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MIDSUMMER 1899



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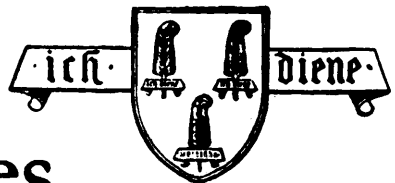
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# SEPTEMBER.



- George Johnson**, whose article on the Place-Names of Canada connected with the Carltons attracted so much attention, will contribute to the September "Canadian Magazine" an article on the Selkirk Place-Names. In addition to the information concerning names, the article gives a readable short history of the Earl of Selkirk's romantic career. Mr. Johnson's carefulness is so well-known that everything he writes bears the hall-mark of authority.
- S. T. Wood**, of the editorial staff of the Toronto *Globe*, recently bought a house. His experiences with the lawyers, as told by him in an article entitled "A Bill of Costs," will be found very entertaining. Mr. Wood is a grim humorist.
- Basil C. d'Easum** contributes a short story of the Englishman in the West. It is entitled "A Typical Tenderfoot," and will be illustrated with five special pen-and-ink sketches by W. Goode, whose excellent work as an illustrator is well exemplified in this issue.
- H. C. Shelley** writes of "Where Penn is Buried," the graveyard of Jordans which is about a mile and a half from the village of Chalfont St. Giles, England. This article is illustrated with portraits of Penn and his wife, and with pictures of the Jordans' meeting-house and cemetery.
- Joanna E. Wood** will continue her story "A Daughter of Witches." This will be the second last instalment.
- Erle Cromer's** clever story "The Widow of Mums" will end in October. The September instalment will be found interesting.
- Virna Sheard's** Tale, "A Lily of London Bridge," will be concluded in September. It is specially illustrated by F. H. Brigden.
- Charles Nelson Johnson** will contribute a very bright story entitled "A Professional Duty." This embodies a romance of a rather unusual nature.
- Nova Scotia's Problems**, being a series of letters from Nova Scotia journalists and business men, dealing with the needs and problems of that province.
- Robert Barr** will contribute some articles to forthcoming numbers.

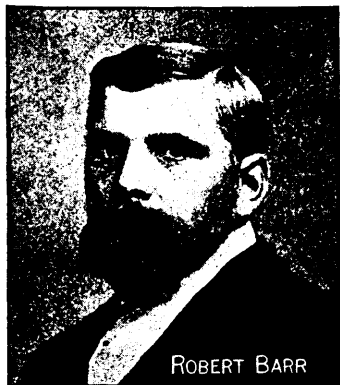


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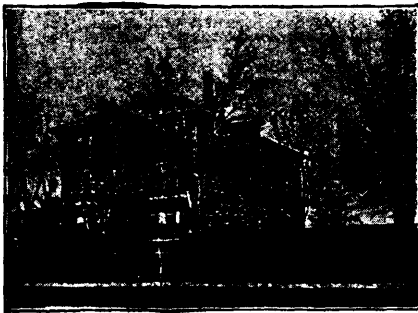
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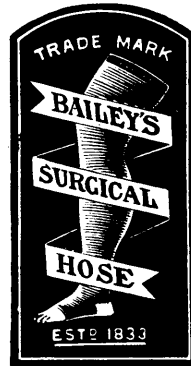
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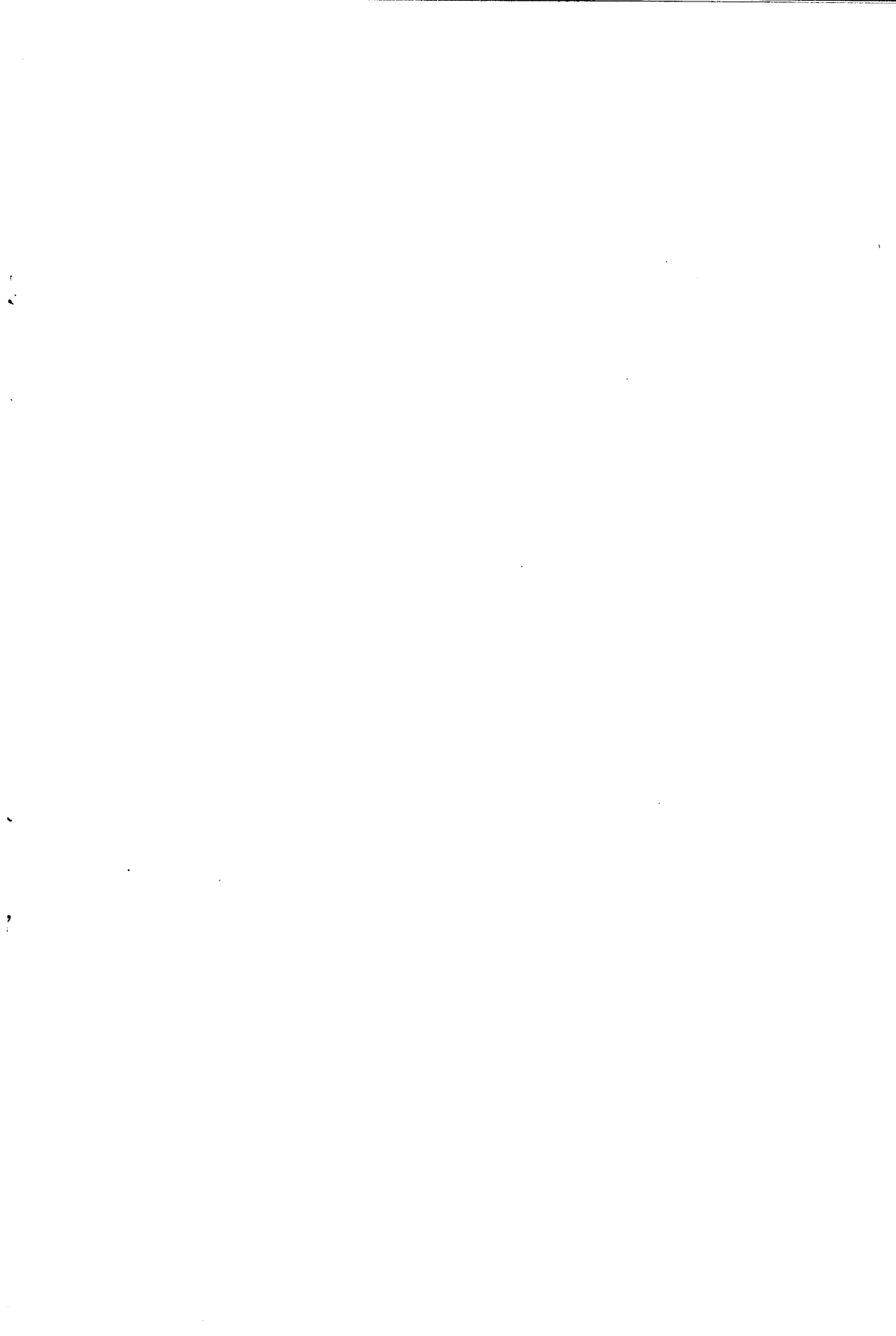
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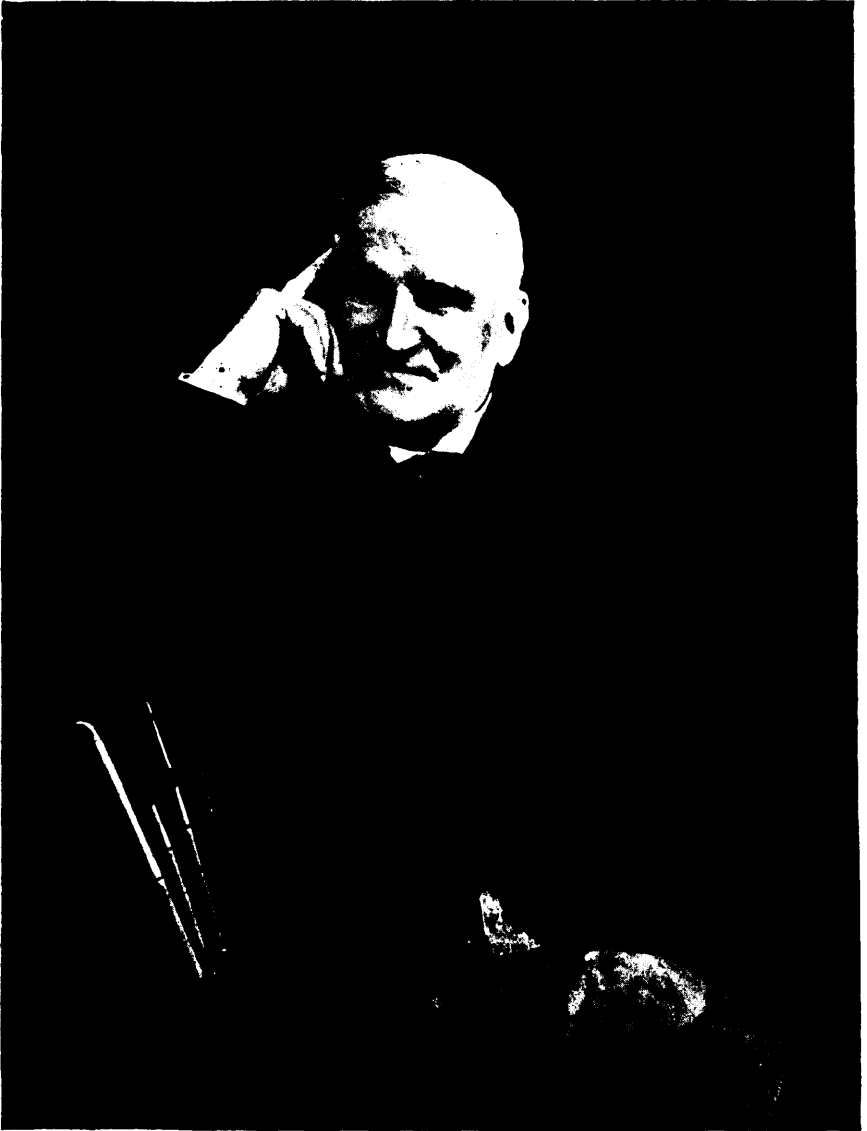
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See article in this issue.

**FRANCIS PARKMAN.**

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII

AUGUST, 1899

No. 4

THE CAPTURE OF SHEITAN.

A TALE OF A VICEROY'S DIPLOMACY.

By W. A. Fraser.

IF a man go into a dark pantry and drink from the first bottle he puts his hand on, he may get wine, or stove-polish, or cream, or disinfectant. If he stand well with the gods he may get cream, but the average explorer will hit upon the bottle of disinfectant.

Many offices in India are filled on this dark-pantry plan; and the office of Police Nabob of Calcutta had drawn a queer decoration for its head. Officially he was not called Police Nabob; that is only a story-teller's license. This story is about the time Eden-Powell was Nabob.

People asked why he had been pushed up to that place; but nobody answered them, and they passed on to other things.

The Nabob was always discovering something—some tremendous conspiracy among the natives. If some caste took to painting their knees crimson, that meant another mutiny was on the tapis, and if Eden-Powell didn't watch sharply the British Raj would be swept out of an Indian existence.

When Sen Mullick gave the *nautch* (dance) out at Hathabad, near Calcutta, Eden-Powell felt that the time had come for him to distinguish himself. A contemplative goat would have characterized the thing he did as stupid, but Powell felt that he had received an inspiration.

Sen Mullick was one of the black sheep the Nabob had written down as second cousin to Nanna Sahib. At this *nautch* there would be some mischief hatched, and he'd find out all about it for himself.

That was why he got the disguise. It was a decorative thing, this disguise, a long, unkempt beard and wig, purchased in detachments from different hairdressers; and an up-country native's outfit of clothes, silk-embroidered vest and all.

Not a soul knew about it but the Nabob himself. When he had saved the Empire, and could place his hand on the shoulder of the leader of the new revolt, he would declare himself, but not till then.

The beard bothered him a bit, also the wig. They weren't sufficiently attachable, it seemed to him; the soft wires passing over his ears were quite inadequate to the desired stability of the make-up; so he had his bearer bring him from the bazaar an adhesive compound warranted to cement oil and water together.

Eden-Powell lived at the big hotel, and the night of the *nautch* at Mullick's place he went to dinner in evening dress, as usual.

A man can't have all these big things on his mind and contain them without showing a bit queer; so when

the Nabob disappeared after dinner, he left behind, somehow, an impression that he was going a trifle dotty. It was probably a touch of sun. That is a common enough thing in India; so it would not have mattered much if it had not been used rather extensively in trying to account for the sudden disappearance of Powell later on.

When he left the table he went to his room, packed his disguise in a hand-bag, slipped quietly down the stairs, passed the *durwan*, walked a block, and engaged a *gharry* (carriage) just by the entrance to Government House. He had done all this in so methodical a manner that the elation of success already began to creep into his marrow. By Jove! if the thing came off he'd get a "C.S.I." or some other tag labelling him as a great man in that land of great men.

The lean, coffee-coloured driver of the *gharry* stretched over in his high-perched seat and looked closely at the Sahib who had ordered him to drive to Sen Mullick's. That was diplomatic; for it was a good four miles to Mullick's place, and some of the Sahibs were painfully indifferent as to their ability to pay for the luxury of a cab. The look satisfied Sunda. The Sahib was round-faced and fat, therefore prosperous; the clothes were such as capitalists wore.

Satisfied as to the prospect of pay, Sunda laboured faithfully with expressive Hindoo adjectives and a long-lashed whip at the skinny *tats* (ponies) that pulled his *gharry*.

Inside, Powell Nabob attached himself to his disguise. It was a laborious undertaking, inducing much profane thought, for the gum arabic, or whatever he had got from the bazaar, clung to everthing it touched with an appalling persistency. A porous plaster was like the touch of velvet as compared with the amorous embrace of the wig and beard on Powell's head and face. He felt that whatever else befell, the hirsute part of his disguise would stick to him. Also was he tolerably certain of the lasting qualities of the tan skin-dye he rubbed on face and hands.

He chuckled softly when he thought of the consternation it would spread among the conspirators when they knew that the Police Nabob had been among them.

When Sunda arrived at Mullick's, he jumped down, opened the *gharry* door, and peered into the interior with a broad smile of welcome on his face for the fat, chubby, youthful Sahib who had done him the honour of selecting his *gharry*.

An old man, who could have given many points in disreputable appearance to a hill fakir, emerged from the inner darkness. Sunda drew back with a weird feeling of uncomfortable astonishment. He took another look into the *gharry* for the fat Sahib with the pleasant face. He had gone, vanished. There was only the dishevelled thing in much-tangled hair and native garb.

Then Sunda knew. He had carried the devil. His passenger was *Sheitan*, who sometimes rode with *gharry wallas* before a great evil fell upon them.

The driver's lean, big-jointed knees tipped toward each other in drunken desolation. He clung to the door of the *gharry*, and steadied himself, as a harsh, thick voice muttered from the mastic-matted beard the order, "*Bhito!*" (wait for me).

Eden-Powell passed into Mullick's *compound* (garden), and Sunda climbed wearily up to the battered seat of his ark-like vehicle. There is not much charm in the unguilt life of a *ticca gharry walla*, but at that moment the misery of Sunda's existence was intensified a hundredfold. Why had *Sheitan* selected him as a victim-host? Years before Sunda had sent his child-wife to sleep with a dose of *datura* (poison), but it was so long ago that it could not be because of that. Even Baloo, who drove the big chestnut horse with the white face, and had also brought a fare to Mullick's *nautch*, could offer him no consolation when he told of the satanic passenger. "It will bring you evil, Brother," Baloo said. "It is always that way when he rides—evil, evil, nothing but evil."

Then Baloo thought of something.

"We will go and see Baboo Chunder Dey. He knows of these things, for they are written in the books he reads, the books that are of our speech, and also the books that have come over the black water from *Bilati* (England)."

Where one Baboo is thin, nine are fat and ponderous. Chunder Dey was one of the nine-tenths, and his mind of a greasy solemnity. "If they both said it was *Sheitan*, it might even be so, for the incongruity of this thing was expatiated upon in the theosophical and metaphysical publications." That was what Baboo Dey said with grandiloquent unctiousness, for next to *gheebattened* food, the Baboo loves complex English. Sunda saw at once that Chunder Dey understood the thing. Sunda's simple ways were no match for the devil, but with Baboo Chunder it was quite different.

Chunder pulled at his *hookah* (pipe) in reflective gasps. The *hookah* bubbled back like a laden camel, and the patient drivers waited.

"Why not catch this *budmash* (bad fellow)?" asked Chunder Dey at length. "There will be much gain in that—also honour. If *Sheitan* is reincarnated, and gets into your *gharry* again, Sunda, we may catch him."

And while Eden-Powell sat among the others and watched the *nautch* and listened for words of sedition, the Baboo gathered unto himself twelve lusty hirelings from the bazaar and instructed them as to the capture of Sunda's passenger. He carefully concealed from them the fact that this was supposed to be *Sheitan*.

When Eden-Powell left the *nautch* in disgust at the paucity of mutinous conspiracies he found Sunda waiting for him. He got into the *gharry*, and about a mile out ran into a real, live, up-to-date mutiny. He had discovered it in reality, his long-dreamed of revolt had materialized. That India was in a blaze from one end to the other he never doubted; but what concerned him more immediately was that he was considerably mauled, most effectually bound and gagged by means of an evil-smelling breech-cloth shoved into his

mouth; carried off, and cooped up in a little heathen temple called Ootypara.

The capture had been most successful. Sunda was overjoyed; he promised to carry Chunder Dey back and forth to the city free of charge for a whole year.

Eden Powell's bag containing the evening clothes had been left in his *gharry*, that was all that was left of the round, fat Sahib the Evil One had spirited away. Sunda took the clothes down to the Hoogley, and threw them in the river. The bag he sold in Rada Bazaar for three rupees, and thus secured payment of his fare in a round-about way.

A sampan boatman fished up the clothes and turned them over to a policeman. The policeman took them to the station, and there was read on the band "Eden-Powell." Also Eden-Powell was missing. It was really useless to look for him, for was not all this proof that he had drowned himself. Everybody suddenly remembered that the Nabob had been queer for a long time. The second mutiny fad had unhinged his mind to a certainty, and the night he had disappeared he had been quite mad at dinner—quite mad, all remembered that.

To drag the Hoogley would be like dragging the clouds—as useless. A six-mile current and a flood and ebb tide made an undertow that sucked down big ships when they touched bottom as though they were eggshells.

Eden-Powell was drowned, there was no doubt whatever about that. The notice went out, and a new man was put in his place. Chunder Dey read of these things, and fed his prisoner, *Sheitan*, through a hole in the door of the temple at Ootypara, and in no wise connected the devil with the Nabob of the Calcutta Police.

That Eden-Powell was furious is one way of putting it. He even tore down little bits of plaster from the strong brick walls in his rage, and shied them at the fat, greasy face of Chunder Dey as he gazed at him through the square

opening in the door. But that made no difference to the Baboo.

It took his mind many days to determine what he should do with his capture. At first Powell concealed his identity; it would hardly do to have it known that he had been shut up by a Bengali Baboo. His prestige would be gone, and he would simply have to leave the force.

At last, when he saw that there was small prospect of getting out, he told Chunder Dey that he was the Police Nabob. At this the Baboo smiled solemnly and said:

"Eden-Powell, the Police Nabob, is dead. He drowned himself in the river, and they have found his body. I am a 'B. A.' and have read these things in the publications."

"Who the deuce am I, then?" asked the prisoner.

"You are the devil," answered the Baboo, blinking his heavy cow-eyes at Powell.

Powell tried to remove the beard, but it was like a fresco that had been set in mortar. The skin he might pull off, but there was no severing the hair from it. His disguise had been a most emphatic success.

Many natives heard of the capture of the Evil One, and came and stared with charming unconventionality at Powell and passed uncomplimentary remarks. The Nabob was a good linguist, and these remarks revealed themselves to him in all the beauty of the native vernacular. The trend of most of the criticisms on his personal appearance was that he was not even a respectable looking *Sheitan*—did not come up to their conception of that awful incarnation.

Then the Baboo sat down and wrote a letter to the "Powers" in Calcutta anent his captive. He knew enough of official life to realize that if he hoped for any *kudos* (glory) for himself in the thing he must get at the Chief Magistrate, else the underlings would cheat him out of the credit of it; so he addressed his letter to the Viceroy.

Of course the Baboo was clear enough as to what he meant to con-

vey in his epistle, but it can't be said that the production elucidated that point very satisfactorily. He wrote:

"By Your Excellency's providential favour, last night the Satanic ruler of the place where also Pluto will catch Your Excellency's enemies, did come among us at the time of Sen Mullick's *nautch*. I, who am Baboo Chunder Dey, B.A., am solicitous of an appointment in a Government office by the favour of the Sahibs, did advise Sunda to forcibly take possession of said *Sheitan*.

"Also in said *gharry* was the bag, which I have not taken, or perhaps Sunda has sold.

"Your Excellency will know that this agent of Pluto, who is *Sheitan*, did project himself from the body of a fat Sahib, and is even now, with hirsute adornments like Your Excellency has seen, a much penitent fakir.

"Your humble petitioner craves and humbly begs that Your Excellency will advise as to the adjustment or otherwise of the devil who is now in the possession of your slave."

That was pretty much the state of the letter signed by Chunder Dey, and delivered by hand through the portals of Government House.

The Secretary to the Viceroy read it more or less, and was on the point of consigning it to the waste-boat when he remembered that the Viceroy had a penchant for gathering unique and original manuscript as evolved from the brain of a Baboo; so he submitted it to Her Majesty's representative with the apologizing remark that the writer was evidently a large consumer of *bhang* or opium, or both.

The Viceroy was intensely interested in the Baboo's letter from the start; it opened up a wide field for metaphysical research.

Every Viceroy has some predominant fad, and Lord Roma's was the ever-engaging investigation of native character as allied to things spiritual. There was an incongruous air about this idea of a Bengali Baboo having captured the King of Evil that tickled the Viceroy's fancy immensely.

He sent for Chunder Dey. The Baboo left his *durwan* to guard Eden-

Powell, and presented himself before Lord Roma with a feeling that at last the gods had sent him fortune.

The august presence of the ruler of all the Indies unnerved him, and his account of the capture of *Sheitan* was a marvellous bit of disjointed imagination. The thing he had captured by the aid of twelve stout henchmen had descended from the clouds to the top of Sunda's *gharry*. Sunda, who always spoke the truth, would bear him out in that, he asserted. That was near to the house of Sen Mullick. Then the thing that was assuredly *Sheitan* had one minute been like a Sahib, and the next like a dog, and finally it was an evil-looking fakir.

Everybody had run away because their livers turned to water in fright; only he, Chunder Dey, had remained, and captured this that was *Sheitan*. No one had helped him, because they were afraid; only the twelve stick men had been of assistance at the time of putting him in the temple which is Ootypara. He had done all this for the good of the Sahibs, and their religion; and if His Excellency would pass an order for his appointment in the Revenue Department it would be well.

Taken all together, it seemed to be enough to interest even the Viceroy. So Lord Roma ordered that a policeman be sent out to bring in this crazy fakir whom Chunder Dey had locked up in the temple. "They may kill the poor devil, you know," he said to Lord Dick, the Secretary.

An order was passed to Police Constable "C 914" to proceed in a *gharry* to Hathabad and bring in the native fakir from the Ootypara Temple.

"C 914" was a red-faced Irishman lately recruited from a sailing ship, and he felt considerably the importance of this his first real constabulary commission.

When Eden-Powell saw the rosy face of "914" at the wicket in his prison door he was overjoyed. "How are you, my man?" he called out blithely.

"No familiarty, ye dahm hath'an,"

responded "914" scornfully. "Say 'Sir' when ye see a Sahib, or ye may get yer fuzzy head cracked, ye black spalpeen."

The Nabob gasped in astonishment. "I'll fix you for this insolence," he said with a fine return to his old pompous self.

"Insolence, ye dirty fakir ye!" exclaimed "914," his Irish dander getting up. "An' ye'll fix me! I've heard that as soon as a naygur in this country learns English he gets cheeky, an' I belave it now."

By this time the constable had the door open, and producing a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket, rushed at the prisoner as though he were going to take a fall out of him in the Græco-Roman style. The new constable wasn't an adept at putting on the bracelets, but he had the strength of a bull, and soon Eden-Powell was securely shackled and considerably shaken up.

"I'll discharge you from the force for this," he said pantingly, as the constable dragged him along toward the *gharry*.

"Oh yes," replied "914" derisively, "you'll do all that, an' sack the Viceroy, too, perhaps, ye English-spakin' begger of a native. Come, get in here, me Circassian beauty," he added, prodding the Nabob in the ribs with his police baton, "An' it'll be better form for you to be talkin' yer own native *bah*t than gallivatin' with broken English."

Eden-Powell was horror-struck. He would rather die than that all this should get out. He felt like exasperating the Irishman until the latter murdered him. Once or twice on the long drive to Calcutta he tried to enter into conversation with his guardian, but the latter, sitting bolt upright, ordered him to shut his bazoo, or talk to the native driver in his own language.

"It drives me fair mad," he said, "to hear you naygurs talkin' English. It was the likes of you that murdered all the women and children in the 'black hole.'"

When the Nabob tried to remonstrate,

"914" jabbed him in the ribs again with the end of his baton, and told him to hold his whist. Baboo Dey followed behind in another *gharry*.

Lord Roma had ordered that the fakir be brought straight to Government House, for he had become deeply interested in the affair and wanted to see just why the natives had pitched upon this man as a representative devil.

In under the pink-yellow stucco gate, lion-topped, "914" passed with his prisoner, and up the many steps that led to the imposing guardian in crimson and yellow who held possession of Government House door; "914" stated his orders; the crimson-gold native disappeared, returned, and said: "Lord Sec'tary Sahib sends salaams."

They passed in, Chunder Dey with them, and after a wait of twenty minutes in a hall, were ushered into the presence of the Viceroy.

Eden-Powell started impetuously forward when he saw the Viceroy and Lord Dick, the Secretary, sitting there. The powerful hand of "914" brought him back with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. "Kape still, ye h'athen," he hissed in his ear. "Salaam the Lord Sahib."

Chunder Dey salaamed obsequiously and addressed the Viceroy. "Your Excellency, this is the maker of all evil, *Sheitan*, that we have captured."

"Bring him closer, officer," replied the Viceroy.

It was like a nightmare to Eden-Powell. If he gave his name or were recognized, the farcical absurdity of the thing would be sufficient to cost him his place, he felt sure. If he didn't he might be sent to jail as a troublesome fakir. It was a terrible situation, as bad as a mutiny.

"Does he understand English?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, Your Excellency, replied Eden-Powell.

The Viceroy gave a slight start at the sound of the voice. It was most assuredly very English-like. Powell saw the keen gray eyes fixed upon him

with a peculiar intensity of expression. "Your Excellency, this is all a mistake —" began Powell, when "914" interrupted him. "Kape still, ye scut!" he whispered hoarsely; "answer when you're spoken to, and kape your tongue atune your teeth."

"What are you saying, officer?" queried the Viceroy, not hearing plainly.

"He's like a parrot with his English, Your Excellency," replied the constable, saluting.

"What's your name?" the Viceroy asked the fakir.

"I can't give it, Your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell, hesitatingly.

As he spoke the gray eyes again flashed upon Powell like the rays of a fluorescent lamp. Eden-Powell started—surely the right viceregal eye had closed in a subdued wink. He had never heard of a Viceroy winking; it seemed incompatible with the awful dignity of the office, but that right lid had most certainly drooped. Then Lord Roma spoke again. "Well, never mind about your name, we'll get that later on. You speak English very well, where did you learn that?"

"At Harrow-on-the-Hill—I mean in England—Your Excellency."

Again the upper lid of the Viceregal eye stumbled and fell down, completely curtaining the steel gray of the eye. There could be no doubt about it this time; Eden-Powell knew a wink when he saw it—that is, when he saw it the second time. What it meant he didn't know, but a wink always telegraphs the information, "Go slow."

The Viceroy turned to Baboo Chunder Dey: "What makes you think this is *Sheitan*?" he asked.

From the mass of voluble information the Baboo poured out he gleaned that it was chiefly the personal appearance of the fakir that inspired the Baboo with his belief. Also Sunda had declared that he had reincarnated himself several times in his presence.

"I don't blame the Baboo," hazarded Lord Dick: "this chap certainly looks more like the devil than anything I ever saw."

"He's a bad one, Your Lordship," chipped in "914." "He puts on as much stoile as an evictin' landlord."

Now Lord Dick was an Irish landlord himself, and a ripple of laughter passed through the soul of the Viceroy at this shot of the constable's. But "914" was oblivious to all that; he was simply possessed with the desire to get much punishment for the cheeky fakir.

"I think," said the Viceroy, speaking to the Baboo, "that you are quite right in your surmise; and are quite deserving of that appointment because of your services to the State over this matter. You will see that the Baboo receives a clerkship in the Revenue Department," he said, turning to Lord Dick, "as reward for capturing the devil. You may go, Baboo."

Chunder Dey salaamed his thanks, and walked out on the soft, springy air. His feet smote heavily on the polished floors, but he knew it not, he felt that he was swimming.

Eden-Powell listened in blank amazement, and was about to remonstrate when the hard, polished end of the baton passed persuasively across three ribs of his right side. That and the memory of those two winks induced him to keep his mouth closed.

When the Baboo had gone, the Viceroy addressed "C 914." "I think, officer, that this fakir is probably quite harmless; not at all the evil one the Baboo would have us believe. You may leave him there in that room on the right. I will have the case looked into by the proper people. You can take the—ah—the—ah—handcuffs off his wrists; after that you may report to your inspector that you have left him in my charge."

"C 914" placed Powell in the room indicated, took off the bracelets, gave the prisoner a frightful scowl, saluted, and marched solemnly out of the presence of the Viceroy.

Then Lord Roma stepped into the room in which had been placed the fakir, closed the door deliberately and said: "Well, Mr. Eden-Powell."

The Nabob's knees collapsed, and he said imploringly: "You know, then?"

"Ah! I was not mistaken, then," interrupted the Viceroy blandly. "I thought I recognized your voice when you first spoke. May I ask why an officer of her Majesty's service, occupying the position Mr. Eden-Powell did, appears before me in this ridiculous plight, charged by a Baboo with being *Sheitan*?"

It was terribly humiliating. Eden-Powell told His Excellency the whole truth; it was the only way.

Later on the information went forth that the victim of Chunder Dey's campaign, the deranged fakir, had been sent off to his own country.

When people saw Eden-Powell in his office again they learned that he had not been drowned at all; but only in the General Hospital for two weeks on sick leave.

Sunda still believes that he carried the devil; and Chunder Dey that he captured him, for did he not get his appointment because of that?

Eden-Powell believes no more in putting down young mutinies, single-handed, in a mastic-applied disguise.

The whole thing showed that the Viceroy had a good heart and much sense. He had saved the Nabob's dignity with a wink.





## THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

"CAN I go this way to the Astor House?" inquired Thackeray, slightly bewildered, one afternoon by the maze and mesh of New York's East Side.

"Well, I dunno," answered the Bowery boy, as he eyed the figure of the great novelist reflectively, "but"—he tilted his cigar to a more acute angle—"I guess ye kin if ye behave yourself."

A considerable knocking about had convinced the Bone and Sinew and myself that a man can go anywhere if he behaves himself, and we went to the gallery of the House of Commons. I called him—this off-and-on comrade of many years—the Bone and Sinew. He had been accustomed to it in political speeches and editorials, and never even wondered why "brains" hadn't been added. One week of the Commons gallery explained. The men below him didn't proceed on the hypothesis that he was endowed that way. That is why there is a change of Government occasionally, and Lincoln's epigram, that "You cannot fool all the people all the time," requires to be verified.

The night of his arrival, Jack—that was the Bone and Sinew's name—and I had a discussion about political economy, constitutional government, the British Constitution, and, incidentally, the Canadian House of Commons. This was the Bone and Sinew's first visit to Ottawa when the House was sitting, and he seemed to think that his conversation should harmonize with the legislative atmosphere. He had been worrying through a long Canadian winter on a few trivial questions like Free Trade and Protection, Bi-metallism, Imperial Federation, and a Differential tariff, and he came down to Ottawa to get them settled. He feared to be alone with them for another twelve months—and he came

to the fountain-head of the political wisdom of his country. When I bade him good-bye after he had drunk deeply at the said fountain-head for one solid week, he had a hunted, troubled look in his eyes. Instead of the fearless specimen of stalwart Canadian manhood, who looked his fellows proudly in the eye as if he gloried in being at least a part of a government "of a people, by a people, for a people," there was something in his face, as he clambered on the rear platform of the train, that boded trouble in several back townships at the next general elections. For his idols had been shattered.

When the Bone and Sinew winced a little that first night at a general reference in the orthodox Canadian way to His Excellency the Governor-General as "a nice gentlemanly figure-head whom it was convenient to have in the neighbourhood to open Parliament with a certain amount of frills, sign the Bills, advertise the country and sort of emphasize the tie with the dear old Motherland," I knew he would be worth trotting around with. I thought I might find out something more about the innate sense of Canadians on men and things political in one week of the Bone and Sinew than a year's *Globe* and *Mail and Empire* editorials; and I did. The Bone and Sinew started out with quaint, jumbled-up political ideas, which can be found in no other country but our own—a mixture of sentimental, loyal Toryism that almost died with the last hope of the Stuarts at Culloden, flickered into life at the American revolution, and yet smoulders in the hearts of the Canadian descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, and a radicalism born of the sturdy independence of life in field, forest and prairie, untrammelled by the prejudices of centuries and false ideas

of Nature's law of caste. He was a Canadian.

Our first glimpse of the House was unfortunate. It was the middle of an all-night session, and the members didn't look impressive. No man is a hero to his valet, but the Canadian House of Commons cannot afford to throw "the shreds and patches" of its extremely limited cloak of dignity aside for a minute in public. It is then indecent. It may be that the country is too new or that the aforesaid cloak becomes burdensome after wearing it all day, and that two o'clock in the morning offers excuses; but the horrible suspicion arises that the House is more comfortable, more at home, as it were, in its shirt sleeves. Still Oom Paul and his parliament of Boers do good business, and there is a cuspidor apiece in the legislative halls of the "greatest nation on airth." However, the Bone and Sinew, who had a moment before looked on the buildings standing in their dignified beauty on Parliament Hill, as a lode-star that guided the destinies of his great and beautiful country, as a temple to be approached with the mingled feelings of a devotee to a shrine and a subject of a mighty empire to a throne, was shocked. A member on the Government side was engaged in the intellectual task of imitating a coyote in the last stages of ravenous hunger, and was succeeding very nicely. By the end of the session he will do better, and will be referred to by the Ottawa correspondents as "the prominent and genial member for —," and then he will be spoken of in his local paper as "that distinguished statesman —." A member of the Opposition was talking against him; at least he must have been doing that or something equally mysterious, for no one, not even he himself, seemed to know what he was talking about. Half of the members present were asleep or half-a-sleep, except on occasions when they showed that there was ever present with them the all-pervading thought that they were controlling the future of a great and glorious country by soul-inspiring cat-calls,

patriotic desk pounding, and heart-stirring yells reiterated at convenient intervals. They wished to show the people of Canada that their representatives in Parliament assembled were at the helm of State.

I remember once being on a campaign, which, by the way, was prompted by the same spirit of partizanship that the all-night session in the Canadian House exemplified in miniature, and which ended in disaster and disgrace where the outlying sentries of the Bashi-Bazouk regiments converted the stillness of the Soudan into bedlam by shrieking all night at one another to let their officers know they were on duty.

The Bone and Sinew looked apologetically at the door-keeper of the gallery, for the servants of the House of Commons are under the impression that the buildings were built for them, that the members cannot be helped, and that the rest of the world are interlopers. He whispered "What are they doing?" I told him they were ruling the country, guiding the ship of state, and incidentally were making a holy show of themselves.

"Is it necessary to go on like that?" he asked, as pandemonium broke out in a new place below us.

I said I didn't exactly see how it could be avoided as long as democratic government was by party, and that government, party, and individuals were necessarily imperfect and human. No man claimed that our government was an ideal one, for if perfect men were the legislators they wouldn't represent the people. Referring to the question before the House, I told him that if the Minister of Railways and Canals happened not to have had a big square jaw, and had not been accustomed to "bossing" a Provincial Assembly for the last few years, and if the Opposition didn't know they were within their rights in asking an answer to the question Mr. Blair refused to give, and wished not only to harass a leader of a party which had ousted them from power, but also show that, although in Opposition, they were not to be bull-

dozed by any Minister of the Crown, these seemingly ridiculous school-boy proceedings wouldn't have occurred. Jack said that the Opposition were apparently anxious to get an answer, and that it must be an important one which the Government was trying to keep back. And Jack looked mystified when I told him that the answer was immaterial to both Government and Opposition. "Then why does the Opposition persist in obstructing?" he asked, and it took him fully five minutes before he realized that his question struck at the root of the weakness and strength of government by party. The point in this case *per se* happened to be unimportant, but it had a right to be answered, and the Opposition took the only means in their power of insisting on that right. Through the cat-calls, yells and chaff there was the deep undertone of man's inherent right to know how he is governed—the voice of the free-born Briton. But Jack wanted to know if it was necessary to turn the House into a bear-garden, and that grown-up, free-born Britons with whiskers and bald heads should go in for childish horse-play to assert their principles. I asked him to remember that there were several million men prancing around Europe, drilled and armed, ready and willing to kill each other at the command of a few dozen men, for a mere matter of national honour or sentimental principle. There was as much sense in horse-play and loss of sleep as smokeless powder, Gatlings and wholesale murder. I suggested to the Bone and Sinew that he should reform the world. He said he would start on the House of Commons. It was easier and could stand it.

About the middle of the week the Bone and Sinew began to have opinions. An evening with him in the Russell rotunda, after the House had adjourned, was a liberal education. He had lived the major portion of his life in the lumber woods and frontier towns and settlements, and his business as bush-ranger necessitated a quick sizing up of men and things. He was one of those

who live in the silent, far-off places of the earth, who think much and have the unerring instinct of the Indian to aid them in their judgment of their fellows.

"Who is that?" he asked one night, as a big, aggressively self-satisfied man came into the hotel, and was immediately surrounded by members of the Commons and Senate, with whom he condescendingly shook hands when he had time to take his thumbs from the armholes of his waistcoat. That sort of man always carries his thumbs that way—it is his hall-mark.

"Who's that?" repeated Jack, for he saw that there was a factor in Canadian political life before him. There was.

"Dan Mann," was whispered with a suspicion of suppressed awe in the voice.

"Has he a seat in the House?" again queried Jack, as he followed the inflations of the contractor's chest.

"Several," some one answered; "and there is a report that he has a pretty good cinch on a seat in the Ministry."

The Bone and Sinew didn't say anything for fully ten minutes. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking, and then he merely muttered, "I now understand why Alexander Mackenzie built that private staircase. He couldn't be blamed if he had built an underground passage from the House to his bed-room."

This removed any doubt of Jack's off-hand judgment of men.

As he grew accustomed to his surroundings he became almost painfully opinionative. He was tearing up in fierce whispers the Constitution, the British North America Act, the Parliament of Canada, Senate and Commons, objecting to the policy of the Government, suggesting one for the Opposition, and in a general way praising, censuring and condemning everything, from the Prime Minister and Sir Charles Tupper down to a Gulf member, as we listened one night to a debate on the Drummond County Railway Bill or some other old thing, and I protested. Several fellows in the press gallery, I in-

formed him, had said that it took a man at least six months' attendance at the House to get even an idea of it. Jack let his eye rove from end to end of the gallery above the Speaker's chair, and said reflectively, "that they probably would." He then continued to settle the standing, political, mental and moral, of the members.

One of his reasons for the Premier's success as a leader was that he was a gentleman. Incidentally he was not "parishy" in his ideas; was a man of culture and taste, had any quantity of *savoir faire*, was a fascinating if not convincing speaker, industrious and assiduous in his attendance in the House, and had an attractive personality. That Sir Wilfrid was not a strikingly practical man who could meet on equal terms Mr. Foster in debate on Finance or Sir Charles Tupper on matters of international moment, or others on the detail of government, might be admitted. The Prime Minister didn't make even a good country law practitioner. He was above it. He was built to do what Alexander Mackenzie, with all his sturdy strength of purpose, rugged honesty and Scotch shrewdness, that Edward Blake with all his eloquence, brains and professional standing could never do—lead a successful Liberal party.

As a set-off to this torrent of praise I ventured to remark that Sir Wilfrid and his Government had stolen the clothes of their opponents. "Guess they have, guess they have," Jack answered, but he looked attentively at the strikingly handsome face and graceful figure of the Premier for a minute and went on, "But they seem to fit him nicely."

He continued, "That is what I have been trying to tell you. A man like Laurier is not hard to fit. That is where he is a politician. Grand old Mackenzie's Scottish bones stuck out all over through every suit or policy democracy in its present stages could provide him with. As for Blake he wouldn't stand still long enough to be measured and then he wanted to cut the policy himself. In fact he cut the

whole blooming policy, party and country at last." Jack didn't even smile at the pun.

"As for Laurier not being practical—he is adroit enough to make it unnecessary, and anyway he has Mr. Tarte always on hand. Tarte is practical enough for a half dozen governments. Tarte is one of those numerous men the Conservatives sized up the wrong way. They thought him merely a valuable electioneering agent while he wanted a bigger job which he could fill. He is filling it now. Sir Adolphe Caron hasn't been heard of for a long time. Like the Church of England, when Wesley got religion violently, the old staid Conservative Church thought they hadn't room for him.

"John Wesley would probably have been only the leader of the Low Church party and the instigator of a great revival within the church he loved so well if he had been given half a show. As it is, the Methodist denomination is a considerably important body nowadays and there are no late reports of it being enamoured with the church whose Bishops refused John Wesley permission to preach. The parallel between Mr. Tarte and Rev. John Wesley here ends. Mr. Tarte would not like being paralleled with a Methodist, many people think, but that is just where they make the mistake. He may be an unscrupulous politician for all I know, but there is one thing, if he is unscrupulous, he won't be small about his unscrupulousness. He is bigger than he looks, and too broad to run on a narrow-gauge line."

I accused Jack of being a Grit. He said he was not, but he wasn't a consummate ass, for a man that would not recognize strength in another or played or fought another on the presumption that he was a scoundrel or a weakling because he happened to be an opponent, was an ass. And he knew a big man when he saw him.

I asked Jack if Sir Charles Tupper wasn't a broad man. He said he was, but things had gone too far and had got too tangled up internally and externally, as regards the Tory party,

before he took a hand in the game for him to appear to advantage, and the game of politics was one that the old Cumberland war-horse understood.

In support of that fact I told him of an interview a western Conservative had with Sir Charles immediately after his assumption of the leadership. The old statesman said he would and could have settled the Manitoba School Question months before. His Manitoba supporter asked how? And Sir Charles solved the question which had divided cabinets, disintegrated a great political party, was the keynote of a thousand platforms, and defeated a Government, by simply saying "Beaten Greenway at the Provincial elections."

The Bone and Sinew, who knew Manitoba, dreamily said, "And it would only have cost \$100,000 or so; and a Conservative Government, both in Dominion and Province, would have come to terms without importing any sunny ways, as easily as the Liberals did."

"More easily, Jack," I said, for I also knew Manitoba. "And then there would have been no Manitoba School Question."

"They may say what they please," continued Jack, in his rambling dissertation on the members (for McMullen was speaking at the time and didn't interrupt him) "about Sir Charles Tupper being of a school of politics that has gone out; that the rather verbose speeches of the Opposition leader, like Johnsonese English, belong to another, slower day; that telephones, electric cars and bicycles have come in during his absence from active politics, and that this isn't an age of traditions, rounded periods and four-hour speeches. But remember the veteran Tory hasn't had a chance practically since his return to find himself in charge of a House divided against itself, and then leader of a party disorganized by unexpected defeat. Still, life is short, and Sir Charles sometimes forgets that everybody hardly dares to hope to live as long as he does. They say that Sir Charles Tupper is of an order of things that has passed away. Bosh! It is the

same old order, only manipulated in a little different way. Has the ballot-box done away with electoral bribery and corruption? Because West Indian slavery and the East India Company, whose interests controlled a majority in the Imperial House of Commons, are abolished, is it to be said that the Canadian Pacific Railway is not on a paying basis. There are good and evil in human actions in the Dominion of Canada as there was in the garden of Eden, and they are not to be measured by the efflux of decades. And the quality, *facile princeps*, to which the Liberal party owes the fact of successful leadership is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has the gift of diplomatically using both for his country's benefit and his party's advantage. A man who can successfully manipulate both the good and evil influences attendant upon a party government without loss of self-respect, personal and political honour, building private staircases or cutting the country, is something more than a political juggler. He can be a Canadian party leader. Sir Charles Tupper would probably do very well as head of a government, but as Opposition leader he is handicapped. Evil influences do not flock tumultuously around oppositions, and evil influences count. They mean the difference only too often between office and opposition. They have put a good many lines in Sir Wilfrid's clear-cut face, and his shoulders are not as square as when I heard him cheerfully address a meeting four years ago on 'Free Trade as they have it in England,' and let his silver-tongued eloquence loose on the meretricious influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Red Parlour is not the only room in an hotel; if there was a Van Horne there is a Shaughnessy; instead of Manning, Macdonald and Co. and the Onderdonks, there are Mackenzies and Manns. In a word, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald."

And then the Bone and Sinew tried to listen to McMullen, who was defending the Government about something or other. He asked me if he were the

McMullen of North Wellington, the great and patriotic McMullen who laid awake at nights doing sums with the public accounts blue book, which he kept under his pillow for convenience, who saved this fair Dominion from ruthless ruin by counting the napkins at Rideau Hall, and made the welkin, wherever they happened to keep a welkin in North Wellington, ring with his caustic criticisms of the devastating depredations of the Government in the way of the country's pens and pen-wipers. I told him that that was the only original McMullen, that when he died there would be no other, there could be no other. Nature's mould with the McMullen stamp was broken, and anyway a young country couldn't possibly totter along with more than one McMullen.

"Is he troubled with Rideau Hall night-mare, and pens and paper dyspepsia nowadays? No?"

I told him that there had been a change of Government, and that McMullen claimed the same right to change his opinions on finger-glasses and carpets at \$3.50 a yard, as John Costigan did his party. It was a free country and McMullen was merely an evidence of the peculiarity of that freedom shown in what we had been talking about at the beginning of the week—government by party.

And then Jack sat, listened, fumed and quietly swore as member after member got up and talked and talked on an immaterial point in a complicated railway contract upon which every member had arrived at a conclusion days before, and upon which the two parties were strictly divided. "Why are they talking and to whom are they talking?" he asked, as above the rustling of newspapers, the scratching of pens and the whispered conversation,

their voices one after another could be heard in the inattentive House.

"To the country, you say. Talk comes high, then," he said, as he rapidly made a mental calculation of running a first-class, high-gear Senate and House of Commons, warranted to run smoothly and not to burst. "But I suppose we must have it. Several dollars per word, I guess McMullen will figure it out. And still they say that speech is not golden. We'll talk about this partyism and garrulity again."

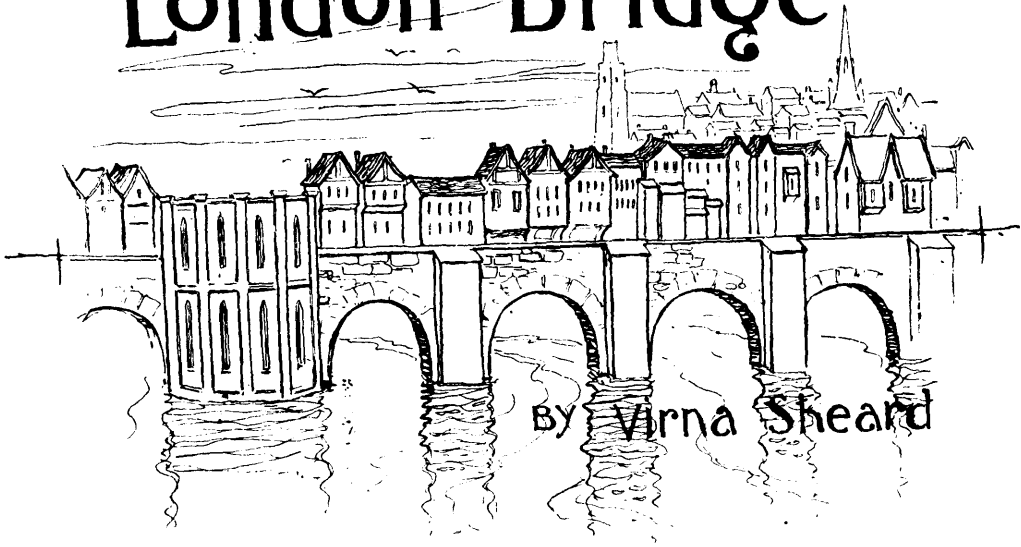
And we went out into the quietness of the Canadian night and stood on the heights of Parliament Hill and looked up and beyond the turbulent Ottawa, where field, forest and stream were lost in the uncertain light. The glorious vista before us brought up strange thoughts in heart and brain. The most national of Canadian rivers, the Grand River of Champlain and the modern raftsmen, lapped the foot of the heights on which man essayed to rule his country's destiny. It seemed in the stillness of the night to whisper nature's message of the incalculable power and wealth of prairie, mine and forest of the land through which its waters came. Slow indeed must be that Canadian's pulse and dull his brain, if both are not quickened by that view from the summer house on Parliament Hill over the roofs of house, mill and workshop of Ottawa and Hull, to the great illimitable West, to the marvelous possibilities of the future beyond the horizon.

I saw Jack's lips tighten and heard his breath come thick and fast as he listened to the roar of the Chaudiere, the mighty voice, it seemed, of Canada, that drowned in its natural greatness even the memory of the babble of puny man, a few yards away.

*To be continued.*



# A Lily of London Bridge



THE tollhouse at the northern tower of London bridge was warped and rickety. Its gabled roof, red with rust, curled up at the eaves like the sides of a bishop's hat and the whole place leaned far over the river, seeming, indeed, to keep from falling more by some "power of adhesion than stability of construction."

Those were the days of the old bridge. Afterwards Elizabeth restored it with much splendour, but at this time the narrow arches were crumbling and the foundations crazy with age. Still the people loved it well for all it had seen of England's past.

"If the bridge has a fault," said some wag of the time, "it is its irritating habit of falling down in places." Yet well had it stood out against the siege of time, and many a generation had it seen vanish as the river mists of early morning.

Many a king returning home from war had crossed it in triumphant state to the music of jingling spurs and linked armour; many a queen had been

carried over the dark arches in silken-lined litter, and with her "bright-clothed ladies bearing her company."

Sombre funerals had passed across it in slow procession. Many a grim fight had stained the flooring red. Ay, and there had been jousts fought there for love of glory alone, when the towers had their turrets plumed with banners and gay gentlemen rode beneath.

All these things the place knew, and many were its burdens—most gruesome of all the ghastly heads of traitors. These terrible trophies were still spiked upon the great Southwark gate, and were lit up in horrible brilliancy at night, when the flaming links fluttering in the river wind threw weird shadows over their staring faces.

Richard Davenport, toll-taker at the north tower, was known far and wide in the days of his youth for his handsome face and also for being a most rare villain. Thrice had he languished in the pillory, once barely missed flogging at the tail of a cart, and later for

highway robberies he was sentenced with three others to be hung on Tyburn Hill.

Having sown the wind, and hearing in his ears the oncoming rush of the whirlwind, he vowed to Heaven that if one more chance be granted him he would live peaceably to his life's end. Whether these prayers made in terror reached Heaven, or the Prince of Darkness looked after his own, fortune certainly turned her wheel and meted out long life to a man who seemed to stand on the edge of eternity.

For while he awaited execution Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth came to the throne. Furthermore, the time set apart for coronation fell upon the very day that Davenport and his companions were to make their unhappy exit.

Now, her Majesty was not minded that her reign should be ushered in by bloodshed, and graciously pardoned all criminals (not guilty of murder) who were condemned to suffer death on that auspicious day. She was also pleased to bestow the papers of liberation with her own fair hands. And when this prisoner, Richard Davenport, came into the royal presence with his fine, melancholy, face and appealing blue eyes, the Queen's heart melted with pity, and she turned quickly to her attendants saying that here some error of justice must surely have taken place, for if an evil spirit dwelt in so fair a body it was for the first time. Furthermore, as the youth seemed quite broken-hearted, she desired Lord Burleigh to bestow a purse of five golden rose-nobles upon him that he might begin life anew.

Following this the prisoners were disbanded, Davenport bowing himself away in graceful humility, and the nine others, who had no straight features or appealing eyes of azure, in a miserable, shambling bunch, making for the open, frantically, lest by some trick they be overtaken and condemned afresh.

Still more, the Queen bore this lucky scapegrace in mind and desired to have him become a good citizen. Therefore he was given the post of toll-

taker on London bridge—a minor position in the gift of the crown. But though Richard Davenport found the earth firm beneath him instead of the distressful opposite, his nature was unchanged, and he lived a peaceable life only for policy's sake.

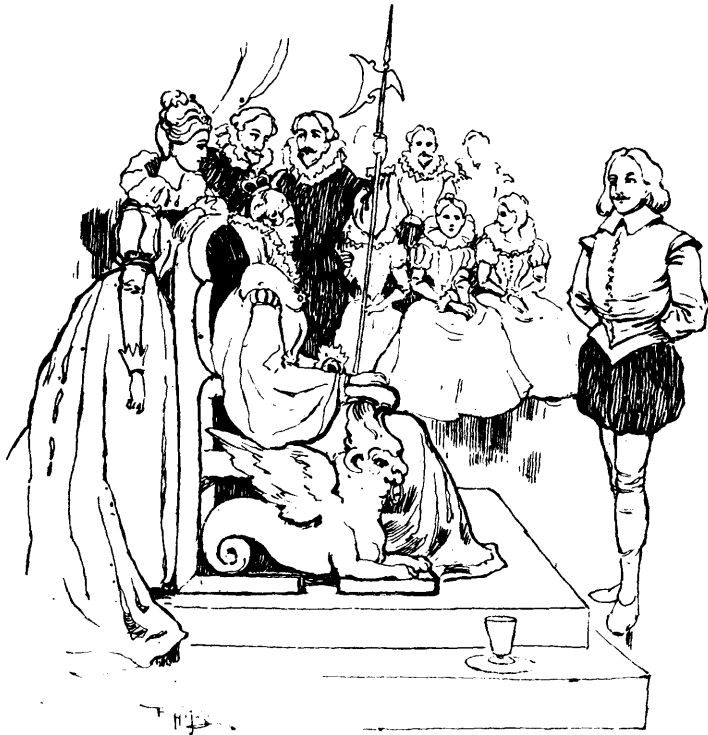
Within a year he married a pretty, timid country lass who knew nothing of his past. Gentle was she and sweet as one of her own garden roses, and the rushing of life over the bridge wore her heart away. She grew white and transparent as a spirit, then died, leaving one child—a girl beautiful beyond words, and blessed, as it seemed, with a high courage, for she feared neither the turmoil of the place nor the fierce and dominating temper of her father. And the little daughter of Davenport was well acquainted with all the haunting sights and sounds of the bridge, for since her starry eyes first opened upon this changeful world these things had been constantly before them—an ever altering panorama.

After her mother died, the man, tiring of the care of the child, sent her daily to a convent, where she learned out of books both French and Latin, and where her tiny fingers caught the cunning art of tambour embroidery. But when Joyce grew old enough to take charge of the house her father bade her stay at home, and, save for Silas Sloper, a one-legged old sailor who did odd work about the place, the two lived quite alone in the tollhouse.

It was damp and dark and filled with the scent of mouldy wine barrels, for there was a tavern next, a rendezvous for sailors and watermen where a thriving business was done by one Jock Ferrier in old Burgundy and a certain hot wine of Spain.

Joyce Davenport was used to the sound of drunken revelries and carousing, yet she grew up as clear of soul and white as one of the little lilies that blossom in the deep marshes where the river widens out, and her face was the one bright, pure thing the sun saw when he looked into the latticed windows of the old tollhouse. She was of a sunny nature and very gentle, yet with





DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"Came into the Royal presence with his handsome face and appealing blue eyes."

this gentleness was strangely blended an unbending will. There were times when the man wondered why he dare go but certain distance of demand with her, for though he had broken the spirit of his wife, this little maid of his had power to make him quail by simply looking at him in her still and tranquil way. And therefore she made a quiet place for herself in the heart of tumult.

Through the noisy hours of the day the toll-taker was busy and watchful lest some keen and money-saving driver pass by without tendering the city's lawful coin. Then he paid small heed to the comings and goings of his daughter, and she might trip in and out as she would. Provided only that his dinner be set to his liking, and she make no delay over it, he asked nothing further. But at eventide when traffic grew less, after the bell of St. Claves had tolled six times, and the river

turned rose colour in the west, when the diamond panes in the windows and shops of the bridge houses showed like cut brilliants, golden and fiery till they dazzled the eye, then did her father turn the key in the door, and the little maid was locked in, like a jewel in a rusty casket.

Then too came the one-legged sailor and watched the gate through the long evening, leaving Davenport free to follow his own wild fancies. Generally these led him to those places amongst the lowest river streets, where cock-fighting, bear-baiting and such pastimes were interlarded with much drinking of cheap wines, and chance games.

The girl would throw open the windows that swung back like tiny doors, and leaning out, talk softly to Silas. He was slow of speech this old sailor man and not over-wise, yet of an

honest heart and of enough shrewdness withal to let no rider go by without handing down his silver penny. It was his greatest pride to be left in charge of the tollhouse and the little lass, and he was much like a gray old watchdog who, while seeming to sleep, hears each smallest sound.

In idle moments Silas told tales of the sea, when sailing was a different matter from what we know it to-day, and it grew to be the dearest delight of his simple soul to watch the lovely face at the casement grow bright with interest as he spun his yarn out from one thrilling climax to another. Often afterwards would that poor head of his ache sorely, for the resources of his brain were not great and those flights of fancy exhausted all its strength. Just where truth ended and exaggeration began he did not stop to ask himself; sufficient was it for Silas to see the blue eyes of his young mistress wide with astonishment, and to hear her sweet voice tremble with anxiety as she plead to know more of some hardy hero or reckless adventurer.

As time passed she grew tall and passing fair; then there came a day when Richard Davenport suddenly awoke to the fact of her marvellous beauty and all it might mean to him.

Joyce had come to the doorway to call him to his mid-day meal; and standing, framed thus in the rough wood, the room dark behind her, she made a picture rare and not to be forgotten. Her hair, which was of a flaxen that seemed touched with silver, waved about her head so light and soft that each breath ruffled it. The delicate brows and curling lashes of her eyes, in strange contrast, were dark as a Spaniard's; and the eyes themselves blue

like the hyacinth flowers that grew on the river bank far away from the city. The cupid's bow of her mouth was red and sweet, whilst her face had all the spring-like colouring of an apple blossom.

The russet gown she wore fell open at the throat, and her father saw the warm whiteness of it and the exquisite curves of her rounded arms, for the sleeves were rolled high.

He gave a low exclamation and drew his hand across his eyes as though dazzled.

"What is't father?" the girl asked. "Art not well?"

"Ay—well enough, lass," he returned half-roughly, following her into the room; "the sun was in my eyes—an' hark'e! keep thee close to the house in future. I will na have thee wandering past the shops, nor to Southwark neither! Dost heed me?"

"I hear thee, father," Joyce replied gently, cutting the wheaten loaf. "But



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

JOYCE AT THE CONVENT.

it seemeth a strange command. Thou didst ever let me go as I wished, so I returned by sundown ; an' I wandered far, far from the town, sometimes just following the river. Hast not seen the marsh marigolds and brown-eyed Susys I have brought back oftentimes ? Yes, an' I went all the road to Greenwich last March for the first pussy-willows. Dost not remember ? An' the tale I told thee of when I found the young cygnets in the old swan's nest ? Thou didst not chide."

"Egad, I will do more than chide an' thou goest again. So do not bring me to't."

Joyce stepped round behind his chair and clasped her arms about his throat ; for in somewhat she loved the man, and ever her ways were coaxing.

"Give me thy reason, then," she said with a little sigh. "I am no child, father."

"An' that is my reason, i'faith ; thou art no longer a child, Mistress Joyce, an' thou art too fair withal. Dost not know my face once brought me the luck of my life ? Thine is more beautiful, an't shall bring thee gold, an' high fortune, an'—who knows lass—a title to thy name perchance !"

She laughed merrily. "Well, I am content to bide—but, as for gold, I fear me 'twill not come my way. An' as for a title—count not on it, good father."

But there were others who had noted the girl's unusual beauty. Far and wide she was called "The Lily of the Bridge."

How she came by the name was not certain, though some said 'twas old brother Sebastian, a gentle monk from the ancient Dominican friary near the river, who first called her so. There were few of his order left, for the times had changed. Yet a number of them passed the tollhouse daily on their errands of mercy, and sometimes even stopped to rest there or ask for a draught of water. It was brother Sebastian, in his rough, hooded cloak girdled by the knotted rope, and his old face sharp and ivory white from vigils

and fastings, who stopped there oftenest. He grew to love the maiden, and noticing her kindly spirit, wished her away from the keeping of such a dissolute father ; for Davenport maintained but an outward semblance of respectability.

Now captured by a new idea, and fancying that in every man he saw one come to rob him of his daughter, the man guarded her with unreasonable watchfulness.

He called himself a fool for not having seen before what a pearl was in his keeping ; what price might not be bidden for it ! "There was not the like of Joyce Davenport," he said to himself, "no—not in the kingdom."

"Well had his own face served him ; and hers—hers should bring him the best the country could give. He would live right merrily yet, and no gentleman of them all would know better how to spend a golden guinea."

This daughter of his should be seen by the highest in the land, and to see her was to worship her beauty and bid the highest price for it. Therefore to the highest bidder she should go—to the topmost title and the heaviest purse in all England. 'Twas a game worth playing—one sure of success—but how to play it ? But where ? But where ? Difficult questions these, and they puzzled the handsome head of Dick Davenport as he stood by the tower through the long autumn day and collected the Queen's tax.

Inside the dark house Joyce pined for liberty. The days were weary, long and unspeakably lonely. There were the dogs—three of them that she had found at different times wandering about the bridge lost and lean, and as desperately miserable as only homeless dogs can be—these were company of course. They followed her so closely, and watched her with such melancholy eyes, that she fancied they must understand her sad case. And there was her tambour work, and the books of Latin ; yes, and the pigeons that flew to the upper windows. But oh ! she longed to be away in the sunshine, longed to escape, and waited in



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"The girl had come to the doorway to call him to his mid-day meal."

patience and half-stifled hope for some change.

Then one morning there came to the tollman a thought that struck him as little less than an inspiration. He remembered there was a place nearby frequented by the gay and wealthy people of the city. That was an inn on the Southwark side called "The Bear," a resort of fashion even like the Paris Gardens but smaller, and in the grounds behind there was often bull and bear baiting. Ladies sometimes witnessed these sports accompanied by their gallant cavaliers; this was the very place, and Joyce should go with him to see the sights.

"If she does not take the eyes of

every man there from the play of the hour," Richard Davenport said to himself, "then the ways of the world have changed."

"Aye, my lass," he cried swinging the door open suddenly and looking in at his daughter, "Thou hast been shut up long enow', to-night will I take thee for an outing to Ted Gillian's Gardens back o' the Bear Inn. Marry! thou need'st some gaiety. 'An thou'lt have a rare pleasant evening. There be hardly a gentleman in England but what finds his way to Gillian's soon or late, an' to-night's to be a grand night. Beshrew me if there won't be bear baiting, and bull baiting, and dancing! Thou'st seen nought of life,

Sweeting, but thy father'll show 'e 'tis worth living."

The girl stood listening with parted lips and quick-coming breath. She leaned back slightly against an old seaman's chest, and with one hand steadied herself by it, for it seemed that she trembled a little. The dark wood made a wonderful background for her slight figure. Her eyes dilated as she listened, and then came by slow degrees an expression on the red curved mouth that the man knew well, and somewhat feared.

"I give thee thanks," she said coldly, "but I will na go. I will na go. I am na one who delights in seeing a poor beast tortured. I will bide here in peace."

Davenport swore softly under his breath. Twice before in her life had she answered him with the same cool determined spirit, and he knew her well—he knew her well.

She would not alter or be easily broken. To use force was to ruin the thing he valued; coaxing would not avail, and she was not to be affrighted nor intimidated.

Davenport turned on his heel muttering a curse, and his face as he went out was white and very evil.

He crossed to a shadowy corner of the tower, where he could watch the gate.

His thoughts were in a tangle, and he raged at such opposition. To be baffled by her—a bit of a lass, scarce eighteen. "Bah!" he said half aloud. It made him ill. Gnawing away at his long moustache with strong, white teeth, he planned afresh, and, to help these angry meditations, drew from a beaded pouch by his side a heavy pipe and some of that new weed that was worth its weight in silver. Then he smoked in silence. This, like all Davenport's habits, was expensive and grew apace. Gold was what he wanted, and must have, thought the man. As for collecting these wretched tolls, he loathed the task. And for the girl, if she would not fall in with his wishes, then she should marry Ted Gillian, who had wanted to wed her these

many months. "Ted Gillian!" The man gave a short laugh. There was a chuckle-head, with a slow wit and a long purse—keeper and owner of the fashionable bear gardens! 'Twould answer. And she be obstinate? But he'd wait, he'd wait. So he pulled at his pipe savagely.

Presently came Silas to go on duty.

"There be rare doin's at t'other end o' bridge, maister," he called. "Rare doin's! There be a crowd gathered as I came by!"

"What's to-do?" asked Davenport sullenly.

"There be a juggler all dressed in brown leather, flecked with little gold tassels where 'tis laced. Zooks! but he tosseth knives till it maketh t'blood stiffen in one! And there be gay red hoops and balls he throws as well; and he doeth magic with a silken ribbon, maister!"

"'Tis a tame show, and one fit for women," said the other roughly.

"Tame show or no," returned my sailor, "it chilled the marrow o' the bones to see him toss the long knives, and catch them when eight were falling tines down!"

"But there be more to it," he half whispered, leaning towards Davenport. "He weareth a brown mask, and they do say 'tis some noble in disguise. Beshrew me, but he looketh like one, for he standeth full a head over any man around. The show be'th on till dark—so thou canst see for thyself."

"Ah, so!" said Davenport, "'tis a strange tale; and yet I doubt me but what the fellow is some banished court jester. Any tattling goeth down with thee. Hark'e! Thou talkest overmuch. Attend to thy business and there'll be short time for thee to be gazing open-jawed at some juggling fool or another. Be not late again, or I'll settle with thee."

Thus saying he went indoors and sat heavily down.

"Perhaps," thought the man, "an' I take the lass to see this fellow, it might bring her to easier mood. That far, and who knows, peradventure a bit of coaxing might lead her on to the

Gardens. 'Tis worth trying, but it goeth against the grain." Rising, he settled his doublet and made up his mind.

His little daughter was in her room looking down into the river and watching a soft, yellow mist that, smoke-like, rolled in from the sea.

"Ah, Joyce!" she heard him call, "I was over-harsh with thee; come, I will take thee for a stroll. At bridge-end is a fine show, they tell me—a sight that maidens may see, for 'tis just harmless juggling, no more nor less. Put on thy best gown, lass, to out walk with thy father, an' in token that thy temper is sweet again."

Joyce answered back gaily, and soon ran down from her room arrayed in a white cloth gown, and with a long cloak of hunter's green velvet tied about her throat. She pulled up the small hood, and dropped her father a little courtesy.

"'Tis all the bravery I own," she said, "but 'twill serve."

"Aye!" he answered. "Thou lookest like a lily coming out of green leaves."

Laughing and chatting they walked down the bridge past the quaint bridge-houses, their tiny roof-gardens bright with flowers, and so in and out amongst the people.

The odd signs above the old shops swung back and forth with low creaking, while the air was full of sounds of life, and fresh with a salt smell from the sea. Under those arches the river surged and beat. Vessels from all ports passed up and down the dusky water that at this hour was touched with gold and red from the western sun.

Great trading ships were going out, some to the old, old East, and others to that new land of the West. Little wherries and punts went bustlingly back and forth, making a great to-do for things so small. A thousand sails, black, brown and tawny, were raised in the freshening evening breeze.

Here and there the swans drifted homeward, like patches of floating snow, down to the lower marshes they went, where was quiet and deep

peace. Out on the docks a day's work was drawing in, and weary long-shoremen wheeled the last casks from some fast-emptying vessel, or piled great chests of tea, curiously marked bales of foreign silks and rugs, or boxes of spice into shelter for the night.

All this Joyce saw as she had seen it a thousand times before. The wind blew in many a fragrant odour from the vessels being unloaded, a perfume of wine and leather, sandalwood, coffee and tobacco, all blended with the scent of the sea.

The sun touched the gray old tower, where it stood afar off, raising its grim head to heaven, and holding the secrets of the years. It gilded the ancient priories of St. Mary Overies, and the convent of Bermondsey, and there was but an afterglow lighting up the world as the two came upon a knot of sight-seers circling about the man Dick Davenport sought.

Yes! there he was, the mysterious juggler still playing for the amusement of the passing throng, and, doubtless, the better filling of his own wallet.

He stood on a small cedar table, where lay an open case of long, double-edged knives, and he was—as Davenport noticed—a good head taller than any man around.

As for his dress, it was sober brown, cut withal in the extreme fashion of the hour, and it followed the lines of his firmly-knit form, as though moulded upon it. His boots of soft tan colour rose to the mid-thigh, and were square and flaring at the top. His jerkin of leather also shone here and there where it was laced with little gilt tassels, as the old sailor had said. He was belted with a girdle of dull gold, from which dangled a small toy-like Venetian dagger. The hilt of this pretty thing glistened blue as though set thick with turquois. The linen at the man's throat and wrist was smooth and fair, testifying to the ease with which he wrought his work. Upon his short dark hair rested a jaunty peaked cap, holding one long pheasant's feather.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"She watched him breathlessly."

The pose of the player as he kept some ivory balls in mid air, was grace itself; still it was his face the people watched, for there lay the mystery of him. His lower jaws, strong and beautifully turned, were shaven clean; the mouth firm and close showed yet the faint indication of a smile, but across his eyes lay a mask, and none might say truly who looked from behind it.

An ancient serving man waited near the table holding a heavy cloak. The expression on the worn face was one of patience under great distress. He it was who collected the silver sixpences, groats and three-penny-bits after each performance—often from a fast-thinning crowd—and in truth his looks bespoke it an unwelcome task.

Davenport pushed through the mass of people to its innermost circle, holding Joyce fast by the cloak. They drew up just as the juggler stooped to take his knives from their case.

Next the girl stood a sailor all agape; barefoot and swarthy he was, his hair burned almost yellow from the tropic sun. On one arm he held a wooden cage wherein were two homesick paraquets that now and then uttered harsh, unhappy cries. Next again was a man of most noble deportment, whose keen eyes missed nothing of interest that passed around him. His close pointed beard was trimmed to a nicety and the half hidden mouth changed as he gazed about at the motley crowd with a smile now grave, now whimsical.

All this Joyce saw as in a dream for she was only conscious of one tall and beautiful figure clad from top to toe in sombre hue, flinging from him straight and high into the air a dozen glittering, dangerous knives.

She watched him breathlessly with eyes darkening, the pink coming and going in her cheeks, her hands clinging together till the rosy nails grew white.

One little slip—one breath too much—Ah! The juggler glanced down and his eyes caught the girl's uplifted face

There was a quiver of his arm—and then a shower of knives rattled on the wooden table or fell to the bridge.

Three he caught, and one grazed his cheek, or even more, for the blood streamed down upon his collar.

Joyce gave a low, half-checked scream and pulling her kerchief out of its swinging pocket held it up.

"Quick! Thy face!" she cried; "Bind it up, O! bind it up. Thou art welcome to the kerchief; I need it not."

Then turning to her father, suddenly caught his hand. "Take me home," she said again with soft intensity.

The juggler had leaned down and taken the tiny lace-edged square, which he pressed to his face. Then he leaped lightly from the table and stood beside Joyce.

"I give thee thanks—but trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he said. "Had I put out my life 'twere a ne'er-do-well gone, and not a better man."

Some voice in the crowd called out, "Go on with thy show, sir juggler; 'tis not thy death wound this time," and there was much chattering and laughter.

"I trow 'twill make but a paltry scar," shouted a rough voice. "Finish thy show. Art turned chicken-hearted?"

Then the man who stood next the sailor looked quietly around, and the hum of voices ceased.

"Pray thee, go to thy homes, good citizens," he said in a rich commanding voice. "There will be no more knife-throwing to-night; the light has failed. Hast never heard this, 'He jests at scars who never felt a wound.'" So, laughing, he made his way through the people.

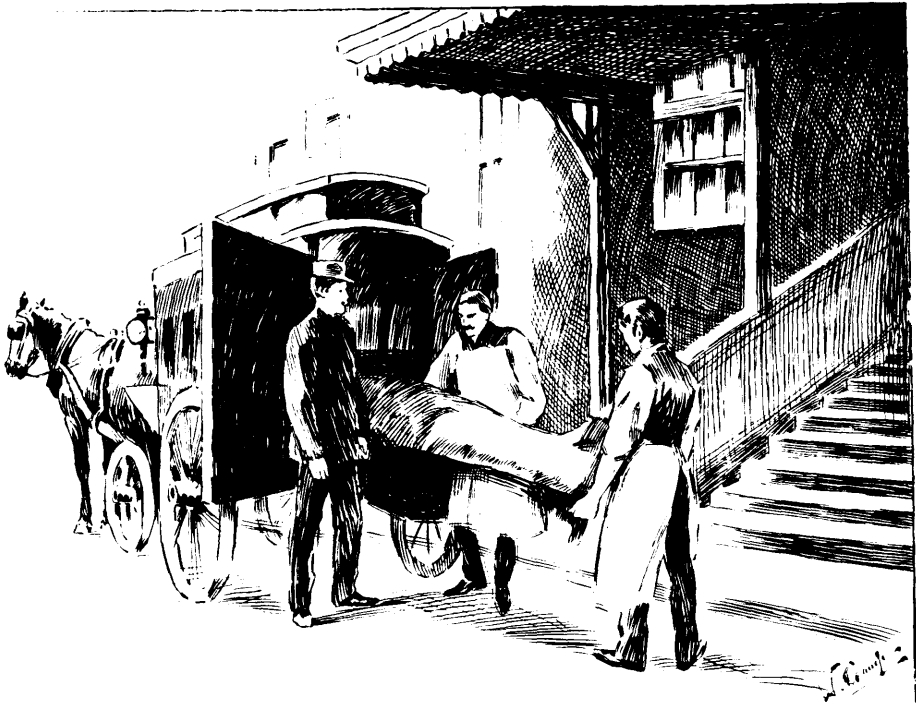
"'Tis Will Shakespeare," said one looking after the man. "A young player from the Globe Theatre."—" 'Tis Will Shakespeare—none else."

Thus they scattered noisily and went away as the dusk fell.

Davenport and his daughter had long disappeared, as had the juggler, while the old serving man folded the table by some contrivance and carried it towards Bridge House.

*To be concluded next month.*





“The pneumatic-tired, noiseless vehicle.”

## HOSPITAL LIFE IN A CANADIAN CITY.

WITH SPECIAL PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY W. GOODE.

*By John McCrae, M.D.*

THE clang of the ambulance gong is perhaps the only indication to the average city man of the great organizations that are busily employed day and night, Sabbath and week-day, year in, year out, in ministering to the wants and needs of the sick. The unhappy victim of some street accident is lifted into the pneumatic-tired, noiseless vehicle, and the bystander draws a sigh of relief, in the knowledge that he is now in the hands of those whose business and profession it is to render him the assistance and care he needs; and straightway dismisses the subject from his mind. But it is well worth observation to follow the patient through the subsequent chapters of the book.

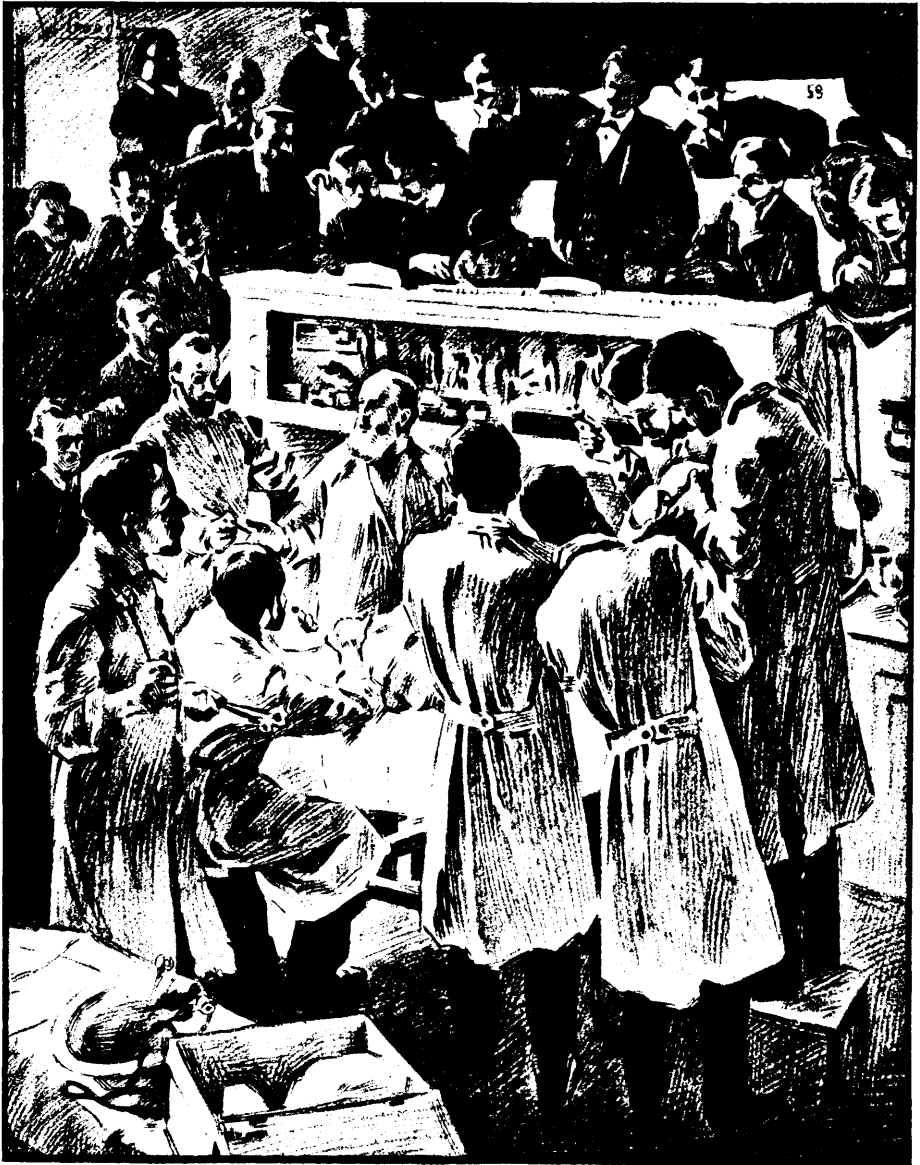
A huge pile of buildings, generally

not notable for architecture, and possibly not of the most inviting aspect, with gateways for ambulances and patients, numerous doorways and signs for public guidance, constitutes this great mill that labours so unremittingly; here is no busy hum of machinery, but the constant movement of human handiwork, that never dare stop for repairs, and that, alas, is never idle for lack of work.

These great establishments are very cities in miniature, and collect for their needs artificers of all kinds. A staff of physicians and surgeons, a host of nurses, and a small army of employes of various kinds, are at work. The mere existence of the several hundreds of patients requires as much labour as a hotel of corresponding proportions;

and if to this be added the professional care and treatment of every one, it will be readily understood that the requirements are greatly increased.

rooms for food staples, are crowded by all the appurtenances of a wholesale grocery establishment; a bakery that turns out its daily quota as regularly



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

AN OPERATING ROOM OF THEATRE DESIGN.

Removed from the actual hospital wards, the internal economy of the hospital is carried on, visible only to the patients by its results. Store-

as a mercantile establishment, a kitchen corresponding in size and business to the hospital requirements—provide for the necessaries of life. The scru-

pulous cleanliness of hospital wards is purchased at a price—namely, a laundry (that turns out a mass of work that can scarcely be appreciated even by the mistress of an extravagant household) and where every day is Monday. Add to this the housemaids and general servants who have for their especial care the physical cleanliness of the buildings, and the total is a large one.

As the ambulance brings its case to the accident department, the patient is

at once transferred to some specially suitable room, where he is undressed or otherwise prepared, and turned over to the hands of the surgeons, who are waiting, white-gowned, to proceed with their work. Every large hospital has its staff of physicians and surgeons, who are called "interns,"

who live in the hospital, and some of whom are always on duty. The number of surgeons and nurses varies with the number of patients, but as a rough estimate, a surgeon has charge of from twenty-five to fifty patients, and a nurse is required for every four or five, allowing for hours of freedom from duty. As soon as the patient has been examined and his wounds dressed, he is removed to his ward, where he finds himself sur-

rounded by all the familiar appurtenances of a sick room on a large scale. Here he is entered on the "service" of the surgeon or physician belonging to the visiting or consulting staff of the hospital, who has charge of his particular ward. The visiting and consulting staffs are composed of men eminent in their profession, who add to their hospital duties the work of more or less exacting private practice; and it is an interesting fact that the greatest names

of the profession are those of men, who have for long terms of years been associated in the work of large hospitals. Content at first as assistants, their experience has increased with their years, until at length years of apparently too-unrewarded toil bring their recompense—and the dignity of a consul-



HOUSE-SURGEON BANDAGING A PATIENT'S HEAD.

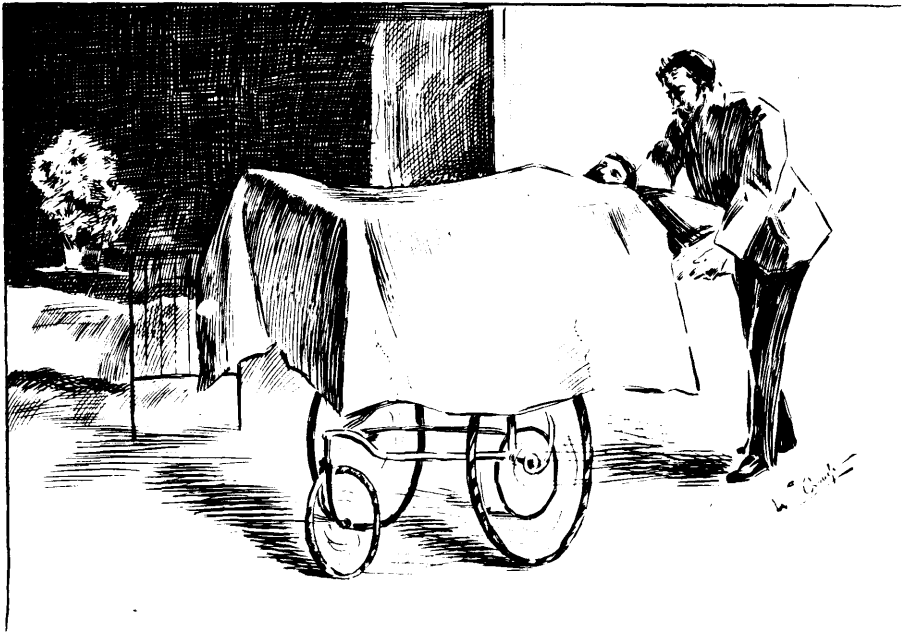
tant to a great hospital. The visiting physician or surgeon—for medicine and surgery are widely divergent branches of work—visits the wards each day, and where necessary directs the work of the less experienced "intern," or confers with his colleagues upon some especially difficult case.

The well-known term "walking the hospitals" opens up another aspect of hospital life; for by this is meant, the

attendance of students, graduated or otherwise, who avail themselves of the large number of cases, to study their profession. Almost every large hospital has connected with it one or more schools of medicine where, in return for a substantial fee, the student has the privilege of observing the thousand different phases of disease. Distasteful as this slight degree of publicity is to some patients, it will be readily understood that it is the only return the great majority of so-called "public" patients can make for their care and

nursing or medical treatment; and where such an one has the benefit of the skill of the most eminent professional men, it will be seen that he renders but slight return in giving himself a subject for clinical instruction that is everywhere conducted with the most strictly professional decorum. For those able to pay, every hospital has private rooms and beds, where the patient is secluded, and is free from these rules; but the nursing and other care is equal in all cases.

In many hospitals free dispensaries



MOVING A PATIENT IN THE WARD.

attendance. Most hospitals are supported by endowment funds or by the city or county in which they are situated; and, in Canada, it is customary for the municipality or the provincial government to make a grant per diem for each bed. The poor of the city or county can thus be treated free of charge; or, if a patient be able to pay, he pays a sum which is merely directed to his maintenance (and which does not entirely reimburse the hospital on that single account). The public patient pays nothing whatever for his

are in vogue. The patients at these are called "outdoor" patients, to distinguish them from "indoor" or "house" patients, and are allowed to come at certain stated hours to obtain free advice and treatment for ailments not sufficiently grave to demand their confinement to bed. They serve as recruiting grounds for the hospital, but are liable to great abuse, for it will be readily understood that in the many thousands annually who avail themselves of this privilege there must be a considerable number who would be



EXAMINING AN OUT-DOOR PATIENT—THE MOUTH.

able to pay, but who prefer to catch at the robe of charity.

Among the inmates of a great hospital, strangely enough, there is a moderately large number who from time to time reappear in the wards, until they become "haunters," and will stay as long and return as frequently as they can, even if it be necessary to feign aches and pains to prolong their stay; and such patients are often known to visit the same hospital again and again for years.

The hospital day begins early, and, generally, nurses go on duty by seven o'clock in the morning, although the wards are busy long before that hour. Breakfast is served and over in time to permit the routine cleaning of the wards before any of the medical rounds are made. Later in the morning the "interns" make their rounds, each accompanied by the chief nurse of the

ward; or, in the event of the presence of one of the visiting staff, the rounds may be made by him. The nurses have quite sufficient work to occupy all their time in the care and attention required by a large ward of patients, and the morning runs away all too soon. As soon as dinner is over for patients who are well enough to have their regular meals, the afternoon brings (in addition to the usual work) the visits of the senior medical officers, and, on certain days, the friends of the patients.

The nursing staff are on duty from eight to eleven hours per diem, according to the system in practice, and to be on one's feet constantly for that length of time is very fatiguing to those who are unaccustomed to such work. Nurs-

ing of to-day is a fascinating life; but those who choose it should think deliberately of the extremely hard work that it entails, and remember also that in the spare time allowed the nurse, she has to study, or attend lectures, for the purpose of supplementing by an adequate amount of theory the practice she sees in the wards. In most great hospitals, the course for nurses consists of three years; and it is necessary to undergo a term of probation that varies from one to three months. The patients who are well enough to be out of bed are made to retire early, and when the night staff go on duty at seven or eight o'clock, the wards are already quiet for the night. The night staff, who take this duty by rotation, are only one-third as many as the corresponding day staff, except in the event of an exceptional number of patients requiring attention.

All this, however, takes no account of any particular branch of the hospital, and where a hospital is largely or (as in some places) entirely surgical, the work required is much greater in proportion. Dressings of all sorts require time and labour, and this is an addition to the ordinary work of the medical wards; dressings of minor importance may at times be performed by nurses, but generally are the work of the interns, who are assisted and waited on by a nurse. The work of the operating-room requires an additional staff, and where there are several operating-rooms in one hospital, the demands made by this branch are extremely heavy. Each surgeon is assisted by at least one intern, and a second intern is required to administer the anæsthetic. The latter has an important charge to fulfil, and he is never expected to pay the slightest attention to anything else. From one to three nurses are required for an operation of much importance; and of all these surgeons and nurses, at least three require to have their hands antiseptically prepared, and must therefore touch nothing that does not belong strictly to the operation. After operation the most thorough cleaning of the room must take place, and to this the gorgeously inlaid marble operating-rooms of some wealthy hospitals of to-day readily lend themselves. There are operating-rooms in one or two of the great American cities upon which fabulous sums have been spent; and while this may seem too lavish, it must be remembered that granite and marble are the cleanest of materials, and such a room can be cleansed by a hose as one

washes dust from a window. Where clinical instruction is given, the operating-room partakes of the nature of a theatre, with ascending tiers of seats from which the students can watch the operation.

The reader of this decade is thoroughly familiar with the term "antiseptic surgery," but he is probably unaware that the highest degree of antiseptics demands that the operator before entering the room take an antiseptic bath, clothe himself in the exact garb of a tennis player—in white duck and linen—and envelop his hair in a kind of skull-cap. This has been found to be a freer and less cumbersome garb than the large aprons, and is compatible with perfect cleanliness. With such precautions, the operator can do several operations in succession, with, of course, a proper degree of re-preparation after each one. Where much surgery is done there are several operations each day, and the student consults a notice board whereon are shown the cases and operators for the



EXAMINING AN OUT-DOOR PATIENT—THE NOSE.

day; he can thereby choose what he wishes to see, and neglect what he judges to be unimportant.

There is a tendency in these times to have fewer General Hospitals and more hospitals devoted to special departments of work; but where the former exist there are several other departments of interest besides merely medicine and surgery. Maternity hospitals are generally separate from other wards, for it is only thus that safety can be assured; and to this statement, the dangers that followed in the days when maternity wards and surgical wards full of foul wounds were carried on under the same roof, added an ample testimony.

Hospitals for the treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat are usually separate; as also are hospitals for children.

It is scarcely possible for the layman (if the term may be used) to visit a hospital without having forced upon him the fact that, at best, it is a sad place. The grim visitor that, "with impartial foot, knocks at the palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor," is never far away; and the constant presence of death has lent colour to the

belief that physicians are "hardened." It cannot be that familiarity breeds contempt, but rather, that familiarity breeds familiarity, and that these two are upon a nodding acquaintance with one another; so they are not effusive, as those who greet a face they have not seen for years.

The hospitals are the last homes of such as who wander over the earth as long as they are fit for daily work;

and many a one is found in these beds who has not seen a relative for years. To one whose home ties mean much to him it is simply astounding to see how often men in this busy, shoulder-rubbing world have no friends.

Did it ever strike you how like a huge cobweb this world is? A maze of lines that break—oh! so easily—and beginning here,

end there; but between here and there the wide earth may intervene. A hospital that has existed for half or a whole century is in this one sense like a graveyard, for many a film of the cobweb has led thereto. And if all the lives that lead to this one point were chronicled, what a mass of comedy and tragedy they would represent!



CONVALESCENT.

## THE BURDEN OF TIME.

**B**EFORE the seas and mountains were brought forth,  
I reigned. I hung the universe in space.  
I capped earth's poles with ice to South and North,  
And set the moving tides their bounds and place.

I smoothed the granite mountains with my hand,  
My fingers gave the continents their form,  
I rent the heavens and loosed upon the land  
The fury of the whirlwind and the storm.

I stretched the dark sea like a nether sky  
Fronting the stars between the ice-clad zones;  
I gave the deep his thunder; the Most High  
Knows well the voice that shakes His mountain thrones.

I trod the ocean caverns black as night  
And silent as the bounds of outer space,  
And where great peaks rose darkly towards the light  
I planted life to root and grow apace.

Then through a stillness deeper than the grave's,  
The coral spires rose slowly, one by one,  
Until the white shafts pierced the upper waves  
And shone like silver in the tropic sun.

I ploughed with glaciers down the mountain glen,  
And graved the iron shore with stream and tide;  
I gave the bird her nest, the lion his den,  
The snake long jungle-grass wherein to hide.

In lonely gorge and over hill and plain,  
I sowed the giant forests of the world;  
The great earth like a human heart in pain  
Has quivered with the meteors I have hurled.

I plunged whole continents beneath the deep  
And left them sepulchered a million years.  
I called, and lo, the drowned lands rose from sleep,  
Sundering the waters of the hemispheres.

I am the Lord and Arbiter of man;—  
I hold and crush between my finger tips  
Wild hordes that drive the desert caravan,  
Great nations that go down to sea in ships.

In sovereign scorn I tread the races down,  
As each its puny destiny fulfils,  
On plain and island, or where huge cliffs frown  
Wrapt in the deep thought of the ancient hills.

The wild sea searches vainly round the land  
For those proud fleets my arm has swept away;  
Vainly the wind along the desert sand  
Calls the great names of kings who once held sway.



Yea, Nineveh and Babylon the great  
 Are fallen like ripe ears at harvest-tide,  
 I set my heel upon their pomp and state,  
 The people's serfdom and the monarch's pride.

One doom waits all—art, speech, law, gods and men,  
 Forests and mountains, stars and shining sun,—  
 The hand that made them shall unmake again,  
 I curse them and they wither one by one.

Waste altars, tombs, dead cities where men trod,  
 Shall roll through space upon the darkened globe,  
 Till I myself be overthrown and God  
 Cast off creation like an outworn robe.

*Frederick George Scott.*

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## HIS SONG.

### I.

THERE was a poet and he did sing,  
 Of summer's gold, and the green of spring,  
 Of youth, and love, and of everything,  
 Pregnant with brightness and joy and cheer.  
 O, his song was sweet as brooklet's rune !  
 As sweet and gay as a thrush's tune  
 To the world on sun-filled day in June ;  
 It lingered long in the listener's ear.

Men praised it much, but the poet cried,  
 In the heat of noon—"Unsatisfied !"  
 In the dark of night—"Unsatisfied !"  
 "On a sea of unrest I toss.  
 I fain would sing of the greatest themes  
 Life holds—I weary of pretty dreams—  
 There are heights of joy, and mighty streams  
 Of passion, of pain, and of loss.

"I would sing of bliss till hearts would leap—  
 Of anguish subtle, and sorrow deep,  
 Till over the souls of men would sweep  
 A breath from far-off Gethsemane ;  
 Of things below, and of things above,  
 And hate should die at my song of love—  
 Sing with the power to thrill and move  
 The heart of humanity mightily."

"Not in Life's garden," One softly said,  
 "Life's pleasant garden with flowers spread,  
 Are the great songs learned—thy feet must tread  
 In the desolate places, and drear ;  
 Thou must drink the rue and wine of life,  
 Must know the anguish and joy of life,  
 The heaven of peace, and the hell of strife,  
 Ere the song be such that all must hear."

## II.

There was a poet, and O, his song  
 It was wondrous sweet, and wondrous strong—  
 Different quite from the pretty song  
 He had sung in the days gone by.  
 It made the greybeard forget his years,  
 The selfish his schemes, the coward his fears,  
 The miser his gold, the mourner his tears—  
 It sank so deep, and it soared so high.

It moved ; it held ; for the poet, he,  
 Filled all his song with a sympathy  
 So mighty, each list'ner said, "'Tis me  
 The poet sings to, for in this hour  
 He flings wide open memory's door,  
 And all unbidden there comes once more,  
 From dead and gone sweetness held in store,  
 A breath that pains with its strength and power."

He had walked the valley, and climbed the height,  
 Known rapture, and hope, and all delight,  
 Known faith betrayed and the hopeless blight,  
 Had writhed at the sting of envy's dart,  
 Had fasted and feasted many a day,  
 Had kissed his dead, and had turned away,—  
 And the song that the souls of men did sway,  
 Came straight from the poet's broken heart.

*Jean Blewett.*

## THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

*By Erle Cromer.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this a scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears.

## XII.—MINERVA VS. SYLVIA.

THE next day when the sun made a round dab of silver over the Canada Company woods, Minerva Falconer drove down the concession behind the old white mare. She turned the cutter on the gore in front of the white church and tied up at Moss's. As she crossed the slab at the hand-gate she paused a moment and bent over. A big pair of boots had leaped the ditch at the side of the slab. There

was but one such pair of boots in Mums ; and as Minerva reflected so, she told herself with a deep laugh that almost threw a shadow on the snow that Rudge Moss was probably farther from the log house at the jog that moment than he had ever been on foot before, even on a coon hunt.

Minerva had not expected it quite so soon. She had given Saturday morning to Pensee to digest Molly's letter. The afternoon would be a good time to

discuss the situation with Pensee and Sylvia; after which she reasonably expected Pensee to pack her trunk and come with her in the cutter without any serious opposition from Mrs. Moss. By Sunday night everybody in Mums would know that Pensee had changed her boarding-house; but before they finished talking about the reason Rudge Moss would be out of both Mums and school, which was the present consummation the widow devoutly wished.

Now it was "cart 'fore the horse, but all the better for the journey," reflected Minerva, as she stood at Moss's kitchen door and knocked with full- mailed fist. "Good evenin', Silvy," she said as the door opened. "Land! here you be wipin' dishes when the dear knows, as I say, anybody ud think you'd oughta be wipin' your eyes—"

Clap! went the lid-lifter on to the stove door, and for full two minutes without a glance up or a word Mrs. Moss poked and prodded the sticks in the stove, took off all the lids, moved all the pots and ended with a furious tattoo on the grate in front; after which she flung the lifter clattering on the hearth and proceeded to play an orchestral symphony on the knives, spoons and plates.

"Silvy!" said Minerva severely, as she strode across and took her by the arm, "set down. The idee you kerryin' on so! Hain't we both mothers?"

Sylvia sat down and began to pick aimlessly at her print apron.

"Now you needn't to tell me a word, Silvy," went on the Widow calmly. "I know. Rudge's gone off in a tangerum an' left you. Land! didn't I see 'is tracks 'crost the ditch like a wild deer's the mennit I got out the cutter, an' I says to myself, there, I says, I'll bet Silvy Moss is lonsumer right now than a robin in January; fer if that ain't Rudge's good-bye track out o' Mums the snow ain't white that falls. It all come to me like in a dream. Goodness knows, as I say, there's sometimes when we know more'n we see an' most everything to onct, an' this is a case in

pint. A week ago there wasn't a bit more to-do in Mums than there is in a snow-drop. Now it's most bilin' over; an' why? 'Cause plain innocence, Silvy, can't do innocent things 'thout slander makin' 'em guilty; fer, as I say, there aint a innocenter pair in Canady than Pensee Vale an' Rudge Moss. It's a pity if young folks is gota be grand-maws 'fore they're married, every mortal thing jist so or you git your name like Burdock Blood Bitters on every board fence in the township, fer birds to pick at. But it's that way in socitee; an' after all, Silvy, that's a great sight older'n we be, let alone the young folks. We gota be as careful, Silvy, about our reputation in socitee as we air 'bout what our thoughts is in the church, or socitee 'll go to smash. That's my doctern.

"Pensee Vale's a clever girl, as I say, or she wouldn't be teachin' our school, the first girl that ever did; but she don't know as much as socitee 'bout some things. Likewise Rudge, cunnin' hand an' all as 'e is on a place, don't know't all. But, land! They're both goin' to find out; an' when they do things'll be sot right again. Rudge'll c'm back in doo time. Land! 'twunt hurt 'im to git abroad a leetle anyhow; an' he'll think jist's much o' Pensee Vale an' she o' him, after all's said'n done, as they ever did.

"Well, as I say, Silvy," rising, "Pensee's welcome to stay at our house till the storm's blowed over, an as much longer as she likes. I thought I'd drive down an' git 'er trunk this afternoon an' take 'er right up along. Now, Silvy, you needn't to bother a speck. I'll go up an' help Pensee pack the things; then you better come an' help us down with the trunk; for I expect Reuben aint up from the bush yit."

Minerva opened the parlour door and swept upstairs. In ten seconds she was down again.

"Silvy, where's Pensee?" she shouted. Sylvia gazing disconsolate out at the woodpile, turned upon her visitor a look of scorn. She rose.

"The last I seen of 'er she was back

the side-road," she said with a corrosive smile. "Mebbe she's in the bush now for all I care; so long as she don't find Ruddy. If you want to know any more ast the one you had fer nigger las' chear. Then you c'n stick your nose into other folk's business a little more, an' when you git it full you c'n start keepin' bad-house to pay your debts. There."

With which fling of vitriol, ending in a scream, Mrs. Moss opened the kitchen door as a sign for her visitor to leave.

Sylvia Moss was not naturally vindictive, but her train of ideas ran on a narrow gauge. She probably only half believed Pensee Vale guilty of the sin whose recital she had heard from the almost paralyzed girl's lips that morning, when she went to her room and found her with Molly's letter open in her hand. But she knew it was on Pensee's account Rudge had left home with the shadow of guilt upon him, and she felt to hate her for it. The wrong done to Pensee in the event of her innocence or Rudge's share of the responsibility for her possible guilt never entered her mind. If Rudge was innocent Pensee was guilty for having permitted suspicion to smirch him; if guilty, hers was the fault. In either case Minerva Falconer's lynx-eyed curiosity was fit subject for dread; her positive interference in the matter of Pensee's boarding-house merited nothing but contempt. Sylvia didn't see the logical connection between Minerva's solicitude over Pensee and the rumour just then seething at the mouth of the crater. Her anxiety was all over Rudge.

#### XIII.—PENSEE IS LOST.

Pensee wandered on. When the clouds turned pale she was on a log-trail that led off the side-road among new, black jampiles, fresh-sawn stumps and log-ends, splintered scrub-elms and scraped black ashes, into the thick forest.

Red-creased great white-oaks limbless to the lofty crotch where the bald eagle builds his hut; bulging, deep-gouged gray elms with beams for the

clouds; wine-soaked shaggy soft maples clutching with huge hands at the lap-scaled brown hickories jagged as porcupines; blue-gray smooth beeches arrow-winged from the waist; slim, yellowish black ashes on whose topmost taper-finger the brown thrasher sings to the clouds; silver-scurfed birches that roll their skin off in square patches to show you the tan blood under; soft black basswoods white as maid's breasts under the bark, brooding over the spice-shrubs, blue-beeches and shoot-maples in the thickets. This was a Mums forest; on to whose secret floor the webbed twigs had sifted the snow peacefully irregular over the deadwood.

Pensee wandered on; among the trunks, over the low logs, round the big ones. She never looked back at her solitary vagrant track in the snow. Long after the snow had soaked her shoes and the low twigs had tousled her hair over her red cloak, she stopped a moment where some axe had made a jampile long ago. The robins had left a few red berries in the spice-bushes there. They were frozen now. Pensee pulled and ate them. She didn't see the wan sun drift up into the south and cross. Mums was out of view. The air hung quiet in the branches. Only the slow swish of Pensee's snow-clogged skirt among the underbrush broke the silence of the hollow-tapping woodpecker, the cold-peeping chickadee and the lumbering thud of a sleigh on a distant log road. She wandered on.

And all that afternoon the wood-top flung one vast, vague shadow on the rude floor; till suddenly once as Pensee sat to rest on a log the snow shivered without a sound and caught the picture of trunks and lashed twigs in blocks and webs of black. Pensee's shadow came out at her right. She started up as if frightened and for the first time since morning glanced about as far as eye could see.

Gold on the right trunks; gloom on the left; shadows on the snow.

But a moment. The black crept off the snow into the trunks. East was west again; and that one lonely girl

might wander on till dark without knowing by more than the uncertain moss on the trees where to turn for home.

Slowly the far trunks faded out of view: the near ones came closer together; the twigs blurred. A low branch of basswood snatched Pensee's cap. She looked to find it; when suddenly her eyes grew dim, a faintness came over her, and she caught the basswood branch to keep from falling.

The snowy spaces glimmered like ghosts in the gloom. The winter night had come, as it often does, with a sweep into the Canadian forest. With it flashed like a meteor into Pensee's thought the awful sense that she was lost in the great, pitiless wood where all day she had wandered like one in a dream. Her foot stumbled over a log; she fell in the snow beside it.

A belated chickadee fluttered somewhere in the underbrush before her. Pensee heard it and struggled up. Groping by shrub and twig she followed on. But the white hand waved once in the dark and found not a twig. Trembling she fell in the snow right at the root of a stump.

"Bird!" she called—it was like the voice of a child crying for its mother; "bird!—bird! N-no. He's gone—to rest. To rest—. Bird!" choked half-mystic, as though she had talked herself out of sleep, "if you wake before me, tell them I didn't shame him. They say I did; and when their eyes are on me I must say—yes, Pensee Vale did. But I can say to this snow, that's as pure as he is, I didn't—didn't—"

The voice smothered into the snow. The great wood was silent.

One hour. Far in the distance straight towards the vanished sunset from where Pensee lay by the stump came the hollow thudding of a sleigh—nearer—nearer—the trample of hoofs, the shiver of slow bells.

Pr-r—oof! A horse racked in the harness and tried to leap from the log-track; stood snorting.

The driver spoke sharply from the

logs and tried to pull in again. No use. The horse crowded his mate clear over a log away from the stump at his hoofs.

"Whoa! Rock, you owl—"

The driver sprang off the load, and, still holding the lines, took a step towards the stump; felt about it with the butt of his whip.

"My God! it's a woman—"

Peart Falconer let go the lines and dropped on one knee beside the prone heap in the hollow of the root. He took it in his arms and lifted it. The white face glimmered up into his.

"Pensee!" he gasped. "My God, it is—it is—Pensee!"

Only her heavy breath made answer. Quickly he closed her in his arms, rose and carried her to the sleigh. She couldn't resist.

He laid her down a minute, jerked off his hay-cushion from the logs and put it under her head. Then, quick as a panther he unhooked the rear-chain from the tight binding-pole, flung it over the sleigh, snatched out the pole, loosed the front chain and flung it over, grabbed his cant-hook from the rear bob under the logs, leaped on top, jabbed the hook into the top log and sent it with a boom over on the other side. The next two followed suit.

"Step up, Rock!" he shouted, as he sprang down and took the lines. "Whoa!"

It was but a log length. Quickly he rolled the bottom three logs off, two one side, one the other; flung the cant-hook in the snow, and jerked off his gansy. This he wrapped about Pensee.

In less than a minute he had her in one arm on the sleigh-bunk. The other hand grasped the lines. The horses galloped; the chains trailing at the bunks rattled after; along between the towering wood walls of the back concession to the school side road.

#### XIV.—PENSEE AT FALCONERS'.

Sunday came in soft wind and sunlight down by the white church at the jog. Bells rang the folk to church in the morning, as the big, straw-choked,

buffalo-robed sleighs with the waggon-boxes chained on the hind bunks, glided beside their shadows over the snow. How often Pensee had stood with Rudge at the jog as they crossed to church on a Sunday morning and watched them come from far beyond the Canada Company woods to the west, east from the post-office settlement, north along the side-road. How she had lingered at the door, leaving Rudge to talk to the boys at the gate, just for the pleasure of seeing the children, whom she taught at the little, drab school behind the churchyard, gather out of the sleighs around her on the stoop to wait till father or brother came back from the shed. Then, during the sermon as she sat between red-bearded Reuben Moss and pale, peaked Sylvia, with Rudge somewhere in a back seat, her only shadow of regret as she glanced out of the window was that an old man whose shanty-smoke she could see back by the white log-heaps, was not there to hear what made the folk so sober and herself so happy as they listened.

Now all that was past. To-day among all the shadows that slipped into the white church, for the first time in ten years Rudge Moss's was not; for the first time since she had been at Mums Pensee Vale's was not.

Only conjecture as yet could tell what had become of either. But there was no lack of that. Everyone knew Rudge was gone. If a meteor had crashed red-hot into the roof of the church it would scarcely have made a greater sensation. Rudge Moss was the boy who, in the year of the great Centennial, had refused to go with Peart Falconer for no other reason than because he and "the old man" were taking in a new piece that year and he couldn't afford the time. Peart then but a lad of eighteen had gone alone. Now Rudge was gone clear out of Mums altogether, without a word of warning. So they said that Sunday morning.

But there was no one at church that morning except Minerva Falconer who knew a breath of Pensee's whereabouts

till a quarter of an hour before the preacher drove into the yard. The late ones found out after the sermon; some in the sleighs going home.

Perhaps some of the old folk repeated the text at dinner; something about the upright man. But many there were who could preach a more pointed sermon—on the fallen woman!

So much for having a girl-teacher in Mums. The next had better be a man; the sooner the better.

But what matter all they said in the sleighs, and barns and kitchens that Sunday? Pensee Vale didn't hear it. She was up at the big house.

Some time before that day dawned she had awakened with the taste of brandy in her mouth, a lamp somewhere near, and the widow Falconer beside the bed holding a cup and spoon. Later she woke again when she could see the maples through the window. There was nobody in the room then. When a few minutes later Molly came in with breakfast on a tray, Pensee sat dressed at the window, head on her hands, heart fluttering like a watch run down. She made no reply to Molly's exclamation at seeing her up. She didn't even ask how she had come there.

"Molly," she said quickly, "they're saying it to-day—at the church. Poor Rudge! He won't be at school any more, I guess. What time is it, Molly?"

To Molly's reply as she eased the edge of the tray on the bed, that the folk were just coming back from church, Pensee said:

"Well, then, it's half a day and a night yet—before school," and shuddered as she looked away out of the window.

"Better eat your breakfus', Pensee," said Molly timorously, not knowing what else to say. She felt almost afraid of Pensee then.

"No, Molly—thanks, no. Poor Rudge! Molly, he's innocent," she said sharply as she turned again. "You know that."

Pensee's deep-lit eyes burned intensely out of her pale face into Molly's.

Molly couldn't endure it. Almost sobbing she went out with the tray. In the hall she met her mother. There was a brief conference in low words; then the widow swept into the room.

Pensee turned her head. The widow looked searchingly without a word into the stony sadness of that young face, more hopelessly pathetic than anything she had ever seen; and Minerva had looked without flinching into the picture of many a death-bed face along that concession.

"Child," she said suddenly, in a deep voice, as she touched Pensee's arm, "you pretty near b'leeve that story's true, I guess. Do you?"

Minerva let her heavy hand tighten on Pensee's arm. With a low moan of fear Pensee let her head drop upon her other arm.

"There, you mustn't," said Minerva in a heavy staccato as she stooped. "It'll kill you. Act's though you could prove it a lie a melyun times a day. Meet 'em with head up—that's my doctern."

"Now, Pensee," she went on more easily, "you got to go right straight back to bed. You ain't fit to be up the way you be, and you ain't to teach to-maara. Remember you're in my care now, same as Caleb."

But Pensee didn't go to bed, or say a word, or move a muscle there with her head on the window-sill and the pale sunlight glistening in her rumpled hair.

The day passed, and at evening Pensee sat in the long parlor at the wheezy, broken-stopped organ in the corner. She could play a little. Molly sat there. The widow was in the kitchen.

Peart Falconer came in later from the barn. Pensee's back was turned and she didn't notice him as she fumbled on.

She looked like a lost child there at the organ, hair half down her back, playing such curious chords; groping so.

Peart glanced at Molly; quickly he rose and went upstairs. Molly began to cry then softly to herself.

When later, Pensee ceased playing

Molly was gone. The widow was up in the attic.

#### XV.—PEART AND RUDGE MEET.

Mums was still convulsed over Pensee Vale, when a week after Rudge's departure came the news of Louis Riel and his wild rising in the West. That was March, 1885. Ever since the great boom Mums had kept an eye on the West. It was wide open now. Mothers and fathers quizzed their children about Louis and the half-breeds. Girls tried to find Carleton Place and Duck Lake on the map of British Columbia. Boys, wood-sawing or feed-cutting those soft days, talked of the difference between a half-breed and a Canuck; recalled the military exploits of Peart Falconer at school, and visited the widow's in twos and threes at the noon-spell, just to see the picture of General Middleton that hung in Peart's bedroom; and wound up by organizing a sparrow match. The Canadian Government could have raised a score of volunteers along that concession as soon as it was known that the militia were on their way, a thousand or two against all the half-breeds in a country as big and desolate as Thule to the popular imagination; with a rebel at their head who probably had no equal since Napoleon.

Peart Falconer had already been hunting several days when the news came. He never came home to dinner and seldom did his chores till after supper-time. Pensee was sure to be in her room then. He hadn't seen more than a passing glimpse of her since that Sunday night when she played such sad chords on the old organ. He had pitied her then; too deeply to want to meet her in his mother's house again. From all that Molly had told him since, he pitied her still, and more.

The news of Louis Riel struck fire in Peart Falconer's imagination. He didn't join the sparrow match, or search the map. But each day he hunted farther and farther north.

Thursday, of the second week after Rudge's departure, Peart got seven

miles north of Mums. It was mid-afternoon when he climbed a jampile just at the edge of a new slashing in the heart of the woods, and heard the swish of a crosscut saw. He looked across. There, at the top of a big down elm, at the other edge, whose fall he had heard five minutes before, stood the burly figure of Rudge Moss, one foot before the other, broad shoulders bent, sawing alone.

Peart sprang down and cut across. Before Rudge observed him he stood on the elm top.

Rudge stopped sawing and straightened up. Their eyes met. Neither spoke. A woodpecker was tattooing somewhere. Far from beyond the snow-line came the muffled boom of the forest.

Twitch! The branches of a maple moved right over Rudge's head. Both boys looked up. Peart's eye was quicker. He sprang off the elm, flung his gun, and butting headlong into Rudge's gansy sent him sprawling on his back a rod away from the saw; just as whish! thud! went an elm limb and stood crotch up close to the saw handle.

"H'm!" said Rudge as he got up and looked aloft, brushing the snow out of his collar, "Nev' knowed that lim' was lodged there."

He stepped forward and took hold of it. It came up with a jerk, a foot of black muck on the slivered butt. Rudge looked at it a good while; then at Peart who had picked up his gun and now stood sharply eyeing Rudge.

"Peart," he said, "shake," and held out his hand.

Peart held his gun across his chest. "No!" he said tersely.

"Awright, same to you," responded Rudge and sat down with a whop on the elm. He began to haggle the saw-cut with the iron wedge, glancing up every now and then at Peart. He was in a deep study.

"Rudge," went on Peart in a tone of controlled passion, "you know why," and paused.

Rudge stopped haggling and looked up.

"You've got into her life, and, so help me God! till you get out of it you'll never shake my hand." The voice almost shook.

"But there's one thing I want you to do," went on Peart in a low tone, as he grounded his gun, "not for my sake, but hers. Go back to Mums, Rudge," he said slowly as he leaned over; "tell them that scandal's the cursedest lie was ever breathed about an innocent girl; that it was set in motion by a Falconer: if you don't she'll go mad!"

Suddenly the tree sagged.

"Blame!" said Rudge quickly, as he tried to move the saw, "that saw's pinched tight's a fiddle. Say, that'll take ever' bit o' the set clear out o' them teeth. Wonder if I c'n wedge 'er up."

Rudge reached for the mawl and pounded the wedge into the cut. It bounded back.

"Guess I'll have to pry 'er up, Peart," he said and grabbed the axe. Five white slashes and a snick on the other side brought down a young basswood.

"Fix that elum chunk for a bait, Peart," he said and knocked off the top.

Peart set down his gun and fixed the "bait." Rudge lifted the young basswood as though it had been a handspike and jammed the butt over. Both got on to pry.

"Hol' 'er down, Peart" said Rudge. "I'll wedge 'er up."

Three blows of the mawl sent the wedge half in. The saw dropped. Rudge pulled it out and squinted down the teeth.

"Guess she's awright," he said as he slid the blade in again. "Say, Peart, who's this Luse Reel?"

"Would you fight him Rudge?" asked Peart with a half smile.

"Would 'f I was out there," said Rudge as he leaned on the log. "You wouldn't though. You'd be fer 'm—'less you're deff'rent to what you was at school."

"Because he's a half-breed, fighting a government to get justice for his



people," suggested Peart. "H'm! he's a murderer too. If he wasn't—"

Peart grabbed his gun and didn't finish the sentence.

"Be there many of them, Peart?" asked Rudge, inferring his companion's ellipsis from his action.

"Thirty thousand or better. They know that prairie better than we do this bush too."

"Rudge," went on Peart with such odd, quiet emphasis Rudge began to take the kinks out of his huge frame as he listened, "will you go with me to fight the rebels?"

"If you will, Rudge, we'll start in a week. We needn't enlist. I'd rather take chances and go free. Will you?"

Rudge couldn't understand his companion's logic. He took hold of the saw and began to rock it in the cut.

Peart grounded his gun again, and set one foot lightly on the basswood pry while he gazed intently into Rudge's face.

"I'll be frank with you, Rudge," he went on quickly. "We've met the hot and the cold together before this. We've bound side and side, from dew to dew, when the sun almost struck smoke into our faces from the loose-stuff and the straw cracked, and cut our hands like dead limbs—"

"Yes, an' loggin's," suggested Rudge beginning to yield to his companion's enthusiasm: "you on a chain-hook an' me on a spike—yes, an' we've fought fire—mind that dry time we was burnin', me an' the ol' man, an' the south win' come an' started 'er in to the wheat,—you come a runnin'? But we pret' near had to carry you t' the house, me an' the ol' man. 'Gosh!' 'e says, 'I've saw fellas fight fire, but nev' seen a fella eat it 'fore.'"

"Yes," said Peart in a melancholy way as he looked off into the wood, "I'd give all the books I ever read and all the breeding I ever got if we could be boys again like that—when we played soldier at the school and said every girl ought to marry a hero. But we can't. Rudge," quickly, "the only way now is the West. Life's free

there and a man can forget—yes, all the wrong he ever thought with a half-breed bullet under his hat. Maybe it's poor piety for a man to want to shoot his sins into other men's hearts too; but it's patriotism perhaps—and she loves her country," he added in a lower voice.

Rudge started the saw down the cut. Peart put his foot on the back of it.

"Rudge," he said with almost savage eagerness, "I want you to go too. See here. If you get a half-breed's bullet I'll see you get a white man's burial. I want you to do the same by me. Come back to Mums, Rudge. Tell them that scandal's a cursed lie that's stabbing the heart of a pure, innocent girl. Then get ready and we'll go; to fight the rebels; even chances; shoulder to shoulder; for her sake. Will you?"

Rudge dropped the saw, clinched his big hands on Peart's shoulders and glared earnestly into his face.

"Peart," he said slowly, and knit his brows, "when I listen to yuh talk 'bout us boys I prit' near furgit ever' thing wrong yuh ev' done. But when yuh fetch in her yuh 'member it to me. When yuh say 'bout the rebelyers an' goin' out West yuh 'bout got me agin. But when yuh say—for her—I wanta say yuh let a damn, black scandal foul her an' me too, an' nev' said a word. Now yuh want me to go back an' tell 'em it's a lie. Damn yuh, tell 'em yourself!"

He lunged back. Peart's gun fell in the snow and only his quick heel-step kept him from following.

"I'll fight—fer her—" said Rudge grimly and clenched his fists, "not the rebelyers—but you!"

"And I don't fear you," returned Peart coolly as he folded his arms, "but remember, her honour is more to me than either your life or my own."

"Coward says honour and nev' fights," said Rudge tauntingly.

"And I'll prove that a lie," was the steady response. "But not here."

Peart picked up his gun and leaped out of view among the jampiles.

*To be continued.*

# DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

## III.—THE PARADISO.

*By Professor William Clark.*

IT will be remembered that the Inferno was an inverted cone in the heart of the earth, and that the Purgatorio was a mountain rising on the other side, formed by the expulsion of the earth from the Inferno. Dante, under the guidance of Virgil, had passed through these two spheres—first, the abode of hopeless misery, and afterwards the place of purification; and, being himself purified from the stains of sin, he rises by a kind of moral gravitation to the higher state, in which men are no longer undergoing the process of purification and development, but are entering upon the fruition of blessedness. Yet even here there are different degrees of felicity. The glory of God “in one part sheds more respendency, elsewhere less.” As in Inferno and Purgatorio there are here nine spheres, with the Empyrean, or tenth heaven, the sphere of the immediate divine presence and manifestation.

At the end of their progress through Purgatory, Dante is with Beatrice in the earthly paradise. He sees :

“Beatrice turned, and on the sun  
Gazing, as never eagle fixed his ken.” (i. 45).

He is himself incapable of gazing, like her, continuously upon the sun; but by looking upon her, the personification of divine revelation and grace, the reflection of the divine glory, through which alone the soul rises to God, Dante gains something of the same illumination and inspiration. The light of heaven streams around him, he hears unearthly sounds; and, as he is swept along, Beatrice tells him that he is no longer on earth, but ascending to heaven, since the purified soul must ascend, as the torrent rushes “downwards from a mountain's height.”

1. The first heavenly body they enter

is the Moon, “the first star,” like a pearl in its solid whiteness. It is inhabited by the spirits of those who had been forced to violate their religious vows. He thus describes this sphere, (ii. 31) :

“Meseemed as if a cloud had covered us,  
Translucent, solid, firm, and polished bright,  
Like adamant, which the sun's beam had smit.  
Within itself the ever-during pearl  
Received us; as the wave a ray of light  
Receives, and rests unbroken.”

Here Dante for the first time beholds the spirits of the saved. They were so ethereal that he thought them mere shadows — “mirrored semblances.” Beatrice smiled and told him (iii. 28) :

“True substances are these which thou behold'st,  
Hither thro' failure of their vow exiled.”

It would appear that although the inhabitants of this sphere had been constrained, by outward pressure, to break their vow, yet there had been in them some weakness of compliance. It is not quite easy to see this in all the cases presented in the poem—such as Piccarda Donati, Dante's wife's sister, who had been torn from her convent by her brother and a gang of ruffians, and compelled to marry. Dante recognizes some of those whom he meets, and a doubt arises within him as to the perfection of their content and happiness, seeing that they dwell in the lowest sphere (iii. 64) :

“Yet inform me, ye, who here  
Are happy; long ye for a higher place,  
More to behold, and more in love to dwell?”

On this point he receives instant satisfaction. He is told that bliss is everywhere in heaven, and that the perfection of bliss is absolute conformity to the divine will. This is beautifully expressed in Piccarda's answer to his question :

"She with those other spirits gently smiled ;  
Then answered with such gladness, that she  
seemed  
With love's first flame to glow : ' Brother,  
our will  
Is, in composure, settled by the power  
Of charity, who makes us will alone  
What we possess, and might beyond desire.  
If we should wish to be exalted more, •  
Then must our wishes jar with the high will  
Of Him who sets us here ; which in these orbs  
Thou wilt confess not possible.  
And in this will is our tranquillity :  
It is the mighty ocean, whither tends  
Whatever it creates and nature makes. '"

On receiving this explanation Dante adds :

" Then saw I clearly how each spot in heaven  
Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew  
The supreme virtue shower not over all. "

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Dante follows the Ptolemæan theory, according to which the earth was the centre of the planetary system.

2. The appearance of Constance also taken "from the pleasant cloister's pale," and married to the Emperor Henry VI., led to a discussion on the subject of vows and on the nature of the higher life, and then "as the arrow, ere he cord is still, leapeth unto its mark," they "sped into the second realm," that of Mercury, containing the spirits of those who had done great deeds for the sake of fame—perhaps with an excessive love of fame, so that they are found in Mercury, and not in Mars or Jupiter. And as Beatrice so joyous entered "the orb grew brighter at her smiles." More than "thousand splendours" drew toward them, and in each one was heard, 'Lo, one arrived to multiply our lives.'

There they were instructed by the spirit of the Emperor Justinian, the representative of the imperial Law, who tells the story of Rome from its foundation to the day of Charles the Great. He denounces the selfishness of Guelf and Ghibelline, those who opposed the Emperor on the one hand, and, on the other hand, those who fought for the Empire, but with selfish purpose. Some of Justinian's remarks had excited doubts in Dante's mind in regard to human redemption. These doubts are resolved by Beatrice, who explains that man's salvation could not have been

accomplished by man's own act, nor yet by God, "of His courtesy," merely releasing him.

" God more bounty showed,  
Giving Himself to make man capable  
Of his return to life, than had the terms  
Been mere and unconditional release. "

3. They are now carried up into the planet Venus, the sphere of lovers of all kinds, parental, conjugal, fraternal, social. Their love is based upon the divine love, and is of the same nature as that, although with necessary limitations. Dante says he was not aware of the ascent,

" But the new loveliness  
That graced my Lady, gave me ample proof  
That we had entered there. "

Among those whom Dante there encountered the first was Carlo Martello, who sought to answer Dante's questions respecting the differences between good parents and bad children. He pointed out that such cases do not follow a law of mere heredity ; there is also a law of individuality. Variety is needed, so that provision may be made for different offices. Another was Folque, the Troubadour, who, after the death of the lady of his love, became a bishop and an archbishop. He explains how he had attained to Paradise (ix. 99), and speaks of the memory of earth.

" And yet there bides  
No sorrowful repentance here, but mirth,  
Not for the fault (that doth not come to mind),  
But for the virtue whose o'erruling sway  
And providence have wrought thus quaintly. "

4. The next ascent is to the Sun, the passage from the lower to the higher order of heavens. In this sphere is set forth the glory of divine truth—it is the heaven of the great theologians. Beatrice tells Dante (x. 45) that those who dwell here are the

" Fourth family of the omnipotent Sire,  
Who of His Spirit and of His offspring shows ;  
And holds them still enraptured with the view. "

Dante says that he was drawn to God by such thoughts that Beatrice became "eclipsed in oblivion," yet "nought displeased was she."

Soon after, S. Thomas Aquinas appears, who points out the other great

teachers of the Church ; and the beauty of their humility and charity is seen in their readiness to prefer one another in honour. Thus, S. Thomas, a Dominican, lauds S. Francis ; S. Bonaventure, a Franciscan, praises S. Dominic.

5. The next sphere is the planet Mars, inhabited by Crusaders, martyrs and other heroes who had died and fought for the faith. They appear as lights, so arranged as to make the form of the Crucified One, the cross extending over the surface of the planet, along which they move (xiv. 86). We should specially note here a passage of uncommon beauty (xiv. 109.) which we wish much it were possible to quote. While Dante is contemplating the glories of this vision, a voice comes from one of the lights, saluting him as of his blood. This was Cacciaguida, Dante's great-grandfather, who tells his descendant of the Florence of earlier times, and of the causes which have led to its degeneracy. He predicts to Dante his exile from Florence, but points out that it will end not in his disgrace, but in that of his enemies. We can understand that by this time the poet must have lost all hope of returning to the beloved city, and thus put on record his appeal to posterity. Cacciaguida tells him (xvii. 55) :

"Thou shalt leave each thing  
Beloved most dearly : this is the first shaft  
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove  
How salt the savour is of other's bread ;  
How hard the passage, to descend and climb  
By other's stairs. But that shall gall thee  
most  
Will be the worthless and vile company  
With whom thou must be thrown into these  
straits.  
For all ungrateful, impious all, and mad,  
Shall turn 'gainst thee ; but in a little while  
Theirs, and not thine, shall be the crimsoned  
brow,  
Their course shall so evince their brutishness,  
To have ta'en thy stand apart shall well  
become thee."

The stairs mentioned are supposed to refer to the Della Scala family of Verona, with whom Dante for a time found shelter. There were three brothers of the family, the first (Bartolommeo), and third (Cangrande), of

whom treated Dante with all honour and respect. It was probably the second (Alboino), to whom these words referred.

Cacciaguida bids Dante write the story of his progress through the abodes of the departed. Dante says that he recognizes the duty, but is sensible of the difficulty of the undertaking. If he speaks the truth he may set men against him. If he is timid he will encounter a worse fate from posterity. Cacciaguida bids him not shrink (xvii. 122) :

"Thou, notwithstanding, all deceit removed,  
See the whole vision be made manifest,  
And let them wince, who have their withers  
wrung.  
What though, when tasted first, thy voice  
shall prove  
Unwelcome : on digestion it will turn  
To vital nourishment."

6. They now ascend to the sixth sphere, that of Jupiter, tenanted by righteous kings and rulers. The blessed are here found in the form of an Eagle, the symbol of empire, just as in the fifth sphere they had appeared in the form of a cross, the symbol of sacrifice. As Mars had been ruddy in colour, so here there is "silvery whiteness." The spirits shine like glowing sparks of fire. As they rise into this sphere they hear the blessed spirits singing, *Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis terram*—"Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth." The Eagle speaking for the whole company of righteous rulers, of whom it was composed, began (xix. 12) :

"For that I was just and piteous,  
I am exalted to this height of glory,  
The which no wish exceeds ; and there on  
earth  
Have I my memory left, e'en by the bad  
Commended, while they leave its course  
untrod."

Dante seeks instruction on the subject of man's salvation, and particularly with regard to the unbaptized. The Eagle replies that human judgments on divine mysteries are like opinions formed respecting objects a thousand miles away. Salvation, indeed, comes through Christ, to all who, before or after His passion, have be-

lieved in Him, yet the mere profession of that Name will not avail :

“ But lo! of those  
Who call ‘Christ, Christ!’ there shall be  
many found  
In judgment, further off from Him by far  
Than such to whom His Name was never  
known.”

We should direct attention to a passage of great beauty (xx. 56), after which the Eagle proceeds to tell of the righteous kings who compose the various parts of its body. Several formed it eye, and “midmost for pupil” was King David, “who sang the Holy Spirit’s song.” After him Trajan, a special favourite, Hezekiah and Constantine. This leads him to comment on the evil wrought by the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which weakened the imperial power—an ever-present thought with Dante.

7. The seventh heaven, in the planet Saturn, is the sphere of the contemplative. In the mythological reign of Saturn no evil had power; and so the reign of the contemplative is found

“ Within the crystal which records the name  
Of that loved monarch in whose happy reign  
no ill had power to harm.”

Here the poet sees a ladder of gold, the summit of which is beyond his view, on which the redeemed are seen ascending and descending. One of the spirits lingered near. He reveals himself as S. Peter Damian, of Ravenna, a cardinal of the eleventh century, made such against his will. He breaks out into invective against the secularity and avarice of the clergy of those times, contrasted with the poverty of Peter and Paul (xxi. 135) :

“ Cephaz came ;  
He came, who was the Holy Spirit’s vessel ;  
Barefoot and lean ; eating their bread as  
chanced  
At the first table. Modern shepherds need  
Those who on either hand may prop or lead  
them,  
So burly are they grown ; and from behind,  
Others to hoist them.”

Among the spirits who appear is S. Benedict, who tells the story of the founding of the great order which bears

his name, and mourns over the change which has taken place. (xxii. 123.)

“ Mortal flesh  
Is grown so dainty, good beginnings last not  
From the oak’s birth unto the acorn’s setting.  
His convent Peter founded without gold  
Or silver ; I with prayers and fasting mine ;  
And Francis his in meek humility.  
And if thou note the point, whence each proceeds,  
Then look what it hath erred to ; thou shalt  
find  
The white grown murky.”

8. They now reach the eighth sphere, that of the Fixed Stars, in which are celebrated the Triumphs of Christ. Here, as before, Dante remarks that, as they ascend, Beatrice grows in beauty and splendour. Guided by her he beholds a sun rising among the fixed stars, giving radiance to them. “In that heavenly banqueting,” he says :

“ My soul  
Outgrew herself ; and, in the transport lost,  
Holds now remembrance none of what she  
was.”

But this sun was but the radiation of the glory of Christ, who, with His saints, has ascended up into the Empyrean ; and the poet must be prepared for the supreme vision by that of the Blessed Virgin and that of the apostles. “Here,” says Beatrice,

“ Here is the Rose  
Wherein the word Divine was made incarnate,  
And here the lilies, by whose odour known  
The way of life was followed.”

Beatrice petitions for Dante to be admitted to the heavenly banquet (xxiv. 1.) ; but he must first be examined as to his fitness ; and S. Peter interrogates him as to his faith

“ The costly jewel on the which  
Is founded every virtue.” (xxiv. 88.)

S. James then examines him as to his hope :

“ Of the joy to come a sure expectance  
The effect of grace divine, and merit preceded  
ing.”

Finally S. John appears and questions him respecting his love. As he answers, a “song most sweet” breaks from the spheres, “Holy, Holy, Holy,” in which his Lady joins. As he is now

preparing to enter, Adam appears, and tells the story of the Fall. As he ends a song of praise resounds from every side (xxvii. 1.) :

"Then 'Glory to the Father, to the Son, And to the Holy Spirit,' rang aloud Throughout all Paradise ; that with the song My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain, And what I saw was equal extasy : One universal smile it seemed of all things ; Joy past compare, gladness unutterable, Imperishable life of peace and love, Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss."

They were now about to pass on when they were interrupted by S. Peter, who uttered a fierce condemnation of Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), who occupied the papal see, which in reality was empty (xxvii. 19) :

"My place He who usurps on earth, my place, ay mine, Which in the presence of the Son of God Is void."

At the words of Peter the very heavens are darkened, and Beatrice is

"In her semblance changed, And such eclipse in heaven, methinks, was seen When the Most Holy suffered."

9. The Primum Mobile. As they rise up towards the ninth sphere, the poet notes the increased beauty of Beatrice. She explains to him the nature of this sphere. (xxvii. 100) :

"Here is the goal, whence motion on his race Starts : motionless the centre, and the rest All moved around."

The first mover is himself unmoved. The poet is next permitted to behold the divine Essence and the nine orders of angels revolving round their centre, the Holy and blessed Trinity. The nine orders are enumerated and attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite. They are the following :

Seraphim,	Dominations,	Princedoms,
Cherubim,	Virtues,	Archangels,
Thrones,	Powers,	Angels.

Beatrice resolves certain doubts of Dante and censures much of the prevalent preaching. The aim, she said, of too many, was only to shine and to amuse, letting "the Gospel sleep." (xxix-99) :

"The sheep, meanwhile, poor witless ones, return

From pasture, fed with wind ; and what avails For their excuse, They do not see the harm ? Christ said not to the first conventicle, 'Go forth and preach impostures to the world,' But gave them truth to build on, and the sound Was mighty on their lips ; nor needed they, Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield To aid them in their warfare for the faith. The preacher now provides himself with store Of jests and jibes ; and so there be no lack Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl Distends, and he has won the meed he sought."

10. They now enter the Empyrean, or highest heaven, the dwelling place of God, beyond space and time, whence bliss descends to every sphere. Dante says :

"Round about me fulminating streams Of living radiance played, and left me swathed And veiled in dense impenetrable blaze."

In this stream of life and light his eyes are bathed, and so made fit to behold God. Suddenly the stream swells into a great ocean of light, whilst the countless multitudes of the redeemed form the petals of the mystic Rose. Here the poet contemplates God in His relation to men who find their blessedness in Him. The bliss of this contemplation is unutterable. The poet exclaims (xxx. 97) :

"O prime enlightener ! Thou who gavest me strength

On the high triumph of Thy realm to gaze ; Grant virtue now to utter what I kened. There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine Makes the Creator visible to all Created, that in seeing Him alone Have peace ; and in a circle spread so far That the circumference were too loose a zone To girdle in the sun. All is one beam Reflected from the summit of the first That moves, which being hence and vigour takes.

..... How wide the leaves, Extended to their utmost, of this rose, Whose lowest step embosoms such a space Of ample radiance ! Yet, not amplitude Nor height impeded, but my view with ease Took in the full dimensions of that joy. Near or remote, what there avails, where God Immediate rules, and nature, awed, suspends Her sway ?"

Beatrice leads Dante into the midst of the Rose. Between its petals float angels ascending and descending. The vast company of the redeemed are

spread out before him. Beatrice now disappears, and her place is taken by S. Bernard, the "last of the Fathers of the Church," here a type of the contemplative life. Dante sees Beatrice in her place in the third circle of the mystical Rose, and once more addresses her, praying that he may still be the object of her "liberal bounty;" and

"She, so distant as appeared, looked down and smiled."

Guided by S. Bernard, the poet sees in heaven the Blessed Virgin Mary, at her feet our first Mother Eve, Rachel, and other Old Testament female saints. Below them are S. John Baptist, S. Francis, S. Benedict and others. To the left of the Blessed Virgin is Adam, then Moses. At last he is to gaze on God himself (xxxiii. 53):

"Thenceforward what I saw  
Was not for words to speak, nor memory's self  
To stand against such outrage on her skill.  
As one who, from a dream awakened, straight  
All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains  
Impression of the feeling in his dream:  
E'en such am I; for all the vision dies,  
As 'twere away; and yet the sense of sweet  
That sprang from it still trickles in my heart.  
Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unsealed:  
Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost  
The Sibyl's sentence. O eternal beam!  
(Whose height what reach of mortal thought  
may soar?)  
Yield me again some little particle  
Of what thou then appeared'st; give my  
tongue  
Power but to leave one sparkle of thy glory,  
Unto the race to come, that shall not lose  
Thy triumph wholly, if there waken aught  
Of memory in me, and endure to hear  
The record sound in this unequal strain."

Then after a splendid burst of adoration to divine grace (v. 77), he goes on (v. 100):

"My tongue shall utter now no more  
E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the  
babe's  
That yet is moistened at its mother's breast."

Then comes the vision of the Blessed Trinity—in an "abyss of radiance, clear and lofty," he beheld:

"Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound;  
And from another one reflected seemed  
As rainbow is from rainbow; and the third  
Seemed fire breathed equally from both"—the  
three Persons of the one God.

Then within the second circle of light he "beheld our image painted," the human nature of the divine word; and this mystery of the Incarnation was beyond his ken, "had not a flash darted athwart my mind;" and then came the end of the vision.

And thus our labour comes to an end; and the labour of wrestling with Dante, whether in the original Italian, or in the best of translations and with the aid of learned and laborious commentators, is no light task; yet it is abundantly fruitful and remunerative. No reverent student of the truly Divine Comedy has ever risen from the book without a sense of obligation to its author. The debt which we owe to him we may well remember here; and perhaps in that world in which we see the eternal realities face to face, we shall remember the exiled Poet of Florence among our teachers and helpers, and how we were helped by the Song of Paradise to despise our own baseness and to aspire more eagerly after higher things. Until then may we not say with Mrs. Browning:

"Good night, dearest Dante, well,  
good night;" and add, with the Song of Songs: *Donec aspiret dies et inclinentur umbræ*, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

THE END.



## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. VI.—SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

A MANY-SIDED man needs to be studied from many points of view. It is necessary, therefore, to draw attention to Sir William Dawson as the professor, the author, the scientist, the educationist, the executive manager, and the man :—the professor in his class-room, face to face with those whose minds and lives he sought to mould ; the author, with a goodly array of books on the library shelf bearing his imprint ; the scientist, ever learning that science is never learned ; the educationist, contributing of his specialized knowledge to the educational problems of the state ; the executive manager, whose brain and hand guided the destiny of a great university ; and the man, whose life and influence have stamped him as worthy of honour.

The hundreds of pupils who, during the forty years of his professoriate, came within the range of the influence of Sir William Dawson will need no demand upon memory to recall their teacher, surrounded by his scientific specimens, instructing them thoroughly and painstakingly and yet so interestingly as to make the lecture hours pass as if by magic. His thorough acquaintance with his chosen subject rendered the use of notes unnecessary, as in simple, direct and easily comprehended terms the tutor poured forth his wealth of knowledge. As one of his pupils described him, " he overflowed with his subject." It is easy to understand that the best of good feeling existed between professor and pupils. His popularity was increased by means of class receptions given from time to time at his hospitable home on the quiet University Street. One of the features of these entertainments was the conducting of a group of guests by the host among his specimens, explaining them as only the master could.

He was a charming cicerone, and to have him act the guide through McGill Museum was ever a rare privilege.

Sir William's reputation for executive ability was shown in his government of McGill University for forty years. A university senate is apt to be an oddly-composed body, sometimes difficult of control in the best interests of an educational institution, but the erstwhile Principal of McGill possessed the essential qualities that enabled him to successfully fill the position. In addition, he had the rare power of interesting wealthy men in the University, which has led to many munificent bequests to that institution. It was under his regime that the principal gifts were tendered : that of the Physics Building by Lord Strathcona, the Science Building by Sir W. C. Macdonald, the Redpath Museum and Library, Molson Hall, the Workman bequests, and other notable instances of liberality. The more recent donations of a chemical laboratory with endowment and equipment, and the completion of Lord Strathcona's long cherished plans of a residence for women, must have still further gladdened the heart of the retired Principal, as he had long agitated for a university residence for each of the sexes. One has only to re read the story of " The Men Who Made McGill," in a previous issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to realize the full extent of these princely gifts in the interests of higher education. Would that the same spirit of munificence might spread to other Canadian educational centres !

Sir William Dawson was for many years an educational force in the Province of Quebec, outside of the walls of McGill. As a member of the Protestant Committee of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction he rendered valu-



able services to the cause of education in a Province where its conduct and control calls for much discretion and wisdom, and as one of the results the English-speaking portion of the population in our sister province have a system of primary and higher education much superior to that in vogue twenty-five years ago.

The frequent farewells of life emphasize the unceasing procession of the years. They brought the day in their train when the Nova Scotian school-boy of the twenties became full of years and honours and stood before a new generation of auditors in his beloved McGill, and "closed the official work of nearly a life-time" in a farewell address. The pathos of such an event in a long life is offset by the knowledge that the life has been well spent. And yet the man, in thus laying down the work for another to take up, had the optimism of a cheerful Christian and the peace of soul that comes to one who "remembers the mercies that are of old." The address is a valuable fragment of autobiography. It refers to the well-known fact that the old-time associate of Sir Charles Lyall had determined to study and teach geology as a life occupation. The change first came through Joseph Howe, who insisted on the young geologist filling the new position of Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia—a post which he held for three years. This appointment proved to be a determining factor in shaping his life work as an educationist and geologist. His selection as the first principal of McGill was made on the recommendation of the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, who met his nominee in New Brunswick. The Board were disconcerted at the nomination. As Sir William says, "they were somewhat surprised that Sir Edmund should name a comparatively unknown colonist. Thus it happened that I became connected with McGill in its infancy, under its new management, and the story forms a striking illustration of the way in which Providence shapes our ends, rough hew them as

we may. Its lesson," he adds, "is that young men should qualify themselves well for some specialty, but should also be sufficiently general in their training to adapt themselves to new and unforeseen pursuits."

When the new Principal first saw McGill in 1855 it "consisted of two blocks of unfinished and partly ruinous buildings, standing amid a wilderness of rubbish, overgrown with weeds and bushes. The grounds being unfenced, the cattle pastured at will thereon. The College was reached over an ungraded cart track, almost impassable at night." His introduction to his new scene of work was in many senses more discouraging than inviting. The staff was small, the financial aid limited, and the enrolment of students correspondingly meagre. The College was minus library or museum or philosophical apparatus of any value, and in almost every department they were heavily handicapped. Such was the state of affairs in the fifties. The succeeding years, however, brought success for College and principal. A steady evolution marks the career of McGill, and the twenty professors and lecturers, and eighty students of 1855 have expanded into a faculty of seventy-five and a roll of a thousand pupils. Fully justified was the aged teacher in referring "to the happiness that had marked his long years of labours resulting from the consciousness of effort in a worthy cause." The pathetic chord was struck in the closing paragraph of his valedictory: "The years have been filled with anxieties and cares, and with continuous and almost unremitting labour. I have been obliged to leave undone or imperfectly accomplished many cherished schemes by which I had hoped to benefit my fellow-men, and leave footprints of good on the sands of time. Age is advancing upon me, and I feel that if I am fittingly to bring to a close the business of my life I must have a breathing space to gird up my loins and refresh myself for what remains of the battle."

Sir William's keen interest in Biblical science is easily understood, and his most successful works are the outcome of that line of thought, in which the author finds no necessary antagonism between science and the Bible. He served his literary apprenticeship early in life in writing for Edinburgh papers, but it was some years afterwards that he produced "The Origin of the World," and "Eden Lost and Won," in which he brought his researches in Genesis to a late date. "Archæia" was published in 1860, "The Story of the



*Truly yours  
Wm Dawson,*

Earth and Man" in 1873, followed by "Fossil Men," "Modern Science in Bible Lands," "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History," "The Canadian Ice Age," and many another production. A course of lectures delivered in Boston a few years ago on "The Beginnings of Life" has not yet, I believe, been published. His contributions to the magazines and reviews, as well as a series of pamphlets would of themselves make a bulky literary total. As one of the necessary equipments for his literary activities, he early

mastered Hebrew and Greek, and made himself acquainted with Biblical literature. His travels have taken him not only through Canada, but in England, Italy, Egypt and Syria.

It is interesting to know that Sir William early adopted the plan of keeping detailed notes, especially of his work and of his relations with other men in Canada and elsewhere for the past sixty years, and this he proposes to leave as a legacy to his sons. Auto-



IN 1856.



IN 1875.

biographical material, gathered by a man of such distinction and wide acquaintanceship, is of rare value to those who come after, but if it is not to see the light in Sir William Dawson's case until the manuscript can be regarded as a legacy, the wish will be universal that its publication may long be postponed.

The ex-Principal is deservedly rich in honours as he is in years ; indeed, the list of degrees, titles and memberships conferred upon him is quite appalling. From his M.A. degree in 1856 to the present, he has been the recipient not only of the other degrees conferred by universities, but of many public positions of importance and trust. Beside filling the office of Educational Superintendent in Nova Scotia at the age of thirty, he was the first President of the Royal Society in Canada, in 1882 ; Fellow of a half-score of learned societies in America, Great Britain, France, Australia and elsewhere, and honorary member of a long list of natural history, historical, geographical and geological organizations. His reputation extends to three continents and he is one of the few living Canadian scientists who can justly claim a place in the first rank. Three especially high honours have been conferred upon him : The Presidency of the American Association in 1882-3, of the British Association in 1886, and of the Geological Society of America in 1893. It was largely due to his reputation that the American Association for the Advancement of Science met in Montreal in 1857, and again in 1882, and the British Association in 1884. The bestowal of the Order of C.M.G. by the Queen in 1882, and of Knighthood in 1884, were worthy recognitions by his sovereign of a worthy subject.

After eighty years of active life, Sir William is spending his last days in his plain, cosy and comfortable home in Montreal. The furniture has not changed with the fashions, but has

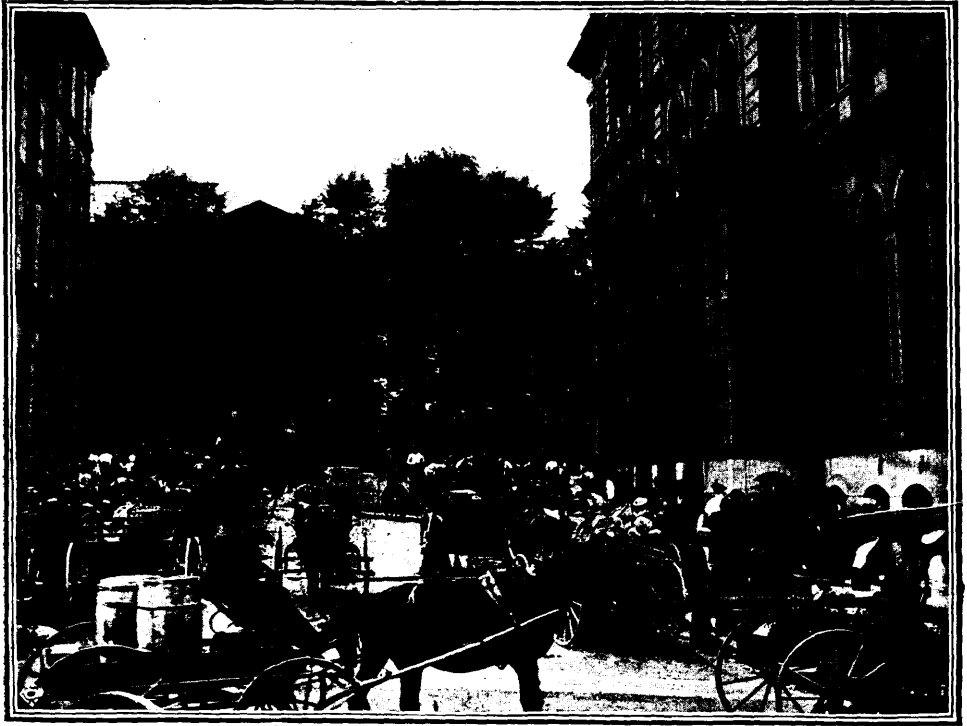
been treasured and added to as necessity demanded. Almost every spare corner is decorated with natural history ornaments, mounted mammalian heads, and beautiful sponges and corals, each object having its own interesting history. His library is comprehensive and embraces a large field of history and literature and books referable to natural history in all its phases. This room has always been to Sir William what the library of Hawarden was to Mr. Gladstone—a temple of peace. Mr. Gladstone, by the way, was one of Sir William Dawson's greatest admirers, and on more than one occasion expressed his high appreciation of the scientific work of the author of "Modern Science in Bible Lands." And also, like the late Premier of England, the ex-Principal of McGill owes much to the care of his devoted wife. "I have to act as my husband's watchdog," expresses Lady Dawson's attitude toward her famous husband.

In March of 1897 Sir William and Lady Dawson, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Scores of congratulatory telegrams reached the celebrants from home and foreign lands ; many scientific and educational societies sent messages of good-will ; presentations were made by the Faculty and Board of Governors of McGill, while the graduates added their testimony to the esteem and regard in which the distinguished Canadian is held.

All honour to this member of "the native born ;" all honour to one who has brought credit to his country by his achievements ; all honour to one of whom it can be said, as Kingsford penned of Champlain : "His memory is entirely unstained by the slightest abuse of his trust." May Sir William Dawson long live to add "footprints of good on the sands of time."

*Frank Yeigh.*





HALIFAX—THE GREEN MARKET AND THE POST OFFICE.

## THE ATTRACTIONS OF HALIFAX.

*By E. Sherburne Tupper.*

THE attractions of Halifax as a summer resort have often been commented upon, and deservedly so. Provided by nature with all the desiderata for recreation and amusement, it has been embellished by the hand of man with a view to making it a most satisfying spot wherein to while away a summer's vacation. In addition to its inducements as a pleasure resort it offers all the conveniences of a city, being the seventh largest in Canada.

For lovers of the sea and of maritime employments its situation is unequalled. It is built on a peninsula, bounded by one of the finest harbours in the world, the North West Arm, and Bedford Basin. For rowing the North West Arm is ideal. It is only

under extraordinary conditions that its surface is ruffled to a sufficient extent even to mar the pleasure of a paddle in a canoe, and the shores abound in endless variety, with enticing spots in which to loiter and picnic. Sunset on the Arm is a picture never to be forgotten and the natural scenery of its surroundings has been favourably compared with that of the Lake of the Thousand Isles.

The harbour, although more open, is equally suitable for rowing, and Her Majesty's ships anchored there are always a centre of interest to visitors. Their attractiveness is enhanced during the long summer evenings, when the band of the flagship renders a delightful programme of music. This is

done for the especial delectation of the officers, then at their dinner, but is greatly appreciated by the aquatic public.

The harbour, too, offers excellent opportunities for sailing, and with Bedford Basin—a beautiful tract of water, an expansion of the harbour at its northern end—embraces an expanse of water of fourteen miles in length, and of all widths from four miles down. For the more ambitious the broad Atlantic is within easy reach, and a cruise embracing the

House or from Greenbank, immediately adjoining, the races form the centre of an exceedingly pretty picture. Manœuvring for position, turning buoys, tacking here and there to get every advantage, running before the wind or beating against it, close reefed or with all sail set, they never fail to interest and please the onlooker. The boat of the hour is the knockabout, so called, rating somewhere between one-half and one, and separate races are held for this class.

In addition to the private fleet in



HALIFAX—THE NEW DRILL HILL.

fishing coves and hamlets along the shore is a yachtsman's paradise.

That the people of Halifax are not insensible to its superiority as a yachting centre is evidenced by the thriving condition of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Belonging to this club are a large number of boats second to none in their rating, and their weekly races call forth the interest of the community at large, as well as of the more enthusiastic who are numbered among the members of the Squadron.

Seen from either the Squadron Club

connection with the club, there are plenty of excellent boats of all kinds to be hired at reasonable rates.

For those who prefer to enjoy the pleasure and benefits to be derived from a sail on the harbour from a more stable craft than a sail boat, an excursion steamer makes daily trips, embracing all points of beauty and interest attainable by water.

Of prime interest to tourists to the seashore are the bathing facilities, and in this direction Halifax is well provided. At Chain Rock, a place of historical interest in the Park, on the

shores of the Arm, is a cove with sandy beach admirably suited for bathing, and the city has erected bathing houses and dressing rooms for the convenience of the public. At Richmond, in the north end of the city, a floating bath, which is also free, has been placed in the harbour, while at Greenbank, a minute's walk from the car-line, is a spot which may be patronized for that purpose until eight o'clock in the morning.

For those who prefer surf bathing, which the harbour on account of its sheltered position cannot afford, there is a beach *par excellence* at Cow Bay, reached by a drive of about ten miles from Dartmouth, across the harbour. This spot possesses numerous attractions as a place for a day's delectation, in addition to the sea bathing which in itself more than warrants the expedition.

The deep-sea fisherman finds Halifax Harbour a happy hunting ground. At Red Buoy, down the harbour, and in various parts of Bedford Basin and the North West Arm, good fares of haddock, pollock, cod, and other fish, can usually be found.

For those also who do not care so much for the water Halifax affords a

fund of entertainment. As a pleasure for the artistic eye and a rest for the weary body the Public Gardens are without a rival. They have obtained



HALIFAX—A CHURCH PARADE.

a most enviable reputation among the Public Gardens of the continent, and are not surpassed by any of their size. They embrace about fourteen acres.



The flower beds are laid out with the perfection of artistic taste, and the blending of colours and general arrangement is a constant delight. In the specially designed beds, representing coats of arms and other symbols, necessitating the use of thousands of plants, the supremacy of skill is evinced.

Winding through the Gardens is a little brook, with miniature waterfalls, expanded here and there into ornamental ponds. In these ponds numerous species of waterfowl revel, always ready for the scraps of food thrown them by the passer-by. From the centre of these mirrors of nature graceful fountains throw forth their sparkling streams, and the descending drops glisten in the sunlight like diamonds, and returning ripple the surface of the placid water. By virtue of its commanding position and great beauty the Jubilee Fountain is especially conspicuous among its lesser fellows. This stately monument was erected in 1897 in commemoration of Her Majesty's record reign.

A magnificent band stand is situated in the centre of the Gardens, and when on Saturday afternoon it is occupied by a military

band of particular excellence there is nothing to be desired.

With all these more prominent points attention to detail has not been omitted, and on every side are seen evidences of care and attention. Under

shady bowers or in the open sunlight are comfortable seats in abundance, and hours may be spent most pleasantly and profitably either in occupying a most comfortable bench and reading the author of the day, or in studying the different forms of life around, as the humour strikes one.

Promenade concerts are held frequently during the season; and illuminated with multitudinous fancy lights the scene is one as of fairy land.

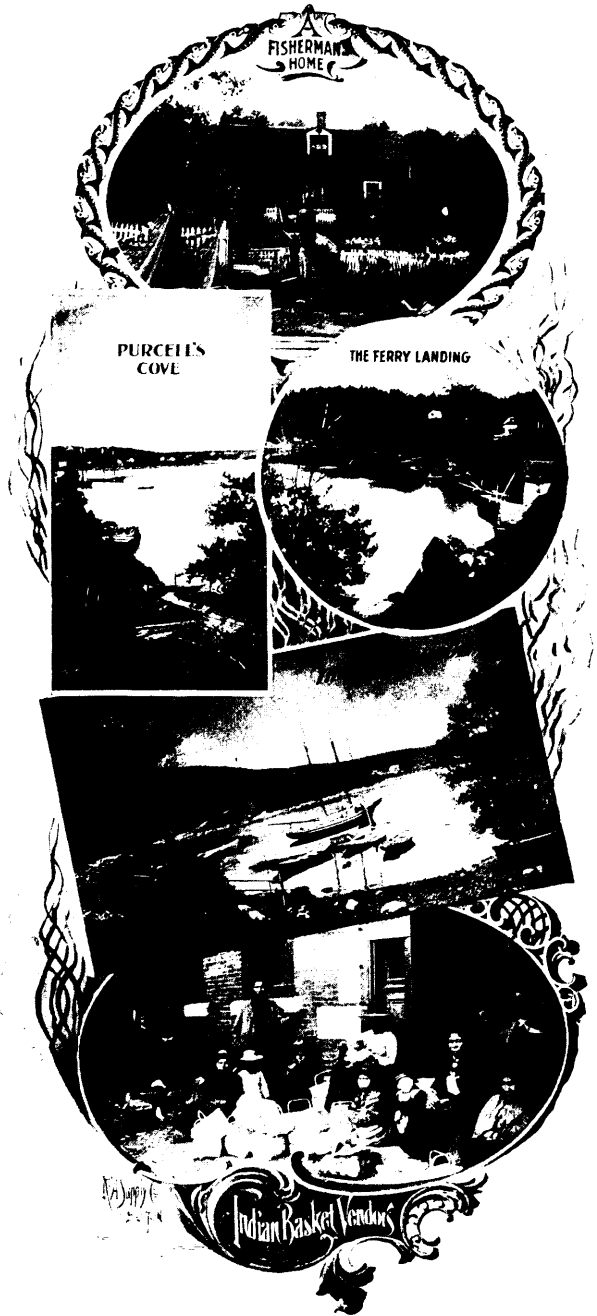
As a spot free from the cares of life and the crowd of a city, Point Pleasant Park comes a close second to the Gardens. Situated on the southern extremity of the peninsula on which the city is built, it commands an uninterrupted prospect of the broad Atlantic, with the Harbour and Arm nearer at hand.

The roads in the Park are all macadamized, being built by the military authorities, and are well-nigh perfect. Their popularity among bicyclists is evident on any summer evening.

The Park is full of points of interest and beauty. A most innocent looking roadway leads suddenly on to a battery or fort, or the relics of defences of past days. Hillocks frequently appear which are all that are left of the fortifications of past years, and a Martello tower still standing is another interesting monument of methods of warfare

long past, while three modern forts show that they have been fittingly replaced.

The Serpentine road meanders most entrancingly through the natural forest, ever coming upon new points of beauty, here a glimpse of the Arm, there the expanse of ocean, and again a comfortable summer house. There are some miles of these excellent carriage roads, with their infinite opportunities







for bicyclists in the way of coasting, climbing and riding on the level, not to mention footpaths innumerable and interminable, all through the most charming surroundings, truly a delightful place.

At Greenbank, previously referred to, a slight rising at the entrance to the Park, overlooking the Harbour, a band plays certain evenings each week, and to listen from a boat just off the shore or from a point of vantage on land, is a treat worth going far to enjoy.

As a British Military and Naval Station, Halifax enjoys a unique position, and presents a novelty to all Canadians, being now the only point in British North America garrisoned by British troops. A concourse of almost any kind is always brightened by the presence of officers or men, and in all stages of society the military element is to be found in its corresponding rank.

The most brilliant and conspicuous features in connection with the occupation of Halifax by Tommy Atkins are the Church Parade and the Reviews. Every Sunday morning all soldiers, not on duty, parade at

Garrison Chapel, and the scene is a most striking one. The infantry regiment parades with its band, and the Artillery and Engineers also contribute their quota. On a bright summer morning the scene passes description, and it alone amply repays a visit to the city. The tunics of the soldiers are spotless and radiant,

they have imparted an extra polish to their buttons, their belts and helmets glisten with whiteness, and the gold epaulettes and facings of the officers reflect the rays of the sun dazzlingly. The service is a beautiful one and impressive, the magnificent band being such a fitting accompaniment to the voices of the 1,200 men who sing and respond so heartily.

Reviews are held regularly on the 24th of May, and other special occasions, when the navy also frequently comes before the public. The British sailor certainly maintains his reputation for joviality, and his universal good nature under all conditions is most refreshing. Nowhere is he more popular than in Halifax.

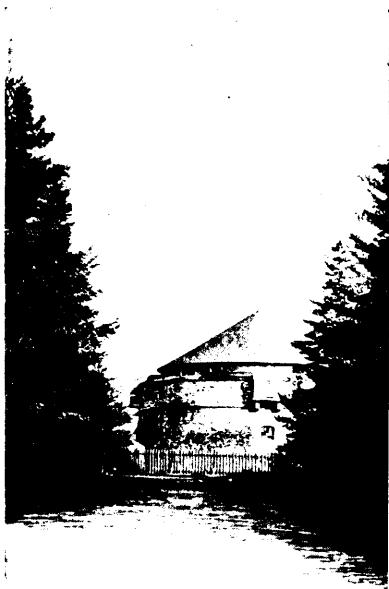
Among the numerous fortifications and defences of Halifax, Fort George, at the Citadel, is the only one open for inspection; but, although now obsolete, it gives an excellent idea of the conditions prevailing in the more modern fortresses.

The Halifax Green Market is also unique. The market gardeners of the district despised a market building when one such existed, and now that it is used for another purpose they are obliged to take to the outdoor air. On

Saturday morning, therefore, the sidewalks surrounding the Post Office are crowded with buyers and sellers to the utter impediment of all other traffic.



SOME PICTURESQUE POINTS.



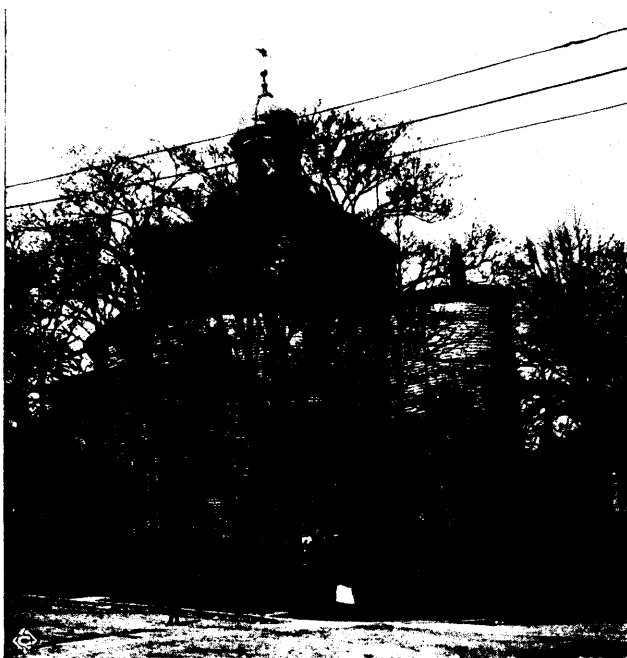
OLD MARTELLO TOWER.

Curiously garbed agriculturists offer the product of farmyard and garden; the Prestonian darkey displays wild fruits, the acquiring of which requires no capital but an active pair of hands; while the erstwhile lord of the land, now the downtrodden and spirit-broken Indian, finds ready sale for his baskets and like handiwork.

The Provincial Legislative Building, erected early in the century, contains one of the finest collections of portraits in the Dominion, including some of England's greatest monarchs, warriors and statesmen.

Halifax is the centre of a very delightful country and numerous delightful drives are to be had therefrom, embracing every variety of surroundings. Around the North West Arm to the Dingle, an ideal picnic ground; out to the Rocking Stone; around the shores of Bedford Basin, past the suburban villages of Fairview, Rockingham, Princes Lodge and Bedford; crossing the harbour to Dartmouth, and skirting for a dozen miles a chain of most charming lakes, or along the harbour shore to Cow Bay and its surf bathing; around the western shore to the picturesque fishing hamlets; all these and many more most enjoyable routes are to be selected from, or better still, taken in rotation.

Taken altogether, for variety of entertainment and opportunity for recreation, for healthfulness of climate and for the hospitality of its people, Halifax is an ideal spot in which to spend a vacation, be it long or short.



HALIFAX—THE ROUND CHURCH, OPENED 1808.

## BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.

### THIRD PAPER—NESTING TIME.

*By C. W. Nash; with Drawings by the Author.*

BY the twenty-fourth of May the migration of our land birds is about over. The majority of those that breed in the north, have passed through, and the stragglers that remain will now hurry on to overtake their comrades, while the species that reside with us through the summer will have settled down in the localities they have selected for their home and will have in most cases commenced the construction of their nests.

Of all the large family of warblers the only really familiar one is the yellow warbler; this little bird regularly establishes itself as an inmate of our gardens from the time of its arrival until its departure. Owing to its yellow colour it is often mistaken for the wild canary, from which it is, however, easily distinguishable when the markings of the two species are known.

The prevailing colour of the yellow warbler is clear golden yellow, shaded on the back with olive green; the wings and tail are dusky, marked with yellow blotches and the breast and sides are streaked with reddish brown; the female is slightly duller and less streaked.

These birds are fond of building in lilac bushes, or other shrubs about the lawn and the nest is a very pretty one, composed of wool, moss and the down of various plants, beautifully woven and felted together. In it are laid four or five white eggs spotted with reddish brown.

This bird's nest is frequently selected by the cow-bird as the cradle for one of her young; but the yellow warbler, as a rule, declines to be victimized and either pulls the nest to pieces and lets the cow-bird's egg fall to the ground and then rebuilds the nest, or else she adds another story to her home and

buries the cow-bird's egg under it. I have seen both these methods of getting rid of the objectionable egg adopted quite frequently, and have greatly admired the wisdom of the little creatures in thus disposing of their enemy. As I cannot at this moment recollect a single instance in which this warbler was engaged in rearing a young cow-bird, I am inclined to believe that they never do so, which may perhaps account for their abundance. This is the only species I know which does resent the fraud practised upon it by the cow-bird and I very much wish the other small birds would learn the lesson from it.

Like all the warblers these little creatures are extremely restless and active, being incessantly on the move from twig to twig in pursuit of the insects which form their food, the number of which destroyed in a day would be past all count. The good they do in relieving us of these pests of the garden is incalculable.

Towards the end of summer they vary their food with a few elderberries and such like small wild fruits, but nothing that we cultivate is eaten by them.

The song of this warbler is cheerful and sprightly, but short and somewhat monotonous; it is uttered continually from early dawn until dark, from the bird's arrival here in early spring until the young are out of the nest, after which we hear it no more for the season. When the young are able to fly they with their parents leave the gardens and orchards and retire to the thickets of willows and alder about streams and swamps, in which they remain until about the tenth of August, when they depart for the south, being amongst the very earliest of our immigrants to leave us. They spend the

winter south of the borders of the United States, some going as far as Central America for that purpose.

#### BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

One of the best known and most attractive of our Canadian birds is the Baltimore Oriole, sometimes called Golden Robin, Fire-bird or Hang-nest.

Its brilliant colouring, clear flute-like notes, and exquisitely constructed nest have rendered it an object of interest to even the dullest and least ob-servant people, while every lover of nature regards it as one of the choicest works of creation—a bird whose beauty is scarcely excelled by that of the most gorgeous product of the tropics, whose notes are nearly all musical, if not greatly varied, whose skill in nest building is not surpassed by that of any other

feathered architect and whose utility as a destroyer of the worst class of our insect pests is beyond question. All these good qualities has my lord Baltimore to recommend him and no evil propensities to set off against them, unless the taking of a few cherries on rare occasions can be called a fault.

A description of this bird is hardly necessary as it is so well known; it will be sufficient to say that its colours are

black and rich orange with white wing markings, the female being duller and yellowish rather than orange.

The orioles usually arrive in southern Ontario during the first week in May, sometimes as early as the first or second of the month. The males appear first, generally preceding the females by four or five days. Immediately after the arrival of the ladies the birds select their mates; this is done

with all the fuss customary amongst bipeds both with and without feathers; the males showing themselves off to the best advantage, and the females affecting a coyness and indifference they probably do not feel. In a few days these performances end and each pair settles down to house-keeping in earnest. The nest, which is usually suspended from the tip of



YELLOW WARBLER.

outside branches of a tree, is purse-shaped, about six or seven inches deep outside, and five or six inside; the frame of the nest is composed of closely woven vegetable fibres and string (if the bird can obtain it); this is attached by the upper edge to the end of three or four twigs, so that the body of the nest hangs free or nearly so. This cradle is lined at the bottom with a thick cushion of vegetable down.

The trees generally selected by the birds to sustain their nest are elm or willow, but I have seen apple, maple and birch used when their branches were sufficiently long and drooping to answer the bird's requirements and to afford security against any approach from the trunk.

In this curiously constructed nest are deposited four or five eggs of a bluish-white ground colour, streaked and scrawled with purple and brown.

After the young are hatched the energies of the parent orioles are taxed to the utmost to supply the appetites of their growing little ones, and now it is that their services are of the greatest value in our gardens and orchards. Just at this season insect life is swarming. The moths that lay eggs to produce the foliage-eating caterpillars are in abundance, and are frequenting the trees upon which their larvæ feed. Of these moths the orioles are particularly fond, and large numbers of them are taken and fed to their young.

By the first of July the young orioles are generally out of the nest, but are as yet unable to fly for any distance, consequently they remain in and about the tree in which they were hatched,

and are still fed by the old birds; however, they soon acquire the use of their wings, and by the end of the first week of July they will have entirely disappeared. Where they go to is a mystery, probably only to the thick woods, where the old birds pass through the moulting season, and the young gain the strength required to enable them to undertake their journey to the south; at any rate we neither

hear nor see anything of them until about the fifteenth of August, when they may again be observed as they pass through on their way southward. At this time they are very quiet in manner, and their notes are but seldom heard.

CEDAR WAXWING.

A very beautiful, but not always welcome summer resident in our gardens is the cedar waxwing or cherry

bird, as it is commonly called. This bird is very erratic in its movements, appearing and disappearing without any regard for time or season. Sometimes large numbers of them will suddenly arrive here in the middle of winter and will stay so long as the supply of mountain ash and cedar berries hold out; when these fail or some whim strikes the birds they move off again as suddenly as they came. They are



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

gregarious at all times of the year except perhaps when they are actually feeding their young, for they do not breed in colonies.

The general colour of these birds is a very pretty quaker drab, the forehead, chin and a line through and over the eye velvety black, the breast pale drab, fading into yellowish white below, tips of the tail feathers yellow, head with a very distinct crest. Many specimens have a curious scarlet tag attached to the end of each of the secondary feathers of the wing. These tags look exactly like red sealing wax and are decidedly ornamental; they are not peculiar to either sex.

The cherry bird, as its common name implies, is particularly fond of small fruit and berries, the wild cherry being its favourite food when obtainable. They also eat large numbers of insects and are most expert fly-catchers, ranking in that respect next to the swallows and night-hawks, for though not possessed of the wonderful wing power of these birds, the waxwings will launch out from their perch and sail about in the air for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time capturing their flying prey.

It is not until nearly the middle of June that the waxwings settle down and commence nesting, they then build a large rough nest of twigs and roots, lined with finer material, and in it deposit four or five pale blue eggs, spotted and blotched with purplish black. The nest is often placed in a young maple or other ornamental tree in the garden or shrubbery, or even in an apple tree in the orchard, and the birds are not very particular as to concealment. I have often seen their nests in shade trees growing on the boulevards of our towns.

The vocal powers of these birds are very insignificant, consisting of a few lisping notes which serve to keep the members of the flock apprised of each other's whereabouts, and by means of which they carry on incessant conversation.

As soon as the young can fly they gather into flocks and wander over the continent, locating themselves just

wherever their fancy dictates and food is plentiful.

#### THE KINGBIRD.

Besides the Phœbe, to which I have already referred, there are three other species of fly-catchers, all of which frequent our gardens and shrubberies. The best known of these is the kingbird, the most obtrusive creature of the whole feathered tribe in America. They usually arrive about the tenth of May, and almost immediately take possession of the premises they intend to occupy during the summer. As soon as they have done so they proclaim the fact to the neighbourhood in most unmistakable bird language, and from that time forward they allow nothing large enough to be worthy of their notice to trespass on what they are pleased to consider their domain. Crows, hawks, jays and blackbirds are their especial detestation, and should one of these birds appear near their tree, an assault by the kingbirds immediately follows, the attack being kept up until the enemy is ignominiously driven off. Crows seem to fare very badly in these encounters; as soon as one appears, the kingbirds fly to meet it, and, rising above it, swoop down on the crow's back and peck with all their might. The crow is evidently made very uncomfortable by this procedure, and wriggles and twists in every direction in its efforts to escape its persecutor, but being no match for the kingbird in agility, it can only lumber along at its best speed and get out of the tyrant's territory as soon as possible. The courage displayed by these birds is admirable, they never hesitate to attack the largest hawks, and by dint of persistence and activity, always succeed in driving them off.

All the fly-catchers may be known by their graceful, upright carriage. When seated on a branch they are almost as erect as a hawk. Their colours are subdued but neat. The kingbird is slaty black on the back, head almost black, breast and below white, wings dusky, tail black, each feather with a white tip.

The nest is generally placed near the end of a branch at no great height from the ground, and is a rough structure composed of twigs and rootlets, lined and mixed with wool. The eggs, usually four, are creamy white with reddish brown and pale lavender spots. The tree selected for the nest is generally so situated that the birds can obtain from it a good view of their surroundings, so that they are able to see the approach of an enemy long before it can reach their abode.

Once I found a nest of this bird placed in a hollow in the top of an old post standing in the water of the Dundas marsh; the young birds had flown when I discovered it, and so I examined it and found that it had been used for several years, for underneath the nest of that season were two or three old ones, partially decayed and packed down tight one over the other.

Kingbirds are rather early fall migrants, leaving us before the first of September and drifting southward to South America where they spend the winter.

Their food during the summer months consists entirely of insects, the greater proportion of which are taken when flying; the birds are consequently of

great value and deserve all the protection we can give them. Sometimes, early in the spring, just after their arrival, cold and stormy weather sets in; when this happens the insect-eating birds are sorely pressed by hunger. In such cases the kingbird will eat the berries of the sumach and so tide over the hard times. Numbers of small beetles hibernate amongst these berries and perhaps they are the attraction, at

any rate they answer the birds' purpose and enable them to hold their own until fine weather comes.

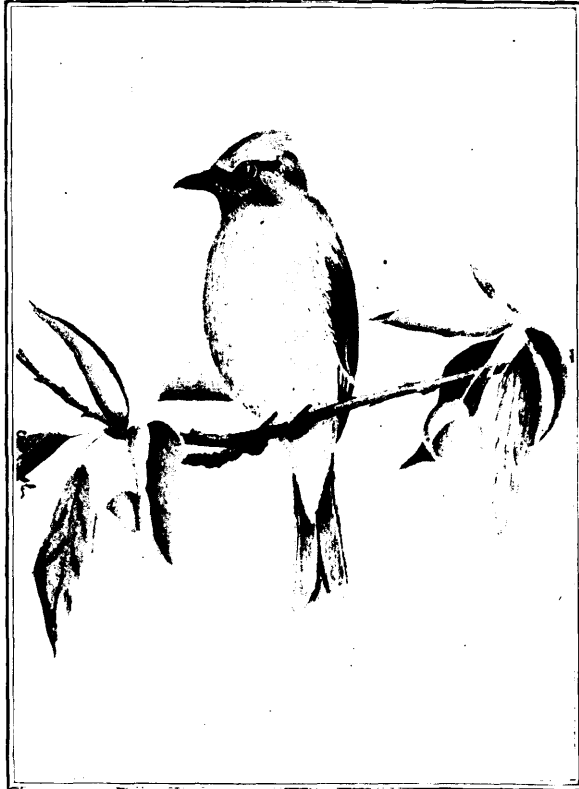
Like the hawks and owls, the king-birds cast up in pellets the indigestible portions of their food.

#### OTHER FLYCATCHERS.

The other two flycatchers, viz., the wood peewee and the least flycatcher, are as quiet and retiring in their habits as the kingbirds are

noisy and obtrusive; they are both clad in plain, quaker grey above and are white beneath, but they differ in size, the wood peewee being only a little smaller than the phœbe, while the least flycatcher is only from five to five and a quarter inches long.

The note of the wood peewee will distinguish it at once from any of its cousins; it is a plaintive, long-drawn pee-wee, uttered from amongst the foli-



CEDAR WAXWING (CHERRY BIRD).



age of the shade trees in which the bird lives. This melancholy call it keeps up all day, even in the very hottest weather when other birds are silent; possibly it has some charms for the little female for whose ears it is intended, but its monotony makes it tiresome to human listeners.

The nest, which is rather a neat structure composed of vegetable fibre, roots and lichens, is frequently built in the fork of an apple or ornamental tree on the lawn. In it are deposited four or five eggs, white with reddish-brown spots.

The woodpeckers leave us early in September and go south of the Southern States, where they spend the winter.

In its habits the least flycatcher somewhat resembles the last species both of them finding their homes among the branches of the trees and

subsisting entirely upon insects, the greater part of which they capture on the wing by darting upon them from their perch as the insects fly past.

The least flycatcher is, however, a much more lively and active bird than its larger relative, and its note is more cheerful though not very musical, being merely a somewhat sharp chebec, uttered at times with a good deal of spirit and emphasis.

Its nest is built in the fork of a small tree without much attempt at concealment, and is a very pretty example of bird architecture, composed of vegetable fibre, down and lichens, and well lined with plant down. In it are laid four or five white eggs.

These little birds arrive about the tenth of May and leave us for the south about the first of September.

#### THE WILD CANARY.

One of the prettiest and most interesting of our common birds is the American goldfinch or wild canary, which may during the summer months be seen and heard everywhere about this Province. It remains with us all the year round, but is not often seen during the winter, for at that season it retires to the ever-green woods where it feeds on the



AMERICAN GOLDFINCH (WILD CANARY).

seeds of the hemlock.

Many people confuse these birds with the yellow warbler, though they are easily distinguishable. The male of this species in summer is clear bright yellow, except the top of the head, the wings and the tail, all of which are black. The female is olive green above and yellowish below; the illustrations of this species and the yellow warbler will better show the differences be-

tween them than many lines of description.

In the autumn the males lose their bright colouring and become almost as dull as the females and the young, and it is not until spring is well advanced that they assume their bright costume and leaving the woods resort to the orchards and gardens, about which they will spend the summer.

We have in Ontario many birds whose musical abilities rank much higher than those of our canary, but there are few birds anywhere that have a more sprightly, cheerful or pleasing song than this little bird; its notes are varied and pretty, but the charm lies in the way they are uttered. The little creatures seem to throw all their strength and energy into the matter, and they sing because they have to, they are so exuberantly happy, and that is the only way they can express it. This sort of jollity is contagious, and a man must be far gone in the blues if he is not affected by it and made feel the happier for hearing it.

The canary is the latest of all our birds to commence nest-building. The reason for this is, I believe, because the young are fed chiefly upon thistle seed, which is not obtainable until the end of July. At any rate, the eggs are not laid until about the first in July. The nest is a beautifully neat structure

composed of vegetable fibre and down closely felted together and lined thickly with plant down. It is placed in any convenient fork of a small tree or bush, lilacs, syringas and other ornamental shrubs being frequently selected for the purpose, and in it are laid usually five or six white eggs. I once found a nest containing seven eggs, and was anxious to see how the little mother would stow away such a large family when they were hatched, but unfortunately did not pass that way again until after the birds had flown.

The food of our canary in summer consists entirely of the seeds of weeds, more particularly of those which are furnished with downy attachments, such as dandelion, thistle, etc., and by destroying these they do their share towards preventing them from entirely over-running us.

While the female canary is setting the male is unremitting in his attention to her. All day long he hovers about her neighbourhood incessantly calling in most endearing fashion to cheer her, and after the young are hatched his pride in his family is unbounded.

Besides the birds I have referred to in these papers, there are many more equally interesting that resort to our gardens at various times, but space was insufficient to permit me even to mention them.

THE END.

## A TRAGEDY IN FEATHERS.

DEAD by the dusty roadside,  
 And nobody saw him fall;  
 A bunch of feathers all gold and blue,  
 With necklace black where the night wind blew;  
 A bird of the air— that's all.

Ah! but a glen of the Northland  
 Will be lacking one bird-note sweet;  
 And a lonely mate will wait in vain  
 For a flash of the blue and gold again  
 In her home 'mid that loved retreat.

One out of many thousands—  
 But, oh! too fair to die,  
 Unless the Canadian warbler gleams  
 In his blue and gold by other streams  
 Beneath a brighter sky.

*Henry Kalloch Rowe.*

## FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORKS.

*By George Stewart, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.*

THOUGH my personal acquaintance with Francis Parkman only began in the autumn of 1869, I had known him some years earlier by correspondence, he having asked me to secure for him some data regarding the Acadians of New Brunswick. We met at the inauguration of Dr. Charles D. Eliot as President of Harvard University, on the 19th of October. The function had attracted many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the United States. Among the strong personalities present none, to my mind, was more striking than that of the historian of France in the New World. His figure, tall and commanding, was spare. Lameness, which often interrupted his walks, had given him a slight stoop. His face was clean-shaven, and intellectual, and no one could look upon his brow without feeling impressed by its high mental character and energy. He was somewhat shy, and his natural reserve, which strangers sometimes mistook for hauteur, disappeared as acquaintance ripened. He lived in summer at his beautiful home on the south branch of Jamaica Pond, where he had a study, and cultivated to perfection the rose and the lily, in which occupation he took keen delight. His estate was within easy distance of the Motley mansion, while his winter home was in Chestnut St., Boston, not far from the residence of Prescott, on Beacon Street. Here he lived with his sister.

Francis Parkman could boast of a long line of ancestors, distinguished in scholarship and social position. His great grandfather was the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, a Congregational minister of eminence in his day, and a Harvard man whose name stood high on the rolls of the College, from which hall of learning he was graduated in 1754. His grandfather, Samuel Park-

man, was a famous merchant of Boston, and his father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a Unitarian minister of prominence, an author of repute, and the founder of the Parkman Professorship in the Cambridge Theological School. On his mother's side he was descended from the Rev. John Cotton. Young Parkman was born in Boston on the 23rd September, 1823. He was carefully educated, and went to Harvard in 1840. His relatives designed him for the law, and he took up that study for two years, but tiring of it, he sought recreation in travel. From his youth he was a fond lover of Nature and out-door life. He read much about the Indian tribes of the great west, and their lives proved such a fascination for him that he resolved to live among them for a time, and so become acquainted with their customs and methods. Physically he was frail, and a fall in the gymnasium obliged him to relinquish his studies for a while. He was sent to Europe, where he visited Gibraltar and Malta and other points along the Mediterranean, but returned home in season to be present at the closing exercises of his College.

In 1846 Parkman joined his cousin, Quincy Adams Shaw, and the two friends started off on their memorable journey across the Plains, the story of which is so well set down in the picturesque "Oregon Trail," dedicated to his kinsman, "the comrade of a summer: the friend of a lifetime." This was our author's first book, and its success encouraged him to plan out his brilliant series of historical works, which began with "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and closed with "A Half-century of Conflict." The "Oregon Trail" was first published as a series of papers of travel in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then in the skilful

hands of Lewis Gaylor Clark. The author and his friend lived among the red men of the Prairie and Rocky Mountains, hunted with them, feasted with them at their great feasts, and experienced the same hardships and trials which their hosts endured. All these things were undergone that Parkman might familiarize himself with the habits and characteristics of the people whom he meant to present as they really existed, with the pen of one who had formed part of their inner life and movement. He saw the Sioux when they still killed their game with the bow and arrow, and tells of the terrific force of that weapon, when he witnessed the flight of an arrow clear through a buffalo. Some of the Ogillallah warriors had begun to use guns, but all the tribes had not yet been armed with them.

Though the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" is Parkman's first contribution to the history of the Indians and half-breeds of the West, the series proper, which deals with the wars of the English and French and red men and treats of France and England in North America, begins with "The Pioneers of France in the New World." "Pontiac," which came first, may be read as a sequel to the collection.

In the preparation of his histories, which are enriched by an eloquent and graceful style, and strict faithfulness to facts, Parkman devoted an industry, care and thoroughness which leave unquestioned the statements put forward. We know of the vastness of his task, and the difficulties under which he worked for many years. He neglected nothing. He visited all the scenes which his luminous pen so admirably describes, not once or twice, but many times. The archives of France, England, Russia and Canada have yielded their treasures to him. Every known letter, journal, report and despatch, which bore, even in the remotest way, upon his subject were copied and sent to him, until at the end of his work he found himself possessed of no fewer than 3,400 manuscript pages, which he had bound up in several large volumes. Of course, all printed books, magazines,

pamphlets, newspapers, maps, plans and engravings which could throw light on his theme passed the ordeal of his industrious scrutiny. It has been said of him that his Puritanism was strong. It may be so, but the fact remains that he never allowed the spirit of prejudice to warp his judgment, or to destroy the value of his conclusions. He has his critics, chief among whom is the Abbé Casgrain, whose notes are entitled to respect. But, as Parkman remarks in a letter to the present writer, the learned Abbé, albeit a most scholarly and estimable man, is by nature too excitable and effeminate to discuss in soberness the cold facts of history, and particularly when his feelings, nationality, and religion are concerned. And, as he adds in a letter now before me, of August 21st, 1874: "I am afraid my Canadian friends will not like the new book, (The Old Regime). In writing, I put out of mind all considerations but the evidence before me, which in this case is not always favourable to Canadian society in the old time." He was right, the book produced much comment and attack, and several old friendships among the French-Canadians were estranged. But Parkman, true to his spirit of fairness and independence as a historian, preferred to lose a friend or two rather than pervert facts, and present opinions which were erroneous and misleading. Perhaps his thoroughness to get at the truth cannot be better shown than by quoting from his letters, unpublished up to this time. On the 20th January, 1870, he wrote to the writer, then living in St. John, New Brunswick:—"I have determined to write, as the next volume of my series, an account of La Tour and d'Aunay, postponing Count Frontenac to another time. So my subject is strictly Acadian, at least, if we adopt the broader signification of the name Acadia. You spoke of documents relating to La Tour. Of what nature are they, and where are they preserved? I have a score or more letters, patents, reports, etc., relating to him, found in the French archives, (some of which are among the copies

made for the Canadian Government). There are also some in the State House here (Boston). Besides these, there are those printed in the *Memoirs des Commissaires*, together with those in Harvard and Hutchinson, and the statements of Winthrop, Denys, Hubbard, etc. Now there ought to be more at Annapolis and at St. John. Can you give me any information about them?"

I at once set about making inquiries in all directions, and in my reply named some printed books which bore on the subject then in Mr. Parkman's mind. On the 24th of February, he wrote from Boston:—"I have all the *published books* you mention; but the volume of manuscripts entitled *Acadia* may contain something very much to the purpose. It probably will not be necessary to copy all in them relating to La Tour and d'Aunay, as many of the papers may prove to be duplicates of those which I have already. The best way will be to have a list, with titles and dates, of such letters and documents as touch the subject, made by some competent person. *All papers on Acadia between the years 1628 and 1660*, may be included in the list. This will simplify the work. Please have this done at my expense, and the list sent to me. I will then check off such papers as I do not possess, and request you to get them copied. This plan will save both trouble and expense.

"It seems more than likely that Mr. Calrick\* is on the track of something valuable. I am well aware that La Tour had no establishment at Port Royal, but d'Aunay, had—in fact, his headquarters were there, but, for the reason mentioned in my last, I do not think that anything will turn up there. I shall look with great interest for the results of an inquiry among the descendants of La Tour. One of them, I believe it was one of the d'Entrements, had formerly in his possession,

a very curious paper, the marriage contract between La Tour and d'Aunay's widow. This has been published by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, but there may be more, and I should like especially to get a copy of that will.

"Let me, in conclusion, thank you most cordially for your very active and efficient co-operation with me in this inquiry."

Later he writes, "Thank you for the numbers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, containing Mr. Hannay's\* articles; but are you quite sure that the remains which Mr. H. describes are those of La Tour's Fort? I confess to some doubts. The French government, in 1696, built a fort at the mouth of the St. John. May not the remains belong to this last? Fortunately there is extant a deed of La Tour, in which he conveys this fort in mortgage to Major-General Gibbons, as security for a considerable sum of money. This deed will, perhaps, serve to settle the question. I have Murdoch's History, which contains many facts, and is scrupulous as regards research, but is rather a collection of notes than a history. Haliburton, though not very profound, is much more readable.

"Do not give yourself the trouble to hunt up Gesner's and Munro's Histories, if, as I believe, they are founded only on the known authorities, and do not contain original documents. *It is these that I am in quest of, as I do not like to draw except from the fountain head.* I think there can be no papers on La Tour at Annapolis, as I have lately discovered that all the records there were destroyed or carried off by the English in or about 1667."

The italics in the above are mine. The reader of these pages will note how scrupulous Mr. Parkman was as to the character of the documents he used in the preparation of his works. Nothing but the originals or authenticated copies were valued by him.

\*W. Arthur Calrick, of Nova Scotia, author of several historical sketches, notably, "Port Royal, Its Graves," in *Stewart's Quarterly*, St. John, N.B., 1871-2.

\*James Hannay, author of "A History of Acadia," St. John, N.B., 1879; also of "Sketches of Acadia," *Stewart's Quarterly*, Oct., 1867, Jan., April and July, 1868.

In Parkman's works, the Court of Old France is described with grace and colour, the tragic scenes enacted in New France, the Indians, the Intendants, the bishops and priests, the warriors and bushrangers, the soldiers and statesmen are painted in pigments which glow with life. There is nothing more fascinating than his accounts of the early struggles between the white and the red men of two centuries ago. He has elevated those struggles to the dignity of battles. He has photographed, as it were, the heroes and heroines, and described their deeds in language which charms on the instant. His galleries of worthies misses no name of real importance, and he has saved from oblivion the records of many characters whose careers would have been forgotten, despite the work they had done, despite the sacrifices they had made, despite the sufferings they had endured. No man had, up to Parkman's advent upon the scene, given us the real Indian. Cooper's Indian is romantic and false. Longfellow's Indian is poetic and striking as a figure. Indians by other pens have been caricatures. Parkman's Indian is historic, and a true portrait. He has told us all about him, laying bare his faults and his virtues, and showing how readily the savage nature assimilated itself to that of the marauding white man. The Jesuits, the Recollet Fathers and the Sulpicians find in Parkman a biographer and historian who is singularly fair and impartial towards their orders—much fairer than their contemporary critics. Their strong points, as well as their weaknesses and frailties are sketched with no faltering pencil. Frontenac, La Salle, Bigot, Laval, Montcalm and Wolfe, as well as many lesser lights, illumine at every turn his rich and sparkling pages. In his great work he was the pioneer. He touched virgin soil, and has left his task so complete that no successor can come upon the ground and rob him of his fame.

We have spoken of his rare fidelity to facts, and the value of his sources of information, the original documents

from which his narrative is drawn, comprising seventy volumes, most of them folios, the very collecting of which occupied forty-five years. But few who read the dramatic compositions are aware of the labour which the author had to expend upon his authorities before a line of his book could be begun. They were not only voluminous but often conflicting. Nearly every actor in the drama left behind him his own record of the events in which he was a figure. Sometimes the record assumed the character of a report to headquarters, private letters to friends, memorials, despatches, journals and diaries. The historian had to sift the data contained in these papers, and to compare them with the great mass of collateral evidence, "with," as he says, "more than usual care, striving to secure the greatest possible accuracy of statement, and to reproduce an image of the past with photographic clearness and truth."

But this was not all. His health was precarious, his frame lacked physical strength, his eyesight afflicted him sorely and seriously retarded the progress of his work. The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was written under conditions which few men would have had the courage to face. The light of day was insupportable to the author for three years, and "every attempt at reading or writing was completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances." When, later on, in 1865, Parkman wrote his "Pioneers of France in the New World" his sight was fully as bad, if not worse. He was never permitted

to read or write continuously for much more than five minutes at a time, and often days passed without a stroke of work being done, even under those conditions. For two periods, each lasting several years, any attempt at studying or writing was denied him, it being considered by the specialists and his friends as simply suicidal. For more than eighteen years his various maladies interrupted the work on the completion of which he had set his heart. But he bravely struggled on, uncomplainingly, amid the tremendous odds arrayed against him. From first to last he was a student. When he travelled, the object he kept in view was to verify facts, to see with his own eyes the places which must come under his pen, to discover hitherto unknown sources of information. As a college student he followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut. His aim was to know places as well as events, and the actors in them. To learn how well he succeeded the reader is referred to the historian's books. A man of singularly fine tastes, and a lover of good literature, his inclinations seldom led him to seek the society of men and women of letters, though many of them in turn courted him. But he was ever too busy. When he went abroad he had a special purpose in view. "I have been occupied chiefly," he writes, "when in England or France, with the official people in the Public Record office, etc., and such small literary acquaintance as I made has been slight and superficial, from casual meeting at clubs, etc. I have no intimate literary acquaintance in England. I never—exceptions excepted—much liked the company of professional literary people, and have never put myself in the way of introductions to them." But Parkman socially was always very charming and no one received a heartier or more cordial welcome than he did when he dined at Parker's with the members of the famous "Saturday Club,"—which included such names as Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Fields, Dwight and Whipple,—or when he

spent an evening at the home of a congenial friend. His talk at table was always interesting, and he was often upbraided for neglecting his small society duties so much.

Besides his historical works, Parkman produced an admirable book on the Cultivation of the Rose, which is held in high repute. Once he tried, like Motley, his hand at a novel. This he called "Vassall Morton," and in Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, he found his publishers. It was not a successful venture into the field of romance, and its author never again attempted to write fiction. It is by no means a poor performance, and judged by the standard of many novels of the present day, it is pretty fair reading. But in 1856 it failed to make an impression on the public, and no second edition being called for, Mr. Parkman returned to his first love—history. He had not a very exalted idea of "Vassall Morton" as a story of sustaining interest and seldom liked to talk about it. The scenes of it are on both sides of the Atlantic, and the incidents are dramatic and often exciting. Especially so are the adventures of the hero, and his arrest by the Austrian police and subsequent escape from prison, and his journey on foot to an Italian sea-port.

We have spoken briefly of the "Oregon Trail," which has passed through many editions, and the volume among all others that Mr. Frederic Remington selected for illustration, "whose pictures," says Parkman, "are as full of truth as of spirit, for they are the work of one who knew the prairies and the mountains before irresistible commonplace had subdued them." In 1865, the first part of his great series, telling the story of France and England in North America, appeared. It was entitled "Pioneers of France in the New World," and begins with the year 1512, and ends at 1635. The narratives are devoted to France on this continent—"the attempt of Feudalism, Monarchy and Rome to master a continent where, at this hour (1865) half a million or bayonets are indicating the ascendancy of a regulated freedom; Feudalism

still strong in life, though enveloped and overborne by new-born centralization; Monarchy in the flush of triumphant power; Rome, nerved by disaster, springing with renewed vitality from ashes and corruption, and ranging the earth to reconquer abroad what she had lost at home. These banded powers, pushing into the wilderness their indomitable soldiers and devoted priests, unveiled the secrets of the barbarous continent, pierced the forests, traced and mapped out the streams, planted their emblems, built their forts, and claimed all as their own. New France was all head. Under King, Noble and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seignoiries and hordes of savage retainers." This is a fine introduction to what follows. We are treated to the story of the expansion of France, and the volume appropriately closes with the death of the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, one of the most heroic characters that ever lived. The first narrative is devoted to the Huguenots in Florida, while the second treats of Champlain and his associates. "The Jesuits in North America" in the seventeenth century followed in 1867. It at once created a sensation, for the story itself was striking, and the treatment was by a pen which did not mince matters. Mr. Parkman's materials were copious, and he made excellent use of them. Most of his facts were drawn from the voluminous writings of the Jesuit fathers themselves, and of their work he says, "the closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the 'Relations' hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents. They are very scarce and no complete collection of them exists in America." It is learned with satisfaction that an exact verbatim et literatim reprint of the very rare French, Latin and Italian originals, both MS. and printed, accompanied page by page by a complete English translation, by John Cutler

Covert, assisted by Mary Sifton Pepper and others, is in course of publication. Reuben Gold Thwaites is the editor of this monumental work.

Beginning with a sketch of the native Indian tribes, and Quebec in 1634, Mr. Parkman concludes the second part with the trials and disappointments which culminated in 1670. As he says, "the Jesuits saw their hopes struck down; and their faith, though not shaken, was sorely tried. The Providence of God seemed in their eyes dark and inexplicable; but, from the standpoint of liberty, that Providence is clear as the sun at noon. Meanwhile let those who have prevailed yield due honour to the defeated. Their virtues shine amidst the rubbish of error, like diamonds and gold in the gravel of the torrent. But now new scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage, a hardy and valiant band, moulded to endure and dare, the discoverers of the Great West." This part, perhaps, is the more interesting of the series, for it deals exhaustively with LaSalle, and his remarkable adventures along the valleys of the Mississippi and the lakes. It was originally published in 1869, but in 1878, owing to a mass of new material being exposed by Henry Harrisse, of Paris, the historian revised and partly re-wrote his account, and gave to the world the most complete and authentic story of LaSalle's discoveries extant. The letters of the explorer had not been accessible to Mr. Parkman when his book was first issued, though he knew of their existence, but as soon as their discoverer placed them publicly as exhibits, he availed himself of the treasures. The original title of the book was, "The Discovery of the Great West." The increased prominence of LaSalle, however, justified Parkman in adding his name to the title page. This volume brings the subject down to the year 1689.

The period of Transition is learnedly discussed in part fourth, which takes up some ticklish ground in "The Old Regime in Canada," and has caused much feverish comment in French



Roman Catholic ecclesiastical circles. It was this work which led to the estrangement, for a time, of Parkman and his Canadian biographer and early admirer, the Abbé Henri Raymond Casgrain, F.R.S.C. But Parkman, much as he regretted to have to say things that were not agreeable to persons for whom he had a very cordial regard, felt constrained to give the result of his investigations to the public as fully as possible. "The conclusions drawn from the facts," says he, "may be matter of opinion, but it will be remembered that the facts themselves can be overthrown only by overthrowing the evidence on which they rest, or bringing forward counter-evidence of equal or greater strength; and neither task will be found an easy one." In this book, as he points out, "we examine the political and social machine; in the next volume of the series we shall see this machine in action." In action surely the machine was. The narrative, noted as fifth on the list, is a strong presentation of facts and opinions. It treats of Count Frontenac and his times. It is in this work that we get great insight into the little disputes between governor and intendant, governor and prelate, governor and king, governor and minister, the intrigues of the Jesuits, the Recollets and their troubles, the brandy question, the Indian wars and treachery. It is a notable book, and one of the most dramatically interesting of the whole collection. Frontenac was a picturesque figure in history. In Europe, he was a strong man. In America, he was no less vigorous. No man ever understood Indian character better than he, and he had not been long in the country before he had the red men completely under his spell and under his subjection. He is magnificently drawn by Parkman, and though no portrait of him exists, one can imagine how the

proud old soldier and governor looked in the flesh. This volume appeared in 1877. The author resents the conduct of some of his critics, by whom he was not quite fairly treated. He says that his challenge in the "Old Regime" was not taken up. Vehement protest he received in plenty, but none of his statements of fact were attacked by evidence or were disputed.

Part seventh appeared, for special reasons, in 1884, while the sixth part did not come out until 1892. The first-named is entitled "Montcalm and Wolfe," in two sumptuous volumes. Like all of the predecessors of the series, it is based on historical documents, of the accuracy of which there can be no question. Of all these narratives, in point of results, this one is the most momentous, for it relates the downfall of French power in Canada, and reaches the dawn of English rule. Of course, the book occasioned controversy, but Parkman, relying upon the faithfulness of his facts, was not disturbed in mind. As we have said, eight years afterwards the sixth part of the series was published, under the title of "A Half-Century of Conflict," in two volumes. He fills the gap between the Frontenac and Montcalm and Wolfe volumes, and a continuous history of France in America, from early days, is thus made complete.

The author of these grand books lived long enough to finish the work which he had undertaken so many years ago. Few men, when one comes to consider the disadvantages under which he pursued his task, would have gone on with it. But he persevered, despite blindness and rheumatism and vexatious delays, until the last chapter left his hand for the printers. In November, 1893, he died at Jamaica Plain, after a lingering illness, mourned by all who knew him, and regretted by everyone who had read his scholarly and brilliant books.



# A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

*By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But a cloud comes over the lives of the Lansing family, and Vashti's hour of triumph seems nearer.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE Ann Serrup of whom the sewing circle had whispered, was one of those melancholy scapegoats found, alas! in nearly every rural community, and lost in cities among myriads of her kind. She had lived in the Brixton parish all her life, but had lately come with her shame to a little house within the precincts of Dole. Left at thirteen the only sister among four drunken brothers much older than herself, the only gospel preached at—not to—her had been the terrorism of consequences. Like all false gospels this one had proved a broken reed—and not only broken but empoisoned. The unfathered child of this poor girl had been born about a year prior to her appearance in Dole.

Mabella's heart went out to the forlorn creature, and a few days after the memorable meeting at Mrs. Winders' she set forth to visit her, leaving Dorothy in charge of Temperance. It was a calm, sweet season. The shadow of white clouds lay upon the earth, and as Mabella walked along the country roads the chrism of the gentle day seemed to be laid upon her aching

heart. For a space, in consideration of the needs of the poor creature to whom she was going, Mabella forgot the shadow which dogged her own steps.

She was going on a little absent-mindedly, when at a sudden turn in the road she came upon Vashti, who had paused and was standing looking, great-eyed, across the fields to where the sun smote the windows of Lanty's house.

"Well, Mabella," she said, taking the initiative in the conversation as became the "preacher's wife." "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see Ann Serrup," said Mabella. "I've wished to do so for some time—how plainly you can see our house from here."

"Yes—how's Lanty?"

"He's very well—haven't you seen him lately—he looks splendid."

"I didn't mean his looks," said Vashti with emphasis.

"Well, one's looks are generally the sign of how one feels," said Mabella bravely, although she winced beneath Vashti's regard. "And Vashti, Dorothy can speak, she—"

Vashti broke in with the inconsiderateness of a childless woman.

"Do you know anything about Ann Serrup? Is she penitent?"

"I—I don't know," said Mabella hesitatingly (she had heard most unpromising accounts of Ann's state of mind, 'Fair rampageous,' Temperance had said), "she has suffered a great deal."

"She has sinned a great deal," said Vashti sententiously.

They walked on almost in silence and ere long stood before the low-lying, desolate dwelling.

A girl came to the open door as they drew near—poorly but neatly clad, and with tightly rolled hair. A girl in years—a woman in experience. A child stood tottering beside her.

"Come in," she said to them before they had time to speak, "come in and set down."

She picked up the child, and unceremoniously tucking him under one arm, set two chairs side by side; then put the baby down and stood as one before her accusers. Her brows were a little sullen; her mouth irresolute. Her expression discontented and peevish, as of one weary of uncomprehended rebuke. The baby clutched her dress, and eyed the visitors placidly, quite unaware that his presence was disgraceful.

Mabella looked at the little figure standing tottering upon its uncertain legs; the little dress was so grotesquely ill-made; the sleeves were little square sacks; the skirt was as wide at the neck as at the hem. She thought of her well-clad Dorothy and her heart went out to the desolate pair.

The mother, tired of Vashti's cold, condemnatory scrutiny, began to shift uneasily from one foot to the other.

"What's your baby's name?" asked Mabella, her sympathies urging her to take precedence of the preacher's wife.

"Reuben," said Ann.

"Reuben *what?*" demanded Vashti in sepulchral tones.

"Jest Reuben—Reuben was my father's name"—then with fretful irritation—"jest Reuben."

"Is your child *deformed?*" asked Vashti suddenly, eyeing with disfavour the little chest and shoulders where the ill made frock stuck out so pitifully.

"Deformed!" cried Ann, the pure mother in her aroused; "there aint a better shaped baby in Dole than my Reub."

She sat down upon the floor, and, it seemed to Mabella, with two movements unclothed the child, and holding him out cried indignantly—

"Look at him, Missus Martin, look at him! and if you know what a baby's like when you see one you'll know he's jest perfect—aint he Missus Lansing? Aint he? You know, don't you?"

Vashti glared in fixed disapproval at the baby, who regarded her not at all, but after a leisurely and contemplative survey of himself began to investigate the marvels of his feet, becoming as thoroughly absorbed in the mysteries of his own toes as we older infants do in our theories. "He's a beautiful baby—I'm sure you are very proud of him," said Mabella kindly. Then her gaze rested upon the two poor garments which had formed all the baby's costume. Tears filled her eyes as she saw the scrap of red woollen edging sewn clumsily upon the little yellow cotton shirt.

"I'm afraid you are not used to sewing much," she said; "it was the clothes which spoiled the baby."

Ann, who, unstable as water, never remained in the same mood for ten minutes together, began to cry softly, rocking back and forth sometimes.

"Oh, I wisht I was dead! I do. I never was learned nothing. 'Scuse me if I spoke up to you, Missus Martin, but I'm that ignerent! And you the preacher's lady too! My! I dunno how I came t' be so bad. I guess I'm jest real condemned bad; but I haint had no chance I haint; never a mother, not so much as a grandma. Nothing but a tormented old aunt. And brothers! Lord! I'm sick of brotheres and men. I jest can't abear the sight of a man, and I'm that ignerent. Lord! I can't make cloes for Reub, now he is

here." Then vehemently—"I am jest dead sick of men."

"But, think," said Mabella soothingly, "when Reuben is a man he'll look after you and take care of you."

"Yes—I 'spose he will," said Ann, drying her eyes; then, with a sudden change of mood, she began smiling bravely. "Say—he's that knowin'! You wouldn't believe it; if I'm agoin' out in a hurry I give him sometimes an old sugar rag, but he knows the difference, right smart he does, and he jest won't touch it if 'taint new filled; and—" with a touch of awe as at a more subtle phenomenon, "he yawned like a big person when he was two days old."

"Why, so did my baby," said Mabella in utter astonishment that another baby had done anything so extraordinary.

"Are you coming, Mabella?" said Vashti austerely from the doorway.

Direct disapproval darkened her countenance. Ann's mutable face clouded at the words.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Mabella hastily to Vashti, then she turned to Ann. "I will send you some patterns to cut his dresses by," she said. "It's very hard at first; Temperance helped me; I'll mark all the pieces so that you'll know how to place them," then she went close to the other woman and put a trembling hand upon her arm.

"Ann," she said, "promise that you'll never do anything wicked again—promise you'll never make your baby ashamed of you."

"No, I won't; I've had enough of all that—you'll be sure to send a pattering with a yoke?" inquired Ann eagerly.

Poor Ann! Her one virtue of neatness was for the moment degraded to a vice; she so thoroughly slighted the spirit of Mabella's speech. But Mabella, out of the depths of her motherly experience, pardoned this.

"Yes, I will send the nicest patterns I have," she said.

"Soon?"

"Soon—and Ann—you'll come to church next Sunday?"

Ann began to whimper.

"Oh, I hate t' be a poppyshow! and all the girls do stare so, and—"

"Ann," said Mabella pleadingly, "you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come, Missus Lansing, being as you want me to," then another swift change of mood overtook the poor, variable creature.

"They kin stare if they want to! I could tell things! Some of 'em aint no better nor me if all was known. I'll jest come to spite 'em out. You see—I'll be there."

"I shall be so glad," said Mabella gently, having the rare wisdom to ignore side issues. "I'll see you, then."

"Oh, Lor'," said Ann, whimpering again, "ye won't want to see me when other folks are around, and I 'spose you've got a white dress and blue ribbings for church, or red bows, like as not. Lor'! Lor'! what 'tis to be born lucky. 'Better lucky nor rich;' I've heard said oftin and oftin, and its true, dreadful true. I never had no luck; neither had mother; she never could cook anything without burning it, and when she dyed 'twas allus streaky! I've heard Aunt Ann say that oftin and oftin; he *is* a fine baby, isn't he?" she broke off abruptly.

"Yes, indeed," said Mabella heartily. "Good-bye, Ann," and stooping she kissed the girl and went out and down the path. Ann stood gazing after her.

"She kissed me," she said dully, then in an echo-like voice repeated "kissed me."

The old clock ticked loudly, the kettle sang on the fire, the baby fell over with a soft thud upon the floor. Ann sat down beside him, and clasping him to her breast cried bitterly to herself, and as has been often the case, the mother's sobs lullabyed the child to a soft and peaceful sleep. She rose, with the art which comes with even unblest motherhood, without waking the child and laid him down gently.

"I know she won't send a pattering with a yoke," she said in the tone of

one who warns herself against hoping too much.

Meanwhile Mabellasped after Vashti; she overtook her in about half a mile.

"Goodness, Vashti," said Mabella; "I'm sure you need not have hurried so! I'm all out of breath catching up."

"Well, I couldn't stand it any longer," said Vashti.

"Stand what?" demanded Mabella a little irritated by Vashti's ponderosity of manner.

"That exhibition," said Vashti with a gesture to the little forlorn house which somehow looked pitifully naked and unsheltered. "It was disgusting! to go about petting people like that is putting a premium upon vice."

Mabella laughed.

"You dear old Vashti," she said, "you said that as if you had been the preacher himself—what the world could I say to her? standing there with that poor child." A sudden break interrupted her speech. "Oh Vashti," she said, "isn't it terrible! Think of that baby; what a difference between it and Dorothy! And so poor—so very poor; without even a name; Vashti—you're a lot cleverer than me; you don't think, do you, that they will be judged alike? You don't think there will be one rule for all? There will be allowances made, won't there?"

"I wonder at you, Mabella," said Vashti, "putting yourself in a state over that girl and her brat! It's easy seeing you've precious little to trouble you or you'd never carry on about Ann Serrup; a bad lot the Serrups are, root and branch; bad they are and bad they'll be. The Ethiopian don't change his spots! and as for crying and carrying on about her! take care, Mabella, that you are not sent something to cry for—take care." The last ominous words uttered in Vashti's full rich voice made Mabella tremble. Ah—she knew and *Vashti knew* how great cause she already had to weep.

"How can you talk to me like that?" she said to Vashti passionately; "how can you? One would think you would be glad to see me in trouble. If it's any satisfaction to you to know it I may

as well tell you that—" Mabella arrested her speech with crimson cheeks. What had she been about to do? To betray Lanty for the sake of stinging Vashti into shame!

"Dear me," said Vashti coolly; "you are growing very uncertain, Mabella!"

"Yes, I know, stammered Mabella. "Forgive me, Vashti."

"Oh! It doesn't matter about my forgiveness," said Vashti; "but it's a pity to let yourself get into that excitable state."

They were near the spot where their ways parted.

Mabella looked at Vashti, a half inclination to confide in her cousin came to her. It would be such a help to have a confidant, but her wifely allegiance rose to forbid any confidences regarding her husband's lapses; she must bear the burden alone. A lump tightened her throat as she closed her lips resolutely. These little victories seem small but they cost.

"Good-bye, Mabella," said Vashti; "come over and have tea with us soon."

"I'll come over after dinner and stay awhile with you," said Mabella, "but I won't stay to supper."

"Oh, why?" said Vashti. "Lanty can come in on his way home from Brixton; if he turns off at the cross road he can come straight up Winder's lane to the parsonage. He's often at Brixton, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mabella, once more calm in her rôle of defender. "Yes, but I'll come over some day after dinner; Lanty likes supper at home. He's often tired after being in Brixton. I'll bring Dorothy and come over soon for a little visit."

"Well, you might as well come all of you for supper," said Vashti; and somehow by a subtle intonation of the voice she conveyed to Mabella the fact that her unconsciousness was only feigned.

As Mabella went towards home the lump in her throat dissolved in tears; she allowed herself the rare luxury of self-pity for a little space, then with the instinctive feeling that she must not give footing to such weakness she pull-

ed herself together, and went forward where Lanty waited at the gate.

When Vashti turned away from Mabella to take the little path to the parsonage, her heart also was wrung by regret and pain; she had made Mabella feel, but how gladly she would have exchanged her empty heart ache for the honour of suffering for Lanty's misdeeds. Lanty Lansing was very handsome, very winning, with that masterful tenderness and tender tyranny which women love; but it is doubtful if he (or many other men) deserved the love which these two women lavished upon him. And it must be said for Vashti that whatever her faults were, she loved her cousin well and constantly. His excesses rent her very heart; if she saw in them a hope of vengeance upon Mabella she yet deplored them sincerely. The hate which was growing in her heart against Mabella was intensified a thousand-fold by the thought that she did not, in some way, drag Lanty back from the pit. Had she been his wife she would have saved him in spite of himself. The thought that the village was sneering and whispering about her idol made her eyes venomous, and in this mood she entered the house. Sidney was waiting for her and suddenly there swept across the woman's soul a terrible sense of the relentless Destiny which she was working out. As in a mirror she saw herself, not the free and imperious creature she had imagined, but a serf shackled hand and foot, so that her feet trod the devious path prepared for them from time immemorial, and her hands wrought painfully at a fabric whose fashion and design were fixed by other power than her own.

And Sidney, with his pale spiritual face, his unearthly exalted eyes, his eager-winged soul, was bound to her side. His footsteps were constrained to hers, only it seemed that whereas the path was chosen for her, his way was simply outlined by her will; she remembered the strange incident which had taken her away from the sewing circle. Again she experienced the thrill, half of fear, half of mad unreason-

ing triumph which had held her very heart in suspense when Sidney had said "You wished me to come at five." Could it be that whilst his mind was passive, whilst he slept the sleep her waving hands induced, whilst his faculties were seemingly numbed by the artificial slumber, could it be that he could yet grasp her desires and awake to fulfil them? The simplest knowledge of hypnotic suggestion would at once have given her incalculable command over Sidney. As it was, she could only grope forward in the darkness of half fearful and hesitating ignorance. In her advance to the knowledge that Sidney, whilst in this sleep, was amenable to suggestion (although she did not phrase it thus) she had skipped one step which would have given her the key to the whole; she had seen that he would carry out, whilst awake, a wish of hers expressed whilst he slept. She did not know that he would have been a mere automaton in her hands whilst he was in the hypnotic sleep, but she told herself that she must measure and ascertain exactly the control she had over her husband; thus nearly every day she cast the spell of deep slumber upon him and gradually, little by little, she discovered the potency of suggestion.

It must be said that Sidney was entirely acquiescent to her will. The old weird fables of people hypnotised against their wills have long since been relegated to the limbo of forgotten and discredited myths; and while it is certainly true that each hypnosis leaves the subject more susceptible to hypnotic influence, it is utter rubbish to think that influence can be acquired arbitrarily without the concurrence of the subject. But Sidney had given himself up to the subtle delight of these dreamless slumbers as the hasheesh-eater delivers himself to the intoxication of his drugged dreams.

Sidney's mind was torn by perpetual self-questionings; not about his own personal salvation, but about his responsibility towards the people of Dole. The more he studied the Bible

the more deeply he was impressed by the marvellous beauty of the Christ story. Never surely had man realized more keenly than Sidney did the ineffable pathos and self-sacrifice of the Carpenter of Galilee. Often as he passed the little carpenter shop where Nathan Peck came twice a week, he entered and stood watching Nathan planing the boards, and as the long wooden ribbons curled off before the steel, and the odor of the wood came to his nostrils, quick with that aroma of the forest which obtains even at the core of the oak, there surged about Sidney's heart all the emotions of yearning and hope, and sorrow and despair which long, long ago had lifted that *Other* from a worker in wood to be a Saviour of Souls; and he went forth from the little carpenter shop as one who has partaken of a sacrament. And often he stood upon the little hill above Dole, his eyes full of tears, remembering that immortal, irrepressible outburst of yearning, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings and *ye would not!*"—the poignancy of this plaint wrung Sidney's very soul. And how sweet it seemed to Sidney to steal away from all these questions and questionings, to fall asleep with Vashti's eyes looking, as it seemed to him, deep down into his very soul, seeing the turmoil there and easing it with the balm of her confidence and strength—to awaken with the knowledge that there was something Vashti wished done, something he could do. Thus, whereas the occasions of Sidney's acute headaches had been formerly the only opportunity Vashti had had of experimenting with this new and wonderful force which she so dimly understood, now it was a daily occurrence for Sidney to cast himself down upon the green leather couch and seek from Vashti the gift of sleep.

Thus, gradually, surely, Vashti won an ascendancy over this man which made him in every sense her tool. Happily she did not know the full ex-

tent of her power. But if knowledge is power, certainly power brings knowledge, and thus it was that ere long Vashti was turning over in her mind the different ways and manners in which she could apply this power of hers. Thus equipped with her own unflinching resolution and having the energy of a second person at her command, Vashti brooded over her plans.

The night after Mabella's visit to Ann Serrup, Lanty was at home, and seated before the open door, was coaxing plaintive melodies from out the old fiddle, which having been regarded as a godless and profane instrument for several generations in his father's family had at last fallen upon happy days and into appreciative hands, for Lanty Lansing could bring music out of any instrument although, of course, he had never been taught a note. The old fiddle under Lanty's curving bow whispered and yearned and moaned and pleaded—the dusk fell and still he played on and on—till Mabella, having put Dorothy to bed, came out to sit upon the door-step before his chair, resting her head against his knee. The fiddle was put down. For a little the two sat in silence. Afterwards the scene came back to them and helped them when they had sore need.

"Lanty," said Mabella, "will you do something for me to-morrow?"

"What is it?"

"Oh Lanty!" reproachfully.

"Of course I'll do it; but I can't, can I, unless I have some slight idea."

"Well, you are right there," she said; "I thought you were going to object! Well, you know Ann Serrup?"

"I know her, yes; a precious bad lot she is too!" Lanty's face clouded.

"Lanty, dear, wasn't that just a man's word? She's a woman, you know, and Lanty, I've been to see her, and it's all so forlorn; and she's so—so—oh Lanty! And Vashti was there and she asked if her baby was *deformed*, fancy that! And it was the poor little scraps of clothes which made the child look queer. But it was the sort of queerness which makes you cry, and Lanty, I said I would send her some

patterns, and you'll take them over to-morrow morning, won't you?"

"But, girlie," he began; just then Dorothy gave a sleepy cry.

Lanty and Mabella rose as by one impulse and went into the twilight of the room where the child's cot was. But their baby slept serenely and smiled as she slept.

"The angels are whispering to her," said Mabella. The old sweet mother fable which exists in all lands.

"Yes," said Lanty. A tremor shaking his heart as he wondered why this heaven of wife and child was his.

As they passed into the other room they saw the child's clothes upon a chair in a soft little heap like a nest; and all at once there rushed over Mabella's tender heart all the misery of that other mother, and before Lanty knew it, Mabella was in his arms crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh Lanty, Lanty," she sobbed; "think of poor Ann Serrup! When her baby cries in the night who goes with her to look after it?"

"There, there," said Lanty, searching distractedly for soothing arguments; "don't, Mabella, don't; I'll take the traps over first thing in the morning." And presently Mabella was comforted, and peace rested like a dove upon the roof-tree.

So early next morning Lanty departed with the parcel. In due time he arrived before the little house. The house door stood open—humbly eager to be entered. Early as it was Ann was up, and came to the door looking neat and tidy. She took the parcel with the undisguised eagerness of a child. Lanty turned away, letting his horse walk down the lane-like road. He was not much given to theorizing; a good woman was a good one, a bad one a bad one in his estimation, but this morning he found himself puzzling uneasily over the whys and wherefores. It is an old, old puzzle, and like the conundrum of Eternity has baffled all generations, since the patriarch of Uz set forth that one vessel is created to honour and another to dishonour. So Lanty found no solution, and was

tightening his reins to lift his horse into a gallop when he heard someone calling, and turning, saw Ann speeding in pursuit. She reached him somewhat blown and decidedly incoherent as to speech.

"She has sent the yoke pattering, and a white apron and heaps of things! There aint nothing but real lady in Mis' Lansing! Sakes! I wisht the preacher's wife could see Reub now! I'll take him to church next Sunday and if he squalls I can't help it. And here—take this and keep it—and don't let him harm me, will you? And I never meant no harm to you personel, but he was forever pestering me, and he said he was coming over early this morning for 'em, and for me to sign 'em; but Lor! I didn't have no ink—and don't tell Mis' Lansing, she's a lovely lady, and I didn't mean no harm, and he said there wouldn't be no law business, because you'd give me heaps of money, 'cause being as you drank, people would believe anything of you; and Lor! hear that baby! Mind you don't tell Mis' Lansing"—with which Ann turned and fled back to console her child. Lanty, much mystified, opened the thin packet of papers. An instant's scrutiny sent him into a blind mad rage, which made him curse aloud in a way not good to hear.

For before him, writ fairly forth in black and white, was a horrible and utterly baseless accusation, purporting to be sworn to by Ann Serrup, and witnessed by Hemans, the machine agent of Brixton.

The witness had signed his name prematurely before the testator, and had written faintly in pencil "sign here" for Ann's benefit and guidance.

Lanty gathered the import of the papers and put them securely in his pocket.

He was just opposite a thicket of wild plums, shooting up through them was a slim and lithe young hickory. Lanty flung the roan's bridle over a fence fork, cut the young hickory, and remounting went on his way. Only he turned away from Dole, and proceeded



slowly towards Brixton, and presently, just as he entered the shadow of Ab Ranger's wood by the roadside, he saw a blaze-faced sorrel appear round the bend and he rejoiced, for he knew that his enemy was given into his hand. . . .

Hemans was sorely bruised when Lanty flung him from him with a final blow and a final curse. He tossed aside the short fragment of the young hickory which remained in his grasp.

Lanty's fury had lent him strength, and he had well-nigh fulfilled the promise made in the first generosity of rage to thrash Hemans "within an inch of his life."

"And now," said Lanty, addressing Hemans with a few words unavailable for quotation. "And now, open your lips if you dare! If you so much as mention my name, I'll cram the words and your teeth down your throat. Remember, too, that I have something in my pocket which would send you where you'd have less chance to prowl. And, mind you, don't try to take it out of Ann Serrup. If you do I'll finish your business once for all. Paugh! Vermin like you should be knocked on the head out of hand. If I stay I'll begin on you again——." Lanty swung himself up on the roan.

"Don't make any mistake as to my intentions," he called over his shoulder. "I've given you one warning, but you won't get two."

Hemans lay groaning upon the ground, and just about that time Ann, having dressed her baby in the white pinafore Mabella had sent, came to her door and, leaning against it, looked forth at the morning.

She thought of Hemans and the papers.

"The fat's in the fire now," she said, smiling inanely, divided between vague curiosity over the outcome and gratification over the baby's appearance in its new finery.

Lanty had given Hemans salutary punishment, but his heart sickened within him.

He knew what a leech Hemans would have proved if he had once gotten a

hold upon him, and if he had refused to be blackmailed.

Lanty knew well with what insidious, untraceable persistency a scandal springs and grows and spreads in the country. He knew how hard it is to kill, how difficult to locate, like trying to catch mist in one's hands. He had heard often that wicked proverb which says, "Where there's smoke there must be some fire." A man has often self-possession to extricate himself from a danger, the retrospect of which makes him nearly die of fear. And so it was with Lanty, as there grew upon him the sense of what a calamity might have overtaken him.

How Mabella might have been tortured by this horrible falsehood. Mabella, his wife, who blushed still like the girl that she was! It was a very tender greeting he gave wife and child when he reached home, and he made Mabella very happy by his account of Ann's delight over her gift. And then he strode off to his fields, and all day long he remembered two things—that Mabella's charity to the poor disgraced girl had already brought its blessing back to the giver, and that one phrase of Ann's, "being as you drank."

Lanty had never realized fully before what he was doing. But his eyes opened. He could look forward to the future, but the thought of the past gave him a sense of helplessness which made his heart ache.

With every honest effort of his hands that day he registered a vow. The peril he had escaped had opened his eyes to the other dangers which threatened the heaven, which he had thought he possessed so securely, of wife and child.

The real purification of Lanty's life from the sporadic sin which had beset him took place that day as he worked in his fields, but his friends and neighbours always thought the change dated from another day a few weeks later.

For although we have learned our lesson well, yet Destiny, like a careful schoolmaster, takes us by the hand, and leading us over sharp flints and

through thorny thickets, revises the teachings of our sufferings.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Three days after Lanty's interview with Hemans, Mabella paid a visit to Vashti.

Sally, grown in stature if not in grace, promptly carried off Dorothy, and the two cousins sat down opposite each other in the dainty room which served as a sitting-room and drawing-room in the Dole parsonage.

There was a great contrast between the two women; despite the beauty and hauteur of Vashti's face there was a shadow of ineffable sadness upon it. Life was none too sweet upon her lips.

The seed sown in barren mullein meadow had brought forth a harvest of bitter herbs—wormwood and rue, smart-weed and nettles.

Shadowing her eyes was the vague, ever-present unrest of those who do battle with spectres of the mind; there is no expression more pitiful, because it speaks of unending warfare. But upon her brow there shone the majesty of an unconquered will; she had not been bent beneath the knee of man's authority, nor ground into the mire by poverty's iron heel, nor bowed beneath the burden of physical pain.

She was in some strange way suggestive of the absolute entity of the individual.

Human ties and relationships seemed, when considered in connection with her, no more than the fragments of the wild vine, which, having striven to bind down the branches of the oak, has been torn from its roots by the merciless vigour of the branch to which it clung, and left to wither without sustenance.

Now and then against the background of The Times there stands forth one figure sublimely alone, superimposed upon the fabric of his generation in splendid isolation—a triumphant individualized *ego*.

It is almost impossible to study and comprehend these individuals in their relations to others, the sweep of impulse and energy, the imperious flood

of passion, the tumultuous tide of life which animates their being and stimulates their actions is so different from the sluggish, well-regulated stream whose current controls their contemporaries.

They *must* be regarded as individuals; adown the vista of the world's perspective we see them, splendid, but eternally alone in the centre of the stage, brilliant and brief, like the passing of a meteor coming from chaos, going—alas! almost inevitably—to tragedy; leaving a luminous trail to which trembling shades creep forth to light feeble lamps of imitation, by which to trace the footsteps of the Great Unknown.

But we never understand these people, who, great in their good or evil, baffle us always—defying the scalpel which would fain anatomize them—now and then, as by revelation, we catch a glimpse of their purpose, a hint of their significance, but when we would fix the impression it eludes us as the living sunshine mocks at the palette of the painter, and spends itself royally upon the roof-trees of peasants, when we would wish to fix it forever in unfading pigments and hang it upon the walls of kings' palaces.

In her degree Vashti Lansing was one of these baffling ones.

Compared with her cousin Mabella she was like a beautiful impressionistic picture beside a carefully designed mosaic.

The one compound of daring and imagination, gorgeous in colour, replete with possibilities if barren of achievement, offending against every canon, yet suggesting a higher cult than the criticism which condemns it; the other typical of the most severe and elaborated convention, executed in narrow limits, yet charming by its delicacy and stability, an exponent of the most formal design, yet winning admiration for the conscientiousness with which its somewhat meagre possibilities have been materialized.

Yet Mabella Lansing's face was eloquent.

It was composite of all the pure elements of womanhood—the womanhood

which loves and bears and suffers but does not soar. In her eyes was the soft fire of conjugal and maternal love. With the tender, near-sighted gaze of the homemaker her eyes were bent upon the simple joys and petty pains of everyday life.

Upon her countenance there shone a tender joyousness, veiled but not extinguished by a certain piteous apprehension; indeed, there was much of appeal in Mabella's face, and bravery too—the bravery of the good soldier who faces death because of others' quarrels and faults.

But above all it was the face of the Mother.

Surely no one would dispute the fact that motherhood is the crowning glory of woman, the great holy miracle of mankind; but while it is impious to deny this, it is unreasonable and absurd to say that for all women it is the highest good.

There are different degrees of holiness; even the angels differ one from the other in glory; why, then, should the same crown be thought to fit all women?

The golden diadem may be more precious, but shall we deny royalty to the crown of wild olive or to the laurel wreath?

The mother is the pole-star of the race, but there are other stars which light up the dark places; why should their lonely radiance be scoffed at?

Women such as Mabella Lansing are the few chosen out of the many called.

There was in her that intuitive and exquisite motherliness which all the ethics on earth cannot produce. A simple and not brilliant country girl, she yet had a sense of responsibility in regard to her child which elucidated to her all the problems of heredity.

It is probable that she was a trifle too much impressed with her importance as a mother, that she had rather too much contempt for childless women, but that is an attitude which is universal enough to demand forgiveness—it seems to come with the mother's milk—yet it is an unlovely thing, and whilst

bowing the head in honest admiration of every mother, rich or poor, honest or shamed, one would wish to whisper sometimes to them that there are other vocations not lacking in potentialities for good.

"What a lovely house you have, Vashti!" said Mabella, irrepressible admiration in her voice, a hint of housewifely envy in her eyes.

"Yes, it is very comfortable," said Vashti, with a perfectly unaffected air of having lived in such rooms all her days.

"Comfortable!" echoed Mabella; then remembering her one treasure which outweighed all these things, she added, a little priggishly: "It's a good thing there are no babies here to pull things about."

Vashti smiled in quiet amusement.

"What's the news in the village?" she asked. "You know a minister's wife never hears anything."

Mabella brightened. Good little Mabella had a healthful interest in the social polity of the world in which she lived, and Vashti's disdain of the village gossip had sometimes been considerable of a trial to her. Vashti usually treated "news" with an indifference which was discouragingly repressive, but to-day she seemed distinctly amiable, and Mabella proceeded to improve the opportunity.

"Well," she said, "the village is just simply all stirred up about Temperance's quarrel with Mrs. Ranger. I always knew Temperance couldn't abide Mrs. Ranger, but I never thought she'd give way and say things, but they do say that the way Temperance talked was just something awful. I wasn't there; it was at the sewing circle, and for the life of me I can't find out what started it, but, anyhow, Temperance gave Mrs. Ranger a regular setting out. I asked Temperance about it, but the old dear was as cross as two sticks and wouldn't tell me a thing. So I suppose it was something about Nathan. Young Ab Ranger has got three cross-bar gates making at Nathan's shop, and they've been done these three days, and he has never

gone for them ; he's fixing up the place at a great rate. I suppose you know about him and Minty Smilie? Mrs. Smilie's going about saying Ab isn't good enough for Minty; and they say Mrs. Ranger is just worked up about it. I wouldn't be at all surprised if matters came to a head one of these days, and Ab and Minty just went over to Brixton and came back married"—suddenly Mabella arrested her speech, and a more earnest expression sweetened her mouth. "Vashti," she resumed, "there is something I wanted to ask you. Ann Serrup sent me word that she was coming to church next Sunday, and I want you to speak to Sidney and get him to preach one of his lovely helpful sermons for her. I'm sure he will if you ask him. Something to brace her up and comfort her, and, Vashti—I'm awfully sorry for her." Mabella paused, rather breathlessly and a little red, "one never knew exactly where one was" with Vashti, as Temperance was fond of saying.

For a fleeting instant during Mabella's little recital Vashti's eyes had contracted in almost feline fashion, but she replied very suavely,

"I'll tell Sidney, but, well—you know I never interfere in the slightest with his sermons."

"Oh, no," said Mabella with really excessive promptitude ; "Oh, no, you wouldn't dare do that."

"Of course not," said Vashti with so much of acquiescence in her voice that it was almost mocking.

"I know how men think of these things," continued Mabella with the calm front of one thoroughly acquainted with the world and its ways. "But Sidney is different ; he is so good, so gentle, and he seems to know just how one feels"—a reminiscent tone came to Mabella's voice, she recalled various hours when she had needed comfort sorely and had found it in the gracious promises Sidney held out to his listeners. "It is a great comfort to me," she went on ; "lately it has seemed to me as if he just held up the thoughts of my own heart and showed

me where I was strong and where lay my weakness." Mabella arrested herself with an uncomfortable knowledge that Vashti was smiling, but when Vashti spoke a silky gentleness made her voice suave.

"I will tell Sidney what you say, and no doubt he will preach with a special thought of you and Ann Serrup."

"Well, I'm glad I spoke of it," said Mabella ; "I wasn't sure how you'd take it."

Vashti continued to smile serenely, as one who recognizes and understands cause for uncertainty. Her gaze was attracted to the window.

"Look !" she said suddenly.

Passing in plain view of the window was a most extraordinary figure. A creature with a face blacker than any Ethiopian, surmounted by a shock of fair hair—this individual was further adorned by the skirt of a bright blue dress, which, being made for a grown-up woman, dragged a foot or so on the ground behind ; about the neck was a pink silk tie, showing signs of contact with the black, which was evidently not "fast ;" above her head she held a parasol bordered with wide cotton lace—thus caparisoned Sally paced it forth for the amusement of little Dorothy, who tottered upon her legs by reason of the violence of her laughter. Surrounding the pair, and joining apparently in the amusement, were the two dachshund puppies (Sidney's latest importation to Dole), the collie, who followed with the sneaking expression of one who enjoys a *risque* joke, (and yet he could not forbear biting surreptitiously at the dragging flounces as they passed,) and little Jim Shinar who followed in a trance-like state of wide-eyed fascination. He lived nearer to the parsonage than any other child, and between the evil fascination which Sally exerted over him and the dread of finding himself within the gates of a man "who spoke out loud in church," Jim's life was oppressed with continual resistance to temptation, but he had frequent falls from grace, for Sally could do more things with her mouth

and eyes than eat and see, indeed her capabilities in the line of facial expression were never exhausted, and there was a weirdness about her grimaces which fascinated older children than poor round-faced little Jim.

Sally peacocked it up and down before her admiring satellites, until suddenly there rang through the parsonage a vigorous expression uttered in a rich brogue, and at the same instant a large, red-faced woman rushed out of the kitchen door and appeared round the corner of the house.

Sally arrested her parade, paused, showed an inclination to flee, paused again, then with a gibe for which she dived back into her Blueberry Ally vocabulary, fled from the irate (work-lady) who had unwittingly furnished forth the fine feathers in which Sally was strutting. Mary promptly gave chase, and that too with an agility which her bulk belied. The area of the hunting ground was not very great, being bounded by the prim palings of the little garden, but no landscape gardener ever made more of his space than did Sally. She doubled and turned and twisted, and eluded Mary's grasp by a hand-breadth as she darted under her outstretched arms, but Sally was very unwise, for she used her breath in taunts and gibes, whilst Mary pursued the dishonoured flounces of her Sunday gown in a silence which was the more ominous because of her wonted volubility.

Sally was getting slightly winded, and was wishing she could get the gate open and give Mary a straightaway lead, but she had her doubts of the gate, sometimes it opened and sometimes it didn't. Sally knew if it was obstinate that her fate was sealed; she was casting about for another means of escape when her adherents began to take a share in the proceedings. First, little Jim Shinar, standing rooted to the spot, saw the chase descending upon him; Sally dodged him, but Mary was too close behind and too eager for her prey to change her route quickly, so she charged into him and went over like a shot. Jim gave a howl, and

Mary gathered herself up, and, breaking silence for the first time, ordered him home in a way not fit for ears polite, and then resumed the chase; but the dachshunds, seeing their playmate little Jim in the thick of it, concluded that there might be fun in it for them also, and promptly precipitated themselves upon Mary in a way which impeded her progress so much that Sally was able to make the gate and get it half open before Mary shook herself free, but when she did she came like a whirlwind towards the gate, cheered on by the collie, whose excitement had at last slipped the collar and vented itself in sharp barks. Sally whisked through the gate but Mary was at her heels. Sally felt the breath of the open, and knew if she escaped Mary's first sprint that she was safe. So with a derisive taunt she sprang forward, jubilant, but alas, in the excitement of the crisis Sally let go her hold of the long skirt, which immediately fell about her heels, and in an instant the chase was ended, for Mary, panting, blown, and enraged beyond expression, was on Sally in a second, and fell with her as the long skirt laid her low—the dachshunds arrived a little later, and the collie, seduced by their evil example, threw decorum to the winds, and seizing an end of the bright flounce where it fluttered under the angry clutch of Mary, he tugged at it with might and main, and this was the scene which greeted Sidney, as, returning from his walk, he approached his own gate.

He had met a herald of the war in the person of little Jim Shinar, who was fleeing home as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him, crying at the same time from pure bewilderment.

A word and a small coin healed all little Jim's hurts, and Sidney proceeded, wondering what had frightened the child, whom he was used to seeing about the kitchen or in Sally's wake when she went errands.

Now, as was recorded afterwards in Dole, Sidney conducted himself under these trying circumstances with a seeming forgetfulness of his ministerial dignity which was altogether in-

explicable, for, instead of immediately putting the offenders to open shame, he laughed, and even slapped his leg (so rumour said, though this was doubted), and called to the dachshunds, who were amusing themselves demolishing Mary's coiffure, in a way which savoured more of encouragement than rebuke.

It is hard to live up to "what is expected of us," and for once the Dole preacher was disappointing — but, nevertheless, his presence brought the peace which he should have commanded. For Sally's unregenerate soul owned one reverence, one love—for her master she would have cut off her right hand. To have him see her thus! There was a violent upheaval in the struggling mass, then Sally was free of it and speeding towards the house at a rate which suggested that her former efforts had not been her best. Mary gathered herself up and seeing Sidney, by this time outwardly grave, standing looking at her, she too made for the house, and Sidney was left, still very stupefied, gazing upon the two dachshunds, which, suddenly finding themselves deprived of amusement, fell upon each other with a good will which proved them fresh in the field.

Sidney entered the house where *Mabella* and *Vashti* waited laughing.

Sidney was very pleased to see his wife's face irradiate with girlish laughter. She had been so grave and quiet of late that his loving heart had ached over it. Was she not happy, this beautiful wife of his?

She had a far keener appreciation of the real humour of the situation than had *Mabella*, and when her husband entered her eyes danced a welcome. He was enthralled by the sight, and was more than glad to give Mary the price of two dresses to mend her flounces and her temper. Nor did he rebuke Sally too severely for the unauthorized loan she had levied upon Mary's wardrobe. He knew Sally had been sufficiently punished by his appearance. *Mabella* had rescued Dorothy at the first alarm, and the child had looked upon the whole proceeding

as an amiable effort upon Mary's part to amuse her.

Shortly after Sidney's arrival *Mabella* departed, having enjoyed her visit greatly, and Lanty and she spent an hour that evening listening to Dorothy, as, with lisping baby tongue and inadequate vocabulary, she endeavoured to describe how Sally had blackened her face with blacklead to amuse her.

That night Sidney sat alone in his study; his shuttered window was open, and, between the slats, the moths and tiny flying creatures of the night came flitting in. Soon his student lamp was nimbused by a circle of fluttering wings. Now and then an unusually loud hum distracted his attention from the loose-paged manuscripts before him, and he laid them down to rescue some moth, which, allured too near the light, had gotten within dangerous proximity to the flame.

These poor, half-scorched creatures he sent fluttering forth into the night again, yet, in spite of this, several lay dead upon the green baize below the student lamp; others walked busily about in the circle of light cast by the lamp-shade upon the table, and presently he put aside all pretence of work and watched them with curious kindly eyes.

His heart, that great tender heart which was forever bleeding for others, whilst its own grievous wound was all unhealed, went out even to these aimless creatures of a day.

Surely some leaven of the divine Eternal Pity wrought in the clay of this man's humanity, making it quick with a higher life than that breathed by his nostrils.

"Not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain,"

he said to himself, and then before his watching eyes there seemed to be mimicked forth all the brave-hearted struggle of humanity towards the light, which, alas! too often scorched and blasted those nearest to it. Well, was it better, he wondered, to have

endured and known the full radiance for an instant, even if the moment after the wings were folded forever, or was it wiser to be content upon the dimmer plane as those little creatures were who ran about upon the table-top instead of striving upward to the light? But happily, as he looked at these latter ones, his attention was diverted from the more painful problem, as his eyes, always delicately sensitive to the beauty of little things, dwelt with delight upon the exquisite, fragile little creatures.

How marvellously their delicate wings were poised and proportioned! Some had the texture of velvet, and some the sheen of satin; and nature out of sheer extravagance had touched them with gold and powdered them with silver. And did ever lord or lady bear a plume so daintily poised as those little creatures bore their delicate *antennæ*? And presently a white creature fluttered in from the bosom of the darkness, a large albino moth with a body covered with white fur and two fern-like *antennæ*; white as a snowflake it rested upon the green baize.

Just then Vashti entered, coming up to his table in her stately fashion.

"How foolish you are to sit with your window open," she said. "Don't you know that the light attracts all those insects?"

Sidney had risen when his wife entered the room. He was almost courtly in his politeness to her. But it was so natural for him to be courteous that all little formalities were graceful as he observed them.

As he rose he knocked down a book. He stooped to pick it up; as he straightened himself he saw Vashti's hand upraised to strike the white moth.

"Oh, Vashti! don't! don't!" he cried, irrepressible pain in his voice; but the blow had fallen.

The moth fluttered about dazedly, trying to escape the shadow of the upraised hand; there was a powdery white mark on the green baize table-

top where the first blow had fallen upon it, maiming it without killing it outright.

Sidney's face grew pale as death.

"Oh, Vashti! Vashti!" he cried again. "Do not kill it, there is so much room in the world."

He gathered the half-crushed creature, which would never fly again, into a tender hollowed palm, and, opening the shutter, put it forth to die in the darkness from whence it had been drawn by the glimmer of his lamp.

Alas! alas! how many wounded and maimed have been cast forth to die in the darkness from out which their aspirations had drawn them to receive their death wounds. Sidney came back to his table, a sick pain at his heart.

Presently Vashti put her arms about his head, and drawing it back upon her breast, placed her cool finger tips upon his eyes.

He accepted the mute apology with swift responsive tenderness. And as she held him thus the woman's weakness, latent even in her, forced itself to the surface for a moment.

"You suffer for every little thing," she said. "I can only feel when my very soul is torn."

He felt two tears fall upon his face; he drew her towards him; she sank beside his chair upon her knees, and he pressed her head against his breast, and she submitted to the caress and rested upon him in a sort of weary, content as one who pauses upon a hard journey; he put down his face till it leaned upon her hair, and thus, so near together that heart beat against heart, so far apart that the cry of the one soul died and was lost ere it reached the other, they remained for long, whilst before them the silver lamp and its white flame grew dimmer and dimmer, as its light was obscured by the shimmering veil of tiny creatures who danced about it.

Oh, piteous allegory! Can it indeed be that by our very efforts to find Truth we hide its radiance from others?

*To be continued.*

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IT has been customary to couple Paul Kruger's name with such epithets as cunning, wily, astute, but either he has got credit in the past for greater insight than he possesses or age is dulling the acuteness of his perceptions. We must suppose that he went to Bloemfontein duly impressed with the gravity of his mission. He should have been fully aware of the tremendous importance of patching up an agreement of some kind with Sir Alfred Milner. An agreement to grant concessions to the Outlanders then would have had the air of being freely granted, and they would have been less onerous than those which will now be imposed by pressure or force. He does not even stand firm, for no sooner had he separated from Sir Alfred than he began surrendering in face of the evident resentment which the failure of the negotiations aroused.

It may be said that this is policy on the old man's part—that it was necessary in order to convince the burghers that concessions must be made. This must mean that he is willing that his little State should be humiliated rather than that he should bear the odium of a wise and timely recession. As matters now stand, the career of a trusted and distinguished public servant and the career of a powerful British minister have become implicated in the affair and a break-down on the British side has become almost impossible. There can be no question that Mr. Kruger could have secured the acceptance of smaller concessions before he left the negotiation chamber

than now when Sir Alfred Milner has made his report and Mr. Chamberlain has taken his stand on it. It did not require a very astute man to see that if Sir Alfred and he parted company without having come to any agreement, the Home Government would either have to back up the position of their envoy or disavow him. As he was specially chosen and instructed for the task of settling the South African troubles the latter contingency was most remote!

The event shows that the Colonial Minister is prepared to back up his delegate to the fullest extent, and the movement of troops to South Africa, the despatch of officers to organize the local defence of adjoining British territory, indicates that Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues have accepted his view. It



DRAWING BY W. GOODE AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

PAUL KRUGER.



is difficult to understand the process of reasoning of those good, easy souls who have persuaded themselves that the trouble will be settled without war. Whether there will or will not be a conflict lies wholly within the decision of the Transvaal Republic. The burghers apparently flatter themselves that they would come out of the encounter triumphant. The President leaves it open to us to assume that even he harbours such a hallucination. If he does, it furnishes further proof that astuteness is not the prime characteristic of his mental make-up.

To say this is not to decide the merits of the controversy. It must be said that the position of Britain in South Africa is most unfortunate. The crushing of the Boers will not be a feat of which a decent Englishman will be inclined to boast, and yet it will be the largest contract they have undertaken since the Crimean war. An enterprise in which there will be plenty of knocks and no glory is one that people do not rush into with pleasure. Cecil Rhodes, a shallow boomster, who seems to have dazzled a section of the English public by appearing among them in the character of Monte Cristo, delivered the whole case into Kruger's hands. Had the latter possessed the wisdom with which he is credited, he would have made considerable concessions to the Outlanders soon after the smashing of Jameson, but he let that golden opportunity for gracious but inexpensive concessions go by, and through lack of a proper estimate of events he has frittered away the whole of the tremendous advantages which the stupidity of Rhodes and Co. delivered into his hands. The question what business is it of Englishmen how the Boers conduct their domestic affairs may be answered by other questions as to what business Englishmen had with the Italians struggling for a united Italy, with the Greeks groaning under the Turkish yoke, with the slaughtered Armenians, with the Cuban hiding in the tropic jungle. It is the nature of

the beast to side with the oppressed, and when these are his own brothers, as in this case, his sympathy is likely to be still more active and aggressive.

One of the oddest things which the movement for holding a peace conference produced was the copartnership between the Czar and Editor Stead. The latter acted as the advance agent, so to speak, of his Imperial Majesty's great attraction. The copartnership was about as incongruous as would be an alliance between the Llama of Thibet and an American drummer. This is said in no spirit of hostility to Mr. Stead. Those who do not like him—and such a perfervid spirit naturally sets the teeth of certain persons on edge—would have us believe that he is merely a notoriety hunter and therefore insincere. No greater mistake could be made. While Mr. Stead may not be averse to attracting attention to himself, the basis of his character is a moral enthusiasm with which he has the faculty of infecting others. It vitiates his judgment and good taste at times, but the only people who make no mistakes are those good people who sit in the centre of their household gods with hands folded determined that they shall never be guilty of any conduct which would be a departure from good form.

The only criticism that can be urged against that attitude is that it seldom results in good to any human being outside the narrow pale of that particular household. Mr. Stead is the son of a Congregational clergyman and evidently has the Puritan earnestness and energy largely developed in him. When his mind and soul have seized on some fitting subject he will not reject the services of a big drum and pair of cymbals if he deems that they are necessary to attract the people's attention to it. In this respect he may be said to have imported into political and social questions the method that Barnum perfected in the show business and that General Booth adopted in the name of religion.

Mr. Stead's services to the Peace Conference were invaluable. He made it certain that Britain would take a hearty part in it and with the chief autocracy at one pole and the chief democracy at the other there was plenty of room between for all the other autocracies of Europe. It is said that the Conference has accomplished nothing and will accomplish nothing. That such a meeting has come together at all is a tremendous stride. It will at least set the subjects of the various potentates thinking, and war will hereafter have to justify itself before a cooler and more enlightened jury than it has hitherto encountered. All the arguments which we hear about the impossibility of doing away with war used to be employed with reference to duelling. But in the countries where duelling has been abandoned, absolutely none of the dire evils that were predicted have appeared. Men are not more prone to give offence than they were. The national stock of courage has by no means disappeared or even been diminished.

There do not appear to be any more obstacles in the way of Australian Federation. New South Wales, the chief of the antipodean colonies, has fallen into line and a union seems assured. Some pessimistic people ask how much better off are they, and point out that the union instead of promoting trade within the Empire will, on the other hand, by raising the general tariff rate of New South Wales actually make it more difficult. Whether this be so or not, the colonies on the island-continent will at least be able to take down the bars as between themselves. The non-intercourse theory was carried so far there that colonies lying side by side adopted different gauges for their railways, so that they could not even



W. T. STEAD.

*The Editor of the English "Review of Reviews," and one of the men most instrumental in making the Peace Conference a reality*

interchange cars. The Dominion will have to look to her laurels now that there is within the Empire the Commonwealth of Australia.

Already in the United States the two parties are beginning to anticipate the presidential struggle, which is due a little over a year hence. Mr. Bryan still seems to be the darling of the preponderating element of the Democratic party, but if one is justified in looking so far ahead his prospects are by no means rosy. Free silver is a deadlier issue than it was in 1896. If good times continue until next fall the ranks of the dissatisfied will not be as formidable as they were four years ago. Anti-expansion is a doubtful plank. The campaign against trusts is more promising although it, also, is based on fallacious reasoning. At this distance the Republicans look like winners.

*John A. Ewan.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THAT Canada's progress during the fiscal year ending June 30th has been phenomenal is amply proven by the fact that the revenue was forty-four millions as compared with thirty-eight millions in 1897-8. The increase in the custom duties alone is three-and-a-half millions, although the rates are about one per cent. lower than during the previous year. The only bitter in this sweet is that the Government has seen fit to increase its expenditure even more than this expansion in revenue.

\*

The Dominion Parliament is still in session, and will probably remain at work until well into August. Considerable progress has been made with the Redistribution Bill, and there is every prospect that its fate will be known by August 1st. The other bone of contention, the Bill to provide for the purchase of the Drummond County Railway and give the Intercolonial Railway an entrance into Montreal is almost through both houses. The opposition to it has been overcome by judicious yielding on the part of the Government.

\*

Although it has been shown that some of the Government officials sent into the Yukon were allowed to obtain an interest in a few mining claims, and that the Government might have been better served in one or two instances, it must be acknowledged that not much has been brought forth to substantiate the charges made by the *London Times* and by the Canadian Opposition. Mr. Ogilvie's inquiry shows that no charges of corrupt conduct have been proven. That there were a few corrupt acts seems quite evident; but, while unjustifiable, they were not numerous or

important. No official can now stake a claim or acquire an interest in one, and this should always have been the rule. It was not, however; and the result of neglecting to enforce the rule must have given the Minister of Interior a number of troubled hours. On the whole, however, the honourable gentleman has come through the ordeal fairly well, though perhaps not with increased public respect.

From an outsider's point of view, it would seem that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not been well advised in refusing to grant a judicial investigation. Had the ruling authorities acceded to this request of the Opposition, there would have been no reason to believe that the Government had a desire to conceal anything.

\*

When the House requested a few days ago that the ballots and papers in two recent bye-elections be produced and placed before the special committee which deals with such matters, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was more judicious and gracious. He consented in spite of the rather discourteous and tantalizing remarks used by Sir Charles Tupper in backing up Mr. Borden's request.

It is well that these two elections should be thoroughly investigated. The recent trial connected with the provincial bye-election in West Elgin has shown that the political machine extended its operations farther than a mere attempt to bring out the voters. Ballots were tampered with, and returns were out of harmony with the will of the people. The revelations were only partial, because the member-elect resigned his seat before the trial; but enough evidence was given to show

that the Liberal party in Ontario won some of its bye-elections with the assistance of men to whom the ballot was not sacred. This must tend to weaken the enviable position which that party has held in the esteem of the Ontario public, and unless counteracted will probably lead to a defeat at the next general election.

Personally, Premier Hardy is a careful administrator and a fair-minded legislator, but he cannot maintain his position on the Treasury benches if he allows the party workers to tamper with the expressed will of those who exercise the suffrage. Ontario is not New York. Croker methods will not go in this country, because our people are essentially fair-minded, besides being thoroughly British in their ideas of honesty.

\*

It is pleasing to note that the Canadian Government, assisted by the other colonial Governments, has sufficient influence with the London authorities to induce them to reconsider their position with regard to the Pacific cable. Great Britain has now consented to guarantee five-eighteenths of the cost, and the project will now be carried out. This cable means much for the Empire, and considerable for Canada and Australia. It tends to a consolidation of the Empire, and means that Canada's splendid isolation will be less apparent than ever. Sir Sanford Fleming and Lord Strathcona have done a good work in this connection, and the Canadian people will not overlook their valuable services.

\*

It is doubtful even yet whether the Joint High Commission to settle the disputes between Canada and the United States will meet again. The latest reports indicate that London (as advised by Ottawa) and Washington cannot agree on a *modus vivendi*, or on such preliminaries as will allow the Alaskan Boundary Question to be referred to arbitration. It is to be hoped, in the interests of Anglo-Saxon unity and general amity that some compromise can be reached. But, if the

United States is not willing to meet us in the matter, then we must wait until such time as she is, and in the meantime keep our powder-pans well filled. We are not Filipinos, and neither are we Spaniards; we are Anglo-Saxons, and men of the northern breed. The day has passed when our interests were of so little importance that they made a useful sacrifice in the interest of British diplomacy. The day has also passed when smart United States lawyers are able to take something from Canada to which they have no claim.

\*

Occasionally we do find it necessary to adopt the attitude of "an integral part of the Empire." As a sacrifice in the interests of British diplomatic relations, the Dominion Government has disallowed an act of the British Columbia Government which prohibited Chinese and Japanese immigration. At the time of making this announcement, Sir Wilfrid Laurier also intimated that the tax on Chinese immigrants would be raised very considerably. It is now \$50. This will probably be increased to \$200 or \$300, the Chinese being much more objectionable than the Japanese. The latter will not be subjected to any tax or restriction which is not imposed on other foreigners. Sir Wilfrid went so far as to intimate that if British Columbia saw fit to pass a bill prohibiting Chinese immigration only, he would not be inclined to press a disallowance. Even if the people of that country believed Japanese immigration to be inimical to their best interests, they must remember that they cannot sing "God save the Queen" and be unprepared to make some sacrifice. With regard to foreign immigration, the Hon. Mr. Sifton made some explanation in the House a few days ago, which is mentioned here because the Department has been strongly censured in these columns for giving too much attention to Galicians and Doukhobors. He pointed out that during 1898, Canada received by ocean ports 11,608 English, Scotch and Irish immigrants; from the United

States 9,119; while during the same period only 5,509 Galicians entered the country. He could not raise the bounties on British immigrants without causing other colonies to do the same, so he must necessarily leave matters as they are at present. He said that the first lot of Galicians was not so good as the later settlers, and that in his opinion the country could assimilate 5,000 Galicians a year for the next twenty years. They were of good physique and willing, like the Doukhobors, to remain on the soil; and their girls were willing to go out to service. He also spoke strongly in favour of the Doukhobors as a class in spite of their refusal to undergo military service.

✱

One of the marked features of the stock market during the past few months has been the steady rise in Canadian Pacific Railway stock. This is an evidence that the investing public has an increased faith in the prosperity of the country and an abiding sense of the careful and energetic management of the Canadian Pacific. It is to be hoped that the rise in stock values does not include a railway policy which shall maintain the present excessive rates in the Northwest.

Sir William Van Horne, an account of whose career we have already published (Vol. VIII, No. 4), has retired from the position of General Manager of this great railway. His successor is Mr. Thomas G Shaughnessy, whose career has also been told in our pages (Vol. XII, No. 6). Mr. D. McNicoll has been promoted from General Passenger Agent to Assistant General Man-

ager, a position which he is well qualified to fill. The successor of Mr. McNicoll is Mr. Robert Kerr, who was formerly in Winnipeg, and who has seen many years of service with the Company. Mr. C. E. McPherson has been transferred from Toronto to Winnipeg, much to the regret of the Ontario section of the travelling public. His successor, however, is a man from whom much may be expected. Mr. Notman, who is a native of Toronto, but has been for some time in Montreal and St. John, will undoubtedly be as popular in Ontario as assistant general passenger agent as were Mr. McPherson and Mr. Calloway. Our artist has made a very good portrait of Mr. Notman for this issue.

✱

As run to-day, both the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific are doing, in many ways, much more for the country than smaller railroads or systems could possibly do. The Grand Trunk is advertising the beauties and sporting opportunities of the Muskoka Lake region; this is leading to tourist

traffic and further settlement. The Grand Trunk has done even more than the Ontario Government in this advertising. The Canadian Pacific has advertised the West with even greater energy than its great rival. The Western Canadian Press Association and the United States National Press Association have been taken over its western line this year. In a few weeks the members of the Canadian Press Association will journey from Montreal to Vancouver by special train.



MR. A. H. NOTMAN.

*John A. Cooper.*

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THIS is the age of specialization.

Even writers confine themselves to one set of scenes or one line of literary production. W. W. Jacobs, one of the new stars in the book firmament, has chosen the harbour of London and its characters as a special subject of study. A collection of his tales about the peculiar people to be found about the smaller vessels of the Thames is published under the title of "Many Cargoes." Not only does Mr. Jacobs tell a clever story, but he tells it humorously. It is not the strong, brutal, American humour, but the quaint, suggestive, peaceful humour of the English lower classes. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe, is also humorous. It is, however, more boisterous in tone and stronger in incident than the foregoing. The scenes are laid in the interior of China, and the leading character is a young Englishman who goes there to visit a missionary who was one of his father's college chums. His experiences with the wily, cunning, treacherous Chinaman are apparently truthful as well as interesting—truthful in that they are indicative of what a Chinaman might be expected to do under certain circumstances. Incidentally the book throws much cold, icy water on the attempt to Christianize the heathen Chinese. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.)

Two books of poetry are to hand: "Songs of the Settlement," by Thomas O'Hagan, will not add much to that gentleman's reputation. His themes are well chosen, but his thoughts are decidedly commonplace. His technique is very faulty, showing that his

knowledge of metre and metrical construction is exceedingly limited. His pioneer songs have been surpassed by a number of Canadian poets, but some of his general poems, such as "An Invitation," and "Life and Death," exhibit greater power and some divine afflatus. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. O'Hagan can or ever will be classed with Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, and the Scotts. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

"The Marshlands," by John Frederic Herbin, on the other hand, is a remarkably fine collection of descriptive poems and sonnets. The author has studied poetry-making and mastered the art in its details. He has perhaps fallen into the error of following too closely in the path mapped out by Roberts, Carman and Rand. Tantaramar, Blomidon, Fundy, Grand Pré, and the expulsion of the Acadians, are his main themes. Here is the keynote:

Oh, dykes that are mourning a nation,  
That laid you and lifted you high;  
Ye fields with your old lamentation,  
And the grief that shall live with the sky.

It is an open question if even a just grief may not be made ludicrous by excessive lamentation. But Mr. Herbin is a poet. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Those making a special study of municipal problems will find much to inform them in the latest issue of that excellent quarterly, "Municipal Affairs" (52 William St., New York). The chief subject of the issue is Urban Taxation, three papers being devoted to different phases of the question.

Those interested in mining education should secure a copy of the Calen-

dar of the School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

The latest issue in that French series of franc books of science is entitled "Les Grandes Légendes de l'Humanité." The legend of Rama, of Krishna, of Prometheus, of Psyche, of Merlin, "du Juif errant," of Faust, and of Don Juan, are here set forth with a general introduction and several illustrations from famous paintings. (Paris: Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints Pères.)

It is said that Robert Barr, with the aid of Cosmo Hamilton, is preparing a dramatic version of "Tekla." It may be produced next season in London.

The *Bookman* has this to say about Mr. Kipling in its July issue: It is interesting, when so many pens are busy overhauling Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, to recall Mr. Barrie's early estimate of his illustrious compeer in letters; the first estimate, indeed, if we mistake not, that hailed Mr. Kipling's arrival as an event in literature. When Rudyard Kipling landed in England ten years ago, a youth of twenty-three, with eight books already in his pocket, the "Auld Licht Idylls" had been published a year, and people were taking an expectant interest in "A Window in Thrums." Mr. Barrie had made his name and was sailing into favour on the top of the wave. Six months later his young fellow-craftsman was by his side. *Truth*, and the *World*, in London, were tossing his name to and fro in hot argument as to his pretensions, and Gavin Ogilvy himself was studying the Man from Nowhere in an attitude at once critical and congratulatory. From the very outset Mr. Barrie admired Mr. Kipling. Writing in the *British Weekly* in the early summer of 1890, he declared roundly that no young man of such capacity had appeared in our literature for years, and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Ten months later, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, he repeated this

opinion, or at least, one very like it. "It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch, and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla." Further on he adds: "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical, as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women." This defect of Mr. Kipling's is hinted at in the earlier article. "He has not as yet drawn a lady with much success." Girlhood had proved beyond him. Even Maisie, in "The Light that Failed," was to Mr. Barrie utterly uninteresting—colourless and a nonentity.

Winston Churchill, not Lord Randolph Churchill's son, but a citizen of the United States and for some time assistant editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is the author of "The Celebrity," and of a newer novel, "Richard Carvel." Another story of his, "Affairs of State," is running in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and will be published early next year. "The Celebrity" was a piece of hasty work, but "Richard Carvel" is the product of four years' labour, and is a work of permanent value. It gives a picture of colonial days in Maryland before the Revolution and apparently is based on hardly-acquired historical data. The book has an old-world flavour as Annapolis, the chief town in Maryland, had in the eighteenth century, in the days of "luxury and laxity." The author has a graceful style which makes his story easy to read, though perhaps it is too soon to accuse him of having the polished style of a Stevenson. This flavour of old colonial society and this graceful style, combined with the almost superabundance of material which the author has collected must make this volume a valuable addition to that short list of American novels which are worth serious attention. (New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated, 540 pp.; paper, 75 cents; cloth \$1.25.)

# THE MOMENTS

## THE PROVOST DISCOMFITED.

IN the days when Provost Whitaker, the taciturn, the dignified and awe-inspiring, held sway at Trinity College, Toronto, and Dr. Jones was Dean, one of the institutions of undergraduate life was the Saturday morning "levee," as it was called, where the student, whose academic life was not "seemly and in order," was called to account before the faculty. The awe inspired by the grim and learned Provost was of such a character that it affected synods to vote against his appointment as Bishop of the Toronto Diocese on several occasions, and is one of the memories deeply graven in the minds of all old Trinity graduates. Men who bully juries, fight governments and corporations, and rule parishes with fearless words and strong hands, still tremble at the thought of those "levees." But there was an undergraduate, a freshman who had never met the Provost personally, and had been brought up by his mamma, private tutors and such. He had the courage of ignorance. "I am informed Mr. —," said the Provost, in that low-toned masterful voice which brought up thoughts of Archbishop Laud and the State Church, "that you have been absent from lectures, hall and chapel without leave, been out of college at unseemly hours, etc., etc. I am also informed, however, that this is your first term, and that you apparently intend to amend your conduct." The warm-hearted, rotund Dean whispered, "Mr. — was at chapel this morning, Mr. Provost." The grim old Head went on, "I hope, Mr. —, that your attendance at morning chapel

was not prompted altogether by a desire to propitiate our action to-day." "Oh! no, Sir," said the undergraduate, feelingly, "I happened to be up all night playing penny-anti." The Provost resigned shortly afterwards and accepted the rectory of Tunbridge Wells in England.

C. L. S.

## KAH-MEES-CHET-OO-KEE-HEW-UP'S RIDE.

"Kah-meess - chet - oo - kee - hew - up ! Will you ride a fine horse, once ? "

The Cree chief looked at the handsome black mare that the Chief Factor was leading toward him. Then he called to one of his men.

"Bring me my painted buffalo-robe, and my bow and feathered arrows ! " he said.

He folded the robe about his waist, took the bow and, mounting, rode back some distance along the trail which led from the old Fort out past his camp and far on to the south, where buffalo beyond numbering fattened on the rich grass. He would "run" the mare as if he were running buffalo. He would show these white men how Many Brave Feathers hunted.

He turned and gave her her head. On she came like the wind. "Twang!" went the bow-string, and the steel-pointed shaft sunk deep into the poplar tree at which he had launched it as he flew by. "Twang!" went the bow-string again, and a second arrow sped unerringly home. It was a beautiful exhibition. The crowd made up of his own people and the staff of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company at old Fort Ellice assembled to



see the run. They cheered wildly, vociferously.

He was riding very fast. As he neared the stockade he tried to stop the mare. She would not be stopped. She was only getting nicely started.

"Ay-ay-yah!" yelled the spectators, giving the Cree war-whoop as he shot past them.

That yell inspired the mare to accelerated effort. She went tremendously. It also inspired Many Brave Feathers. He went with her. They circled the Fort. He did not try any more to pull her in. The mare was a good one. She wanted to go, and he was enjoying himself. She might keep on going. If she needed encouragement she should have it.

Many Brave Feathers passed that night at Moose Mountain. Moose Mountain is only seventy-five miles from Fort Ellice, but it had been afternoon when he started. Next day he reached a camp of his own tribe and Assiniboines on Broken Shell Creek in the buffalo country.

The Chief Factor's face wore a saddened look as he beheld his favourite beast vanish over a slope in the south under the sailing buffalo skin. Then he went to his quarters. The features of the other onlookers were a big general smile as he disappeared. The genial sun smiled broadly, too, in the summer sky. In fact, everything seemed smiling — except the Chief Factor.

"Well, if that don't take the pate-de-fois-gras!" remarked the clerk impersonally, as the staff sauntered back to its duties.

All that fall and winter Many Brave Feathers stayed out on the plains, running buffalo with the stolen horse. He never lent her, however, to anyone except his sweetheart, who rode

her when they shifted camp. The Chief Factor watched the slope in the south from the Fort for many days, expecting to see the mare reappear over the top of it; but at length he grew weary. Anyway, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of a district comprising a dozen scattered fur-posts, cannot brood forever over the loss of an animal, even though it should happen to be a particularly good one. He has not time. So Chief Factor Hughes chalked up a mental debit of import against Many Brave Feathers, the great Cree chief, to be wiped off on a future date, and let it go at that.

The grass was green in spring, and Many Brave Feathers and the camp of Crees, with their store of robes and pemmican, were nearing the gates of Fort Ellice.

"Catch me three of the best horses out of the band," said the chief to one of his henchmen. Then Many Brave Feathers arrayed himself in all his glory of paint and plumes and, mounting the mare and leading the three other horses, rode to the Fort and asked for the Chief Factor. Seven moons had passed since his departure, but the mare had been well cared for and was fat.

Chief Factor Hughes was eating his breakfast, but that was of no consequence. He hurried out.

Many Brave Feathers leaped to the ground and came forward to meet him.

"Ah-ha, Mista Hewus," he said, placing the lines of the four horses in the Chief Factor's hands. "You speak true words. The mare is very fast."

The staff was looking on.

"Blamed if I wouldn't like some aboriginal Augustus to borrow my wall-eyed pinto for six months on the same terms," observed the clerk.

*Bleasdell Cameron*

## IN A NUT-SHELL.



When you buy clothes you consider three things:—

How the goods will affect your appearance.

How you want it made up—what little quirks of style—what little details of individuality—you want.

How much will it cost?



In “Ready-made” you can tell how the goods affect your appearance when you try them on—but you can’t alter the style of finish if you don’t like it.



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That’s because it is “Semi-ready”—sold at the trying-on stage, finished to order—delivered same day.

Cost’s a little more than sweat labor “ready-mades”—about half less than “custom-mades” of equal quality.

\$20, \$18, \$15, \$12 and \$10 per suit or overcoat.

Your money back if you want it.



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"CANADA'S GREATEST CARPET AND CURTAIN HOUSE."

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The evidence of our growth is found in the new and handsome store which we now occupy, located immediately adjoining the old store. It can be said without fear of contradiction that it stands unique in store-building and store-making—a store that in architectural design, artistic taste and finish, and completeness for the shopper's service, is not paralleled in Canada.

We continue now, as of old, though occupying one of the largest stores in town, dealers only in Carpets, Curtains, Draperies and Home Furnishings.

Other stores have sold carpets and draperies in the past. Other stores sell carpets and draperies to-day. Other stores may continue to sell carpets and draperies in the future. But this is the one particular store where these goods are to be found in quantity, quality, assortment, style and price, as nowhere else.

As one of the newest structures in Toronto, you are invited to see the building. View it from exterior and interior. You will be interested in this mark of the growth and progress of commercial Toronto.

Your interest cannot end with the store. It will go out to the goods.

Take note of the length and breadth of the store as you enter at King street. The whole of the ground floor is given over to Carpets, with length and breadth enough to show you exactly how your entire carpet will look when on the floor. The best-lighted store in Canada, bringing out the beauty of colouring of the best carpets. Size of the stock will astonish many people, but there is not a yard too much for the requirements of the business.

Take elevator to the Curtain and Drapery floor. Here you see real art, and salesmen who are capable of meeting your highest ideals in Artistic Home Furnishings. Lace Curtains here absolutely by the thousands. Drapery Goods, Furniture Coverings, Wall Hangings, Portieres, and goods of this class in surprising and beautiful assortment.

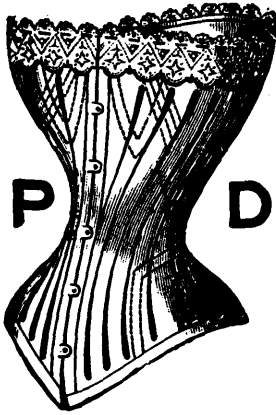
This great business has not been built up by a constant cry of bargain prices. The quality of the goods, their reliability—certainty that you are getting just what you expect to get—honourable methods—these have ever been, and will continue to be, the first consideration. But, as a matter of fact, when it comes to prices, we are found leading here, as we do in quantity and quality.

It needs no argument to prove that, possessing wide experience, personal knowledge of all the world's greatest markets, and unlimited capital, we are able to buy to the utmost advantage. Prices of everything, marked in plain figures, are on a par with our advantageous buying.

Large quantities of new goods, held until we entered the new store, are being opened daily.

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO.,** 36-38 KING STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.

# French P. D. Corsets



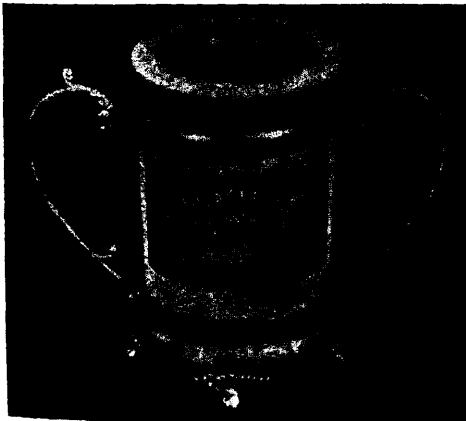
For  
**ELEGANCE**  
**COMFORT**  
and  
**DURABILITY**

they are positively without rivals.

EVERY LADY SHOULD WEAR THEM.

Konig & Stuffmann, Montreal, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

## IT'S A GOOD IDEA



to take a small supply of delicacies with you when you go away for the summer.

For this purpose you require something convenient and palatable, which will keep fresh all summer.

In these respects, as in every other, **IMPERIAL**

**CHEESE** is an ideal food for the summer resort or the camp. **A. F. MACLAREN & CO., Toronto, Canada.**

To be cut open here.

KUCHENFABRIKEN  
 vorm.  
 FRIEDR. BEYER & CO.  
 ELBERFELD

**Soma-tose**

A TASTELESS AND NUTRITIOUS  
**FOOD**  
 prepared from natural  
 ingredients.

**S**

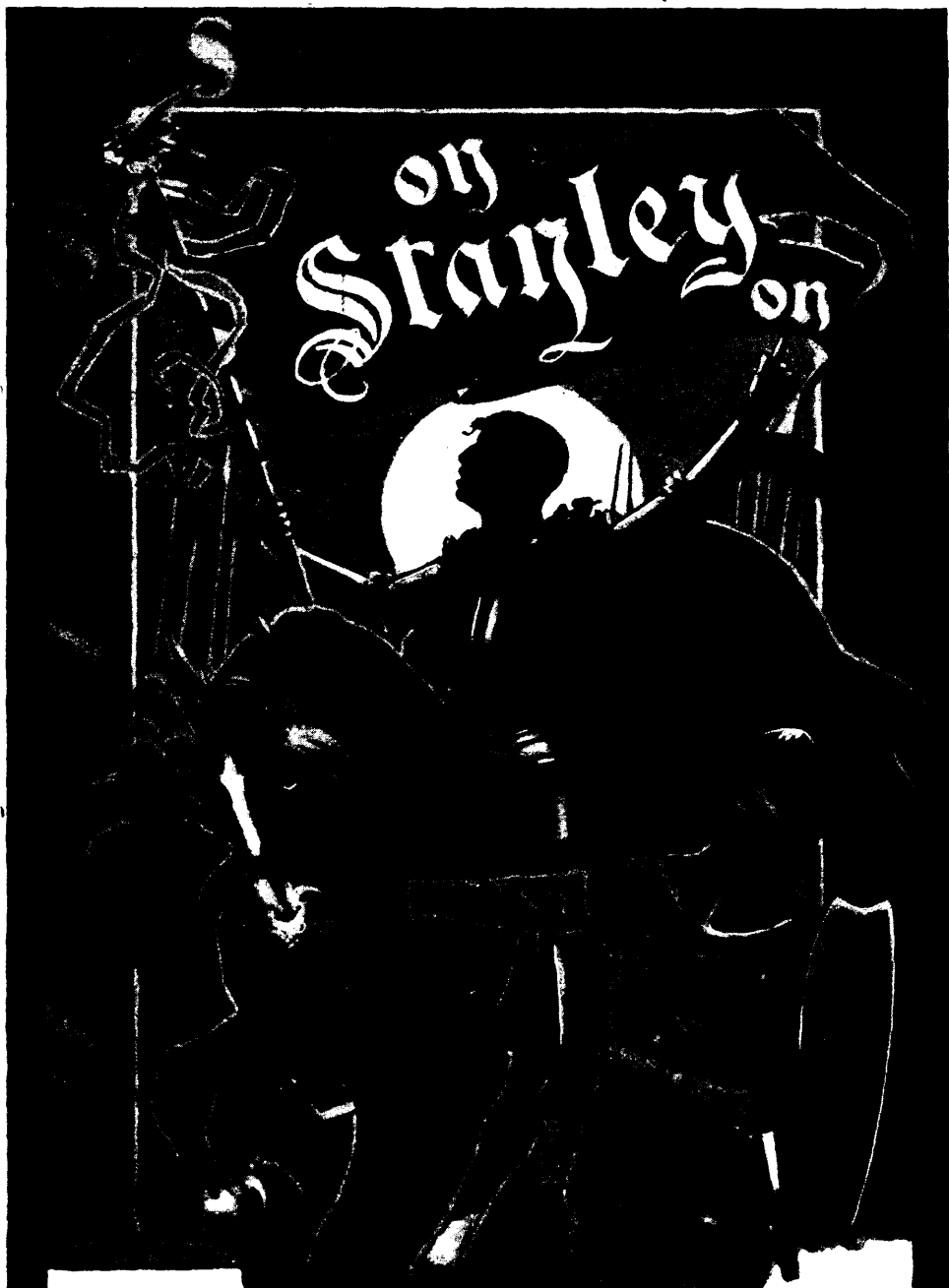
THE PRINCIPLES OF THE  
 POWDER  
 HAS BEEN EXTENSIVELY  
 TESTED AND FOUND TO  
 BE THE MOST PERFECT  
 AND COMPLETELY  
 SOLUBLE IN  
 WATER.

**NO FIREMAN**

Is necessary where people use our metal goods in the construction of their buildings. Think of having a handsome residence constructed entirely of metal—metal on the outside, metal on the inside, metal on the ceilings! Warmer in winter, cooler in summer. Ask us to tell you why. Low in price. No danger of fire or lightning. This is the metal age. Metal buildings are in keeping with the times. Would like to tell you all about them. We manufacture

**"SAFE LOCK" SHINGLES,  
 CEILINGS, SIDINGS, ETC.**

**Metal Shingle and Siding Co., Limited**  
 PRESTON, ONT.

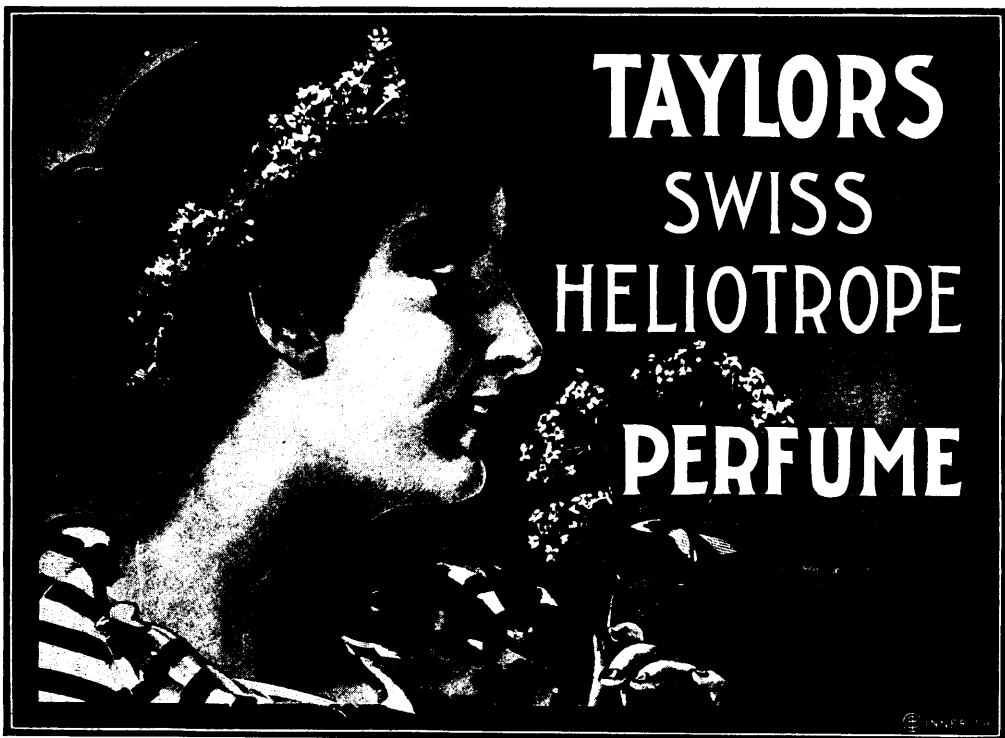


The ONWARD march of our now well known instruments  
is EVIDENCED by this month's opening of NEW WARE-  
ROOMS in both TORONTO AND LONDON.

We invite your Correspondence, and wish to quote you our Prices and Terms.  
THE STANLEY PIANO CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

MORPHY'S BLOCK, LONDON, ONT.

11 RICHMOND ST. WEST, TORONTO.



**TAYLORS  
SWISS  
HELIOTROPE  
PERFUME**



**THE  
"Good Cheer"**  
A RANGE built for those  
who must have  
**THE BEST**  
Is that what YOU are  
looking for ?

MADE FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
**The JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Limited, WOODSTOCK, ONT.**

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

# NEAVE'S FOOD

**BEST AND CHEAPEST**

**FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.**

In 1-lb.  
Patent  
Air-Tight  
Tins.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON., M.D.

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in

## RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Wholesale Agents in Canada—THE TORONTO PHARMACAL CO., Toronto.

Manufacturers—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.

**Retains  
Its  
Flavor**

It is known to commerce that Indian Tea retains its strength and flavor while China, Japan and Ceylon "go off."

Ram Lal's is a pure Indian Blend, and being put up in air tight packages, retains all its freshness. This accounts for its great strength and delicious flavor.

It goes one-third further than other teas selling at the same price.

# Ram Lal's TEA.



# SINGER National Costume Series.

CHINA.



**Sold on Instalments**  
*You can try one FREE*  
**Old Machines taken in Exchange**

**O**F all nations the Chinese are the most remarkable and eccentric, having, through nearly 5,000 years, retained one form of government, an unchanged language, and one religion—Taoism.

Because of governmental resistance to modern ideas or methods, the people cling tenaciously to old traditions and beliefs.

No respect is paid to women, the birth of a daughter being considered a misfortune. The average Chinese girl has no education, but is a slave to her family until, without any regard for her own wishes, a husband is chosen, when she must devote herself to his people.

Only the higher classes of women have bandaged feet, a practice which is gradually decreasing.

The quaint little woman shown here is a member of the middle class. Her costume comprises a scant petticoat of heavy green silk, over which are two tunics with large, loose sleeves. The under tunic is of blue satin, the upper of yellow silk bordered with crimson.

At the recent tour of China's foremost statesman, Li Hung Chang, it was a noteworthy fact that he went out of his way to visit the great Singer factories, where he proved himself to be a domesticated man. Seated at one of the machines, he carefully stitched a seam, and was moved, for the first and only time during his tour, to give an order.

Such is the reputation of Singer Sewing Machines even in unprogressive China.

**THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

*Offices in Every City in the World*

## Brass Goods

CHAFING DISHES,

VIENNA COFFEE MACHINES,

HOT WATER KETTLES,

EGG BOILERS,

BRASS BEDS, Fire Irons.

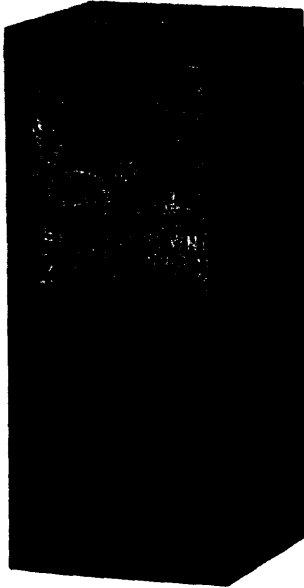
**RICE LEWIS & SON**

(LIMITED)

King and Victoria Streets

Toronto

**PACKARD'S "SPECIAL" SHOE DRESSINGS**



**ATTENTION**  
IS CALLED  
TO OUR

**LADIES' "SPECIAL" BLACK DRESSING FOR FINE KID SHOES**

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**Gentlemen's SHOES**  
can be  
**KEPT SOFT**  
and look like  
new, by using  
our

**Combination Dressing**

**ALL COLORS.**

25c., at all Shoe Stores.

**GOING AWAY**  
for the summer? Keep up your health with  
**OXYDONOR**

(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)  
It is an Indispensable Protector when Traveling.



Oxydonor Applied while Traveling.

It Insures Life Against Diseases in All Climates.  
It is no trouble to carry. Always ready for Immediate Use.

Imitations of Oxydonor are Dangerous to Use.  
The Genuine is Made by the Discoverer and Inventor,  
Dr. H. Sanche, and is the only Safe Instrument to Use.

The Supreme Court, at Washington, D.C., has decided in favor of Dr. H. Sanche against imitators. We are operating under the ONLY PATENTS that have been granted on THIS PROCESS and THESE INSTRUMENTS.

One Oxydonor will keep an entire family in good health, and will last a lifetime if taken care of. A 170-page book of Directions with each Oxydonor.

**Judge W. L. GRICE,**

formerly of the Superior Court, writes:—

Hawkinsville, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1898.  
"I have used Oxydonor 'Victory' in my family and among friends for about three years with satisfactory results. It is cheap, convenient, comfortable and efficacious. It has been tried by me or under my observation in colds, catarrh, fevers, nervousness and other cases." W. L. GRICE.

**Mr. H. J. HETHERINGTON,**

of the firm Hetherington-Grieve Co., 42 River St., Chicago, Illinois, writes:—

"Suffering from Nervous Prostration and tormented by Insomnia, I was given up by my physician. A friend recommended the Oxydonor. It cured me, and to-day I am a living example of that wonderful instrument and feel like one restored to life and hope."

**PRICES OF OXYDONOR.**

No. 18 ..... \$10.00  
No. 20 ..... 15.00  
No. 2 (to be used without Ice) ..... \$28.00 and 25.00

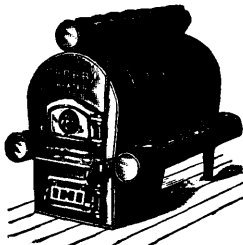
Further Information and Book, "Grateful Reports," mailed FREE on request.

**Dr. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,**

261 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich.  
87 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Office:  
2268 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, P.Q.

**A Quick Heater.**



An objection sometimes made to hot water heating is its slowness in warming a building. This is usually the case with the ordinary style of heater.

The "Robb" Heater is designed on a different principle from all others; the water circulation is unimpeded and rapid, so that the heat reaches the radiators in the shortest possible time.

**ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited,**  
AMHERST, N.S.



# WHY BOTHER

with poor kitchen ware, that chips off and wears out quickly?

When by finding Kemp's

## GRANITE OR DIAMOND

label on every piece you are sure of the long-lasting, wholesome kind—perfectly sure, because each piece is guaranteed.

Most dealers keep them—and they don't cost more.



### THINK OF THIS!

Over Twenty-Six Thousand



## Remington Standard Typewriters

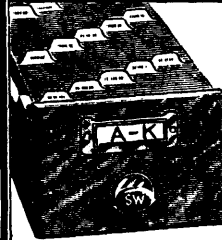
Manufactured and Sold from

JUNE 1st, 1898, TO JUNE 1st, 1899

Illustrated Pamphlet of New Models FREE

CHAS. E. ARCHBALD, 45 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

## CARD SYSTEMS



### Specialists

On Card Index Systems

Send for Booklet

"Know your Customers."

It will assist you to run your business.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO. MUSKEGON MICH.

CANADIAN OFFICE, 45 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

**DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED** at home. Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. Free test and consultation at sole depot, F. HISCOX CO., 853 Broadway, N.Y. Send for book FREE.

## THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE

ONLY \$10

ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO

CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs GEORGETOWN, ONT.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN  
NO OTHER COSMETIC  
WILL DO IT.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 48 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient): "As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

SEND TO  
**H. W. PETRIE** FOR  
CATALOGUE  
OF  
NEW & 2<sup>ND</sup> MACHINERY  
TORONTO, CANADA.

# REGINA CORONA

**The Triumph of American Invention.**  
THE HIGHEST TYPE OF MUSIC BOX EVER MANUFACTURED.  
The first and only music box made that changes its tune sheets automatically.

PROTECTED BY PATENTS THE WORLD OVER.  
On exhibition and for sale by all leading dealers in musical instruments in the United States and Canada.  
**MUSIC BOXES FROM \$7 TO \$300.**  
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.  
**REGINA MUSIC BOX COMPANY,**  
FACTORY, RAHWAY, N. J.  
Salesrooms, Broadway, 22d St. & 5th Ave., N. Y.

"EAGLE"  
"VICTORIA"

**EDDY'S**  
**PARLOR MATCHES**

"LITTLE  
COMET"

Contain  
**NO BRIMSTONE** and  
are consequently free from  
the objectionable fumes of  
the ordinary sulphur  
match.

Give them a trial and you  
will use them always.

For Sale at all up-to-date  
Grocery Stores.

# The Pianola

This wonderful invention has revolutionized the musical field. By its aid, a person with even the slightest musical taste can render upon the piano any piece of music that was ever written. It is not necessary that the operator shall have any knowledge of piano playing.

## Any Person Can Operate It

Anything that was ever played by Paderewski, Sauer, or Rosenthal, can be reproduced in your own home—note by note—by yourself. The touch is perfectly human, and is absolutely under your own control. Mere words however cannot describe it—come in and see it—and hear it—for yourself—or write for catalogue and full particulars.

## The Mason & Risch Piano Co.

32 King Street West, TORONTO  
213 Dundas Street, - - LONDON  
498 Main Street, - - WINNIPEG

# Madame La Mode

is full of caprices, and one of her greatest demands is stylish stationery. A beautiful line now in great request by refined people is

## “Plashwater”

(White and Cream Wove)

Smooth finish, also kid surface; small and large note; envelopes to match. Ask your stationer for “Plashwater,” manufactured by



### Quick Soap

**SURPRISE Soap** cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—It isn't a clothes eater.

It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use **SURPRISE**.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents.

Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—  
**“SURPRISE.”**

# THEORY OF THE FLAMING SWORD.

"Ah, talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest. Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met by smiles and greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with pleasant dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in Paradise.

"There came a great indigestion upon the earth and it was called a deluge. All the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep; it was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and talked; it was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, and Carlyle must have had the worst digestion in the world. Ah! to digest is to be happy!"

There!—how does that strike you for a burst of eloquence? I quote from Trollope. If there is anything wrong about the theology you must hold him responsible. As for its physiology and pathology (pardon all these "ologies") I can answer for the correctness of these two. And so can millions of people besides me. They speak of the curse of indigestion continually in every language; they groan and writhe under it in every land and climate.

"For many years," says one of this innumerable army of martyrs, "I was obliged to bear as best I could the torments of indigestion. My appetite was practically destroyed. I ate, of course, because one must eat or die! but after meals I had great pain at the chest and around the sides.

"Sleep almost forsook my pillow, and naturally I was tired and exhausted. Sometimes better and then worse, but never free from pain and illness, I lived on with little or no hope of getting well. It is hardly necessary to say that I had medical treatment, yet no real benefit resulted from it. Happily at this time Mother Seigel's Syrup was brought to my notice, and so strongly commended that I

laid aside other medicines, which were doing me no good, and began using this one only.

"In a short time I realized a great improvement; food agreed with me and I gained strength. A little later—continuing to take the Syrup regularly as directed—the pains at the stomach, sides and chest wholly ceased, and I have not felt them since. My indigestion was cured at last, and I enjoyed the blessing of health. My son, who suffered severely from rheumatism, has been relieved by Mother Seigel's Syrup as by nothing else he ever tried. In gratitude I give you full permission to publish my letter should you desire." (Signed) (Mrs.) Ann Barker, Field Lane, Braughing, Ware, Herts, Oct. 7th, 1898.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Mrs. Sarah Gell, of Melchbourne, Bedfordshire, that one day she had a personal talk with Mr. Smith, the butcher at Rushden. He told the lady that in his opinion if she went on suffering from indigestion and asthma (one of its consequences) it would be because she neglected to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. "And," said Mr. Smith, "I speak from knowledge." She had been ill with this abominable ailment for many years, and had spent time and money in unavailing efforts to obtain relief.

Acting on Mr. Smith's advice, Mrs. Gell began using this remedy at once, and tells the outcome in a letter of which we have room for the conclusion only:—

"I was better almost immediately, and was soon as well and healthy as one could wish to be. Now I keep 'Mother Seigel' in the house and it never fails to help us when needed for any passing complaint." (Signed) Sarah Gell, Oct. 5th, 1898.

Judging from the force of his comment on the disease, I should say Mr. Trollope knew something about indigestion from experience. Most literary people do. To them, and to all other victims, I confidently commend the best remedy yet found—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

# Do You Fish ?

We wish to have your trade for anything you may need in Fishing, Sporting and Camping Goods of any kind. Our stock is one of the largest on the continent, and our prices are always right. Our guarantee is your money back in full if you are not satisfied with anything you buy from us. Here is our Special Fishing Outfit Offer, which will be sent express paid on receipt of \$4.50. We do not pay express on part of the order.

	Regular Price.	Our Price.
1 Lancewood Rod, 10 feet long, 3 joints, nickel mountings, either bass or trout weights	\$2 50	\$1 75
1 Waterproof Trout or Bass Line, 50 yards	75	50
1 Nickel-Plated Multiplying Reel, extra quality	1 50	1 00
1 Double Gut Casting Line, and 1/2 doz. best assorted Flies, or 1 best Single Gut Casting Line, and 1/2 doz. assorted Trout Flies	75	50
1 Special Trolling Reel, with 40 yds. strong Braid Line and 2 extra quality Spoon Baits, different sizes	1.25	75
	\$6 75 for \$4 50	

Send for Catalogue of Camping Goods and Outfit.

## The Wightman Sporting Goods Co.

Fishing Tackle Department,  
403 St. Paul Street, Montreal, P.Q.

The Sun is  
The Only  
Competitor  
of  
**ELECTRO-SILICON**  
In Brilliance  
in Producing Power

And in one respect Electro-Silicon excels; apply it to your **Silverware** and you can be sure of a shine and a lasting one too. Without Electro-Silicon your Silverware is "always in a cloud." Try our way once.

We supply the material for the asking, or box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal,  
Sole Agents for Canada.

The great purity and fragrance of

# Red Cross Tea

is making it a favorite with everyone. The great increase in our sales the past three months shows how the people are appreciating this tea. Beware of harsh acrid teas that injure digestion. You are always safe when you buy Red Cross Tea.

All Packages Bear our Name

**The Cowan, Ramsay Co., Limited,**  
TORONTO



# THE FINEST TRAIN IN CANADA

**T**HE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM have added to their already elegant car equipment two of the finest trains running in Canada. They are composed of a large ten wheel passenger engine of the largest type of any locomotive now in America, a composite baggage car, a first-class coach (800 series), composite parlor-cafe car, a Pullman palace sleeping car and a second-class car with compartments for smokers. The second-class car is 61 feet 10 inches long and mounted on four-wheeled trucks. About half of the interior of this car is reserved for baggage and the remaining space divided into second-class passenger compartments accommodating 16 persons in the smoking room and 18 persons in the other section. The interior woodwork is of cherry, the seats being of the latest Hale and Kilburn type, those in the smoking compartment being covered with leather, while those in the section are covered with maroon enameled cloth.

The first-class coaches which are run on these trains are constructed after the model of those lately added to the rolling stock of the Grand Trunk, and which have been so much admired and praised by the travelling public. They are of artistic workmanship, complete in detail and surpass anything of their kind which have been seen on any railway in the world.

Attached to these magnificent trains is a composite cafe-parlor car, something entirely new to the Canadian travelling public and a feature which will be greatly appreciated by day travellers between Montreal and Toronto. Previously passengers were obliged to get lunch at Kingston where a wait of some twenty minutes was made for that purpose, and which necessitated a hurried meal at the restaurant. This has now been obviated by the management of the Grand Trunk, who are improving the service in every possible way, and the cafe-parlor cars will meet a long felt want. Recherche lunches are served at reasonable rates and all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class buffet may be had at any hour of the day.

These cars are 61 feet 10 inches long, having steel platforms with wide vestibules and are mounted on six-wheeled trucks, the wheels being 33 inches in diameter with steel tires. At one end of the car is placed the ladies' toilet, combining closet and wash room, the latter being roomy and containing a settee at one end, the whole beautifully fitted up with the latest devices that modern ingenuity can produce. In the adjoining compartment is found the parlor, sumptuously carpeted, with ten revolving chairs covered in parlor colored peacock blue plush, and two comfortable wicker chairs. Large windows to allow of a sweeping view of the landscape as the train flies along are another feature not forgotten. A door separating the next room is passed and we find ourselves in the dining room, a most cheerful and comfortable salon with a seating capacity for 12 persons. This room is also handsomely carpeted and furnished with leather-covered moveable chairs. Next comes the kitchen and other accessories to a model "cuisine," including pantry, refrigerator, wine locker, gas range and buffet, arranged in the most compact way with a view to quick service and a saving of space. At the further end of these cars is placed the smoking room and gentlemen's salon with large open lavatory. The smoking room is supplied with five comfortable arm chairs and one sofa, the latter accommodating three persons.

The cars throughout are lighted with Pintsch gas, and in this connection it might be said that in no detail of railway operation or equipment has greater progress towards perfection been made in the last quarter of a century than in the lighting of cars by this means.

The woodwork of the parlors is of finished mahogany and the dining room and smoking room of quartered oak. The ceilings are of wood painted green, and are ornamented in artistic combinations of gold. The "tout ensemble" is a revelation of beauty, comfort and luxuriousness, combining all the requisites for solid comfort while on a railway journey.

This handsome and costly train is the result entirely of Canadian workmanship, the engine and the passenger equipment being built in every detail in the Grand Trunk shops, Point St. Charles. In addition to the cars already mentioned on these day trains, there are also through Pullman sleeping cars running between Portland and Chicago. The entire train is vestibuled and is certainly one of the finest creations of railroad equipment in Canada.

**A BLESSING TO ANY HOME**



Bound hand and foot to household drudgery, scrubbing and rubbing day in, day out. Women, why do you do it? Break away from the hard old-fashioned way of doing your cleaning with soap.



**GOLD DUST**

**Washing Powder**

more of the play. You will be happier, healthier, save money and many an hour of worry. For greatest economy buy our large package.

has proven the emancipation of hundreds of thousands of other women. Why not yours? Let Gold Dust do more of the work, you do

**The N. K. Fairbank Company**

**MONTREAL CHICAGO  
NEW YORK BOSTON**

**A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.**



**THE CLUB  
COCKTAILS**

**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

**For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.**

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,**

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

20 Piccadilly, W. London.

**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,**

Distributing Agents for Canada

315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.

# A DROP OF INK

may make a  
million think.

When you think of ink,  
think of

## Carter's Ink.

There are 40 solid years  
of experience in its. . . .  
making.

16 different kinds to choose from.  
Only one quality of each kind—the best.

## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC  
TREATMENT OF

# CANCER



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and  
Benign Growths.

## Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE  
INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent  
cure where we have had a reasonable oppor-  
tunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible  
and our book with complete information will  
be mailed free. Address,

**Dr. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.**

212 LOAVES IN 8 HOURS

FAMOUS

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NEVER BUILT A  
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## Every Range Guaranteed.

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**Basting Door** in oven door, which can be opened  
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**Heavily Cemented Bottom**, giving all the bak-  
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**Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir.**

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**Will Bake Perfectly with Less Fuel than  
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**.. WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

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Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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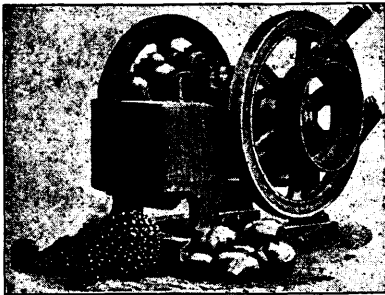
to prevent manufacturers from stamping sterling on silverware that is anything but sterling.

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all goods marked with our sterling trade mark to be  $\frac{92\frac{1}{2}}{1000}$  fine—and our reputation of about a half a century of fair dealing backs our guarantee. Its worth your while to insist on getting silver bearing our marks.

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has been in satisfactory use for a number of years under the severe service imposed upon it in Mining work. Under the more favorable

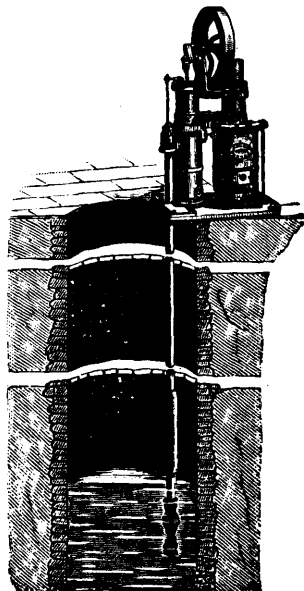
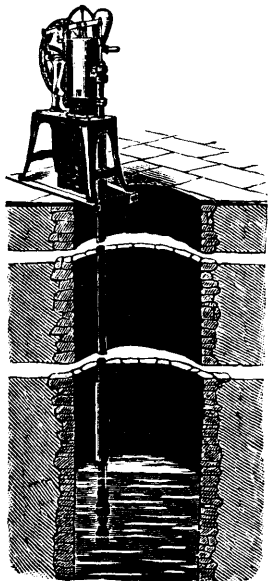
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### MUNICIPAL WORK,

our Appliances easily maintain their reputation for strength, durability and satisfactory production. If interested in the Good Roads Movement, send for our Crushing Machinery Catalogue.

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AS we are frequently asked whether our Rider and Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are arranged for pumping from deep wells (both open wells and artesian), we show here the engines a ranged for doing this kind of work. The Rider and the Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are as well adapted for deep well work as when used for pumping from cisterns, rivers or springs.

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## 3 Times as Many "KELSEY"

## WARM AIR GENERATORS

sold from January 1st to June 30th, 1899, as were sold in same period of 1898.

**WHY?** Simply because they do all we claim for them.

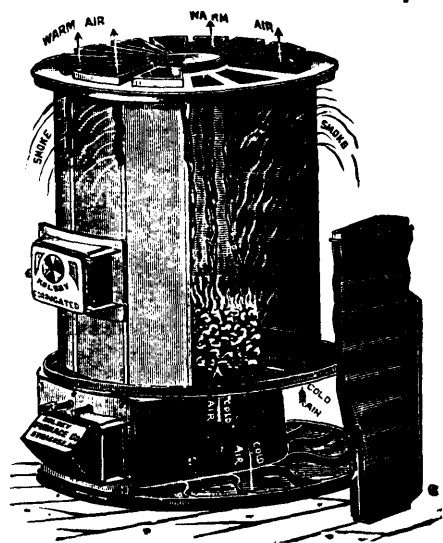
Read the Practical Experience of a Prominent Doctor:—

PRESTON, May 4th, 1899.

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Ltd., Brockville, Ont.

Dear Sirs.—I am in receipt of yours of 2d inst., and I may say that your heating apparatus, No. 21 Kelsey, has proven itself **eminently satisfactory**. With regard to the consumption of fuel I cannot so confidently speak as it was only in operation when the very cold weather of last winter commenced, but of one point I am quite certain, we were able to keep every room in the house most comfortable **no matter in what direction the wind blew**. This was the **great desideratum** of the whole business. The wholesome quality of the air was a surprise to me, as no moisture seemed necessary. There was no undue heat in the cellar near the furnace, no gas, dust or dirt produced that could excite exasperation in a cleanly wife. This alone would make me commend it to those wanting a sufficient heater devoid of all objectionable odors, etc., etc. Will execute Draft for amount of account at any time.

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**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**SOOTHING SYRUP**  
 has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

**Mrs. Winslow's**  
**Soothing Syrup**  
**FOR CHILDREN**  
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*An Old and Well-Tried Remedy*  
 For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

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 Should include dainty, delicious sandwiches made with Protose, the vegetable meat, containing 25 per cent. more food value and 10 per cent. more fat-making properties than beef. Our free cook book gives a score of appetizing ways to prepare Protose.  
**TRY IT FREE.**  
 Send us the name of a grocer who does not sell Sanitas Nut Foods, and six cents to pay postage, and we will forward a can free.  
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A Product That Pleases.

In Pretty White Pots.

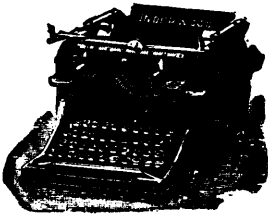
A Trial is all that is necessary to win you in favor of Millar's. Its largely increasing sale is sufficient proof of its popularity.

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 Call and try the **UNDERWOOD.**

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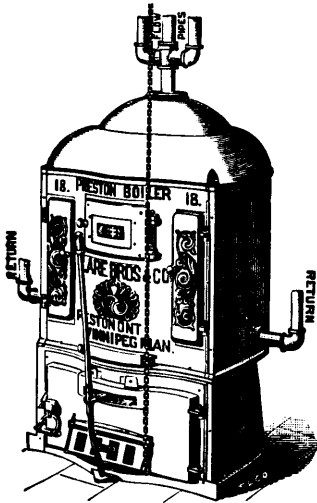
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their buildings with **HOT AIR** or **HOT WATER** should consult **CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT.**, if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of **SUPERIOR** quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

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The Famous Skin Fluid.  
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**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
Disappear in a few days.**

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to **SULPHOLINE** in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, **SULPHOLINE** successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of **SULPHOLINE** sold everywhere in Canada.

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Once known it will always have a place on your dressing table. Preserves the teeth, sweetens the breath, gives strength and health to the gums.

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Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle.

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During the time of the ancients a superfluous growth of hair on the neck, face and arms was quite common, and depilatories were no uncommon thing. Nothing, however, was discovered that would permanently remove hair until recently, when Madame Janowitz produced a preparation that would entirely exterminate this blight to women. Madame Benoit, who inherited the valuable secret, recently sailed from Paris with the receipt of the preparation, which was used so long and with such success throughout Europe. She is now prepared to send a copy of her booklet, giving the history of the famous Russian Depilatory, to those who may apply for it. This interesting little pamphlet can be had free on application to Madame Benoit, No. 45 East Forty-Second St., New York

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Worth Having from a Well  
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Two weeks ago I caught cold and now have pleurisy of the right lung. Since I had a blister on I find nothing relieves the pain and soreness better than **MINARD'S LINIMENT**. I have gotten up in the night when I could not rest, and after applying the Liniment it would soothe me so much that I would always soon fall asleep. I never used it on myself before and, to tell you the truth, had no more faith in it than any other liniment, but there is something in it that really acts wonderfully.

Dr. Gaudet has been attending me, and I told him how it acted and he was much surprised.

This is no humbug, but a genuine expression of my experience, and you can make what use you like of it.

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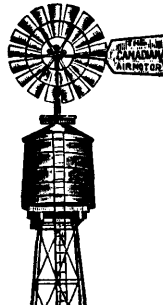
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Half the labor in half the time, and no rubbing to wear out the clothes, better and cleaner washing with a soft smooth finish that makes ironing easier, and the articles keep clean and wear longer.

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**HEALTH**

**REST!**

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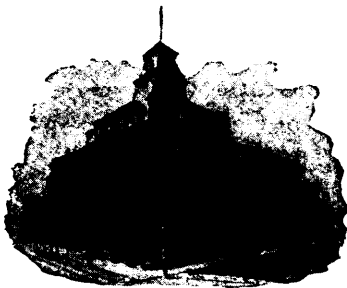
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Our pretty styles in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Wavy Fronts, Switches of Straight or Natural Wavy Hair are worn by all classes, and we have built up the largest business in this line on the continent. The hair we use in the construction of our goods is cut by ourselves from the poor but clean and healthy peasant girls in Germany, the hair known to be the best in the world. Our system of manufacturing is the most modern and complete to be found; we can therefore serve our patrons better and at lower prices than any house in America. Send for our illustrated catalogue with full directions as to self-measurement for Wigs and Toupees.

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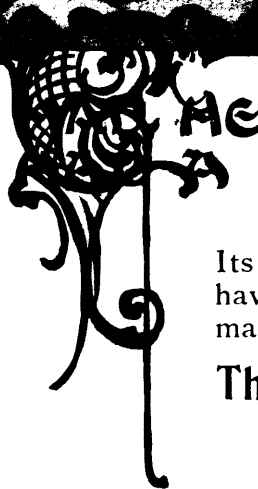


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Its tone and perfect workmanship would have recommended itself at once to such a master.

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# CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

## A Pleasant, Simple, but Safe and Effectual Cure for It.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing; headaches, fickle appetite, nervousness and a general played out, languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue, and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do, and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlandson, the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet, composed of Diastase, Aseptic Pepsin, a little Nux, Golden Seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and not being a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Booher, of 2710 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition, resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom passing backward into the throat reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach. Medical authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of stomach without cure, but to-day I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia

Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation, as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals.

Send for little book, mailed free, on stomach troubles, by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

## The Great Huxley.

### What Huxley, the Great English Scientist, considered the Best Start in Life.

The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly because they lack the proper quantity of digestive acids (lactic and hydrochloric) and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indigestion is to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets because they supply in a pleasant, harmless form all the elements that weak stomachs lack.

The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear complexion, because all these result only from wholesome food well digested.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50c. full sized package.

Send for free book on Stomach Troubles to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.



**Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.**  
 A Positive Relief for  
**PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN,**  
 and all affictions of the skin.  
 Removes all odor of perspiration.  
**Get Mennen's (the original).**  
*A little higher in price perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*  
 Refuse all other Powders, which are liable to do harm.  
 Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25 cents.** (Sample free).  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.**

**MOTHERS** Your children cured of Bed-wetting.  
**SAMPLE FREE.**  
**DR. F. E. MAY, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.**

**Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.**

The Specific for Every Kind of Stomachic Disturbance.

---

The following has been communicated by Rev. W. J. Buckland, Vicar of a parish in Wiltshire, and will be found interesting. The original manuscript may be seen at the Chief Office of the Company, 113 Holborn, London, E.C.

**A TRUE STORY.**

It was a morning in the late autumn, heavy mist hung round, sodden leaves lay under the feet, and the air was damp and—what country people call—muggy, just the time for fevers and ague, when a country parson was at work in his study, his wife employed in household duties. A woman came up from the village to ask them to go and see a child who was in a very bad way. They immediately started, and found the poor child very ill; her pulse alarmingly high, but hot, burning cheeks, sore throat, foul tongue, hot dry hands, and headache. The clergyman and his wife telegraphed to each other that they thought very badly of her. "This is a case for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE," said the lady. "Very decidedly," replied the parson. They returned home for a bottle—you may be sure they had it at hand—and administered a dose. Later in the day they returned to find the child a little better and decidedly quieter. They then administered another dose. The next day they called again with their bottle, to find to their satisfaction that the feverish symptoms were greatly abated, and the child beginning to look like herself. By continuing this treatment the little girl entirely recovered. The story got abroad, and the parson was besieged with requests for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, which, I need hardly say, he never refused, and his results—in I may conscientiously say "every" case—have been most beneficial.

*In Stopped Bottles, with full directions for use, 2/6, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- each.*

**Sold by all Chemists throughout the world. TRY IT.**

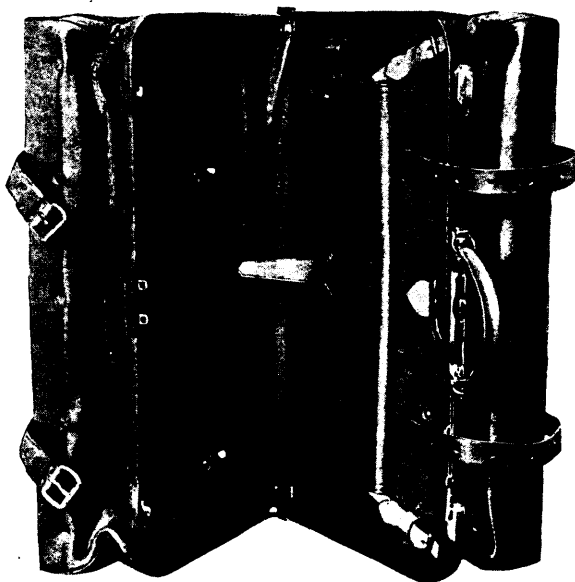


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New fast train service overland . . . . . **“Imperial Limited”**

The overland train service has been very much quickened—96 hours Toronto to the Pacific Coast.

### THE “IMPERIAL LIMITED”

trains will run DAILY between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN EACH DIRECTION IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS.

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Leave Montreal daily (Sunday included) 9.30 a.m.

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Dining Cars will run between Montreal and Banff, meals west of that point being supplied at Company's Chalet Hotels, Field, Glacier and North Bend.

On this truly “IMPERIAL TRAIN” *more magnificent scenery* can be seen than on any other Railway in the world in the same time.

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ESTABLISHED 1854.  
32 STEAMERS.  
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The steamers are fitted with bilge keels to prevent rolling; Electric Light throughout; Music Rooms on promenade deck, and specially large and well-ventilated Staterooms.

Second Cabin accommodation on these steamers affords everything to secure the comfort of those who desire to make the trip at a very moderate cost.

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Three days smooth sailing.

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The Twin-screw Iron Steamship "CAMPANA," 1,700 tons, having first-class accommodation for passengers, will sail from Montreal for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Percé, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I., every alternate Monday during the season of Navigation, sailing from Quebec the following Tuesdays. At Pictou, the Intercolonial Railway train is taken for Halifax, whence connections can be made for St. John's, N.B., Portland, Boston and New York.

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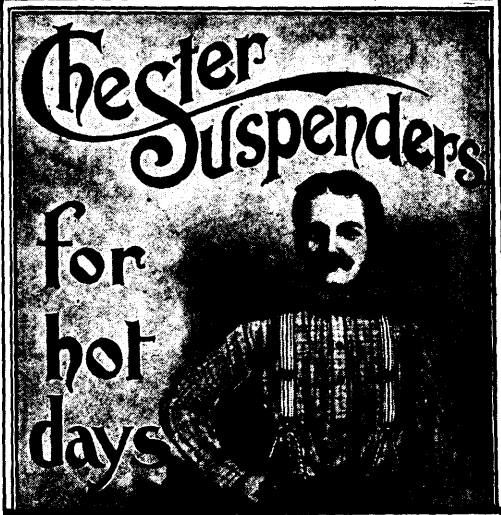
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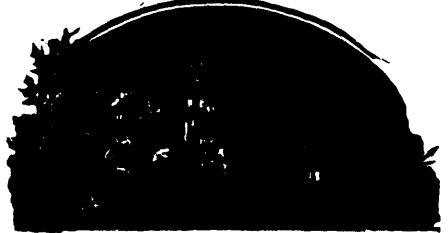
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THE Intercolonial Railway offers special inducements for the tourist who seeks a delightful summer country where an outing can be enjoyed at a minimum of expense, to the fisherman who is in quest of the finest salmon and trout streams on the continent, and to those who desire a climate in which every breeze brings health and strength. This Railway traverses a country which has enormous possibilities for fishing, shooting, bathing, boating and tourist recreation of all kinds. Starting at Montreal, the route includes the great salmon and trout rivers of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and it extends to the Sydneys, Cape Breton, whence it is a short steamship voyage to the newly opened railway across Newfoundland. Along the line of the Intercolonial are such inviting places as the Metapedia Valley, Gaspé, La Baie de Chaleur, Prince Edward Island, the Bay of Fundy, beautiful Nova Scotia and the Bras d'Or Lakes, which extend through the island of Cape Breton. In no part of America is there so great a variety of scenery, while the climate is of the most tonic and invigorating character.

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Mr. S.—“ Eh, what ?”

Mrs. S.—“ Probably it's the saving on the fuel bills. Sometimes these big men are very stingy over domestic expenses.”

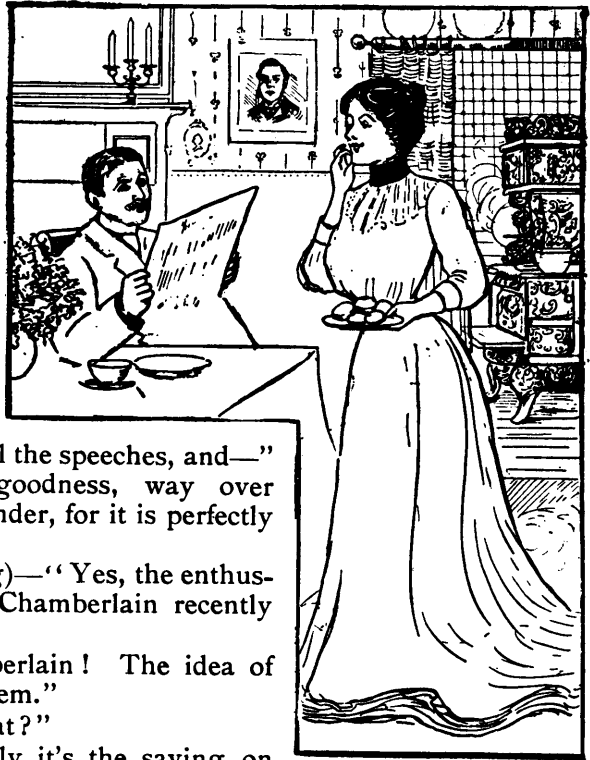
Mr. S.—“ Why, what on earth—— ?”

Mrs. S.—“ Well, you know we've saved nearly its cost in fuel already, and I never had such comfort in cooking and baking before, and Mrs. Parkin, next door, wouldn't be without hers for twice its cost.”

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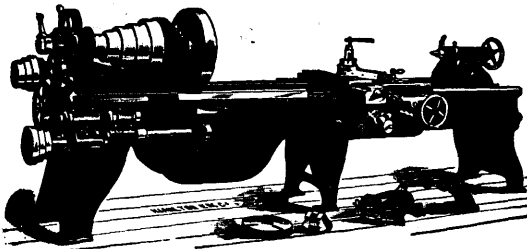
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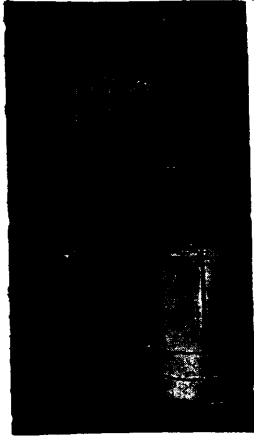
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GET THE GENUINE.

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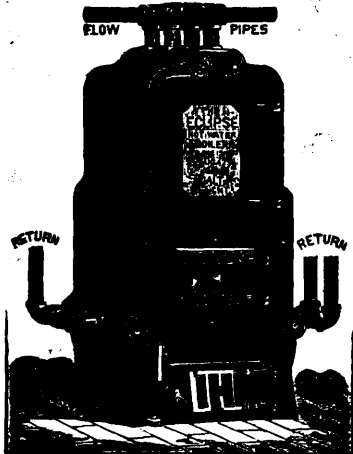
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Read what some of our friends say of us:—

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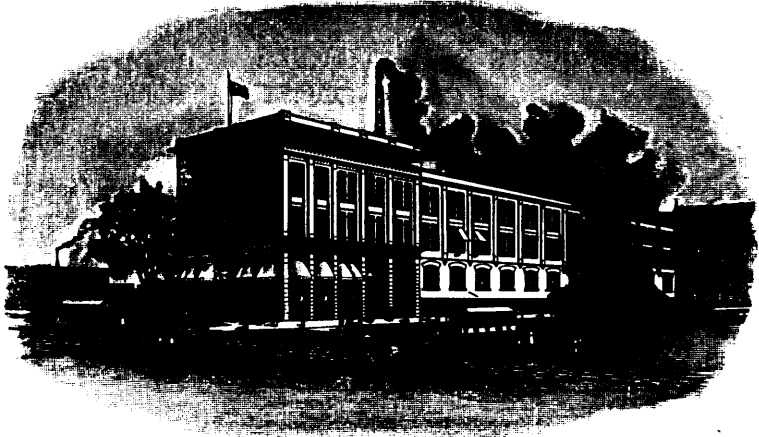
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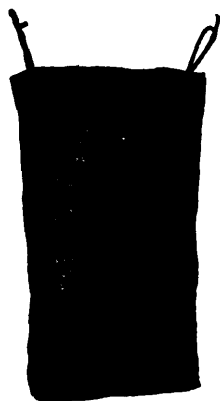
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**ESTABLISHED 1778.**

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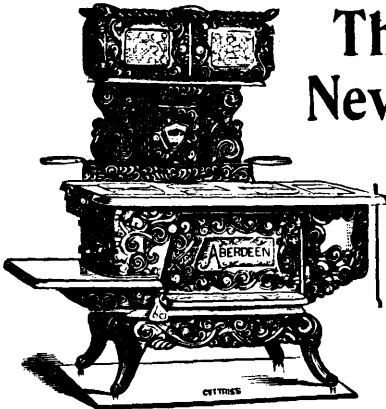
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**Extract of BEEF**

Has that rich beefy flavor.

Is just the thing for  
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It gives a delicious flavor and tempt-  
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*NO TROUBLE TO USE.*

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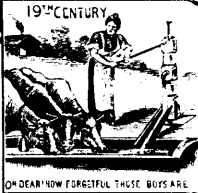
(New Edition)

by Helen Louise Johnson, suggests  
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# Nicelle Olive Oil

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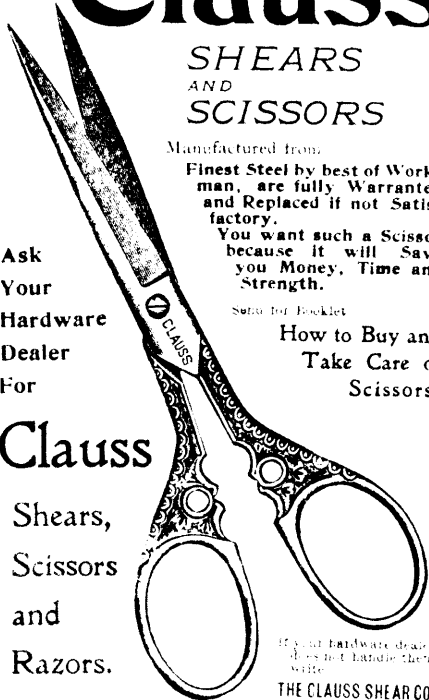
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