight subjects in King's College; we had heard London, and Boston, and New York speak of him as of a discoverer of great things in literature; but with the first glimpse his genial *camaraderie* dissipated whatever ideas we hitherto held, and within an hour he and my philistine fellow-artist were addressing each other *sans ceremonie*, as "Old fellow," and "Say, old man," which shows that of all things, Roberts is first a man, among men. And yet, what is there in the man, and in his work that is so distinctive! unless it be that his "songs of the common day" are keynotes to himself. In the friendly days that followed, he often reminded me of the "Professor" in that sweet cameo-like book of Ruskin's, "The Ethics of the Dust," for to him nothing in nature is meaningless, nothing that has beauty is lost to him, and to him all things are beautiful.

Nothing is too insignificant to attract his notice, and for him to recognize therein great pulses of the Divine. The commonest things of daily living are not too threadbare for him to extract response from, for he who discovered the soul of Tantramar, and taught that soul to sing, has never missed the little homely voices in the "dull, familiar things."

Perhaps if his whole, great poetic genius were summed up in words, his own unconscious expression "revealing gift," alone could compass it. In his exquisite little lyric, "Across the fog the moon lies fair," he asks:

"O grant that a revealing gift
Be some small portion mine."

The lines have been an unintended prophesy, for more than all others has Roberts revealed the wonder of "unregarded things," and after we turn the last pages of his books, or have left the sea marshes and the summer behind us, we, who perhaps have thought we understood and absorbed all beauty that could be gathered into our dull and daily lives, realize with shame and self-cen-

sure how blinded we have been, until his hands have parted the common grasses with their rime and moisture, and have pointed out to us the throb of life that lies beating in their plain and homely midst.

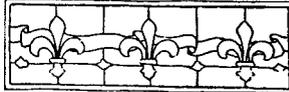
So with regretful hearts we left him. There was another warm, sincere, understanding handclasp, a good-bye waving from the rear platform of the outgoing train, a strange yearning in my fellow-artist's eyes, as the distance widened between us and the genial Bohemian figure in the station doorway, for Roberts is a man that men love, and those two—Poet and Artist—had grown singularly attached to each other. We watched the distance slip be-

tween us, then left him with his searists and his songs.

And when we re-crossed Tantramar, the moon was sailing up a pale October sky, the hay had been garnered long ago, and the lowlands lay asleep; no more swathing of the harvesting sickle, no more droning of the summer songs, only a night that was very, very still, with its white thin moonlight slumbering in the marshes, and we slipping through its reaches for the last time. And now but a memory, and an ever recurring refrain:

“Tantramar! Tantramar!
I see thy cool, green plains afar,
Thy dykes where grey sea grasses are—
Mine eyes behold them yet.”

E. Pauline Johnson.



SOME NEW YEAR GREETINGS IN FOUR CHAPTERS.



CRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

I.—A GRANDFATHER'S GREETING IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

II.—NEW YEAR GREETINGS AFTER THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. CHALLENGER.

III.—NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO A FAVORITE.



PHOTO BY KENNEDY & BELL.

IV.—A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM BABYLAND.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.—I. MACBETH.

A Psychological Study.

BY T. M. MACINTYRE, PH. D.

"When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:"

FROM the shadowy appearance of the weird sisters on Forres Heath in the midst of storm and crash of the elements, enhanced by the lurid glare of the seething caldron, down to the fell carnage of the battle before Dunsinnane Castle, there is in this, Shakespeare's supreme tragedy, one tempestuous sea of human passion—a cease-

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and we see the play of the forces that are urging them on to action.

In the following we perceive the seeds of evil dropping into the ambitious heart:

I. WITCH.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

II. WITCH.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

III. WITCH.—All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter.

BANQUO.—Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

I. WITCH.—"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

less rush of restless souls to wreck and ruin. We never come to fully realize the marvellous genius of the great dramatist until we see the world of abstraction taking form before us, under his magic wand, and in none of his efforts does he make us see so clearly the invisible forces of the human heart as in Macbeth. His Macbeth is like Coleridge's skeleton ship,

"Through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate."

He lays open before us the hearts of

One notices the sudden alarm which these suggestions have given, but if we look again we see Macbeth absorbed in thought. The seeds have taken root and are germinating.

MACBETH [*Aside*.]—"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth."

When Duncan has informed his followers that his son Malcolm, the Earl of Cumberland, is to be his successor, one



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

LADY MACBETH—"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."—*Act III., Scene IV.* (THE BANQUET SCENE).

observes the dark, ugly cloud rising in Macbeth's mind—murder.

MACBETH [*Aside*].—"The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires."

The conception of the deed has taken form, and with equal vividness is seen the development of the action. Macbeth hastens to transmit the image in his own mind by a letter to Lady Macbeth, that she may not be ignorant of what greatness is promised her.

Lady Macbeth well knows his weakness, and with the intuitive foresight of an ambitious woman, and with an overmastering will, she gains the ascendancy over his kindlier nature. The play of the strong imagination in Macbeth's mind tramples up a breastwork of consequences which bar him from the horrid deed, and leaves him "No spur to prick the sides of his intent." Macbeth, if left to himself, is not capable of committing the crime, and Shakespeare here presents us with the startling truth, which is confirmed by the whole calendar of crime, that criminals are partially or wholly wanting in the faculty of imagination. With Lady Macbeth now lies the line of action. Her influence and overmastering will must bind the monitor keeping guard of Macbeth's action, and allow free scope to his evil desire. She plies the weapon that is ever invincible in a woman's hand. Lady Macbeth taunts him with cowardice. She would question his valor as a soldier, as a man of honor who had sworn to do this, and now he is afraid and has become a weakling. Touched to the quick by the woman he loves, and strengthened by the simplicity of the plan she presents for the accomplishment of the deed, he is settled in his purpose, and he determines "False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

No sooner has the deed been committed than the imagination again awakens, and he hears piercing voices from every side, "Macbeth doth murder sleep:" "Macbeth shall sleep no more." Lady Macbeth's firm purpose and steady nerve come to complete the action, and cover up the traces of the deed, which would

undo them all. Her will is sufficiently powerful to crush any rising picture of the imagination, and she only sees and deals with the facts just as they are. In the moments of his greatest excitement she is cool and collected, forgetting nothing. The discovery and confusion follow in rapid succession, and our pent-up feelings have only been relieved for a moment by the droll humor of the Porter.

Macbeth is crowned King, but his mind is full of scorpions, which torment him day and night. In the way of peace and content Banquo and Fleance lie, and by contemplating deeds of dreadful note, he intends to "Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond, which keeps me pale." "Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill." From this moment we see Macbeth tempest-tossed, able to support himself only in action, and by planning still more direful plots. At the banquet he is saved from complete overthrow at the lash of his wronged imagination only through the strong nerve of Lady Macbeth. But on he plunges into a whirl of passion, into that conflict between the brood of spirits in the natural heart and that Divine imagination, to extinguish which Macbeth hopes for rest. The powers of darkness triumph in such a conflict. Macduff is now in his way, and to add new fuel to his already frenzied mind, he consults the weird sisters, who allure him on to his dread ruin.

A respite we gain from our intensely strained feelings, as we look in upon the happy home of the castle in Fife. The wise, sweet converse of the loyal child with his mother is a bit of child life left us by Shakespeare, prized the more, because so seldom given. It is but a moment, and "Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer." The pitiless slaughter of Lady Macduff and her pretty babes, the news of it brought by the faithful Ross to Macduff, and the anguish of the brave soldier, "All my pretty ones? Did you say all?" are scenes that would move the heart of stone, and we are relieved by a flood of tears. Macbeth's cup of iniquity is now full, and as it must be, he meets face to face with Macduff, the avenger of blood, who knows no mercy. Too late Macbeth

discovers that he has been the dupe of juggling fiends. The mask is withdrawn that concealed his once better self, and he falls, the monster that Macduff paints him, among "the legions of horrid hell."

It is not necessary to form the opinion

of Lady Macbeth that hers was a gross nature, or that she was a monster in womanly form, in order to account for the demon forces which she brought into existence to carry out the pride and ambition of her heart. Nor was she



DRAWN BY FREDERIC W. FALLS.

MACBETH—" Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff."—Act V., Scene VII.

wanting in imagination, although when the matter of her ambition appeared to be within her grasp, she cast aside everything fantastical, and became the woman of fact and of action. To make up the defects of her husband's nature, she assumes the sternness and energy of will that turned even her hospitality into an occasion favorable to the accomplishment of the dreadful deed. She maintained this unnatural nerve throughout. Once she is made bold by "that which made them drunk," and once only is she herself, when there breaks through the defences around her better nature, that flash of the imagination, like a guardian angel, that stays her hand ready to raise the dagger and do the deed herself. "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't."

While Macbeth is weak, she must be strong; but the moment that Macbeth finds relief in rushing headlong into other crimes, made possible through her teaching, but yet beyond her worst councils; she loses the occasion for action, and only need "applaud the deed." Left much to herself and the quietness of the halls of Dunsinnane Castle,

"She is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest."

Nature must eventually be obeyed.

The imagination which would have saved her was crushed beneath an o'ermastering will, but now it rises to re-assert itself with redoubled strength. Unsparring, unmerciful, it illumines the dark laboratory of the soul, and each hidden blot of the horrid deed comes out in bold relief. Here at last are the wages of a violated conscience! Here is a soul tortured by its own image from which there is no escape.

Macbeth may ask,

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
And with some secret, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?"

But the appearance of Lady Macbeth with the lighted taper in the corridors of her palace, with eyes open, yet closed to the world of sense, in the midnight watches, too plainly tell that there is no earthly balm to restore peace and rest. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten that little hand."

As Lady Macbeth withdraws from our view, we feel a thrill from the vacant stare, and from the strange voice, "To bed! To bed!" We draw the curtain on a life so freighted with despair, nor would we lift it to see the last agony of the parting soul, but leave it with the deep mysteries of the fathomless unknown.

T. M. Macintyre.



OUTING AND RECREATION.

HOCKEY IN ONTARIO.

BY F. G. ANDERSON.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM, 1894-95.

TO every ardent lover of athletic sports hockey must prove a very interesting and fascinating game, not only from the point of view of the participant, but also from that of a spectator. Since its inception in Ontario, not many years ago, so uninterruptedly successful has been its career, and to such eminence has it arisen in the public esteem, that it now holds a foremost place in the realm of Canadian winter sports, a position from which it is not apt to be removed for many years to come.

As to the origin of the game, but little is known. It is generally admitted, however, that hockey is the result of many years' scientific development of the old

and very formidable game called "Shinty," but the new game has been so far developed in that scientific respect that one can now hardly see any traces whatever of the old-fashioned game. In the west, hockey is only in its infancy, and we are yet unable to successfully cope with our more experienced brethren from the east and north-west.

The Ontario Hockey Association, under whose guiding hand the game in the Province is now played, was not formed until 1890, but since its formation its career has been one of steady, upward rising, until now it is looked upon as one of the strongest athletic associations existing on this side of the water. Before

that year, however, the game was played considerably in Kingston and Ottawa, but comparatively little in Toronto, and not at all in the western counties.

At the first meeting of the Association there were representatives present from the Victoria, Osgoode Hall, Granite, St. George's, Athletic and "C" School Clubs of Toronto; Ottawa sent representatives from the Rebel and Ottawa City Clubs, and Queen's College was also represented along with the Royal Military College, Bowmanville, Lindsay and Port Hope. The easterners, comprising the Ottawa Teams, Queen's, Royal Military College and Lindsay were ushered into one group and the city clubs into another. St. George's had rather an easy task of winning the city group, and Ottawa the eastern; the latter club eventually winning the Ontario championship, thus becoming the first club to have had the honor of winning the handsome challenge cup, presented by Major A.M. Cosby, the first president of the Association.

During that year but little was known of the game, and owing to the fact that the various matches had to be played at such unseasonable hours, the rink managers refusing to allow hockeyists the use of the ice during the regular skating hours, very few patronized the games. But when the Ottawa club at the end of that year made a visit to Toronto and played two games, this was the commencement of the glorious career which the knowing ones predicted hockey was bound to have. The visiting team played the St. George's club in the afternoon and Osgoode Hall in the evening, at the Victoria Rink, and won the games with but little exertion. After these matches it was apparent that the game had come to stay.

In the following year the Ottawas were again the victors, the final match being played on the Granite Rink against Osgoode Hall before one of the largest assemblage of spectators that have yet witnessed this most fascinating of games. The sport had by this time become so popular with spectators that the rink was, on the evening of that game, taxed to its fullest extent, and large and commodious as it is, the crowds who flocked

to see the game could not be accommodated, and many were, of necessity, unwillingly turned away from the doors. This game was one of the most exciting that it has been my privilege to witness.

It was during this year that the bankers of Toronto, following the example of their brethren in Montreal, organized an association which has now developed into a very formidable organization. The keenest rivalry exists between the respective banks that compete therein, and some excellent hockey may be witnessed at any time when two of the evenly-matched teams from these institutions compete. But more of this hereafter.

In the year 1893-4 there was a disruption in the ranks of the Ontario Hockey Association, and the Ottawa club during that season severed its connection with the Association, and are now members of an association comprising teams from Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, and styled the "Canadian Hockey Association." Osgoode Hall were again the winners in the western group, Queen's in the eastern. In the final match the legal lights came off victorious. What hockey enthusiast does not remember the game that was played between those two rival teams at the Caledonian Rink, on the last day of February, 1894. It so happened that the weather on that evening was very mild, as it had been for the two or three days preceding; but it was thought by the wise heads that, owing to the unsteady winter of that year, possibly no ice would be available unless the game were played on the appointed day, and so it proved to be. But what ice and what slush this match was played in every lover of the game knows. I speak without exaggeration when I say that at every stroke the skates of the players would sink to the soles of their boots. Anyone who has any knowledge of the game can realize what it meant to play through the allotted time under such circumstances. Neither team could, of course, show its true form but both were anxious and eager to attain the coveted victory. The Queen's College team were equally as confident of ultimate success as Osgoode, and had

the ice been *glare* on the evening in question, it is safe to say that the match would, at any rate, have been as close as it eventually turned out to be. Osgoode won by the narrowest possible margin 3-2, Queen's scoring both their goals in the first eight minutes.

Steps were taken to arrange a match

During this year, the towns in the northern and western part of Ontario caught the fever, and clubs were organized in all the places which could boast of any rink whatever. Many of these "budding *débutantes*" had the courage to enter the ranks of the Ontario Hockey Association, thus compelling



OSGOODE HALL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM, 1893-94.

between the respective winners of the Quebec and Ontario championships, but owing to the curious complications, which had arisen in the eastern Association, namely, four of the clubs being a tie, thus necessitating several other matches before proclaiming a winner in that group, the contest could not be arranged.

that body to divide the various clubs into so many districts, a scheme which has so far proven a great success. The best teams west of Toronto are now to be found in London, Stratford, Ayr and Berlin. The following are also members of the Ontario Hockey Association;—Hamilton, Barrie, Guelph, Petrollea,

Sarnia, Chatham, Galt, Ingersoll, Peterboro', Bowmanville, Cobourg and Port Hope. Trinity College has also lately joined the ranks, and in 1894-5 its representatives proved themselves to be athletes of the first order.

The Association had, when the annual meeting for 1894-5 was held, control over such a number of clubs, that it was only by judicious planning that a satisfactory schedule was arranged. 'Varsity proved the winner of the city group, and were compelled to journey east to play Queen's,

however, eventually proved the victors, defeating Trinity University in the final match easily, thus acquiring their first hold on the Cosby championship cup.

The Intercollegiate League was formed during this year, but owing to the short season and the many matches required to be played in the Ontario Hockey Association, the series could not be finished.

The Junior series of the Ontario Hockey Association also has in its ranks many really first-class clubs, Peterboro',



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE TEAM, 1894-95.

but for some unaccountable reason they were overwhelmingly defeated by the Presbyterians from the old college—but that it is my desire, far from it, that I should for a moment intend by this to belittle the team from Kingston—but the score was so unevenly balanced that one could hardly imagine that a team composed of such sterling hockeyists as 'Varsity had in their ranks, could, without something being radically wrong, be so ignominiously defeated as the representatives of that college were. Queen's,

Limestones of Kingston, and the Granite Colts requiring special mention.

Another league was formed in 1893 under the name of "The Toronto Junior Hockey League," and within its fold are junior teams from 'Varsity, Victorias, Granites, and Osgoode, and the senior teams of Upper Canada College and Parkdale Collegiate Institute. This league is prospering, and it is safe to say the various clubs therein are now training up many a young hockeyist, who in a very short time will gain a well de-

served place on the senior teams of the city and province.

Now as to the Bankers' Association. This was formed in 1891, and is quite a factor in hockey circles to-day; in fact, the interest in the game in these institutions outclasses, to the minds of the bankers at any rate, the interest in the games of the Ontario Hockey Association. Within the circles of the various teams may be found men whom it would be hard to equal in any other of the city teams, nay even in the Dominion. Such, for instance, as Macdonell and Nourse, of the Commerce; Rankin and Carruthers, of the Bank of Toronto; and young Wiley of the Dominion, might find their way to a position on any team. But to my mind, there is too much rough play unnecessarily indulged in during the progress of the games between the rival institutions, and this tends to lower the game as a game, both from players' and spectators' points of view. It is quite true that in no game are there so many little "side plays" totally unobserved by the spectators, and the probabilities are that when one loses his temper (and has the bad grace to show it on the ice) that that player has become so enraged at his opponent's underhand dodges, that he, in a state of effervescence and feverish excitement, cannot contain himself any longer. Many battered ankles, tattered hands, and effective body blows are given during the progress of a match that a spectator would not dream of, and although in this game the malicious player has probably a better chance to escape the optics of a well-informed referee, yet there is probably no game played where the players come into bodily contact with each other, that some of the injuries referred to above are not *en evidence*. But to remedy this latent defect would require rules which would make the game rather slow and uninteresting.

The Queen's College team of 1894 was probably the strongest college team that that institution has ever turned out. They have the best combination game of any team that has ever played in this city, barring Winnipeg. Captain Guy Curtis is a wonderfully good defence

man, "lifts well," and has good control of his team. On the forward line are MacLennan, Cunningham, Rayside and Weatherhead, and it would be hard to produce a better matched, all-round four than these. Their combination is a sight to behold, each can play an individual game if that is desired, their shooting is of the cannon ball variety, and they are, moreover, very swift on their steels.

Varsity have in Captain Sheppard a really first-class player, he being a veritable "artful dodger," but has an inclination to be a little selfish in his play. Bradley is one of the best shots we have, and when he really gets down to work is hard to beat. Gilmour and Barr are good, conscientious, hard-working forwards.

Patterson, captain of the Osgoode team, is the fastest man in the west, and the best stick handler in the city, but is also inclined to be a little selfish with the puck. Henry is a very capable forward, and a good man in a scrimmage near the goal. W. A. Gilmour is a hard man to pass at cover, and his pluck and determination carry him through many a hard struggle. Of the champion team of 1893-4, Smellie has commenced the active practice of his profession at Ottawa. Everyone will remember "the only James," who was probably the best hockeyist that ever handled a stick for a Toronto team. He was noted for his bull-dog tenacity in staying with anything that came his way, and was generally on top when the *melée* was concluded. As an all-round sport it will be many moons before Toronto will produce such another. Kerr has retired from the game altogether. He was a staunch, reliable player, and could fill any position on the team with credit. Martin is also on the retired list, and although he retired of necessity after his first season, he showed while playing the game, that he was always on the alert, and could generally stop anything he could reach. Cunningham is now practicing law in Kingston, and playing with Queen's. Boys is the best cover point in the west, and is very sure of foot. He is the gamest player that could be found on any team. The other mem-

ber of the team (the writer) is still with the Hall boys, heart and soul in everything they go into, but also will seek seclusion during the coming season.

The Hamilton "Tigers" should have a good team, as they always play a plucky, hard game in any sport they go into, but it seems the owners of their rink do not give them any encouragement whatever.

Trinity University has the making of a first-class team; their strongest point, however, is in goal. Young Jack McMurrich simply outclasses in that position any man we have in the ranks of the Ontario Hockey Association. Douglas is a clever man in his position at point, and of the forwards, Senkler and Robertson are always in at the finish.

Neither the Granites nor Victorias were strong numerically last year, but such individual players as Brummell, Forsayeth and Helliwell, of the latter, and Walker, Carruthers and Lillie, of the former, cannot be passed by without mention.

It is said the Victorias will have two of Montreal's best players. If this be true, they will strengthen the Vics considerably.

The Victoria Club, of Winnipeg, are to be highly commended for the course they have adopted the last two years in journeying to this province to compete for honors here. This adds an impetus to the game which is felt for a certainty. This team clearly outrivals the best team that can be placed in the field in this province, and plays good, fast, clean hockey.

They contemplate making another trip this year, their last having been so successful, losing but one match out of seven played.

We were also last year favored by a visit from a team composed of students from Yale and Harvard Universities, who were only novices at the game, but who were anxious to learn something thereof. They carried away with them pleasant recollections of Canada and the game, and it is now an established fact that artificial ice, if natural be not obtainable, will be utilized to play the game upon by our neighbors of the land across the line.

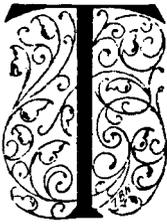
Of the many out-door athletic sports, hockey is probably the hardest to excel at. Although lasting only one hour, this period of time is generally considered to be quite long enough for the participants. One requires to be in the very best of trim to stand a good hard match, as it is one continual rush, and in the west the rinks are so small that stoppages and turns must, of necessity, be sudden and sharp, thereby making it more difficult to attain any degree of speed. The possibilities of hockey, however, cannot be over-estimated, and it is safe to say that it will be many a long day before the exodus of the game be seen, if ever. It has not degenerated to semi-professionalism so far, like many of our other sports, and if the same zeal and spirit are inspired into the game from this period on that have already been instilled, nothing can dethrone it from the position it now occupies.

Fred. G. Anderson.



THE NEW CANADIAN SHIP CANAL AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

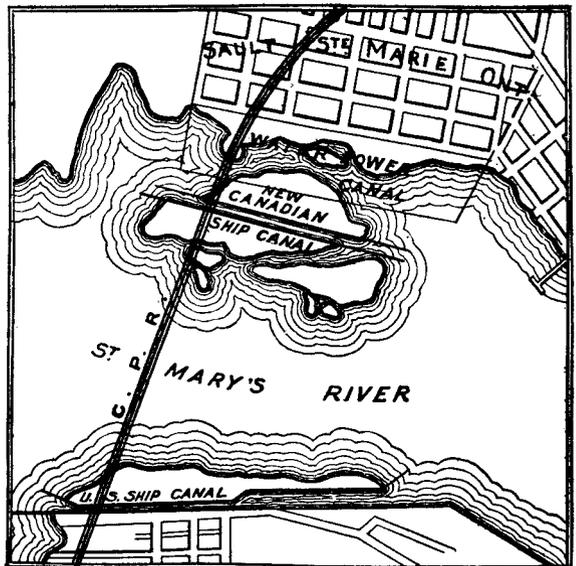
BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



THE opening of the Canadian Soo Canal to traffic in September last, was an event in the domestic history of Canada, denoting the progressiveness and prosperity of our people, and the growing national need of greater and independent avenues for increasing commerce. In no less a degree do the dimensions and superior quality of the work of this, Canada's latest triumph, testify to the march of engineering science and skill and the admirable fact that Canada was able to furnish from her own resources the means, the men, the supervising intellect, the architectural brains, the mechanical and manual skill, and the plant in all its various essential parts, necessary in the undertaking and construction of such a tremendous work. Every individual concerned in the construction of the canal, every part of it, was, as is the finished work itself, Canadian; and the achievement and consummation, therefore, of the desire of twenty-five years ago and of the determination made by the Canadian Parliament eighteen years later, is a splendid monument to the progressive policy of those who, with a keen eye to the unlimited resources and possibilities of Canada, saw fit in the interests of the country to take the initial step toward the construction of a work which has already given a practical and most satisfactory illustration of its great value in regard to the Canadian marine trade, and commerce, and general national development and advancement.

In dealing in a brief article with a matter of such national importance and interest as the Canadian Soo Canal it is best, in justice to the subject, to touch upon separately and only the facts which impress the writer as being of the greatest comparative importance and possible interest to the reader. Apart from the apparent and admirable reality that the canal in all its various natural phases of inception, progress, construction and completion has been thoroughly Canadian in the best sense of the word, there are three prominent points which naturally present themselves as concerning and embracing the whole subject, namely: the cause or causes responsible for the undertaking, and the result (within the space of time which has elapsed since the completion of the work) which may be said to faintly foreshadow the grander and illimitable results to be attained in the future.

The exact geographical position and topographical environment of Sault Ste. Marie are too well known to every one to



PLAN SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE NEW CANAL.

require reference here. Directly south of the flourishing Canadian town is the American town of St. Mary's, between them the island of St. Mary's, the river of the same name, and—the rapids. The last named have a fall of one foot in a

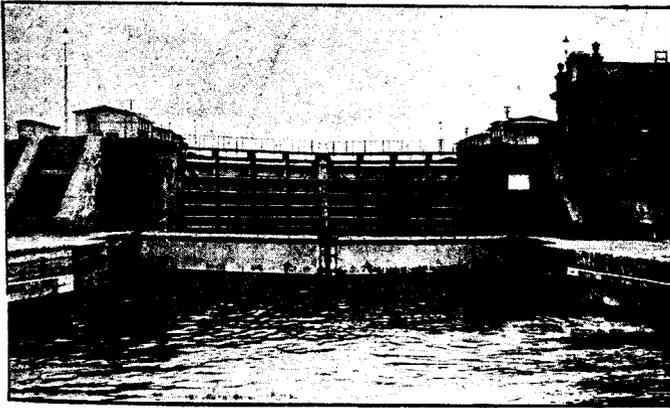
and improved to the present proportions by the United States Government some years later. The refusal in 1870 of the American Eagle, as represented by U. S. Grant, to allow the passage of Canadian troops (under the newly-ap-



SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

little less than two hundred feet for the total length of the canal through the island, which is something under three quarters of a mile; and the canal's entire length (including the approaches which have necessitated a great amount of

pointed commander of the British Forces) *en route* to Fort Garry to put down the Riel rising there, through their canal, and the consequent and more costly conduct of the troops by another route, convinced the newly confederate provinces



SAULT STE. MARIE LOCK, AND POWER HOUSE.

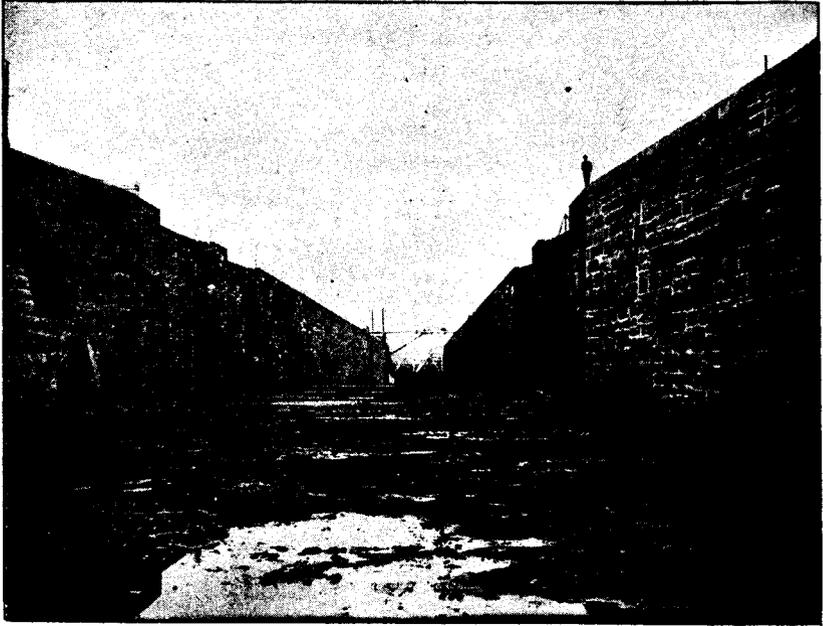
excavation) at the upper and lower entrances to the canal proper is about three and a half miles.

Canal service at the "Soo" was initiated in 1855, when the first lock was built on the Michigan shores; enlarged

and the Government of the supreme necessity of a Canadian and independent canal. Probably Ulysses, returned from the wars, looked with a jealous eye upon the possibility of a neighboring nation quelling a rebellion within its own borders

in short order since he had taken so long to win his own battles. But the conviction forced upon the Canadian people did not bear fruit, despite intermittent flashes of the comparative urgency of the matter, until eighteen years later, when Parliament took the subject practically and decisively in hand, passed the bill, called for tenders, and let the contract the same year; and a Canadian Soo canal, superb, superior to the existing American one, became an assured feature of the steadily growing greatness of the Dominion and added testimony to the increasing needs of a prospering nation.

straight with the walls of the chamber. Compared with the present American canal in use, the Canadian one takes first place. The lock of the former has a curved chamber little more than half the length of that of the Canadian lock and has eight feet less of depth. The Canadian lock can be filled in half the time required by the other, and can accommodate more vessels, one behind the other, at one lockage; not to refer again to the most important fact of all, that the Canadian lock can admit not only vessels of much greater draught than the American, but vessels of the greatest draught



WEST END APPROACH BEFORE COMPLETION.

The first plans for the lock were altered for the better, the chief and most commendable changes consisting in the lengthening and deepening of the chamber; and these second plans are still further improved upon by the additional lengthening of the chamber between the gates to 900 feet, with a navigable depth of 22 feet in the lock, and of 22 feet at lowest water mark in the river below the lock. The third and final plans also included the reduction of the width of chamber and gates from 100 feet to 60 feet and the alteration of curved entrances to lines

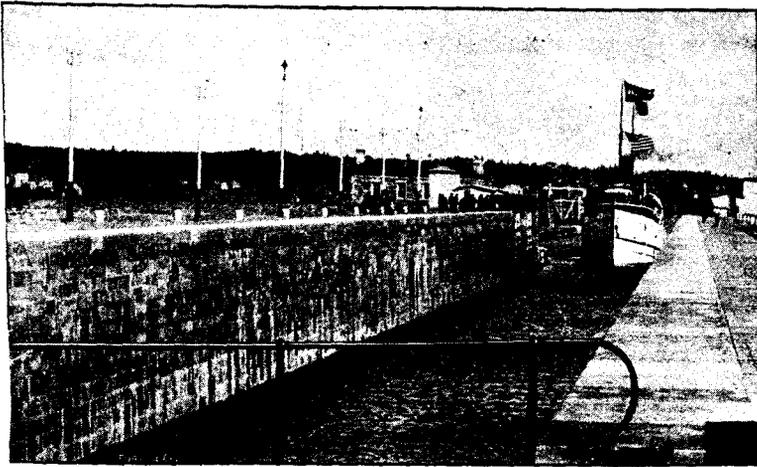
that are now plying upon any of the Great Lakes.

Meantime, however, the American Government (inspired no doubt by the news that Canada contemplated building a canal of her own, and which they intuitively guessed would when completed be superior to their own) commenced building a new lock near to and parallel with their present one in use. But as an illustration of the industry and ability of the men concerned in the building of the Canadian lock, and the rapidity of its construction and completion, it may be

remarked that while the Americans began work on their new lock at a time when the Canadian canal was only thought of, Canada's lock has been completed while the one on the opposite shore is still in course of construction. Nor will this new American lock when finished be the superior of the Canadian lock, as many may have supposed. Canada will still have a lock with the greatest length of chamber, and equally efficient in the matter of depth; without the hazardous element of gates one hundred feet wide, which will be the width of those of the new American lock. In regard to these great gates it may be remarked that the United

building, it may be remarked that while the Americans concerned in the construction of their present lock considered that gates eighty feet wide might be risky, the late Mr. Trudeau, who was Deputy Minister of Public Works and who supervised the final plans of the Canadian lock, when amending the second plans considered that the use of gates one hundred feet wide would be exceedingly unwise, and it is presumed risky in the same ratio as that decided by the Americans in regard to their eighty foot gates.

When the new American lock is complete, therefore, the Canadian lock will be its superior in length, its equal in



STEAMER ENTERING THE LOCK.

States engineering authorities who were connected with the building of the present American lock in use considered that gates eighty feet wide might not be a perfectly safe investment; and in consequence of this decision the chamber was reduced in width 20 feet at the entrances, and gates of that proportion used. Hence the "pocket" conformation of the chamber of the present American lock, which has been found responsible for some degree of damage to the chamber itself and to vessels; apart from the fact of the loss of precious time, due to this "pocketing," spent in getting away. Moreover, in regard to the great width of the gates of the American lock now

depth and (if, on account of its greater cubic chamber space, the American lock will take longer to fill than the Canadian lock) the equal of the American lock in breadth from a time-saving accommodation point of view.

The Canadian Soo Canal is the great and independent waterway link between the East and the great Canadian West. Canada in the future will be thoroughly independent of her neighbor. Indeed, it is probable that American vessels will seek the Canadian lock. The increasing growth of Canada's marine service, the rapid development of her great West and the consequent increase of commerce, will be stimulated by the possession of

an independent waterway between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. It may seem premature to refer to what the effect of the new Canadian canal has already been; but for the three weeks in September following the opening of the canal an average of about twenty vessels per day, having an aggregate registered tonnage of considerable over three hundred thousand tons, were locked through our new Canadian canal. These figures speak for themselves, as the canal will, in the future, speak for itself in even more convincing numbers.

In this age of engineering feats it is a question of reasonable speculation to affirm that the day is not far distant when Canada will have her Georgian Bay Canal route as well. From Port Arthur to the sea, and all by way of Canada,

will ring well and true. But it will do more than that. The trade of the great West will be stimulated even further; the great mines of iron, nickel, silver, gold will be stimulated; the atmosphere of the titanic trade of the ocean and ocean ports will penetrate to the heart of the Dominion, as the ocean steamers themselves will penetrate and pass up and down our then great waterway. Villages will blossom into towns, towns into cities, and our cities will lose themselves in their new growth. The people will be incalculably benefited; all industrial enterprises will be further promoted and stimulated; population will be doubled, trebled; and Canada will possess, in addition to the greatest national railway, the most important system of waterways in the world.

Charles Gordon Rogers.



“HOW BATEESE CAME HOME.”

BY W. H. DRUMMOND.

Illustrations by J. B. Lagacé.



WHEN I was young boy on de farm—dat's twenty year ago
I have wan frien' he's leev near me, call Jean Bateese
Trudeau,
An' offen w'en we are alone, we like for spik about
De tam dat we was come beeg man, wit' moustache on
our mout'.

Bateese is get it on hees 'ead, he's too moche h'educate
For mak' de farmer *habitant*, he better go on State—
Ah' so wan summer h'evening, we're drivim home de cow
He's tole me all de whole biz-*ness*, jus' like you 'ear me
now.

“Wat's use mak' foolish on de farm, dere's no good chances lef'
An' all de tam you *be* poor man—you know dat's true youse'ff
We never get no fun at all—don't never go on spree—
Unless we pass on 'noder place, an' mak' it some mon-*ee*.

I go on *Les Etats Unis*, I go dere right away,
An' den meb-*be* on ten, twelf year, I be riche man some day,
An' w'en I mak' de large for-*tune* I come back, I s'pose
Wit' Yankee wife from off de State, an' monee on my clothes.

I tole you someting else also, *Mon Cher Napoleon*—
I get de *grande majorité* for go on *Parlement*,
Den buil' fine house on *bordél'eau* near w'ere de church is stan',
More finer dan de *Presbytere*, w'en I am come rich man."

I say, "For w'at you spik like dat, you mus' be gone craz-ee.
Dere's plaintee feller on de State more smarter dan you be,
Beside she's not so heal'tee place, an' if you mak' *l'argent*
You spen' it jus' like Yankee man, an' not like *habitant*."

"For *me*, Bateese, I tole you dis, I'm very satisfy,
De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some day bigosh he die,
An' s'pose you got good trotter hoss, an' nice *famme Canadienne*,
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat, w'at more you want, ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop him at all,
He's buy de *seconde classe tiquette* for go on Central Fall,
An' wit' two t'ree some more de boy, w'at tink de sam' he do,
Pass on de train de very nex' week, was let' *Riviere du Loup*.

* * * * *



Waal, mebbe fifteen years or more since Bateese go away,
I fin' meseff *Riviere du Loup* wan cole, cole winter day,
De quick h'express she's come, hooraw! but stop de soon she can,
An' beeg, swell feller jump off car, dat's boss by neeger man.

He's dressim on de *premiere classe*, an' got new suit of clothes,
Wit' long moustache dat's stickim out de noder side hees nose,
Fine gole watch chain, nice portmanteau, an' very good h'overcoat,
Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red tie on hees t'roat.

I say, "Hello! Bateese, Hello!! *Comment cà va Mon Vieux?*"
He say "H'excuse to me, my frien', I t'ink I don't know you."
I say "Dat's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese Trudeau,
Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, 'bout fifteen years ago?"

He say, "Oh, yass, dat's sure enough, I know you now firse rate;
But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on de State.
Dere's 'noder t'ing, keep on your 'ead, ma frien', dey mus' be tole
Ma nam's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole."

"Hole on de Water's, fonny nam' for man wat's call Trudeau!"
 My frien' dey all was spik like dat, an' I am tole him so.
 He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus' about de sam',
 An' if you go for leev on State you mus' have Yankee nam'."

Den we h'invite him come wit' us "*Hotel du Canada*,"
 W'ere he was treat mos' h'ev'ry tam, but can't tak' "*whiskey Blanc*,"
 He say dat's leetle strong for man, jus' come off Central Fall,
 An' "*tabac Canayen*" *bedamme!* he won't smoke dat at all.

But fancy drink like Colling John! de way he put it down
 Was long tam since I don't see dat—I t'ink he's goin' drown—
 An' fine cigar, cos' five cent each, an' mak' on *Trois Rivières!*
L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem—for monee he don't care!

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock, w'en we are t'roo dat night.
 Bateese, his fader come for him, an' tak' him home all right.
 De ole man say Bateese spik French w'en he is place on bed,
 An' say bad word—but very nex' day forget it on hees 'ead.



Waal, all de winter w'en we have *soiree* dat's very swell,
 Bateese Trudeau *dit* Waterhole go dere for mash de gell
 He say he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring is come *encore*,
 He's buy de *premiere classe tiquette* for go on State some more.

* * * * *

You 'member w'en de hard tam com on *Les Etats Unis*,
 An' plaintee *Canayens* go back for stay deir own Contree?
 Waal, jus' about dat tam again I go *Riviere du Loup*
 For sole me two-t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle visit, too.

De freight train she is jus' arrive—onlee ten hour delay—
 She's never carry passengaire—dat's wat dey alway say—
 I see poor man on *char* caboose, he's got him small valise,
 Bigosh I nearly tak' de fit,—it is, it is Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "*Bonjour, mon Vieux*,
 I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was h'educate wit' you?
 I jus' come off de State for see ma familee *encore*,
 I bus' meseff on Central Fall—I don't go dere no more,

I got no monee—not at all—I'm broke it up for sure ;
 Dat's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman, Joe Latour,
 He's broder-in-law de frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,
 Conductor too's good *Canayen*, don't h'ax me no *tiquette*."

I tak' Bateese wit me once more "*Hotel du Canadaw*,"
 An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good "*Whiskey Blanc*."
 Dat's warm him up, on' den he eat mos' h'ev'ryt'ing he see—
 I watch de whole biz-*ness* meseff—*Monjee!* he was hongree!!

Madame Charette, wat's keep de place, get very moche h'excite
 For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight,
Du pain doré—potato pie, an' 'noder t'ing be dere,
 But w'en Bateese is get him troo—dey go I don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "*Bateese come off de State*,"
 An' purty soon we have beeg crowd like village she's *en fête*,
Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau heseff, he's comin' wit de pries'
 An' pass him on de "*Room for Eat*," w'e're he is see Bateese.



Den h'ev'rybody feel it glad for watch de *embrasser*,
 An' bimeby de ole man spik, "*Bateese, you here for stay?*"
 Bateese he's cry like small babbee, "*Bâ J'eux rester ici*
 An' if I never see de State I'm sure I don't care—me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off, "*I place you on de farm*
 For help you poor ole fader—won't do you too moche harm.
 Please come wit' me on *Magasin*—I fix you up, *bâ oui*,
 An' den w'e're ready for go home an' see de familiee."

Waal, w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de *Magasin*,
 Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress like *Canayen*,
 Wit' *bottes sauvage*—*Ceinture fleché*—an' coat wit' *capuchon*,
 An' spik *Français au naturel*—de sam' as *habitant*,

I see Bateese de 'oder day—he's works hees fader's place,
 I t'ink meseff he's satisfy—I see dat on hees face.
 He say "I got no use for State, *Mon Cher Napoleon*,
 Kebeck she's good enough for me—*Hooraw pour Canadaw.*"

W. H. Drummond.



IN A BOLIVIAN MIRAGE.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.



SABEL and Doris were talking in a low voice together in the drawing room before dinner. It was New Year's week, and the early winter evening was already growing dusk without.

The girls had been inseparable at college, and in consequence of a firm belief on the part of both that it would be impossible to enjoy the holiday festivities away from each other, Isabel was now visiting Doris.

The night before an old friend of Doris' father had arrived unexpectedly in the city from some foreign land, and it was of this mysterious Mr. Percival Craig, that Doris was speaking.

They had both been introduced to him on the previous evening, after returning from a ball, as they stood for a moment in the hall, with all their wraps on. They had only seen him then for an instant, but he was to return to dinner in the evening.

"He is a very old friend of papa's," Doris said, "and I believe they went to college together, though I don't remember ever having heard papa speak of him."

"And you never saw him before?"

"No, never! He is some years younger than papa. He went away into some foreign country, Bolivia, or Bulgaria, or some place like that, when he and papa were boys. Isn't he handsome?"

"I hardly caught a glimpse of him."

"Oh, I never saw such a handsome man before in my life."

"Neither did I," Isabel admitted with charming inconsistency. "That dark hair and heavy, gray moustache give him such a wonderfully distinguished air; and what a grand manner he has, as though he were at the court of an Emperor!"

"Very likely the people of Bolivia are all that way!"

"Possibly; and he was never married?"

"No. Papa says not; and he doesn't seem to be exactly that sort, does he?"

"Charlie Fisher's sort, do you mean, Doris? Well, no, not exactly: I imagine he must know a great deal of the world."

"Isabel, it always pains me, you know, to have that person's name mentioned to me. Oh, how can you do it? And I'm sure—I'm sure, Isabel," Doris went on, with a tremor in her voice, and taking a handkerchief melodramatically, "I'm sure I have never made any person suffer wilfully—you know I haven't."

Mr. Fisher had certainly accused Doris of this, and in very bitter terms; and, indeed, was at the present moment, by his own account, in the act of awaiting death with a resignation bordering almost on gayety in its tragic willingness.

Isabel sympathetically changed the subject.

"Don't you think Mr. Craig is very cynical—he seems to look right through

one—and he listens to you so deliberately that you see how foolish what you are saying is, even as you are saying it. He never helps you on when you are speaking, and he is so blandly serious even about the weather—Doris, don't you think Mr. Craig is very objectionable?"

"Why, Isabel, I thought he had a very kind manner. I think he has a very musical voice, too, and they say you can form a very true estimate of the character by the voice."

But before these matters could be further discussed, Doris was called away, and hardly had she left the room when Isabel, looking carelessly from the window, saw Percival Craig himself get down from a carriage, and mount the flight of stone steps. The vehicle drove away, and the next moment she could hear him enter the outer hall.

She had caught a full view of his face under the electric light as he crossed the sidewalk, and she had hurriedly sunk back from view in her little chair with a feeling almost of timidity at the thought of meeting such a formidable personage at dinner.

She was in the act of wondering what she could possibly say that would not appear girlish and academic when the time came to meet him formally. The time was nearer at hand than she thought, for the next minute the door from the library suddenly opened. The library was used for a smoking room by the literary gentlemen of the household.

Isabel turned her head and was met by the last night's guest.

Bowing with an elaborate apology, Mr. Percival Craig was about to withdraw upon seeing her, when Isabel rose to her feet with a frightened little smile, and murmured her pleasure at an interruption, which he was making an artificial pretence of taking very much to heart.

The fact was Mr. Craig had altogether forgotten her. Having only seen her in her winter cloak the night before, and then but for a moment, and not being a man who took particular interest in young ladies fresh from boarding school, his failure to recognize her on the present occasion was quite excusable perhaps; but Isabel, in her soft confusion,

had not grasped this fact, or she would have been very much humiliated, and might possibly have succeeded in becoming very dignified. It was a question how long it would be before Mr. Craig would let drop something which would show Isabel the true state of things.

As she stood up in the soft rosy light of the drawing room, she looked very dainty. From the shining braids of her brown hair a ringlet or so had fallen loose about her ears and upon her round neck. She had a very delicate complexion, and wore a blue tea gown.

There was something odd, indeed, something quite inexplicable about this gown, which Doris had noticed in one of their conversations; but Isabel said the idea had come to her, she hardly knew how. She had dreamt it some place. Doris said that it was a very impressive gown, at all events.

It certainly seemed to make a powerful impression upon Percival Craig, for he started back as he glanced at her more closely for a second time, and as she raised her eyes to him in gentle surprise, came to her side and took her hand tenderly in his own.

As he looked down at her, Isabel thought that this was the most extraordinary form of salutation she had ever experienced, and wondered vaguely if it was the Bolivian form of greeting.

Percival Craig, surmising her feelings, perhaps, released her hand immediately, and looked down into her demure little face very sadly.

"You must forgive me, my child," he said, "for I never expected to meet you here—tell me, dear, what is your name? Is it Millicent? I always thought it must be Millicent."

"No; Isabel."

"Mine is Percival—and you are not changed at all. Am I much changed? Have you forgotten how I used to look?"

"I—I don't understand."

"Ah! You have forgotten! Will I tell you all about myself since then?"

"Since—since—"

"Since I told you I loved you, Millicent—can't you remember, long, long ago—or will I tell you once more?"

"Tell me," Isabel answered, at a loss for anything else to say.

"Come, then, and let us sit down by the grate. You remember Vincennes Street?"

"I have seen it down town."

"That is the street. It was in the outskirts of the city then, and all the way from Vincennes to Rampart street was a wide field. On the east side of Vincennes Street there was a number of old-fashioned, brick buildings, nearly all of them surrounded by gardens, and all facing the common, as the vacant ground between the two streets was then called. There isn't a single one of those old houses standing now!"

"How the city has changed, Mr. Craig, since you remember it."

"Changed! Ah, Isabel, everything has changed but you. Those old houses are as completely forgotten now as—the lawsuit about the vacant land between Vincennes and Rampart streets. It had been in litigation for a generation when I first saw it, and I suppose it would have lain idle forever, if some court or other had not at length settled the matter between the residue of the heirs. It seems to be settled now, at all events, for the old common is covered with houses."

"How strange! And the City Hall must be standing right in that common, or am I making a mistake?"

"You are correct. When I was a student I lived in one of those old houses, and my room was in the attic. Next door was a somewhat smaller house. The blinds were always kept closed in front. Upon the side next me, however, there was a little dormer window, and I could see the red gleam of a lamp through the shutters at night sometimes. I often wondered who the occupant of the little chamber could be, for I never saw anybody at the window."

"But one afternoon, as I was poring over the dismal pages of my Tacitus, I heard the green Venetian blinds of the little dormer window thrown open."

"Did you watch the window afterwards?" Isabel asked, who had been listening to the story with wide-open eyes, and the mental attitude of protest which one might feel upon recognizing for the first time a disagreeable hallucination,

"Yes, I watched to see who had opened the window, and I saw you sitting there with some sewing in your lap, and you wore the same beautiful blue gown you are wearing now, my child. Don't you remember? I had never seen such a beautiful young girl before. The face I saw was very lovely—the sweetest face that was ever seen. I think you stole glances at me when I wasn't looking. I know I did at you when your eyes were bent down. But the next day, and at the same time in the afternoon, you opened your shutters again. I was at my Latin again as you did so. It was then that for the first time our eyes met, and, Millicent, I have never read a word of Tacitus since!"

"Was there anybody else?" Isabel asked. "Anybody beside the young girl?"

"She lived there alone with her father. He was a white-haired old man, and nobody in the city knew anything about him. It was quite an unusual distinction in those days to be unknown in our little town, I assure you."

"But after a day or so we looked wistfully into each others eyes, quite unabashed; don't you remember? There was something inexpressibly sweet in such boldness. I was very happy. I used to look forward to the afternoon when she would be sitting there with her sewing. In those days young girls paid more attention to sewing than to paleontology, and though their minds thus lacked improvement, their raiment was simple and their faces shy and comely. She always seemed to be most busy, as if her time was very precious; but I was very idle, I fancy."

"I sometimes wondered what she would do if I were to speak to her. I was afraid to venture so far, however, and even feared that she might not altogether like to have me looking across at her. Afterwards it occurred to me that she might be lonesome, and that I was almost like company for her, sitting at my desk with my books. I reflected, too, that if she did not like me she would certainly not sit at her window. It was very pleasant to think, having drawn these logical deductions, that she did not dislike me."

"Yet I could never learn who she was. I think they were very strange people. She looked as if her name was Millicent, and I liked to fancy that she was very unhappy, though I must confess, she looked very far from it.

"One evening, however, I saw her crying at her window, with her face hidden in her hands. There were tears on her soft cheeks, and the thick, brown curls had fallen from the shining net of silk.

"I wrote a little note, and threw it across to her. It was a very bold step, but sympathy made me bold, as you shall see. The folded paper fell at her elbow.

"When she had read it she smiled sadly toward me, and with a quick, shame-faced glance, turned her face away.

"I knew that she thought she had done a very forward thing to read it, and I wanted to tell her that I loved her all the more for it; but suddenly, without a moment's warning, she turned white, and with a startled look of fear, closed the blinds. Then all was still. I hadn't heard anybody speak to her from within.

"And now comes the very strangest part of all. In the middle of the night, or towards morning rather, I woke up and thought I could hear muffled and cautious sounds, out of doors near by. Going to my window, I faintly distinguished in the gray dusk before dawn a waggon standing in front of the house next door, The possessions of the strange old man, whatever they were, were being hurriedly thrown into it. At last the waggon drove quietly off in the gloom, and the old man soon afterwards followed it down the street towards the harbor.

"I was alarmed for the lonely girl. I had not seen her at all. After a long interval, however, during which I suffered the most painful suspense, she too came out all alone upon the quiet street. The sun was just rising. She did not go in the same direction which her father had taken, but crossed the thick, dewy grass of the common, going towards Rampart Street. I could only see her back. The blue gown I followed with my eyes.

"She was all alone in the world it seemed to me, and as boys do, I wanted to be at her side in her day of sorrow. When she reached the further edge of the field, she stood still a few moments

in the faint early sunlight and looked back. It was to take a last look. I could see her blue gown against the red brick walls as she stood there all alone. A faint spot of blue, like a far-off violet growing amid red, fallen leaves. She looked as if she were crying. She was homeless, perhaps, and with no place to lay her beautiful head.

"The impulse was too strong to set aside, and I followed her as soon as I could. It was only a moment afterwards, and yet, to my amazement, I could find no trace of her anywhere. For an hour I wandered about the empty streets alone, but she was gone.

"By morning the fugitives had disappeared as completely as the phantoms that are supposed to walk by night.

"We could never learn why they had made so strange a departure. No one in the town had anything against them. The danger had come and had gone, and only they had seen it. It was very mysterious. Who was it drove them away? We saw no one.

"My child, for many years I have been waiting to see that little maiden again. She is in the wide world somewhere I know, and we shall meet each other even yet; and I have been looking forward to this so long, so very long!"

"And you have never loved anyone else?" Isabel asked, now brought completely under the spell, and with softened eyes, "just for her sake."

"For Millicent's sake, and for my own, too,—you see, Isabel, I love you yet."

"And—did—did I remind you of her?"

"Why, Isabel, you are she; have I not said. I have discovered you at last after all this time—no, you cannot deny that I have found you again. Tell me where you have been all these years."

"But I am only twenty." Percival Craig stroked Isabel's hand, and shook his head sorrowfully.

In spite of her cooler judgment, which repeatedly asserted itself, Isabel found herself constantly regarding his highly colored revelation as a sober reality, and answering accordingly. It was as easy, and at the same time as difficult, to regard seriously as a Canto from the

Faerie Queene. But the calm and assured look upon Mr. Craig's face forbade any allegorical interpretation being put upon his extraordinary story.

"Perhaps it is my mother you have reference to," Isabel suggested after a long silence.

"Do you look like your mother?"

"Not at all; and I hardly think it could be my mother, for even if I do look like her, she was a minister's daughter, and though ministers sometimes move a great deal, they don't do it so unceremoniously. They make it an elaborate occasion of profit. The proceeding is generally solemnized by a donation party, and a purse containing thirteen or fourteen dollars, and a jet brooch for the minister's wife."

"Yes, I see; it could hardly have been your mother, so it must have been you, or if not you, then a dream. But it was you, yourself, Isabel; tell me; it cannot be that I must give you up at last."

"Oh, I wish—I wish it *had* been!"

This blissful confession called forth a look of joyous gratitude from Mr. Craig, but it seemed the next instant that Isabel had not fully realized when she had spoken the full significance of her words, for she turned away with a crimson cheek, and said tremulously,

"Oh, Mr. Craig, I didn't mean to say that. Why did you let me?"

"Because I wanted you to say it, Isabel. And remember, it was very long ago. I was only a boy then, and now, behold me, an aged man of thirty-seven, going down full of years and respectability to my grave."

"Do you think constantly of these matters, then?"

"Do not laugh at me, my child. I arrived in the city, as you know, at midnight, after all these years of absence. I walked up town alone through the silent streets, instead of taking a carriage. I wanted to fix in my mind the exact spot where we had lived so near together. Where the old garden and the orchard trees about our house used to be, there is a great block of buildings ten stories high now. Where the wooden pump at the corner used to stand there is now a brazen fountain with a medallion of Benjamin Franklin;

and where your house and garden used to be, there is one of those gigantic coops, or cages of iron and stone, which insurance companies delight to raise in the conspicuous places of great cities. All the way across to Rampart Street too, is a vast confused mass of large but extraordinarily ugly buildings."

"Did you not feel desolate, then?"

"Ah, Isabel! as I stood there in the cold, with the night snow blowing against my cheek, I can assure you I felt very desolate indeed. I wondered if you were also wandering about the wintry world, looking for me. I stood and waited. I thought that perhaps my Millicent might come around one of those granite corners presently, shrouded in a dark cloak with a glimpse of the blue dress beneath, and with her face very pale as she looked here and there for the old house."

"And when I was introduced to you at the foot of the stairs an hour later, what then?" This was said with the air of a barrister-at-law, and Isabel closed her lips and looked steadily at Mr. Craig.

It was at this point that Mr. Craig narrowly escaped betraying himself. Taking in the situation instantly, it surprised him now that so beautiful a face had made so slight an impression upon him then. But he asked with some adroitness and without hardly pausing,

"What were you dressed in, Isabel?"

"Pink."

"Ah, there it is, you see; the blue gown seems to have been necessary."

"Your imagination seems to subsist almost entirely upon blue, Mr. Craig, but did you not say a moment since that I was the young lady," Isabel answered, with growing archness.

"You took me so by surprise, when for the whole day I had been living over my boyhood, and trying to replace some of the old pictures in their own dear settings—and of a truth, my child, the resemblance is perfect, and you will forgive me."

"Look at me again," Isabel asked, with a glance of soft mischief and a new tone of resolution in her voice.

Their eyes met in a steady glance, and then they both laughed.

"Well, Mr. Craig, tell me what you think. Am I?"

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"But that was seventeen years ago, Isabel, and you—"

"Now that I have told you the truth, sir, you must not be skeptical. I am sure I did all I could to conceal it as long as I could from a sense of duty."

"Tell me, little girl, what you are aiming at?"

"The Bolivian usage," Isabel answered in a tone of triumphant irony.

"The Bolivian usage?"

"Yes."

"What on earth is that?"

"Why you ought to be familiar with it after living seventeen years in Bolivia."

"Seventeen years in Bolivia!"

"Yes. Have you not just returned from Bolivia?"

"No."

"Well then, where have you returned from, Mr. Craig? How could you deceive me so!"

"Why, from Chicago."

"Where they speak English?"

"A dialect of it."

"And no palms or oranges?"

"Not indigenous."

"And you have no *hacienda* and coffee plantations and Spanish mandolin players?"

"Why should I, my child? I should like to please you. It is very painful to disenchant you so; but being a member of the legal profession, I have no occasion for these interesting and useful objects. If you desire it very much, I might, of course, obtain a mandolin player temporarily—I might subpoena one."

"And you have never even seen Bolivia?"

"No. But, of course, Isabel, if you

desire it very much, we might take a trip there next winter."

"Mr. Craig—"

But at this moment Doris returned to the drawing room, and was, perhaps, a little surprised to find Isabel and Percival Craig in so earnest a conversation.

They certainly seemed to have known each other for many years.

"I have come to bring you both in to dinner," she announced dubiously.

"Indeed, Doris, dear, I am very glad," Isabel answered, "for Mr. Craig has gone very far towards undermining my identity. It is very inconvenient to have one's identity undermined. The general effect is, upon my word, something like a mirage—for a quarter of an hour I have felt as if I were living in a mirage. For all I know I may even now be part of one. Tell me, Doris, do I look real?"

"Why, Isabel?"

"Oh don't be at all surprised, it is only the Bolivian usage."

"Why not say 'method' at once, Isabel," Mr. Craig asked in an injured tone.

"And, Mr. Craig, do the people in Bolivia really do that about the identity before dinner?" asked Doris in some bewilderment.

"Never mind about identities," he answered, "Isabel knows at least that I am real, and if she is satisfied with me as I am, I am sure I shall be willing to forget everything in the world but just Isabel—as she is."

Doris, too mystified to speak, thought darkly of Charlie Fisher.

As they passed beneath the portière Percival Craig found time to say softly:

"I love her yet, remember."

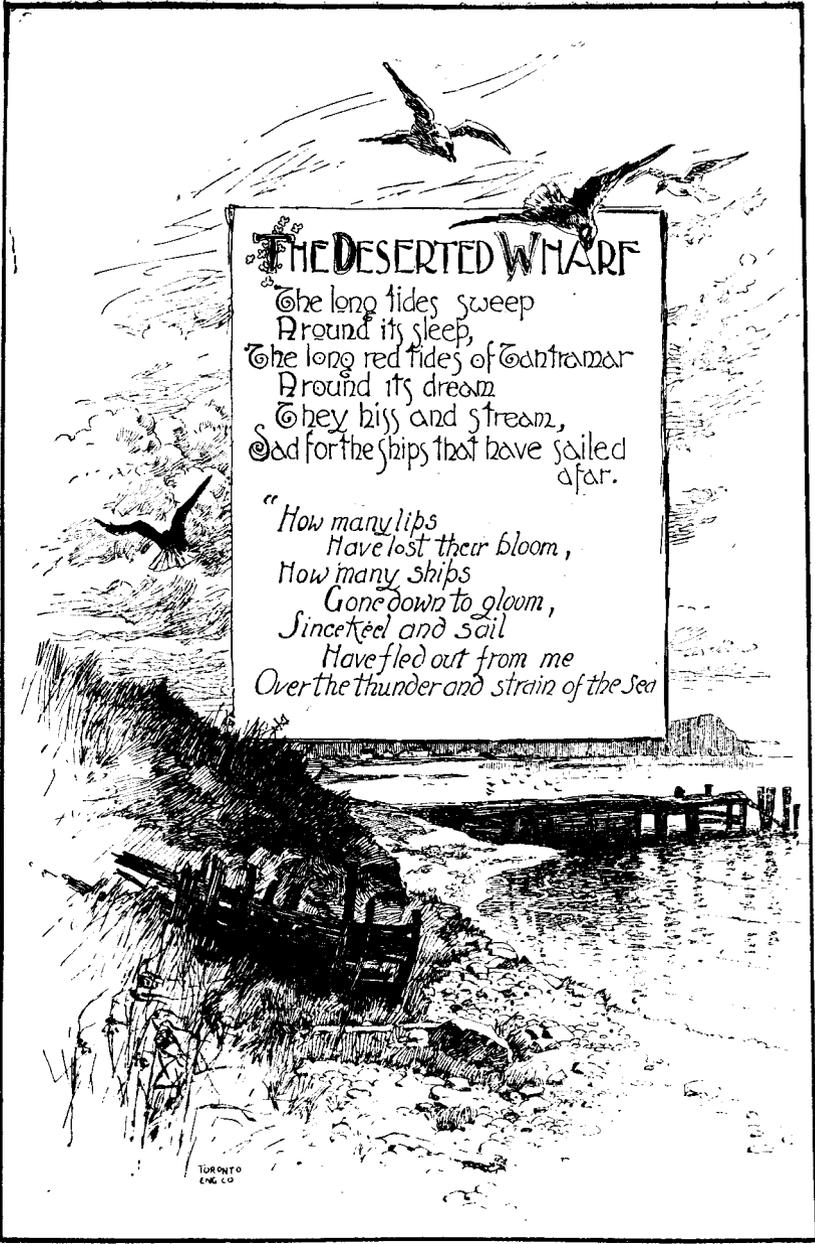
But Isabel whispered still more lightly as her cheeks dimpled into a smile.

"But I didn't make any promises then, and—"

"You don't need to now."

Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.





THE DESERTED WHARF

The long tides sweep
Around its sleep,
The long red tides of Canamar
Around its dream
They hiss and stream,
Sad for the ships that have sailed
afar.

*"How many lips
Have lost their bloom,
How many ships
Gone down to gloom,
Since keel and sail
Have fled out from me
Over the thunder and strain of the sea"*



Its kale-dark sides
Throb in the tides;
The long winds over its spin and hum,
Its timbers ache
For memory's sake,
And the throngs that never again will
come.

"How many lips
Have lost their bloom,
How many ships!
Gone down to gloom
Since keel and sail
Have fled out from me
Over the thunder and strain of the sea"

Charles G. D. Roberts

WOMAN'S REALM



WHAT, we may ask, is woman's realm to-day, in this *fin-de-siecle* age of restless, questioning activity; with women crying out for more rights,

greater privileges and wider spheres?

When morbid realism and scepticism so widely prevail that we are tempted to exclaim, almost despairingly: "Who can show us any good?"

When the minds of women are filled with troubled, unsatisfied desires and longings for something—they know not exactly what—but which with most women is, we believe, a longing for something higher and nobler than that which the present offers them.

Our education and training has made us necessarily other than our grandmothers, who for the most part thought, and rightly so, with Milton that—

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

A noble ambition if rightly carried out, but not if it restricts our sympathies and aspirations. Women, to-day, find time for a wider sphere than that bounded only by the home. Time for works of philanthropy and social good, for deep study and wise research, the outcome of the greater privileges of this age.

What power for good lies in a woman's hand if not content to be a mere butterfly, to whom flattery and admiration is the sole breath of life. Nor yet, going to the other extreme, and becoming that hybrid peculiar to the latter half of this

nineteenth century, the mamish woman, who has never learnt, or has completely forgotten, that

"A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood;
There alone she is royal."

So, standing upon that royal platform, no matter what her rank in life may be, high or low, she still must strive to do her best for self and others, uplifting her standard—purity, chivalry and noble living.

Life has now so many spheres, so many objects for womanly woman's work and love. Chief among the many noble avocations which she may follow is that of nursing.

There are to-day in our midst many Florence Nightingales—known or unknown—who, like her, are doing a true and loving work in a wide realm of sin and suffering, these

"The royal hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy, suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile."

Then again to others, like Miss Clough, their realm may be in the classic halls of learning, wherein they have won honor and distinction for themselves, proving the powers and capabilities of women; and now their work lies in moulding the minds and wills of a younger generation, a work that, to an earnest, conscientious woman, is one of great responsibility.

To them it belongs to fit these young souls for the battle of life, in which, now more than ever, they must engage; for to but comparatively few is given a sheltered, care-free life.

The many must struggle, must toil, and bear alone "the heavy, weary

weight of all this unintelligible world."

Therefore what necessity for careful teaching, helpful advice and strengthening sympathy on the part of the teacher.

Then for what more vital, interesting problems need woman ask than to solve those of the forming taste, the budding character, the unfolding mind, that disclose themselves so differently in each individual.

There also lies before the woman of to-day the wide and varied realm of art, science and literature, whose doors are now flung unreservedly open, allowing full scope for her several tastes and fancies. And though all may not become a Rosa Bonheur, a Mary Somerville or a Mrs. Browning, they yet may find in their occupation and a pleasurable diversion that will be a preventative to all mental inertness or boredom. And in consequence there would be less discontentedness, uncharitableness and scandal, for it is the idle hands and minds that make the soil fruitful for the seeds of mischief.

But where is woman's realm more unquestioned, more secure, than in the home? There, as a rule, she is supreme. As wife and mother her powers, her opportunities, are great; hers is one "hidden heaven."

What tact, self-effacement, brightness and talent are required in her to make home the dearest, happiest spot on earth, to fill it with love and peace, to smooth over all jars and differences, to exert a sweet and gracious influence, to, in fact, "garden the earth with the roses of heaven." To imbue her sons with high ambitions, noble thoughts and a tender chivalry for all women. To be like Isabel, "the queen of marriage, a most perfect wife." And though we find no records of these quiet, gentle lives in the pages of history, yet may their unseen influence be traced through every chapter in that they have helped to train and make the sages and heroes of all ages and climes. No small or insignificant work, or one lightly to be esteemed. And, in conclusion, do we not to-day, more than ever, find in those occupying queenly positions many examples of true womanhood? We will quote but two. There is our Sovereign, who throughout the long years of her reign has shown us

how a woman can be an ideal, devoted home-mother and yet ably and nobly fulfill all the requirements of an arduous and exalted position, thus winning, as no other monarch has, the love of her people and the esteem of all nations. Then, in the wife of her present representative in Canada, she has one who follows closely in her footsteps, combining so admirably the wife and mother in the social leader.

"—From thee all virtues spread

As from a fountain-head—

And in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,

And honor without fail;

With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state."

LEGAL EVOLUTION OF MARRIED WOMEN IN CANADA.

The following, culled from law books, old and new, shows how, in the last thirty-six years, Parliament has stepped in and raised the legal status of married women in Canada, giving them equal, if not greater, legal rights than their husbands, raising them from mere "chattels" to the level of man. In an old law book the rights of the husband over the wife's property is thus stated: "Marriage is an absolute gift to the husband of all the goods, personal chattels and estate of which the wife was actually and beneficially possessed at the time, and of such other goods and personal chattels as came to her during the marriage." "He may therefore dispose of them by his will, which will be effectual whether he survive her or not. He may also empower her to make a will, as without his consent she could not do so." The old law showed some little liberality towards the wife, to quote from the same book. "If he desert or leave her destitute, or compel her to leave him from cruel treatment or gross misbehaviour, his interest in her personal property will be superseded." In those days the Court would prevent his receiving, not only any part of the capital of her equitable property, but also the interest of it; it would, however, "give to her maintenance out of the same"—that is her own property.

By the 4th of May, 1859, man had become so educated to such injustice to his "chattel" that Parliament, recognizing the fact, passed a law by which all

property owned by a woman at the time of marriage, or acquired subsequently, "should be held and enjoyed by her free from her husband's control or disposition."

"By the same Act it was provided that any personal property of a woman, married prior to 4th May, 1859, and not then taken possession of by the husband, should be held by the wife the same as by a woman married after that date.

Every woman was also empowered to make a will, but she was still considered unfit, or without sufficient ability, by her own self to dispose of her real estate. She must have not only the consent of her husband to its disposal, but must also attend before two magistrates or a judge and be examined, apart from her husband, as to whether coercion was being used. From time to time the various provisions respecting the property of married women show great reluctance to grant her the same legal rights as man, but in 1884 an Act was passed which gave her even greater rights, for by it she can dispose of her property without his concurrence or consent, while he can only dispose of his real estate subject to her dower or with her consent.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

It is interesting to note the many and radical changes that have taken place in girls' schools during the last fifty years or so. The widening, the elevating of female education, and in consequence the almost entire eradication of that type of the fashionable, superficial Young Ladies' Seminary, once so in vogue, where girls were brought up to become "ornaments of society" rather than intelligent, broad-minded women. With their intellects and sympathies stunted by the artificial atmosphere they breathed, and the shallow character of the instruction given them by prim, ill-informed teachers, who thought far more of deportment and showy accomplishments, than of instilling knowledge and true religion, and would have fainted at the mere thought of one of their correctly brought up young ladies becoming an artist or an authoress. Thus developing in many cases either weak, sentimental

Amelias; or the higher-spirited Becky Sharpes, whose moral sense of right and wrong had under such tuition become warped and twisted.

One pregnant sentence from Miss Cobb's autobiography gives us an insight to the sort of teaching inculcated. They were told one Ash Wednesday at table by the lady principal, "That fasting would be good for their souls, and for their *figures*."

To Miss Buss we chiefly owe the present system of girls' education. Some 50 years ago, seeing the folly and injury of the prevailing style, she opened a school on Camden street for the higher education of girls.

This school proved a great success, and was supported and endowed by several city companies, and is now a large building, known as Camden Town Collegiate School. Since that time numerous high schools for girls have been established, in which the teachers are required to be able to merely *impart* knowledge, not to *know* their subjects. The most successful were proved to be those trained in Government schools. But there a difficulty arose. The style and training acquired there were not suitable for the instruction of the daughters of the higher classes; and, on the other hand, Girton girls were found to be deficient in the art of teaching. To do away with these difficulties, some ten years ago, through the efforts of Miss Clough, then principal of Newnham, and of others, the authorities of the Women's College, Cambridge, gave two cottages at Newnham Croft, where in 1885, under the charge of Miss Hughes, a Training School for Teachers was opened with 14 students. So skillfully was it managed by Miss Hughes, that from the first it proved not only self-supporting, but a small sum was laid by each year.

Houses were secured in Cambridge, and there 300 women have been trained in the last ten years. Two years ago the College for Training of Women Teachers was incorporated by royal charter and a building erected at the cost of £10,000, large enough to accommodate the staff and 50 students.

At the opening ceremonies in last October, Mrs. Bryant (Miss Buss' suc-

cessor) made the suggestion that scholarships should be founded by private gifts, to enable women who had studied the three years at Girton or Newnham to spend a fourth at the Training College to fit them as efficient, capable teachers. The fee for the year's course of thirty weeks is £70, including residence and tuition.

With such advantages and instruction for the teacher, surely the prospects of the coming pupil are great. We shall not hear her enquire, as did one of her grandmothers, "Is Hyder Ali an island or a continent?" and she was then considered as "finished;" or find her repeating vacantly pages of history learnt by heart to incapable, inefficient teachers.

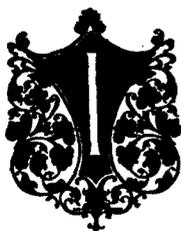
The day is passed when the scholastic

career was considered the refuge for the penniless gentlewomen, with, or without, the proper education. They must now be able to *teach*, not merely to *hear*. And the products of this fine system of education should be, and are bright, healthy, intelligent girls.

We are beginning to comprehend, and put in practice, what that clever Florentine, Lorenzo de Medici, enunciated so many centuries ago, that "If we set a proper value on those who contribute to the prosperity of the state, we ought to place in the first rank those who teach children, whose labors influence posterity, and on whose precepts and exertions the welfare of our country in a great measure depends."



NEW YEAR BELLS.



IN the New Year bells that are ringing
 Their prelude so sweet and so glad
 There's a vague, soft valediction,
 An adieu reminiscently sad.

Lo, how each peal calls to mem'ry
 Some unfulfilled promise or vow!
 Lo, how each echo reverbrates
 With promises pledged even now!

In the bells of this festive season
 There's something so plaintive and sad;
 Something that whispers of sorrow,
 Ev'n while we rejoice and make glad.

O, ye bells that annihilate, mar,
 Destroy, disestablish, undo
 Dark thoughts. Would that you ring in forever
 The peace that attends upon you.

Clinton Cowley.

The Literary Kingdom.

SINCE the advent of Pete and the Deemster, and the coming of Hall Caine to our shores, there is much brushing of dust from memories of Maunland. Through the mist of years we recall the butterfly wings of the trawlers out on the blue, the lazy curl of a far-off breaker and the creaming of the surf as it flings white arms of entreaty to the crags dipping down to the sea. In the long-ago we said good-bye to Douglas, the chief town; to the little fishing village of Peel and, farther inland, to the hillside village of Glenmay, where vine-clad cottages fill the glen with rustic beauty and where, near by, is the scene of Kate's first home. Kate, beloved of Pete, the Manxman, therefore to be remembered for his sake. Towards the south, past the falling waters of the glen, the hills are mantled with purple and gold and the air is made glad with blossoming heather and the vanilla-sweet scent of the gorse flower. We see again the splendid beauty of the women; the frank, clear eyes, the cheeks tinted by salt breeze and sunshine to the pink of a sea-shell and the bronze of an autumn leaf. And the men were as handsome as Vikings, as brave and as remindful of the sea. We might have encountered Pete anywhere—tall, broad-shouldered, with full-curling, golden beard and kindest eyes, the most unflinching and the merriest; Pete, when he first kissed Kate beside the watermill; Pete, as he came back rich and big from the gold country; Pete, on his wedding day; Pete, before ever he constructed that saddest lie in literature of Kate on a gran' visit to her London uncle.

No prominent man of letters in our time lives a more unliterary life than Hall Caine. His neighbors are small farmers and fishermen, with whom he

mingles freely and from whom he learns lessons that give strength and something stronger to all that flows from his pen. Much is being written of Mr. Caine's attractive personal appearance, fascinating manner and strength of character which stamps itself upon all that he says and does, and now from the letter of a Southern journalist we quote this quaint bit as it came from the lips of an old Manxman at Peel: "'E wears 'is 'air long, 'e does, and one day when my brother was 'ere from Manchester 'e asked me who was the long-haired chap, and when I told 'im 'e said 'e would not for a pound 'ave missed the sight. I didn't think nothink of it myself. Theer goes 'is father now; the old man in the big 'at with the collie dog. 'E was a good blacksmith—none better on the island—but 'e does not work any more; 'is son looks after him."

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN'S (Mrs. Cotes) winsome face looks out from her latest photograph with all the old-time sweetness of girlhood familiar to Canadian friends. The subtle influence of the Indian climate has apparently not lessened Mrs. Cotes's native vigor, fostered in the bracing atmosphere of her one-time Northern home. Born in Brantford, Ontario, the eldest daughter of a large and thoroughly energized family, Mrs. Cotes had the charm of good comradeship in her keen pursuit of winter sports. So thoroughly was the household imbued with a love of outdoor life that on glorious winter days, when the air sparkled and scintillated and the snow crisped and cracked beneath one's tread, the entire family, Duncan *père*, the older sons and daughters, and the little tots barely past babyhood, might frequently be seen wending their way to the town rink, there

the lawn, whence we could behold scenes picturesque afar, and rich vineyard glimpses near at hand. Mr. Story is the most variously accomplished and brilliant person, the fullest of social life and fire, whom I ever met; and, without seeming to make an effort he kept us amused and entertained the whole day long; not wearisomely entertained, either, as we should have been had he not let his fountain play naturally. Still, though he bubbled and brimmed over with fun, he left the impression on me that there is a pain or care, bred, it may be, out of the very richness of his gifts and abundance of his outward prosperity.

Rich in the prime of life, his children budding and blooming around him as fairly as his heart could wish, with sparkling talents—so many that if he choose to neglect or fling away one, two, three, he would still have enough left to shine with—who should be happy if not he?"

Mr. Story's statue of Cleopatra was referred to by Hawthorne in "The Marble Faun, as follows:

"In a word, all Cleopatra—fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment—was kneaded into what only a week or two before had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber. Soon apotheosized in an indestructible material, she would be one of the images that men keep forever, finding a heat in them that does not cool down through the centuries."

Mr. Story's two sons are artists of distinction, Mr. Waldo Story being a sculptor and Mr. Julian Story a painter, both inheritors of their father's ability.

GONE, AND WHERE ?

Smiling if I the days recall
When Life was glad and Hope unshaken,
Even while I smile a tear will fall
For all that ruthless Death has taken.

And what to thee, in vain I ask,
Hath Death, the dark, the silent, given?
An infinite sleep? or some grand task?
Peace? rest? or all our hopes call heaven?

I only know what was is gone
Beyond all earthly sense and seeing;
The smile, the form, the touch, the tone,
Have but a dim memorial being.

I only know no answers come
To all my longing, praying, sighing;
That all beyond is deep, still, dumb,
And yields to me no faint replying.

Still I have Faith—for what were Life
if Faith and Hope were taken from us?
If, after this world's strain, toil, strife,
Death should to silent nothing doom us?

There, somewhere, when this life is o'er,
All that seems dark here shall be righted,
And with the loved ones gone before
We shall again be reunited.

Better that higher Hope, Faith, Trust,
Vague though it be, how'er uncertain,
Than to believe Life is but dust
When Death across it draws the curtain.

W. W. STORY.

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PASTEUR was interested in nothing outside of science, and one wonders what he will do in the next world, where it is to be hoped people hear nothing more of microbes and toxins. These were the fascinating topics of conversation at his *soirees intimes*. The legendary stories of savants who leave toads, lizards and frogs lying about are told of Pasteur. Someone recounts a funny tale of a bag of frogs that the Empress Eugenie ordered to be brought in from the forest for his microscopical researches when on one occasion he was visiting at Compiègne. When he left Pasteur put the bag in one of his bureau drawers and forgot it. The next inhabitant of the room was a charming beauty of the court, who was wakened in the night by a mysterious sensation, and at the same time her foot encountered something cold and clammy in the bed. Lighting her candle she found herself surrounded by a small army of frogs *en promenade*. After Pasteur's departure, a *femme de chambre* found the bag in the bureau and threw it under the bed without examining the contents.

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THE ethics and aliases in Thomas Hardy's recently completed serial would make an exiled darkey home-sick for Dixie. To the emancipated slave one of the first fruits of freedom was the privilege of a frequent change of name. There might be nothing to gain and nothing to conceal, but the fascination of the habit grew and strengthened with time. And the flexibility of the marriage code in the land of cotton is equalled, if not surpassed, in Mr. Hardy's novel.

A marriage ceremony among negroes is not complete until bride and groom clasp hands and jump over a broomstick. Later, when agreeing to disagree, as most frequently happens, the aspirants

for divorce cannot hope to retain the respect of friends and fellow church members unless they again jump over the broom-stick—this time backwards. After the performance of this simple and inexpensive ceremony of annulment, costing nothing but agility, the principals are once more open to proposals. Mr. Hardy doesn't even put his people through the broom-stick drill.

In changing the name of the novel Mr. Hardy evidences that he neither knew a good thing when he had it, nor yet the value of first impressions. In retaining the title of "The Simpletons," pure and simple, the plot and the characters would present a coherent, well-developed whole, of the nature that one would expect to find under such a name. But as to "Hearts Insurgent"—there are none in the story. There are only weak, yielding, wavering hearts—uncertain for themselves and for those whom they have entangled. The opening chapters present a rare picture of pastoral charm and beauty, but the plot soon becomes depressing, and the agony augments until the white-souled lad, Jude, has degenerated to the soul-sick man, tipsy in the companionship of his coarse, and erstwhile truant, Arabella, and dying amid the shades of dead hopes and unfulfilled ambitions. Mr. Hardy is accredited with saying that the novel cannot be fairly viewed until appearing in book form. Certainly as a serial it has been one of the most harrowing of the recent neurotic creations.

Apropos of the re-marriage of Arabella and Jude, Mr. Hardy makes the following comment upon matrimony :

"The landlord of the lodging, who had heard they were a queer couple, had doubted if they were married at all, especially as he had seen Arabella kiss Jude one evening when she had taken a little cordial; and he was about to give them notice to quit, till by chance overhearing her one night haranguing Jude in rattling terms, and ultimately flinging a shoe at his head, he recognized the true ring of honest wedlock, and concluding that they must be respectable, said no more."

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"A CHRISTMAS CANTICLE, SAINTS' DAY BALLADS AND SUNDRY OTHER MEASURES," is the quaint title of a very dainty

little *brochure* by Dr. E. H. Stafford, which the Bryant Press have just published.

The Saints' Day Ballads are narrative poems of much color and considerable action, while "A National Hymn" appears to us to have much origin.

Among other poems are some of a religious and reflective character, which, while dealing with familiar subjects, are nevertheless far from conventional, displaying marked originality of treatment.

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AFTER the miasma of modern novels, the story of "Barbara Heck, a Tale of Early Methodism in Canada," by W. H. Withrow, is as refreshing as a draught of spring water or a breath from the woods in blossom time. The scene is laid in the days of the U. E. Loyalists, the people who were twice sifted, who left the mother country for conscience's sake, and, at the same bidding, while yet the memory of the first martyrdom was strong within them, again renounced home and friends and worldly wealth, and started life anew amid the perils of an almost unbroken wilderness. But as a lover of nature, the author testifies that the wilderness is not without charm, and gives us glimpses of the mystery and delight of forest aisles, the beauty of moss-hid violets and the royalty of sceptered iris, born in the purple. With him we hear the ring of the axe through echoing woodlands and scent the resinous pine boughs flame-wreathed in laughing, wide-mouthed chimneys. And we come to a closer knowledge of this splendid heritage of a fatherland not founded upon the favor of prince or hireling, but built by the "strenuous toil of unbought muscles."

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"Ninety-Six," a most artistic New Year calendar, published by the Toronto Art Students' League, has just come to hand. Between the covers of this dainty little *brochure* are poems from the pens of Roberts, Campbell and Carman, illustrated and decorated by such well-known artists as C. M. Manly, J. D. Kelly, C. W. Jefferies, D. F. Thomson, F. H. Brigden, A. H. Howard, and others. "Ninety-Six" is one of the most artistic little booklets that it has yet been our pleasure to review.



AGRICULTURE all over the world is in the agony of a new birth. Forty years ago, during the Crimean War, the price of wheat in Upper Canada was from two to two and a half dollars per bushel. The price in England has lately touched as low as twenty shillings per quarter of eight bushels. In England there has been a tremendous depreciation in the value of landed property. There are those who think that the upshot will be the extinction of the landed aristocracy through the liberation of the soil from primogeniture, entail and settlements and the adoption of reforms facilitating sub-division. Just now, however, the *petite culture* of France, under several million proprietors, is not much better off than the large tenant culture of England. A recent British Foreign Office report says the value of land in the richest of the French departments is declining, the mortgage debt is growing, and the loan companies are becoming great owners through foreclosure. The municipal octroi, *i.e.*, taxation on produce entering the cities and towns, is a heavy load on the French consumer, and therefore on the French farmer. It is said that dead meat entering Paris has to pay an octroi higher than the duty on foreign meat at the frontier. The total octroi with which the farmers throughout the country are emburdened amounts to \$40,000,000 a year, while \$100,000,000 more is collected from them by the National Government. The answer to their complaints is that they are only paying their fair share of the cost of militarism. But in protectionist France, as in free-trade England and everywhere else, the *causa causans* of agricultural

depression is the fall in prices arising from the development of new farming regions by modern science with its railroads, telegraphs, triple expansion marine engines and machinery.

Britain, for instance, now draws much of her food from countries which a few years ago were not considered important factors in the export market. Last year she bought nearly as much wheat from the Argentine Republic as from her old Russian customers, and took large quantities from India, Australia, Manitoba, Chili and other places, which not long ago were scarcely heard of as cereal-producing countries. Of the 2,300,000 cwts. of fresh mutton imported, 2,000,000 came from New Zealand, New South Wales and the Argentine; Queensland sent an eighth of the foreign supply of fresh beef, all Australia over one-tenth of the butter; Tunis and Algeria are in evidence as barley-shippers, Canada sends more than half of all the foreign cheese and pease consumed, while States of the American Union, which within the memory of men in middle life were blanks on the map, are pouring in thousands of tons of bacon and hams, flour, corn and other breadstuffs. The rate on wheat from a point a thousand miles inland from Buenos Ayres to Liverpool is less than the packer rate used to be from Leith to London. The spread of land and marine telegraphs has turned the whole world into a single market of narrow compass, and modern transportation is so cheap and swift that it is only in rare spots the husbandman cannot get something for his crop. In North America, as everyone knows, the wheat region has been retreating to the north-west with the fall

in prices. When France owned Canada, a good deal of wheat was grown in the parishes below Quebec, where the staples now are hay and potatoes. In 1830 the largest flour mill in the United States was at Oswego, the next two at Richmond, Va., the fourth in New York city, and the capacity of the largest was only 300,000 barrels a year; whereas Minneapolis and Duluth, then mere villages, now manufacture that much in a week. The older provinces of Canada, like the older States, are abandoning wheat and taking to dairying, stock-raising and fruit-growing. The same metamorphosis is going on in the United Kingdom. In France "the cultivation of wheat and other cereals tends to increase rather than decrease," says the British Foreign Office, "yet such is the decline in prices that growers are practically at their wit's end." The French, like the rest of us, will get tired of growing wheat without a profit. In Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Germany and other parts of Europe dairying is coming to the front as wheat ceases to pay. Dairying has already become an important industry in Australia. New Zealand butter is conveyed to London, a distance of 12,000 miles, for less than a penny per pound. In Northern Africa, from which the Romans used to draw food, France and Italy are beginning wheat culture as well as the culture of barley, beans, Indian corn and cattle. Algiers and Tunis, the French colonies, sent 140,000 cattle to France last year, and "broke" the market. Under the present French tariff colonial products are admitted free. The beet-root growers of France are having a hard time of it owing to the decline in the price of beet sugar. "It is melancholy to think," says the British Foreign Office report, "that France has spent 500,000,000 francs in bounties in ten years for the protection of the sugar trade, and that growers and manufacturers alike still find that they are on the verge of penury;" adding that in some localities dairying is superceding the beet.

A European conflagration may occur at any time; the vast armaments which are crushing the people seem to render that inevitable, to say nothing of the decrepid condition of Turkey. War would

of course send prices up with a bound, but when it had ceased the struggle for the survival of the cheapest would doubtless begin with increased vigor. There is no reason for supposing that the resources of science have been exhausted, or that the immense areas of the earth still remaining waste cannot be subjugated. Omitting war from the reckoning, it is tolerably safe to say indeed that the era of cheap food has only just begun, and that ten years hence prices are likely to be lower than they are now. The wheat-grower has already felt the pinch, and the next to feel it will probably be the dairy farmer. The Australian delegates to the Intercolonial conference at Ottawa spoke of selling Australian mutton in Canada at two cents per pound.

It is rather a cheerless prospect for Canadian and American farmers, but the best way out of the difficulty is for them to undertake scientifically that which pays best. Dairying and stock-raising have thus far enabled the farmers of Ontario to keep their heads above water, and one has only to read the debates at the farmers' institutes to see that they are bent on increasing their knowledge and skill. Pasteur saved the wine and silk-worm industries of France from fatal pests by means of the microscope, and throughout Europe all the talk now is of agricultural colleges, travelling dairies, cheaper transportation rates by electric lines and horseless vehicles, lectures on manuring, chemistry and so on, to save the farmer from the merciless competition with which he is threatened. The farmers of Canada are awake to the situation, but they cannot be too much awake. In this department of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE we propose to discuss the economic side of agriculture in all its bearings, and shall be glad to have the co-operation of practical farmers. Party politics will be eschewed, and we cannot afford space to the exposition of cure-alls that have been discredited by the experience of men. With these limitations, an effort will be made with the help of kind friends outside to promote interest in the higher questions affecting the farmer—to produce a little light without, we hope, engendering unnecessary controversial heat.



CURRENT COMMENT

The visit of Sir Charles Tupper to Canada in connection with the subsidizing of a fast Atlantic mail service between this country and England calls attention to the progressive policy adopted by England's new Colonial Secretary.

By reason of his energy and capacity Mr. Chamberlain appears to be the most conspicuous figure in the *personnel* of the English Cabinet. The *London Times*, commenting on the fact, says: "He dwarfs everybody else, and seems to be the one to whom every vexed question naturally turns for settlement." On all sides it is admitted that the affairs of the Colonial office have not been so capably administered for years.

The activity shown by Mr. Chamberlain is but a sequel to the energetic measures inaugurated by him when first elected to the mayoralty of Birmingham, 1873. Under his guidance, an important measure of rebuilding was initiated, by which many acres of the vilest slums were converted into handsome business blocks, and Birmingham transformed from an unsightly provincial town into a splendid and substantial city.

Under the supervision of Mr. Chamberlain, the affairs of the Colonial office are likewise undergoing a complete overhauling, and the policy of energy and progress is rapidly superseding that of inaction and delay. As a member of a Conservative government he has undertaken some of the most radical changes that any Colonial Secretary has dared to engage in for many years. The important circular sent the Governors of the Colonies, at his instance, asking why British exports are undersold and displaced, and what Colonial products might be disposed of advantageously in the Imperial market is looked upon as a move in favor of preferential trade with the colonies. In view of Lord Salis-

bury's recent utterances as to the hopeless outlook for protection measures in England, Mr. Chamberlain's policy is most conspicuous.

With Lord Rosebery at the head of the Liberal party, and Mr. Chamberlain as the coming leader of the Unionists, the prospect of a British Zollverein is not, perhaps, so enigmatical as England's Premier would have us believe.

The policy of the Colonial office, as it affects Canada, is of utmost import. The taking hold of the question of a fast Atlantic service by Mr. Chamberlain stamps it as being of practical concern, and one likely to be consummated at no very distant date. Leaving out the question as to the expediency for such an expenditure as the inauguration of the system would call for, there seems to be no doubt as to the material benefits that would accrue to this country from the adoption of such a service.

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No greater curse blisters upon the brow of the nineteenth century than those horrifying atrocities that are being committed in Armenia. When will the yoke be lifted off these already overburdened people? How long will the real oppressors be permitted to shelter themselves behind the Kurds? We who are living in a peaceful country can have but a very faint conception of the worse than horrors that are being perpetrated night and day in the Ottoman empire. The beasts of the fields have a far happier lot than these poor persecuted Armenians, bound down by unjust laws and oppressed by lawless Kurds. How long shall relief for them be delayed? Shall it wait and wait until the already threatened war cloud, that is just spreading over the entire horizon of the nations, becomes so dark as to exasperate the nations, who have

become tired of waiting, into a general war, which mole-eyed statesmen will not or cannot foresee and prevent? Oh, for a trumpet tongued warning in the ears of the nations! Forget a while your petty international disputes, your party politics, and personal measures, and hand in hand crush out this wanton slaughter of men, women and children. But perhaps it is too much to hope for such humanity when nations are willing to sacrifice half a million of their own private citizens for some petty international dispute, and sink themselves in debt in the preparation for such a crime. The present is a transition period. And who knows but this is the means employed by the great Designer of the universe with which to hew another step in the slow ascent of the ages.

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We are not in sympathy with that class of protestants who demand for their religious views and preferences a government recognition in the public school which they deny to others. If this were a protestant country, and religion after the protestant form of worship were a part of its law then we should cheerfully concede that, however unjust and improper such an order of things might be, they would have the argument of law on their side. The people know or ought to know that no such fact exists in the constitution of this country. This constitution is neither protestant nor catholic but a simple political instrument for the organization of civil government without any discrimination for or against any religious sect. The wise course for any citizen, no matter what his religion may be, is to accept the fact with all its consequences. Protestants accepting it in respect to themselves are strong as against all who decline to accept it; but if they decline the acceptance and demand for themselves what they are not willing to concede to others, then they are logically weak.

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The scientific journals have been lavish in their praises of the work of the late M. Pasteur. The hundreds of thousands of lives saved by the discovery of

vaccination have made the name of Jenner immortal, placing it high in the temple of fame. Side by side with his shall the world place that of the brilliant Pasteur, the remains of whom his proud nation has with much honor laid to rest. With a clue from his illustrious predecessor he made a double discovery: his work led to the ascertainment of the cause of the communicability of infectious diseases and the scientific method of curing them. These facts, experimentally discovered, are revolutionizing the world of medicine and surgery.

His life was marked by thoughtfulness, painstaking and persistent effort. No man in our day, said one writer, has come nearer illustrating throughout a long life the words of the dying Velpeau, "One must work always."

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THE average Canadian student in the advanced schools and colleges, as a reader of books in his special line of study, is most assiduous; he knows his specialty well. But his knowledge of the world and literature in general is, we believe, less than that of his American or English brother of the same age and training. This results to some extent from his being less-travelled, less communicative, more devoted to his specialty, and more limited as to the amount of general reading he does. A marked upward intellectual movement would follow the introduction into more of the homes of our country and village folks of the best books and magazines. This thought often occurred to the writer during a trip through Canada in the past summer, when he shared the hospitality of the common people, and thus got a glimpse into their home life. The interior of their houses and the exterior of themselves showed that they had patronized all tradespeople better than they had the bookseller; suitable provision having been made for bodily comfort, but little for mental upbuilding. Eight or ten authors placed on a shelf in these homes would help the young man at the university. A little knowledge of everything is better than a complete knowledge of one thing sandwiched in between slices of dense ignorance.

Our silhouette gallery
of notables.
Three Politicians.
Who are they?



To be
continued

EDITORIAL NOTES



ONCERNING OURSELVES.— To the editors, at least, of a new literary venture the first and most important question to note in a magazine making its initial appearance is naturally

that which reverts to the undertaking; and in many cases, we believe, the subject of greatest moment likely to occur to the clientele of such a publication is also that which concerns the periodical itself.

Feeling then that we are to a certain extent on grounds of mutual interest with the reader, we may perhaps, under such extenuating circumstances, be pardoned for reverting to a subject which at any other time might be challenged on the grounds of questionable taste. We have reference to the subject of ourselves.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE comes before the public to-day as the result of a positive demand in the field of Canadian literature and art. In literary circles and among the artistic community it has been a universally expressed surprise for some years past that up to this time no efforts were made to produce for Canadian readers a popular literary and artistic magazine at a somewhat nominal price. Among publishers, however, the risks attendant upon such a venture, the immense capital involved, and the many chances antecedent to its success, have hitherto acted as effectual deterrents to the embarking in such a labor.

To THE MASSEY PRESS, therefore, was left the work of satisfying this widespread demand, and with considerable courage has it determined upon the enterprise.

As is generally known, THE MASSEY PRESS is a concern of some ten years' experience in the general publishing business, and MASSEY'S MAGAZINE,

therefore, makes its bow to the public, not as a literary foundling, but as a periodical having all the inherent advantages of knowledge, practice and experience looked for in a publication of long standing. In view of this, the editors have considerable confidence in their ability to maintain, nay, eclipse, the high standard set in this the initial number of their new publication. The January issue, excellent as it must be admitted it is, is very far from that point of perfection to which we hope to bring "MASSEY'S." Everything that art and literature can accomplish to ensure its success will be entered upon, so that with that hearty support and co-operation of the public which it deserves, we hope to make this magazine superior to any other published at ten cents.

It is the intention that MASSEY'S MAGAZINE shall be published monthly; that it shall contain from time to time, in addition to stories and poems, articles of general interest on current topics, social questions, travel and amusement from the pens of the best contemporary writers; that it shall be illustrated in a way hitherto unattempted in Canada; and that no expense shall be spared in the printing and binding of the publication.

It being the aim of the publishers to present a popular magazine that will be of interest to everybody at a price beyond the reach of none it is intended to lay before our readers only those contributions that will be of popular and general interest. Consequently this magazine will not touch extensively on abstruse subjects; it will eschew politics as far as is practicable; avoid religious controversies; shun questions of race and creed, and constantly endeavor by all honorable means to advance the interests of Canadian literature, science and art as far as is consistent with the successful operation of a popular periodical. Above all, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will never de-

scend to the plane of questionable morals. On the other hand rather will it seek to provide that high order of entertainment and instruction which it is the constant desire of all right-minded persons to seek.

The publishers have concentrated upon the work the best available talent; the contributions throughout will be unexceptionable, and the special departments edited by capable and experienced writers.

It is intended to present to Canadian readers a periodical worthy the name of Canada, and one that will compare favorably with the best magazines of England and the United States.

The publication will be first of all Canadian; it will always seek to further Canadian art and literature, and in every way to develop Canadian character. But although it will be thoroughly in sympathy with Canadian aims, aspirations and hopes, it will not be so exclusively Canadian that Canadians won't read it; for we are inclined to the belief that the people of Canada like to hear occasionally about the people of other lands as well as about themselves.

We shall endeavor to make the periodical of such widespread general interest that the readers of Halifax and Vancouver will find as much to attract between its covers as those of the city of the office of publication.

As will at once be seen, our aims are lofty and aspiring; it must be admitted also that they are noble as well, and should commend themselves, we think, to the magazine readers of Canada.

The publishers appreciate the magnitude and difficulty of the task they have undertaken, in the fact of the extensive competition which the venture will have to face and the prevailing conservatism of the reading public, but neither the existence of the one nor the persistence of the other shall deter them from endeavoring to conscientiously fulfil the substantial task they have set themselves. It therefore will remain with the public to show its appreciation of the efforts being made in its behalf.

The editor's earnest hope is that MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will be considered wor-

thy the same hearty good-will with which it greets its readers to-day.

Finally, as regards our contemporaries, we ask but a "fair field and no favor." Should the contents of this periodical prove of sufficient merit to interest them, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will always study to reciprocate that friendly feeling of brotherhood which a new publication has some right to expect when it presents itself for entrance to the fraternal world of letters.

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THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

Since the arrival and departure of Hall Caine, the outlook on the copyright question is much clearer than it has been for some years past. By the joint efforts of that gifted author, who through his labors in Canada proves himself a most able diplomatist as well, the representative of the British Copyright Association, Mr. F. R. Daldy, and the Canadian Copyright Association, this vexed question which for some time has been the subject of much dispute and controversy has apparently been amicably disposed of. We may reasonably expect the general adoption by the Canadian Government of the suggestions offered in the draft bill presented at the conference held in Ottawa to consider the question.

It is certainly to the credit of all parties connected with the matter that the subject was approached in such a conciliatory spirit. Interested parties on this side of the water who a few weeks ago were clamoring for special legislation, and denouncing those who opposed their views in England, are now the most lavish in praise of their fair-minded brothers across the sea, and it is but natural to infer that this spirit is reciprocal. It frequently happens that a trivial misunderstanding or a difference of minor importance, if approached in a spirit of reconciliation, leads to a lasting attachment and a more pronounced friendship than hitherto was known to exist.

The *entente cordiale* indulged in at Ottawa certainly bears out this hypothesis judging by the speeches that were delivered there.