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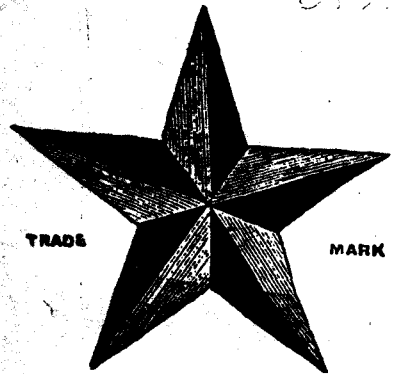
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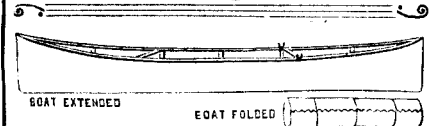
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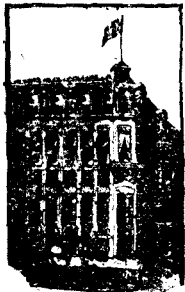
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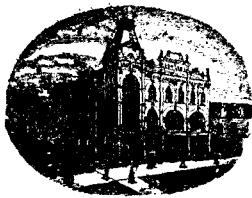
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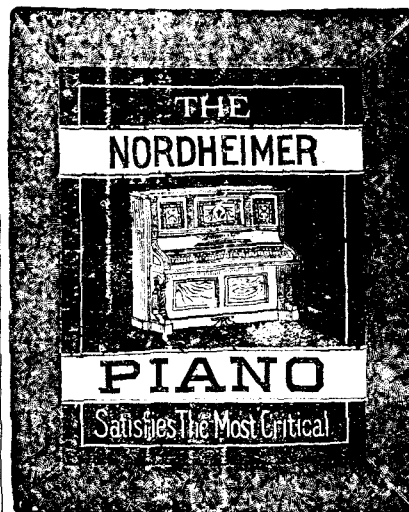
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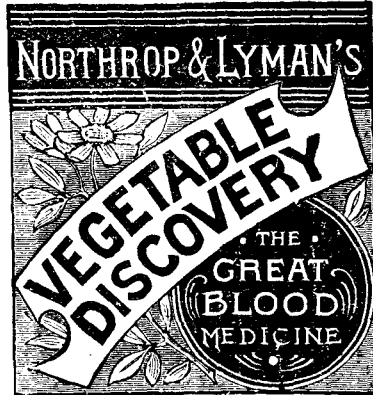
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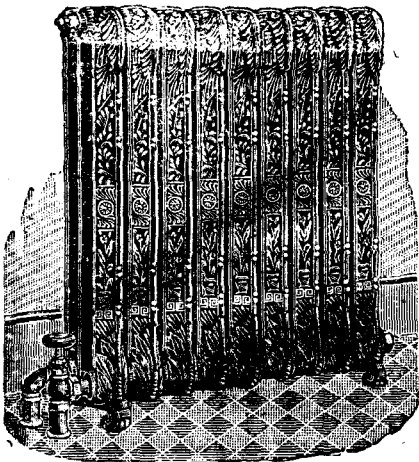
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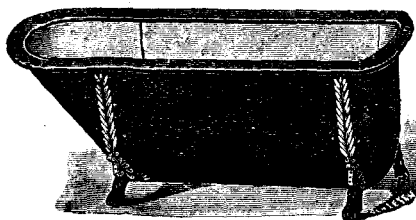
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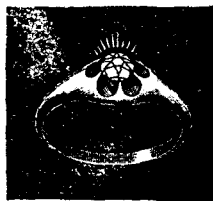
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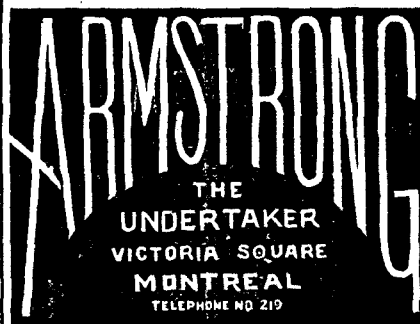
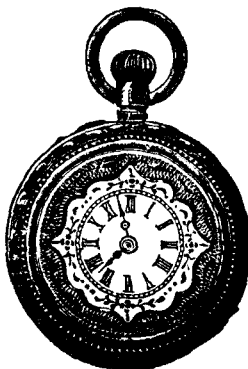
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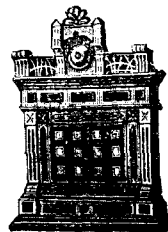
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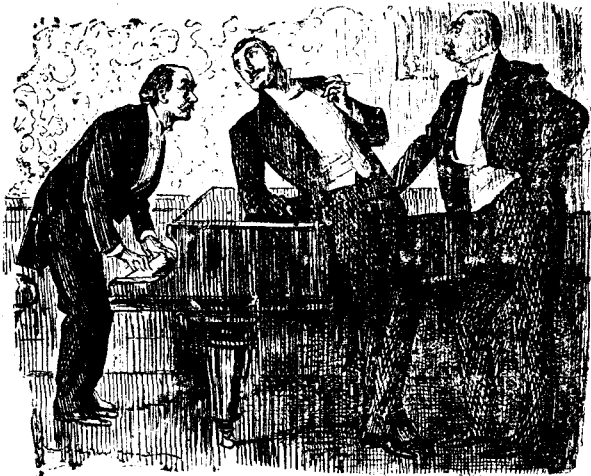
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The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

MAY, 1893.

Volume II. No. 4

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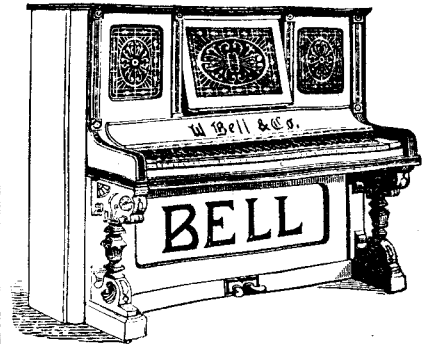
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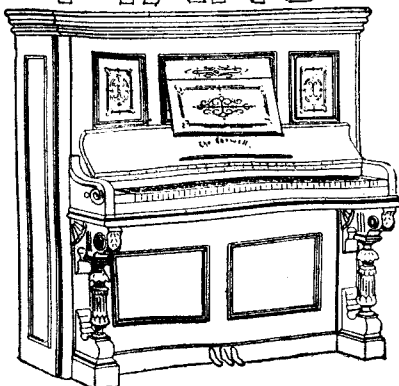
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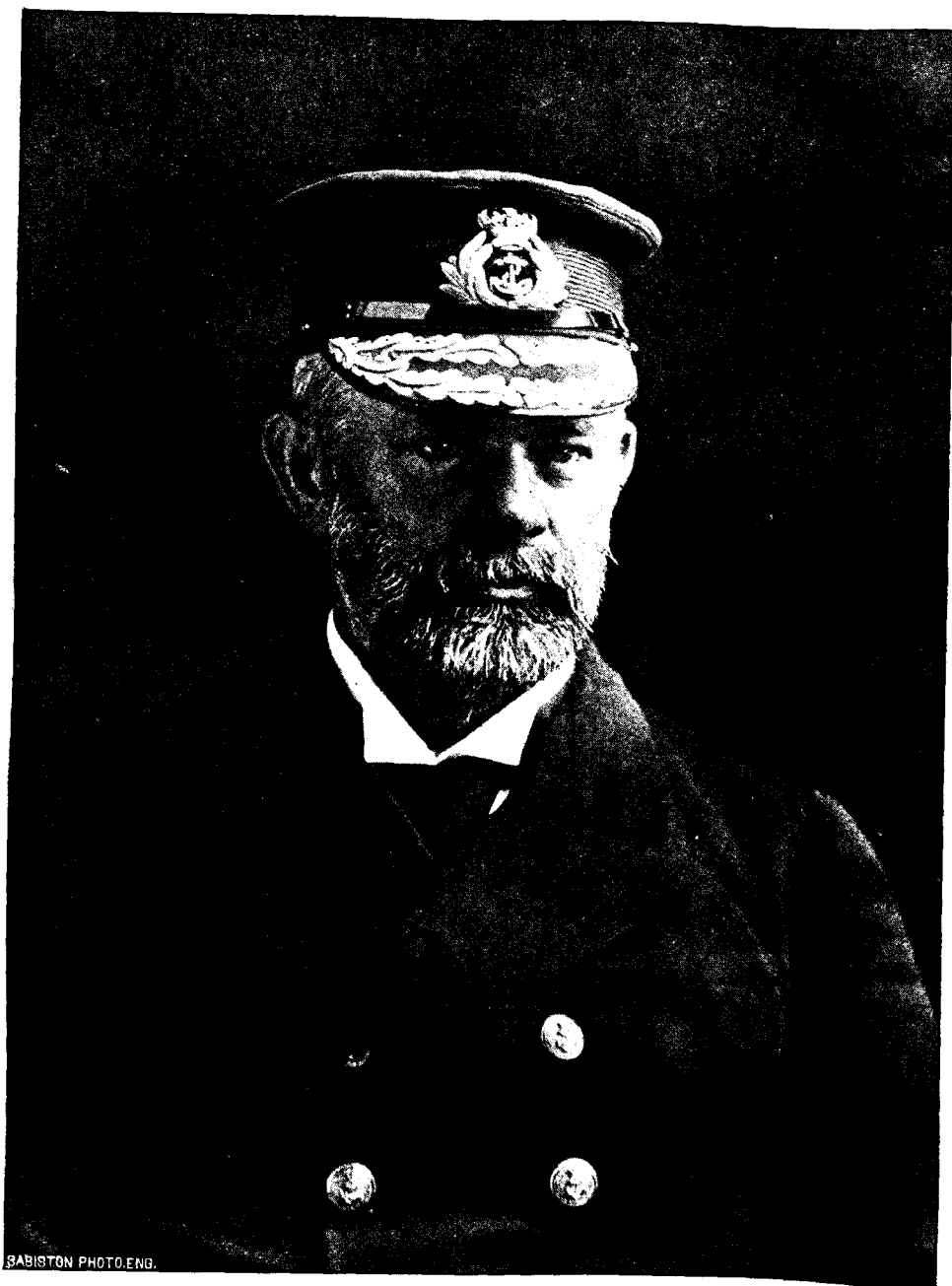
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VOL. II.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY, 1893.

No. 4.

CANADIAN WRITERS IN NEW YORK.



A DISTINCTIVELY Canadian literature has been the dream of many, and is the ambition of those of the children of this sturdy young country, who have turned aside from the common paths of life to devote their energies to the moulding and developing of the nation's thought and character. There are Canadians so thoroughly patriotic as to believe that it is possible for Canada to excel every other country in the quality of its manufactures as well as in its natural resources; this is the spirit which makes a country, and when unembarrassed by vexing and unsettling political or social questions cannot fail to produce that individuality of nationality which compels recognition. Endowed as Canada is with a climate calculated to develop all that is good and progressive in man's character, with natural resources for every want, and with a population blessed with an almost entire absence of factional disquietude, it can be only a question of enterprise, and the natural course of events when she will send to the markets of the world products which may invite the competition of the nations. With the material progress of the country will move the intellectual; but not hand in hand, for this is not the law of things; the physical needs must first be ministered to, and the literature of a country moves falteringly at first, not foreseeing the day when it will overshadow, and control; and mould that

which once looked pityingly down upon it. At present the literature of Canada is not accorded a place among the records of the nations of the world, but those who believe in the possibilities for achievement of its leaders are beginning to assert, and that with no uncertain voice, Canada's right to distinctive literary work and merit. Our country still labors, as all young countries must, under the drawbacks of a limited field for literary work and there are few indeed of her children who are able to devote their best energies and instincts to the cause of letters; there must be a *reliable* source of income, which forces literary work into the position of a mere supplement. Canadian writers have been made the subject of a number of essays in the magazines of the day, and we have no reason to feel anything but proud of the way in which they have been handled; but while we boast of the work of those of our fellows who are Canadians in *fact* and who have resisted the temptation to seek their fortunes on foreign and, perhaps, more promising shores, we must not forget that there is a large number of writers, born Canadians, Canadians in heart, and hope, and ambition, who have been obliged to make their homes in other countries but who still assert their claim to be sons and daughters of Canada, and who should unquestionably come under the designation of Canadian writers. New York, more than any other city of the world, seems to have been the



Bliss Carman.

goal towards which Canadian writers have turned when they found their energies stunted by the narrowness of the home field, and it is of some of these children of Canada who are making their way in the greatest city of the western world, that I propose to treat in the present article. While the late Canadian club was in existence some of these names were prominent, and it was possible for any deserving literary aspirant to obtain recognition through the influence which it could wield; its regrettable demise, which was the result of pecuniary embarrassment and not of any lack of good feeling among its members, was a severe blow to the interests of Canadians in this city.

Although I shall not attempt to classify my men of letters according to their relative merits,—a course which would be both presumptuous and absurd, I shall follow my natural inclination, and crying “Place à la Poésie” introduce a well-known face, BLISS CARMAN, the Shelley-like dreamer of dreams that make the world more fair and life more endurable.

New York is now Mr. Carman's abiding place, though when the divine mood is upon him he flits homeward to the dear New Brunswick shore, or to that sanctuary of the poet-soul, Boston.

Mr. Carman left editorial work last autumn to devote a year or so to poetry and prose; he has been living the life of a hermit in a quiet suburb of Washington, and we may anticipate great things when he returns to New York in the fall of the

year. In answer to an enquiry as to “what he had on hand,” Mr. Carman replied in the style peculiarly his own: “I haven't anything on hand. I never have anything on hand. I don't believe in it. They are always over head or under foot. In science to-day is everything, in art there ought to be nothing but to-morrow and yesterday.”

Mr. Carman is essentially a child of Nature; it would be as easy to tie him down to the conventionalities and shams of the modern social world as to chain and reduce to submission the wayward autumn wind. He must be allowed to wander as he will, physically and mentally, and then he will sing to us with the wholesome unrestrained voice of the refreshing zephyr or the vivifying gale.

And here I must enter a strenuous protest against the uncalled for and sweeping charge of obscurity so commonly brought against Mr. Carman's poetry.

The poet does not write for the dull-minded or careless reader,—he interprets the sights and sounds of Nature, the thoughts and passions of human souls, to those who are capable of feeling and understanding all the enthusiasm and the longing that dwell in the poet's heart. Sometimes, as members of some confraternity might whisper to each other words that could not be comprehended by the outside world, even though they spoke them aloud, so the poet murmurs to his fellow poet a confidence that cannot be shared by others. No poet has ever called Carman obscure. Is there any hint of obscurity in the following, culled from the *Independent*?

FOR A MEMORIAL TO JOHN KEATS.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

Stand there, John Keats, in marble, in Hampstead
over the sea!

But live in our hearts wherever the race of the English
be!

Live on, thou captain of beauty, till the last self-
thrall is free.

This from thy vagrant fellows in the western land
and far,

With the love that knows not alien from brother, nor
star from star—

The love of a man for a man wherever the English
are.

Bravest and gentlest and best of the elder land and
dear,

Thou spirit of earth and morning, until the morning
appear

Ride with us on together into the dark with a cheer!

Mr. Carman's style is essentially his own; although his poetry is Keats-like in

expression, Shelleyesque in its spiritual quality, he cannot be said to have derived inspiration from either poet. His inspiration is drawn from Nature, his idealism from the high mental poise of a spiritual organism. For beauty of touch and perfection of detail I have seen nothing more exquisite than this, from "The Vagabonds" of the *Independent*, December, 1892 :—

" We shall lie down and hear the frost
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,
Or somewhere on the iron coast
Learn the oblivion of the sea "

Not to have heard of Mr. GRAEME MERCER ADAM would be to prove oneself not a Canadian, so many years has he been identified with Canadian thought and literature. Although born in the "old country" he is to all intents and purposes a Canadian and has spent the best part of his life in a brave effort for the growth and honour of Canadian literature. For years he has struggled with the apathy and lack of enterprise of the reading public, and it is to my mind a somewhat ominous sign that he has at last given up the fight, and left the scene of his life's labours for the more genial and satisfying literary atmosphere of the neighbouring republic. A glance at his life for the past thirty-five years will give some idea of the energy and ability of Mr. Adam in his chosen profession. He came to Canada at the age of eighteen, and went into the book business in Toronto, conducting for a number of years a large wholesale and retail publishing house where he was afterwards senior partner in the firm widely known as Adam, Ste-

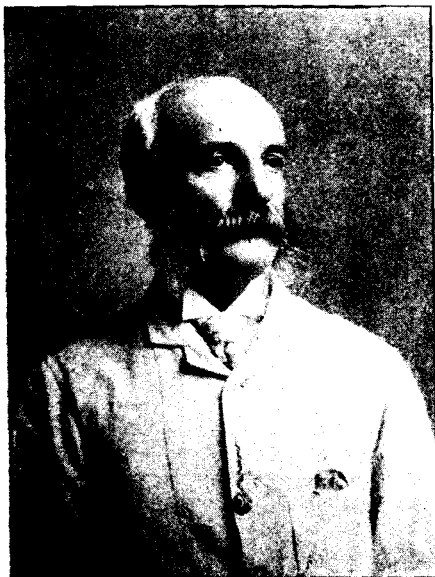
venson & Co. In 1876 he removed to New York and founded a publishing house, that of Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., subsequently the Jno. W. Lovell Co., and the United States Book Co. He remained in New York only two years, however, and returned to Toronto, where he engaged in literary work, founding in conjunction with Prof. Goldwin Smith, *The Canadian Monthly*, a periodical which he edited for a number of years. He also founded and edited for six years *The Canadian Educational Monthly*, and contributed to and at times edited *The Nation*, *The Week*, and *The Bystander*. He was also a constant contributor to the *Toronto Globe, Mail*, and other journals. He edited a series of Royal Canadian Readers, edited and annotated a number of English

Classics for the University of Toronto, also a High School Word book; published in 1886 a school history of England and Canada, authorized for exclusive use in all the schools of the Province of Ontario, the sale of which has exceeded 250,000. In 1885, Mr. Adam wrote "The Canadian North-West, its History and its Troubles," containing an account of Riel's two rebellions, and a narrative of the Canadian fur trade, and in 1886 in collabor-



Arthur Wentworth Eaton, in his study

ation with Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald a volume entitled "An Algonquin Maiden," a Canadian romance, of which editions appeared simultaneously in Canada, in London and in New York. In 1887, he published "Toronto Past and Present," "Picturesque Muskoka," etc., etc., and from 1887 to 1891 held the position of literary assistant and secretary to Goldwin Smith, contributing also to the Canadian press a series of articles on Canadian Independ-



G. Mercer Adam.

ence. In 1891 he published a large illustrated work, "Toronto Old and New," designed as a memorial of the hundred years of Upper Canadian history; in 1891 also appeared "Life and Times of the Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Canadian Premier," based upon the work of Edmund Collins, a volume of 600 pages octavo, which has had a sale of close upon 20,000 copies.

In 1892 Mr. Adam returned to New York and for the past year has been head of the publishing branch of the United States Book Co.; he is at present editor of the publications of the house. His style is forcible and clear, and he has command of good classical English. Mr. Mercer Adam and his wife (to whom he was married in 1891, seven years after the death of his first wife) have a charming home at No. 55 West 17th street.

ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON is a name familiar to all, and one which is especially dear to Nova Scotians. Mr. Eaton has lived in New York for many years, but has never wavered in his fidelity to the province that gave him birth. To me, I confess, it seemed very touching to think of this man sitting hour after hour in his study in the heart of New York, his mind and pen busy with thoughts of Nova Scotia. His "Church of England in Nova Scotia," was a work of love as well as duty, and into the pages of his forth-coming work "The History of the

people of Nova Scotia" he has woven many fibres of his heart.

Mr. Eaton is a son of William Eaton, an educated and highly respected citizen of the picturesque old town of Kentville, the headquarters of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway; a gentleman who has filled many public offices, one of the most important being that of Government Inspector of Schools for his native county. His mother, from whom he inherits one of his names, Hamilton, was Anna Augusta Willoughby Hamilton, a lady much admired for her grace and beauty, and for her appreciative and quickly sympathetic mind. She was descended on her mother's side from the well-known families of DeWolf and Starr, and on her father's side from an honoured branch of the famous Scottish Hamiltons, her grandfather, an educated man and a gentleman, having been born in Scotland and having come to America in the last century. From his mother's family, Mr. Eaton, no doubt, inherits many of the qualities that appear in his work, notably the poetic fancy that shows itself in his charming book of Acadian Legends and Lyrics.

Mr. Eaton was born at Kentville, Nova Scotia, about 35 years ago, and educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in June 1880. His theological study was prosecuted partly at Cambridge, Mass., the influences about him being very much those of the Broad Church School of thought, represented by the late great preacher, Phillips Brooks, and by the theologian, Dr. Elisha Mulford, who until his death was one of Mr. Eaton's staunchest friends.

At the time of Mr. Eaton's examination for the diaconate, theological controversy was rife in New England, and his independence of thought stood greatly in the way of his advancement, ecclesiastically. The late Bishop Paddock was a man wholly out of sympathy with Broad Churchism, and he and Mr. Eaton came much into conflict in their views. For this reason Mr. Eaton's ordination was delayed for some time, but finally, in 1884, he was ordained Deacon in the Diocese of Indiana, by Bishop D. B. Knickerbacker, under whom he worked for six months. He then came to New York and became an assistant minister of old "St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery," one of the staid old churches of the city, containing a large number of wealthy families of old Knickerbocker stock, and in 1885

was ordained priest, by Bishop Potter in Christ Church, Fifth Avenue. From St. Mark's he was called to the rectorship of a church at Chestnut Hill, Mass., the most aristocratic suburb of Boston, where he had about him some of the best known Boston families, the men being almost all, like himself, graduates of Harvard.

After a year or two there, wishing to devote himself more exclusively to writing, Mr. Eaton resigned his parish and came back to New York, where he had already gained a strong foothold in the literary world.

Since before his graduation he had been writing more or less for the press, but now he began to publish books. His first work, and one that at once gave him recognition as a thinker, and a writer of strong, clear English, was "The Heart of the Creeds," published by the Putnam's in 1888, the second edition of which appeared in 1889. This book was a popular exposition of modern scientific thought along church lines, and was welcomed by broad men of all denominations as a valuable acquisition to this branch of literature. Both publicly and privately it was highly commended by Phillips Brooks, and indeed by nearly all the most eminent Broad Churchmen in the Episcopal Church in the United States.

His next book was one of poems:—"Acadian Legends and Lyrics"—1st Edition, White & Allan, 1889; 2nd Edition, Frederic A. Stokes Company, 1892.

For years the poet's mind had been adding seedlings and sheaves to his little garnered store of poetic thought;—dearest to his heart were the legends of old Acadian life and land; but some fifty or more subjective lyrics shew that history and imagination did not wholly usurp the field. The broad spirit of Mr. Eaton's theology is very apparent in poems which treat of such subjects, notably "The Virgin's Shrine," "An Answer," and "To a Doubter." To my mind the most finished and artistic of the Lyrics are "Sometime" and "I watch the Ships." I quote two verses from the latter:—

I stand beside the beaten quay
And look while laden ships from sea
Come proudly home upon the tide
Like conquering kings at eventide,
Or from fierce fights with wintry gales
Steal shoreward now with tattered sails,
O cruel sea.

Soft sailing spirits, how they glide
Forth on life's fitful sea untried
To breast the waves and bear the shocks
Beyond the guarded light-house rocks,
To strive and struggle many a year;
Strong souls, indeed, if they can bear
Life's wind and tide.

The beauty of "Sometime" is my excuse for quoting the entire poem:—

Sometime, sometime,
The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,
And we shall see the fair, blue sky of truth
Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder
Up to the happy dream-lands of our youth,
Where we may climb.

Sometime, sometime,
The passion of our heart we keep dissembling
Shall free herself, and rise on silver wing,
And all these broken chords of music, trembling
Deep in the soul, our lips shall learn to sing,
A strain sublime.

Sometime, sometime,
Love's broken links shall all be reunited,
But not upon the ashy forge of pain;
The full-blown roses dead, the sweet buds blighted
Shall bloom beside life's garden walks again,
In fairer clime.

Sometime, sometime,
The prophet's unsealed lips shall straight deliver
The message of eternal life uncursed;
Wind-swept, the poet's heaven-tuned soul shall
quiver
And from his trembling lyre at length shall burst
Immortal rhyme.

Of the "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" I need not speak; they have already been noticed most favourably in Sladen's "Younger American Poets," in Roberts' "Poems of Wild Life," by Lighthall and by Leland.

About this time Mr. Eaton began the teaching of English in the Cutler Academy, the longest established, most exclusive, and most famous private school for boys in New York. A new impulse had lately been given to English study all over the country, chiefly through the efforts of Harvard College, and Mr. Eaton, feeling that English had always been neglected, undertook with enthusiasm the charge of the department of higher English in this school. The result of his able work in the school has been that he has fitted many boys in English for Harvard, Columbia, Princeton and Yale Colleges, and has prepared two valuable little books for English study; "Letter writing, its Ethics and Etiquette," published by Frederic A. Stokes in 1890; and "College Requirements in English," by Ginn & Company, in 1892.

In 1891 he published, through Thomas Whittaker & Co., the book to which I have already referred: "The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution;" a second edition being published by James Nisbet & Co., London, for the English market, in 1892.

In 1893, in conjunction with Craven Langstroth Betts, a New Brunswicker of whom I shall speak later on, long resident in New York, he published through the D. D. Merrill Company, a book of short stories located at Halifax: "Tales of a Garrison Town" which has been quite enthusiastically reviewed, especially by the Canadian press. In Halifax itself the stories have been very well received.

In another department of the literary field, namely that of Family History, Mr. Eaton has done work that has brought him much recognition. He has published in New York and Boston reviews, a number of articles of recognized value on family and local subjects, and in the history of Nova Scotia families is now regarded as probably the best authority either in Canada or the United States. Besides his books, he still frequently publishes magazine and newspaper articles that keep his name before the journal-reading public. His forthcoming "History of the people of Nova Scotia," is a work much needed, and one that will undoubtedly be of permanent value, for it is the outcome of years of faithful and loving research.

Mr. Eaton is a charming companion and his rooms at 38 East Tenth Street are most interesting to the lover of books. Mr. Eaton, as far as I can see, has but one fault, but that is a serious one—he is a bachelor! According to the ideas of the writer of this article, a man who is a bachelor at the age of 35, and is fairly well blessed with this world's goods has no excuse for his existence. Of course there are cases where pity and not execration should follow the unfortunate one who is thus lonely, his unblessed state may be his misfortune and not his fault; that that is the case with Mr. Eaton I most emphatically decline to believe.

Mr. Eaton has not sunk the ministry in literature, for he is constantly sought after to fill prominent pulpits in and about New York. It is also said that he has just been called to the American Church at a famous winter resort on the Riviera.

As everyone knows, the imagination has a great deal to do with the ex-



E. W. Sandys.

periences of the senses. Whether this be the reason or no, there seems to come with the entrance of MR. SANDYS into the room a wholesome whiff of out-door air, and the odour of the pine forest. That little sanctum of his in the Outing office, hung with sketches of hunting and fishing scenes, and filled with the genial atmosphere which surrounds the six feet of energetic humanity above referred to, fills one with all one's old enthusiasm for adventure and exploit, and awakens vague yearnings for a rod that is now idle in its case, and a rifle that has stood for many months in a dusty corner of the attic. Mr. Sandys was born in Stratford, Ontario, in 1862. He contributed to the "American Field," "The Canadian Sportsman" and "Outing," and when the Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway invited him to make the tour and do their literary work for them Mr. Sandys and his employers were mutually satisfied with the arrangement. Mr. Sandys scaled the Rockies, hunted the deer, and captured the salmon to his heart's content and furnished the C. P. R. with their beautiful books of western scenery and guides to the sport and travel "westward to the far east." Mr. Sandys is well-known as an authority on all matters of out-door sport and athletics, and is the owner of various medals presented at competitions where he has distinguished

himself. Because of his singular qualifications for the position he was invited by the owners of "Outing" to fill a vacancy on their editorial staff. He has been two years in New York and bears the confinement of city life well. He takes occasional trips away in order to follow his favourite pursuits, bringing back with him the vigour of a young Hercules, and the sound constitution and unimpaired digestion that make him a delightful companion and an optimistic philosopher.

The name of GILBERT PARKER was till recently an unknown quantity; it is now familiar not only to the eyes and ears of Canadians but to the great reading public of England and America.

No fairy godmother presided at Mr. Parker's birth to over-rule the haughty tempers of ruthless critics when the time came for his work to be given to the world. In common with other writers no less distinguished he had to accept neglect and rebuff at the hands of unappreciative and dyspeptic editors, and be thankful for small mercies in the shape of accepted M. S. S. Mr. Parker is a Toronto man, and a graduate of Trinity College. He essayed journalism as the profession of his choice, but for some years found it decidedly unremunerative. After a sojourn in Australia he crossed to the Mother Country, but was comparatively unsuccessful in London for some seven years. While on a visit to New York about two years ago, Mr. Carman, who was then engaged in editorial work, with his usual quiet perspicacity singled him out for special commendation in the columns of the *Independent* and predicted the success that has since so persistently followed him.

There is no doubt about Mr. Parker's genius; he has imagination, quickness of perception, and accuracy of description, and his English is not to be questioned. He is a prince of short story writers and is even now worthy of comparison with Stevenson, whose rival and successor he will undoubtedly be. Mr. Parker is no simpering realistic booby, but a whole man; he enters thoroughly into the spirit of his characters, analyses them without fear, and depicts their emotions with a true artist hand. The whole of the first edition of "The Chief Factor," his latest production, 20,000 copies sold in New York by advance sales before the day of issue. The region of the Hudson Bay country where some of the scenes are laid is comparatively un-

known to readers of fiction, and the pictures of Indian life in "The Chief Factor" enhance the interest in the charming love story of the young Scotch people. Personally Mr. Parker is extremely interesting, his travels having given him an easy manner which is at once polished and bohemian. The literary world of London has recognised our young Canadian for the last two years in a way that must be eminently satisfying to him and to his friends. He is at present living in that city but pays occasional visits to New York, and finds the atmosphere very good to write in. This fact is my excuse for including him in an article which is supposed to treat only of Canadians resident in New York.

DR. A. R. ROBINSON of 248 West 42nd street, is a successful practising physician, a Professor of Dermatology at the New York Polyclinic, and a writer of note in his particular branch of the science of medicine. Dr. Robinson was born in the Province of Ontario some 50 years ago. His education has been accomplished by years of study at home and abroad, but he started his career with the degree of M.B., from the University of Toronto. He began practising his profession in 1864, taking the degree of M. D. at the Bellevue Medical College in 1868. During the years 1869 and 1870 he was an assistant of the famous Sir James Simpson in London. After a visit to Paris where he acquainted himself with the progress of medical science, he returned to New York, and during the year of 1871 had charge of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, Lexington Avenue. The years of 1872 and 1873 were spent in Vienna, where Dr. Robinson met the accomplished lady who became his wife. In 1884 his Manual of Dermatology was published by Bermingham & Co., a book which has made him famous in the world of medicine. The manual is not only a careful and lucid treatise, but a demonstration of discoveries made by the author himself, on the important subject of the science of dermatology. Dr. Robinson had already earned a wide reputation for himself by his admirable essays on pathological and dermatological subjects in the medical journals, and his manual was received on both sides of the Atlantic as a perfect text book on the subject of this or any other age. Canadians are deservedly proud of their celebrated fellow countryman. While unable for lack of space to record

all the honours conferred upon him, we must mention that he is Professor of Histology and Pathological Anatomy and Dermatology at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary; Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine; President of the Section for Dermatology and Syphilography of the Ninth International Medical Congress, Washington, 1887—Licentiate of the Royal Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh; Honorary President of the Section for Dermatology and Syphilis of the International Medical Congress, Berlin, 1890, and honorary corresponding member of the Société Française de Dermatologie et de Syphilographie of Paris.

Just north of the Benedict, one of the most famous Bachelor Apartments in New York, the centre of what is known as New York's Latin Quarter, is the home of the long established University of New York, an imposing castellated building of light gray stone. The standing of the University is well known. In past years it has educated not a few of New York's most distinguished sons. Columbia College, which was founded long before the Revolution, has been much under the influence of the Episcopal Church, while this college has always been largely under Presbyterian control and for many years the noted preacher, Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, was its Chancellor. The old building which shelters it is otherwise historic. For many years the University has not required the use of the whole building, so rooms have been let to artists and literary men who have made themselves famous within its walls. In one of its upper rooms, Morse invented the electric telegraph, and on its roof, Draper made his first solar prints. About its fine old walls Theodore Winthrop, the young novelist whose brilliant career was cut off by the war, wove imperishable romance in his story of "Cecil Dreeme," and here at one time or another have dwelt mysterious old collectors of rare works of art and bric-à-brac, whose treasures when revealed to the gaze of the public have been found as full of strange interest as the collectors themselves. For several years, Frank Fowler, one of America's cleverest young painters, and his wife, Mary B. Odenheimer-Fowler, also a painter of merit, had a large studio here, where they worked and wrote together like two men. Here Roger Riordan, the ingenious and in-

cisive art critic has his head-quarters, while all around are the studios and residences of noted artists such as Richard M. Hunt and Walter Shirlaw, Charles A. Platt and B. F. Porter, and the homes of the old families such as the Schuylers, the Rhinelanders, and the Minturns.

Far above the noise and bustle of the streets—the beautiful Judson Memorial Church with its jewelled cross gleaming out upon the night—the almost completed Washington Arch and all the greenness of Washington Square just below—secure in a high tower of the old building—like an eagle in his eyrie—lives PROFESSOR DANIEL MURRAY, M.A., Ph., D.

It is refreshing in these egotistical days to meet with a man of talent with so small an appreciation of his own merits as Professor Murray. Dr. Murray has been for two and a half years Associate Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of New York. He is remarkably young for so advanced and responsible a position, being only thirty years of age, but that he is eminently qualified for the position which he holds is evident to anyone who inquires into the history of his career up to the present time. Dr. Murray was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1862. In 1884 he entered Dalhousie College, Halifax, remaining there till 1887. During his last two years at this college he held the position of tutor in mathematics. After taking his degree at Dalhousie, Mr. Murray entered the Johns Hopkins University, where he distinguished himself in his three years' course by becoming University Scholar and University Fellow in Mathematics, and enjoying the accompanying emoluments.

In 1890 he applied for the vacant position in the University of New York. Bringing with him strong recommendations from the professors under whom he had worked, his application was successful and he is now permanently settled in the Institution. In the intervals of his collegiate duties, Mr. Murray has been preparing for another mark of distinction. It is only a few weeks since he made a journey to Johns Hopkins to have conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Murray's fellow-countrymen will watch his career with interest and pride. With his extraordinary ability and perseverance there are no limits to his possible rank among the great scientists and mathematicians of the day.

Although MR. ALEXANDER E. SWEET



Alex. R. Sweet.

has been an American for the greater part of his life, his birth in St. John, New Brunswick, and the fact of his connection with and affection for the people and places of his childish days entitle him to a brief notice in this article. He was born in 1841, and left St. John for Texas at an early age. He studied at Carlsruhe, Germany, returning to Texas during the war. He joined the Confederate army, serving in the 33rd Texas Cavalry. After the war he studied law for a time, drifted into journalism and attached himself to the *San Antonio Express*. Subsequently he became associate editor of the *Galveston News*. In 1881 he founded *Texas Siftings*, a flourishing and popular journal *pour rire*, which was removed to New York in 1883.

It is an interesting fact that the late Judge James, Q.C., of Halifax, N.S., was an uncle of Mr. Sweet; everyone remembers the ready wit and fund of anecdote of the Judge, whose nephew has put his humorous faculty to so successful a use.

CRAVEN LANGSWORTH BETTS, poet and journalist, now earning his living by his pen in the great metropolis, is a native of St. John, New Brunswick. His ancestors were uncompromising Loyalists who migrated from Massachusetts to Truro, Nova Scotia, at the time of the Revolution. Mr. Betts' youth was passed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in August, 1879, he left St. John for New York, seeking literary employment. His first poetical contribution to an American periodical was a brochure on the walking

matches of a dozen years ago, which was published in *Puck* and won the special commendation of the editor, Mr. H. C. Bunner. In 1888, Messrs. Stokes & Co., of New York, published his "Songs from Béranger," the only translation of the famous *chansons* in the metre of the original. This work of love has been well spoken of by the American press, and has run through a second edition.

In December, 1891, Mr. Betts published "The Perfume Holder," a Persian love poem, and in 1892 "Tales of a Garrison Town," in conjunction with Mr. Eaton.

"The Perfume Holder" is a dainty bit of poetic workmanship, daintily conceived. The warm breath of eastern winds is there, and it is with a gasp of something like dismay that one finds oneself, after reading the poem, back in the cold work-a-day atmosphere of an unromantic Western world. Mr. Betts is now engaged in the editing of a magazine in Orange, New Jersey, and in the compiling of a poetical anthology. Mr. Betts contributes poems to most of the periodicals of the day. I quote from his "Bonnet Blue," which is really charming:—

The day is done, the gloaming hour
For lover's trysts is near,
And she hath left her turret bower
To meet her cavalier.
She is the daughter of the earl
For whom the counties sue,
And he's a grandson of a churl,
And wears a bonnet blue.

Oh, sweeter is the whispered vow
For what might come between.
No likelier youth than he, I trow,
Was e'er in greenwood seen.
No grace than hers is more divine,
No heart more fond and true;
She lets the lordly suitors pine
To pledge a Bonnet Blue.

She thinks upon her lofty state
And drops a pensive tear;
She looks upon her lowly mate,
And she is s'raight in cheer.
He holds her in his strong embrace,
He plights his troth anew;
She dreads not danger nor disgrace
Beside her Bonnet Blue.

Next morn the bower maidens wait
In vain their mistress' call;
The servers stand with cup and plate,
The vassals throng the hall.
But where is she, the proudest born
The fairest Scotland knew?
She wedded ere the blush of morn
Her dear loved Bonnet Blue.

MR. P. MCARTHUR, who came to New York some three years ago in search of work in the literary world, has already won for himself a reputation, and what is

equally gratifying, a not inconsiderable income. Mr. McArthur was born in Middlesex county, Ontario, in 1866, and for the first twenty years of his life laid the foundation of his vigorous constitution by healthy farm life.

After a brief sojourn at the University of Toronto, Mr. McArthur expended his youthful energies and a fertile imagination on work for *Grip* and the *Toronto Mail*. Previous to his coming to New York in 1890 his articles and verses had been favourably received by the New York press, notably the *Sun*. This gave him expectations which subsequent events have fully justified. It is a well-known fact that in spite of the hundreds of comic newspapers printed all over the United States, the work required to fill the pages of these periodicals is done by five or six men. Mr. McArthur is one of these. His humour is of a varied and delightful type, at times confining itself to *bon mots* and every day witticism, and at others widening into the considerations of social questions or the pathetic side of homely rural life. Mr. McArthur himself thinks less of his humorous faculty than of any other of his attainments. He is a remarkably able versifier and his poetry is familiar to the readers of the *Independent*, *Frank Leslie's*, and other periodicals. His remembrances of life in the woods and all the wonderful sights and sounds of the country, stand him in good stead in his poetical moments.

MR. MCKELLAR is a young man of some promise in both a literary and an artistic way. He was born in Middlesex, Ontario, in 1865, and was educated at Strathroy Collegiate Institute. Shortly after leaving school he became connected with the *Toronto News* and subsequently was assistant editor of the well-known *Saturday Night* of Toronto. In 1891, Mr. McKellar came to New York to study at the Art Students' League, and is rapidly improving his artistic faculty by close application to the study of his profession. In spite of his limited time, Mr. McKellar manages to keep up his literary tastes, besides contributing with pen and pencil to all the leading comic papers; he writes both in prose and verse for many of the well-known city publications.

HERBERT SINCLAIR, the son of the late Judge Sinclair of Hamilton, Ontario, is doing good work in the journalistic field. He has been connected with the *Morning Advertiser* for some time, and has done a good deal of Wall street and general

newspaper work. He has also written most creditably for the magazines, and will probably work his way ere long to the front rank of his profession.

MR. A. M. STEWART, the kindly and gentlemanly editor of the *Scottish-American*, is generally regarded as a Canadian, chiefly, I fancy, because of his charming Canadian wife; Mr. Stewart himself is a thorough Scotchman, by birth and instincts, but his large-hearted interest embraces the careers of all the young writers of his wife's nationality who are resident in New York, and he is always ready to assist them in any way that is in his power.

It struck me, at first, as a very peculiar thing that New Yorkers do not seem to be able to distinguish between Canadians and Englishmen. When one's speech or manner betrays one, the question comes: "You are English, are you not?" And one's reply: "No, I am a Canadian," is always dismissed with "Oh, well, its just the same thing." A Canadian is always "English" in New York.

A rather clever and amusing bit of verse which I came across a few weeks ago depicts very graphically the difference between American preaching and American practice. Here it is:

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN.

"Free trade is British—British things
We are better far without."

Said the brilliant statesman, and then he called
For a bottle of London stout.

"I believe in American names and modes—
Nothing English in this or that;"

And he smiled a supercilious smile
From under his Derby hat.

"Keep out of our ports all British things
With a high protective tax;"

And he wiped his mouth with a linen towel
Woven of Yorkshire flax.

"American styles are good enough,
And the truest taste denote;"

And he thrust his hands deep into the tails
Of his black Prince Albert coat.

After the night's symposium,

When the early dawn had come,

The statesman's friends and the statesman rode
In his Victoria home.

And to all the coachman's queries came
Strange guttural sounds from each,

For the one thing English they'd lost for the time
Was the habit of English speech.

Whatever inconsistencies may be apparent in this connection, they are most palatable ones to us, Canadians. We appreciate most heartily the cordial welcome and kind encouragement that are always accorded us in this great busy, pushing, hard-working city.

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.



ANY of the old country houses in Virginia are built after the plan of those of old England. Huge, great rambling things, which have been added to as one generation succeeded another, till now they are a sort of maze, with corridors and rooms in all sorts of unexpected places. Just such a house was "Tudor Place," the ancestral home of the Kennons, one of the old "first families" of Virginia. Surrounded as it was by its beautiful grounds and park, it was the "shew place" of the county, and besides its many charms of situation, age, etc., it had also the inestimable advantage of possessing a . . . ghost! At least so the tenants and the country folk around said, and there were blood curdling stories of a wicked old woman who had murdered her husband in a fit of ungovernable rage and jealousy, and whose unquiet spirit was seen at certain seasons and who pretty generally confined its appearance to a room on the ground floor in the east wing where it was supposed the wicked deed was done.

Be this as it may, there had certainly been some strange sounds heard from this room, and the negro servants, at all times superstitious, had gone in a body and threatened to leave "unless dat room was closed up," so, as the house was quite large enough without it, Mr. Kennon had locked it, and for years nothing had been thought of the ghost, for, strange to say, when the doors were locked and the room left to the rats, the restless spirit of the dead and gone Mrs. Beverley Kennon, seemed to have altered

its ways. At any rate nothing was heard of her, and I may truly say she was forgotten.

Janet Ramsey had been the governess to the little Kennons for some years. She was the daughter of General Ramsey, who had been the intimate friend of Frank Kennon's father. When young Mrs. Kennon advertised for a governess for her three little girls, among the many replies was one signed "Janet Ramsey," which name so struck Frank that he made enquiries, and soon found that she was indeed the orphan and impoverished daughter of his father's old friend, so he and his wife, sweet Lucy Kennon, went up to Richmond and saw her, and straight-way engaged her and took her back with them to their beautiful country home.

Janet often declared that she was the luckiest girl alive, for she had a good home, a liberal salary, and the kindest, dearest friends in her employers, besides the love of her three little pupils, who were sweet tractable children and would do anything sooner than vex their dear "Miss Ramsey."

Christmas was kept at Tudor Place in the good old fashion. The house was filled with guests, for the Kennon's were rich and their hospitality was widespread. At the time of which I write, there had been a particularly cold snap. The snow had fallen heavily all day, and everything was covered with its white mantle, making, as Frank expressed it, a "proper kind" of Christmas. The big lake in the park was swept clear and a skating party was organized—a moonlight party. Such a thing had never been known in those parts and it afforded the keenest delight to the black servants who stood on the shore watching the fun

and shewing all their white teeth in grinning delight when some luckless skater fell or went struggling frantically over the slippery ice.

At ten o'clock they returned to the house, a laughing, hungry party, and it was while they were at supper that Frank, putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth a letter. There was such a look of consternation on his face as he turned it about in his fingers, that his wife laughingly asked him if it was "his death warrant."

"Lucy, my dear," he said gravely and with a look of pretended terror, "you are such a sweet tempered woman that I am not afraid to tell you I have had this letter in my pocket for nearly a week and forgot all about——"

"Frank," she interrupted, "give it to me, it may have something important in it."

He passed it over to her, and she, after glancing hurriedly at it, looked up in dismay.

"Oh! Frank, just listen! What in the world shall I do? This is from Aunt Addie, and she says:—

"MY DEAR NIECE,—I know that you always have your house full at this season, and so I write ten days before Xmas hoping to be in time to ask you to keep a room for my dear child, Edith, who, I regret to say, is far from well. She seems to have nothing particular the matter, but is exceedingly nervous and very wakeful at night. Fancies she hears and sees things which exist only in her imagination. I am afraid I have kept her too much with me, and my dull society is not good for her, so I sent for Doctor James, who tells me to send her where she will be with gay, bright young people. I immediately thought of you, dear Lucy, knowing full well that Edith will have only brightness and sunshine where you and your dear kind husband are. If I do not hear from you I shall know that it is all right, so Edith will leave here on Tuesday, and will be with you in time for breakfast Wednesday. My love to Frank, and kisses for the little girls, and believe me, my dear niece,

Always your affectionate

AUNT ADDIE."

"By Jove!" said Frank, "to-morrow will be Wednesday, and every room in the house is full! What the d——, ahem, the mischief will we do, my dear?"

"I must telegraph at once," said his wife.

"Too late! Don't you see she has left and will be here tomorrow!"

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Kennon, "It is all your fault. How could you be so careless? I really think you ought to be ashamed of yourself for getting me into such a mess."

Frank struck an attitude and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, behold a hen-pecked man! Please to observe that this unfortunate young lady, who is 'full of fancies,' is none of mine! She is my wife's relation, and yet I am to be lectured and blamed for the whole thing."

"Don't be absurd, Frank, but try and propose something. Make a sensible suggestion. Do, like a good fellow, and stop talking nonsense."

They all laughed at Frank's expression of injured innocence—and each man present offered his room.

Lucy shook her head.

"Won't do," she said. "I have put all the men in the west wing together and I must have Edith near me, so that I can look after her myself, poor girl. You know Aunt Addie has refused her consent to Edith's engagement to a man whom she adores, and who is in every way worthy, only unfortunately he is poor, and poverty is a crime with Aunt Addie. I have been so happy myself in my marriage," with a loving look at her handsome young husband, "that my heart goes out to poor Edith."

Here Janet Ramsey came forward. "Let her take my room Mrs. Kennon," she said gently—"it is next the nursery, and nurse can leave the door open at night, and so she won't feel quite alone."

"My dearest girl, how awfully kind and thoughtful of you—but where will you sleep?"

"If you have no objection, I should like to have the haunted room," was the unexpected reply. "I have long wanted to try it—and see the old lady." Exclamations of horror from the women, of admiration from the men.

"But Janet," broke in Frank. "Aren't you afraid to tackle the ghost? Suppose she throttles you as well as her husband."

"I am willing to risk it," she replied quietly. And so the matter was settled. The door of the long closed room was opened, the blinds thrown back, the servants went to work with a will, but with many a wondering look at the daring girl who proposed to sleep there alone—cut off by a long winding passage from the rest of the household. A big log fire burned in the grate all day, fresh curtains were hung at the deep low windows, the old fashioned four-post bedstead was made up, and looked most inviting with its lavender scented sheets, soft white blankets, and the pretty curtains hung at the head. Altogether it was a most com-



"I should like to have the haunted room."—See page 206.

fortable and charming room so the girl thought, and she laughingly added :

"The ghost who comes here shews her sense of the good things of life."

At eight o'clock the carriage had been sent to the station, two miles from the house, to bring back the expected guest, but had soon returned with the message from the station master that the train had been delayed by the storms and would not be in before ten o'clock.

"Poor Edith," said Mrs. Kennon, "I hope she has plenty of wraps, for those trains are horribly cold. But we won't wait for her," she added, "we might as well have our breakfast." Suddenly Arthur Stanley, one of the young men stopping with them, looked up from his paper and said, "Jingo! this would be a tough customer for a fellow to meet."

"What do you mean," was asked. "Didn't anyone read the papers last night?" "No." "Then listen to this."

NOTICE.

This is to warn the public that there has escaped from my establishment a dangerous lunatic, who is still at large, and I offer a reward of *one hundred dollars* to the person who brings the same back to me. The man managed to elude the vigilance of the keeper, and so far all efforts at finding him have been unavailing. He is about fifty years of age, small, but powerfully built, and is of a particularly vicious dis-

position, and very crafty. He is supposed to be concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Signed. JAMES JOHNSON, M.D.

Superintendent of the County Lunatic Asylum.
Monday, Decr. 20th.

"I say, but that is pleasant for the people who live near the Asylum," exclaimed Charlie Travers, another of the guests. "Where is the place, Kennon?" "That is the worst of it," replied his host: "the Asylum is not only in this county, but is only about three miles from this very house."

"Good heavens," said Mrs. Kennon. "I'll tell nurse not to let the children out of her sight, and to keep them close to the house when they are out of doors."

"I am sure," said one terrified girl, "I hope if I meet the creature, Mr. Stanley will be near. I should die of fright if I were with anyone else."

This speech was received with mock indignation by all the other men present. Arthur Stanley was an athlete, with muscles of iron, and the frightened girl soon explained her meaning to the satisfaction of all present, and so they discussed the matter as they idled away the time over the breakfast table.

"There is one thing I ask as a personal favour," said Mrs. Kennon at last,

"and that is that you won't breathe a word of this to Edith Allison when she comes."

Of course they all gave the required promise and then they went off to their several amusements, some to skate, some to hang over the fire with a novel, some for a walk in the fresh, cold air.

"Please do be careful," admonished Mrs. Kennon, anxiously. "I shall count you all when you come in to lunch to be sure that dreadful man has not murdered any of you," which remark was received by the men with a laugh and by the women with a shudder.

Janet Ramsey went off to the east wing to see that her clothes were all in place, and, as she expressed it, to get used to her new quarters. Then she went to the school-room, which was a large sunny room on the same floor with her new bedroom but separated from it by a long winding hall. She did not feel at all anxious or frightened, believing, as she did, the "ghost" was either rats or the wind howling down the chimney, or perhaps both combined.

By the time the room was all ready on Wednesday afternoon, the sky, which had been slightly overcast all day, became black, and again the snow began to fall. After dinner they got up an impromptu dance, and indeed they were such a merry party that even poor sad little Edith cheered up and joined the dancers, and her soft laugh was often heard during the evening. At eleven o'clock they all separated to their several rooms, all, that is, but two or three young fellows who remained in the billiard room for a game and a smoke before going to bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennon both followed Janet to her new apartment, and Mr. Kennon suggested that she should go to Mrs. Kennon's room for that night and he would sit up all night to be sure things were all right. But Janet laughed at the idea.

"I am not a tiny bit afraid," she declared, "and," pointing to the great luxurious bed, "I am sure I shall sleep like a top, for the dancing and excitement have tired me."

So they bade her good night and left her, Mr. Kennon with the remark that she was the most courageous woman he ever met, and Mrs. Kennon with a warm hug and kiss, and an earnest "God bless you, dear."

CHAPTER II.

The first thing our heroine did, when

left alone, was to make a thorough examination of the room. She looked at the windows; all were securely fastened, and heavy curtains drawn before them to keep the howling wind out, for by this time the storm had become a perfect tempest, the snow had changed to rain, which came dashing against the windows with such force as almost to make her fear that, what with it and the wind, the windows might be broken in. Then she went to a large old fashioned clothes press and peeped in. Nothing there but a few of her modest dresses hanging neatly on the pegs. She closed and locked the doors, feeling that all was safe so far. Then she did what nine out of ten women do, when sleeping in a strange room, looked under the bed! All well. Last of all she went to the door of the room, but to her dismay, found that the lock had become so rusty from long disuse that, though she exerted all her strength, she could not turn the key. After repeated failures, she resigned herself to the inevitable feeling that there was really no danger there, so long as the windows were secured.

She undressed, brushed and plaited her long thick hair, and after sitting before the fire till she was well "toasted" put out the lights, having first piled a supply of logs on the fire, and was about to slip off her white flannel dressing gown before getting into bed, when some unaccountable impulse stopped her.

"I've a great mind to sleep in this," she thought. "The room has not been used for so long it may be damp, and then... who knows what might happen, and I might not have time to put on a dressing gown."

And so she got into the deliciously comfortable bed and soon her soft regular breathing said that she slept.

Suddenly, without any apparent reason, she awoke! So wide awake was she that all her senses were about her. In fact she felt keenly alert, and lay for a moment listening.

"Now," she mused, "what could have waked me? Not the storm, for that seems to have died out! I wonder what time it is? It must be late for the fire has burned so low! I'll just get up and throw on some more logs as the air of the room seems chilly. How glad I am I kept on this dressing gown."

Thinking thus she raised herself on her elbow and was about to spring out of bed, when her attention was attracted by

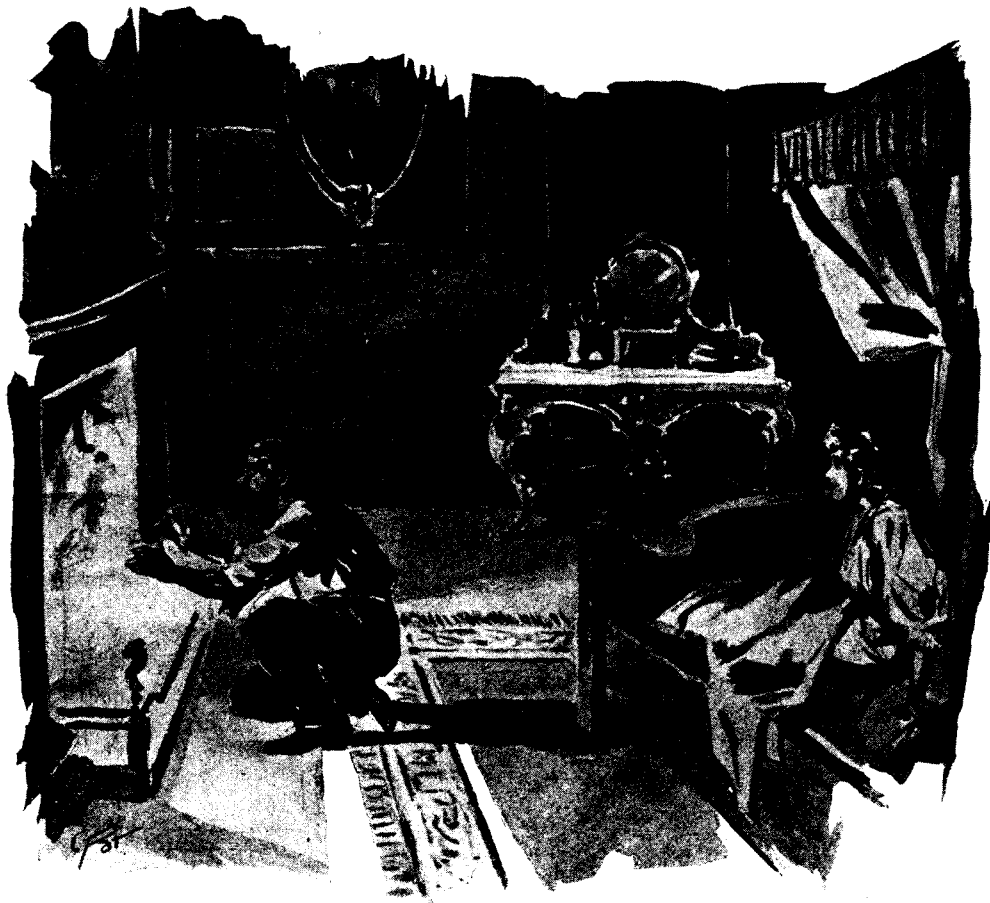
a sound outside the door. Slowly, cautiously it opened, and there entered— Oh! Great heaven! What is this that comes creeping stealthily into the room?

Janet's heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stand still, as she watched with fascinated eyes. What? not a ghost. Surely not. Nothing half so harmless. What she saw was . . . a man, dirty, unshorn, and unshaven, only half clad and wet and shivering, but with the

Stanley had read that morning at breakfast.

How long she lay thus watching the creature, she never knew. It seemed like hours, though probably it was only a few minutes.

The man still bent over the fire, the heat of which caused a steam to rise from his wet garments, which enveloped him in a sort of mist, out of which his moans, varied by an occasional grating laugh, soft but horrible, seemed to come with an



He crept softly to the fire, where he crouched, holding out his claw-like hands to the warmth

expression of a wild beast on his thin, haggard, half-starved face. He crept softly to the fire, where he crouched, holding out his claw-like hands to the warmth, and muttering all the time, queer, inarticulate moans.

Janet remained as she was. She seemed frozen with horror, for her instinct told her that alone, far from help, she was in the power of a madman! This assuredly was the escaped lunatic of whom Arthur

awful distinctness.

After a while he rose up on his feet, and seeing the logs of wood lying beside the grate, he carefully lifted first one and then another, throwing them on the burning embers and apparently enjoying the task and the sight of the myriads of sparks that flew up the great black chimney.

Then he turned and took a survey of the room, slowly and deliberately, till at last

his eye fell on the form of the terrified girl, who was still gazing on him as one transfixed. For an instant he was still, then he advanced to the bed-side. Still she did not move. She seemed paralysed with a deadly fear. Suddenly by a mighty effort she shook off the horrible fascination, and made a slight movement as if to rise. The mad man darted to-

the billiard room at the other end of the long corridor which led to "the haunted" room. Three or four of the young men had adjourned there for a smoke, but had all gone off to their rooms except Arthur Stanley and Charlie Travers, who were still talking over the fire.

At last Travers suggested that they should "go to roost."



"I'll just go to the turn in the corridor."

wards her, and as she saw his long lean arms and thin claw like fingers extended towards her, she uttered one long agonized shriek for help. He clutched her throat with one hand, and as she shrieked a second time, he, with his other hand, dealt her a blow which completely stunned her.

In the meantime we will take a peep in

Stanley looked at his watch.

"See here, Travers," he said, "I can't get that brave little girl out of my head. It is almost three o'clock, and I am going to stop here till daylight."

"What on earth for?" asked sleepy Charlie.

"Well, don't you see, while I don't believe in ghosts or any such rubbish, still

it is a creepy sort of thing for a woman to be alone away from all the sleeping rooms, in a place which for years has been called haunted.

"I see," said Charlie, "but all the same I can't think that our stopping here can do anything to keep off her ghostship."

"You can go," answered Stanley, "but I am going to stop here till after ghost hours."

"All right, I'll stand by you."

The two friends were silent for a while, Travers nodding in his chair, Stanley smoking. Suddenly, the latter said in a whisper: "Hark! Travers, I thought I heard a step."

"Nonsense, old man," replied his friend. "What has come over you? You seem to have the jumps! Perhaps you have smoked too much." Stanley sat back again in his chair, still puffing at his pipe. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Travers," he said, "I have an unaccountable conviction that there is something wrong! I'll just go to the turn in the corridor, and listen near Miss Ramsey's door for a moment, and if all is quiet I'll order you off to bed, old fellow, so don't grumble." He left the room, leaving the door open, and when he came to the "turn" of which he spoke, there at the extreme end of the passage or corridor was Janet's room. But why was the door half open? Stanley saw the bright reflection from the glowing logs and then he *knew* that all was not right. "I'll go close," he thought, "and make sure;" but even as the words left his lips there came from that fire-lit room an awful, agonized cry, shrill and loud, and full of terror, followed immediately by another, which seemed to be suddenly suppressed. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed forward, and pushing open the door, saw *what?*

On the bed a struggling figure, while over it bent a man—a creature, a thing! which was it? Its sinewy fingers clutched firmly, with one hand, the soft white throat of the choking girl, while just as Stanley opened the door, the right hand struck a murderous blow on her defenceless head.

To seize *the thing* from behind, and drag him back, was the work of an instant. He fought desperately, but Stanley had the advantage and he kept it. In a moment Travers was beside him having been pretty thoroughly awakened by that terrified cry. The poor demented crea-

ture was soon overpowered. Travers dragged the heavy quilt from the bed where it lay neatly folded, and between them they managed to roll the maniac in it so tightly that he was for the time helpless. On his right ankle was a chain, small but strong, on seizing which Stanley exclaimed: "Great heavens! what an escape for that poor girl. *This is the escaped lunatic.* Go at once, Travers, and call Mrs. Kennon, Miss Ramsey must be attended to at once! I dare not leave this fellow."

In an incredible short space Mrs. Kennon appeared. Then the three men carried the now perfectly quiet maniac to the billiard room. Frank sent a messenger on horseback to the asylum three miles distant to tell Dr. Johnson of the affair, and in the meantime his kind heart prompted him to care for the wretched, irresponsible creature. They still kept the quilt firmly about him, but they fed him and gave him warm milk to drink, and the way he devoured it all showed that he was half-starved as well as half-frozen. Before very long Dr. Johnson arrived accompanied by an attendant, a strong powerful man, and the madman was taken back to the asylum; but he did not long survive that night's escapade. He had spent one night and two days hiding in barns and outhouses, with nothing to eat. The cold was intense, and he had on no extra clothing, not even his hat. It was supposed that he got into Tudor Place by one of the back entrances, while the inmates were engaged in other parts of the house, and the haunted room being on the ground floor, he had found his way there. Be that as it may, he took a fearful cold from the exposure, which settled on his chest, acute inflammation set in and the poor creature died in a week from the time of his capture.

Now to go back to poor Janet.

Mrs. Kennon had summoned her maid as she came down to the haunted room, and together they worked at the girl, till gradually her senses returned. At first they thought she was dead—all the pretty white laces at her neck were soiled and torn—and about her soft white throat was a livid mark, from the cruel fingers' tight hold. Mrs. Kennon gave a great sigh of thankfulness when she saw the dark eyes open. At first Janet was very nervous and excited, but that was soon past and her own good common sense exerted itself, as soon as she was assured

that her midnight visitor was in safe keeping.

Edith Allison was terribly distressed when she learned that it was through her that Janet had met with such a fearful experience, and insisted that she should share her room (Janet's room) during her stay at Tudor Place. Mrs. Kennon also insisted upon Janet keeping to her bed for a couple of days and in nursing and caring for her, Edith forgot her woes to a great extent, and soon regained her strength both of mind and body.

The first evening that Janet joined the house party in the drawing room, she was the centre of attraction. Her first care was to thank Stanley for his timely help.

"But," she said, "I cannot think how you came to arrive on the spot so opportunely! I'll never forget that to you I owe my life," she added, with a soft upraised glance of her lustrous dark eyes.

To all of which, Stanley, great big strong fellow that he was, could only (to his secret disgust) blush like a girl and stammer a few commonplace remarks.

One day about a week after Janet's recovery from her fright, Mrs. Kennon came into the drawing room, where they were all at five o'clock tea, and handed her ten shining ten dollar gold pieces!

"What is this for," she asked.

"I had a letter this morning from Dr. Johnson, and he sends you that," answered Mrs. Kennon.

"But what is it for?" she asked again.

"It is your reward for finding the escaped lunatic," said he.

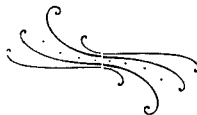
"Maud," said Janet, handing it back to him, "It is not *mine!* I did not find him, it was he who found me."

At this they all laughed; Janet was much put out about it and appealed herself to Dr. Johnson, but that gentleman

insisted that it was hers and hers alone, so in the end she yielded.

"I won't spend a cent of it on myself," she declared, and she kept her word. It was a winter of unusual cold, and there was much suffering among the poor in the neighbourhood. So Janet went about doing good with that hundred dollars, and many a blessing was heaped on her head for distributing coals, or flannels, or food among those who needed them.

All this time it was plain to onlookers that Arthur Stanley was uneasy, and not too happy. Charley Travers looked wise and was full of chaff, which, though it seemed to amuse him, was evidently annoying to his friend, who finally asked him what he meant by his "infernal nonsense," to which question that astute young gentleman, nothing abashed, replied, "Well, you see old fellow, I'm not quite a fool, though you may think so, and after the way you set to work to keep guard over Miss Ramsey on that night (and a precious lucky thing it was for her too, poor girl) I began to smell a rat, and since then, by keeping my eyes open, I have put two and two together and have had no difficulty in finding the result to-be four! See?" Arthur did not see, but presently the state of things began to dawn on Mrs. Kennon, and being a matchmaker at heart, (is there a woman who is not, I wonder?) she took things in her own hands, with the happy result that the next time she filled Tudor Place with her friends—about six months later—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stanley were honored guests, and though they had rooms in the part of the east wing, which bore the evil reputation, still the ghost was never again heard from, and the brightest and most cheerful apartment in the establishment was *The Haunted Room*.
M. TREMAINE.



The North-West Mounted Police.



It had long been the desire of the Canadian Government to colonize its North West Territories, but it was not until the reports of a dreadful massacre of a band of Assiniboine Indians, living on Canadian territory, by a body of lawless characters

ceived because they had never been felt; when the awful sense of loneliness and desolation could not be understood because companionship was an unvalued blessing! We ever live in the dreamland of the future; what wonder then that joyous expectation gilded their Canadian laurel of promise and that the first recruits set out with firm tread and light heart to enter upon a life that, even at its pleasantest, was fraught with discomfort and dangers unknown and unheard of?

living on the banks of the Upper Missouri river, reached the ears of the statesmen at Ottawa, that steps were taken to organize the long-thought-of Mounted Police corps. This was in the fall of 1873, and, on October 1st, the first detachment of fifty men left Ontario for the far west, under command of Major Walsh. This detachment was quickly followed by a corps of fifty men under command of Colonel McLeod and Captain Wincler, and a corps of the same number under command of Captain Young and Captain Carvell.



Major G. M. Walsh, N. W. M. P.

This was little short of twenty years ago, when all the romance of the unknown shrouded the Canadian prairies; when the monotony of flat treeless lands could not be comprehended because it had never been experienced; when the mighty magnitude of distances of hundreds upon hundreds of miles could not be grasped because they had never been travelled; when the biting bitterness of intense cold, and the burning blistering of scorching heat could not be con-

fifty carts comprised the train, and these were drawn part by oxen and part by horses.

It was a memorable journey! The spring rains had softened the frozen ground into a wet spongy substance into which the horses' hoofs sank at every step. Frosty nights followed the hot sunny days, and then the summer drought with its long days of fierce sunshine brought its misery and consequent suffer-

Lower Fort Garry, (known as the old stone hut,) built on the Red River about twenty miles north of Winnipeg, was reached early in the winter, and there the men were sworn in by Acting Commissioner Osborne Smith, and, in the following spring, having joined a second detachment of 150 men at Dufferin under command of Commissioner French, the whole force proceeded westward. Besides the officers and 300 men (in six troops and two gun batteries of field artillery) there were scouts, guides and cart-drivers. One hundred transport wagons and one hundred and



FORT CALGARY IN 1878.

ing. The soggy spring land was now changed into a hard hot highway covered with coarse grass that crackled at every step, and soon blazed up into actual fire. With the sun overhead shining with unabated fury from early in the morning until late at night, prairie fires raging on every side and right in the line of their march, a famine of water added to the misery of the policemen. Although sufficient rain had fallen during the spring to make the prairie uncomfortable for marching over, yet it had been an unusually dry season, and the creeks and springs had dried up. Both the men and the animals suffered tortures from thirst. The oxen drawing the transport wagons and carts were driven forward after the carts were abandoned, fattened as well as they could be from the nourishment obtained from the burnt grass, and then killed for rations; but, even they did not last long and a famine of food as well as water added to the horrors of the journey. The men were put on short rations, and became so weak and ill that the march was delayed.

A shout of joy arose from the ranks when the buffalo country was reached, as here was food in plenty. The huge game wandered at will over the prairie in herds of hundreds upon hundreds, and, from a slight elevation in the land, as far as the eye could reach, the country was black with them. But, by this time the men's clothing and shoes were nearly worn out, and, upon reaching the junction of Bow and Belly Rivers a council of war was held by Colonel French and the other officers at which it was decided that a part of the force should return to Winnipeg, and the Commissioners, after selecting the best horses and detailing D division and part of E division arranged to set out on the return journey. (Major Jarvis had already been detailed with part of A division, for Edmonton, and had separated from the main command at a point west of the Turtle Mountains, and had taken the northern trail for the post in the far north.) C and F divisions, under Colonel McLeod, were to go westward to the Old Man's River, but B division and the remainder of A were to follow Major Jarvis to Edmonton under command of Major Walsh. It was also arranged that Colonel French should first march southward from the Bow and Belly Rivers to the Sweet Grass Hills, (Colonel McLeod's command to accompany him,) and at that point to receive supplies from Fort Benton, furnished by the J. G.

Baker Company. Scouts had, in the meantime, been sent north by Colonel French, and upon their return they reported the impossibility of troops being able to reach Edmonton before the cold weather set in owing to the want of grass, the fires having swept the prairie clear of vegetation. The Colonel then ordered that Major Walsh should form a rear guard and follow him to the Sweet Grass Hills; these hills being so called owing to their formation, being three large buttes like sugar cones rising right up out of the prairie; the 49th parallel or boundary line running directly through the western butte.

After receiving the supplies at Fort Benton, Colonel French moved off with his command towards Winnipeg, and Colonel McLeod, with his own and Major Walsh's command, proceeded westward to the Old Man's River capturing Whoop Up on the march.

Whoop Up was an old fur trading post owned by A. L. Hamilton and John Heeley, two American desperadoes, and some curious tales are told of the life led at the old Post. It was built at the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly rivers and enclosed by a palisade of logs, at the diagonal corners of which were bastions each commanding two sides of the wall. The inside building was about 100 yards long and was divided into sections, each one complete in itself and forming a safe retreat from invaders. Once or twice a year special traders were sent out by, or accompanied by Hamilton and Heeley to this desolate region, bringing with them as much whiskey as they were able to carry. The Post was opened and the Blackfeet Indians gathered from all parts of their territory along the base of the Northern Rockies, bringing with them skins and other treasures to trade off for the firewater. They were allowed into the outside enclosure, and a few at a time, into the first section of the Post building. A keg of whiskey was placed in the second section and a hole drilled in the wall through which to pour the liquor into what ever receptacles the Indians had brought for it,—the payment of skins having been first made. As the keg was emptied it was filled and refilled with water, and when the Indians had neither furs nor other treasures left, they were given enough good whiskey to make them senseless, and were then carried outside the palisade and left to themselves, the walls being firmly barricaded

to prevent them gaining an entrance when they recovered and found themselves with nothing to compensate for the loss of their year's work; and if their indignation rose to too high a pitch, a bullet from the bastion quickly put an end to their complaining. After the Indians had been satisfactorily robbed and disposed of, these so-called fur traders turned to each other for further booty, and gambling, fighting and killing were indulged in until the victors returned to Montana leav-

time the men had to live in dug-outs, cut in the level ground, over which the tents were pitched, and earth thrown up around them to keep the wind out. A supply of cotton-wood timber was in the vicinity, and very soon the trees were cut down and little log huts built—very much as the Indians build their winter dwellings now—by driving logs into the ground and filling the chinks with clay, the roofs being of flat logs laid on straight. By Christmas Day the new quarters were



Inspector Routledge. Vet. Surgeon Burnett. Inspector Macdonell. Inspector Howard.
 Inspector Wilson. Surgeon Jukes. Comr L. W. Herchmer. Supt Gaguon. Supt. Moffat
 Inspector Starnes.

GROUP OF OFFICERS, NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

ing nothing but the wrath of the Indians and the bones of their murdered countrymen behind them.

After taking possession of Whoop Up, Colonel McLeod moved on until he reached that point on the Old Man's River where Fort McLeod was built and still stands; Kipp and Stand Off, two other trading posts—like Whoop Up in character, only smaller in dimensions—having been taken possession of on his further march.

The winter set in early, and, for some

ready for occupation, and true barrack life began. Game was plentiful, sugar and currants were bought at an Indian trading post at from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound, and appetizing messes were made, and the holiday season enjoyed in true Canadian fashion.

On New Year's day (1874) two policemen, Wilson and Baxter, were frozen to death in a blizzard, their sad end casting a gloom over the troops. On February 1st, the first mail arrived, having been sent by way of Fort Benton, and

with it 50 horses sent up by Major Walsh, who, upon his arrival at Fort McLeod, had been sent 200 miles south to winter on the Missouri river taking the stock with him, it being found that there was no hay to be had at Fort McLeod, and the forage of oats was in a reduced state; and there he purchased the 50 native horses and sent them north.

No real trouble was experienced from the Indians at first. The most savage tribe was the Blackfeet, who held the country at the foot of the mountains, and were divided into the Blackfeet Proper, the Bloods and the Peigans. These tribes banded together and raided the country as far south as New Mexico, but they are now under treaty, living on their Reserves. Crowfoot, the chief, was a man of great ability, had a keen sense of honor, and after once making the treaty saw that it was faithfully kept.

The Crees held the whole of the plains, and called themselves the Masters of the Plains.

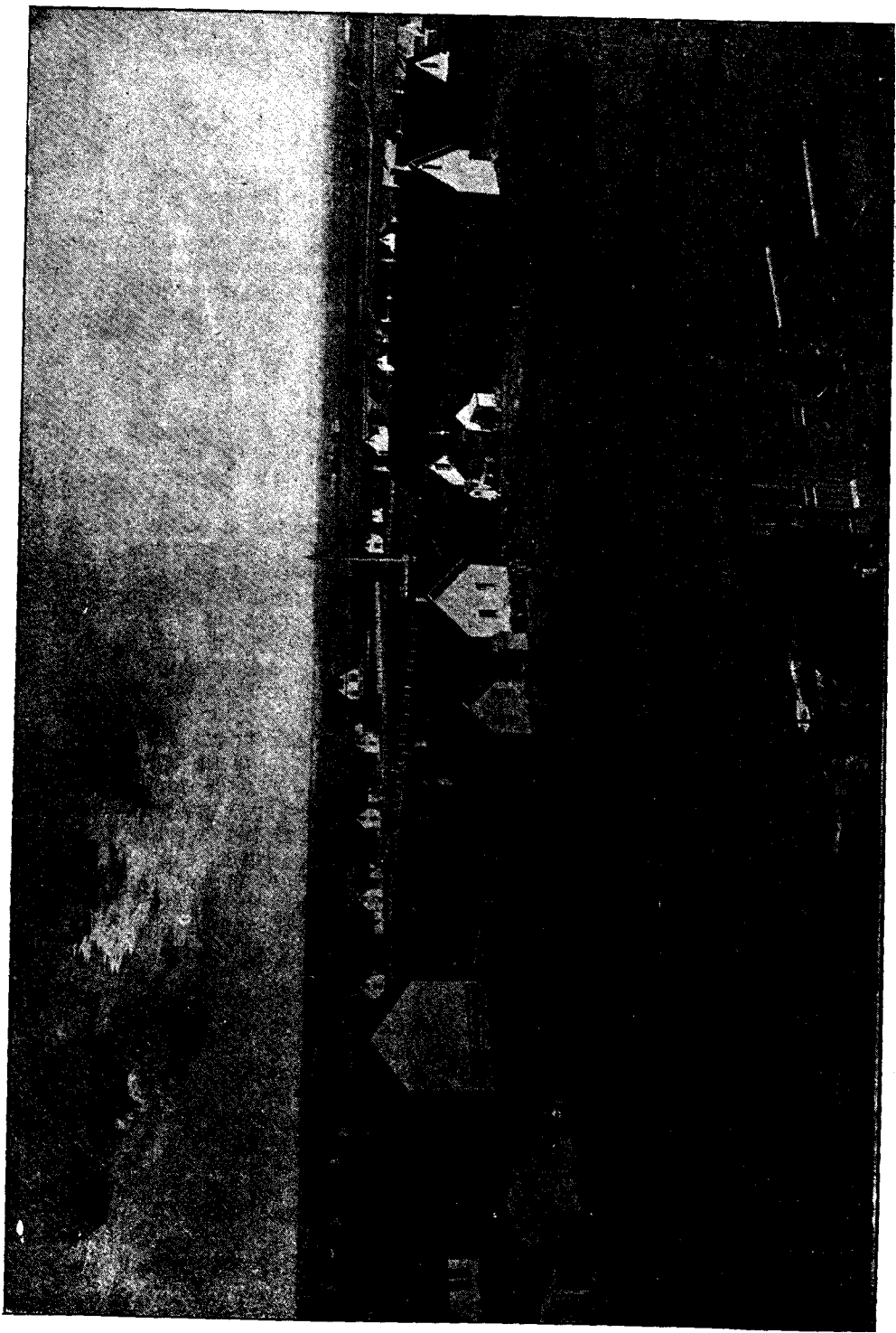
The greatest, bravest and most faithful chief the Southern Crees ever had was Piapot, of whom the following story is told. The Sioux or Mandowessie Indians of Dakota and Minnesota were the enemies of the Southern Crees whose territory lay between the North Saskatchewan River and the American boundary line. The Sioux formed a powerful confederacy and made raids upon the Crees. The young Sioux boy was trained to shoot dexterously with the bow and arrow until he was so perfect that he could sever the heads from the stalks of the flowers in the waving prairie grasses; he was then taken to the chief of the tribe by his mother to learn to be a warrior. Upon one occasion when the Sioux were preparing to go northward to invade the territory of the Southern Crees, a squaw took her twelve-year old boy, who had perfected himself in bow and arrow skill, to the chief of the tribe, asking that he be taught the duties of a warrior in the coming invasion. The boy was taken along, and, about half way between where Winnipeg and Brandon now stands—on the south side of the Assiniboine River—the Cree and Sioux warriors met. The Crees succeeded in beating and driving back the Sioux, and, as they were returning over the ground where the Sioux had fled before them, they picked up the twelve-year-old Sioux boy who had been shot through the body and fallen on the prairie. He was taken

to one of the Cree squaws whose boy had been killed, and was brought up as a Cree. The Cree name for the Sioux was *Pivat*, and *Piapow* meant something with a hole in it, so the boy was called *Piapow-wat*, shortened into Piapot, meaning a Sioux with a hole through him. This Piapot became in time one of the Cree war chiefs, and afterwards the bravest and greatest chief the Southern Crees ever had. He drove the savage Blackfeet back to the foot of the mountains and recounted his deeds in the great pow-wow before all the men of his tribe, and, as he went on, he turned to them from time to time and they stopped their cheers and shouted "How-how! How-how," "it is so," "it is the truth."

An Indian chief dare not, in recounting his deeds, deviate one hairsbreadth from the line of truth, for he has to pow-wow before all the members of his tribe, and should he be guilty of the slightest exaggeration, he is calmly told of his error, and believed in no more.

Another interesting Cree ceremony was told me by one of the Mounted Police officials who witnessed it:

In the spring of 1883 the whole of the Southern Crees assembled among the Cypress Hills and held a religious festival in the four-mile coulee. They were in a condition of abject starvation; the buffalo, which ten years before had wandered at will over the prairie, had disappeared, and the Canadian Government refused to give them food because they would not enter into the treaty. The youths were the first to go without food, then the warriors, but the squaws and young children were fed as long as there was anything to feed them with. An immense lodge in the shape of a semi-hexagon was built of poles with skins hanging between them. All around, like an amphitheatre, were arranged crude seats for the Indians. To the centre pole, which was decorated with scalps, skins and other trophies, were attached long thongs of smooth skin, and, at the end of each thong was a wooden toggle. The youths, who had been in a state of semi-starvation for weeks, were to take part in the Sun Dance in order to propitiate their god and show of what stuff they were made. They were stripped of their few clothes and two incisions were made, one on each side of the breast, about an inch or two inches apart, a knife was run under the skin to loosen it from the body and then the thongs with the wooden



THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS AT REGINA.



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

Sergeants of "D" and "H" Divisions, Macleod, 1890.

toggles were put through, and the youth, leaning back as far as he could from the pole, danced around until the skin broke, and then, if he were not too weak, went up to the pole, and casting his arms around it, prayed to the Great Spirit. One young boy especially, I was told of, danced for over an hour and finally fell down senseless; the skin would not break because some of the muscles had been caught in it, and, after he fell one of the warriors threw a blanket over him, and slipping his knife under the blanket cut him loose and left him to the mercy of the Great Spirit; if he recovered he could enter the ranks of the warriors, if not he was a sacrifice for his people.

Another act of penance was cutting slits in the back of a man and tethering a wild broncho to him. The man must keep on walking no matter what the pony took it into his head to do, and the fearful tugs and strains when the pony stopped to nibble the grass, and its wild caperings when it discovered that it was

being led against its will, told terribly upon the nerves of the penitent, and finally, when it broke away, tearing great holes in his back, neither water, food, nor yet rest could be taken, until prayers had been made and thanks given to the Great Spirit.

These examples will suffice to make you understand something of the endurance of the red man who was lord of the prairie, and into whose midst the Mounted Police were sent to prepare a homeway for the British subject.

Many and dreadful hardships were endured by the officers and men, but constant exposure and suffering hardened them, and they looked only upon the bright side of their life. In the spring of 1875, B division left Fort Macleod in charge of Major Walsh, for Fort Walsh, a palisaded post in the Cypress Hills in the valley of the Battle river within half a mile of the spot where the massacre of the Assiniboine Indians by the lawless band from the Missouri region, had taken

place; and in August of the same year F division, under Captain Gresbach, left for the post where Calgary is now built—840 miles west of Winnipeg—and, from there, went up to meet Major-General Selby Smith.

And then began the trouble with Sitting Bull. A most interesting volume could be written of the life of the police force in those days, but a mere allusion to the facts is all that can now be made.

The Cypress Mountains were considered by the Indians—both Canadian and American—neutral ground, although many tribes laid claim to it and many hard battles were fought between the different tribes in trying to make good their claims; but no tribe was ever sufficiently victorious to secure the right to the disputed territory.

In July of 1875, representatives of the Crees, the Blackfeet, the American Peigans, the American Assiniboines and the Yankton Sioux met in the valley of the Cypress and by the assistance of the Police, made a treaty of peace with each other, which allowed each of the tribes to camp in safety in the mountains. By a strict watch being kept over the country by the Police, this treaty was pretty fully respected by each of the tribes.

It was found necessary after the massacre of U. S. General Custer's command by Sitting Bull, to establish an outpost at Wood Mountain—200 miles east of Fort Walsh—and, for four years afterwards, the territory between those two posts became the most exciting in the whole country. Immediately after the Custer massacre, being pressed by the United States troops, the hostile Sioux commenced to move northward, and, during the winter of '76 and '77 two hundred lodges, under the two chiefs Blackmoon and Little Knife, camped in the mountains. This was the commencement of the migration of the greatest band of warriors that the frontier on either side of the line contained.

Major Walsh commanded and received the surrender of Blackmoon and Little Knife and gave them their first lesson in British law.

In the following spring Sitting Bull retired in front of the United States troops and, crossing the Missouri river, entered British territory, joining the camps of Blackmoon and Little Knife. His surrender was demanded and taken by the same officer, and he was forthwith instructed in the manner in which he was

expected to conduct himself while north of the line and under the protection of the Union Jack. He was forbidden to make incursions into the United States to commit any depredations, but was permitted to retain his arms for the purpose of hunting buffalo to feed his people; but a strict supervision was kept over his camp by the Mounted Police, who were always moving in the neighbourhood of it. It is said that Sitting Bull, as far as it was possible for a man placed under such circumstances to control his tribe, obeyed the law of the country. Young men would at times steal from the camp across to the United States territory and make raids upon Indian tribes and sometimes upon the whites, and carry off their horses, but these animals were invariably recovered by the Police and returned to the United States authorities.

Sitting Bull remained in the country until 1882, when the game became so scarce that he could not feed his people, and he then returned to the United States and surrendered himself to the Government.

In 1877 Colonel French resigned and Colonel McLeod was made Commissioner. In 1880 Colonel McLeod resigned and Colonel Irvine, who had joined the force in 1877 as Assistant Commissioner, was appointed to the position.

In 1882 a recruit was made at the New Fort, Toronto, when 300 men joined, and under the command of Chief Surgeon Jukes, went by rail to Sarnia, by steamer to Duluth, across the prairie to Bismarck, up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, and 115 miles westward to Fort Walsh, the men walking and bull-teams drawing the "prairie schooner," with their huts and provisions. The following spring Fort Walsh was abandoned, and in the same year Major Walsh resigned his Commission.

The headquarters of the force was established near the ranches of Pile 'O Bones Creek, two miles and a half from where Regina, the capital of the North West Territories, now stands, and another post was established at Maple Creek, about two hundred miles further west.

In the spring of 1885 the Riel rebellion broke out; its history and consequences are still so fresh in the minds of all Canadians, that I need do no more than mention it.

In 1886 Colonel Irvine resigned and Commissioner Herchmer was appointed, and still holds the command.

A little longer and the Canadian Pacific Railway stretched its iron arms across the continent, and the great hardships, and many of the pleasures too, of the Mounted Police, were a tale of the past ; and to-day in comparison with the life twenty, ten—even eight years ago, the Barracks are in the centre of civilization and the men know not what hardships mean.

All this has been told me, and much more too, but I hasten to tell of what I saw myself during a brief visit to the headquarters of the force during the month of February, 1893.

* * *

Snow was everywhere ; nothing but snow from Winnipeg to Brandon, from Brandon to Regina, and I suppose, from Regina to the mountains. Those who have never travelled over the prairie in winter cannot imagine the bright-glowing monotony ; hour after hour nothing to be seen but the dazzling white ; the stations are few and far between, the only difference seen at them being a few closely shut houses, a crowd of well muffled figures on the platforms, and the everlasting snow, only of a little dingier shade. Summer travelling is exciting in comparison, for then there are flowers to be seen, wheat fields, occasionally a bluff, and cattle, birds and gophers.

The train arrives at half past four in the morning, but a porter from a near-by hotel is at hand who takes your satchel and guides you to the resting place. Three hours to finish your broken sleep, breakfast, and a telephone message is wafted to the Barracks, and in a short time a policeman arrives with a horse and cutter to drive you out. Snow everywhere again ; it is blowing and drifting and as the wind searches out the little weak spots in your apparel and nips your ears and nose, notwithstanding the covering, you remark that "It is cold," but are instantly assured to the contrary, and that in a tone that permits of no contradiction—so, with that beautiful feeling of faith—the evidence of things not felt, that is the heritage of every adopted son of North West Canada, you shiver in silence until you reach the Barracks which for a mile and a half has appeared as a miniature city rising right out of the snow, compact and square, beginning and ending without introduction or finish:—would that all our towns had no outskirts !

The guard is solemnly pacing up and

down, and that is the only sign of life you see ; but once in the house enjoying the true hospitality of the inmates, to whom five minutes before you were a perfect stranger, you forget the outside world in the warmth and comfort of a glowing fire and big armchair, and feel not a little relieved when you are told that it will be impossible to visit the different points of interest at the Barracks that day on account of the deep snow drifts that have blocked up all the paths, and which the wind refilled as quickly as the men dug them out.

Your first impression of the Barracks and the life led there, is one of pleasing surprise—and this feeling is only enhanced the longer you tarry. You had always supposed that western barrack life would be—well, unconventional, to say the least ; in fact, a rather rough and tumble kind of living ; but no ! You might be in the centre of one of our fairest Canadian cities and not enjoy so much of the comfort of well trained servants, the inward satisfaction of well cooked meals, the leisure to enjoy interesting books and magazines, and the blissful contentment of life without its exacting social and other worries, that the officers' families at the Barracks enjoy. A delightful harmony pervades this big family, and the restful atmosphere gives you a feeling of peaceful contentment ; you live in the present and forget the worries that press hard behind you and into which you will soon be plunged again.

The wind has ceased next morning, and from your window you can see the prisoners busy shovelling the snow from the walks. They appear to be in groups of three or four, each with a guard attached, and you rather wonder at their being so well looked after, for there does not seem to be a place to escape to if they tried—nothing but the barrack-square, and then miles of snow stretching away to the horizon where the slightest speck of black could be detected at once. The sight of this boundless tract gives you such a sense of freedom that a feeling of sorrow arises in your heart for the men who are under the watchful eye of the policeman when at work, and under lock and key when at leisure. Imprisonment does not seem so cruel in a big city, but on the vast prairie it must be terrible.

The houses are all built of wood, the two largest ones being occupied by the Commissioner and the Senior Surgeon of the force. The smaller ones are the



N.W.M.P. MOUNTED BAND, REGINA, 1890.

SANITARY PHOTOGRAPH

portable kind, used so largely by summer campers, and are placed at irregular intervals around the parade square. The men's quarters look like two long rows of houses, and give the place quite a citified appearance.

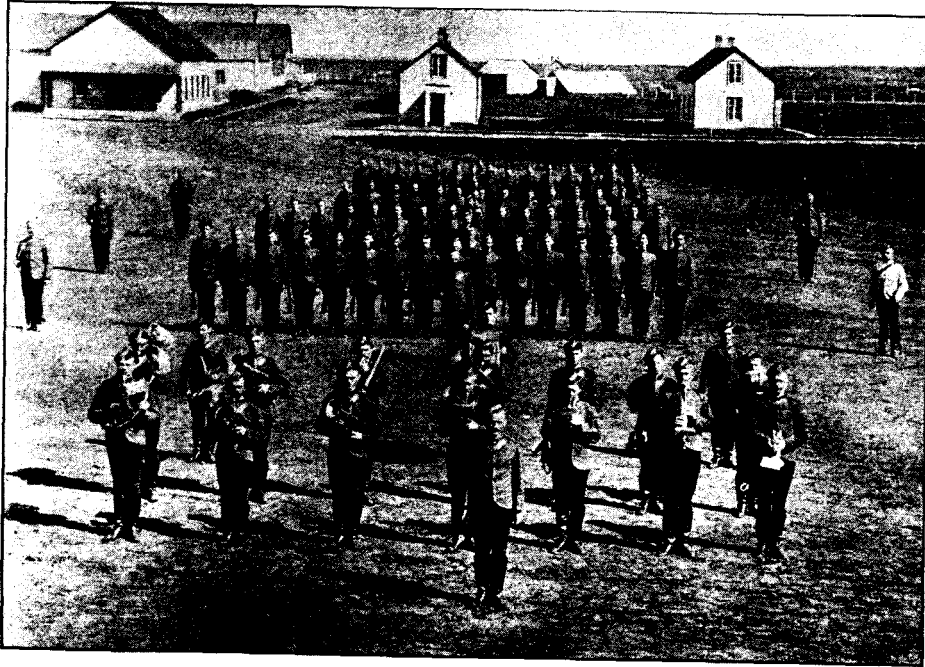
The morning passes quickly, and it is afternoon before you set out to see what there is to be seen, or rather, what you are allowed to see. A policeman is on duty in front of the guard-room, but you pass safely in to see the cell occupied by the famous Louis Riel. It is the first one you come to after leaving the front apartment, an ordinary wooden box-like place a little over six feet long and a trifle more than three feet wide, with a long shelf a foot and a half from the ground which served as bed at night and a table and seat by day. A grating over the door let in a little light from the corridor, and that was the only luxury in it; but crude as it was, it appeared as a palace almost in comparison with some of the dreadful dungeons you had visited, where you had to crawl on your hands and knees to get into a hole where the light never shone, and where earthen floor and rough stone walls invited and guided the dread malaria that lurked within them; but they were not in Canada, nor were they used in our day. And, after the cell has been inspected, you are marshalled solemnly along the corridor, through the prisoners' dining room and kitchen, out of the back door into a little inclosed yard, and there you are told is the spot where Riel was hanged, and are shown the window above where he was let down from, and all the horrible little details that you gladly forget as soon as you leave the place, devotedly hoping that there are no more such men. The Church building and concert hall combined is a welcome relief. Just now it is arranged for a concert with artistic stage fixing and decorations, all the work of the men, and a peep behind the scenes show the remains of a rehearsal in the shape of an unfinished meal. A piano is on the stage, and down in the body of the building is an organ for Sunday use. Across to the big drill shed where the ball in honor of Lord and Lady Stanley was given, and you witness a recruits' riding lesson. It is a fascinating sight, and you would like to spend the rest of the afternoon in the little gallery watching the manœuvres. The floor is soft with straw and in the centre stands the riding master, his whip in his hand, giving his orders in short decided tones.

They are new men, some of them look as if they had never been on horseback before, but the bronchos understand the commands if the men do not. They draw up in line, then go off in single file, in twos, in threes, in fours, then all abreast again, and the men are watched closely, the way they sit, how they handle the rein, the position of their knees and feet, until you feel bewildered yourself and do not wonder at the men not remembering everything at once. A good gymnasium is in this building, and in the recreation hall are books and the different newspapers and magazines for the use of the men.

The canteen is being enlarged, but you pass through the little shop in front and peep into the room behind with its array of "schooners" on the shelf and the little tables around, all ready for the men when the lawful hour to take possession arrives. The men's apartments are as sacred as the club, and you are obliged to be content with a closer outside view, and the assurance that "some of the rooms are fixed up beautifully." But a visit is paid to the house of one of the Sergeant-Majors, where you see a face and form that has been familiar to you since childhood; but it is not a great surprise, for, in this country you are always meeting unexpected people, and bye and bye you take it as a matter of course. This is a cosy little cottage. In the lobby in front is standing a red-coated policeman; you pass him and enter the door into the combination room, and such a pretty place it is with its soft rugs on the floor, its simple, yet effective furniture. A few rare pictures adorn the walls together with Indian relics, trophies of the chase and pretty bric-a-brac. You cannot remember exactly what was in the room, but it was so pretty and so comfortable, and altogether unlike the outside of the shanty. A bedroom and a kitchen were off the narrow hall, at the end of which was a bright screen that did wonders in making an effective background.

You had been promised a peep into the ball-room where the decorations were still hanging after the last week's festivities, but an imposing array of troopers appear in full view when the door is opened, and you forego that pleasure until another time, which, alas, never comes.

There were no policemen lounging about as though time hung heavy upon their hands; wherever they were seen



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.
Foot Parade in Drill order, Regina

they were busy at work. In fact, you learn before you have been in the Barracks long, that downright hard work from the time of the *reveille* at half-past six in the morning until six in the evening there is very little leisure, and those on duty or on guard have no time to themselves even then. The bugle sounds almost continuously throughout the day for one duty after another. The stables have to be attended to three times a day, each man grooming and attending to his own horse and any others that may be consigned to his care; there are foot drills and mounted drills; the grounds have to be kept in order; the clothes in proper condition; and different fatigue duties have to be performed. This is during the early months, but when a policeman has thoroughly mastered these first accomplishments he is sent to guard the country at some other post, where he pursues the horse-thief, detects smuggling, stamps out prairie fires, and does whatever he is called upon to do.

The greater number of the Mounted Police are gentlemen; some belonging to the nobility of England, some sons of

the oldest families in Canada, blue-blooded Scotchmen and aristocratic Irishmen—and, to their honour it may be said, that they work as hard and faithfully as those who are innured to labor from their early childhood.

You hear a great deal about the life, far more indeed than you can remember, and as you bid farewell to the Barracks, and the kind friends you have met there, and are driven by one of the policemen back over the prairie, he tells you that he enjoys the life, and of all the pleasures he has had, forgetting in his enthusiasm the early months of physical and mental suffering when he was a raw recruit. "We are the best fed and the best clothed force in the British Empire" he says proudly, and his appearance corroborates his statement.

Another bright-uniformed gentleman, with spurs on his boots and a sword at his side, sees you safely into the train, and, as it is the midnight hour, you soon seek repose in your berth, and awake next morning in the plain every day world of civilians.

DIXI.



NORA BELL



GOOD-BYE Mr. Graeme ; and we'll expect you to call to-morrow evenin'," and Mrs. Bell beamed her most gracious smile after her departing guest. The smile died out suddenly as we extinguish a light, leaving the lines of an habitual frown on her anxious careworn face.

"It's got to be done ;" she admitted, "and the sooner the better," and she went slowly down through the orchard to an adjoining pasture field, where a tall brilliant looking girl was walking briskly up and down, leading by the mane an ash colored pony.

"Nora," she called shortly, "Do you hear me, Nora?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't be yes'ming me ; stop that foolery, and come here."

"Foolery ! I was just measuring paces with old Sackcloth and admiring the simpleton's mincing gait."

"Simpleton enough if he thought you ever minced matters."

"Well, stepmother, if all you want me for is to scold"—

"But it isn't ! and I wish you wouldn't call me stepmother ; it is very disrespectful."

"Why, no ; quite the contrary ! If I didn't people might think I was your daughter, and clap on a dozen or two extra years—besides"—

"Nora Bell, you *are* the most tantal-

izin' girl I ever seen ! you do aggravate me past everything ! But I have something to tell you ; Norman Graeme has been here to-day."

"You don't say !" said the girl carelessly, "Did he come to give us an invite to a special meetin' to be held over to his place ?"

"You silly thing ! Norman ain't John Graeme, his father."

"That is queer too ! though I do not think that I should ever have really supposed that he was."

"You don't deserve to hear another word," said Mrs. Bell, turning angrily away.

"I expect the wonderful secret will keep," said Nora, leisurely mounting the fence.

Mrs. Bell recollected herself and came back.

"The thing is just this," she said, speaking in low measured tones, "Norman Graeme came here to-day to ask your father if he might pay his addresses to you, for his wife."

"Pay his addresses to me for his wife !" repeated Nora slowly, "I didn't know he had one ; and why"—

"You know what he means," interrupted Mrs. Bell snappishly, "Is there anything wrong about it ?"

"Oh no, it is quite original and charming ; but why did he not ask *me* ?"

"Why, I reckon he will before he gets through !" said Mrs. Bell, rather blankly.

"I wonder if he will be so kind," she said, "What a ridiculous idea anyhow," and leaning against the fence she laughed and laughed again ; till noting the displeasure in Mrs. Bell's face, she added with an assumption of decorum, "I mean would it not be nice ?"

"It is a great deal too nice for you," retorted Mrs. Bell, "For the life of me I can't see where the great fun comes in."

"Don't you think we should make a lovely couple, a perfect Darby and Joan ?"

"He is a fine sight too good for you !" Mrs. Bell said with asperity, "'spose he did spring from common workin' folks ; he's all the better for it. What has your genteel lineage done for any of your

family? Your father is as poor as a beggar this very minute, and all the grit he ever had is gone."

"That is no reason why I should marry Norman Graeme," said Nora more seriously, "and he would never want me to, if he knew"—

"He does know all about it," broke in Mrs. Bell, "and so does every one in the neighbourhood; it has been the talk for a long spell now, how Maurice Bell was goin' to the dogs for all he was worth. But Norman clearly is infatuated, and he thinks you a long ways better girl than you be. It's one of those crases there's no accountin' for! He could have any girl in Crowsfoot for the askin', and Lizzie Gibbs I know, he could have her for the takin'. Real good matches are few and far between; he owns the largest and fertilest farm in the township, to say nothing of the mills—and see too, his splendid buildins', and his fine horses, and carriages and everything, and he wouldn't expect you to work none, he said so."

"Very considerate, I am sure!"

"Then he is grand and noble looking," pursued Mrs. Bell, warming with her theme, "A trifle dark may be, but the handsomest featured man I ever seen, and such fine eyes! he's clever too, and well read; and an excellent speaker your father says; and I do think he has the most melodiestic voice either talking or singin', that could possibly be."

"Oh we will admit that he is a paragon," said Nora.

"Would you be pleased to state what you have agin him?" demanded Mrs. Bell, "he's a little old you think; but thirty-two isn't old, a man ought to be older than his wife; and if your husband didn't have more sense than you, the dear knows what would become of you both!"

"I presume he proves his good sense by this matrimonial scheme of his?" queried the girl with curling lip.

"Not much; but they say as we are all a bit daft; and that's where his wits have gone a wool gatherin', and a fortunate thing it is for you, I can tell you."

"Mrs. Bell, I am not marrying Norman Graeme."

"Stop a bit!" cried Mrs. Bell, menacingly, "you may as well just know how things be with us! this week John Gibbs will take every hoof off the place, exceptin' old Rowan; 'n the the crops are condemned before they're reaped; every smitch of

them, excepting the fruit and the garden stuff. The mortgage will be out in the spring, and the man as holds it is just achin' to get a holt of the place—there you have the whole lay out. Young Graeme has offered your father a good easy position as bookkeeper at the mills, that is our one chance for a livin'; offend the man and it'll be no trouble at all for him to get a better clerk then your father'll begin to be. But there ain't no use a talkin', the Bells are all a stiff-necked race, and you of course will do as you please, no matter who suffers the consequence." And the indignant woman went back to the house.

Nora Bell's eighteen years of life had been spent mostly with her maternal grandmother. The old lady had been a beauty in her day, and had been proud of her grandchild, because she fondly imagined she was the exact counterpart of what she herself had been, half a century previously. Late in life she had contracted a second marriage, with a wealthy widower who had left her well provided for.

Grandmamma Lee was a worldly-minded, utterly selfish woman, with that mild, smiling self-approbation, which not unfrequently passes for amiability. She had not an idea, or desire, that went outside of her own personal comfort; even her affection for Nora was of the same interested character: her girlish beauty pleased and gratified her, while her gay flow of spirits suited a certain frivolity in her own. Not what was for the child's good, but what was agreeable to herself, was the main consideration always. Nora was humored, because it would have been troublesome to have curbed so strong a will; and disliking herself any kind of study, or serious reading, the girl's education was sorely neglected. The life they lived was pleasant enough, and singularly free from care, but one ill calculated to fit the young girl for anything but the butterfly existence she was accustomed to. Quite unexpectedly one day, the lively tempered old lady died, and Nora was left not a fortune, as had been supposed, but a few trinkets and a well stocked wardrobe—nothing more.

That was two months ago; and the change to her father's house had been anything but what she could have desired. Thoughtless as she was, she had begun to suspect, rather than understand, the overwhelming financial difficulties, so that that part of Mrs. Bell's communication



"She stood and pondered moodily"

was not quite a bombshell; but the alternative so coolly presented, startled her not a little.

Leaning with her arms crossed on the fence she stood and pondered moodily, trying in vain to find a reasonable solution of the difficulty. Her own ignorance, and helplessness, were absolutely appalling. She had made brave resolves ere now, as to what she was going to learn, but she had found it very hard to try and do things with her lynx-eyed, sharp-tongued stepmother looking superciliously on. Making a swift mental inventory of her list of accomplishments, she laughed to herself a little bitterly. What could she do? Make delectable tea and toast, sing every tune she had ever heard, and bring rare music out of the battered old piano, although unable to read a single note from a printed page; also she had an artistic taste in the manufacture of old ladies' head dresses. What else? Nothing! nothing! nothing! Unique abilities by which to earn three people's bread and butter.

"How provokingly stupid," she said

almost fiercely, rousing at length from her unprofitable musings. "At any rate I will tell this enterprising modern Cœlebs, who is just such a sanctimonious nuisance as the classical prig who went in search of a wife, that I don't care a button for him, and dislike his style unutterably, and that the only reason my esteemed parents have for encouraging his romantic wooing is, that they see no other way of escaping the poorhouse. The presumptuous ninny; what right had he to go chaffering on such a theme with the stern step-parent. If he really has the hardihood to come mooning around here I'll teach him a lesson or two."

But despite these heroic resolutions, in the presence of Norman Graeme Nora felt oddly shy and constrained, so much so, that the daring lover had things very much his own way. He came frequently and stayed long, and without any great demonstration of feeling, still took everything for granted with a cool assurance, against which the wayward girl constantly chafed. She detested him, she told herself vehemently, but for all that, there was a subduing power in his superb dark eyes, which in some inscrutable way held her wild spirit and her secret rebellion alike in check, and made her as demure, through his periodical visitations, as a properly conducted young maiden might be supposed to be. He seemed to be calmly exultant over the progress of his suit; while Mrs. Bell for a marvel ceased ragging and fuming, and used all her blundering influence and ingenuity to bring matters to a speedy issue.

"Do try a piece of pie, Mr. Graeme," she would urge cheerfully. "Nora *does* have the best luck makin' pie always;" or, "Have a slice of this cake Mr. Graeme, I declare to goodness that Nora wasn't five minutes a mixin' of it, and it's as light as foam for all;" or she would say, "Don't you think my bonnet is real becomin', Mr. Graeme? Nora has just been makin' of it over, and I must say its lots prettier than when I bought it right out of the shop;" so she would expatiate, unmindful of the girl's scornful eyes.

"I wish you would not make us both look so foolish," Nora broke out impatiently one day. "What is the use of telling such a string of fibs every time he

puts his foot inside the door; I have tried to contradict you a dozen times, but the miserable fellow seems to have the evil eye; he positively paralyses me."

"I'm thankful he does," said Mrs. Bell; "if he didn't you'd shock him till he'd never get over it."

"I wish I could shock him, he tries me to death; I feel convinced that if I were his wife, I should be ready to be *funeralled* in less than a month."

"Only be his wife, and we will bear with whatever comes later," said Mrs. Bell *soto voce*, as Nora left the room. Poor woman, she was anxious to see her hope fulfilled. Norman Graeme was generous and open-handed, the foremost in every charity and good work. It was not by grinding the faces of the poor, that the Graemes, father and son, had amassed wealth, and gained influence. Once married to Nora, and Norman must of necessity assume her responsibilities. Her dream for herself was not a very ambitious one; a cosy little home, with the ordinary comforts of life, and with no nightmare of debt and ruin haunting her perpetually—that was the sum total; but to her it seemed a veritable Eden of bliss. That the young man was living in a fool's Paradise she did not doubt, or care, so long as the fatal leap was made before his eyes were opened.

Young Graeme was descended from Scottish Covenanters, and a little of their narrowness and sternness was curiously wrought with many noble qualities. He had absolute ideas regarding feminine propriety and purity, and could not tolerate the slightest divergence.

Secretly, Nora had resented the fact that her lover's fine equipage was never put into requisition, excepting to take Mrs. Bell and herself to divine service, or to some church tea or sociable. She had not been brought up that way. Truth to tell, she was in most respects a very worldly little sinner, fond of dancing and balls, an adept at cards, and fairly reveling in theatre and opera-going. To be bound for life to a man of Graeme's strong convictions and iron will was not a pleasing prospect for the light-hearted wilful girl. In his absence she was indignant at her own "imbecile weakness" as she witheringly termed it, and often mentally vowed astonishing revelations; but his presence invariably cast the same quieting spell upon her. It was as though she was partly benumbed, she even dreaded that when the appointed moment came

for him in due form to go through the ceremony of declaring his love, that instead of freeing herself, she would yield an insane compliance to his wishes.

"Nora?" Mrs. Bell thrust a disturbed countenance into the sitting room where her stepdaughter at the piano was recklessly dashing off the very naughtiest songs she knew, in revenge for having had to play hymns and psalms all the previous evening.

"What is it?" she asked coldly.

"See this umbrél, 'taint mine, I must have forgot that I hadn't one yesterday, and run off with Sary Gibbs."

"Then let Sary Gibbs look after it."

"But she won't, she'll just talk real spiteful. that's what she'll do, and be mightily tickled to have somethin' to gab about! They were awful mad at what I said about them cheating your father out of fifty dollars over them cattle, but it was the plain truth! It isn't by simple butcherin' and fair dealing that John Gibbs made his money, now I tell you! It would most kill me to have to take that umbrél back, but some one must do it. Sary and her daughter are goin' away somewhere for a visit, she was makin' quite a parade about her new silk velvet cloak, and her Lizzie's fine dresses. It made me sick to listen to her! Now Nora, be a good girl for once, and take that ugly thing back where it belongs to."

Rather reluctantly Nora assented, and she was soon ready for her walk.

Her flurry over, and the despised Gibbs umbrella out of her sight, Mrs. Bell began to doubt the wisdom of sending her step-daughter on such an errand; she had good reason for supposing Lizzie Gibbs to be rancorously jealous, and even her brother Dick, a short, stout, florid youth, who, on Nora's first return home, had shown her some little attentions, had of late exhibited a very surly humour, as though resenting the position Graeme had assumed. She remembered also, when it was too late, that she had been promised some rare bulbs for winter bloom, from the Graeme conservatory; and as the young man never neglected any opportunity for coming, he would be sure to make his appearance in due time. The cold sweat broke over her as she thought of Nora and Dick, both of them in the most rampageously high spirits, bursting unceremoniously in upon the waiting lover, as he sat talking politics and church matters with Mr. Bell. Suddenly a bright idea struck her; old Abner

Smith was working in the woodshed, she would send him to the mills with a letter for Graeme. Mrs. Bell, as she was proud of boasting, had never been a day to school; she had learned to read however, and could write a fair hand, but the rules of orthography were as Greek to her. She had some slight misgivings, but finally with much labored effort she compiled the following missive:—

“at Home 15 september
dere mister graeme

please dont cal to our hous tonite as dere mama has a bad Hedake and i shal bee bussy al evening bathin her brow with cam-fire and ime so sorry If yude come to tee friday we shud all fele most delited yurs to command nora bell”——

“I’m not quite sure about the capitals and things,” she said to herself a little dubiously, “but it looks pretty and even, and sounds all right, I guess it’ll pass.”

And folding it up neatly, she dispatched it.

Nora found the Gibbs in a great bustle of preparation, and, contrary to her expectation, she received a very cordial welcome all round. Lizzie carried her off to admire her array of new suits, several of which she insisted on trying on, to show their elaborations to their finest effect; and when at last they came down stairs, tea was ready, and Nora found it impossible to get away.

The whole Gibbs family were, from some cause, in a state of uproarious good humour, and they joked and laughed; while a light rain began to fall, and the shades of evening gathered ere Nora was aware.

“The rain will soon let up, and the moon will rise presently,” Mrs. Gibbs said cheerfully, and much to her annoyance Nora was obliged to wait.

Soon lamps were lit, and more to escape from Dick than anything else, Nora consented to take a hand in a game of euchre. Dick claimed her for partner, and Lizzie played with her father, and the two men threw down small stakes against each other, to the great amazement of Mrs. Gibbs and her daughter.

Nora, however, did not enjoy the game. In the strict Methodist community of Crowsfoot card playing was held to be an abomination; Satan’s own device for luring unwary souls to perdition. The room they were in faced the public road, and the shades had not been drawn over its two large windows. To sit there in the glaring light of the chandelier, flaunting their evil doings in the eyes of scand-

alized passers by, was more than she had bargained for; and yet she wondered uneasily, if there was any more real harm in open bravado, than in secret indulgence. She had heard that the Gibbs gloried in setting public opinion at naught; but she was far from comfortable in her share of the matter.

“Why Nora!” Dick fairly yelled, “Throw away the right bower like that! ‘Goodness sakes! isn’t clubs trumps?’”

“I told you I was forgetting how to play,” said Nora, laying down her cards, “your mother will”——

“Forgotten how to play!” he growled, “Have you forgotten your name, say?”

“Oh no!” said Nora airily, “They call me Nora, people do, and grandma called me Flora, but mother says, and father too, it’s properest Leonora.”

This sally was greeted with a general outburst of laughter.

“You’ll do my dear,” said Mrs. Gibbs from the sideboard, where she was jingling among the glasses. She filled a tumbler from a steaming jug, and brought it to Nora.

“Hot stuff!” she said smiling, “drink it, every drop.”

Nora lifted it to her lips, but at the first sip set it down again.

“Ma’s own genuine brew of cocktails doncher kno,” said Dick, his good humor restored, and he tossed off his own glass, and winked at his father. “Drink, pretty creature drink!” said Nora mischievously, and with swift dexterity she emptied the contents of her glass into his.

“A challenge, Dick!” laughed his sister, “she dares you to make her drink it.”

The young man sprang up and made a wild dive after Nora, who had retreated behind Mr. Gibbs’ chair.

Everyone clapped and applauded, but Nora eluded his extended arms; and escaping into the hall, made her exit by the back door, while he was fumbling about the front one.

Out into the misty moonlight she fled with flying feet, yet at the orchard fence her pursuer overtook her, seizing her by the arm.

“Keep your hands to yourself sir,” she cried indignantly.

“Not much, you bet,” he panted; “you are goin’ back for another cocktail, if I have to carry you.”

“Release me, I tell you!” she commanded.

"Never a time! You've got to pay the forfeit, a kiss for every dime you made me lose at poker."

"Let me go or I'll kill you," said Nora fiercely.

Dick's answer was a roar of merriment, which ended in a howl of pain, as he reeled backwards under the force of a tremendous blow, the fingers which had clutched her arm at the same time loosing spasmodically.

He recovered himself, however, and came forward shaking his fist, and swearing frantically at the tall dark figure, which had suddenly appeared out of the hazy shadows.

"I'll—I'll—I'll teach you to—to come out my father's place with your airs," he blustered.

"If you do not want a good thrashing on the spot, shut your mouth, and go

home," said Norman Graeme peremptorily.

And without another word Dick slunk away.

Nora was trembling from head to foot; dim as was the light, she could see that Norman's face was dark with suppressed passion.

He did not speak, neither did he offer her any assistance further than removing the high top rail, so that she could climb over the fence; and so side by side through wide stubble fields, across endless meadows and pasture lands they walked on, and on, in unbroken silence. He let down a rail here and there, and opened bars and gates, but their hands never touched. He would not talk, and she dared not, for fear of betraying her trepidation.

It was a weary march, and one not to



"And so side by side...they walked on, and on, in unbroken silence."

be soon forgotten; but despite all the anger and mortification throbbing in Nora's heart, and also the firm conviction that this, their first long walk together, would also be their last, a strange fascination mingled with it all, the recollection of which, ever after, invested a still misty moonlight with a romantic glamour. At the garden gate he paused a moment after letting her pass through.

"I am afraid you will have taken cold," he said, but in a voice so stern she hardly knew it. "I did not observe before, that you were without your hat and cloak."

"I am a little chilly," she returned. "Will you come in?"

"No," he said curtly, and turning on his heel, strode away.

Nora lingered where he had left her, a vague misery half strangling her. "Why should she care," she asked herself mockingly. Yet she watched the magnificent figure of her incensed lover till it was swallowed up in the semi-obscurity.

* * * *

"I wonder what has happened Norman Graeme?" Mrs. Bell remarked a couple of days later.

Nora, sewing a rent in her slipper, made no reply.

"I believe I'll have a tea-party and ask him to it," pursued the elder lady. "It'll be my birthday to-morrow."

"It is not a month since your last one," Nora objected.

"That was a mistake as I was noticin' Sunday, when I was reading the Bible. You will go to the mills Nora, and ask Mr. Graeme."

"If Mr. Graeme does not want to come, he can stay at home," said Nora shortly.

"Can, eh!" said Mrs. Bell suspiciously. "Have you seen him since he was here Wen'sday?"

"Yes," said Nora calmly, and as briefly as she well could she related what had transpired.

Mrs. Bell wrung her hands.

"And he's passed there, on his way to prayer meetin' and seen you monkeyin' with them cards," she groaned in anguish of spirit; "and gamblin' too, and foolin' round with that Dick, and drinkin' cocktails; good laud! you do beat all! and him one of those kind of strict livin' men as can't make no allowance, nor anythin'. But he was fond of you though, most awful fond! What the dickens possessed

you to let him go off in a rage anyway? holdin' of yourself as proud as Lucifer! If you'd acted like any other girl would, cried a little pitiful, and said how sorry you was, and that it was all the fault of them Gibbs, and that you never encouraged Dick none, nor wanted him around, I do believe that he'd have knuckled right in."

"You see, stepmother, I didn't have time to think of all that."

"Not time," said Mrs. Bell distractedly; "and most two mile to come."

"Here he is now," said Nora in a low voice; "and father is in the buggy with him, and he cannot hold his head up—something terrible must have happened!" And forgetting all else she ran out to the vehicle, from which Graeme was assisting a limp dripping figure to alight.

Mrs. Bell's more experienced eye took in the situation at once.

"Drunk as a fiddler," she said vindictively. Nora helping to guide her father's uncertain footsteps, turned very pale, but she did not release her hold till they reached the lounge, upon which he sank a helpless heap.

"Mr. Bell has not been at the mills to-day" said the young man in a dry, business-like tone. "I found him in the mill race where he must have fallen; he was struggling feebly, but I had a time getting him out. You had better get him to bed. I presume I may as well pay *you* Mrs. Bell, for I shall not require his services further."

Mrs. Bell glared first at her husband, then at Graeme, deliberately counting out the quarter's salary, scarcely half of which was due, then she laughed shrilly.

"Bother the money," she said with assumed playfulness. "Put it up this minute, and let us have no more of your nonsense. Mr. Bell has had another slip, but it's the first in more nor a year; you shouldn't be so easily discouraged. I'm glad you've come, Nora was just goin' over to invite you to tea."

"Thank you," he said coldly; "I have no time."

"To-morrow then," she said persuasively. "Just suit your own convenience, and it will be right for me and Nora."

"No, madame," he said decidedly. "Neither to-night nor to-morrow, nor any other time."

Mrs. Bell's small black eyes fairly blazed with anger.

"Will you be kind enough to explain yourself, my fine gentleman?" she exclaimed, all her suavity gone.

"Explain!" he repeated.

"Yes, even explain," she shrieked "you came here palaverin', and pretendin' you wanted to marry Nora the worst way; and here, after danglin' around a spell, and settin' the whole neighbourhood a'talkin, you want to sneak out of it like this!"

"I am unspeakably thankful that I have found out just what sort of a girl your daughter is, before committing a mistake that must have blighted my life!" Graeme spoke with stern emphasis.

"And what sort of a girl is she, pray?" Mrs. Bell demanded.

"An ignorant, false, unwomanly, immodest flirt," began Graeme hotly.

Mrs. Bell's wrathful retaliation drowned the rest of his seething summary. The game was lost; she saw that as plainly as Nora had done, and with far greater insight into ultimate consequences; and all the splenetic humors of her nature boiled over in torrents of abusive speech; Nora's passionate protests only maddened her the more. The tired, hardworking, disappointed woman saw stretching before her, a long, wretched poverty-stricken future, and she was literally beside herself; all that she had ever heard at all derogatory to the Graemes, and much beside, was flung with venomous fury at the young man, who had coolly paused on the threshold to listen, while Nora, unable to stem the tide, and, angry alike at both, fled the stormy scene.

CHAPTER II.

They were dark days which followed. Mr. Bell's dip in the water resulted in an attack of rheumatism; and Mrs. Bell's ungovernable fury was paid for by nervous prostration and weeks of semi-invalidism. Nora's inexperienced hands were full. It was no light task to take charge of two peevish, almost helpless people, and humor their sick and perverse fancies. Then she had to hunt the straying cow all over the neglected place; see after a couple of broods of late chickens; and garner in the products of the garden and orchard. It was the sight of the apples she had gathered into vast heaps, that at length aroused Mrs. Bell to action, and an interest in life.

"We can't team 'em to market," she said dolefully, "and the buyers don't never come this far out of their beat, there's nothin' for it but to dry or waste 'em" and forthwith she went to work with all her old-time energy. So the

autumn glory came and went; and the short dark days, and dreary skies of November, came also and passed. Mr. Bell was about again, and could walk slowly from room to room; but all the spirit seemed to have gone out of the man; he would lie on the lounge speechless for hours at a time, his drooping lids closing out the world, whose troubles had grown overwhelming.

Coming from the barn one cold evening Nora nearly ran over a little old woman hobbling painfully on to the kitchen stoop.

Mrs. Bell heard the noise and opened the door sharply.

"You great, awkward thing!" she snapped, "'spose you've gone and spilled the milk? Sakes alive! What's this?"

"I want to go to John's," said the old lady tremulously.

"I'm sure you're welcome to go to John's," said Mrs. Bell sourly, "What is she here for, Nora?"

"I do not know! ask her!"

"Ask her! Why she's as deaf as a post, and lunny besides; she's Lizzy Gibb's Aunt Lucindy."

"Is she!" said Nora regarding the intruder cautiously; she had heard funny stories about Aunt Lucindy. "What could have brought her so far!"

"One of their usual tiffs, I reckon," said Mrs. Bell.

"I want to go to John's," reiterated the old lady, with a low moan, "I'm so cold; so deadly cold!"

"Serves you right for fidging around at this time of night; you must get right straight back, I won't have you here!" Mrs. Bell screamed each word into Aunt Lucindy's ear.

"It's so late!" Nora remonstrated, "she would freeze."

"You're always interferin' when you ain't no call," said Mrs. Bell angrily; "You can do what you like about it, but she aint coming' under my roof, she nor no other Gibbs!" and she went back into the warm kitchen banging the door after her.

Aunt Lucindy burst into a fit of sobbing, huddling in a tiny heap on the steps, as though her limbs refused her further support. There is nothing in the wide world more pathetic than the tears of the old. A sob rose in Nora's throat.

"Don't cry, dear!" she said, putting her strong young arms about her, quite forgetting her deafness.

"My feet ache! ache! they make my heart stop beating," wailed the forlorn

little soul, nestling close to her. "I can't find the road to John's, it's such a long ways!"

"Never mind!" comforted the girl, and she half led, and half carried her round the house to the west wing, once used as a parlour, but now it was quite empty; having been used as a store room even its two low windows were bare, while its open fireplace yawned black and cavernous. She had to leave the old lady crouched on the floor, in the cold and darkness, while she brought wood and kindling; but she soon had her in a splint rocker, before a warm blazing fire.

"Why your poor feet are like stones," she said, as she gently drew off the thin boots and clocked silk stockings, and she began softly chafing them; while tears of pain and weakness chased each other down the white troubled face of Aunt Lucindy.

Peppermint tea had been her grand-mamma's unfailing specific for chills and cold. Quickly as she could, Nora made a generous supply, and with little difficulty coaxed draught after draught down the shivering woman's throat, till the shuddering tremors had given place to copious perspiration.

"I should think the Gibbs would hunt her up, even though it is a cold dark night," she thought, as she went after a time to prepare tea—but the hours wore slowly on, without bringing any one to ask for Aunt Lucindy.

Despite Mrs. Bell's protests, Nora brought down her own downy bed, and got the weary wanderer into it. Then wrapped in a buffalo robe beside the fire, she half watched, half slept the long, stormy night through. It was the first snow of the season, and morning showed a wintry waste, across which a heavy north wind was sweeping. Nora went to the woodpile in search of a large back log for the fire was nearly blown away. Mrs. Bell entered just as she was depositing her log upon the fire.

"My! but you've hit it at last!" she said derisively, "turned into a hewer of wood—but I s'pose it suits your fine taste exactly—how's the old woman?"

"I think she must be ill, she seems so dull and stupid."

"Dull and stoop'd, good grief! I wonder if she was ever anythin' else?"

"If I went over to Gibbs to tell them, it is not a fit day for them to take her home," said Nora in a low voice.

"Well, they could come and 'tend her;

couldn't they?" she snapped, "Mercy!" she exclaimed, in an altered voice, after peering into the white face on the pillow, "but she aint Lucindy, after all!"

"Who is she then?" asked Nora, startled.

"You tell! she don't belong to Crows-foot! Can't you see for yourself that she ain't Lucindy?"

"I never saw Lucinda Gibbs," said Nora soberly.

"And you don't see her now neither! A nice piece of business, taking in no one knows who to die on our hands like as not! Nora Bell you are the most unluckiest girl I ever saw!"

"I have an idea, Nora!" Mrs. Bell said, coming into the sick chamber abruptly, a few hours later. She stopped when half across the floor and stared blankly about her. Nora had brought everything from her own room, and transformed the bare cheerless apartment into a lady's bower, at once pretty and cosy.

"Bless us!" she gasped, "do you expect she'll prove to be the Queen?"

"Hardly!" said Nora, piling pine knots on the glowing fire, "but she is one of the Queen's subjects, and like her a widow; I have read that our Royal Lady is very kind to"—

"Fiddlesticks!" broke in Mrs. Bell, "aint kind to the likes of her! how do you know she's a widow?"

"She wears a mourning ring along with her wedding ring, see!"

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Bell, "I have quite a different theory—it's my belief that she's a Mormon."

"A what?"

"I said a *Mormon*. Ther's been some of that holy sec' in the neighbourhood of late I've been told; a couple of elders, and several elect weemen' and they've been preachin' and speakin' with tongues, and layin' on of hands; bamboozlin' the folks with such trumpery. They're gone now and this infirm critter has been left in the lurch, you may depend. Here you!" she continued harshly, bending over the bed. "Ain't you a Mormon auntie?"

"Yes ma'am," whispered the invalid looking up apprehensively into the lowering face above her.

"And what brought you here, you miserable fraud?" pursued her tormentor.

The sick woman covered her face with her hands, and began crying hysterically.

"How can you be so cruel?" Nora remonstrated.

"Cruel indeed! your tenderheartedness has got us into a pretty pickle!" said Mrs. Bell shortly, and she went off in high dudgeon.

Several days of intense cold succeeded each other. None came to inquire for the unwelcome guest, and she volunteered no information regarding herself; in truth she said very little, and seemed well content to be cared for and nursed back to health by Nora.

Four days had passed, a mellow twilight was falling, and in the west the glory of the setting sun still lingered. The weather had so moderated, that the bright fire on the wide hearth had made the room rather too warm for the invalid, who was sitting in the rocking chair wrapped in blankets, and Nora had set the outside door wide open. She was boiling a quail and making a piece of toast. Suddenly Mrs. Bell appeared on the threshold, attracted, it might be, by the savory odor.

"You're a nice one!" she said, shaking the snow from her skirts, "that's what you was shootin' eh? Your poor father might starve before you'd put yourself about to shoot him a plump partridge, to say nothin' of me and yourself, who haven't tasted fish, flesh, nor fowl for weeks."

"Come in, stepmother, and shut the door," said Nora, lifting a brilliant face from her task.

"I shant come in; but it does pester me to see you coddlin' that old thing so out of all reason."

"Don't scold, mother," entreated the girl, "see here are two more plump partridges. I am going to cook them, one for father, and one for you, if you will only have a few minutes' patience."

"Patient!" she groaned. "How can I be patient. Here's John Gibbs drove off old Roan, the last critter we had on the place. I told him father wasn't well and he most lived on milk, but he only grinned to himself real spiteful, and took her all the same."

"Took away Roan!" said Nora in consternation.

"Didn't I tell you how it 'ud be? And yet you must go and throw up in a huff the best offer in the country side."

"I never had any offer to throw up."

"What happened then, I'd like to know?"

"It seems to me that you were told at the time, that I was not what had been fondly imagined—I do not know whose

fault that was; neither does it matter. Do close the door mother, what is the use of proclaiming our woes to the night air. We shall get along someway or other, you dear old crosspatch; I have a grand scheme of work for the near future."

Nora had set a dainty tea-tray on a little table before the invalid, and crossing the floor now she took the elder woman in her arms.

An exultant cry from the old lady, caused both to turn quickly, to find themselves face to face to Norman Graeme.

He bowed gravely and went quickly forward.

"Aunt Barnes," he said, kneeling beside her chair. "How in wonder did you get here?"

"Why I didn't want to go to Mag's after," she said, confusedly, "so I got off of the cars while they was waitin', and then, oh then, I got lost and it turned dreadful cold, just *dreadful*. You've been long findin' me, Norman."

"We did not know that you were not in Toronto, till a few hours ago."

"Did you bring Susan?"

"No. She is at home anxiously waiting for us. Will you go to-night, Aunt?"

"It's wonderful comfortable here," said Mrs. Barnes, settling back contentedly among the cushions.

"But it is giving a good deal of trouble," he objected.

"Just as you think," said Mrs. Bell, stiffly. "We don't count the trouble; but at the same time it's a mild evenin', and it might be better to get home and be done with it."

There was nothing hospitable in tone or manner.

"Yes, Auntie," said Norman, quietly, "the drive will not hurt you."

"You can go into the sittin'-room while she gets fixed up," pursued Mrs. Bell, briskly, "and if Nora's there, tell her she's wanted here a minnit."

Thus dismissed, Graeme crossed the hall to the well-remembered sitting-room, now festooned and garlanded, and heaped with apples, in process of drying.

Mr. Bell sat in an easy chair by the fire, and Nora leaning against the back of it, with her hand on his shoulder, was talking to him in low tones.

The old man rose slowly.

"Good evening, Mr. Graeme," he said, courteously, but he did not extend his hand. "We were not aware that the sick lady was any relative of yours."

"Nora!" screamed Mrs. Bell, and the young girl withdrew.

The two men talked, though with some constraint, Mr. Bell walking up and down. Graeme was shocked to see how thin, and gray, and bent he had grown. But their interview was brief. Summoned himself by Mrs. Bell's sharp voice, he found his aunt muffled to the eyes, and half wailing like a child in distress.

"I want Susan; why didn't you bring Susan?" she queried.

"She is waiting for us at home," he said, comfortingly.

As he stooped to take her in his arms, he hastily thrust his purse upon the small supper table. Much as he felt assured they needed it, he dared not offer remuneration, either to the proud old man or his daughter, but he trusted the action might not be lost on Mrs. Bell; and that she would accept the thank-offering without scruple.

It was not Mrs. Bell, however, but Nora who saw the movement.

"He deems us so low that he may insult with impunity," she thought, with a fiery throb of anger.

She crossed the floor like a flash and caught up the offending wallet, but already Graeme was issuing through the door, followed by Mrs. Bell.

"You stop indoors," the latter said preemptorily, "I will see 'em safe off."

When Mrs. Bell returned she found Nora kneeling before the fire, broiling the two remaining birds over a bed of red hot coals.

"That smells good," she said. "What have you got there in the Dutch oven, child?"

"A new biscuit, mother, and I am making you a cup of tea."

"And using the last pinch?"

"No, only half of it, we shall have more some day."

"I'd like to know when? However, it can only be used, and I've been fair longin' for it for days; it will be a real treat. I'm so glad that old woman has been well got rid off, and I'm glad, too, now, that we took in the crazy critter, and did the best we could by her. Norman Graeme 'll have less to crow about after this."

"Yes, it is better," Nora assented.

"Curious I never remembered her, nor her little squeaky voice," went on Mrs. Bell reflectively. "but I didn't; then of course I never was very intimate with them. Old man Barnes made a heap of

money; he was a drover; and the only boy they had was gored to death by a mad bull. I reckon Mrs. Barnes has been off her base ever since. Susan, the daughter, is older nor Graeme a good few years, and as homely and rawbone as you'd thank to see; but they say she's nice dispositioned, and her father left her a fortune; it's money that makes the mare to go every time, and likely Norman Graeme thinks what she lacks in beauty, she makes up in sense. If he is satisfied nor else is going to mind, eh Nora?" and she glanced anxiously at her stepdaughter's drooping face.

"No, mother, we won't mind," said Nora starting up brightly. "And now we will have supper."

The next day they packed up the dried apples for sale.

"Nigh on to fifty bushels," said Mrs. Bell. "That was better than lettin' them rot, though they've been a pile of work. I wish Jackson would come for 'em right away. What date is it, Nora?"

"Twenty-fourth of December."

"Christmas eve; my sakes, we'll have a sumptuous dinner to-morrow, and not a thing in the house to eat."

"We can have some dried apple sass, for a change," Nora suggested; "and roasted murphies, and baked apples for dessert. There is someone here, mother," she continued in a lowered tone; "he has a big-cushioned sleigh and two lovely grey ponies, and he is rolled in furs till he looks like a buffalo."

Mrs. Bell just taking out the small Johnnie cake intended for supper, popped it hastily back in the oven, as Nora admitted a portly elderly gentleman.

"You didn't expect to see me to-night, Rachael, did you?" he asked in a big jolly voice, as he shook her by both hands at once.

"No, I didn't, cousin William," she answered. "Wonders never cease."

"No, they don't Rachael, its a fact they don't," he assented heartily. "Would you believe it, George has come home!"

"George has!" she said in genuine surprise. "When?"

"Only came last night, he looks just splendid too. So to-day when he was out lookin' about a bit, Sophy and me planned a genu'ne surprise; we're gatherin' in a lot of his old friends for a real Christmas jollification. Now, you needn't say you can't," he urged eagerly, seeing the refusal in her face. "Sophy and the girls have been bakin' all day, and there are

four turkeys roasting in the oven at once, this identical moment."

Still Mrs. Bell tried to excuse herself: "Maurice might go," she said, but her husband cut this proposition very short.

But cousin William Wilson declined to be "bluffed" as he termed it; declared in his loud, good humoured way, "that he hadn't driven eight miles for nothing," and finally by his persistency he wrung a reluctant consent from Maurice Bell and his wife. Nora, who was a perfect stranger to all concerned, declined the invitation for herself so decidedly, that he was fain to leave her at home, though he laughingly assured her that the next time he would "show her different."

"But what will you do, child," Mrs. Bell demurred as Nora tied a scarf over her bonnet. "It isn't right for you to stay alone neither."

"Oh don't keep the men waiting while you make more excuses," said Nora. "There is an entertainment over at St. John's church, I hear the bell ringing; I will go over there before it closes and invite myself home for the night with old Mattie Smith. Don't worry a bit about me, mother, or let father either, and have just as good a time as you can."

After they were gone, Nora removed the now crisped Johnnie cake from the oven, and made her supper of the middle part of it. Then throwing a hood over her head she went out to the barn for a basket of evergreens and scarlet berries she had gathered the day previously, intending to decorate their guests' chamber.

Returning with her arms full, her attention was attracted by the cries of her pet kitten, which had spluttered, and fled before Mr. Wilson's dog. She paused and looked about her, the moon was shrouded in a silvery vapor, through which, in soft white flakes the snow was rapidly descending.

"Kitty!" Kitty!" she called, but only a pitiful little 'meuw' answered her.

Come, Kitty, Kitty!" she repeated, "you little nuisance. I cannot be searching for you through the snow."

"Meuw! meuw!" whined the distressed kitten, and going a step or two forward Nora saw to her dismay that the little creature had climbed on to the woodshed roof and could not get down.

"You limb of a grimalkin!" she called, "come this way goosy."

She made a futile gesture with one arm, lost her balance, and slipped backward into the arms of Norman Graeme.

"You are pretty well laden," he said as he helped her to regain her equilibrium.

"Rather!" she said shortly, provoked at the encounter.

"I will get your kitten," he said.

"Thank you;" she murmured and went on to the house, glad of the moment of time.

But the first glance showed her he had been there already, the door leading to the verandah was open as she had left it, and on the lounge were the shawls and muffler he had come to return. On the table still lay the cindered fragments of that deplorable Johnnie cake, with knife, napkin, and plate beside it, and the remains of the cup of cold water with which she had washed the delectable morsel down. She fairly stamped with anger. What right had the abominable fellow to come prying into their poverty in this fashion.

She had barely swept the offending articles from the table ere Graeme entered bringing the kitten.

"I met your people with Mr. Wilson at the bend," he said, removing his hat, and standing with one hand on the back of the chair which Nora had haughtily proffered.

"Yes," she returned, "This is the first time father has been out. It does not seem to be a very suitable evening."

"It is not cold!" he said, and then a silence fell between them.

Nora wished devoutly that he would go, but instead, he watched her as she moved easily about, dusting, and replacing books and ornaments temporarily displaced by the all encroaching apples. Here and there she twined sprays of evergreens, and bitter-sweet berries with deft fingers, that seemed well used to the work.

"I like to see snow at Christmas time" she said, talking because he did not, "I have pleasant recollections of just such nights as this, when we decorated with mistletoe, and holly for Christmas eve."

"Do you expect to have a pleasant recollection of this one?" he asked abruptly.

"Why yes, I think so!" she said quietly, "Mr. Wilson was so cheery, he fairly scattered sunshine around, and father is much better, and is going to get well again, I do believe, and then mother was quite nice; for a wonder, never scolded a word all day. It is a lovely night too, between the moonshine, and

the snow storm. Oh yes, I shall write pleasant recollections, with capital letters. But I forgot to ask about Mrs. Barnes; Is she better to-day?"

"A good deal, thank you! she was asking for you."

"That was very kind of her."

"Or natural, which?"

"Perhaps it is natural for her to be kind."

"Perhaps it is! Be that as it may; I promised her to ask you to come and spend to-morrow with us; my father will be delighted also, and Susan and myself."

"It would be gratifying to be able to confer such unalloyed bliss, but pardon me if—"

"You need not take the trouble to invent excuses," he interrupted.

"And there was no absolute necessity for you to bandy meaningless compliments," she retorted.

"Have you a wrong, forgive,
Have you a care, forget,
Life is too short to live,
Seared by regret"—

"I have come to be forgiven."

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Graeme," she said, trying in vain to release her hand.

"And yet you do not forgive me, Nora."

"Forgive you for what, for congratulating yourself upon having discovered the enormities of which I was capable? Do you not remember?"

"It seems you do."

"Very likely. And that long hateful walk from Gibbs'."

"I never said so. I was mad with jealousy that night, and shocked to find that the girl I almost worshipped was the reverse of all I had believed her to be, but despite everything, that walk was



"They were speeding along like the wind."

"They were not meaningless."

"Ah, well," she said, in a gentler tone "let us keep the peace this holy Christmas tide. If you would graciously convey to Mrs. Barnes from me the politest of regrets, and the sincerest of good wishes and Christmas greetings, I should be truly obliged. Also, here is something you left here by mistake, last night."

She held out his purse as she spoke.

He took it, and her hand along with it, his own closing over both, with a strong, close pressure, while his luminous eyes were steadfastly bent on hers.

"I heard you singing, Nora, as I drove up through the snow," he said, slowly, "and the words keep repeating themselves over and over—"

not *hateful*, Nora. I have lived over it since, in every detail, a hundred times. If you had once looked at me, or spoken softly, or let your hand touch mine, I must have relented. But you were as cold as an iceberg, from first to last, and carried your head like an empress. My wrath burned out long ago, even before I learned what a fool I had been. But I was proud, too—I never knew how much I really loved you till we had parted, and my heart was sick with longing, Nora; forgive and forget, and let us love and be happy."

"The fact remains just the same, Norman Graeme. I am not your ideal woman."

"I do not know much about ideal,

dear, but I know that your metal is brave and strong, and true, and tender,—and, more than all, I know I love you, better than any and every other earthly consideration, better than I love myself—”

Tears were in Nora's brilliant eyes, but her lips were disdainful.

“What would Susan say to all this rhapsody?” she demanded.

“Susan,” he said, wonderingly, then he laughed.

“Shall we go and ask her, darling?” he said, folding her in a swift embrace, and ere she had fully recovered her breath, he had enveloped her in shawls and robes, and they were speeding along

like the wind, through the snow-shrouded moonlight.

Out on the still air rang the chimes of St. John.

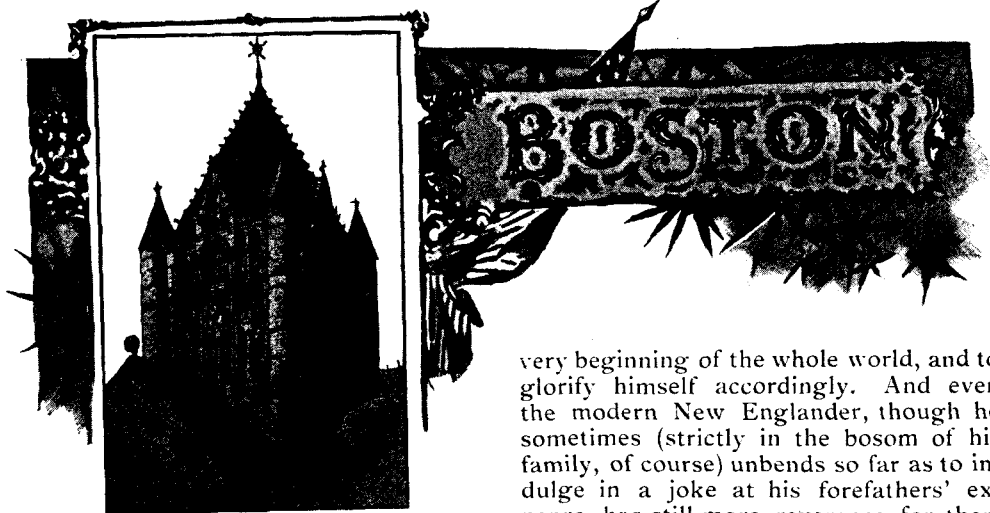
“Sing your Christmas song again, beloved,” Graeme whispered, drawing her closer.

And half dreamily, the young girl sang :

“ Ring blessed Christmas chimes,
Sing to the hearts of men,
The tale told a million times,
Tell yet again :
Sweet chimes of Christmas tide,
Softly they rise and fall.

DERLYLE BROWNE.





HERE are two States more interesting to the Englishman than all others, Virginia and Massachusetts. To Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina and Louisiana make good seconds, but not rivals. The average Briton prefers the church of James I. and Charles I. to that of James II. If he believes in his own constitutional government—or even, let us say, in the American Declaration of Independence—he can scarcely believe also in the despotism of *ante-bellum* days in South Carolina. And though he finds Louisiana a perfect treasure-trove of poetry and romance, he cannot identify himself with it as he can with Virginia. It is French, and therefore foreign to him.

If one attempt to choose between Virginia and Massachusetts, he will be guided largely by his political and religious sympathies. The battle between Cavalier and Roundhead, Churchman and Puritan, continues to be waged—though happily now on bloodless fields. The believer in Right Divine and the Book of Common Prayer will throw up his cap for the colony founded by cavaliers and Church of England men. And the admirers of Cromwell and non-liturgical forms of worship will be equally enthusiastic for that founded by the Pilgrim Fathers.

The old-fashioned New Englander, ignoring what had already been done in Virginia, invariably speaks of the landing of the Pilgrims as the beginning of the English colonization of the New World. He is too apt, indeed, to regard it as the

very beginning of the whole world, and to glorify himself accordingly. And even the modern New Englander, though he sometimes (strictly in the bosom of his family, of course) unbends so far as to indulge in a joke at his forefathers' expense, has still more reverence for them than he has for anybody or anything else. He has often ceased to believe in the Blessed Trinity, but he still believes in the Pilgrim Fathers.

When these same Pilgrim Fathers wandered southward, in 1630, from Salem to Charlestown, they were attracted by the peninsula covered now by the city of Boston. Three hills—Copp's, Beacon and Fort—rose from the peninsula, and three peaks crowned Beacon Hill; so that the name Trimountaine, which superseded the Shawmut of the Indians, was doubly appropriate. The peninsula was bought by the colonists from William Blaxton or Blackstone, an Englishman, whose house stood on the slope of Beacon Hill. The settlement removed thither on the 7th of September (O.S.); and on the same day the name was changed from Trimountaine to Boston—Boston in England being the home of Isaac Johnson, who, after Governor Winthrop, was the principal man among the colonists.

The country around Boston was rapidly settled. In the year of its founding, fifteen hundred persons came over from England. Nine years later, the militia of the colony numbered a thousand able-bodied men. In 1640, twenty thousand immigrants had been brought over. And in 1674—little more than half a century after the landing at Plymouth—the population of New England was a hundred and twenty thousand.

The Pilgrim Fathers had all the intolerance of the persecuted who at last find themselves with a free hand. So many things, both in morals and manners, bore grievous penalties, that the student of puritan

laws may make a short cut to a knowledge of his subject by asking not what was forbidden, but what was allowed. "Freedom to worship God" was not allowed—as Baptists, Quakers, and others, discovered to their sorrow. The glorious principle which affirms a man innocent until he is proved guilty, was unknown. The dark days of the Salem Witchcraft delusion—when at least one minister of the God of love bore himself as though he had been a priest of Moloch, left a blot on the colony. The "Blue Laws" of portions of New England are a byword. The Sabbath was no longer made for man, as the Lord of the Sabbath had decreed, but man for the Sabbath; and if one avoided the Scylla of tedious prayers and almost endless sermons, he ran into the Charybdis of the stocks, the pillory, or the whipping-post. Even the kissing of a wife by her husband was regulated, and penalties prescribed for indulgence out of season. Mrs. Whitney quotes a witty woman as saying that the Pilgrim Mothers deserve far more credit than the Pilgrim Fathers, in that they had to put up not only with all the Pilgrim Fathers did, but with the Pilgrim Fathers themselves. We are inclined to agree with her.

Yet, spite of the fondness of the Pilgrims for long and dry religious exercises, life among them must often have been stirring enough even for their most fiery-hearted. Every foot of ground had to be wrested from nature, from the wild beast, and from the wilder savage. When sudden alarms called to arms under their doughty captain, Myles Standish, the husband who went and the wife who stayed took, doubtless, tender farewells, whether in ways we count tender or otherwise. Romance there was too, for was there not youth and love? And has not the sweetest singer of New England given us a Puritan idyl? There was but one Myles Standish, but there were, doubtless, many John Aldens and many Priscillas.

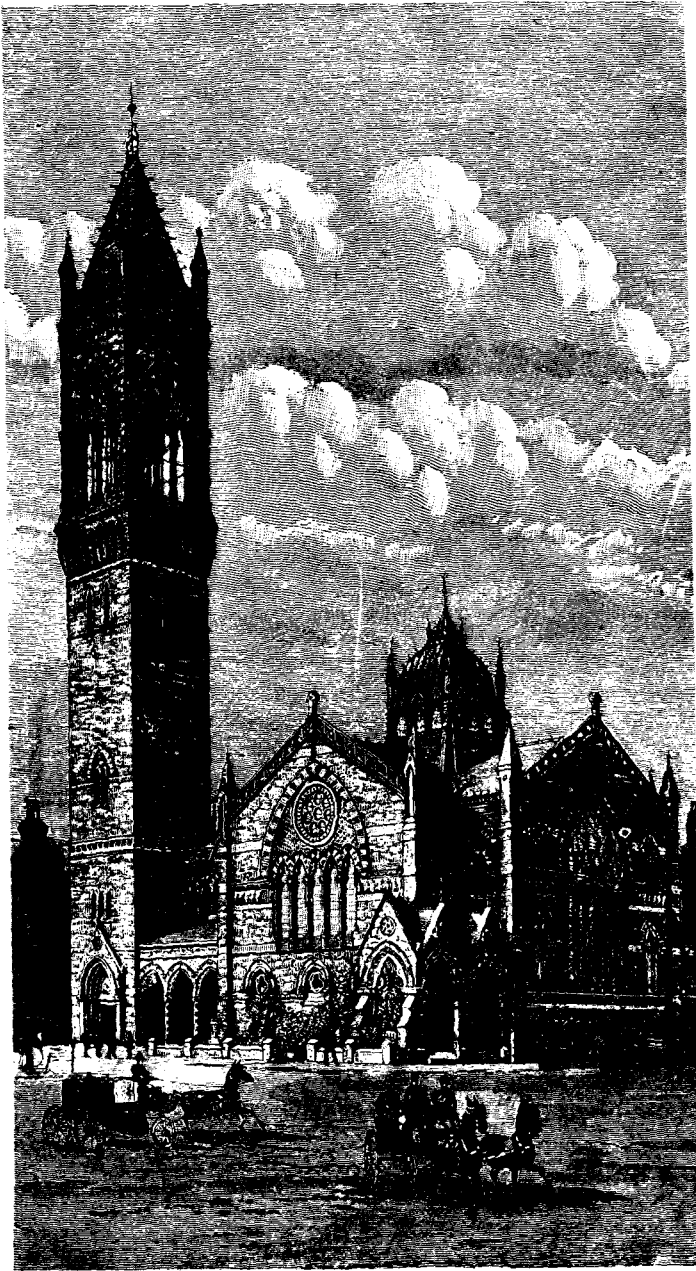
And all honour to the men who took with them into the wilderness, as foundations for the State that was to be, the Minister and the Schoolmaster. The "First Church in Boston," (Unitarian now) erected at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, is the lineal descendant of the first little meeting house, built in 1632—of which the Rev. John Wilson was pastor; and as many as eight organizations now existing

date back to the first hundred years of settlement. Only six years after the settlement of Boston, the General Court voted four hundred pounds, a sum equal to a whole year's tax of the entire colony, to found a college at Newtown, as Cambridge was then called. Two years later, the Rev. John Harvard, an English clergyman who died at Charleston, bequeathed to the college eight hundred pounds. In gratitude, the General Court named the institution after the clergyman and the town after his *alma mater*. It was in Boston, also, that the first American newspaper, the "Boston News-Letter" was published, in 1704; and it was in Boston, in a little house at the head of Milk Street, still remembered by old citizens—that Benjamin Franklin, the first great American journalist (and much besides) was born.

From the very first Boston was a commercial town. Before it was a year old it built and launched a vessel. An English traveller, visiting it in 1719, speaks of the masts of ships making a kind of forest of trees, "like that we see upon the river Thames about Wapping and Limehouse." And, as every school-boy knows—particularly if he happens to be a New England school-boy—it was in this part of Boston in 1773, that the "detested tea," which plays such a prominent part in all histories of the times, was seized and thrown overboard; an event known as the 'Boston tea-party,' and followed by the dance of the Revolution.

The Bostonian shows an interest in and a reverence for everything pertaining to the early history of his city, in marked contrast to the indifference of the New Yorker. Old things are treasured, as is not often the case in this new country. Historic buildings likely to be demolished are bought in by public spirit or private generosity, and made safe for ever from one danger at least—the hand of the vandal. And so Boston is rich in interesting, though, certainly, not beautiful relics. The face of the country is, however, greatly changed since early days. Flats have been filled in, destroying its peculiar character, and hills have been levelled or lowered. Beacon Hill, of course, remains, being, as every Bostonian knows, indestructable.

Of the relics, two public buildings—Faneuil Hall and the Old State House; three churches—the Old South, King's Chapel, and Christ Church; and three

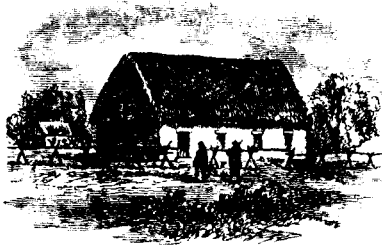


The New Old South Church.

cemeteries—King's Chapel, Copp's Hill, and the Granary—are the most celebrated. The Old South is of that extraordinary order of architecture common in New England till very lately—an order which owed its origin to stern necessity and its continuance to the mistaken idea that the Lord prefers for his own use something much

less beautiful and less comfortable than we give ourselves or our horses; something, in short, singularly like what we provide for our cows. The old pulpit and pews—which must have been the most interesting remains of the Old South—are gone; and the space is filled with stands holding antiquities of various kinds. There are no catalogues, and the person who takes your admission fee gives no information. A tablet points out the spot where Joseph Warren made his oration on what is known as the Boston Massacre; and this being the only bit of information to be had, you feel properly grateful to the tablet. Portraits of the New England Fathers (looking as dreary as they probably made other people feel) cover the fronts of the galleries. A continental soldier's uniform flaps against a post with no more spirit than if it hung in a second-hand clothes shop. A very ancient and ugly cradle is near. But it does not appear that anybody in particular fought in the uniform or rocked in the cradle. Getting in costs twenty-five cents, and getting out would be cheap at fifty.

King's Chapel was the first Episcopal place of worship in Boston. Episcopacy was the Abomination of Desolation to the early pilgrims, and the use of the liturgy a decided mark of the Beast. The chaplain to the commissioners sent out by Charles II. in 1665, was, however, permitted to exercise his functions; and, later,



First Church in Boston.

Governor Andros, who was a Church of England man, coolly took possession of the Old South for service while King's Chapel was in course of erection. King's Chapel is now Unitarian, though it still professes to use the Church of England liturgy with changes "adapted to Unitarian doctrine." It must be an exceedingly obtuse intelligence that calls a service denuded of every ascription of glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the liturgy of the Church of England. Such a process is not change, but annihilation.

To Episcopalians, Christ Church, Salem Street, is the most interesting of the old places of worship. From its steeple—which has been rebuilt since then, however—the warning lights were hung on the memorable night of April 18th, 1775. Its chime of bells has been pealed to joy and tolled to sorrow for a century and a quarter. Its gallery is an interesting memorial of slave-days in Massachusetts, when part of it was set aside for coloured people; as parts of galleries in many churches of the South are still. The church also possesses valuable historic paintings, the first bust of Washington ever made, an ancient christening-bowl, and a pulpit bible, prayer-books, and communion plate, presented by George II.

In the three old cemeteries already mentioned sleep many of New England's most illustrious dead. In that attached to King's Chapel, which is the oldest in Boston, and which for thirty years after its settlement was the only one, are the tombs of the Winthrops—Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts, and his son and grandson who were governors of Connecticut; of "four famous and learned pastors of the first Church in Boston;" of Brattles, She-fes, and Savages, all famous men in the city's early days.

An old green stone bears this inscription:

HERE : LYETH
THE : BODY : OF : MR.
WILLIAM : PADDY : AGED
58 YEARS : DEPARTED
THIS : LIFE : AUGUST : THE [28]
1658.

On the other side the writer of the epitaph has "dropped into poetry," as writers of epitaphs so frequently do:

HEAR . SLEAPS . THAT
BLESSED . ONE . WHOES . LIEF
GOD . HELP . VS . ALL . TO . LIVE
THAT . SO . WHEN . TIEM . SHALL . BE
THAT . WE . THIS . WORLD . MUST . LIEVE
WE . EVER . MAY . BE . HAPPY
WITH . BLESSED . WILLIAM . PADDY.

The most famous graves in Copp's Hill burying-ground are those of the Mathers—Increase, Cotton and Samuel. In summer sunshine it is pleasant to wander in the shade of the ancient trees and read the quaint inscriptions on the old stones. In autumn gloom and winter storms it is a dreary and an eerie place: the winds that moan about the resting-place of Cotton Mather unpleasantly suggesting the sighs of victims hounded to death by him.

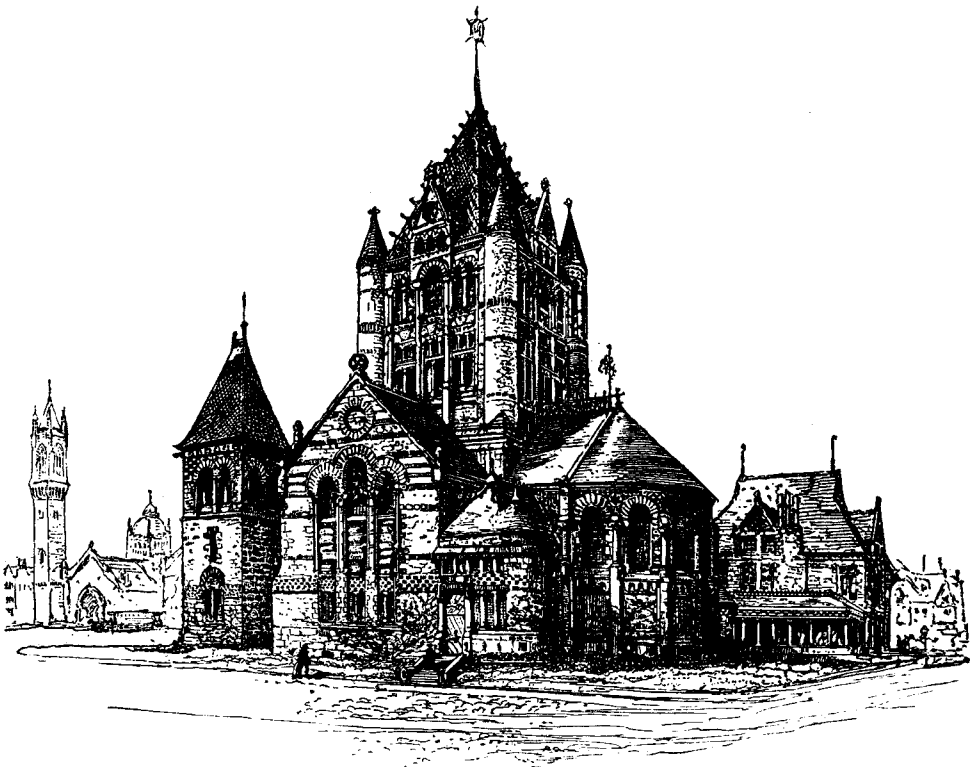
But the Granary Cemetery—which was so called from its proximity to the public granary—is by far the most interesting of the old graveyards. Here lie nine governors—among them Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence; Samuel Adams, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere; doctors of divinity, judges, etc.; and the parents of Franklin—above them the monument reared and the epitaph composed by their illustrious son.

The old State House, where in early days the courts of the colony were held, has been restored by the Bostonian Society and is now an exact fac-simile of what it was during the colonial period—with one exception. The restoration of the royal arms having excited the ire of some thin-skinned "patriots," (this occurred as late as 1882) an American eagle, gorgeously gilded, was put up to mollify them. So that the lion and the unicorn "ramp" at one end of the building, and the Bird of Freedom soars at the other.

The original Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was the gift of Mr. Peter Faneuil. It was the place where town meetings were held before Boston adopted a city charter, and in the stirring times preceding the Revolution, many rousing speeches were made, many bold resolu-

tions passed, within its walls. Peter was a "patriot"—according to the American meaning of the word, but by no means a puritan. In religion he was a Church of England man; and from letters and memoranda still in existence, we gather that he was somewhat of a *bon vivant*. Orders for prayer-books are accompanied by orders for wine (which he had the good taste to prefer pale and dry) lemons, cards, etc., etc. From which we are not to gather that he was in the least given to excess, but that, after the fashion of his times, he took his wine

land, which have now grown to immense proportions. By the process of filling in the flats (of which the fashionable Back Bay district is a conspicuous result) and attaching to itself the suburban towns, it has now an area of about twenty-four thousand acres, a population of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand, and a valuation approaching eight hundred and sixty millions of dollars. If there is any part of its history which it would be desirable to have blotted out, it is that part connected with the carrying out of the Fugitive Slave Law. Many of its best



Trinity Church.

"like a gentleman." And as Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset were not then born, it is to be presumed that he took it in peace.

But, dear as are all these relics to the New England heart, it is with the Boston of to-day that the traveller from other lands is chiefly concerned. At the close of the revolutionary war, Boston was the first city in the country in influence; and it has had an almost unbroken career of prosperity. Its commerce is steadily developing. It is the market and distributing point of the industries of New Eng-

land, which have now grown to immense proportions. By the process of filling in the flats (of which the fashionable Back Bay district is a conspicuous result) and attaching to itself the suburban towns, it has now an area of about twenty-four thousand acres, a population of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand, and a valuation approaching eight hundred and sixty millions of dollars. If there is any part of its history which it would be desirable to have blotted out, it is that part connected with the carrying out of the Fugitive Slave Law. Many of its best

citizens blushed for shame at the time; some of them blush still in recalling it. Happily the cause alike of discord and of shame has been removed. And any one who has read carefully the history of the struggles which preceded the late war will agree that the latter, costly as it was, was not too dear a price to pay for peace with honour.

One of the charms of the city to the stranger is the variety it presents. The north end, with its various winding streets, might have come from old Boston across the sea; Commonwealth and other

spacious avenues suggest Paris ; Beacon street has an English look—except when you see it from its beautiful water front, when you have a dash of Venice. A most charming view of the city may be had from the bridge which crosses the Charles River to Cambridge. On your left, as you look back, is the slope of Beacon Hill ; roof rising over roof, till crowned with the gilded dome of the State House ; and upon your right a long line of stately houses, with here and there a beautiful spire or tower, rises from the waters and stretches away till lost in the dim blue highlands.

The Bostonian of to-day specially prides himself on Boston as a literary centre. His less favored countrymen consider that his pride is not without foundation but a good many funny things are said about his "cultchah," nevertheless. The Boston girl is always described as having a fondness for occult lore, and discoursing upon it in polysyllables ; just as the New York girl is represented as wearing a love of a gown and being *au courant* of the latest novel ; the Philadelphia girl as putting her own genealogy above that contained in the first chapter of St. Mathew ; and the Chicago girl as saying "you bet" and requiring number six shoes. Mr. Ward McAllister, who has condescended to throw the light of his great intellect upon the subject, has come to the conclusion that diet has much to do with these differences, and finds the solution of the fair Bostonian's culture in her favorite *plats* of brown bread and pork and beans. If some philanthropic philosopher would secure infant specimens from the four cities, and bestow upon them the same care and attention which certain of his brother philosophers give to microbes, we might expect some interesting results. To start with, he would have the important fact that brown bread and beans have virtues almost as potent as that ascribed to the Philosopher's Stone. He would have ready formulated two incontrovertible propositions (and some philosophers, as we all know, have not even one) : First, that pork, minus brown bread and beans, equals vulgarity, and has, moreover, a tendency to settle in the feet ; Second, that pork, plus brown bread and beans, equals Browning, and if persevered in, Esoteric Buddhism. A triumph, surely, for the vegetarians !

Jesting aside, the educational advan-

tages of Boston are beyond all praise. The first Latin School was founded as far back as 1634. The present Latin and English High School occupies an entire block in one of the best parts of the city ; and contains forty-eight school rooms, besides library rooms, lecture halls, assembly halls, and laboratories. The Girls' English and Latin School, though not so large, is still an immense structure, and is as thoroughly equipped. It is supplemented by the Girls' Normal School. The Chauncey Hall School, the oldest private school in Boston, is owned by a stock company of leading citizens, whose aim was to provide for the most perfect physical as well as intellectual training of the pupils. The building is fire-proof, the light is carefully arranged ; the methods of heating and ventilation are perfect ; the desks and seats were chosen by a committee of eminent surgeons. A good deal of trouble to take, but none too much, surely, since the uncomfortable furniture, the defective or glaring light, and the vitiated air, of the school room, may, and often does, lay the foundation for a lifetime of suffering. There are, also, in the city, two conservatories of music—one palatial in its appearance and resources ; several schools of design, a school of natural history, an institute of technology, and the medical schools connected with Harvard.

And the schools of Boston are but the beginning of her literary advantages. The Public Library is the greatest on the continent ; superior in the number of its volumes ; even to the Congressional Library at Washington. Generous legacies have given it a permanent fund of a hundred thousand dollars. It includes the Spanish and Portuguese books and manuscripts of the late Mr. George Ticknor ; the Barton Library of New York, rich especially in Shakespearian literature ; and the libraries of Theodore Parker and Nathaniel Bowditch. The books have so far outgrown the building on Boylston street that a magnificent new structure has been erected for them in the Back Bay district.

The Athenæum on Beacon street—the nucleus of which was a reading-room established by the Anthology Club—contains two hundred and twenty thousand volumes. It is a joint-stock institution ; the holders of shares and their families alone having the right to use it, but it dispenses a generous hospitality. The Athenæum has been the head-quarters of

every person of literary fame about Boston. Here, in other days, you might meet Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and Emerson, and gentle philosophers of the Concord School—all now, alas, gone over to the majority. The Genealogical Society—the object of which is the study and publication of historical and genealogical facts about New England and its people—has also a valuable library. The *Bostonian* does not, like Janvier's Philadelphia worthies, Mr. Hutchinson Port and Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse, think the want of a long pedigree a greater



Longfellow's home, Cambridge.

crime than any enumerated in the decalogue ; but he is perfectly aware it is a good thing to possess. In his opinion pedigree, even without culture, is something—as is culture without pedigree. Pedigree *and* culture are everything.

The Museum of Fine Arts, intended to be eventually a double quadrangle inclosing two courts, has its principal front on Copley Square, in close proximity to the new Public Library building. The contents compare favorably, they tell us, with other American collections, but we are inclined to think that one or two cities—New York, at any rate—would dispute this. The art collections of a young country must necessarily for a long time be meagre. The art-student who aspires to be an artist, will, for many a year to come, have to go to older lands to study. To the student this may or may not be a disadvantage. It is distinctly an advantage, so far as it teaches him that the world of art which he aspires to enter has treasures which not even an American millionaire can buy.

The clever epigram which pointed an antithesis between the variety of religions and the "one sauce," expressed what in former days struck everybody who visited America. The reproach of the sauce has long ago been taken away. New York might invite Lucullus to its feasts ; and though Beacon Street does not seek to imitate "the avenue," its high thinking is by no means accompanied by plain living. But unfortunately, while Boston's service has increased by arithmetical, its religions have increased by geometrical,

progression. There is positively no kind of religion, no shade of religious or irreligious opinion, that has not representatives in this old stronghold of the Puritans. The Presbyterianism of the *Confession of Faith* and that of Professor Briggs ; the Anglicanism of Father Hall and that of the late Bishop Brooks ; Ultramontane Romanism and that of Dr. McGlynn ; the Congregationalism of the old-fashioned independent and that which is not to be distinguished from Unitarianism ; the Unitarianism with which Channing conquered the churches and that which consists in vague aspirations after sweetness and light ; Universalism ; Christian Science, a name strangely applied to the belief of persons who are neither scientific nor Christian ; old-fashioned spiritualism ; spiritualism with a dash of theosophy ; Buddhism pure and simple ; free-thought, accompanied by most blasphemous free-speech ;—all these are to be found flourishing among the descendants of the pilgrims. There is also the *culte* of Browning, raised to the rank of a religion, and especially popular among those who inherit teapots that came over in the Mayflower.

Some of the finest churches—notably Trinity and the new Old South—cluster about Copley Square. Romanesque Trinity with its beautiful tower, is, as a work of art, admired by every one ; by Mrs. Van Rensselaer in one of her delightful papers on Church Architecture, its "fitness" is especially landed, while the Gothic cathedrals which other cities are rearing are condemned as anachronisms. But a vast number—we believe a ma-

jority—of those accustomed to the services for which Trinity is intended, would scarcely agree with the accomplished critic. One misses the long drawn aisles that ought to go with the beautiful stone-work without, and wonders at the bare sanctuary—a striking contrast to the luxurious pews. One old Puritan idea seems to linger in the place: that a house of God is primarily, for the minister a place for preaching sermons, and for the people a place for hearing them. But the bare benches on which the hearers of the Mathers balanced themselves uncomfortably have disappeared, and there is no tithing-man now-a-days to prod possible sleepers.

The new Old South—a building in the Italian-Gothic style, erected at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars—must bewilder the ghosts of those who worshipped in the Old South, if they ever take a look at its cruciform shape, its jewelled windows, its carved screens, its coloured marbles and its gothic cloisters. The tower, two hundred and forty-eight feet high, is seen from a great distance. The Roman Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Cross is the largest church in New England, and covers more ground than the Cathedral of Strasburg. Attached to it is the beautiful little chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Oddly enough, a statue of Christopher Columbus has been placed by the city within the cathedral grounds. Statues of the great Genoese will be in order, both without and within church doors, should the projected canonization or even beatification be carried through; but it is to be hoped they will not be copies of this, which has one leg grey and the other green. The Episcopalian Church of the Advent is noted for its splendid ritual; the Jesuits' Church (of the Immaculate Conception) for its fine organ and the excellence of its music. The humble mission-church of St. John the Evangelist, once the meeting-house of Lyman Beecher, was the scene of Father Hall's faithful labors. The Brotherhood to which he belongs still minister to it, and also to St. Augustine's Church, for coloured people.

The Baptists have a fine church, with a companile bearing a frieze in high relief, the effect of which is somewhat peculiar; the four trumpets which project from the corners of the frieze being gilded, while the figures and other ornamentation are plain. But they may be excused for gild-

ing their trumpets—and even blowing them—when they recall the dark days of whippings and imprisonment. A brown stone "Spiritual Temple" with ornamented facade, is the headquarters of Spiritualism. One of the believers, a wealthy merchant, defrayed the entire cost, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

It is pleasant to meet in their *habitat* names whose imprimatur at the foot of a title-page, has long been a voucher for the excellence of the book. You happen upon many such names in Boston. One classic spot, which no one interested in letters will neglect to visit, is the Old Corner Bookstore, at the corner of School and Washington street, which is to New England authors what the "Old Saloon" of the Blackwoods is to those north of the Tweed. It was built in 1712 for an apothecary's shop, but drugs have long ago given place to books. The houses of Allen and Ticknor, William D. Ticknor, Ticknor Reid and Field, and Ticknor and Fields, occupied it successively; and like the Athenæum, it had a long familiarity with greatness.

Newspapers which profess to be the educators *par excellence* of our day, of course are legion—a portion of Washington street is known as "Newspaper Row." The *Herald* has a circulation second only to that of the *New York Sun*. It disposes of a hundred thousand copies daily, and has gone higher than three hundred thousand. The *Advertiser*, begun in 1812, is the oldest daily paper in Boston. The *Traveller* was the popular paper in the era of stage coaches, and it is popular still. In marked contrast to some of its present cotemporaries, it aimed to be a moral and religious organ as well as a vehicle of news; and it retains something of that character yet. The *Journal* has a large and intelligent *clientele*. The *Post*, a morning paper, costs but a cent. The *Pilot*, once edited by the poet, John Boyle O'Reily, is the Roman Catholic organ. Then there are society papers like the *Saturday Evening Gazette* and the *Beacon*. There are papers which are only issued on Sunday and there are the immense Sunday issues of daily papers like the *Globe* and the *Herald*. How any one can work his way through the pages after pages of flashy advertisements, the dreary attempts at wit, the tiresome spinning out of small items of news, and the disgusting advertisements, which characterize the Sunday editions, is a mystery.



The Old State House.

The *Transcript*, the oldest of the evening papers, is, as all the newspaper world knows, altogether good, altogether delightful. It gives more really interesting matter in one number than some of the others do in a year. The man who is determined to have a Sunday paper cannot do better than read his Saturday *Transcript* over again.

From "Newspaper Row" to the Common is not far. And we need a breath of fresh air after discussing the Sunday Sheet. The Common is the pride of the Bostonian's heart; and a recent sacrilegious proposition to run electric cars across it set the whole city up in arms. "It is bad enough," wrote Miss Mary Wilkins, whose capital stories of New England life entitle her to speak for what New England prizes, "It is bad enough to go down to Plymouth Rock and find a clam-bake on each side of it. Let us keep the Common undeseccrated." It would be shameful indeed to do otherwise.

When the land bought from Mr. Blaxton was divided among the colonists, a portion of it was set aside for a training field. As early as 1640 a vote was passed that effectually quashed any movement to alienate this. It was decreed that with the exception of "3 or 4 lotts to make vp ye streete from bro Robte Walkers to ye Rounde Marshe," no more land should be sold from the Common. And the city charter expressly withholds from the city government the right to dispose of a foot of it.

The journal of an English traveller, published in 1675, refers thus to the Common: "On the south shore there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants a little before sunset walk with their *Marmalet-Madams*, as we do in Moorfields, etc., till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations, when presently the Constables

walk their rounds to see good order kept, and to take up loose people." Train-bands continually make use of it. Occasionally duels were fought on it. And a branch of the Great Elm (which stood until 1876, and which is now represented by two young descendant trees) was long used as the gallows.

Of all the delightful walks on the Common, perhaps the Beacon Street Mall is the favourite. It was there, as the reader of Oliver Wendell Holmes may remember, that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" led the Schoolmistress for the purpose of proposing to her, having first secured passage for Liverpool for himself in case she should say no.

"It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street, southward across the length of the whole Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

"I felt very weak indeed (though of a thoroughly robust habit), as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, 'Will you take the long path with me?' 'Certainly,' said the schoolmistress, 'with much pleasure.' 'Think,' I said, 'before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!' The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

"One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Ginko-tree. 'Pray, sit down,' I said. 'No, no,' she answered, softly, 'I will walk the *long path* with you.'"

The Public Garden, over the site of which the tide once flowed, adjoins the Common. Over the pond in it is a bridge, large and strong enough to hold an army, called facetiously the Bridge of *Size*. Both Common and Garden are profusely decorated with statues and monuments, but it can hardly be said of them that the quality equals the quantity.

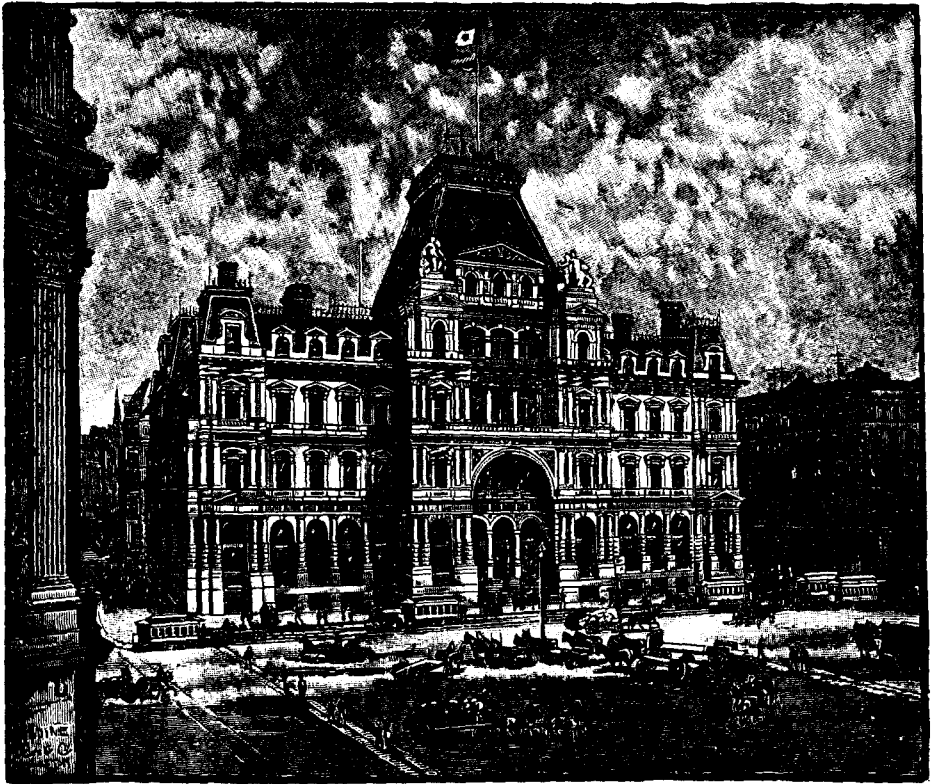
Some good statues and busts are shown in the State House—among them Chantry's Washington. To the cupola of this building, no less than fifty thousand people climb during the season, for the sake of the view to be obtained from it.

An odd sight in the Hall of Representatives is the cod-fi-h, the emblem of the ancient industry of Massachusetts, suspended from the ceiling. In the Doric Hall, protected by glass, are the flags of the Massachusetts regiments which took part in the late war. Boston alone furnished over twenty thousand soldiers.

The City Hall is a fine granite building in the Italian Renaissance style. It cost half a million dollars. On the lawn in front are statues of Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy, and surmounting the dome is the ubiquitous Bird of Freedom. The Post Office and Sub-Treasury is a still more splendid building. The ground on which it stands cost thirteen hundred thousand dollars, and the buildings five millions and a half. The Chamber of Commerce is a handsome building in a desirable location. Some of the hotels, as the Vendome and Brunswick, are palace-like. The Windsor, of Montreal, however, both as regards architecture and situation, compares favourably with the finest of them.

About fifteen or twenty minutes from the Common, by electric cars, is Cam-

bridge, the seat of famous Harvard University. *En route*, you pass Cambridgeport with its varied manufactures—not the least known and appreciated of which are the Kennedy biscuits. We have already referred to the sacrifices made by the early settlers in founding Harvard. For many years the cost of instruction and living was almost fabulously small. The lavish generosity of its alumni and other friends has long ago raised it to a rank which only Yale among American colleges can equal. The schools of science, medicine, law, theology, etc., are all separately endowed; and each is entirely independent of the others, though all are under one general management. The buildings present a curious medley of styles, from ancient dormer-windowed Massachusetts Hall, a relic of pre-revolutionary times, to Gothic Memorial Hall which cost half a million. The latter was erected by the alumni, in honor of the sons of Harvard who perished in the civil war. The government of the University is decidedly democratic—the old method of choosing the board having been done away with and the right of election seated



Post Office Square and Court House.

in the graduates. There are nineteen hundred students and a hundred and sixty professors and teachers. The college library contains two hundred and sixty thousand volumes; nine minor libraries swell the number to over three hundred and forty thousand; and there are in addition the libraries of the various societies. Only two collections on the continent are larger than this: those of Boston and of Congress. The mere enumeration of all this mental pabulum is enough to make a poor Canadian's mouth water. Why does not our learned Goldwin Smith hold up books instead of more sordid things as the results of annexation? And oh! why does not some rich and large-hearted Canadian anticipate this argument, and by doing for Montreal what others all over the world have done for towns not one-sixth of its size and importance, make the temptation of no effect?

The incongruities of varying styles of architecture are at Harvard toned down by wide stretches of lawn and venerable, beautiful trees. The most famous of the latter is the Washington Elm, under which Washington took command of the continental army in 1775. On the lawns or *campus*, as everywhere about Boston, are monuments and statues—among the latter an interesting one of John Harvard, representing a young puritan scholar; among the former a structure fifty-six feet high, crowned by the figure of a soldier and with Revolutionary cannon about its base, in honor of the Cambridge men who fell in the civil war. Near the University, though not of it, is the Episcopal Theological School, a beautiful group of buildings including Lawrence Hall, the dormitory, Reed Hall (named after the generous founder)—a Gothic structure with cloisters—and an exquisite chapel.

Opposite the Harvard *campus* stand two interesting old churches, one Unitarian, the other Episcopal; both associated with revolutionary days, and the Unitarian building noted as the place of worship of Longfellow, Lowell, and other famous men. On Brattle street, past the Theological School is what most people would consider the most interesting house in New England. When the Revolution broke out, it was abandoned by its owner, Colonel John Vassal, who was a King George man, and it was then occupied by Washington as his headquarters. Longfellow owned and occupied it for

many years, and in it he died. Further on, on the way to Mount Auburn, the beautiful city of the dead, stands Lowell's house. Both are excellent specimens of the old colonial mansion—the exterior plain, yet with an air not only of comfort but of dignity; the interior costly and elegant. It is pleasant to know that the home in which Lowell (the most popular American who ever went to England in an official capacity) gave himself up to "the dear delights of books," is to be placed by Bostonians out of the reach of the stranger and the speculator, and preserved as a memorial of him.

Does any one go to Cambridge without falling in love with it? There may be many more beautiful places on both sides of the ocean; there is surely on this side none so attractive to the scholar. There is a wonderful charm in the place: in the stretches of greenery, in the venerable elms, in the houses built for use—refined and scholarly use—not show, in the links that bind it to the centuries passed away. The very atmosphere seems to yield to the spell, and even in wintry days to take on a softness and mellowness out of all proportion to the latitude; the spring days have a suggestion of Indian Summer; even summer sunlight is never garish. And when to these attractions are added the daily and hourly companionship through books of all the great departed, and the living presence of men able and worthy to be their interpreters, the stranger may be pardoned if he wishes to build tabernacles, and abide in Cambridge forever.

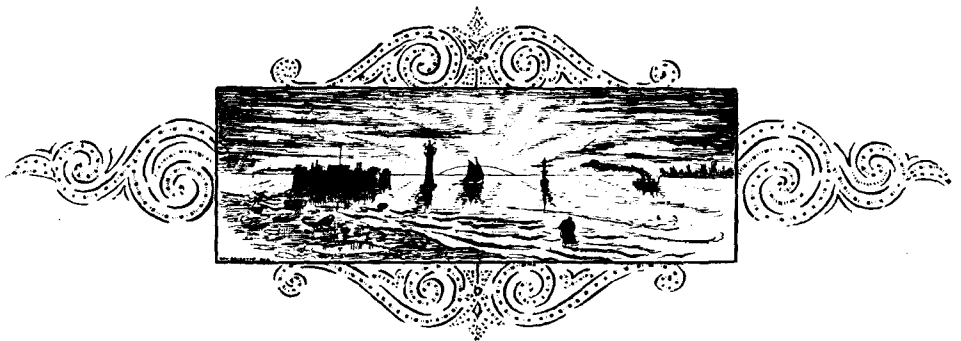
Part of the charm still lingers with you as you ramble about among other beautiful villages and towns of the Old Bay State—haunts too of scholars, and poets, and gentle philosophers. There, at Concord, is Wayside, the house of Hawthorne; and along a well-trodden path, you may pass literally in the footsteps of great men, to the old Alcott homestead. In the garden or "yard" of the latter is the little building once used as the Sumner School of philosophy. Many a pleasant dream, doubtless, did Bronson Alcott dream in it, while his wife and daughter considered pressing problems of ways and means. Further along is Emerson's house. Yonder at Sleepy Hollow (which should have been the name of Alcott's school of philosophy) is Thoreau, Emerson and Hawthorne. Not far away are the "Wayside Inn,"

and the "Old Manse," and the grave of the doughty Myles Standish.

And everywhere we meet towns with familiar names, telling of the land from which the pilgrims came, and which, as the names testify, was never forgotten. And a tenderer thought of these stern men comes to us as we begin to understand how they must have missed in the primeval forest all that makes exquisite an English spring: green meadows and yellow primroses, and hedges white with the May, the bleating of lambs, and the song of the lark—ay, and dearer delights; the faces of friends and companions, the sight of the old church spire, the sound of the old church bell, and the graves of their dead. There flashes across our minds, too, the thought of how near of kin we and their children are, notwithstanding our century and more of separation. We feel warm stirrings of the blood. We realize that we are in a land of friends, of brothers.

Scientists wonder what the coming American—the result of a union of almost every nationality and every religion of the old world—will be; what language he will speak, what faith he will profess, what strain will predominate in his bodily, mental and moral structure. In New England, at least, the English, the Saxon strain, will predominate for many a day—it is safe to say for ever. The pilgrims, though they left us in anger, went not empty away. They spoke the English tongue; they had their share in every great thought, in every poetical fancy, the language embalmed; their pilgrimage itself is one of the very noblest examples the world has ever had of English pluck. And the language, the literature, and the pluck, remain still, and are likely to remain—the staying power of the American people.

A. M. MacLEOD.





Mrs. Letitia Yeomans, Hon. President, W.C.T.U.

The Dominion Womans Christian Temperance Union.

CLOSELY interwoven with the destiny of a nation are those silken threads of individual character and purpose, which, in "the roaring loom of time" serve to give it color, form and texture.

Thousands, it may be, of life threads such as these, added patiently and persistently, one by one, to warp and woof, help to work out the wondrous design.

Slowly, but surely, as the years roll on, it grows and develops, as, day after day, almost imperceptibly, they are added; here and there, as the pattern demands, until, at last, the fabric stands complete.

Among the forces which have been at work in the making of Canada during the last two decades, is one, which is daily deepening and broadening in significance, as its influence widens and extends, and its moral and ethical importance becomes more and more apparent to all.

The Womans Christian Temperance Union of the Dominion is to-day recognized as a national movement of Canadian women for the protection of the home, the overthrow of the saloon, and the uplifting of fallen humanity. Within the embrace of its comprehensive plan of work is included every kind and description of philanthropic and charitable enterprise which has for its object the purification of society.

In its ceaseless struggle with the deadly evils of intemperance, it has come to recognize and to study carefully the correlation of the Temperance reform to other needed reforms: and as the blighting effects of the traffic in intoxicating liquors affect all ranks and grades of society alike:—the wealthy and cultured classes no less than the brotherhood of toil and labor,—and because the unerring laws of inherited appetite know no distinction of rank or position, it carries its



Mrs. Ella F. Williams, President.

message of warning, and extends its loving pleadings to those in the sheltered homes of luxury no less than to the children of poverty and crime.

Having its slender beginnings but twenty years since in the timid and tentative efforts of a few earnest Christian women, who in those days, when women possessed scarcely a tith of the larger sphere of freedom in thought and action now everywhere accorded them, were yet sufficiently patriotic and strong of heart and mind to band themselves together here and there throughout the United States and the Provinces in isolated groups, against the drinking habits of society; to pray for and plead with the drunkard and to make their meek but forceful protest against organized and protected evil—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of to-day, in the proud utterance of its gifted leader, Frances E. Willard, "has belted the universe with the white ribbon."

Growing out of the Woman's Crusade in Ohio in 1873, from the seed of their labors of love among the low grogeries of Hillsboro and adjacent townships, watered by the tears and prayers which have gone up from thousands of homes blighted by the deadly upas tree of the liquor traffic—has slowly and steadily

evolved this mighty organization numbering its hundreds of thousands, which has crossed two oceans and has bound together in a common cause the women of forty different countries of the globe.

I have before me the pledge of the first Canadian Temperance Society whose membership was composed entirely of women, organized in Owen Sound, Ont., in 1874 by Mrs. R. J. Doyle, a woman of rare Christian character who "being dead, yet speaketh" and who bore on earth the

"White flower of a spotless life."

This society at first was called the Ladies Prohibition Society and its members pledged themselves to "abstain from offering to others, or receiving at the hands of others, any kind of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and by all means in our power consistent with the dignity and delicacy

of our sex to endeavor to put down the liquor traffic."

Not very long after this these brave souls were called out to active service and it is worthy of note that when duty pointed the way, they did not consider it inconsistent with either "the dignity or delicacy" of their sex to appear personally in court, to give evidence against a hotel-keeper who persisted in keeping his bar open on Sunday.

And so the first seed was sown in Ontario; and, largely by the efforts of Mrs. Letitia Yeomans of Picton, who went everywhere throughout the Provinces inspiring the women to action by her unsurpassed eloquence and wonderful personal magnetism, local unions sprang up everywhere throughout Canada.

It was, however, some time before these societies came to see and understand the necessity and the advantage of uniting into Provincial Organizations. Here again Ontario took the lead, holding its first convention and formulating a general scheme for the prosecution of its work at Toronto in 1877.

British Columbia, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces followed this example in 1883; Manitoba in 1885; at which time local Unions were also started in the North West Territories, and in 1889 were



Mrs. Emma Atkinson,
Dominion Supt. Juvenile Work, W.C.T.U.

placed under the motherly care of a superintendent.

Still there was little or no national *esprit de corps*. Provincialism was even more marked then than now, when we are at last beginning to appreciate our relation to the Dominion as a whole.

Our women were learning the power of co-operation but they still confined their interests to the Province or group of Provinces of which they were natives.

The first step towards a national organization for Canada was taken in October, 1883, when delegates from Ontario and Quebec met in Montreal, adopted a constitution and appointed Mrs. Yeomans, President; also selecting fraternal delegates to the National W. C. T. U. of the United States. Two years elapsed before the next meeting, followed by a lapse of five; and it was not until the second convention was held in Toronto, in June 1889, that the Dominion W. C. T. U. could be said to have taken decided form and shape. Since that day it has steadily increased in numbers, and in every element of dignity and power. Its plan of work includes twenty-nine different departments of philanthropic effort:—it has been the means of calling into action, and developing the talents and directing the energies of scores of noble-minded Christian women in Canada. In its deliberations and councils it has taught women the value of

order and method in working: whilst the interchange of ideas and the sense of comradeship which it has evolved have been in the highest degree profitable and delightful. To belong to it is in itself a liberal education: for there is not a question of the day on which it does not in some measure touch, inasmuch as the social and moral problems with which it is appointed to deal enter into every phase of life in this busy, rushing nineteenth century. Its aims and its endeavors give color and purpose to many lives; the solitary dweller in ranch or farm feels less lonely as she realizes the "tie that binds" her to her sisters in the far off busy town or city. All classes, all grades are touched with the same fine issues: in this Christian socialism the arbitrary distinctions of wealth and denomination are forgotten. For God and Home and Native Land is its comprehensive motto: while its watchword is "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge." No ritual of initiation bars the way to timid aspirants: a tiny bow of white ribbon is the only badge: the noon-tide hour the trysting-place where loving hearts meet in faith around the mercy-seat.

The membership of the Dominion W. C. T. U. is composed from each auxiliary Provincial organization, paying a per capita affiliation fee of five cents. It includes at present 363 local unions with a membership of 6,982, exclusive of the Bands of Hope of which there are 202, with a membership of 15,107. There are also forty "T" branches, these being conducted by, and in the interests of young women. Its officers are chosen annually by ballot. It has twenty-nine



Miss Scott, Editor "The Woman's Journal,"
Organ of Dom. W.C.T.U.

distinct departments of work, each of which is placed in charge of a superintendent who is an expert in that particular branch of philanthropic effort and whose duty it is to plan for and further her department in every possible way, extending to Provincial Superintendents and through them to local unions every assistance in her power.

It has also a Literature Committee and has published a goodly number of original tracts and leaflets.

In giving a brief description of the personnel of the Dominion W.C.T.U. the necessarily limited bounds of a magazine article make it impossible to do more than give the very briefest of sketches of the most prominent leaders and workers.

Foremost among them all is the pioneer organizer and lecturer, Mrs. Letitia Yeomans of Picton, Ont., to whose unwearied efforts, enthusiasm and consecration to a difficult and arduous duty the temperance women of Canada are under an obligation which they delight to acknowledge. Although for several years past she has been confined to her couch by illness, she is still connected with the Dominion W. C. T. U. as its Honorary President and takes an active interest in all its undertakings. By birth a Canadian, she was educated at Burlington Academy, Hamilton, Ont., from which she graduated in 1847—for some years after which she was herself a teacher. In August, 1874, she met at the Chatauqua Sabbath School Assembly, some of the women of the first Temperance "Crusade," as it is called; and becoming convinced that God was calling the women of the present day to more aggressive work, she returned home, full of enthusiasm to work among those of her own town. Her wonderful gifts of oratory, her zeal and earnestness were inspiring and she was soon induced to visit other Provinces, with the most pleasing results: everywhere arousing public sentiment against the drink traffic. Those who have heard her, speak of the force and cleverness of her arguments, the flashes of wit and humour, no less than the moving pathos, which at times held her audience as with a spell.

While Canada, as a whole, owes much to Mrs. Yeomans, her own beloved Province of Ontario was of course her chosen field of labor and its women delighted to do her honor. She early learned, in common with most white-ribboners, the necessity of the weapon of the



Mrs Steadman, Ex-President.

woman's ballot for the protection of the home versus the saloon, and is an ardent suffragist. Of her political views she thus writes: "I am a Reformer in the true sense of the word, but neither political party suits me at the present time. The party that will write in its statute book: "Woe to him who giveth his neighbor drink," is my party.

Mrs. Yeomans has been a member of the Methodist church for 48 years.

At the urgent request of some of her friends she is now engaged in compiling her life story with which is closely associated the history of the Woman's Movement in Canada.

The President of the Dominion W. C. T. U. is elected annually by ballot. Among those who have filled this important position are the names of Mrs. Sarah Foster, wife of Judge Foster of Knowlton, Quebec, a woman of great executive ability and rare force of character; Mrs. Steadman, wife of Judge Steadman of Fredericton, N. B., and whose years of service in the W.C.T.U. of the Maritime Provinces has endeared her personally to a large coterie of friends. The present presiding officer, Mrs. Ella F. W. Williams, of Montreal, has proved herself to be thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her arduous post. She is as Lady Henry Somerset said of herself—most emphatically "a working president, *not* a figure-

head." Bright, keen and alert, with a wonderful capacity for assimilating ideas and directing work and workers, she keeps a steady hand at the helm and a bright look out ahead.

Mrs. Williams is of American parentage and education although she has passed all her married life in Canada. Always energetic she has for years been closely associated with philanthropic and charitable work in the city of Montreal; is a member of the Dominion Alliance and has been for a lengthy period treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Board of the Congregational Church of Canada. In addition to these duties she has also filled the post of recording secretary to the Quebec Provincial W. C. T. U. and has been Dominion Superintendent of the Flower Mission. She is a member of the Executive Committee of the World's W. C. T. U. holding in connection therewith the arduous post of treasurer. With all these multitudinous duties she is still a thoroughly domestic woman. With her, as indeed with white-ribboners in general, it may be said "Husband and Home first—afterwards what you will." Mrs. Williams is also of a literary turn of mind and has been a contributor to various papers and journals.

Mrs. Todd, of St. Stephen, N B., Vice-President at large, is the wife of Mr. W. H. Todd of that city, and forms an admirable co-worker with the Dominion President. Like her, she is of American birth



Mrs. Todd,
Vice-President-at-large.



Mrs. J. R. Cavers,
President Ontario Provincial Union.

and education; and like her also, quick, bright and of tireless energy. She is a brilliant and forcible speaker, most fearless and emphatic in her arguments, and apt in illustration. She filled for several years the post of President of the Maritime W. C. T. U. which was, and still is, a Confederated Union of the three Provinces by the sea. She also holds the position of Dominion Superintendent of Purity in Literature, Art and Fashion, and has rendered signal service in awakening the public conscience to the necessity of carefully guarding the reading matter, amusements and social customs of Canadian youth.

Each President of a Provincial Union is also ex-officio Vice-President of the Dominion.

Mrs. Cavers, President of Ontario Provincial Union, has occupied that responsible office for the past three years. She is thus thoroughly conversant with the work and workers and makes a most devoted and efficient leader. Of English birth and education, she was carefully trained and that by conservative methods. Her father, who was a distinguished church architect and Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, resided in London. There she became associated with Miss Annie MacPherson in her mission work at Bethnal Green. There, in her work among the dwellers in the slums, she first became convinced of the full significance of the drink curse, and,

recognizing it as her duty to become a total abstainer joined the "Christian Workers' Temperance Union." She was also a worker among factory girls, and in the Sailor's Rest, Ratcliffe Highway. In 1880 she made her second trip to Canada with Miss MacPherson, and was shortly afterwards married to the Rev. James R. Cavers, then of Brantford, Ont. At this place she first became acquainted with the work of the W. C. T. U. of which she was elected Recording Secretary in 1881. Up till 1890 she continued to fill various important and responsible positions in the Provincial work; since then she has been its acknowledged leader. Some idea of the growth of the work in Ontario may be given by the following facts: In 1882 it had but 19 Unions, they now number 220, with 3,800 and 900 honorary members. The income for last year was \$2,100. Twenty-seven different departments of work are actively taken up. It has furthered legislation providing for the study of temperance in the public schools, and also used its influence in gathering information for the supporters of the Factory Act amendments (bringing mercantile establishments under its provisions for better sanitary and hygienic arrangements for women employees), and lent its influence to the enactment of the law forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors.

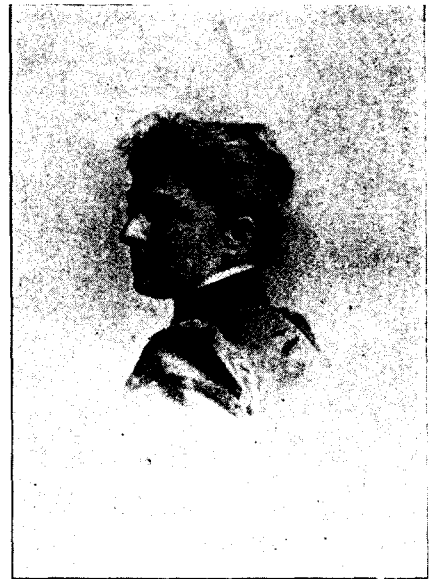
Ontario White-ribboners are also strong Suffragists; and their influence as well as their limited municipal votes have proved that the woman's ballot is cast for law and order, for temperance and purity. In this connection, and among those who have done yeoman service in championing the cause of political equality of the sexes, are the names of Mrs. Huldah Rockwell of Kingston, Mrs. Annie Parker of Barrie (Dominion Superintendent of Franchise) and Mesdames Carlyle, Curzon and Jacob Spence, of Toronto. With these should be included the name of Dr. Emily Stone who though not a member of the W. C. T. U. has both written and spoken on the Franchise question for our organization. A large number of charitable and reformatory institutions are also maintained by the Ontario W. C. T. U., its juvenile and "T" work is flourishing, and it is the first Province which has organized Unions among the colored people.

Much of the present satisfactory state of affairs in Ontario is due to the early efforts of Mrs. Yeomans, its first W. C. T. U. president and to the untiring energy and

ability of Miss Addie Chisholm (the present Mrs. George Foster) who succeeded her in office, which she held for a period of six years.

Both the Corresponding and Recording secretaries of the Dominion W. C. T. U. are well-known Ontario white ribboners; Mrs. Annie O. Rutherford of Ottawa, who has served efficiently on both executives for several years as Recording Secretary is a much appreciated officer. Miss Julia Tilley, of Toronto, who has filled the office of Corresponding Secretary for the Dominion since 1889, has also held several important posts in the Provincial Union. Her especial forte lies with children and her chosen field is the "T" work, for which she seems to possess special fitness. Miss Tilley is a daughter of Sir Leonard Tilley, Lieut.-Gov. of New Brunswick. She is a member of the Church of England and by nature and training most Conservative in all her instincts. She says herself that she was drawn into the work almost against her will, by the influence of Frances Willard. Her experience is that of many another white-ribboner, viz. that she was called upon to break down mountains of prejudice in order to step out from the beaten path of conservative thought and habit into the glare of publicity which challenges criticism, alike from friend and foe. That, although

"The perfect way is hard to flesh
It is not hard to love"



Miss Lillian Phelps,
Organizer and Lecturer.



Mrs. Sanderson,
President Quebec Provincial Union.

has been fully demonstrated by Miss Tilley's beautiful, womanly, dignified christian life, ever since she took the crucial step and donned the "ribbon white."

Mrs. Seton of Ottawa, Dominion Treasurer, completes the Ontario contingent of the Dominion Sub-Executive Committee. Broad in her views, full of loving sympathy with all, and one whose sound judgement has helped many a Christian worker. She is, like Miss Tilley, a member of the Church of England, and like her too a valued member of our organization.

Quebec W. C. T. U. which has given us our President in Mrs. Ella Williams, is represented in the Dominion Executive by Mrs. Sanderson (wife of Rev. Mr. Sanderson of Danville.) If heredity have anything to do with principles, then Mrs. Sanderson surely comes honestly by her emancipated views. Her parents were among the earliest settlers in Simcoe County, Ont., which was then a wilderness. Deprived of school privileges, her mother, a cultured English lady, educated her carefully. As her parents held the most pronounced views on the subjects of Temperance and anti-slavery, she may be said to have been born and bred a Reformer, although she only joined the W. C. T. U. in 1883, becoming its presiding

officer after the retirement of Mrs. Middleton. Mrs. Sanderson is a tireless worker and has the courage of her convictions, and under her leadership Quebec W. C. T. U. is developing grandly. Organized but nine years ago with 12 Unions, they now number 83 with a total membership of 2,288. Its Honorary President, Mrs. Middleton of Quebec, is, perhaps, its most prominent as she is its best beloved worker. Coming to Canada at an early age with her parents she subsequently married Mr. Middleton, proprietor of the Quebec *Gazette*, the first newspaper published in Canada. Her temperance record dates back fifty years; she joined the white ribboners in 1883, serving them as Provincial President for five years. Mrs. or "Mother" Middleton is greatly beloved. She is an earnest Christian worker, active still after life-long service in the Master's vineyard.

Associated with her in both Provincial and Dominion work are Miss Dougall, sister of the editor of the Montreal *Witness*; Miss Barber, whose work of faith and love among women and girls is well and widely known; Mrs. L. M. Noyes of Waterloo, Mrs. Rugg of Stanstead and others, all of whom are Superintendents of Department work in Dominion W. C. T. U.

Mrs. W. W. Turnbull of St. John, N. B., represented the Maritime Provinces as Dominion Vice-President for



Mrs. Middleton,
Hon. President Quebec Provincial Union.



Mrs. W. W. Turnbull,
Ex-President Maritime W.C.T.U.

a lengthened period. As the chief officer of the Maritime Union for the past five years she has also had charge of the difficult and delicate department relating to Social Purity. She is a woman of sweet and gracious presence and rare tact; a charming writer and much esteemed and beloved by her comrades. Holding a social position of wealth and influence in the city of St. John, she has courageously maintained her convictions in such a manner as to disarm criticism and win admiration and respect. The Maritime W. C. T. U. has passed its first decade having been organized in '82 in Fredericton, N. B. It includes the three sea-girt provinces, and its conventions are held annually in each province in rotation. As a moral and social force its influence is widely felt while to its efforts in assisting legislation Nova Scotia owes the fact that it possesses on its statute-books the best and most emphatic law for the study of physiological temperance in the public schools. Ninety-six Unions are included in the Maritime W. C. T. U. with a reported membership of about 2,000. The women are active workers and have already supported and helped to enforce the Canada Temperance Act. Five members of the Maritime W. C. T. U. also hold office as Dominion Superintendents of departmental work.

British Columbia is represented among

the Dominion Vice-Presidents by the talented Mrs. Cunningham of New Westminster, presiding officer of that Provincial Union. British Columbia W. C. T. U. was organized by Miss Frances Willard in 1883, Mrs. Pollard being its first president. It has ever since been, in a great measure, the protégée of the National (U. S. W. C. T. U.;) and has probably enjoyed more visits from American lady lecturers than any other Province.

The white ribboners of the Pacific coast are fortunate in their President who is a most inspiring and devoted leader. The wife of a prominent merchant and M. P., in New Westminster, she has a wide social influence, always used for the highest purposes. She possesses great executive ability and tireless energy. In addition to her arduous duties in connection with the Temperance work, she has taught an adult bible class for over 30 years in the New Westminster Methodist School. Perhaps the most successful enterprise of the B. C. Union is the Refuge Home at Victoria, established in 1889, under the care of Miss Bowes the talented Editor of *Home Cheer*, and who also fills the position of organizer and lecturer. Nowhere in Canada has the W. C. T. U. done more to raise the tone of society, and to form public sentiment against the liquor traffic, than in British Columbia, where, perhaps there are greater difficulties in the way.



Mrs. M. A. Cunningham,
President Ontario Provincial Union.



Mrs. Chisholm.
Ex-President Manitoba Provincial Union.

Mrs. MacLaren of Morden, completes the list of Dominion Vice-Presidents. She is the President of that Provincial W. C. T. U. and we regret that we have not been able to gather the details of her work in time for this article. Manitoba has had its guiding spirit in its retiring President Mrs. Chisholm (now of Superior, Michigan.) The Prairie province is well to the fore in the white ribbon army and its departments of work are ably officered and well carried out. Winnipeg will be the next trysting-place of the Dominion W. C. T. U. our convention meeting in that city in June next.

Even the risk of the editorial scissors cannot deter me from a brief mention of two or three "unattached" officers whose work belongs to every Province! Miss Scott of Ottawa is Editor and Proprietor of our Organ the *Womans Journal*, and we are vastly proud of "our

Mary's" various gifts and graces. Under her able management the paper has increased not only in size and circulation but in force and power, pith and point. Miss Lillian Phelps of St. Catherines, Ont., Dominion Organizer and Lecturer is a young lady of acknowledged talent in public speaking. She is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory, is also Dominion W. C. T. U. Commissioner for the World's Fair. Nor must the devoted services of Miss Bertha Wright of Ottawa, whose bright young life is wholly consecrated to evangelistic effort, be overlooked. For the W. C. T. U. recognizes as its mightiest force the transforming power of the Cross of Christ on the individual heart and life; and the influence of the Holy Spirit to redeem and to lift up every son and daughter of the human race.

In the many and varied labors of love which it has put in motion throughout the world, the main object of its existence is never for a moment lost sight of. The liquor traffic with all its ill-gotten wealth, its "vested interests" and the protection afforded it by law and government has to-day no mightier foe than the hosts of white-ribboned women who "wage their peaceful war for God, and Home, and every Land."

Fighting a desperate battle at tremendous odds; braving criticism, scorn and reproach because we dare to ask for the weapon of the ballot wherewith to protect our homes from the legalized saloon; called often in weakness to tasks from which our woman's nature shrinks in fear, what can our little band of six thousand Canadian white-ribboners hope to accomplish?

Let the motto of the Maritime Union be the answer:

"If GOD be for us, who can be against us!"

EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.





Pioneer Str. Beaver and Royal Mail C. P. R. Str. Empress of India off Observation Point, Vancouver, B.C.
(Photo. from Bailey Bros.)

MORITURA TE SALUTAT !

THE "BEAVER" TO THE "EMPRESS."

The wreck of the "Beaver" lies near the entrance to Vancouver Harbour, within a short distance of the course of the "Empresses," the new steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The "Beaver" was the pioneer steamer of the Pacific Ocean,—1835.

A broken hulk, forlorn and lost am I,
Above me frown the cliffs in ramparts high,
Beneath on rocky ledge
I stranded lie.

Around, the hungry waves await their prey,
They surge about my head and day by day
I crumble as they steal
My life away.

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,
But Man, whom I have served, disdains to save,
And robs me as I sink
Into my grave.

The sea-weed damp and chill binds fast my breast,
Yet deep below there stirs, unknown, unguessed,
Sweet dreams of youth that wake
In wild unrest.

At morn, when the first ray of daylight creeps
Through clinging mists where soft the darkness sleeps,
And trembles as it sinks
To dusky deeps,—

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,
While droops the golden moss
Above my head,—

At eve, when shadows fall and winds are free
And moaning waters call aloud for me
To sink to sleep at last
Beneath the sea,—

Still do I gaze afar, still do I wait,
Watching for Her who comes in royal state
To sweep majestic through
The Lions' Gate!

Great Empress, proud, serene! thy coming fleet
Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet
The purple hills proclaim,
The vales repeat.

To my dull vision, from the world apart,
Thou seemst a miracle of magic art,
Strange forces throb and glow
Within thy heart;

Fair white enchantress, from the Orient sped,
Its spicy bloom and fragrance round thee shed
Still lingering incense breathe
About thy head,

Above thy path the gleaming sea-gulls fly,
Like mystic spirits weave in circles high
A charm of waving wings
Against the sky!

I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot,
Nor mark in passing by the lonely spot
Where desolate I lie,
By all forgot.

The Past am I, but yet thou canst not chide
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride
Whose youth once challenged Fate
And Time defied,

For had I ne'er traversed this Western sea,
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,
Where then they stately grace
Secure and free?

I toiled through calm and storm for many a year,
While y-t th' untrodden forest slumbered here,
Of Progress, Faith, and Peace
The Pioneer.

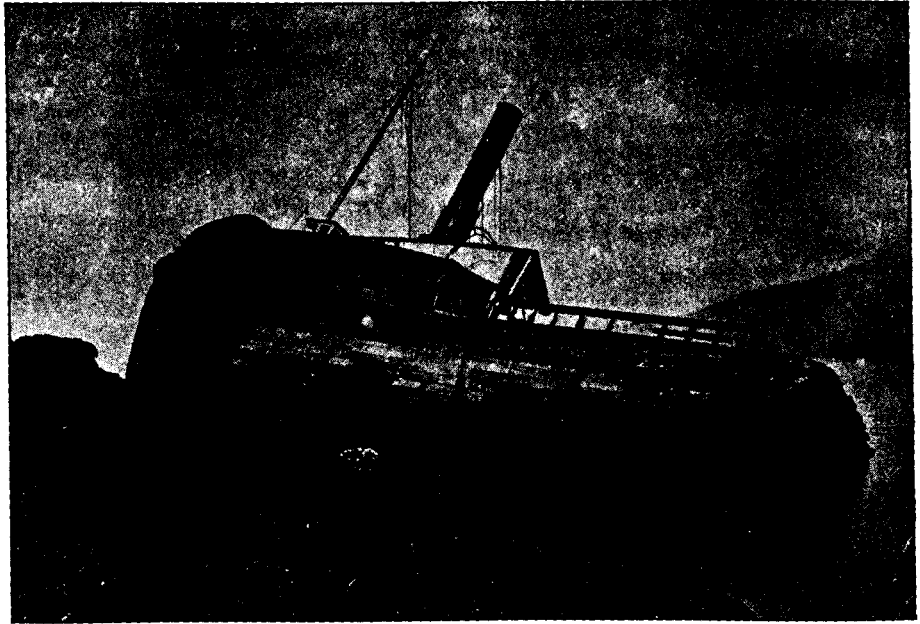
And Science gave me power to prove her worth,
Her dawning light was shed upon my birth
Whose glory now is spread
Through all the earth !

But now my work is done, I sink to rest,—
Fair Empress ! may the wave thou hast caressed
In music murmur still
Above my breast.

And when at midnight's hour thou drawest nigh,
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie
A star upon thy brow,
Thou glidest by—

Oh, may its light that trembles o'er my tomb
With dreams of thee steal downwards through the gloom,
Where I beneath the sea
Have found my doom.

L. A. LEFEVRE.



The "Beaver."



A DAY IN NEW FISHING GROUNDS.

COME up the line with us nice little party leave at 2 back to-morrow evening come if possible"—said "farmer" Burk without taking breath, as he shook hands with me in Port Arthur on a bright June day. Such an invitation was not to be refused. The party was found to consist of three members of the Ontario Legislature and several of their local friends. It was pretty well known to every member of the party that there was good fishing ahead, and because of this fact many of their pockets were found to contain an assortment of tackle and hooks. It was with regret that the stout form of Mr. James Conmee, M.P.P., was seen to remain on the platform as the train moved off, he not being able to accompany the party.

The Port Arthur Duluth and Western Railway is being constructed by Middleton and Conmee in a westerly direction on the north shore of Lake Superior, and will soon connect Port Arthur and Fort William with the American system of railways branching from Duluth. The main line throws out branches at Kakabeka Falls and at Sand Lake, the latter will push on to Rainy River and ultimately to Atikokan iron mines. The railway opens up a new territory that will soon become dear to the heart of the fisherman and hunter. Its whole course is a network of trout streams and crystal lakes filled with speckled and mountain trout, land-locked salmon and other game fishes.

From the windows of the passenger coach attached to the west bound timber train could be seen first, the mighty

buttresses of rock which hem in Thunder Bay, then the silent flow of the Kaministiquia River gliding to the bay. Near Stanley Park where the railway crosses it the coffee colored tide is still flecked with foam from the lofty cataract of Kakabeka, one of the most famous in Canada. Beyond that the train plunges into an almost unbroken forest of birch and tamarac, and winds its way up the valley of the Whitefish River, crossing and recrossing that stream a dozen times in its course. On the left side rise lofty rocky bluffs, the beginning of that great barrier wall that culminates in Mount McKay. These forbidding fortresses are the guardians of great wealth. Some of the richest silver bonanzas found on the North Shore have been located in this district, and the dump piles of the Beaver, Badger, Silver Mountain and other mines foot up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars in value.

The wide glittering expanse of Whitefish lake breaks through; the shivering poplar leaves, the sound of lumbermen's voices and the panting of an engine indicate that the forest spoiler is at work here. Five million feet of pine logs are being floated into the waters of a small bay, whence they are being loaded on flat cars for transportation to Thunder Bay. Another gang of men are at work at North Lake shipping logs by rail to the same destination. Big pine logs are drawn or tossed up on the platform as if they were fishing poles.

Whitefish Lake is well stocked with whitefish and pike; its wild rice grown bays offer a strong inducement to flocks of wild ducks and geese in the fall, and the forest on its rocky shores shelters numberless covies of partridge and grouse.

This region is also well stocked with moose and caribou ; a large number of black bears are annually shot by settlers and hunters. An adventurous hotel man has built a substantial frame hotel on the lake shore for the accommodation of sportsmen and prospectors.

The end of track on the shore of North Lake, seventy miles west of Port Arthur, was reached at midnight ; most of the party went over to the Hotel de Bull, a comfortable log building, but only secured a few hours sleep, when the order to rise was issued as the gray mists of morning were rolling away from the uplands. By half-past five o'clock a breakfast of ham

her, it was found that the speed was not too great for trawling, and several fish were caught. The machinery of the tug, nearly exhausted from a long struggle with a big raft of timber, required encouragement and advice from time to time, but in the end prevailed over seven miles of as beautiful a lake expanse as the heart of a sportsman could desire. North Lake is connected with little Gunflint and Gunflint Lakes by a rocky rapid twenty yards long. Down this some of the boats were rushed while other ones were portaged across the peninsula.

When Gunflint Lake proper was reached, the beauty of its scenery was the sub-



Lumbering Scene.

and eggs, fresh beef, griddle cakes, white bread and other extras was ready at Bull's place, and an appetite whetted by the early morning air of the forest can appreciate such fare.

A couple of men paddled over to the flatbottomed, wide-beamed little tug anchored in deeper water, and by the judicious use of soft coal induced the steam to form in the upright boiler. Passengers began to arrive on the first sound of the tiny whistle, and after the engineer and four consulting experts had doctored the inspirator, the wheezy craft was ready for the trip. As she puffed on her course down the lake towing three boats behind

ject of much admiration. The dark green crystal sheet of water lies between high sloping shores marked by masses of rock, decorated by rank vines and wild fruit bushes, and clothed by the mantle of a far-spreading forest, where the vivid emerald of the spruce and poplar strive with the darker green of birch, pine and tamarac. Such a country as this is an admirable game preserve ; the forest and rough country offer shelter, the earth yields grasses and some varieties of trees are hung with edible mosses. In their season wild dewberry, strawberry, raspberry, huckleberry, buffalo or serviceberry, cranberries and cherries ripen in a prodigality



At the Engineer's camp.

of abundance, and tempt indolent black bears to cover their anatomies with a layer of fat against the days of hibernation. Moose and caribou which were thinned out of Thunder Bay region by a wholesale system of slaughter on the part of Indians and whites years ago, are becoming numerous again in consequence of strict laws protecting them.

This is a country of partridge, and they are to be found in great abundance everywhere, until thinned out by the hand of the railway navy and the cook's hunter. The aggressive prairie chicken has thrown out colonies from the prairies of Manitoba, which have spread over and populated the whole of the north shore of Lake Superior, following the great swath cut by a terrible forest fire some twenty-five years ago. Waterfowl are numerous, and furbearing animals of all kinds, as well as large game, are on the bill of fare offered a sportsman, and if he be a fisherman also, speckled trout, mountain and lake trout, land-locked salmon, whitefish and pike are added to the list.

When the fleet of boats floated out on the bosom of Gunflint Lake, the crews separated. One of them was attracted by the roar of a cataract that rushed down the rough Minnesota side, and trawling back and forth in front of its mouth,

caught eleven beautiful mountain trout averaging three pounds apiece. These fish seem to be a cross between the speckled and the lake trout or salmon fontinalis. Their fins have the pink and white markings of the former, their bodies are mottled dark and grey like the latter. The species of fish found in this lake called by an American authority the land-locked salmon, is a fine fish with firm pink flesh making delicious eating.

The Peterboro' canoe propelled by the strong arms of Chief Engineer Hazlewood and his assistant, Mr. Heskith, proceeded on down the lake to an iron lode that dipped into the water halfway down the Ontario side. The third person, who sat in the middle of the canoe, was busy with a hook and line. The glittering spoon followed by the concealed triple hooks was too great a temptation for four trout. One by one they lunged forward upon the spinning bauble, the line tugged sharply and then the fight began, as they dash hither and thither, or spring out of the water in their endeavor to escape. The struggle was not long, and as the line came in hand over hand, the gleam of their white bellies marked the distance at which they still tossed and tugged. Gently hauled up beside the gunwale and quietly landed in the bottom of the canoe,

they fell into the hands of the executioner sitting in the stern, who paused a moment in his paddling, to still their floppings by a couple of blows from a piece of iron, which, if it missed his fingers, was pretty sure to accomplish its object upon the luckless trout.

The big brown lode which came down to the water from a northwesterly direction is rich in iron ore, some of the specimens obtained showed a percentage of half ore; much of it running up to sixty-five per cent. of pure metallic iron. So many rich veins of this metal have been found in this region lately that a little iron boon has set in, and mining locations are being taken up on every side. To show what a future there is ahead of the iron industry and the railway that is now tapping it, it may be said that an American railway which tapped the same range much nearer Duluth, increased its earnings from \$134,000 in 1884 (the first year of its existence) to \$886,000 in 1889 and to about \$1,250,000 in 1891. This is an indication of what the P.A.D. & W. R. has ahead of it when the this main line is constructed through the iron range.

An American authority who has been over the two lakes North and Gunflint, caught a number of what he pronounced to be the real land-locked salmon; they

are lighter in color than the mountain trout. On our return trip we caught three more trout and a pike. But time was too precious to dally on the way. When the boats had gathered at the tug once more, after a couple of hours cruise, a count showed that thirty mountain trout, salmon and pike had been caught. The return trip on the tug yielded half a dozen more, making in all over one hundred pounds of trout, salmon and pike of the largest size.

The principal part of the construction work now lies along the shores of North and Gunflint lakes and the blasting of rock has made the fish shy. They seek the deep water and do not bite so readily while the work continues. At the engineer's camp, pitched near the principal construction village of tents and shanties, a dinner was provided for us that was a triumph of cooking skill in the wilderness. In addition to the ordinary dishes of meat and fish, cakes pies and preserves garnished the board. And there was, never a better jury to decide upon the merits of a meal.

The railway work here consists of a large earth and rock cut, also a long fill. Between four and five hundred men are now strung along the five miles of work fully under way, and the five more just



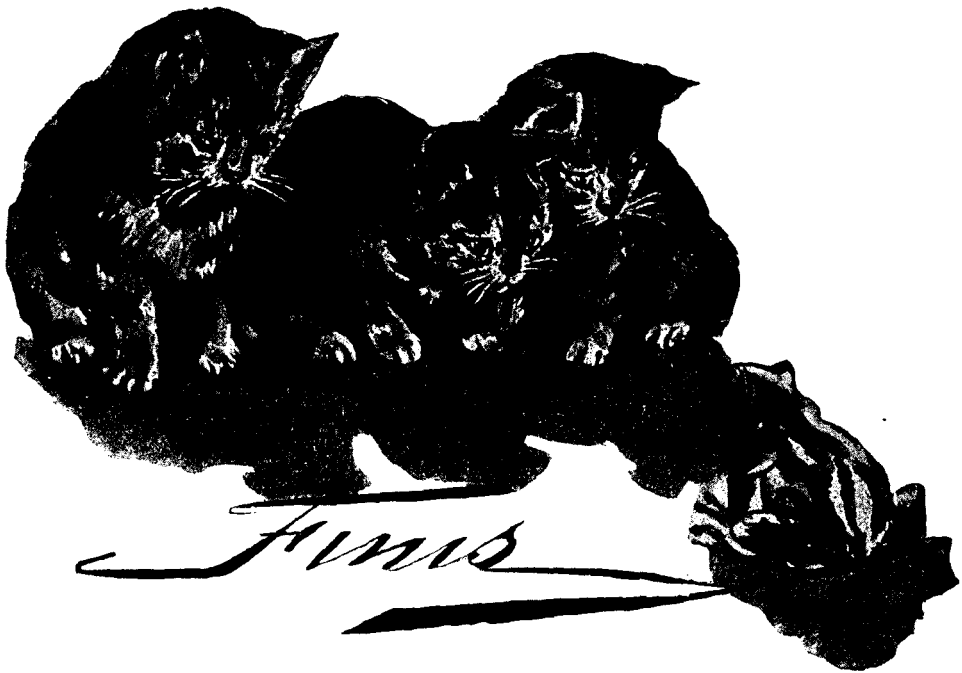
The return of the spies.

being prepared for the navvies, and the work is to be finished for tracklaying long before the snow flies

When the party assembled again at Bull's place, they were given ten minutes to get their fish, specimens, tackle and trappings aboard the special train waiting to run them over newly laid track at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. For some miles the engine staggered to and fro, rose and fell as if riding a heavy swell, while the coach lurched with uncomfortable violence. When the regularly ballasted line was reached, the procession soon settled down to a steady flight, and the gloomy tamarac swamps

carpeted with grey moss, the uplands shimmering in green, danced by and faded away behind; black peat bogs rushed out from under the wheels, gem-like lakes sparkled a moment through the trees and then disappeared, the rank grass and the milk white blossoms of the wild strawberry chequered the earth. The brawling trout stream caused a momentary pang of regret, but the steady klink-a-klunk of the wheels and the moving panorama showed evidences of haste, and that the speckled beauties would be unmolested this time.

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.



THE FISCAL HISTORY OF CANADA.



O national subject is of greater importance than the inception and development of a country's fiscal policy and the growth of its commercial politics. Other events maybe were

interesting; the records of its rulers were romantic, or the stirring incidents of warfare were attractive. And in this age of commerce and bustling industry, this period of tariffs and competition, much more may be learned from the plain, unvarnished records of fiscal regulations and changes in past decades than from the ordinary and popular histories of the period. The Canadian Provinces for over a hundred years have been more or less affected by tariffs. At one time it was protectionist duties imposed by Great Britain, which had the double effect of stimulating trade with the Mother Country and by means of the Navigation Laws restricting it with all other countries. Then it was the tariff policy of the United States, which for many years hampered our trade, and still, with the exception of an interval of limited reciprocity, restricts it as far as possible. Now it is our own protective tariff which is claimed to have worked wonders in the development of Canadian industrial and national life, and which has certainly done a great deal in that direction.

Prior to 1760, when Canada was ceded to Great Britain, its exports consisted mainly of furs, seal oil, flour and peas, averaging yearly, perhaps, £100,000 in value. The imports were greater, and it was a standard complaint of the French Governors that English traders were monopolizing business at the expense of the French. This was the age of the fur trade and the evolution of the Hudson's Bay Company, which at one time extended its operations over 4,000,000 square miles of area, held 152 posts or stations, employed 3,000 agents or traders and over a hundred thousand Indian hunters. In 1856 it was able to report assets of \$7,340,000 and liabilities of only \$1,000,000. Then followed, under British rule, the growth of the ship-building and lumber trade. The system of colonial monopoly was still in vogue. The navigation of the St. Lawrence was for-

bidden to foreign vessels, and the lumber of Upper and Lower Canada was shipped upon British vessels, chiefly to the Mother Country. As a recompense, however, for the disabilities which prevented Canadian ships from entering foreign ports, the Provinces were allowed the exclusive privilege of furnishing lumber and provisions to the West India Islands. The trade in these products was, therefore, fairly good, and in 1841 the ship-building branch of the business at Quebec produced no less than sixty-four sea-going vessels, with an aggregate of 23,122 tons burden.

During these years the British American Provinces—which then consisted of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia—had the most extensive preferences and privileges in the markets of Great Britain. In 1845, just before the change to free-trade, the Imperial tariff upon provisions was as follows :

ARTICLE.	From Foreign Countries.		From British Countries.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bacon and hams, cwt.....	14	8½	3	8
Butter, ".....	21	0	5	3
Cheese, ".....	11	0¼	2	7½
Beef, salted, ".....	8	4¾	2	1
Pork, ".....	8	4¾	2	1
Vegetables, ".....	0	2	0	1
Eggs, 120 lbs.....	0	10	0	2½
Hay, load.....	16	9	8	4½
Oxen and bulls, each.....	21	0	10	6
Horses, ".....	21	0	10	6
Cows, ".....	15	9	7	10½
Calves, ".....	10	6	5	3
Sheep, ".....	3	1¾	1	6¾
Hogs, ".....	5	3	2	7½
Lambs, ".....	2	1	1	0½
Wheat, according to price, ..18s to 20s.			2s.	to 5s.

As a passing illustration of how trade changes and production varies from time to time, and how impossible it is to frame an unalterable tariff policy, it may be said that a few years before this—October 12, 1842—the Legislature of Canada passed an Act for the significance of Her Majesty's pleasure, which imposed a duty of 3s. a quarter on all wheat imported into Canada, except from the United Kingdom and other Colonies, and stating in the preamble that it was done in the hope of receiving a reciprocal reduction in the duties upon wheat and wheat flour imported into the United Kingdom

from Canada. And in the succeeding year this was done. But important changes were looming upon the horizon. In 1841 the free-trade agitation in England began to take effect, and the first Canadian interest to suffer was the one most vital to the prosperity of the moment. Up to this time the duty imposed upon Baltic timber was fifty-five shillings per load, whilst Canadian was admitted at the nominal figure of ten shillings. But in this year the rates were lowered to thirty shillings and one shilling respectively. The result was a steady growth of unrest in the country and a natural diminution of faith in permanence of English tariff legislation. Whilst, however, the trade was not affected by the mere relaxation of the duties, because the preference still existed, it was unquestionably injured by the fear, and as it proved a reasonable one, that the end of such changes was not yet.

In studying the condition of the Canadian Provinces—prior to 1841 there was no union of Upper and Lower Canada—it is evident that this preferential trade did much for the colonists, but that its full benefit was destroyed and the measure of its usefulness restricted, first by a complete ignorance both in what we now call our Eastern Provinces, in Great Britain, and in foreign countries, as to the vast resources and extent of British North America; and, second, to the vexatious regulations which tied up our external trade in the hands of British middlemen and shipping interests. Our trade with the United States over a term of years shows to what an extent our foreign commerce was handicapped, not of course by the preference given Canadians in the British market, but by the Navigation Laws and other commercial regulations of that age of colonial leading strings. In a Memorandum prepared by Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington, assisted by Hon. George Brown, and dated 27 April, 1874, may be found the not easily obtainable figures of trade during the period referred to with the United States. The twelve years, 1821 to 1832 inclusive, show that the total export from the United States to the British North American Provinces (including Newfoundland) was \$31,401,326 whilst the imports were only \$7,684,559. In the thirteen years following, 1833-45, there was an increase to something like one year's total at the present time. Exports from the Republic into the Provinces were \$58,-

722,869, and imports from the Provinces into the United States were \$23,356,275.

During this whole fifty years there cannot be said to have prevailed a degree of prosperity which would be satisfactory to people of the present day. From the Constitutional Act of 1791 to 1841, the Provinces were indebted to for any little progress which they made to their preference in the British market, to the consequent growth of the lumber trade, and to the business operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Tariffs were in a most complex condition. Each Province had duties against the other, and over all was the controlling power of the Home Government largely legislating in ignorance of the fiscal requirements of the then comparatively insignificant Colonies. Lord Durham, in opening his celebrated Report upon the condition of the Provinces in 1839, drew a picture which was apparently only too true of the difference between the countries whose borders, then as now, run together for thousands of miles.

“By describing one side of the frontier and reversing the picture the other would be described. On the American side all is activity and bustle. The forest has been widely cleared; every year numerous settlements are formed, and thousands of farms are created out of the waste; the country is intersected with common roads, etc. . . . On the British side of the line, with the exception of a few favored spots, where some approach to American prosperity is apparent, all seems waste and desolate. . . . There is, on the side of both the Canadas and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forests, without towns or markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, and drawing little more than a rude subsistence from ill-cultivated land.”

This lack of progressiveness where there was so much genuine patriotism and imperishable self-sacrifice; where lived those pioneers who were largely the sons of the United Empire Loyalists of earlier days, or in Quebec had proved themselves worthy of a great page in Canadian history as the French voyageurs and trappers who made that Province a fitting home for the peaceful agriculture and commerce of to-day, was due largely

to the people not possessing fiscal freedom and constitutional self-government. Both came after 1841, but unfortunately with them came a sudden and most disastrous blow, the destruction of Great Britain's protective tariff, and the total change in its entire colonial policy of preferential trade and political control. The thunder-bolt fell in 1846, after certain low mutterings which gave a premonition of coming disaster, and the North American Colonies were practically thrown upon their backs.

Fortunately, the Union of Upper and Lower Canada had been effected in 1841, and they at least were in a better position to withstand the shock. But still, business was totally disorganised, prices fell, failures were frequent, an incomplete banking system caused trouble, while the discontent which had smouldered since the Rebellion of 1837 found fresh vent, this time in an avowedly American direction. The abolition of the Corn-Laws was not, of course, effected without protest from Canada. Plain speaking seems to have been the style at this time, for we find Earl Cathcart, Governor-General of Canada (Ontario and Quebec) addressing a despatch (Jan. 28, 1846) to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, in which he referred to the probable transfer of the trade of Montreal to New York, possible Colonial alienation from the Mother-Country, and "annexation to our rival and enemy, the United States." The Legislative Assembly followed this up with an Address to the Queen on May 12th of the same year, in which it spoke with a plainness of language bordering upon hostility:

"It is much to be feared that should the inhabitants of Canada from the withdrawal of all protection to their staple products, find that they cannot compete with their neighbors of the United States in the only market open to them, they will naturally, of necessity, begin to doubt whether remaining a portion of the British Empire will be of that paramount advantage which they have hitherto found it to be."

This was not very loyal, but it must be regarded as the product of a momentary dread of a great catastrophe which seemed to be hanging over the country. It turned out indeed to be sufficiently injurious, but it also proved to be the commencement of an entirely new era—a period of slow but steady progress, pre-

ceded by a few years of disaster and energetic efforts at recovery. No practical attention had been paid to the protests and in 1849 the Navigation Canadian Laws were also repealed. During these years of change in the Old Land, Canadian duties remained pretty much the same, the average being 10½ per cent., and the free imports into the country forming only 2½ per cent. of the total. For the eight years from 1841 to 1849 the imports of Canada—the two Provinces—amounted to \$117,715,000, and the total duty collected to \$14,040,000. But these importations, small as they may seem to the Canadian of to-day, were too large for the business and population of that time, and undoubtedly helped to swell the troubles of the country.

And the climax came when the famous Annexation manifesto of 1849 was signed and issued in Montreal. It described the position of the provinces in the blackest, and of course, the most unfair terms, yet with just that substratum of truth which makes adequate denial extremely difficult. The Secretaries of the Association were men who lived to sincerely regret their youthful folly, and to repent the disgrace incurred—Robt. Mackay and A. A. Dorion—and the signers included some men since eminent in good and loyal service to their country. The statements were drastic enough to please the most confirmed pessimist. Said the address:

"The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the Colonies their wanted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country what but ruin and decay meets the eye? Our Provincial Governments and Civil Corporations embarrassed! our banking and other securities greatly depreciated! our mercantile and agricultural interests alike unprosperous! real estate scarcely saleable upon any terms! our unrivalled lakes, rivers and canals almost unused! whilst commerce abandons our shores. * * * Crippled therefore and checked in the full career of public and private enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our Country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbours, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

Jacob De Witt, M. P. P., in seconding one of the resolutions at the meeting

which approved the manifesto, claimed that the laborer without land in the United States could obtain more in wages than many Canadian farm proprietors could make out of their own farms. Benjamin Holmes, M.P.P., asserted that wheat selling in Toronto for 3s. 9d. was worth 5s. across the line, and that their best flour would similarly be worth 20s. 6d. in Montreal and 26s. on the other side. Of course many of these and other statements resembling them were very much exaggerated, but, there was unquestionably at the time a large amount of distress and difficulty prevalent. Some of it was caused by the unequal conditions which existed in our trade with the United States, as well as by the abrogation of the British duties in favour of Colonial products. Reference has been made to the earlier Provincial trade with the United States, and the same comparative conditions continued to prevail. During the eight years 1846-53 the Republic exported to the Provinces \$77,092,514 and imported from them only \$36,753,592. This great preponderance in United States exports to Canada over its imports was further complicated by the fact of Canada steadily increasing its use of American railways, canals and jobbing centres in carrying British goods into the Provinces. This trend in the transportation trade became very marked after the abrogation of the British Corn Laws. Prior to 1846 there had, of course, been no bonding system or similar arrangement. The exports of foreign products to British America from the United States before and after that event was as follows :

From 1821 to 1832 inclusive	\$	403,909
“ 1833 to 1845	“	4,640,332
“ 1846 to 1853	“	22,072,260

This large increase is due to the arrangement by which merchandise, after 1846, was brought from the coast without payment of duties at the frontier. Through the more complete mode in operation after 1854 when the Reciprocity Treaty was consummated, this transit trade rose till in 1868 it amounted to \$21,515,664, or nearly the amount of the whole eight years from 1846 to 1853. Unfortunately no official figures were kept during the time the treaty was in force, and we can only guess at the great value it must have been to American transportation interests by the large foreign exports which they brought to us between 1868

and 1873—a total of \$162,000,000. During all these years Canadian duties against the Republic had averaged about 10½ per cent., and, as usual since then, American duties upon our goods were, as a rule, double ours, and sometimes more. In their early history from 1800 to 1860, the American tariff varied far more than ours ever did. At times it was highly protective, at other periods almost free trade in its scope and effect. But whatever the duties, Canadian imports rose steadily after 1849, and it really seems in this case, as it has proved in many others, that the greater the import trade, the less general prosperity prevails. Disorganization of business and commerce naturally injures internal production and promotes the imports of foreign products. The following table speaks for itself, and is from official documents, as are all those I have quoted :

Year.	Imports.	Duty.
1849.....	£ 3,002,891	£ 444,547
1850.....	4,245,517	615,694
1851.....	5,358,697	737,439
1852.....	5,071,623	739,263
1853.....	7,995,359	1,028,676
1854.....	10,132,331	1,234,751

In this latter year, however, a great change took place in the relations between the Republic and the Provinces. For some time past Canadian farmers had been prospering visibly. The Crimean War kept up the price of grain to a very high figure, and despite the fact that our exports nearly all went to Great Britain via American railroads and ports, this prosperity was maintained. And just at this time, when the war was about to close and a reaction in prices might have been expected, Lord Elgin succeeded in negotiating his famous Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, thus opening to Canadian farmers another market, which was destined in a few years to be immensely valuable, though in a transient way, by the effects of the Civil War, which depleted agricultural population and decreased agricultural production.

The following are the leading points in the Treaty, which was signed on June 5th, 1854, and terminated, after notice, by the United States in 1866 :

I.—The inhabitants of the United States shall possess the right to take fish of any kind, except shell-fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, in the bays, harbors and creeks of any of the British Provinces without being restricted to any distance from the shore ; with permission to land upon the coasts and shores of the

Provinces for the purpose of drying their nets and curing fish.

II.—British subjects shall possess similar privileges in American waters, north of the 36th parallel of north latitude, with the same rights as to landing on the sea coast.

III.—Certain articles, being the growth and produce of the British Colonies, or of the United States, shall be admitted into each country respectively, free of duty, (the more important of these articles being grain, flour, breadstuffs, animals, fresh smoked and salted meats, fish, lumber of all kinds, poultry, cotton, wool, hides, ores of metal, pitch, tar, flax, hemp, unmanufactured tobacco, rice, &c.)

IV.—The right to navigate the St. Lawrence and the canals of Canada shall be equally enjoyed by the citizens of the United States and the British Provinces; this right to extend also to Lake Michigan.

No manufactures of any kind were included in the Treaty, and whatever the Provinces made free to the States, was also freed to Britain, though of course it did the Mother-Country no particular service, as it exported hardly any of the products named. But discrimination was avoided. There can be no question regarding the value of this measure to Canada and the Lower Provinces. Agricultural prices remained high and in the last four years of its enactment rose still higher. Our farmers prospered greatly and have ever since looked back with a regret easily understood to the time when they had Reciprocity. Yet special causes created this prosperity and not the mere treaty arrangements. Freights to England were then very heavy; transportation was slow and costly; American middlemen largely controlled the traffic, and consequently the British market was not then what it is to-day, the central point of agricultural observation and attention. In the United States when the

tariff walls were thrown down, two reasons, one following the other, enhanced the value of the measure. England, which even at that time imported a large amount of American produce, was demanding more than local conditions would permit the Republic to supply, and the Provinces therefore benefitted. The state of affairs in the United States aided considerably in this direction. By the low tariff bill of 1846 and the further sweeping reduction of 20 per cent. in 1857, the American market had become glutted with British manufactures, industries had fallen right and left, hard times had supervened and after the crisis of 1857, in which hundreds of banks suspended, it was found that agricultural production and prosperity had naturally diminished, with the general welfare. And although this effected the Canadas more or less, still it gave an opportunity for Provincial produce to take the place of American in the British market and so helped our farmers. Then in 1861, after the Morrill Protective Tariff had come into force, the Civil War began, and once more the industrial interests of the Republic were deranged and the value of the Canadian farmer's product enormously enhanced. Yet the advantage of the free interchange was not all on one side as certain American writers and nearly all American politicians complain. It is true that from 1854 to 1866 inclusive we exported the comparatively large total of \$267,612,131 worth of products to the United States, but during that period the Republic sent the following, to the British Provinces (Newfoundland included):

Animals and their products.....	\$ 35,433,213
Breadstuffs.....	112,058,473
Other farm products.....	3,242,981
Timber.....	8,511,488
Manufactures.....	88,649,787
Miscellaneous.....	24,044,955

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

(To be continued.)



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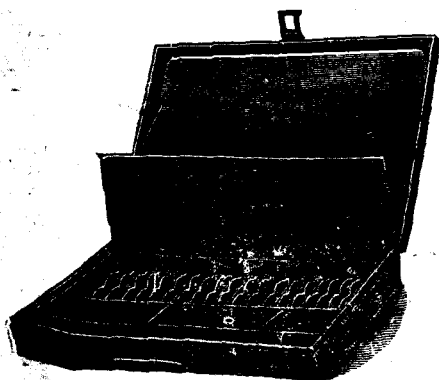
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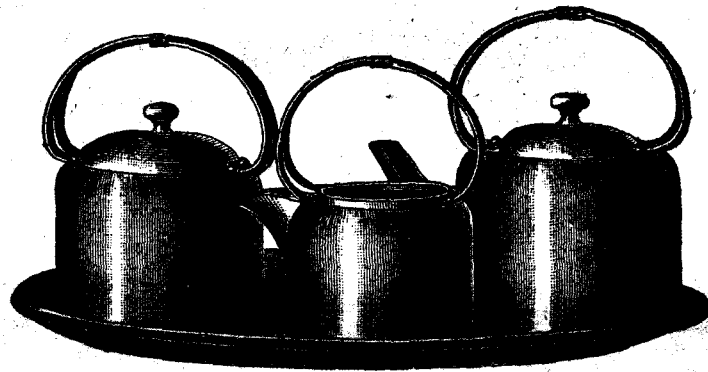
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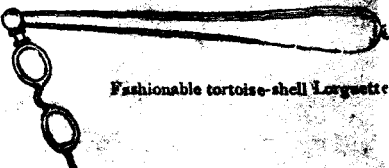
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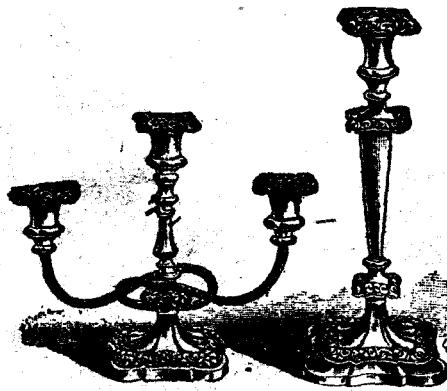


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