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VOLUME XXVII. No. 5

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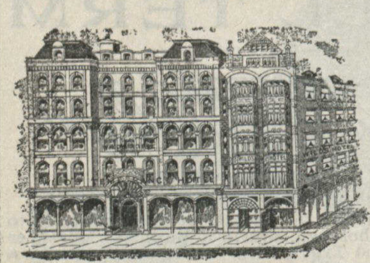

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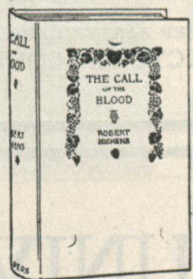

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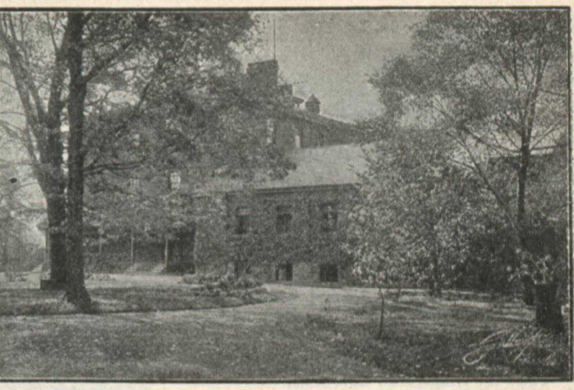

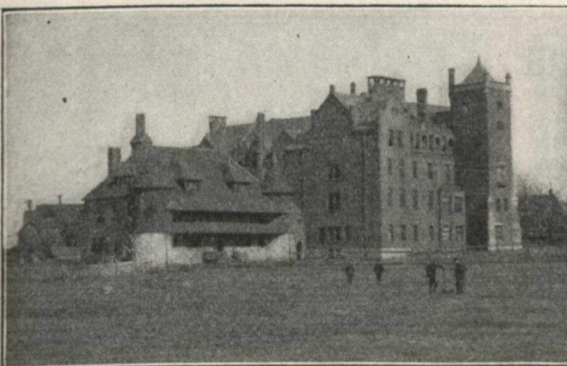

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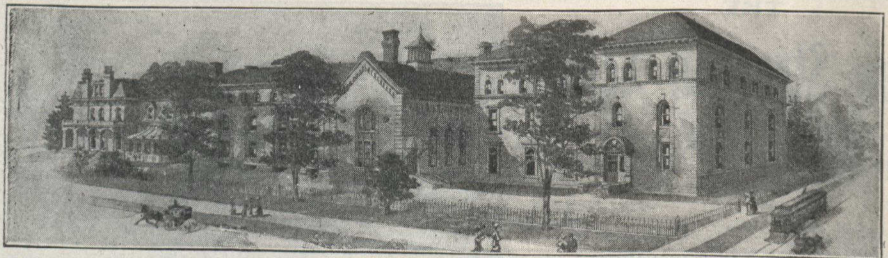

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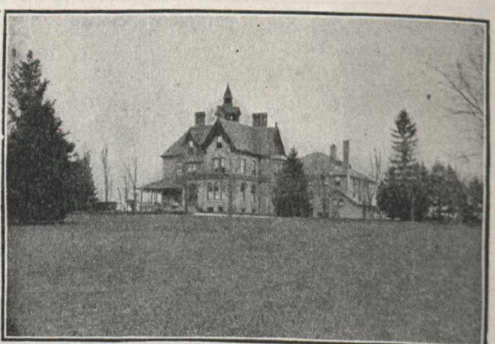

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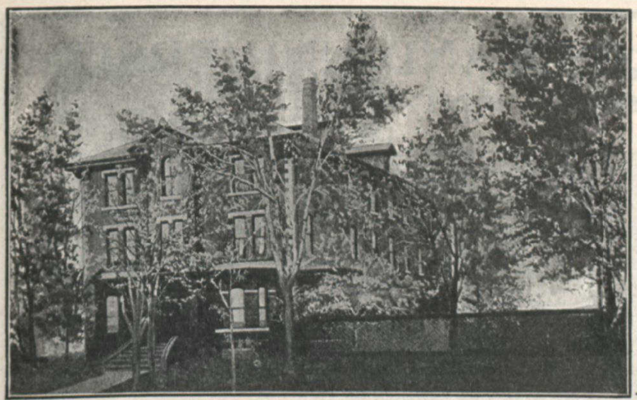

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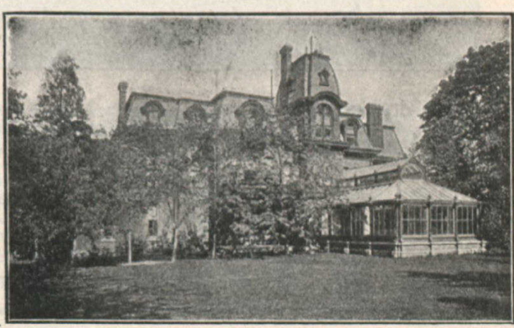

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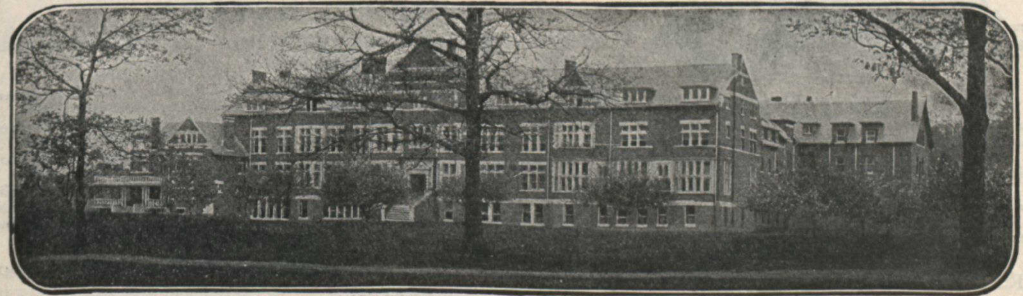

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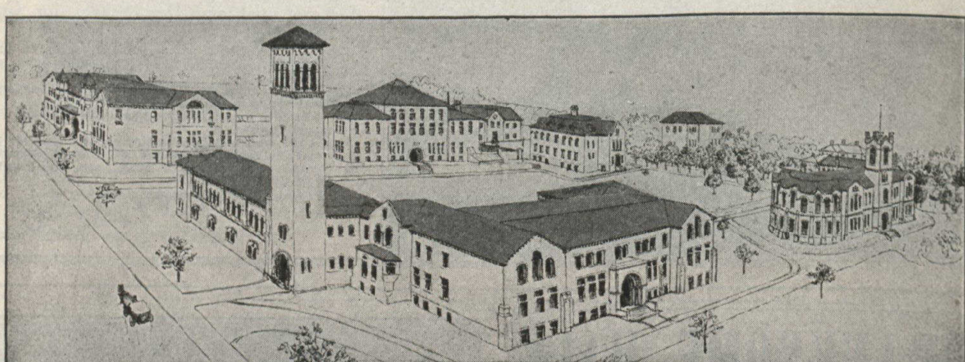

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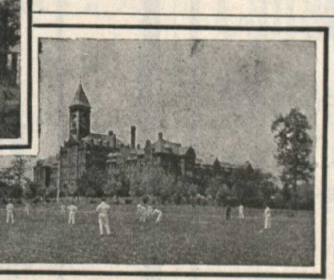

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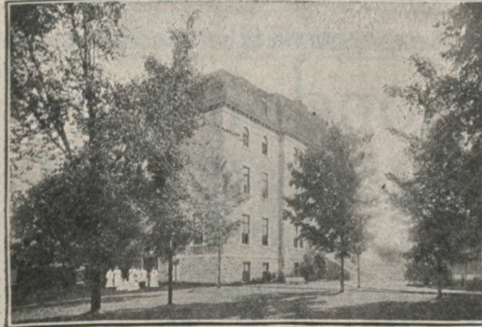

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FOR THE

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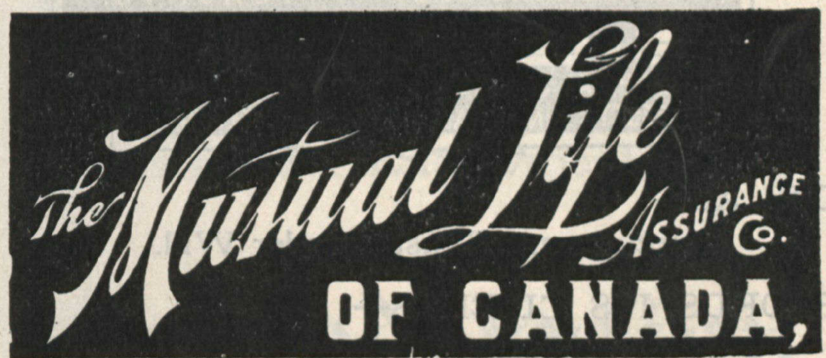

is efficiently and economically managed along safe, popular, and scientific lines, in the best interests of its policyholders. ¶ *No objection whatever* was made to the Securities in which the funds of the Company are invested; they are all legitimate, gilt-edged and revenue producing. ¶ *The exceptionally high standard of its Investments* may be judged by the fact that it could on demand convert its entire assets into gold and at the same time largely increase its surplus. ¶ The Company (outside its Head Office Building, Waterloo, Ont.) *holds less than $1,000 of Real Estate*—an unprecedented showing for a company 36 years old with nearly *$10,000,000* invested. ¶ *Proofs* of the *Rapid Growth* of the Company are, first, that in ten years the amount of insurance in force has grown from $19,278,424 to *$43,636,288*, being an increase of *$24,359,864*—the *largest net increase* of amount in force in Canada of *any Canadian Company* during that period. ¶ It is not the volume of business written in any one or more years, but the business retained on the Company's books which shows successful underwriting. The business that "stays" is the business that "pays" both the assured and the Company. And, secondly, that the *Cash Income* of the Company for 1895 was only $735,079, while in 1905—ten years after—it reached the large sum of *$1,956,519*. ¶ *Remarkably favorable mortality:* The losses by death in 1905 were less than one-half of the expectation and during the past 15 years they averaged only 53% of the losses normally expected to occur and fully provided for. The interest income alone exceeded the death losses, during the past ten years, by the *sum of $568,945*. This Company, *being purely mutual*, no part of its funds goes into the pockets of Stockholders. *Its Policyholders Own Everything—Control Everything—Get Everything.*

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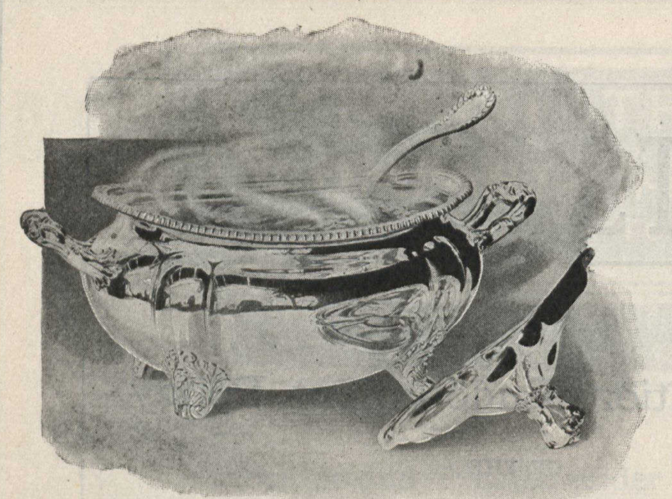

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salt and pepper

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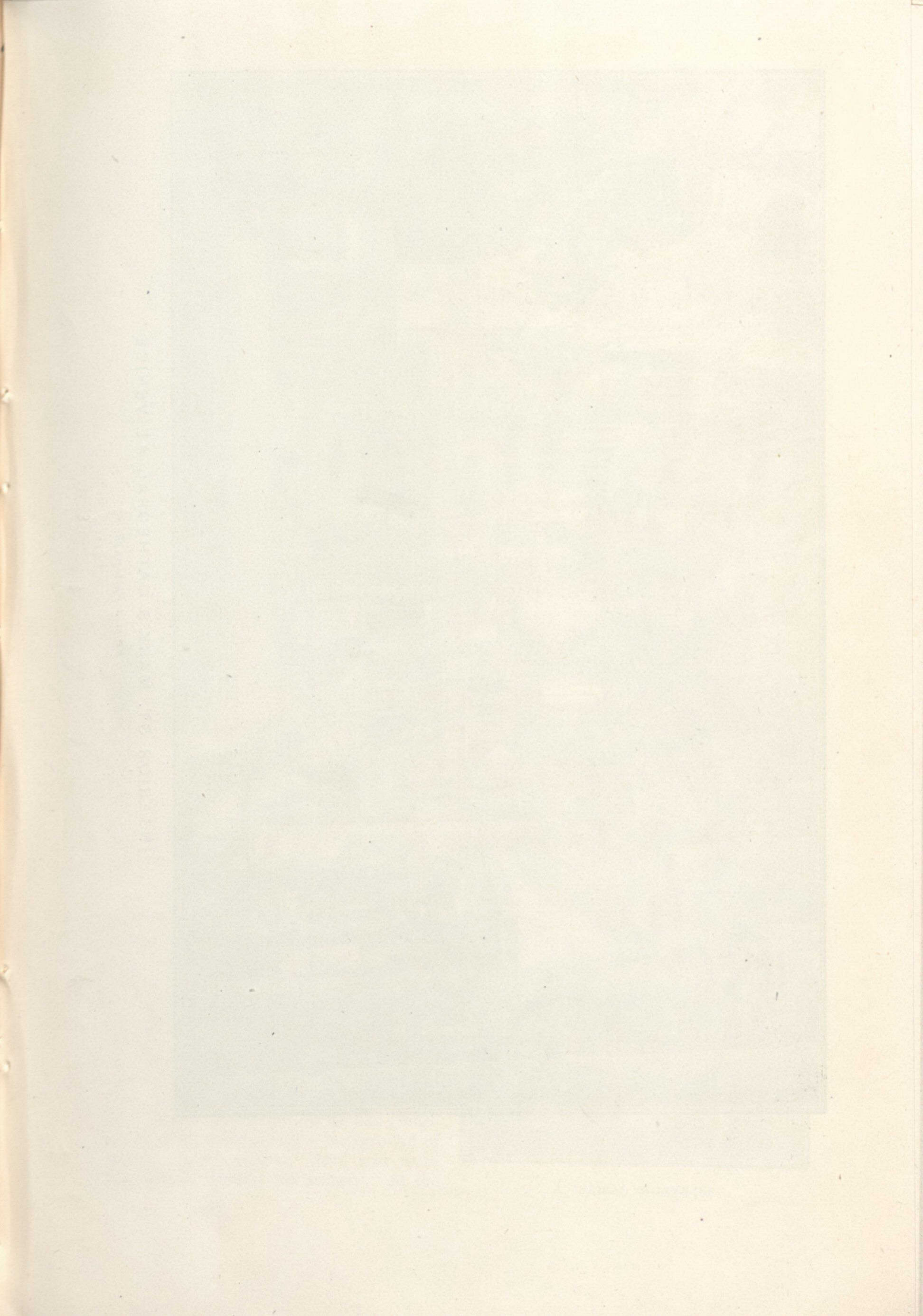


INTERIOR ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AT VENICE

From a Photograph

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 5

The Home of the Gondolier

By ERIE WATERS

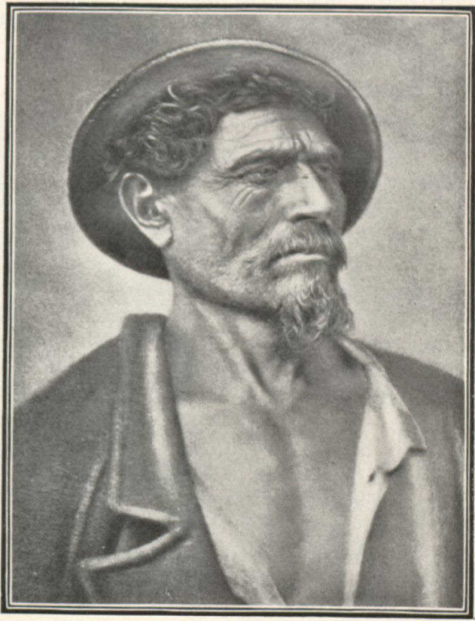
"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the waves her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
When Venice sate in state throned on her
hundred isles."

"O Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea."

TO look on, to look always at the outside—the outside of that which has been growing slowly through the centuries, is the misfortune of the tourist. And so we, from a newer land, come to look and to learn, even as we take up a book to scan it lightly or read it deeply. Yet each carries with him his own atmosphere, his own preconceived idea of the place he sees for the first time; his own sympathy and imagination, perhaps, of its beauty, its poetry, its pathos.

We left Florence early one morning in May, enjoying from our car windows the beauty of an Italian spring. Here were grey old towns, their red-tiled roofs glistening in the sunlight. Out in the country, pretty white houses were sheltered by evergreen trees—the fruit blossoms near adding a charming touch of colour. As the sunlight touched the mountain-tops, the sky above became an intense blue, and fleecy cloudlets floated slowly by. As we moved onward we had glimpses of deep valleys, with a background of jagged, snowy peaks. More and more magnificent became the scenery. At the foot of the slopes, brooks babbled over pebbly beds.

We drew near to Venice at about three o'clock, crossing a long viaduct. The tide was low; a few fishing boats came slowly in. At the railway station on the Grand Canal is a long wharf where hotel porters, gondolas and barges awaited passengers and baggage. We were soon embarked; the fresh air in our faces, the water ruffled beneath us. The motion of the gondolas as they glide swiftly onward, is delightful. The gondoliers are graceful and manage their boats with wonderful ease. Before turning



A TYPICAL GONDOLIER

VENICE—THE GRAND CANAL

a corner in the narrower canals, they utter a peculiar cry of warning; and never in the closest quarters do they graze each other's boats. In the smaller canals the water looked dirty, the houses dingy. We confessed afterwards to a feeling of great disappointment.

We were soon at our hotel on the Grand Canal. In the evening we sat outside, and the moon emerging from fleecy clouds lent a glory to the scene.

> "The sifted silver of the night
> Rained down a strange delight."

Far off, and on either side, gas lights, electric lights, and coloured lanterns on the gondolas, with their many reflections on the water, made an unforgetable picture. A large gondola with many lanterns glided softly to the steps. A woman playing the mandolin sat where the light fell on her face, the head gracefully draped with a black lace scarf—the face impassive, clear-cut, beautiful. A man's voice—rich and sweet—rang out on the night air. Other gondolas laden with people drew near to hear. We looked—and listened to sweet music and the "plash-plash" of the water—the disappointment passed and into our souls crept a great content, for this was Venice, the city of our dreams.

Then began for us days of perfect delight, of sympathetic study. If one's impressions of this city-on-the-sea have been gained from perfect paintings, it is well to remember that her greatest glory has passed; that many of her most precious possessions are falling into decay. Yet is she still full of fascination, of splendid architecture, of marvellous paintings, of noble and fantastic sculpture. She is unique among the cities of the world, "on her hundred isles," with her silence and her water-ways, and above all, that which the years cannot impair—her wondrous sunlight flooding her little world with glory. Her sunsets, too, where sky and water blend in perfect harmony, have given inspiration to her greatest painters.

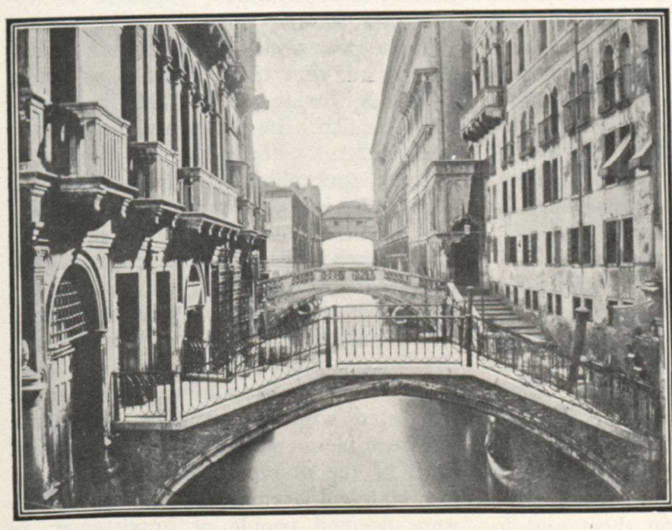
We divided our days between walks in the great squares or the narrow ways, and journeys in the gondola. We enjoyed to the fullest extent the beauty of St. Mark's. Not here do we find the "dim, religious light," the solemn, mystic shadows of Gothic cathedrals; but in the Byzantine architecture, in the wondrous blending of colour, in the glow of gold and gems, St. Mark's stands alone—perfectly harmonious, poetical, lovely. We learned that in the thirteenth century there was a law that every merchant should bring home from his voyages something for the adornment of St. Mark's; and thus it is more famous for its ornaments than for its structure. The

beauty of the East is here; barbaric splendour blends with Italian art. The fine mosaic floor is undulating, and is supposed to represent the waves.

VENICE—THE RIALTO

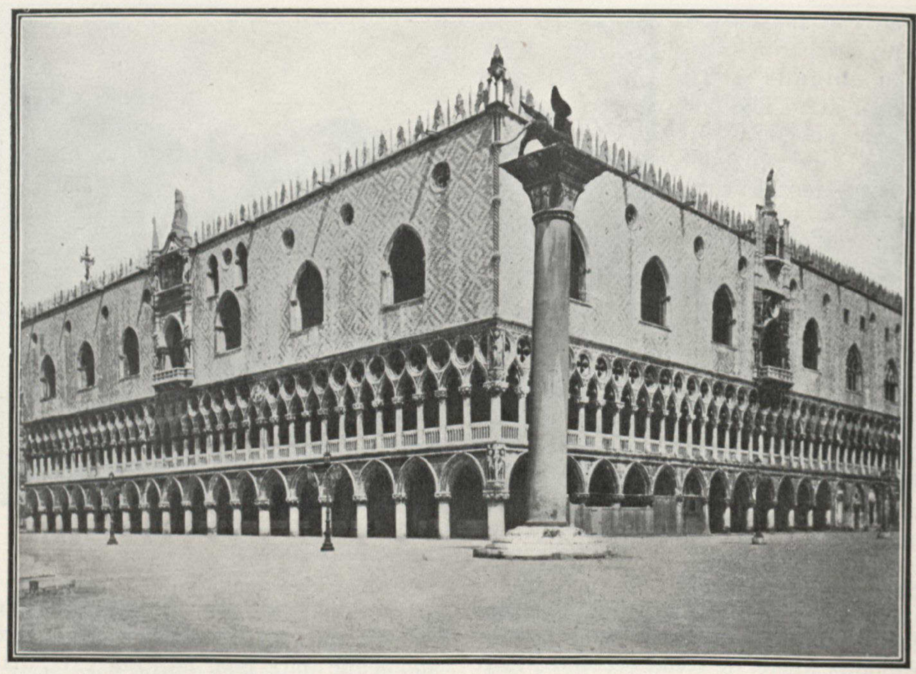
In the Ducal (or Doge's) Palace we spent many hours looking at the lofty rooms, with their beautiful paintings and wide spaces, the noble stairways and other works of art. The history of Venice may be read in her pictures and sculpture. A benevolent looking, white-haired guide conducted us to the dungeons beneath the Doge's Palace, bidding us pause at a certain window where we could see the Bridge of Sighs. He told us that here it was that many a doomed man looked his last farewell. We saw a "condemned cell" with an opening where food could be passed in. Opposite to this little slit —in the dark passage—was a niche with a crucifix, lighted by a candle, where, doubtless, many a tortured soul looked for pity and forgiveness. So many thrilling tales did the man with the benevolent face and gentle voice pour into our ears, that we shuddered with fear, and gasped with relief when we again emerged into the fresh, free air and sunshine.

Since those May mornings disaster has befallen the Campanile, but when we remember that its foundation was laid in 911, we can only marvel that it has so long resisted the ravages of time. We can only hope that wealth and science may come to the rescue and preserve to the world some of her most priceless treasures.



VENICE—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

In visiting the Rialto — one of the most ancient spots in Venice—we were reminded vividly of Shylock and of Jessica. Coming thither on a star-lit night, we wondered if we could find the spot where "on such a night" Lorenzo whispered:



VENICE—THE DOGE'S PALACE

"Sit Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of pure gold."

The Square, or Piazza of St. Mark's, is a favourite resort of the people. Here in the afternoon, when the band plays, there is a continuous procession, rich and poor, strangers and natives. At three o'clock the pigeons—the pets of Venice—are fed in the Square, and a pretty sight it is to see them fluttering down.

We had learned to like the gentle, kindly Italians, and in Venice, as elsewhere, the people of to-day appealed to our interest. There is among them a freedom from self-consciousness—a natural ease and grace. The Venetian women wear shawls of brilliant colours, and have a habit of constantly arranging and re-arranging them—always in picturesque lines. The small girls dress exactly like their mothers, and are, indeed, odd little figures. Living is cheap in Venice; life moves in leisurely fashion, and even the very poor seem not unhappy. We loved to move among them and to watch the family groups in the courtyards.

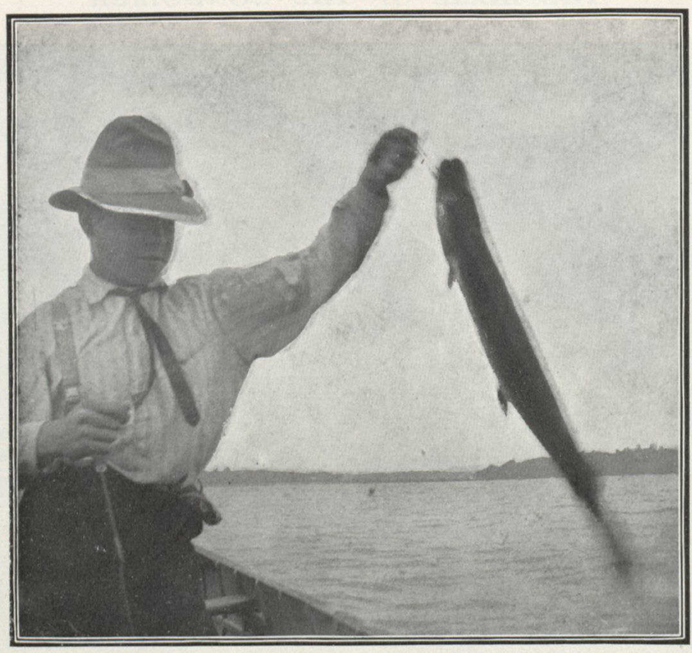
There are various types of beauty in Venice, as occurs in other sea-port towns. The Jewish type is very handsome. A type almost Japanese in appearance largely prevails. We found that the poorer classes may buy a breakfast for one cent; their dinner is, as a rule, "Polenta," a large cake of Indian meal, meat or fish. In the winter season the street-sellers on the Rialto sell "Yucca" (roasted pumpkin), and other curious foods. It is only among the wealthy and in the hotels that stoves are used. The poorer people use braziers, or "Scaldino"—a pot of clay with a handle. Kitchen hearths are very primitive; much like the altars on which, in Biblical days, the Jews sacrificed to Jehovah.

Much of the romance of Venice is connected with the gondola. Its name has been in use since 1094. The present form of the gondola was introduced in the sixteenth century. The gondoliers were deemed people of importance, as

VENICE—A FAMILY AT HOME

compared with the boatmen; and a distinction was made between the "Gondoliere di Casada" (in service in a rich household), and "di traghetto" (of the ferry). In those days the gondoliers were greatly respected, being native Venetians and the sons of gondoliers. There still remain types of the true Venetian. Now, alas! the municipality gives permits to very inferior people, and the old favourite song, "Tasso's Jerusalem," sung sweetly by two gondoliers, breaking with its melancholy sweetness the silence of the Grand Canal, is seldom heard. The mandolin, the harp, the guitar or the flute made a fitting accompaniment, and the older inhabitants say, gave a dreamy and delicate poetry to the night. The modern serenade, they complain, is in no sense "pure Venetian."

Centuries have passed since a little band took refuge from their enemies on an island here. Far off are the days of the aristocracy—farther still those of the Republic. Venice no longer rules the great commerce of the Orient. Her commerce has dwindled; her industries are few. Lace-making and the manufacture of glass still flourish. We—with other tourists—saw the making of many lovely things, and carried safely away vases of fragile and delicate beauty. In looking upon them in our northern home, we can, in imagination, see again the blue of Italian skies and the evanescent colours of her sunset hours.



LANDING A SEVEN-POUND MASKINONGE

A Camera Study of the Maskinonge

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

With Photographs by the Author

FOR many months the snow-laden, ice-bound waters of Rice Lake and the Otonabee River concealed these game fishes from the sight of the casual observer; beneath, in the dark waters, the maskinonge, the Great Ke-nojah as the Mississaugas call them, still fed and swam. While waiting for the "break-up" we often studied this big, wary, hard fighter. Taught by the red man we learned how to cut with sharp ice chisel the round hole through three feet of sparkling blue ice, erect the red willow arches over the hole, lay the furs on the ice, cover the head with thick robes, and stare into the dimness beneath until we could distinguish clearly the huge fish darting after their prey below us.

Spring came on apace. At last one bright April day the "ice-shove" passed, with all its lessons of Nature's power, a rushing, crashing, destroying mass of high-piled cakes, roaring on its way. Within an hour the sinking sun showed only a calm, unrippled river, reflecting the dainty pinks of sunset, with here and there a sudden splash, showing that the maskinonge were already enjoying their new-found freedom.

Luckily for the sportsmen in these parts the depth of the water saves these noble fish through all the winter months. Farther north this was not the case. In some of the shallow lakes, when the winter has been very cold, the ice forms to such a depth as to leave too little space and food and breathing room; into the deeper shallows left the big fishes crowd, and when the ice melts the sorry picture of hundreds of these great fish floating dead on the surface is seen. Two years ago

RARE PICTURE OF A FEMALE MASKINONGE IN THE SPAWNING GROUNDS. SHE IS LYING "OUT" ON THE WATER, HEAD TO THE RIGHT AND TAIL TO THE LEFT

Lake Scugog suffered; last year the shallow creeks around Rice Lake claimed a number of maskinonge. Another cause of the scarcity of this fish is to be found in the numbers of small young maskinonge that are left by the receding water each summer in our drowned lands, in the pond-holes. Here, where the water is shallow just before the ice makes, every fish perishes before the succeeding spring. Others to be placed in the obituary column are those that form food for the herons, the bass, the maskinonge themselves, as all these finny tribes are cannibals of the most pronounced type.

Come with us for a trip into these far-reaching drowned lands and deep creeks, in spirit, as so many of my friends have in the flesh, and see these wonders by the aid of camera and notebook. It is our pleasant life to follow the feathered game, game fishes and small fur-bearers, so note the canoe you are going in, half filled with cameras, camera floats to sustain the machines in place near where we hope to get a picture of some very shy webfooted or scaly one, my ever hungry assistant Fritz—and away we go.

The marshes bordering the river are open and the water has started to rise. The floods reach into the deep secluded places, far back into cedar swamp and dark black alder swale. These are the hidden places in which the big fish love to spawn. Day after day the melting snow and ice and northern feed streams have poured down their floods of cold clear water; the sun gaining in strength has gradually warmed this to the right temperature, for these great, hardy fish are careful mothers, and all conditions must be right before they spawn.

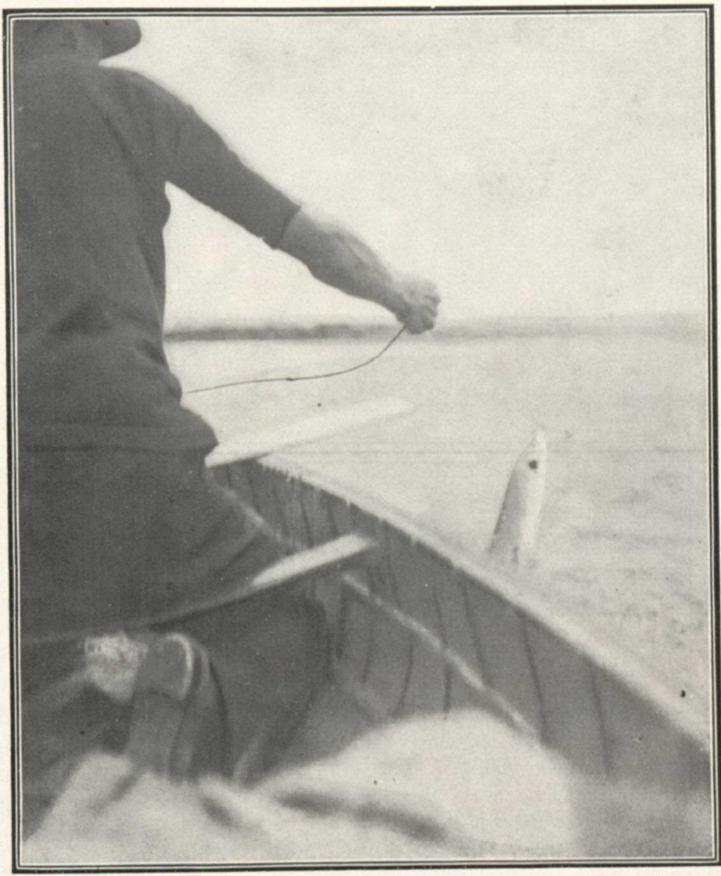
The first day the maskinonge, in small schools, or more often singly, splash and roll beside the sunken wild rice beds that edge the river. As near as we can note the small males swim together, the great males alone, and the females entirely by themselves. Our method of judging these is by noting all the different fish that rise

RARE PICTURE OF THE HEAD OF A MALE MASKINONGE, SEEN PASSING UNDER AN OLD LOG

before our paddle strokes for the entire week or ten days that they play in the river. The males are usually longer and more shapely than the spawn-laden female. Towards the end of this period a pair will be seen rising and playing together—sure sign that next day they will be in the marshes and drowned lands seeking the most secluded spot to deposit the spawn.

The rising water by this time has covered the drowned lands, raised the floating bog, submerged all the tangled reed and flag and rush-covered marsh, and opened up the way to the grass-grown lands, far back from the river, covered with about three to six inches of water. It may be distance that attracts this usually wise fish, but why they will pass the safe shallow marshlands, deep tangles in the cedars, and choose these flooded fields to lay their spawn on is beyond me. Almost every year the water falls so rapidly after spawning that every particle of the spawn laid is left high and dry in the sun. Every egg perishes. The high water years, about one in six, allow all this spawn to hatch out and fall back with the decreasing flood. Nature has its unfailing natural laws. Were all the eggs in all the spawn that is yearly laid around this old hunting lake to reach maturity, the water would be turned into a loathsome mass of dying fish, and a certain order of bipeds would become scarcer.

There is one secluded marshy bay, far up Oak Orchard Creek, a bay all filled with floating bog, wild rice beds, cedar swamp and low grassy fields, all intersected by winding channels, the dry, yellow, wind-tossed marsh and rippling blue waters, a dainty game scene. All the feathered ones were arriving; black ducks quacking on the bog, red-heads and canvas-backs seeking the early snail and luscious wild celery, rails uttering their hoarse croak so disproportionate to their plump bodies. The crakes and mudhens ran pattering into the rushes. The great maskinonge splashed and circled in the calm places. Overhead a bright



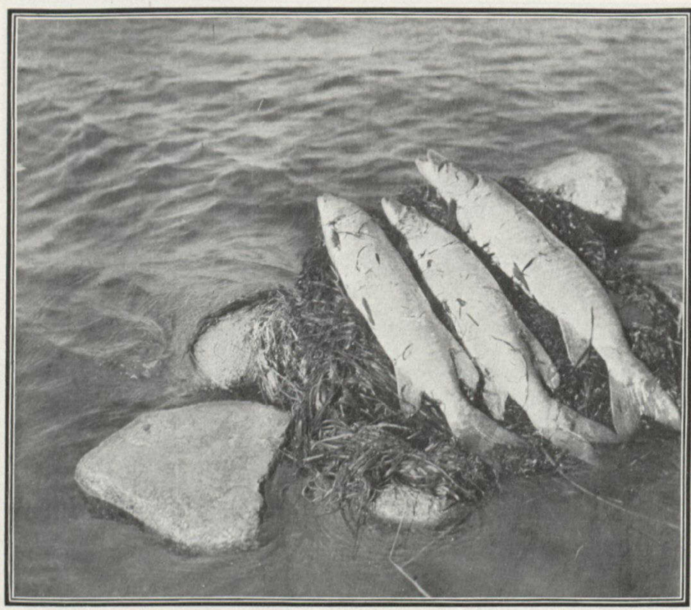
HANDLING A MASKINONGE CAUGHT BY TROLLING

April sun poured out its warm rays. Into this animated scene our canoe glided like a shadow. There was a great quacking and calling and winnowing away of startled birds, gaunt herons sprang with that hoarse croak of theirs, huge turtles went splashing off the logs. All the game disappeared as if by magic, all but the spawning maskinonge; they swam along undisturbed, unnoticing.

Slowly creeping along the bog edge, gently pushing the canoe with paddle tip or drawing it along by grasping the flags of the bog, we approached the first pair, a male about eight pounds weight and a female that would tip the scales at fully twenty-five. "They love not wisely but too well," as they always choose a much larger female for mate. There seems to be several reasons for this. Spearing, that curse of all game fish lakes, has been carried to excess here, but the wiser of the devastators spared the big female, with hopes of continued slaughter. Many a case there has been where these fish "hogs" have fed these noble maskinonge to certain land animals that differed from themselves only in the fact that they walk on four feet. Every spring sees the species passing away before the spears of the farmers that live on the banks of Rice Lake.

Let us return to our bay—here were the very fish I wanted for a picture. Now was it possible to get one? The canoe lay with its bow pointing northeast, a good position for the afternoon sun. Through the bog beside us was an opening that led right into a grassy drowned field beyond, a field about one hundred yards long, the water in the deepest place not more than a foot in depth, and judging from the circles and tiny waves in many parts of it there were about six pairs of fishes spawning in it. We pushed the canoe right up to the opening, then turned it slowly and carefully in. The camera was set for a "snap," and I lay over the bow holding it.

There was one pair not more than fifteen feet away, slowly swimming towards the canoe, the male about a twelve-pounder, the female about eighteen. My



JUST CAUGHT—AN EIGHT, A SEVEN AND A TEN-POUNDER

passing under an old log.

We pushed the canoe through the passage and let her drift across the pond, our hands trailing in the water, our heads resting on the gunwales, our eyes shaded by our caps, peering downwards. The fish evidently mistook the canoe for a log, for they showed not the slightest, faintest sign of alarm. I counted a small male passing under the canoe twenty times, then I lost count wondering why he was in here alone. His mate, no doubt, had sailed struggling up out of the water bleeding and trembling on the point of a spear. Many times we felt the current of passing fish on our hands. Once Fritz whispered in glee, "That one touched me." This is perfectly feasible. A guide I know told a sportsman he could paddle him up until he could grasp the big fish, and bet him five he could not hold it. The guide made good his word, and although the bowman got a good fair grasp of the fish just back of the top fin, he could no more hold him than so much water. I think if the fingers were quick enough to penetrate the gills—from the back I mean—the fish could be pulled out, but woe betide the hand that gets in a maskinonge's mouth. The wound made by the triangular teeth is very sore and hard to heal. Meanwhile our big fish has been swimming back and forth in a forty-foot circle, depositing her spawn, the male in close attendance rolling beside her, following her every movement, bending when she bends, rising when she rises, impregnating the spawn; their dark green bodies looking so attractive in

head was held close to the deck and they came right alongside; every mark and motion was visible. She was not spawning yet; he was as close beside her as you could hold your hands together, both just fanning with their fins. I could have touched them any time by simply lowering my hand. For fully ten minutes they swam around within a paddle length. I had my head above the camera now. One instant he rose and showed his head, but although I snapped I missed him, so quick was he. Fixing the camera made them swim off, but another pair, with a female that would go several pounds heavier, came slowly along, half circling back and forth.

I was pretty well cramped by this time, and I could feel Fritz shivering with keen delight. Now she swam with her whole back exposed. On they came. It will make any man's heart beat the faster to see a pair of these gamy fish within a few feet of his nose. At ten feet they stopped and swam backwards and forwards. Once she was "out" from eyes to tail and I got a good shot. Three other tries were blanks. In the next I caught him just as he came up and "out,"

the shallow water, their motions the acme of skill and strength.

The canoe drifted stern on and lodged against a piece of bog. I carefully drove the "push-pole" down and here we stayed, charmed by the odd scene. It was familiar enough to both of us, but we had never photographed it before, and this lent zest and supplied the necessary work.

The lone male kept swimming around, never once approaching the mated fish. There were fifteen in this small pond, as nearly as we could make out. One pair turned and swam straight out of the opening; they do not stay and guard the spawn as the bass does.

At times when the surface of the water was unruffled by the wind, every pair could be located by fins or tail or circles left. Once a muskrat swam across; but excepting those fish he approached too closely, no notice was taken of him. Blue herons passing overhead created no alarm. Not until a heavy cloud covered the sun, and our shivering told us it was time to go home and we paddled out, did they show fright; and then they only swam a few yards, and immediately quieted down. These fish stay in the marsh for several days. Two weeks from the time they first appear all have been in, and a few days later, if the water has not fallen and left it exposed, the spawn is hatched. From six to ten days seems to be the length of time used in this operation, depending on the warmth of the water and direct rays of the sun.

Now comes the evil days for the fry. Every mouth is open to receive them, and only a small proportion reach the river. Here the universal game of Nature, eat or be eaten, continues, and it is wonderful that any reach the age of the female in the picture. She is not far from thirty pounds weight, and according to authorities should be fully one hundred years old. Think of the many times she has visited these marshes, the many years she has spawned on the one chosen spot!

No sooner have the maskinonge left the marshes than the falling water directs them lakewards. In May and June they play and feed along the shores; in July and August they seek the rice beds and maskinonge weed beds in midlake, where they offer good hard, exciting work to the canoeist with fifty feet of line and glittering single or double bait, silver for dark days, copper for the bright ones. A speed of three miles an hour, lots of patience, a quick jerk to set the hook "in" the moment he takes the bait in his mouth, a steady strong pull, slip the hand right down the line until the bait is almost touched, lift up and outward (unless he is over ten lbs., then kill him in the water or gaff him), avoid striking the canoe gunwale, strike him on the head—and take a good look at the quivering, dying maskinonge I have been trying to tell you about.

La Chasse-Galerie

By M. B. PARENT

ADELON was certainly not a globe-trotter. She had never visited the great cities of Europe, had never crossed or even seen the ocean. In fact, she had never been in Quebec or in Montreal. Apart from the little village in her native parish, she had visited Masca (St. Hyacinthe), but that was all. And yet she knew a great many things, and wonderful things too, such as are seldom, if ever, dreamt of in our philosophy. She knew all about *le grand crapaud blanc*, the great white toad which is found in removing an old barn, and knew the sad experience of the unfortunate who dares meddle with it. She knew several instances of people who had, at the four divisions of the road, sold the black hen to the Devil for half a bushel of silver coins. Besides, and especially, she had seen with her own eyes *la chasse-galerie* in broad daylight.

And this is how it happened. It was

on a Sunday afternoon between mass and vespers. One could hear in the distance a song of boatmen. Gradually it drew nearer and nearer, until one could hear the sound of the paddles—plook, plook, plook! Finally, she could see a bark canoe floating in the air with several men in it, and passing at a great rate. All at once, crousht! it struck the cross on the steeple of the church. One of the boatmen shouted: "*Pousse, pousse au large. On n'est pas loin des attirrages ici!*" (Push, push to the offing. We are not far from the landing here). The canoe curved to the left and soon disappeared in the clouds. Holy Virgin, how the Devil is powerful in these days! What are we coming to?

In years gone by, if a chasse-galerie had passed a hundred feet from a church, fifty feet from a blessed palm, or any object in the shape of a cross, it would have been dashed to the ground at once, and those who rode in it cut into sausage meat. Now to prove this, Madelon would sit squarely in her rocking-chair, eye every person in the room, spread her homespun apron on her knees, and tell over again the following story:

In the parish of St. D——, on the Pirvir Road, lived, over fifty years ago, Jean-Baptiste Larue, grown-up son of Pierre Larue, a farmer, both well known and considered honest. Honest but poor, for the farms on the Pirvir are far from good. In the next concession, in the Trente de St. D——, you might have seen, not far from the *montée*, a fine stone house surrounded with comfortable looking outbuildings. These belonged to the Delormes, a well-to-do family. Mr. Delorme had three sons and five daughters. The eldest of these, Marie-Anne, had spent several years in convent, and had not been spoiled, like many others, so as to be unfit for work indoors or out-of-doors. She was, besides, without contest, the prettiest girl in the whole concession.

Now Baptiste was terribly in love with Marie-Anne. She, on the other hand, thought everything of him. They were to be married in the early fall. Baptiste, wishing to earn a little money to start house-keeping, left the farm in the hands of his father and younger brothers, and went away to the United States. It was haying time. He was engaged with a farmer on the shore of Lake Champlain. On a clear and hot Sunday afternoon, while smoking his pipe with his companions as they lay in the shade of an apple tree, he began to dream of home and of his Marie-Anne. Suddenly a pang of jealousy went through his heart like an arrow. He thought he saw five or six rigs standing in a row in front of Père Delorme's place, and a house full of young men having a great time with the girls. Worse than this, he imagined he could see big François Dupré, his rival, flirting with Marie-Anne, and holding her sweet white hands in his own big bear paws, as both young people sat by themselves on the piazza.

He could stand it no longer. He left his comrades and disappeared in the direction of the lake shore. For some time he walked straight before him, not knowing where he went. In his mind revolved a number of things he had not thought of for a long time. They were things that his old bachelor uncle, *le vieux* Toine, who had not been to confession for years, had told him. They were stories of *la chasse-galerie*, how people had travelled long distances in the air at a most marvellous speed. The old man had told him all the secrets, even the magic words without which nothing can be done. Why not make the attempt of a ride home? He hesitated a while, and well could he, for it was no child's play. Finally jealousy got the upper hand.

Once decided, he found himself face to face with a serious difficulty. He had no bark canoe. Now in all Old Toine's narratives a birch bark canoe had been used. What could be done? He was for a moment on the point of giving up, when the Devil came to his aid.

On the sand right before him lay an old canoe, dug out of a pine log—this he had not noticed before. It was cracked and rotten, all unfit for ordinary usage, but might be serviceable for his purpose. He resolved to try it.

He took the bow of the canoe, pointed it to the north, walked seven times around

it calling Lucifer! Lucifer! Lucifer! Then turning it to the east, he repeated the same thing. Finally he placed it carefully in the direction he wanted to go, that is toward St. D——, took a long stick to use both as paddle and rudder, and stepped in. For a moment he stood breathless with fear, hope and remorse. As soon as he could recover enough from his emotions to speak, he shouted in loud tones the magic words: "*Diabolus, Satanas, Abrassacks!*"

All at once the canoe began to rise. Having reached a height of a hundred feet or so, it stopped. At that point a word had to be uttered which he never was willing to repeat, so awful was it. Then the boat started again. Trees, fences, and fields were passing under him at a fearful rate. Whole parishes were covered in less time than it takes to tell it.

Baptiste felt his head like a boiling kettle. Something like a hammer beat violently against his temples. Little by little, however, he grew more calm; everything seemed to go smoothly. The boat itself followed perfectly every motion of his stick. The parish of St. D—— would soon be in sight, so with a gentle stroke of his paddle he slackened the rapidity of his flight.

Before landing, Baptiste wanted to cool down a little, to breathe freely, and instinctively he felt around for his pipe. He put his hand in his pocket, and feeling somewhat nervous, he grabbed both his pipe and his knife. Now, as the Holy Virgin would have it, the pipe stem and the knife took the shape of a cross. Zip! the canoe began to sink like a falling stone. Going at a fair speed yet, it struck a pair of pickets and was ground to pieces. The unfortunate boatman rebounded and was again dashed on the hard sod fifteen feet away. How long he remained there unconscious, would be hard to tell. When he came to, it was night. After long hours of waiting, the day began to dawn. He scarcely dared call for assistance, feeling his guilt so deeply.

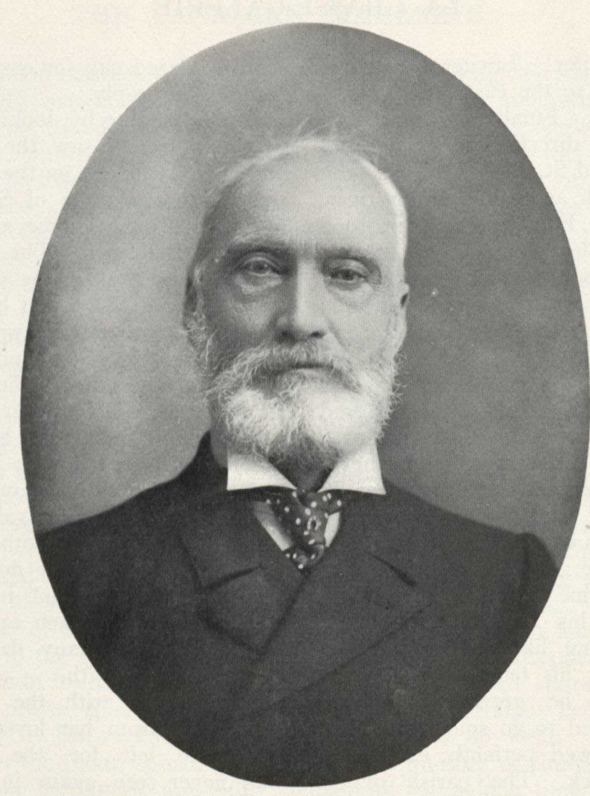
A man passing by, looking for his cows in the morning, saw the broken canoe and the poor fellow on the ground. This was in the Soixante of St. D——, two miles only from his home, a mile and a half from the Delormes. The man knew him at once, and took in the whole situation, but he dared not touch him for fear of the Devil's power. He went back home, hitched up his horse and drove to the village for the curé. The curé came in all haste, cast holy water on the unfortunate young man, read his prayer, then ordered the poor fellow to be placed on a cart and taken to his parents.

The scene at his arrival passes all description. His poor mother fainted over and over again. The doctor came and found that the patient had a leg fractured, two ribs broken and a wound in the skull. For many days he lay between life and death.

Marie-Anne, with the curé's advice, kept away from her lover. Six months later she left for the convent, and was never seen again in St. D———. Baptiste slowly recovered, but never was the same man. He remained lame and feeble. Shunned by all his former friends, he decided to leave his native place. Wherever he went, bad luck seemed to follow him. For years he roamed all over the country, leading a miserable existence. Finally he became an ordinary beggar.

"And," added Madelon, "you may have seen him yourselves, with his crooked foot and his eyes *égarrouillés*. He was found dead by the roadside at Coteau des Hêtres. The girl who found him said she saw a strange face looking through the bush behind the corpse, and she ran home. But the Devil is awfully strong to-day."

Having said this, Madelon wiped her mouth with the corner of her apron and crossed herself.



THE HON. DAVID LAIRD
Photo by Steele & Co.

Canadian Celebrities

No. 72—HONOURABLE DAVID LAIRD

T is the tendency in every age to look back for the great men of a nation. Perhaps it is for this reason we Canadians have set in a high niche apart the memory of many statesmen of the Dominion's earliest constructive period, the political heroes of the Canadian Confederacy which was the chrysalis of the Canadian nation. It may be that lapse of time has influenced our critical perspective in regard to these men. Yet—it may not.

Canada's need of public-spirited men in pre-confederation days brought into public life a galaxy of minds of which any nation might with reason be proud. Theirs were strong, earnest souls that entered with zest into the work of hewing out a nation. Their manhood rejoiced in the hard give-and-take of the struggle; added honours brought with them only a fresh sense of responsibility; they worked in season and out, and their material recompense was not large. But, having given freely of their best to the country and drawn little from it, the country now accords to each a full meed of honour and recognition.

Few of these distinguished survivors of a strenuous period are actively engaged in the administration of the country. Of these last the Hon. David Laird, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Manitoba

and the Northwest—and the man who, as member of the Mackenzie Government, first organised the Government of the vast West—is a notable instance.

It was well remarked of Mr. Laird last summer that in his presence one feels one's self in the atmosphere of a sacrament of true imperialism. Even if one had never heard men speak of this stately veteran's work as a nation-builder, his personality would speedily reveal the man of achievements. His face is wise and kindly, fine-featured, with a firm mouth and bright, honest eyes; his speech is somewhat deliberate and well-considered; his opinions, always the product of a fine judgment and careful thought, are mellowed with the years he has known; his sympathies are broad and just. About him too there dwells noticeably the calm air of one who has believed much and accomplished much, and who rests now in the knowledge that his country has swung well into the line of nations.

That Canada in its roll-call of public men has not in later years heard more of David Laird is partly because of his devotion to his native province—the smallest in the Dominion—and partly to the exceeding modesty of the man, who is of a most retiring nature. He has been content always to work, avoiding the limelight of political advertising. So he has had sometimes to look on while others were accorded the praise for his efforts, the likely fate of the man to whom public duty is not an empty phrase, but a sacred instinct and office; a trust from God, not an occasion of self-advancement.

Mr. Laird is a son of the Honourable Alexander Laird, for many years a member of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island, and his wife, Janet Orr, a member of one of the old families of landlords to whom the island colony was at one time granted by the British Crown. He is an admirable type of the Presbyterian Scotsman, earnest, rugged, upright, untiring in industry and kindly and just in addition, for his character has always been marked by a trait too rare in Canada's pioneer days and not too frequently met with now: Mr. Laird, while a strictly orthodox member of his own Church, has always respected the right of other men to differ from him in religious views. Sent, when quite young, to the Presbyterian College at Truro, N.S., he graduated from that institution and entered at once upon journalism—a profession to which the greater part of his life has been devoted. His paper, which has since developed into *The Patriot* of Charlottetown, reflected in its religious character and interest in politics the tendencies of the youthful publisher.

In a short time, as might be expected, Mr. Laird emerged from the rôle of spectator and critic in political affairs. He was elected to the House of Assembly, and his worth making itself felt there he was soon appointed a member of the Executive Council. This was in the storm period of the little colony, when the land troubles had scarcely been settled to the satisfaction of the tenants before the hot warfare for and against confederation began.

In 1873 the struggle—and it was a real struggle with the unwilling colony—had been so effective that delegates were sent to Ottawa to negotiate with the Government the terms upon which the island, at once timid and proud, would enter Confederation. For this delicate and somewhat difficult task the premier, Hon. Mr. Haythorne, and his lieutenant, Mr. David Laird, were chosen. The successful nature of these deliberations may be inferred from the fact that a few months later the island became a constituent part of the Dominion. Mr. Laird was one of the first representatives elected to the Federal House at Ottawa.

It was just at this period that statesmen began to feel the absolute need of closer ties with the vast unorganised stretch of territory vaguely known as the Northwest. A new Department of the Interior, as vast and vague in its scope as the West itself, was added to Mackenzie's incoming administration, and the new portfolio was tendered to Mr. Laird. On the return of the Conservative party to power a few years later this department was of such importance that it was chosen by Sir John Macdonald as his own particular branch of the administration.

Fresh from a political field where matters gained in intensity and importance of detail by the very restrictions of territory they knew, the Honourable Mr.

Laird entered upon his duties with an earnestness and precision already developed, and a natural largeness of mind that had at last met Opportunity. The new minister was an indefatigable worker. Moreover he took the responsibilities of his office very seriously—a marked trait in most men from the Island Province—and nightfall often found him still at work, planning out the wisest way of bringing the policy of the East to the West.

The most pressing matter of state in the West then, in ante-railroad days, was the need of some official rapprochement with the Indians of the plains, and a system of government for them. To this Mr. Laird for a time bent his energies and went in person to Qu'Appelle to negotiate a treaty with several tribes. A large tract of land was purchased for the Government, for which a stipulated sum was to be paid yearly as annuity. Here Mr. Laird first came into immediate contact with these interesting wards of the Crown, and as usual with sympathetic natures, once comprehending the Indian question, the interest kindled then remained always with him. What influence these people had heretofore received from the whites—the pioneer priests and Hudson Bay traders—had been kindly. Mr. Laird, upright, practical, with the leaven of sympathy in him, continued the friendly relations and preserved the administration upon a considerate basis. The Indians consequently came to rely upon the earnest Easterner, and everywhere gave him the soubriquet—"The-man-whose-tongue-is-not-forked."

Mr. Laird's first visit to the West gave him a clear idea of its immensity, his own foresight indicating its potentialities, and he returned east with a fuller understanding of the scope of his work. The following year provision was made for the government of the Northwest as a distinct territory instead of an indefinite administrative annex to Manitoba. Mr. Laird was obviously the man for the place, so in 1876 he again crossed the prairies, this time bound for Battleford as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He was accompanied by Amedee Forget, his private secretary, now the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan.

In the following autumn Mrs. Laird and her children went west over the long waggon trail across the prairies, and the new Government House received its first and very winsome chatelaine. Mrs. Laird, the daughter of Thomas Owen, of Charlottetown, was a charming young woman who had been a favourite in the gay colonial-English society of grey old Charlottetown. Petite, pretty, with the radiant calm of a womanhood that is at once cheerful and sympathetic, offering a supplementing contrast of manner and appearance to the tall, serious-faced statesman, Mrs. Laird at Battleford dispensed Western hospitality in the same delightful manner that characterised her home life and social entertainments in later years.

Hospitality at this remote seat of government then was a comprehensive thing, including such extremes as the entertainment of the Marquis of Lorne and the frequent reception of deputations of Indians. This latter duty, however, fell principally upon the Governor; each week bringing fresh deputations, as smoky though not as silent as Kipling's guide, and to whom Mr. Laird listened with the dignified patience that endeared him to them.

In 1877 Mr. Laird presided at the treaty with the Blackfeet nation, meeting there the historical chief Crowfoot, an Indian statesman of whom Mr. Laird has more than once pronounced characteristic canny Scotch praise, which interpreted into freer English might be envied by white men of public affairs. At this treaty the negotiations, which lasted five days, were conducted with all the pomp of Blackfeet ceremonials. Not all of the chiefs present entered into the treaty then, although there must have been impelling temptation in the sight of the first treaty-payment and the wonders effected by money at the traders' camps pitched nearby.

However, the feelings of all the different parties assembled were as friendly as could be desired, and the pungent kinnikinnik in the pipe of peace blended well with the tobacco from the white men's stores.

In 1879, when the diminishing bands of

buffalo had at last been practically and suddenly exterminated by Sitting Bull and his brother-fugitives from the American Government, starvation stalked through the land of the Sarcees and Blackfeet. In their tribal councils the Indians decided to go to Battleford and seek assistance from their friend there. Acting upon this idea, over a thousand were soon camped about the Government quarters where flour and fish were distributed to them. To those who had been too weak to follow the trail provisions were sent in waggons.

By communicating with Sir John Macdonald, then in power at Ottawa, Governor Laird secured after some months large quantities of flour and bacon, which, being systematically distributed, warded off the worst results of the impending famine. In this way was the passing of the buffalo from the Canadian West marked.

In 1881 Mr. Laird's term as Governor expired, and he came east. Returning to Prince Edward Island, he resumed control of *The Patriot*. He lived in Charlottetown for years upholding steadfastly, determinedly, the principles which to his best belief should govern politics and religion as it affected public life. It was a career that yielded scanty monetary returns, but much enviable regard from honourable men of all parties. It was such a life as might be expected of a man who had been Mackenzie's colleague and personal friend, the integrity of each having doubtless been the basis of their mutual regard.

In 1898 Mr. Laird again journeyed to the West to take the position of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an office for which his former experience and continued interest eminently qualified him. He was accompanied this time only by his daughter, for the charming helpmate who brightened that first Government House on the prairies had died not long before.

It is almost unbelievable that the "golden west" of to-day, the inspiration alike of politicians, homeseekers and immigration agents, has evolved from the trackless prairieland to which Governor Laird went thirty years ago, and which he quaintly termed to his friends then —"my parish." Even this man, who long ago had urged upon his colleagues fuller recognition of its potentialities, expresses himself amazed at the transformation wrought in so brief a period.

Men have so far been too busy making history in the West to find time for writing it, so what Mr. Laird and others have done in the past has merely gone into blue books in the baldest of language. Some day, however, these will be brought up to the light again and given an adequate place in Canadian history.

Katherine Hughes.

Truth

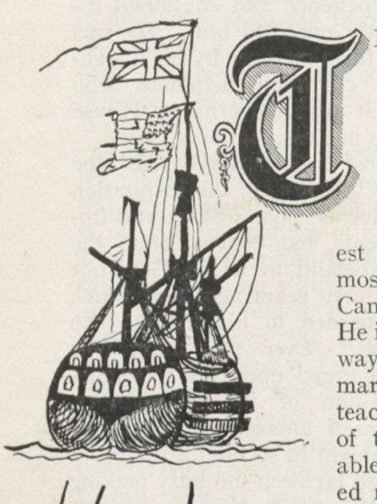
BY INGLIS MORSE

O VERITAS, thine is the face
Expressive of the goal,
And tortuous ways long sought by men
Through wanderings of the Soul!

De Mille, the Man and the Writer

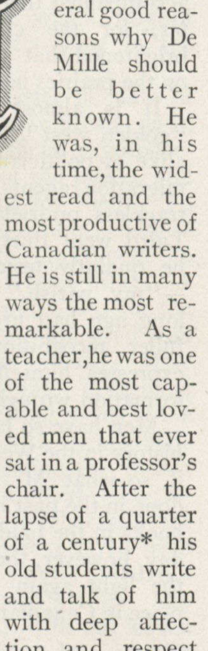
With Reproductions of his Pen-and-Ink Sketches

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN



ay! tear her tattered ensign down!

FROM DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK AT BROWN UNIVERSITY



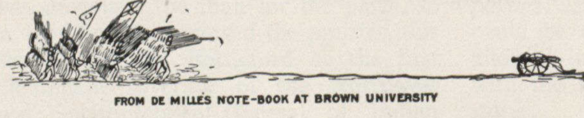
THERE are several good reasons why De Mille should be better known. He was, in his time, the widest read and the most productive of Canadian writers. He is still in many ways the most remarkable. As a teacher, he was one of the most capable and best loved men that ever sat in a professor's chair. After the lapse of a quarter of a century* his old students write and talk of him with deep affection and respect—an honour accorded to few. Moreover, in the interests of justice, it is high time that some authoritative deliverance should be made regarding him. In the twenty-six years that have passed since his death, no adequate or even trustworthy account of his life and work has been given to the world. Dictionaries of Canadian biography have appeared full of the illustrious obscure, that did not even print his name. The statements that have gone abroad are meagre and sometimes absurd. Even malice has been at work. It is time that the truth should be told.

Such men as DeMille are rare, especially in a young country like ours, slowly struggling upwards to competence, political freedom and culture. He seems to have cared nothing for literary reputation; he never pushed himself into the public view; he knew none of the arts of self-advertisement, or of literary log-rolling. He was the very reverse of a popularity hunter. He was known only to his own family and small circle of friends. He is now beyond our praise and blame, but it is not too late to do simple justice to his memory—to give the facts and let them speak. "He was better worth knowing," said one who knew him well, and whose fault was not to over-praise, "than half the people who have memoirs written of them."

II

His life divides itself into two periods: a long apprenticeship for his life-work, and then nineteen years allotted to him for the quiet doing of it, till—the night came in which no man can work. In his parentage he was fortunate in being a thorough Canadian. The Demill family is probably of Loyalist origin, the first Demills or DeMiltz's coming from the State of New York. More than half a century ago Nathan S. Demill was a well-to-do merchant and shipowner in the old Loyalist city of St. John. He was a prominent leader in the Baptist Church, and a liberal contributor to its support. For many years he was a governor of Acadia College. He was a man of strongly marked character, approaching eccentricity, noted for his stalwart frame, his florid, rugged

*See the interesting article by the Rev. A. Wylie Mahon in *The Westminster* for November, 1905.



FROM DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

A SCHOOL-BOY'S DRAWING

face, "like Abraham Lincoln's," said a friend, and his unbending Puritanism. At a time when total abstinence was regarded as a mild form of lunacy, he was known as "Cold-water Demill." Stories are told of his starting a barrel of rum into the harbour, which had somehow been smuggled into one of his ships; at another time he burned a package of novels that had found their way into a cargo. Mrs. Demill belonged to a well-known family, the Budds of Digby, and was descended from a surgeon who served on our side in the Revolutionary war. She is described by those who knew her, as a charming old lady, very quiet and retiring. She passed away only a few years ago in the old house at Carleton.* The first son was named Budd, following the time-honoured provincial fashion of giving children family names, and grew up to be a brilliant man. He was well known as a minister of the Baptist Church, and, through life, the closest friend of his brother James. Our author was born on Aug. 23, 1833, the third of a large family. From his father he inherited his great energy and capacity for work, and from his mother the gentleness and sweet temper for which he was also noted.

THE LATE JAMES DE MILLE

Photo by Notman, Halifax

The elder Demill seems rather to have disparaged book-learning, and put the two boys at an early age into his counting-house. But their love for knowledge was not to be denied. They read not only the prohibited novels, but they kept more serious works in their desks to study from, as opportunity offered. At the age of fifteen, James was sent to Horton Academy, and spent one year in the preparatory department. In 1849, he matriculated at Acadia College and his name stands first on the list of students entering. As far as can be gathered from the "B.O.W.C." books, which deal with the adventures of himself and his friends at Wolfville, his school life was full of innocent pranks and boyish frolic, in which he took a leading part. He was evidently the fun-maker for the school. But though he took his share in all sport, he was not backward in his studies. This is shown by the position which his name

*A suburb of St. John. The Carleton property is now a public park.

holds on the list of matriculants, and by the fact that after an interval of a year and a half, he was able to enter the sophomore year at Brown University and proceed in course to the degree of Master of Arts, having spent no more than his freshman year at Acadia. This interruption of his studies exercised a most important influence upon his whole life.

This great event was nothing less than a tour in Europe, a luxury in which, even now, very few Canadian boys of seventeen can afford to indulge. He has left us a very interesting MS account of his travels* which throws much light on this period and on his own character. Unfortunately, it was written some time after his return, and has not the freshness of first impressions jotted down as they are made. When Budd and James De Mille set out from St. John for Quebec to take passage in their father's ship, they had to sweep a wide circle in order to reach their destination. There was no Dominion of Canada then; the union of Ontario and Quebec was only a few years old; no Intercolonial Railway bound the scattered provinces together. The two boys had to travel by steamer to Portland, but even there they could not begin their journey westward; there was no Grand Trunk to be built for years. They had to go on to Boston. Portland, James notes, is not unlike St. John. It is only by the constant nasal twang and the tall forms of "Varmonters," as he calls them, "flitting by," that he would know he was on foreign soil. From Boston, the brothers went by rail and stage-coach to Burlington, Vermont, and thence by steamer down Lake Champlain to St. Johns, a small village near the outlet of the lake. The sight of "a dingy, rickety warehouse; a tumble-down, dilapidated wharf, and a solitary red-coated soldier" apprised them that they were once more on British territory. Here they were greatly "surprised" to find traces of civilisation in the shape of a railway that ran to La Prairie, whence they crossed in a ferry-boat to Montreal.

With all its monuments, historical associations and more solid splendours, Boston did not call forth half so much comment as Montreal. "After tea we walked about Montreal and were by no means ashamed of the capital of British America. We gazed with pride and admiration at the magnificent granite quays which are built along the bank of the river; at the splendid market house and its shining dome, and after threading our bewildered way through (what seemed to us) myriads of French cabmen, we were lost in wonder, as immediately before us rose up the lofty, massive towers of Notre Dame." They cannot express their admiration of the "magnificent" streets, churches and private residences, and when they climb the mountain and look at the city from the summit, they become enthusiastic. James calls it "one of the grandest views that can be met with in any land." The praise is not too high, as anyone will admit who has seen the great city, the green fields, the broad blue river and the distant cloud-like mountains under the splendours of a July sun.

Incidentally the youthful tourist mentions passing the ruins of the Parliament buildings, burned by the mob in Lord Elgin's administration; and he was evidently struck by the contrast between that shameful spot and the magnificence of the rest of the city, on which he and his brother "gazed with the admiration of novices." There is a strong admixture of patriotism in all the young New Brunswicker's enthusiasms. Boston is slighted in favour of Montreal, because it is a foreign city. His preference for his own country comes up again and again. For instance, in Florence, he writes: "The women are celebrated for their beauty, but in Nova Scotia——." The hiatus is very expressive. After a very short stay in Montreal, the tourists ran down by steamer to Quebec, and spent three weeks there "very pleasantly," waiting probably for the ship to complete her lading. On the 22nd of August, 1850, they began their voyage, admiring the river scenery, which it was not then orthodox to admire. No country has such a magnificent gateway as Canada. After a fair run of thirty days, with only a short spell of bad weather, they reached Liverpool. The voyage was one of "uncommon enjoyment" because they

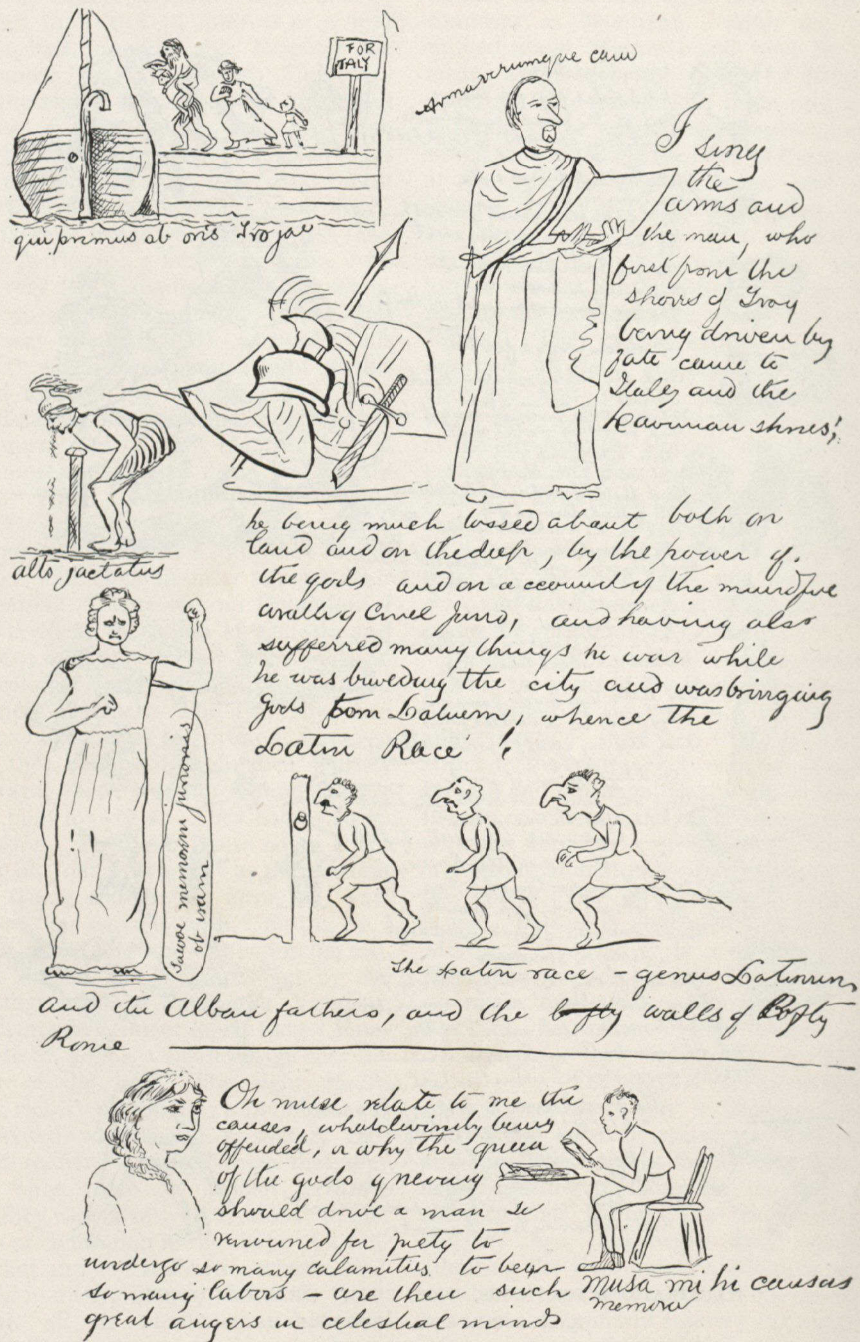
*It consists of nine chapters altogether; four are devoted to England, Scotland, Wales, France, and five to Italy.

Eggs Eggs Eggs
Hard boiled eggs for tea
And oh the horrible nightmare
That they brought to luckless me

The hippopotamus come
He sat upon my breast
The hippopotamus cried "I'll spot him" as
He trampled upon my chest
The big Iguanodon hunched
And rolled in under me!
The big Iguanodon raised by that pan-o-done
—Overdone—eggs for tea—
And the ichthyosaurus tried
To roll me up in a ball
While all the 3 were grinning at me
And pounding me bed & all
Hip hip hurrah
It was the little black pig
And the big bull frog and bobtailed dog
All of them dancing a jig
And oh the snakes the snakes
The boa constrictors! ooo!
And the cobra capello a tetchy old fellow
Came to my horrified view!
Snakes extinct beasts
Frog pig and dog
Tickled me, pushed me, hustled me crushed me
Rolled me about like a log.
The little blue devils came on
They rode on a needles point
And the big giraffe with asthmatic laugh
And legs all out of joint.
And the three blue bottles that sat
Upon the historic stones
Sang high diddle two on the fiddle
The other upon the bones.
"Whoo hoo, whoo hoo, whoo hoo,
Get up, get up, you beauty
Here come the shaved monkeys
Astriding on donkeys
Fresh from Bobberty shooly!"
Down down down! round round round!
The Maelstrom hurled me out of the world
and oh! no bottom I found—
Down down down! whirl whirl whirl!
The grizzly boar he stood on the shore
With his tail all out of curl
He smoked my favorite pipe
He threw it down and it broke
He pulled me out with his porcine snout
And embracing him, I awoke

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "EGGS, EGGS, EGGS," FROM THE DODGE CLUB

A fac-simile of a page of De Mille's MS.


Arma virumque cano

FOR ITALY

qui primus ab oris Trojae

I sing the arms and the man, who first from the shores of Troy being driven by fate came to Italy and the Lavinian shores;

alto jactatus

he being much tossed about both on land and on the deep, by the power of the gods and on account of the mindful wrath of cruel Juno, and having also suffered many things in war while he was building the city and was bringing gods from Latium, whence the Latin Race!

Saevae memorem Junonis ob iram

The Latin race — genus Latinum

and the Alban fathers, and the ~~lofty~~ walls of lofty Rome

Oh muse relate to me the causes, what divinity being offended, or why the queen of the gods grieving should drive a man so renowned for piety to undergo so many calamities to bear so many labors — are there such great angers in celestial minds

Musa mihi causas memora

FROM MS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL MADE FOR HIS CHILDREN

A fac-simile of a page of De Mille's MS.

were "well supplied with books both for reading and studying" and managed to pick up enough French and Italian on the voyage to serve all traveller's purposes while on the continent.

The temptation to give an extended account of this tour is almost too great, but having an eye to proportion, I must condense. From Liverpool as their headquarters, the brothers made two short walking tours into North Wales and Scotland. They saw Glasgow, the Highlands, Edinburgh, then returning to Liverpool, they made a hasty run through England. Crossing to Calais, they went to Boulogne and thence to Paris. Then they followed the old diligence line, the route of the *Sentimental Journey*, through central France to Marseilles. Here they took the steamer to Genoa, where, through some informality in their passports, they were not allowed to land, so they passed on to Leghorn. They wintered in Italy, travelling leisurely about from Florence to Rome and Naples, and thence back again to Padua, Venice and Milan, making the sight-seers' diligent rounds of gallery and cathedral. This part of the MS travels is somewhat disappointing; at times it reads too much like a guide-book, with liberal quotations from "Childe Harold."* Still there are fresh touches, as when he notes, with distinct approval, the old font with five places for immersion in the Baptistery at Florence. On leaving Italy for Switzerland, he sums up his impressions in the following characteristic manner: "We thought of leaving Italy at that time without regret, for although we had spent several very pleasant months there, and had seen more beauty and places of interest than in our whole former lives, still we were tired of wandering continually about and longed for some settled habitation. Our reminiscences of 'sweet and sunny Italy' were and always will be pleasant, for in that land we had passed very many exceedingly happy days. Having seen it we felt as if nothing more remained. The remembrance of its magnificent cities, its captivating scenery, its sublime public edifices and glorious works of art was indelibly impressed upon our memories. We had seen all of Italy we wished and rather too much of the Italians, concerning whom, our sentiments at the time of our departure were widely different from those which we entertained upon our arrival. Then we felt sorry for the poor oppressed, noble-minded Italians, whose only admiration was the glorious liberty of past ages, and whose only aspiration was for freedom. But after having been cheated in every town in the country by ragged vagabonds who would gladly sell themselves for a sixpence, after having met with roguery in every spot of that classic land, our views with regard to its inhabitants were rather contemptuous. Afterwards the remembrance of villainy passed away and there remained only a pleasing and immovable recollection of 'the garden of the world.'"

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence which these eighteen months abroad exerted upon the whole of De Mille's subsequent career. For a talented boy, in the most impressionable period of his life, to come into direct contact with old-world civilisation was in itself a liberal education. The effect of this tour in broadening his mind and stimulating his inventive faculty cannot be calculated; for at this time he probably received his first impulse to write.* When we consider his novels, we shall find that nearly all his literary material is drawn from his experiences in Italy. The scene of almost every tale is laid in "that land of lands"; or at least the personages spend some time there. Of all the countries he visited, Italy seems to have left upon his mind the most vivid and lasting impressions. In passing, I may mention, to show the mushroom growth of legend† and myth, that

*This seems to have been a great favourite of De Mille's. His students at Acadia called him Childe Harold, from his well-known preference.

*Among De Mille's books presented to Dalhousie College by the family are a number of French and Italian classics, bearing the dates 1850-51. They are small pocket editions, evidently bought with an eye to ease of transportation.

†Legend has been busy with De Mille's name. The statement that he was one of our Canadians who went to the United States has been repeatedly made, even by the well-informed. *A propos* of his name, he was the first to add the French-looking "e" to the

more than one intimate friend of De Mille's has told me that he and his wife were captured by brigands in Italy and held for ransom.

Apparently the brothers did not return home until near the end of 1851; for it was not until February, 1852, that De Mille was able to resume his long interrupted college course. Instead of returning to Acadia, he entered Brown University in Providence, R.I., in the second half of the sophomore year. The choice of this college is probably due to the fact that, like Acadia, it was a Baptist College. In July, 1854, he graduated Master of Arts, without the preliminary step of the Bachelor's degree, as was possible at that time. He won for himself no distinction in the routine college work; he took no prizes and "his average mark is rather low." This need excite no surprise. As Fluellen says: "There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things." In a case in the Library of Dalhousie College is a note-book of De Mille's which repays examination. It contains notes on chemistry and rhetoric courses, carefully enough written, but the interest lies in the "illumination" of the margins. Pen-and-ink sketches bodying forth all kinds of queer fancies have been deftly drawn between the lecturer's sentences.* De Mille was an accomplished penman, his MSS are miracles of neatness and accuracy; and an expert draughtsman, especially of caricatures. The latter gift he exercised constantly, like his talent for burlesque verses and "taking off" people, for the delight of his family and friends, and the effect of his fun was always heightened by the Quaker-like gravity of the artist. This note-book shows his earliest discoverable efforts in this direction, and is a mute witness that he could not have profited greatly by the lectures he was taking down. Almost every page swarms with comic shapes—parrots in dress suits, Turks, Chinamen, ancient Romans, ships in full sail, grotesques, masques, caricatures, a young lady as a pith-ball, the professor of Chemistry as an angel, with a piece of apparatus in his hand; and so on in endless variety. Some of them are extremely minute, mere thumb-nail sketches, but it is noticeable that nearly all the drawings are finished, and very few spoiled. Evidently he could put into shape any quaint fancy that came into his head. His ships are particularly spirited. One of them, forming the initial to this article, represents a battered old two-decker, the stern view, with the Union Jack flying *above* the Stars and Stripes. Underneath is the first line of Holmes's poem, which was new in the fifties, "Ay, haul her tattered ensign down." His sentiments can be readily discerned. Noticeable also is the detail that nearly all his figures, sprightly young ladies, horses and heathen philosophers have pipes in their mouths. This also reveals the artist's sympathies, for already he smoked, as Carlyle would say, "infinite tobacco."

His time for study must have been further contracted by the amount of writing which he did for the press. He contributed at this time to various "story papers," like the *Waverly Magazine*, of Boston. His tales brought him in no little money, but De Mille himself looked upon them as good jokes, and would laugh consumedly at their extravagance in plot, situation and language. His first serious success was getting into *Putnam's*, the *Century* of the period. This was an article on a notable Canadian subject, "Acadia, the Home of Evangeline," the first of many on this theme. Nothing that he did cost him effort. He was in the habit of carrying a note-book in his pocket in those college days, and as his bright ideas flashed upon his mind, he would get them down, pausing in a walk or breaking off a conversation to do so. Then, having reached his room, he would sit down at his desk and dash off a story at top speed, never pausing for a word or expression, and never revising what he wrote. Then off went the manuscript to the printer, all hot. For work done so easily he was well paid; no wonder he did it. The same fluency he displayed to the admiration of his chums, in studying and in the classroom. In preparing the work for

Dutch Demill, for which he was laughed at in St. John; other members of the family kept the old spelling. A man has a right to spell his name as he chooses. Hume's family spelt it Home.

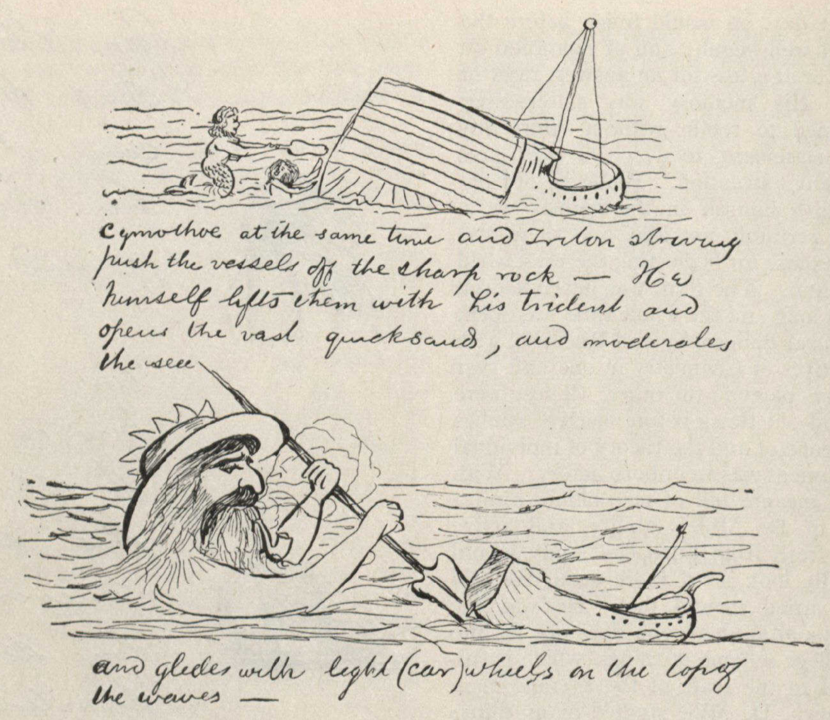
*The illustrations for the present article represent only a few of the sketches that might be used.

the next day, he would finish before the rest had well begun; and at recitation he was never at a loss for an answer, right or wrong. His memory was astonishing; he seemed to retain without effort any fact or statement to which he ever gave a moment's attention. While he did not distinguish himself in the regular ways, he was certainly not idle, and there was ample excuse for neglecting the prescribed curriculum. The term was nearly eleven months long and the whole time was spent on Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric, with alternatives of Chemistry in one half-year and Physiology in the other. Those were the good old times before elective studies were heard of and the theory of individual development was an unborn heresy. With such a meagre bill of fare before him, a youth of De Mille's ability, and active mind, fresh from European study, would naturally look for a more attractive and more varied mental diet. He was the exceptional student who does not fit into the college scheme of things, which is calculated to the scale of the average man. At Brown, De Mille studied many things outside the prescribed course. He studied Italian in order to read Dante; and he was noted by the librarian for the quantity of books of all kinds which he drew from the library from day to day. There were other distractions, such as trips to Boston, now to hear the great Thackeray lecture on the "Four Georges"; and now, to continue under the stately elms of Cambridge the romance in real life which had begun among the pleasant hills of Horton. With these demands upon his time and attention, it is little wonder that "his average mark is rather low." It could hardly have been otherwise.

His life at Brown seems to have been very bright and happy. With his classmates he was a great favourite, especially with the bookish set. Handsome "Jim" De Mille was welcome everywhere, for his sweet temper, pleasant voice and winning manners. To his Greek-letter society he was a decided acquisition, for he was always ready with an unending flow of comic verses and burlesque speeches. The college don, whose room was under the Assembly Hall, always knew when De Mille was on his legs by the vociferous applause that punctuated his speeches. For in spite of a certain awkwardness in attitude and gestures, his good elocution, racy humour and originality made him

FROM THE MARGIN OF DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK

More school-boy sketches



FROM DE MILLE'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL

Some later illustrations

a very effective speaker. At graduation he was chosen class-poet, and a copy of the elaborate squib composed for that occasion is preserved in a MS book in his own handwriting. It is full of very clever pen-and-ink illustrations of the text.

On leaving college he spent some time in Cincinnati, with his friends the Crawleys, to assist in winding up the affairs of a "wild-cat" mining concern in which they were involved. Dr. Crawley, whose name is noted among the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, was at that time President of Acadia, and his sons, Henry and Arthur, had been school-fellows and friends of De Mille at Wolfville. Some college funds had been invested in the mine, and the young men had gone to see what could be saved from the wreck. While here Henry Crawley met his death. One night, when he was escorting some ladies home, they were insulted by a gang of rowdies. When the ladies were in a place of safety, Crawley, a tall, strong and strikingly handsome man, as brave as a lion, went back alone and unarmed, to chastise the ruffians. He was stabbed to death. Years afterwards, the murderer on his deathbed confessed that he had given the fatal blow. Cincinnati is a huge city to-day, but some fifty years ago it was a frontier town under the rule of the bowie-knife.

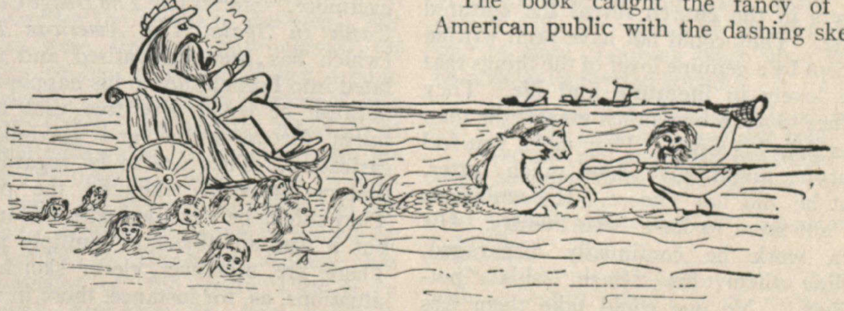
About this time Nathan Demill met with business reverses. After spending a year in Cincinnati, James returned to St. John, and in 1856 opened a book-shop there in partnership with a Mr. Fillimore. De Mille was not fitted for trade, and his partner was negligent, or dishonest, or both. The venture proved a failure, and burdened De Mille with debts for a long time. In 1859 he married Miss Anne Pryor, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Pryor. The following year he was appointed to the chair of Classics in his old college, Acadia. He spent a year in preparation, and, in 1861, he began his duties as professor. At last he had found his work.

He was fitted specially by temperament and training for the vocation of teacher. He threw himself into the duties of his office with characteristic energy. His inaugural lecture created a most favourable impression of his talents. An examination of the calendar of Acadia shows that he remodelled the classical course, dividing it into "Pass" and "Honours," as in the English universities, and materially increasing the amount read. His methods show originality. In his Latin classes, for instance, he introduced the conversational use of the language. So successful was the experiment, that his students carried the idea further, and made Latin a sort of "court-speech" among themselves. His generous hospitality to them is still gratefully remembered. In 1864 he became professor of History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie College, a position he filled with marked ability and success until his sudden death in 1880. His services to Dalhousie cannot be treated in this article as they deserve, and must therefore be passed over in silence.

III

De Mille's work has been specially praised as Canadian. It is now necessary to examine it critically, according to the only standard worth setting up—the highest. His production was incessant; from his college days until his last illness, his pen never rested. The note of all his work is facility. While in business in St. John, he contributed constantly to his brother Budd's paper, *The Watchman*, throwing off stories and articles in careless haste. His first hit, *The Dodge Club*, was written before going to Acadia, although it was not published until eight years after. The routine of business and teaching prevented for some time any serious attempt at authorship. Before 1865, he had written a Sunday School book, *The Martyrs of the Catacombs*, and in 1867 he published, without his name, *Helen's Household*, a book which deserves to be better known. It is a tale of Rome in the first century, an amplification of the theme of his first book. His first success was *The Dodge Club*, which appeared in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (vol. 34) in 1868. It is based on some of the experiences of the two brothers in Italy, seventeen years before. Although heavily handicapped by crude wood-cuts, the serial obtained a great vogue when issued as a book. To illustrate the growth of legend, I have been told that the author himself supplied the sketches for the engravings. It would be well if he had done so, for he could draw. The chief character is the American senator, who quotes Dr. Watts to the Italian contessa as his favourite poet. *Harper's* does not often contain anything as funny as this entanglement of the senator's—Mrs. Scott Siddons made a capital reading of the scene—or his misunderstanding of his laundress, or his letter to the newspaper in America on the farming possibilities of Italy. But still the success of the novel is puzzling. The faults in construction are many, as the author would be the readiest to admit. The writing is flimsy; there is no plot; the adventures with the brigands form no part of the story; the very title is a misnomer. But all deductions made, *The Dodge Club* is a readable book. It displays genuine verse and ease, and irrepressible boyish humour.

The book caught the fancy of the American public with the dashing sketch



FROM DE MILLE'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL

of a real live Yankee, the aggressive, humorous, plain-spoken senator. In it De Mille struck the vein of comic travel, which Mark Twain has mined with such profit in *The Innocents Abroad*. This first novel brought the lucky author a handsome cheque and opened the way to a source of regular income. He had found his market and was sure of a ready sale for anything he might choose to write. He had discovered what the public wanted and he gave them the wares they were willing to pay for. Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Jules Verne, Eugène Sue were popular authors at the time, and De Mille wrote stories in their manner. This accounts for the existence of such novels as *The Cryptogram, Cord and Crease, The Living Link.* These are sensational stories of the wildest kind, abounding in impossible adventures, angelic heroines, and villains of the deepest dye. They are weak in construction, not seldom "padded," and spun out to an undue length. But it is possible for censure to go too far. Yielding half in joke to a public taste, not perhaps of the highest order, De Mille did not condescend unduly. His stories are impromptus, written at top speed from notes, and not revised, but they bear everywhere the marks of unusual talent. De Mille could not help being clever. The style of his novels is peculiarly light and non-resistant. There is a distinguished air about them, bespeaking the gentleman and scholar. *Cord and Crease* is a lurid romance, somewhat resembling in places Sue's *Le Juif Errant.* The villain, Mr. Potts, is a thug, a devotee of the goddess Bhowanee. But the description of Antigone in the Greek play, the music of Langhetti and the scene between the lovers in the church reveal the cultured taste. They could not have been written except by a genuine lover of the things that are lovely in literature and life. They suffice to show how much greater the man was than his work. They make you feel that he might have done much better. But he did not choose. His ambitions do not seem to have been literary. His own work he continually disparaged, calling them his "trash," his "pot-boilers." No one could take them less seriously than their author.

Besides these novels of sensation, there are several comic novels of adventure. Here he succeeded much better. But even here we must not expect anything like the fun of Lever or Marryat, or anything approaching a faithful representation of life or manners. We must simply surrender ourselves to our author, acquiesce in his melodramatic world, or "stageland," and then we can enjoy the entertainment he provides for us. The scene of his comedy is usually some castle in Spain, or robbers' hold in Italy, where the ordinary laws of cause and effect are suspended. His *dramatis personæ* are brigands, Carlists, comic Irishmen of the well-known stage type, in various disguises, energetic stage Yankees and usually three pairs of lovers. The story consists of the captures, rescues, escapes, misunderstandings, cross-purposes, and, of course, the love-making of these various characters. The action is always lively and bustling. Even in the most tragic scenes we feel that the manager of the puppets is too good-natured to let his dolls come to harm. Just as in the play, we feel that even when Pyramus is slain, he will rise at the proper time to dance the epilogue or speak the Bergomask. The muskets are always Quaker guns; the tyrant will not really have the victim's head struck off in spite of the block and the grim figure with the axe. We are never more than comfortably alarmed. Then, after the puppets have danced a sufficient length of time, the showman reaches down his hand and sweeps them off the stage with scant ceremony. After a certain amount of complication the knot is cut rather than untied, the sky clears and the three or *more* pairs of lovers are made happy for evermore. Stories like *The Dodge Club, A Castle in Spain, The American Baron* (which has been dramatised and translated into French) are in his happiest vein because he could give free vent to his talent for burlesque and good-natured caricature. They are to be regarded as literary practical jokes on the public. They might be curtailed with advantage; but it was an object to multiply pages. There are, moreover, clever sketches of situations, as, for instance, those in which the Westerner who has become a baron in

the Papal service breaks through cobweb conventions of society. There are sketches of characters, also sufficiently amusing, such as the very innocent young lady, whose life is always being saved by men who forthwith fall desperately in love with her. But neither situations nor characters are fully worked out. They might easily have been made so much better. His most careful novel is that published without his name, after his death, *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*. This is a fascinating tale of an Antarctic Topsyturvydom, where lovers fly on tame pterodactyls and unselfishness is the chief end of its civilised cannibal inhabitants. The success of *The Dodge Club* induced him to write a series of books for boys, under the title *The Young Dodge Club*, comprising *The Winged Lion* and *Among the Brigands*. He also wrote six others based on his boyish experiences at Horton and Acadia. This was the "B.O.W.C." series, comprising *B.O.W.C.* (Boys of Wolfville College), *Boys of Grand Pré School*, *Lost in the Fog*, *Fire in the Woods*, *Picked Up Adrift*, *The Treasure of the Seas*. He also wrote an historical tale, *The Lily and the Cross, a Tale of Acadia*. They are bright, light, easy reading, and must appeal to boys, for they are still issued by the original publishers.

De Mille's energy and capacity for work were out of the common. His chief ambition was apparently to become a perfect teacher. He worked hard for Dalhousie College in her dark days; the MSS of his lectures are models of neatness and orderly arrangement, and yet he was never satisfied with what he had done. He was constantly studying and constantly throwing aside the work of last year for the results of the next. His studies were anything but narrow. Of classics he had a broad, if not minute knowledge, extending his researches into modern Greek. He and the professor of Mathematics would converse in Latin for hours at a time on a fishing trip. I have seen pages of Sanscrit paradigms in his writing. Among his books presented by his family to Dalhousie College are hymnologies of the early Church, a "Foulis" *Euripides* in nine volumes, books in modern Greek, Persian, Sanskrit, Gaelic, Spanish, Icelandic, not to mention French, German and Italian classics with his pencilled marginalia—which indicates the range and variety of his intellectual activity. He kept abreast of modern literature, and specialised in Church History. Year by year he led the earnest scholar's life in broadening studies. As an important member of the old University of Halifax, of the Historical Society and of the Church of England Institute, he had many duties and demands upon his time. He was always in request for public lectures throughout the provinces and he wrote for the local papers. His college work was done with zeal, ability and kindliness. His old students treasure his memory as a man and a teacher. Such remembrance is his most enduring monument.

The innermost nature of the man was known only to the nearest and dearest, his family and his closest friends. This must only be touched on, but two of his works reveal it clearly—his *Rhetoric*, on which he worked for seven years, as time served, and his posthumous poem, *Behind the Veil*.* The first shows how seriously he took his professional work. As an analytical treatise on style, it is one of the clearest and most complete ever written. The poem shows the poet's deeply reverential nature and his unfaltering grasp of the things that are unseen and eternal. It is a long, mystical vision of the world "behind the veil." In thought it owes something to Richter's vision of immortality, and in form, to Poe's *Raven*. The Seer wasted by grief for the woman loved and lost is granted the privilege of leaving the body and traversing the realms of space with an attendant spirit. He passes with the speed of thought from star to star. Looking back upon earth he reviews its myriad scenes.

> Cooling rill and sparkling fountain,
> Purple peak and headland bold,
> Precipice and snow-clad mountain;
> Lofty summits rising grandly into regions clear and cold,
> And innumerable rivers that majestically rolled.

*Published in Halifax by Allen & Co., with an etched portrait by G. A. Reid, in 1893.

Endless wastes of wildernesses
Where no creature might abide,
Which deep solitude possesses;
And the giant palm-tree waving, and the ocean rolling wide,
Gemmed with many a foamset island glancing from the golden tide.

At last, after long journeyings, he finds the Lost One, but she is wrapt in heavenly thoughts and takes no note of him. She is beyond his reach and he cannot make himself known to her. In consequence, he is utterly overwhelmed with grief and longs for earth again. His spiritual guide he regards as Deity, for his great power and glory, but the spirit tells him that he too is a created being. Then he reveals to the Seer the fame of the Earth throughout the universe. He has left glory to visit the world of Man.

For the All-Loving, once descending,
On its hallowed surface trod,
And the Souls, in hosts unending,
Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He made it His abode,
And its name for ever blendeth with the awful name of God.

Then the Seer is released and returns to earth. He discovers that his vast journey has taken but one moment, for there is no time in the spirit world.

It is here we find the real De Mille.

Henrik Ibsen

A Sketch

By THORLEIF LARSEN

THE life of Henrik Ibsen is a mere catalogue of misfortunes and humiliations. His earlier years were embittered by an apparently hopeless struggle for literary recognition, the bitterness of which was aggravated by an equally hopeless struggle for existence; and then his later life became a period of deep and sincere disappointment because of the harshness with which an unsympathising public received his realistic plays. But seeming failure only served to spur him on to real success and finally he attained to a position in the literary world that was far beyond the wildest dreams of his boyhood; he became the greatest dramatist of his day.

Ibsen was born in 1828. As a boy we are told that he was quiet and exclusive; instead of romping around with the other children he used to amuse himself with certain strange playthings that interested him alone. Most curious and most beloved of these was a puppet-show, the characters of which he had cut out of cardboard. Placing these objects in dramatic situations and making long harangues to them constituted the greatest easure of his boyhood days.

His early education was comparatively good. But when he had reached his sixteenth year a sudden financial embarrassment prevented his father from allowing him to continue it, and so from this time on the lad practically educated himself.

But this change in his father's financial prospects had a further effect upon the course of Ibsen's development. It now became necessary for him to provide for himself, and accordingly he was apprenticed to an apothecary in the neighbouring town of Grimstad. Here, circumstances compelled him to remain for seven long years of drudgery. Drudgery his work naturally became, for the future dramatist was far from being satisfied with his lot. Above all it was his ardent desire to go to Christiania that he might complete his studies in medicine; but as his technical education was yet rather scanty, he soon found that several years of preparation were first necessary. Accordingly he employed all his spare time over his books, and even deprived himself of well-merited sleep in order to study.

At first, like Gœthe, his greatest ambition was to be an artist, and during this period he did some drawing and painting of no mean order. But his poetical faculties

soon commenced to assert themselves and these first plans were all shattered. So strong indeed did the poetic impulse surge up within him, that in order to write poetry he used to steal moments from the precious time he had set aside for study. His earliest productions were not perhaps in the highest poetical vein, but they were, nevertheless, significant in his development. They consisted of biting satires on the town's most respected citizens, and were accompanied by equally biting caricatures from his own pen. Thus early did Ibsen commence his attack on established society.

But the true poet that lurked behind even these satires immediately manifested himself when graver matters inspired him. In 1848 the Dano-Prussian war broke out. This struggle aroused the young apothecary's indignation, and the result was two rousing poems of appeal to the other Scandinavian countries to come to the rescue. It was while he was still under the stirring influence of these momentous years that Ibsen wrote his first drama, *Catilina*.

After a great deal of trouble the volume finally appeared in 1850. But its success was not marked, for of the 250 copies that were printed only 30 were sold. The author was constrained a short time afterwards to sell the remainder as packing-paper, in order to save himself and a cherished friend from starvation.

Catilina is naturally very boyish, but, nevertheless, in it one can already discern foreshadowings of later genius, as well as the leading principles of his subsequent teachings. It is a beautiful work and is permeated with at least some of the grandeur and the poetry that characterise his later productions. That his earliest real poetic venture should have been a drama is significant. Thus from the very first Ibsen seems to have been attracted to the stage by a natural capacity to put abstract ideas in concrete form.

In the same year that *Catilina* was published he commenced to study medicine in Christiania. His poetical ambitions, however, soon upset his medical plans and so, having failed in Arithmetic and Greek, he never matriculated into the university.

For some years after this he experienced great difficulty in procuring the means of livelihood. At first, in company with several student friends, he essayed journalism. Together they founded a periodical which dealt largely with literary criticism, but the returns were very uncertain; accordingly when Ibsen was appointed stage-poet to the National Theatre at Bergen, he eagerly accepted the position, for although the salary was not large it was at least regular.

In the meantime he had been writing continuously and to these years belong some of the most popular lyrics in the Norwegian language. But in spite of this, Ibsen soon discovered that he was first and foremost a dramatist. Realising that such was the case, he accordingly devoted this period to apprenticeship and preparation for greater things, and even spent some time abroad studying the theatre.

Upon his return to Bergen he wrote a long series of historical plays. They are all excellent, but the earlier ones are at best mediocre. This was, of course, only to be expected, for Ibsen's art is as yet too imitative to bear the stamp of real genius. His true greatness does not really manifest itself until the publication of that powerful drama, *Mistress Inger of Ostraat*. This play is the greatest and most considerable of the Bergen series, and with it does his individual dramatic development most truly commence. Here Ibsen first lets us see that overwhelming power that characterises his later productions. Indeed so appalling is it that we are forcibly reminded of the *Antigone* with all the awful velocity of its action and the fatal inevitableness of the catastrophe.

Upon leaving Bergen the condition of Ibsen's pecuniary affairs became more and more distressing. He had accepted a position at one of the theatres in Christiania, but his salary was exceedingly small. He had, of course, no other means of procuring money, for his plays did not yield him anything. To complicate matters he married, and the result was almost starvation. Indeed, so straitened were his circumstances that his friends at one time seriously contemplated securing him a position in the Civil Service. But Ibsen

would not hear of this, and proceeded calmly towards his goal.

More bitter than his struggle for physical existence, however, was his fight to secure a footing in the world of letters. Now, it so happened that, at this time, the Norwegian theatre was wholly dominated by Danish models, and hence originality alone would condemn any play, no matter how fine it might otherwise be. The result of this was that, instead of being encouraged, Ibsen was treated with indifference and contempt.

Shortly after his return to Christiania he published *The Warriors in Helgeland*. The material for this play he took directly from the Icelandic sagas, where alone he could find characters grand enough to express the mighty thoughts that were surging up within him and clamouring for expression. This beautiful saga-drama has made an epoch in the development of modern Norwegian letters. For the first time this literature threw off the influence of the Danish romantic tragedians, and became truly national. The work was received, however, with contemptuous disapproval. It was pronounced "too Norwegian," and was not produced even in the author's own theatre. But Ibsen's apprenticeship is now over and he proceeds henceforth as his own master, relying on no ideals of art but his own.

As time went on Ibsen suffered many more reverses, but in spite of everything he kept on according to his own conception of art. This continual opposition, however, had its effect upon him. It made him an acrid satirist, and developed all the irony of his nature. The immediate result of this was *The Comedy of Love*, the elegant verse of which fairly teems with biting satire.

Although this drama may have temporarily eased the tumult within, it nevertheless only served to make his material position more bitter. He was looked down upon by all and his works were characterised as "weeds." But misfortune was added to humiliation when both his friends, Bjornson and Vinje, received the usual "poet's stipendium" and the Storthing refused to grant Ibsen anything.

The climax, however, was approaching. In 1863 the second Dano-Prussian war broke out and again Ibsen wrote several poems appealing to the other Scandinavian countries to come to the rescue in the name of common blood. But again his appeals were vain, in spite of the fact that but shortly before both Sweden and Norway had declared themselves ready to preserve the Brotherhood of the North at any cost. In disgust and contempt Ibsen left his native land. He declared that he would never return, but as we shall see, his patriotism finally mastered him and he at least came home to die.

Upon leaving Norway Ibsen went to Rome, where he remained for some time. This journey marks the end of the first well-defined period of his literary activity. It is made up entirely of historical plays. These will probably outlive his later social dramas, for they are more human and more beautiful than social drama can ever possibly be.

While Ibsen was at Rome he wrote the three great lyro-dramas that constitute his second literary period. First of all came that wonderful play, *Brand*, the central figure of which is one of the most heroic personalities ever conceived. He is an idealist of sublime earnestness and courage; he is the champion of what ought to be. But above all he is a protest against compromise; his ever-repeated demand is "Everything or nothing." Insisting on these ideals he spares neither himself nor others. The result is, of course, inevitable. He is hounded away by his fellows, and left at the mercy of the elements to die. Æsthetically the work is truly great. The whole drama is one grand conception, concluding, like the last thundering chord of some mighty organ melody, in one of the most dramatic scenes in world literature.

As may be easily imagined, the play created a tremendous sensation. Ibsen had conquered Scandinavia at a blow, and the Storthing at last voted him an allowance. The work itself netted him a respectable sum, and this, added to the stipendium, ended his long struggle with poverty.

His next play was *Peer Gynt*, which is technically the most finished of all his works. Here again the central figure is

an idealist, but Peer Gynt is in all things the exact antithesis of *Brand*. His ideal is self-realisation at any cost.

It was quite natural that *Peer Gynt*, too, should cause considerable excitement, for it was something so very new. Indeed, the metre and form were quite startling, and Clemens Petterson, the most prominent critic of the day, applied the old standards of art to the drama, and declared it no poetry. Ibsen's retort was characteristic; it was worthy of Peer Gynt himself: "My book is poetry, and if it is not, it shall be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book."

The last of the lyro-dramas was *Emperor and Galilean*, which Ibsen himself considers his masterpiece. It is no doubt his most masterly exposition of his views, but, from an æsthetic standpoint, it is scarcely as great as some of his other plays. The whole atmosphere of the work, however, is simply overwhelming in its grandeur.

The lyro-dramas are intimately connected, for they all deal with the same subject, although from respectively different standpoints. In them Ibsen endeavoured to show the disastrous effects of idealism upon three great individualities.

These lyro-dramas are the greatest of all Ibsen's works. They represent his immortal contribution to world-literature, for they all contain the dominant world-element. *Brand* will probably live with *Faust*, in spite of the fact that it is more melancholy and more pessimistic. *Peer Gynt*, too, is immortal, for it is an appeal to the world-mind.

After a voluntary exile of over ten years, Ibsen returned to Norway in 1874. He was now a great man, and the ovation he received was as enthusiastic as his departure had been bitter. But he was too restless to remain, and so he soon returned to Germany.

Ibsen's greatest works were now written, and although he was already forty years of age, the dramas by which he is popularly known were not yet begun. These constitute the third period of his literary activity, which by most critics seems to be regarded as one of decline. It consists entirely of *comedies de mœurs*, in which, however, he still continues his attack on idealism. Hitherto he had shown the evil effects of idealism upon outstanding and hence imaginary personalities; but at this time he seems to have been influenced by the French realistic movement, and hereafter he endeavours to portray the effects of this same idealism upon the everyday people about him.

Simultaneous with this change in subject-matter was a change in style. His dramas are henceforth all in prose. He abandons art for art's sake, and devotes himself entirely to showing the harm of idealism in modern life. The critics were, of course, immediately aroused at this, and said he had ceased being a poet. But Ibsen worked quietly on, disregarding everything but his task. He characteristically did not consider himself bound to conform to the views of the critics.

Ibsen's later plays all deal with sociological questions. But they do not necessarily teach. Indeed, Ibsen has disclaimed being a moral teacher. He is essentially an investigator and not a healer like Tolstoi. His aim, as he says in one of his letters, was to awaken people and to cause them to think great thoughts. It was immaterial to him whether or not they reached his conclusions, for he knew that the truth would prevail, in spite of everything. Accordingly he only points out the faults in our modern social organisation; he offers no remedy for them. His philosophy is destructive rather than constructive, and so any lessons that may be drawn from his works are of necessity indirect.

The only direct moral to be found in Ibsen's dramas is the negative statement that idealism is harmful and unnecessary. By idealism is meant clinging to modern, conventional ideals that one feels to be unsound and untrue. This, of course, implies that there is no hard and fast rule for conduct. Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness and not by conformity to any rule or ideal. Happiness, however, means the satisfaction of will, and will is constantly outgrowing ideals. What satisfied it

yesterday will not necessarily satisfy it to-day. Our ideals are, of course, always displaced by higher ones. In other words, he demands the emancipation of the individual, the building up of strong personality, and free judgment as to conduct.

Such is the teaching of Ibsen's *tendenz-drama*. Each play discusses the question from a different standpoint, and thus all our ideals are taken up one by one and shattered.

Some of Ibsen's realistic plays are dark and dismal, while others are delightfully humorous. The best of the whole series is probably the dignified *Rosmersholm*. This play is pure and noble, and although mournful is neither cynical nor pessimistic. Towards the end of the period the plays became more and more symbolical and mystic. This change was accompanied, however, by a marked increase in power, awfulness, and weirdness. Ibsen's concluding word was given in 1900, in *When We Dead Awaken*, which he has called "a dramatic epilogue." Ibsen intended this to be his epilogue to the series of plays commencing with *A Doll's House*. It seems also a conscious premonition of approaching departure, for Ibsen's work was done. He had returned to Christiania in 1891, and there he remained until his death last May.

Ibsen is undoubtedly the best modern dramatist, but the fate of his later works will nevertheless be the same as that of all problem-plays. What that will be, however, it is yet impossible to predict, for in literature, as in everything else, our whole age seems to be one of reconstruction rather than one of permanent accomplishment.

Ibsen's plays have been criticised as immoral. The criticism is not so very serious, however, for it affects his social dramas only, and these in reality make up the least important period of his works. But he was never immoral for immorality's sake; his subject-matter was unavoidable. Ibsen's purpose was to investigate modern social ideals, and consistency therefore demanded a discussion of those very questions that offend a certain class of people.

No one, however, has presumed to question his preeminence as an artist, His dialogue is the most pregnant and life-like on the modern stage. His characterisation is probably the best since Shakespeare. His plot construction is classic in its perfection. His plays are intensely dramatic, for something is happening all the time, and action is, of course, the very essence of drama.

It was inevitable that Ibsen should leave an impress upon the literature of his day. His influence has been most marked in the drama, where it has manifested itself in two directions. Indirectly he has cultivated the taste of the public, and thus unconsciously raised the technical standard of the stage; directly he has influenced the technique of the playwright by adapting classical ideals to modern art.

Such, then, is the story of Henrik Ibsen. Surely it is the story of a great man. But how great was he? Will the larger greatness of a Shakespeare or a Gœthe ever be his? Will his influence upon contemporary life and letters be epoch-making? Is Ibsen the great master-builder of to-morrow's drama, or does he but represent the culminating point of yesterday's? Such speculations are largely in vain now; they can be answered by the years alone, for the literary fate of Henrik Ibsen lies in the hands of infallible posterity.

Mademoiselle Papa

By EMILY RHODES

" OT to-day, Papa, not to-day," implored a child of nine as she clung tightly to her father's hands, while her face paled visibly and her blue eyes dilated with fear when he took a more decided step towards the pit-mouth.

"My darling, I must go; teacher will comfort you," answered the man, in his native tongue.

"Ah! don't go down to-day, Papa, or you'll die and your 'little flower' will be very much lonely," urged the little pleader, unconsciously using her father's pet name for her.

"What a very tragic expression that child has and what an unearthly hour for her to be out of her bed!" exclaimed one of a trio inside the office, as he indicated the pair outside.

"Who is she, Duncan?" asked Ralph Ford, the owner of the mines.

"That's Henriette, sir, the only child of 'French Pete.' She's come with her daddy, rain or fine, fog or shine, at five o'clock mornin's an' called for him at the end of his shift every day since her mother died; five years past now."

"Poor little mite," remarked the visitor, Charles Waterfall, as he left the office and approached the two outside.

"Is your little girl in trouble?" he enquired, kindly.

"Yes, saire, my child is—what you call it—afraid. Much afraid! I think she will herself make ill," answered the man, apologetically, in his broken English.

"Afraid of what, little one?" asked Charles in French, hearing which the child took courage to beg that none should go down into the pit. At this juncture, however, the whistle sounded.

"Au revoir, my darling; Papa will not die without telling his 'little flower,'" cried Pete, as he hastened towards the cage.

"Papa, Papa," wailed the child, and would have fallen had not Charles caught the swaying figure and carried it indoors.

"Hello! What's this? What made the poor kiddie faint?" asked Ralph.

"Fear for her father's safety," responded his college chum, producing his flask.

"I never saw Henriette nervous afore; hope the women haven't been scaring her with their tales," quoth Duncan.

On recovering, Henriette looked wildly around and murmured words that, translated by Charles, filled the three men with an indefinable sense of impending disaster.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Some idiot has been frightening her!" exclaimed the startled Ralph, testily; then he added: "Better give her into the charge of one of the women round here."

"I'll take her over to her teacher's house, as she boards with her in the daytime," and Duncan moved forward to carry out his words.

"No, Mons, I wait outside," announced Henriette, calmly, slipping to the ground as she spoke and swaying giddily.

"Why, you can't wait all day, child; go an' have breakfast with your teacher an' then go to school like a good gel," suggested Duncan in fatherly tones.

"Mons Duncan, call all the men up out of the pit; *do!*" she entreated, not heeding his suggestion.

She looked so distraught that Charles caught her up in his arms and pressed the small face to his own tenderly, as he whispered: "Tell me all your fears, little one; was it a bad dream?"

The childish arms wound themselves about his neck, and she implored again and again that the men be brought up.

"How would it be for me to leave you here to settle your business with Duncan, while I take her to Hamilton's place?" asked Charles.

"Fine; the housekeeper would feed and cheer her up, and you can expect

me after the exploration, old chap," answered the other.

"Shan't we miss the morning's train, then, that we rose at four o'clock to catch? Is it necessary for you to go on this exploration, Ralph?"

"Well, Duncan is off already to settle things to his own satisfaction, and I might blame myself afterwards if I didn't go with him," returned the other, as he signed to the manager to wait for him.

"Tell me all your dream now, Henriette," begged Charles, as he set her on her feet and encircled her with his arms.

At her whispered revelation, however, the strong man paled and shivered as if he had seen a ghost.

"Come, let us walk," he said abruptly, wishful to comfort her, yet angry with himself that the mental telepathy of a child should so unnerve him. They walked together in silence towards the house of the Superintendent of Mines, where he and Ralph were staying; their host had, however, been called to a distance to quell a labour dispute, and had to leave his guests to their own devices.

Light showers of rain had fallen in the night and the sweet incense of refreshed nature greeted the pair as they entered the well-kept gardens of Linfield. The sun was up and glinting through the tall pines, rested on the green loveliness around them, green loveliness intermingled with vivid touches of white, red, gold and purple.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Henriette.

"Yes, is it not?" and looking into the lovely upturned face, Charles resolved to plant a human flower on his canvas.

"The servants won't be up yet, so I'll bring out some fruit and get some rugs and we'll have a good time out here. I'll tell you a story," he said.

Soon her trouble was forgotten, her shyness vanished and her sweet, mobile mouth was wreathed in smiles and dimples, while round, wondering eyes met his own in appreciation of his stories. He had, meanwhile, palette in hand, made a rapid replica of the clear-cut oval face, with its halo of nut-brown curls, and had outlined the fragile figure of his model.

"By jove! That's a fine likeness for so short a sitting. You certainly do believe in making hay while the sun shines. She looks, though, as if on a throne; are you going to crown her?" was Ralph's greeting as he came upon the two in the garden.

His comrade smiled, well pleased, as he answered:

"I hardly know yet, but this I do know. I never did so good an hour's work in my life; fortunately, I had a canvas prepared."

To the question in Henriette's eyes Ralph began:

"Your fears were groundless, and all is quite safe down there, child—" when a loud explosion shook the whole place, and was followed by a rumbling as of an earthquake. Simultaneously the clock in the hall chimed the hour musically, while Charles watched Henriette as if fascinated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," she counted mechanically, aloud, ere she sped silently away.

"She said 'seven o'clock,'" murmured, or rather breathed Charles to himself, in an awestruck way.

"Heavens! What *can* it be? The men have safety lamps and the ventilation is good!" ejaculated Ralph, distractedly, as the two men ran off in the direction of the pits.

The peaceful scene of so short a time ago, was soon one of turmoil and despair; women weeping for several of the dead brought out and others heart-wrung for the entombed. Relief parties worked unceasingly, but morning wore to noon, and noon to night, and still there were numbers missing.

"Over fifty men were working the number two shaft, that we can't locate at all, French Pete amongst 'em," announced Duncan in the first hours of daylight next morning, as he met Ralph and Charles who, like himself, had worked and watched all night.

Only then did it occur to the artist to ask after Pete's daughter; he heard that she had worried to be taken down into the pit, had been rebuffed, and that none knew now of her whereabouts, since she

had neither been home nor to her teacher's house.

He started in search of her, and failed to find her until he heard that she had gone in the direction of Linfield, late, very late, the night before.

"Seeking me, poor little soul," he thought, remorsefully, as he hurried over the mile to the house.

There, on the rustic seat of the day before, he found her asleep, her head pillowed on her arms, her face pale and tear-stained. His approach woke her, however, and as she recognised him, she put out her arms supplicatingly. In an instant the kindly fellow had her locked in a tender, fatherly embrace; then with a sob, she cried out indignantly:

"They say Papa is dead; he is *not* dead! He would not die without telling me; he promised not to! Take me down to him, Mons?" she ended imploringly.

"If he is to be found, his 'little flower' will be the one to find and revive him," said the man soothingly, then he went on:

"We'll go down together, dear, you and I. You must be quiet, though, and let me manage it, for people don't like to see little girls in the dark pit, and perhaps you'll be afraid, Henriette?"

"Not with you, Mons," trustingly; and slipping from his embrace she put her hand into his and said confidently, "Come; we shall find Papa."

In opposition to all and full of faith in the child's premonitions, he took her down and wandered hand in hand with her for half an hour near the spot pointed out to him as where her father had worked. Though no word passed her lips, he felt that she was wholly alert. Presently with preternaturally sharp eyes, she detected a tiny bit of cloth protruding from what seemed an impregnable wall of solid rock; she caught hold of the cloth, examined it closely, then cried excitedly:

"He is here, Mons! Papa is here!"

"Stay, then, until I signal, dear, and don't move," warned the man as he left her.

Duncan arrived with a rescue party, who all agreed with him that the wall was the end of all things, and that nothing could possibly be behind it.

"As for that cloth, why, all the men wear the same," he said.

"That is Papa's, and he is behind there, Mons Duncan," reiterated Henriette, again and again.

"How do you account for that cloth being there, Duncan, anyhow? It is caught freshly between two portions of rock, as you can see by the state of the cloth; it didn't grow there, you know; how did it come there?" reasoned Charles.

One miner tapped the wall with his pickaxe and a faint tap, tap, came in response, then a louder one and faint voices were heard distinctly.

"Men behind there sure 'nough, but how to move that jam, how to get at 'em, that's the question?" puzzled a grizzled one.

"Take the maid out o' this, sir, an' we'll see what can be done," suggested one of the men.

"And you'll bring him and the other men out?" came from Henriette.

"Aye, that we will, little maid, if it can be done at all," returned the man. And without further protest she allowed herself to be taken above ground.

"We have found Papa and others with him! They will come out! They are not dead!" cried the child with tears streaming down her cheeks, as she ran up to her teacher.

"God grant that, indeed," said Charles, his voice tense with feeling and he raised his hat reverently.

Ralph then asked particulars, which Charles gave him, and after a few minutes of silence the former ejaculated: "It's a wonderful coincidence altogether! The dream—the certainty of disaster—the time, even—wonderful!"

"It is more than a coincidence; it is a God-sent gift of 'second sight' in the child," asserted Charles, confidently.

His companion smiled indulgently, and Charles, irritated by the superiority of that smile, broke out with heat: "Was it a coincidence, then, that drove Duncan and you down on a second exploration? That robbed us of our day's hunt? No; it was the mental telepathy from the cranium of a child, and all you had to work on was a single exclamation!"

"That is true enough; and I really

felt as if I'd seen a ghost," admitted the other.

"Well," Charles went on, "stronger currents must thrill where such intense affection exists as between those two, and my opinion is that 'second sight' may be born of such affection."

Before an answer to this argument was possible, cries of joy arose from the crowd, for a number of half-asphyxiated miners had been drawn to the surface, and all alive.

"Good news, friends! Fifty men found and all living, thanks to that blessed little angel Henriette," shouted Duncan, joyfully.

"Good news, indeed, Duncan," cried Ralph, as he sprang forward and shook his manager's hand eagerly.

"Make way for the little 'Mademoiselle Papa,' and let her be the first to greet her father; it is her right," shouted Charles, as he forced his way through the crowd, bearing Henriette on his shoulder.

"Aye, aye; the little 'Mademoiselle Papa,' bless her!" assented one of the rescuers from the pit mouth, as he laid one of the men on the ground and ran forward to make a passage for her, saying:

"Here's your daddy, little maid."

Duncan gave as his opinion of the cause of the accident that even while he and Ralph were in the mine, a slight fall of coal had deflected the air current, pockets of gas had formed rapidly, and these had been fired by two Chinamen smoking, against all rules. Thus the men had been blocked into a sort of natural box, from which their escape was as marvellous as the finding of Pete by his devoted daughter.

"She foretold the whole happening, you know, to Mr. Waterfall; it is a queer thing that she should know it all. But tell me, are the Chinamen found?"

"Yes, sir; there are their two dead bodies and scattered matches and pipes beside them to tell the tale. They and the few men brought out at first, must have been killed at once," answered Duncan.

The festival given a week later in honour of Henriette, was thus chronicled in the daily papers the following year at the reviewing of pictures on the opening of the Academy:

"This picture tells its own story of triumph and gratitude, in the faces of the rescued miners, who bear a throne on their shoulders containing a flower-crowned child of eight or nine years old with face of exquisite form, colour and of spirituelle expression. The vivid colouring and prodigious growth of plants and flowers have also been pinioned by the artist, and though we think it impossible for Charles Waterfall, A.R.A., to surpass this work, we may still hope that from these same pastures new, he will, at any rate, equal his picture of 'MADEMOISELLE PAPA.'"

Evolution of a Departmental Store

By NORMAN PATTERSON

ANADA has passed the "general store" stage. There are now but few of these memorials of the days when all the cities were towns, and all the towns were cross-road villages. More than thirty Canadian cities have a population of 10,000 or over; and of these two are above 250,000 each. All these cities have stores which are in harmony with the size of the place, the larger cities having departmental stores. From general stores to departmental stores is a far cry, but Canada has made it in a quarter century. The large wholesale establishment, the large specialty store, and the departmental store were as certain to come as were the telephone, the electric street light and the electric street car. In looking over almost any period of the world's history, it may be seen that progress was seldom confined to one branch of human endeavour.

In some avenues of commerce and industry, Canada's progress has been slow. In the establishment and development of large retail stores, she has kept step fairly well with the rest of the world, thanks to a few energetic and enterprising dry goods merchants. To-day, considering the population, her larger stores compare favourably with the larger stores of Chicago, New York, London and Paris.

Though department stores have been a natural and gradual development in America, the first and earliest of these businesses was the Bon Marché of Paris. It was started in 1852, and is still preeminent of its class. Its annual turnover amounts to about $30,000,000. If it sells at a profit of 5 per cent., its total profit would be one and a half millions. This amount would pay and actually does pay nearly 40 per cent. on its capital stock of $4,000,000. There are one or two stores in America with annual sales which nearly equal those of the Bon Marché.

The department store brought with it a new set of problems and a new set of methods. To secure unity among such diversity was the subject of much study. The owner or general manager saw in front of him a composite mass into which it was necessary to introduce one method and one principle. For each department he must secure a capable and efficient head, and each of his thirty or forty heads must be taught to work under the one system without friction, and yet produce good results. He must secure and maintain an army of polite, well-dressed, patient and active employees, and infuse into them a fidelity to his interests which would make harmony possible. For such a manager, the task

1881 1882

The building to the left is the store occupied by the Simpson Company in 1881. The building on the corner was occupied by the Company in 1882, and the business was continued in both until 1894

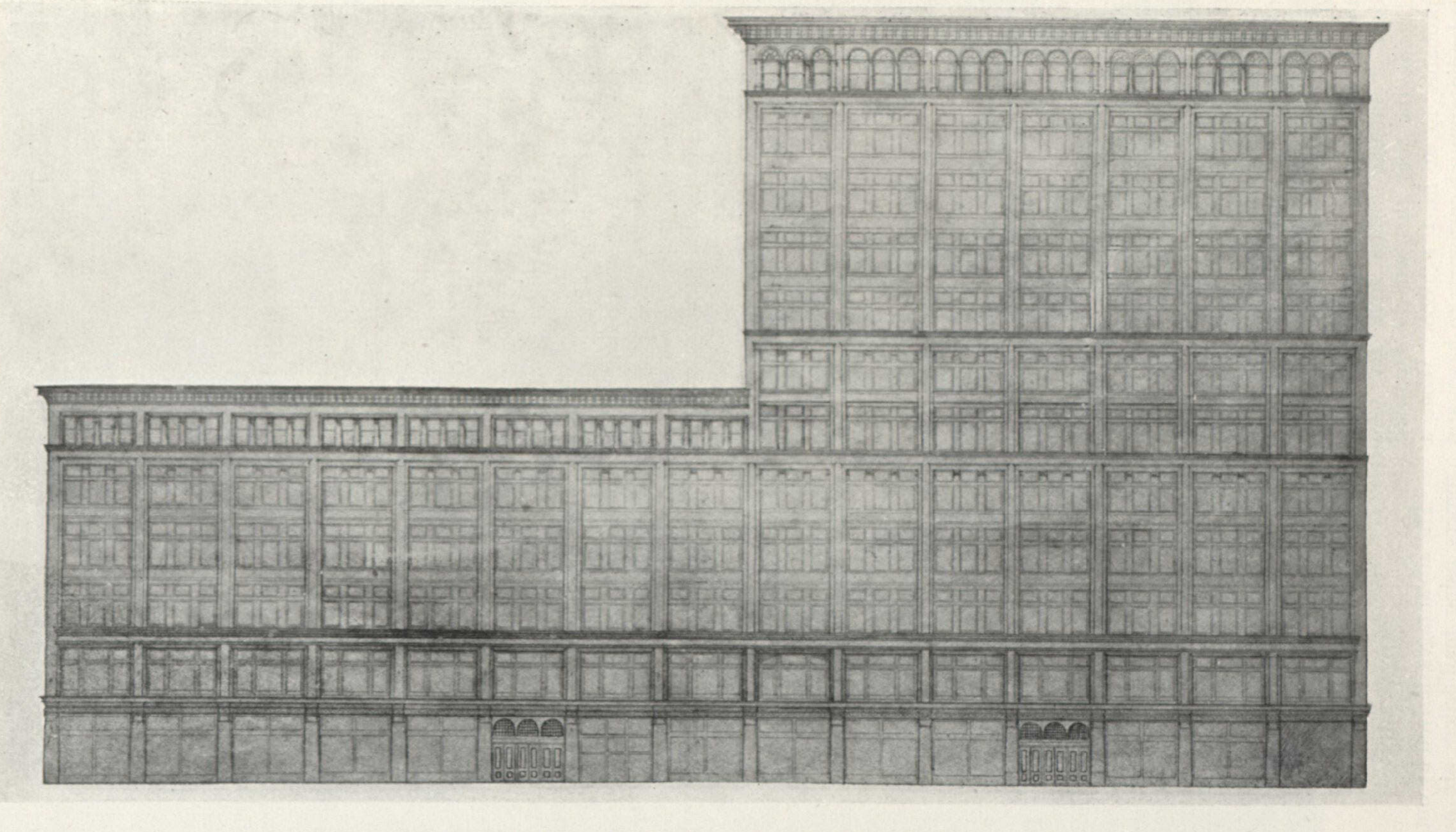
A CANADIAN DEPARTMENTAL STORE—THE PRESENT SIMPSON STORE

set before him was much greater than that set before almost any other kind of merchant.

The success of the department store is now self-evident. It gives low prices, it is convenient, and it ensures honest dealing. These are three great advantages. The mail order business has extended these advantages to the out-of-town customer.

MAIL ORDERS

The complex needs of the modern housekeeper have become a great tax upon the Post Office. Fifty years ago, the postage stamp was just coming into use, while letter delivery was slow and uncertain. To write a letter to a storekeeper for a pair of gloves was an unheard of and unimagined practice. In fact, the Post Office would have been surprised to find a parcel of any kind offered to its care. When a Post Office must use saddle-horses or two-wheeled "sulkies" for carrying the mail bags, it did not care to have parcels of all kinds and sizes loaded upon it. In short, a mail order business was impossible because the Post Office could not handle the parcels. The great multiplication



THE NEW SIMPSON STORE—QUEEN STREET FRONT

This is the architect's draft drawing, showing how it is proposed to add a new building, twelve stories in height, to the rear of the building shown on the previous page. This gives a general idea of the Queen Street front when the addition is completed. The total length will be 335 feet

of good waggon roads and railways enables the Post Office to perform more work, and to compass it more easily.

Of course only the smaller parcels are sent through the mails; the larger are sent by express or by freight and make a large addition to the profits of the express companies and the railways.

There is another reason. The transmitting of money through the mails was too expensive, too uncertain and quite unfamiliar. To-day, the express order, the postal order and the postal note have changed all that. But these are comparatively recent inventions. The modern shopper has thus greater facilities than the shopper of forty or fifty years ago, and the modern shopkeeper can adopt methods which were then impossible or impracticable.

To-day, almost every article of commerce is sold by mail. The manufacturer sells from advertisement and catalogue; so do the agent, the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer. The greatest user of this method is the departmental store. Almost every house in Canada contains a catalogue from Simpson's or from one or more of the large retail establishments in Toronto, New York and Chicago. The people have acquired confidence in the department store, and have learned that it is possible to secure through it almost every article of possible need.

To-day, the women who live fifty, a hundred or even two thousand miles from a large departmental store may order a box of pills, a pair of curtains, a rocking-chair, a shirt-waist suit, or a kitchen range. A young couple in Nova Scotia or British Columbia, within sound of the Atlantic on the one side of the continent or of the Pacific on the other, will often order the entire furnishings for their new home from a catalogue. The Simpson Company, of Toronto, have during the past six months received mail orders from over 97,000 different people. This does not include two or more orders from one person, nor does it include orders from the city. During the year this will be increased probably to at least 150,000. What a splendid army of customers to have, and what possibilities are indicated by these figures!

The catalogues issued by the departmental stores cost from ten to twenty-five cents each. They require a special staff in their preparation and special machinery in their production. The Simpson catalogue for the "Fall and Winter" of 1906 contains 200 pages, and is enclosed in a special coloured cover. Some United States catalogues run much larger. These are distributed free, in the case of Simpson's, to all who have sent in an order within six months, or who will make application for one. Special catalogues or other special advertising matter may be distributed more widely even than the semi-annual catalogue, being less expensive.

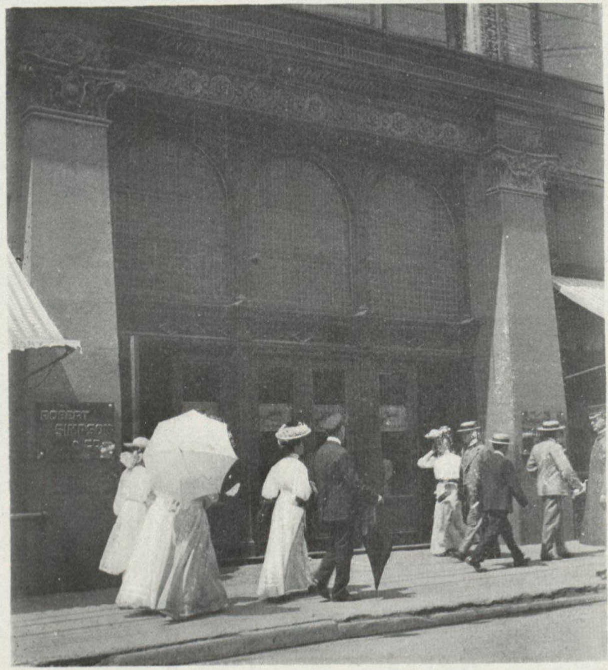
The opening of the morning mail in a department store is a considerable task. A score or more clerks sit side by side under an overseer, and open the envelopes. They assort, check and fasten together the contents. Then the orders are divided into departments and handed over to the clerks who do the purchasing. Specific instructions for ordering appear in every catalogue, and where these are closely followed, the task of the purchasing clerk is comparatively easy. If merely general instructions are contained in the order, or if the selection be left to the store, more time and judgment are required. In these cases, the best stores show their appreciation of this confidence by doing their utmost to satisfy the person who sends in the order.

The Simpson Company's particular success has been in meeting the needs of the dweller in the West. Their orders from the West for the first seven months of 1906 exceeded their total mail order business for the same seven months of last year. The Westerner orders freely and generously; he seldom or never haggles over a few cents this way or that; he is easily pleased so long as his judgment can be carried. The Easterner is more careful and exact. He has learned to count his coppers.

ADVANTAGES

The advantages derived by outside customers using mail orders are numerous,

A CORNER OF THE SIMPSON ART GALLERY



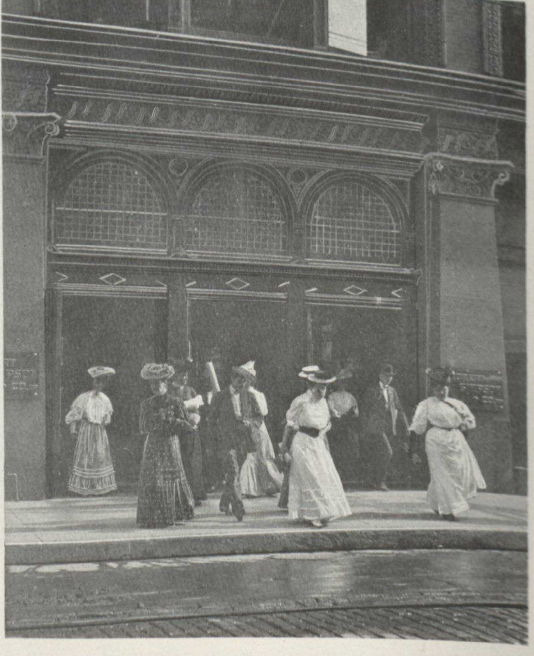
SIMPSON'S PRESENT YONGE ST. ENTRANCE

Another advantage which is obvious is that it is physically impossible for a small store in a small town to carry the range which a departmental store may carry in each department. The latter has one or more large warehouses where reserves are carried, and the stock in every department may be daily replenished.

The time required for delivery and the cost of carriage are almost the only elements which give the local dealer an advantage. Even these are offset as far as the department store is able. Every device is used to ensure promptness, and the freight or express on almost all purchases amounting to $25.00 or over is prepaid.

but may be briefly summarised. They get the latest goods, especially in the case of women's wear. The wholesaler's buyers must leave the European markets with their samples nearly two months ahead of the department store buyers. The wholesaler has his travellers to get out, and his orders to secure from the retailers, before the public require the goods. With the department store, the system is less roundabout and much time is saved. The buy-direct-and-sell-direct store has thus a great advantage in being able to wait six weeks or two months longer for the "latest" styles.

The second advantage which this sort of store has is that a catalogue is less expensive than a commercial traveller, and the wholesaler's profit is nearly all eliminated. No wonder, then, that the department store can sell at reasonable prices.



SIMPSON'S PRESENT QUEEN ST. ENTRANCE

A SECTION OF THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY'S WHITEWEAR DEPARTMENT

THE LATE ROBERT SIMPSON

THE BEGINNING

The history of the Simpson business is typical and interesting. Mr. Robert Simpson came to Toronto from Newmarket about 1872 and established himself on Yonge St., farther north than the present establishment. In those days Yonge Street was a collection of small stores, while the larger and fashionable dry goods houses were on King Street, where some of them still remain. In 1880 only thirteen clerks were in the employ of Mr. Simpson, and one horse and waggon was considered sufficient to deliver the city orders.

In 1881, he moved south into a larger building in the block which is now entirely occupied by the business he created. During the twenty-five years which have elapsed since that event, the name of Simpson has never been absent from that particular locality, though for a year after the fire the firm did business in temporary premises lower down the street.

In 1881, the store was a two-storey building of modest dimensions, with a single entrance and two show windows. It did not even occupy the corner, which was at that time the modest home of the business of Mr. Timothy Eaton. When the latter moved across the street, Mr. Simpson filled both stores and thus secured what is perhaps the best retail corner in the capital city of Ontario. At first the premises were rented, but soon Mr. Simpson acquired the property by purchase. Purchase and extension have continued, not rapidly, but steadily, until the whole block has been acquired. From 1882 to 1894, there was little change in the character of the buildings which face on Yonge Street, although the Queen Street front was transformed. At first only dry goods were kept, and these were deemed sufficient. Mr. Simpson had captured a great deal of the fashionable trade which had formerly gone entirely to King Street emporiums, and had changed the character of his business from that of a "small" store to that of a "large" store. It had become the best, or almost the best, of Toronto's dry goods establishments.

Nevertheless an inevitable change was

A DEPARTMENT STORE REQUIRES MANY DELIVERY WAGGONS

OPENING THE MORNING MAIL

As many as twenty clerks are required for this work during the busy season

Sketch by Fergus Kyle

hovering over it. Mr. Eaton had established a departmental store, and was attracting Mr. Simpson's customers. His trade did not fall off, but he was asked for many lines which he did not carry. He yielded somewhat reluctantly to the advance of modern methods. His first outside line was boots and shoes, and success attended this venture from the first. In the evenings, this department was crowded. Then came a tea-counter, with sales soon running up to a ton of tea each week. The other branches of a departmental store were soon added.

When quite convinced that the departmental store was compatible with the carrying of those high-class goods to which he had been accustomed, he entered into the new business with enthusiasm. He did not want to have a store which people would enter or leave by stealth, and of whose trademark the public would be in any sense ashamed. He had to be convinced that if he adopted the departmental methods, he would still retain the good name for which he had laboured through so many years. Having decided this point, he proceeded to still further enlarge.

In 1894, contracts were let for a seven-storey building to occupy the site of the old stores which he had so long retained. Into the work of constructing this building, which was to be the finest of its kind in Canada, he threw himself with energy and enthusiasm. As 1894 was fading into 1895, the work was completed. It was a proud day when the doors were opened and the business resumed under favourable auspices.

Alas, for the plans of mere man! Scarcely three months had elapsed before the beautiful building was in ashes—only a few stretches of tottering walls remaining above the street level. Nevertheless, on that disastrous Sunday morning, Mr. Simpson and his confidential man sat in the family residence on Bloor Street and, while the fire still burned, planned for the future. As day was breaking, a real estate man who controlled some empty premises farther down the street was called in, and an option secured. On Monday morning they took possession, and in a week were doing business almost as usual. For one year, two hundred employees tumbled over each other in a small store, trying to preserve a business which lacked a proper home. Perhaps a hundred of them were unnecessary, but Mr. Simpson would not let them go. They were his people and he refused to put them on the street. His friends urged him to retire. His ambition was for his business and for those who had worked with him. To quit at such a time, would perhaps be interpreted as showing the white feather. His Scotch blood—the breeding which made the Province of

A SECTION OF THE CARPET DEPARTMENT

Ontario, in spite of the greatest obstacles—compelled him to rebuild.

He did rebuild on a grander scale. The fire had cleared more ground than that occupied by the previous building, and the new building was to occupy a space 157 feet by 117. It was erected according to the then latest designs, a steel-frame structure, with all the steel fire-proofed in terra-cotta and concrete. It comprised seven floors, with a total floor space of about four acres. The foundation columns extend seventeen feet below the sidewalk, and were set in great beds of concrete twelve feet square. The columns are so large and so constructed that another two storeys may be added if desired.

In January, 1896, the new store was occupied. Shortly afterwards, 1897, the death of Mr. Simpson occurred, and though the business was continued under the old name, the capital stock passed into other hands. The authorised capital has lately been increased to one million dollars. The corner of Richmond and Yonge Streets was acquired in 1900, and a large addition similar to the main building was erected. Thus 1906 and greater plans were reached.

The business grew with the buildings. The thirteen clerks of 1880 had become eighteen hundred. A factory in another part of the city with four hundred employees is required to supply certain classes of ladies' garments. A stable with accommodation for one hundred horses and fifty waggons has been found necessary. The paraphernalia of a departmental store is extensive, and is not all visible to the public eye.

The business that is courageously planned and nobly conducted may yet be unsuccessful if commercial conditions are against it. The past ten years, however, have been conducive to growth. This part of the continent has been a veritable hot-house. The western part of Canada has developed at a tremendous rate, and the eastern part has not stood still. The buying power of the people has vastly increased, and the number of buyers has nearly doubled. This had its effect on the dry goods business as on any other and it accounts to some extent for the growth of the Simpson business with thousands of others. If to-day the Simpson business finds itself cramped for room, it is but one of many which find themselves in a similar condition.

THE NEW STORE

Within a short time the Simpson store is to be trebled in size. New land has been acquired, a new 66 foot street is to be opened along the western line, and

the new store will have a street on each of its four faces. It will thus occupy an entire block, 208 feet front by 335 feet in depth. The chief show windows will occupy 208 feet on Yonge Street (less one small lot not yet secured), and 335 feet on Queen Street—the two busiest thoroughfares of this busy city.

On the west, or James Street side, there will be a carriage-drive running parallel with the street and enclosed by the pillars and piers supporting the stories above. This will enable shoppers who drive to leave their carriages in the company's private driveway while transacting their business within the store.

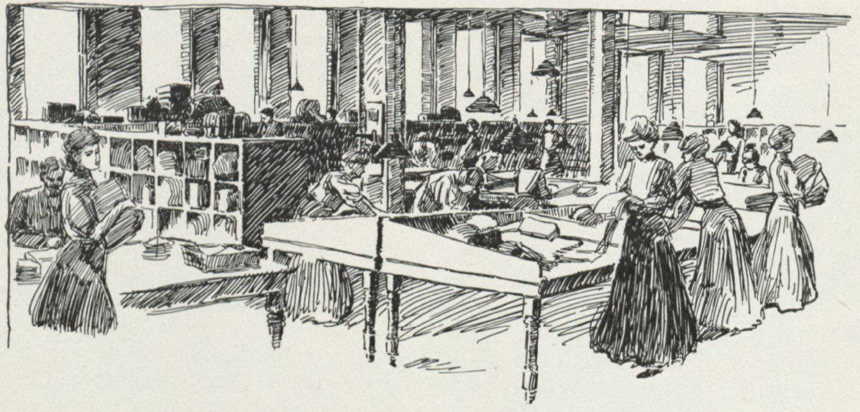
The modern store requires plenty of window space for the display of goods. The average storekeeper must satisfy himself with a frontage on one face of his store, usually one narrow end. The large departmental store has a great advantage, for it usually has two street faces. The new Simpson store will have four faces, with a total length of a fifth of a mile, one-half of which will be on two of the chief thoroughfares of the city. Every important department will thus be able to have a show window of its own.

Not only will the four street-faces be of advantage for show windows, but they will gvie plenty of light and air for the upper floors. Lighting and ventilating are great problems in large buildings, and it needs little argument to show the economic superiority which such a building as this will possess. It will take its light and air from four fairly broad streets.

The present building, which covers almost one-half of the space now available, is seven storeys in height; the new building for which the plans are now being prepared will be twelve stories in height. When completed, the whole will be the largest retail establishment in the Dominion. Seven storeys will have a floor space of nearly 70,000 square feet each, or a total area of over eleven acres. The other six floors will add six acres more, making a total of seventeen acres of space—more area than in the combined stores of many a populous Canadian town. It will be excelled by only two or three other retail stores in the world, the largest—the Marshall Field store in Chicago—having a floor space of about thirty-six acres.

The value of the property may be explained by a reference to the tax-bill. At present this amounts to $17,000 annually. When the new store is completed, this will be increased to $32,000 annually. This $32,000 will be the

AN AISLE IN THE CURTAIN AND DRAPERY DEPARTMENT



A CORNER IN THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Simpson contribution to the government of the city of Toronto, a fairly large amount to pay on a piece of land less than two acres in extent.

METHODS

A modern, up-to-date department store cannot be run on haphazard, hit-or-miss methods. The system of such an institution must be perfect, or nearly so. The Simpson Co. have paid great attention to the development of a system which is designed to prevent over-stocking, to keep the investment in proper proportion to turnover and to show a margin of profit in each of the thirty-four departments.

Over-stocking is prevented by a simple but effective system of book-keeping. Every morning the manager receives a schedule showing the amount of goods on hand the previous morning, the amount of goods received, and the regular and mail order sales during the day. Thus he is informed every morning of the amount of stock on hand at that time. In a stock-book is entered a weekly summary of these daily reports, the weekly wages and other items. Then, every six

A SECTION OF THE LADIES' CLOAK DEPARTMENT

months, stock is taken, and the result should tally with that obtained through the daily and weekly reports. In this way the manager may tell at any moment what progress and success is attending the working of any one of the departments, and of the business as a whole.

Whenever a new lot of goods enters the store it is labelled with a number, and the invoice is numbered to correspond. This enables the manager to go into any department at any time, examine any line of goods, and tell just how long it has been in stock. Any line in stock six months is dealt with specially, this being the limit which is allowed the head of a department to sell. These goods must be sold, no matter what the sacrifice.

THE BUSINESS OF THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, MONTREAL, WAS PURCHASED RECENTLY BY THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, AND IS NOW OPERATED BY THIS FIRM AS ITS EASTERN BRANCH

Each department is kept up to date by a liberal use of the telegraph and cable. Every line of goods brought from Europe is designated by a special cable code word. If it finds great popularity when it arrives, a cable re-order is at once dispatched. The duplicate ordering of domestic goods is even simpler.

A profitable handling of each department is ensured by placing it entirely under the control of a "head" who is responsible to the general manager for its conduct. He does all the buying, advises as to the selling price, regulates the number of clerks and the advertising, and generally manages his department as if it were his own business. He has several advantages over a small storekeeper, because he is not worried with financing or general administration. He has few petty worries. The rocky road of business difficulties is made smooth for his feet, and he can concentrate his entire attention upon his buying and his selling. At every stage of his work he may consult with the general manager as to policy, the efficiency of his assistants, the efficacy of his advertising, or on any other point which is receiving his consideration. He is given every chance to study the domestic and foreign markets, and to acquire such information as will enable him to serve his customers in the most effective manner.

The extension of the Simpson connection by the acquisition of the well-known business of John Murphy & Co., of Montreal, adds considerably to the number of

THE FIRST DELIVERY HORSE USED BY MR. SIMPSON WAS GRAY —AND GRAY IS STILL THE COLOUR OF THE SIMPSON HORSES

LONDON OFFICE OF THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

"heads" being sent into the market to make purchases. To put it in another way, the Simpson buying power is thus enlarged. The merchant who can purchase a train-load of furniture is likely to get better terms than he who purchases only a carload.

To facilitate the buying in Europe, the Simpson Company have an office in London and an agency in Paris. The London office is on the ground floor of one of the busiest corners in the heart of London—under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. Reading and writing rooms are fitted up, so that visiting Canadians may make it a headquarters.

CONVENIENCES

Speaking of conveniences for customers, it is worthy of note that the department store has ushered in a new era. Writing rooms, waiting rooms, toilet rooms, are now provided. A clean, airy restaurant furnishes high-grade meals at a reasonable price. A pianist will play any piece you suggest to him, and then invite you to purchase a copy of the music if you are pleased. In the great store that the next few months will evolve for Simpson's, there will be, no doubt, a banking office, a telegraph office, a post office, and an express office. There will be hospital equipment for those who are unfortunate enough to need attendance. There will be a creche, where mothers may check their babies and leave them in charge of competent matrons. Another new feature of the completed store will be its method of transportation from one floor to another. A careful study of all modern elevators is being made. Among those receiving favourable consideration is the plunger hydraulic, which in a twelve-storey building would mean a shaft one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet long and a well or boring of the same depth to receive it. From the bottom of this well to the top of the elevator shaft would be little short of four hundred feet. For the shorter journey from one flat to another a quicker method is the escalator or moving stairway which it is proposed to install in each of the three lower floors.

The department store is one of the great developments of the age. As such it is worthy of study from the economic standpoint. It is an institution which increases the conveniences of the individual and adds to the sum total of his comforts and his pleasures. Because of this, it is worthy of the highest commendation. So long as it continues to fulfil its mission it will be counted among the great successes achieved in the progress of the world.

Expansion, Preference and Protection

Editorial from *The Westminster Gazette*

EVERYONE in this country will be delighted with the progress which the Dominion of Canada is able to announce on entering the fortieth year of its federal existence. The *Times* correspondent at Ottawa gives us a few figures which show the remarkable expansion of the last few years. The returns of the fiscal year which ended yesterday show an increase of no less than 25 per cent. Population is pouring into the West both from the mother country and from the United States. During the past six months the Canadian Pacific Railway handled 4,804 cars laden with settlers from across the border as against 2,834 in the same period last year. All fear about these immigrants making good citizens has long ago been dispelled, and Canada wisely recognises that the development of her vast territory depends, above all things, on getting population. Senator Perley, one of the pioneer farmers of the Northwest, said last year that Canada within a decade would produce sufficient wheat annually to feed all the people of the British Isles. He now revises his estimate and declares that this will be accomplished within the next five years.

Canada has been fortunate in her pioneers, political and commercial. Formerly in Sir John Macdonald, and now in Sir Wilfrid Laurier, she has had leaders who looked to the future and steadily resisted all tendencies which would have turned a great country into a small thing for a few people. And not less wise and far-seeing were the constructors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona, who forged ahead in spite of croakers who predicted, as the *Times* correspondent tells us, that the road would not pay for its axle-grease. Thus the door stands open, and the population flows in, and the railway has a gross earning of £12,000,000, and the country is buoyed up with the hope that the future belongs to it.

That is the right spirit, and it is wholly independent of the small fiscal devices which some people still suppose to be necessary to colonial development. The *Times* speaks this morning as if the prosperity of Canadian manufacturers were due to her protective system, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, we are told, has carried on "with a sound, practical disregard for the earlier platform eloquence which earned him the medal of the Cobden Club." We do not believe it, though we do not doubt that a great many people in Canada think it. The industrial progress of the American West has not been retarded, though their "infant industries" were from the beginning exposed to the competition of the organised industries of the Eastern States, and we see no reason for thinking that Canadian industry would be of less hardy growth. This is a domestic matter which we leave ungrudgingly to Canada herself, but we may, however, suggest that the expansion of the agricultural West is likely to bring with it a demand for cheap manufactured goods and for a fiscal system which will not prevent the farmer from getting payment for the wheat which he exports to Europe. If Canada's predominant interest is, as we are told to-day, to lie in her export trade, this result must follow, and it will be for Canadian statesmen to see that no artificial check is imposed on her development. In the meantime, we find Mr. Chamberlain still talking as if this colonial development depended on the adoption of his preferences. It is apparently no more to him that it goes on of its own accord than that English industries declared to be dead or dying insist on expanding without waiting for his remedy. He insists that his specific and his alone will produce the healthy conditions which we see growing before our eyes, and he begs and implores us to come to the rescue of all sorts of people and interests who are clearly quite able to look after themselves.

The economic argument of the last three years has, we judge, from his speech

on Saturday, made no impression whatever on Mr. Chamberlain. He continues to believe that enormous results in transferring the wheat supply of this country from the foreigner to the colonist will accrue from a tax which is to be so small that no one will feel it, and which is not to add a farthing to the price of anything in this country. He also believes still that the foreigner can be forced to pay our rates and taxes, the home producer protected from foreign competition, and steady employment at good wages be created by one and the same fiscal transaction. And by implication he continues to deny that our own export trade and the labour dependent on it would be affected for the worse by any restriction on imports. All these various assertions and denials may be found in the few lines of his Sandon Heath speech. We have long realised that it is useless to argue with him or his supporters on any of these points, but it is still worth while to point out what his policy is, according to his own constantly repeated statements on the subject. His object is to "do to foreigners as they do to us"—*i.e.*, to plunge this country, with its export trade and its shipping, into Protection as practised in France and Germany. It is well to be clear on this point, but it is quite useless to keep telling us that this will cost nobody anything and have no result except to stimulate trade. We know the results and can measure the dangers of such a policy.

Juan de Fuca Straits

BY DONALD A. FRASER

I STAND upon Vancouver's sunny shore,
Where proud Victoria breathes the salt sea air,
And look across the blue expanse to where
Olympia rears her snow-clad summits hoar.

A vision glorious greets my charméd gaze;
The sloping green, wide-splashed with golden broom;
The shimmering blue, beyond which, nobly loom
The mountains, deeper dyed with azure haze.

Along the west extends Sooke's fir-clad height,
A purple finger, reaching south, whose tip
Points out the rocks, long cursed by many a ship,
Where winks the Race his fiery eye at night.

Above the island-dotted east, serene,
Arises Baker's head, whose lordly frown,
And kingly air, and white eternal crown,
Proclaim him monarch of the lovely scene.

O Fuca, gateway of a western world,
How grandly flows, unceasingly, thy tide,
In sunny smile, in calm and placid pride,
Or raging storm, with crested billows curled!

Roll on then, Fuca! Roll in royal state!
Thy past in misty ages shrouded lies;
But future, glorious, dawns upon our eyes
Majestic portal of two nations great!

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII

BRIAN, THE MESSENGER

RIAN CORDEAUX had contrived an easy and effective sort of rickshaw out of a cane armchair and two unused front wheels of a light American buggy that he found smashed up in the cart-shed. He then slung a hammock in a bend of the tropical scrub that came down almost to the beach in Acobarra Bay, and thither, a few days later, two of the Kanakas brought Oora. The nook was a sequestered one, though it was sufficiently near the Bay for her to take her fill of gazing at the waves which broke with a slow boom on the sand. The jetty and row of huts stood a little nearer the headland and Oora's retreat was not visible from them or from the house. Here she would spend several hours every afternoon, Brian having rigged up, with an old sail, a rough shelter for her hammock. She usually preferred being left alone with her books and thoughts. To-day, however, Cordeaux, who was in a restless and not quite happy mood, hovered around and came every now and then to have a word with her. On one of these occasions he said to her, in a half bantering tone, but with some genuine uneasiness at the back of it:

"Well, Miss Oora, has the sea brought you the message you wanted, yet?"

Oora looked at him with wistful eyes gleaming unnaturally large and bright out of her small, sallow face. Her eyes and hair struck Brian as the most living things about the girl. All the rest of her seemed limp and frail to shadowiness.

She answered his question by another, "Where's Susan?"

"She's gone with Meiklejohn to look at a rifle-bird's plumage he's been fixing up for her." Brian answered, his kind face taking on a slightly worried look. "That, and some other things."

"Will she come back soon?" continued Oora.

"I should say that it depends upon how far Meiklejohn can manipulate a red-hot needle."

"A red-hot needle?" she repeated.

"Miss Galbraith thought she'd like a chain strung of those hard scarlet seeds with the black spots, which—perhaps you didn't know—some of the Blacks use for money."

"Yes, I know," returned Oora.

"Well, your sister didn't. But she thought they'd look nice with the queer-shaped pearls Meiklejohn has been collecting for her, and they're going to try and make holes in the seeds and the pearls with the red-hot needle. I guess it will take Meiklejohn some time to do it. Miss Oora," Brian went on, "was your sister always so devoted to wild birds' feathers and barbaric necklaces and that sort of thing? If I'd known I could have brought her an assortment from Namounea."

Oora laughed. "You don't know Susan a bit, really, Mr. Cordeaux. Su fancies she is madly in love with the Bush and that she can write poetry about it and put the true meaning to the Blacks' legends. But, you know, she'd faint at the sight of a Myall black fellow in war-paint. I always feel that Su is just cut out to be a great lady in England and to wear diamonds and lace, and all the rest. When she gets the barbaric chain, she'll find it does not suit her nearly so well as our grandmother's old-fashioned jewellery that she generally wears. Now, I'm different. I love queer out-of-the-way necklaces and things—"

Oora stopped suddenly and her hand went up to her neck in an involuntary movement that Brian had noticed before.

It recalled to him something that was very much on his mind, but of which he had scarcely liked to speak after Susan's prohibition upon talk about the wreck. Oora, herself, however, sometimes alluded to that when they were alone, though he remarked that she never did so in presence of her sister and stepmother. He thought that now he might venture on the forbidden ground, and began tentatively:

"I saw not long ago the queerest thing in necklaces—one that would have been exactly to your taste, Miss Oora. You remind me of it somehow. It was greenish like your eyes, and it was uncanny, too—like you."

Oora started forward in the hammock and her green eyes looked bigger than ever as they fixed themselves on him. "What was it made of?" she asked in tremulous, eager tones. "Where did you see it?"

Now he knew that his suspicion had been well founded and it troubled him. He had been hoping for some explanation of the coincidence that had aroused it.

"It was made of jade and those greenish fossil things like eyes," he said slowly, his own eyes upon her.

"Yes, yes," she put in. "What else?"

"It had a shark's tooth hanging from it—and a man in the boat said that was a Black's charm against sharks."

"In the boat," she cried, catching at his words. "What boat? Your boat? When—where did you see the chain? Tell me quick."

"I saw it round the neck of a poor fellow we picked up with two other men off a piece of grating in the Straits. They were survivors from the *Quetta*."

"Ah!" Oora drew a deep, long breath that made her voice break in her throat as she asked: "Was he—? Was he—?" She did not seem able to frame the question.

"He was not drowned, if that's what you want to know, but he was in a pretty bad way. Blair—our ship's doctor—had him taken over to Thursday Island and gave him into somebody's charge there. I don't know what happened afterwards—the ship went away and, as you know, I've been on leave. . . . There now, let's change the subject. I wish I hadn't said anything about the blessed thing."

For a fit of nervous trembling had seized Oora so that for a minute she could not speak. Cordeaux saw that she was violently agitated and was puzzled and rather pained by the exhibition, remembering the remarks of those two other men on the raft. At last she said, in accents of piercing reproach, which seemed to him quite unreasonable: "Why didn't you tell me before? Oh! why didn't you?"

"How should I know you wanted me to tell you? Besides, your sister asked me never to talk about the wreck. . . . She said the doctor had forbidden it. . . . And now I've done it, and what will they say to me for upsetting you like this?"

"No, no—if you could only realise the relief of feeling sure that he is safe. Of course he's alive. I'm not afraid now. Do you think Fate would ever have let him be saved in that way just for him to die directly afterwards? Or me either?" Oora's speech flowed recklessly now, and Cordeaux listened with a harassed countenance. Suddenly she threw a frightened glance to either side along the shore of the bay. "Nobody's coming, are they? Listen, you're not to say a word about this to Susan or Pat or anybody. They couldn't possibly understand. But I'll tell you. Somehow I felt from the first moment that you'd help me. I meant to speak to you. That was why I wanted to be certain that the others wouldn't interrupt us—when you asked me if I'd got my message from the sea. You are the sea's messenger. The waves have told me so since I've been down here the last day or two. Then you began at once to speak about that chain—and everything was clear to me."

"I wish everything was clear to me," he answered dubiously. "At least whether I ought to let you go on talking of this. At all events, it seems that you know all about that curious chain with the charm."

"I ought to know," she answered. "It was mine. The Blacks gave me the charm."

"Then you—you were the girl who—"

he stammered and reddened, dropping his eyes before Oora's tense gaze. But she faced him bravely.

"What have you heard about it all?" she asked.

"I—I gathered that you acted in the most extraordinarily self-sacrificing and heroic way—I understood that the man couldn't swim and that you must have supported him all through the night on that bit of grating—he being unconscious. . . . And then, when you were joined by two other men who had a pole, you swam with it on your shoulder, towing and steering your bit of a raft."

"Yes, the other men were cowards."

"Brutes—foul-mouthed brutes. They deserved a sound kicking." At his words, the red blood rose hotly in Oora's cheeks. Brian saw it and went on in hasty explanation. "I thought you must be that girl when I heard of Aisbet having picked you up and the wonderful way in which you'd kept yourself afloat. It wasn't likely there could be two women who swam as well as you. But afterwards I—I couldn't believe the thing!"

"Because of what those men said of me? . . . Well, I don't care." Oora raised her head with a defiant look, but the next instant she bit her lips, showing plainly that she felt shame and anger.

In his desire to spare her he looked considerately away. "Oh! I didn't pay much attention to what they said," he replied in some confusion. . . . "But, naturally, when I knew your people and had heard more about you, it seemed impossible that her sister"—he broke off, hopelessly embarrassed, and added lamely, as if taking up the subject from a new point of view: "So you put your charm round the chap's neck. . . . Was it to keep the sharks off him?"

"Yes. . . . And it is a true charm, for no sharks touched me—yet they were quite close"—Oora shuddered. "I daresay you're thinking it all silly superstition, but I believe in the Blacks' charms."

"I'm thinking that if you really believe in this one, it was the most extraordinary unselfishness in you to give it to a stranger. But perhaps the man wasn't quite a stranger? Perhaps you'd made friends with him on the voyage?"

"I'd never spoken to him till we were in the water. . . . Oh! I see what is in your mind. Susan would never have done anything so dreadful. But what does it matter that you've not been properly introduced to a person or that you've never seen him before in the body, if your spirit tells you that you've really known him a long, long time?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Brian, arrested and moved in spite of himself. "That was how I felt when I first saw your sister."

"Did you?" Oora looked at him with quickened interest. "I thought you'd understand—partly. Su wouldn't understand at all. I'm sure she never would have felt in the least like that about you."

"Don't you think so?" Brian asked dejectedly.

"She couldn't," Oora rejoined, in an emphatic tone. "She's not that sort. Her spirit isn't, I mean. I suppose," she went on reflectively, "that there are different sorts of souls as well as bodies. I'm certain that there are some souls who can see the spirit underneath the outside of a person and each of them will know at once the other soul to which it belongs. But most people's spirits aren't grown enough to see and know. . . . Or perhaps some souls are made in pairs and others were single from the beginning."

"Well, I hope that neither Susan nor I belong to the single lot," said Brian. "I'd rather believe that we belonged to each other."

"I daresay you do," answered Oora, "only Su hasn't found it out yet."

"It's a delightful idea," observed Brian, "but not exactly original, Miss Oora. A person called Plato discovered that doctrine."

"Plato may have discovered it, but he didn't make the different sorts of souls to start with," retorted Oora.

"Well, anyhow, I've heard lots of people preach Plato's doctrine, especially when they were in love with somebody they couldn't marry; but I never knew anyone except you who said she had actually tested it. Surely, you don't believe that the man to whom you gave your charm is your soul's twin?"

"I know it."

Cordeaux's half-smile turned to an expression of extreme gravity.

"That's rather a dangerous notion, Miss Oora. It might get a girl into difficulties, if the man was a cad, don't you see. Besides, though you think you're cock-sure, you may be mistaken."

"Mistaken!" she cried, her eyes flashing their green flame upon him. "How can you tell that you love Susan—for I conclude you love her—or think you do?"

"I'm quite sure I do," he replied, earnestly.

"Yes, you're cock-sure!" she rejoined, tauntingly, repeating his phrase, and went on more seriously: "But *how?* But why? Just because there's something in Su and in you that's alike and that draws you to her. To her only, not to any other woman. You wouldn't care for her if she were me. Su is Su. Oh! I know—lovely, and perfect and sweet—and never did a thing in her life that wasn't what a nice girl would do. I've often wished that I were like Su, yet when I think it out I wouldn't change places with her—though I'm only Oora, ugly and wild, and rough and queer. You needn't waggle your head. I know Su is an angel and I'm the other thing. Su's wings are made of soft, immaculate, drooping white feathers like the ones in fairy books. Mine are made out of wiry hard black quills. But mine are stronger wings than Su's—and they take me where she can't go—away out into the lonely bush and over the lonely sea; and the trees and the wind and the waves have taught me things that Su has never learned."

"You're an uncommonly strange girl," said he with deep interest. "I can quite understand a man falling in love—madly in love with you. You're quite wrong, you know, in calling yourself ugly."

Oora shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "Looks haven't anything to do with it."

"No, because you're a witch—a sea-witch. I suppose it was that chap who gave you the name."

Oora did not answer. Her eyes were fixed on the greeny-white curve of a billow that rolled in and broke on the shore with a booming sound, then retreated, making the silky, swishing noise of a receding wave that carried with it water-worn pebbles and tiny shells.

"Look here, Oora," he said, in his perplexity, forgetting the customary prefix. "Do you truly mean that you are in love with this strange man whom you say you had never spoken to before?"

Again the colour flooded Oora's face, then it sank, leaving her very pale. She did not look at Brian as she answered:

"That isn't a question for you to ask—of me nor for me to answer—to you."

"Then in heaven's name what do you want me to help you about?"

She meditated for so long, that he asked impatiently: "Well?" and when she still did not answer, added: "You see there isn't anything I could possibly do."

"Yes, there is, I want you to find out if *he* is on Thursday Island—the strange man—and—and—" She waited, stealing a glance at Brian's uncompromising face—"and what has become of my charm."

He looked relieved.

"Oh! so you want it back again? I quite agree with you, it isn't at all a nice thing for the fellow to be carrying that about, and perhaps exhibiting an ornament which everyone who knows you well must be aware is yours. You might find it awkward if you were married to somebody else."

"He is a gentleman and I shall never be married to somebody else," returned Oora instantly, but with a calm that was ominous.

Displeasure gathered on Brian's countenance.

"However that may be, this man ought to be made to give up your property. He fought so tremendously, Blair told me, when they tried to take the thing off, in order to dress his blisters, that they had to leave it on his neck. And goodness knows where it is now. The man may be dead."

"He is not dead," returned Oora, with quiet assurance.

"By jove! he was pretty near it. Blair said it was a bad case of fever added on to the rest, and he never stopped raving."

"A—ah!" murmured Oora in a long breath.

"I haven't the ghost of a notion what

his name is," said Brian. "Have you?"

She shook her head.

"And he doesn't know who you are?"

She shook her head again.

Brian's gloom cleared a little.

"I suppose I could find out where he is by asking the doctor over at the settlement in whose charge Blair put him. But your father is the right person to tackle the matter."

"My father is at Narrawan."

"Just so. Well, there's your stepmother. In your father's absence she is your proper guardian—isn't she?"

"Is she?" Oora laughed. "I bet that Pat wouldn't find me as easy to yard on and bail up as a brumby filly."

Brian laughed too, but rather uncomfortably.

"Besides, I will not have my dad, nor Su, nor Patsy told one word about this," broke out Oora fiercely, her green eyes opening wide and brilliant. "If you betray my confidence, Mr. Cordeaux, I will never speak to you again, but I will do everything I can to prevent you from marrying Susan. . . . And what is more, if you won't give me your promise as a gentleman—and as a brother, to say nothing about it, I warn you that I shall escape in one of those boats over there and go to Thursday Island myself and do what I want. I'm perfectly capable of that, I assure you."

Brian was visibly embarrassed. He looked nonplussed. His black brows knitted over thoughtful eyes and his lips shut displeasedly as he mentally reviewed the position. But after a minute or two he apparently decided to make the best of it.

"Very well," he said, "I'll act for you as your brother might if you had one. As your father isn't here, I dare say it's as well your sister and stepmother should not be worried at present over this business of yours. But you'll have to play fair and to give me a promise on your side that you won't make a fool of yourself."

But Oora charmed, and off her guard, laughed again in an odd exultant fashion. "Oh! I'll promise that."

Brian looked at her sharply.

"You and I may have different opinions as to what is meant by a girl making a fool of herself. Mind—you mustn't let this man know who you are!"

"Very well. When I write to him I won't sign my name."

"When you write to him!" repeated Brian. "What does that mean? I've no intention of mixing myself up with a clandestine correspondence. I'm ready to find this man if he's at Thursday Island and to tell him that I am authorised by you to demand the necklace, but I won't carry letters."

"I don't want him to write to me. But if I were in his place I don't think I should give the necklace to a perfect stranger without a written authority from its owner."

"He doesn't know your hand-writing and he doesn't know your name. The written authority might be from anybody."

"I don't think so—and he would not think so either."

Brian was somewhat taken aback by her readiness. "You are uncommonly wide-awake for a romantic young lady who believes in the twin soul theory, Miss Oora. Might I ask what you propose to say in your letter?"

"Perhaps you would like to read it?" she replied angrily.

"Come, come. Why should we snap at each other? You surely don't think I'm such a beastly bounder as to want to pry into your affairs. But—hang it all—this is rather a responsibility for me. It's not the kind of thing a fellow cares about doing for a girl."

"Not even a brother for a sister—that is to be."

Oora bent forward, her thin face seeming all eyes shining out of hair that looked alive and her mobile mouth smiling mockingly. Cordeaux thought she had certainly a queer power of captivation and was not impervious to it. His judicial sternness departed. All the tiny india rubber-like wrinkles began to play about his features as he exclaimed: "You've got me there and you know it, little sister—that I hope you'll be! If I help you out of this mess, I trust you to stand by my interests with Susan, mind! That's what you can do to show your gratitude. Of course, I rely on you not to write more than is actually necessary

or anything compromising to your dignity."

"I guarantee that my dignity shall be properly safeguarded," answered Oora with suspicious meekness. "I'll write six lines on a sheet of notepaper and no more—just sufficient for him to have no manner of doubt as to my ownership of the necklace and I promise that I will not sign my name!"

"That'll do first-rate. Honour bright, remember."

"Only six lines," she repeated, but there was a ring of triumph in her voice. And as a matter of fact, Oora managed to compress her letter within the agreed limit, though it must be owned that she had to write rather small to do it. According to her own ideas she fulfilled the conditions stipulated, though it is doubtful whether Brian would have thought so. The communication was telegraphic in its terseness:

"*Please give bearer my chain and charm. If you wish the spell renewed, come to Mr. Aisbet's place, Acobarra, between* 4 *and* 6 *p.m., the first day you can, after receiving this. A little way to left of jetty the scrub grows in a curve down to the shore. There you will find your Sea-Witch.*"

CHAPTER XVIII

OORA'S LETTER

CORDEAUX had no great difficulty in discovering the doctor to whose care Surgeon Blair had committed the sick man rescued by the *Clytie's* boat. When found, however, the doctor had scant time at his disposal, being then on his way to the operating room in the hospital.

"What, the man your people saved from the *Quetta* wreck—'Gentleman James'?" inquired the doctor hurriedly. "I've never got at his right name, for the other chap—his friend Flash Sam, seems in a chronic state of being on the 'burst'—and either didn't know or wouldn't tell me. I haven't seen him just lately, for the fact is I've been over-rushed. But he's on the mend, I believe, though it has been a narrow squeak."

The doctor gave the address and hurried off. Cordeaux made his way along the main street towards a more ragged part of the township, where he saw dotted about a number of weather-boarded cottages with zinc roofs, zinc water-tanks at the corners—giving an overpowering effect of glare—and deep verandahs approached by short flights of open wooden steps. The house to which Cordeaux had been directed stood by itself in an angle made by the intersection of two sandy roads. A rough fence enclosed the ground, which had been cleared, so that small stumps perked up, many of them re-sprouting. Here and there stood deserted looking cocoa palms, and there was an old battered pandanus tree.

There were no people about the front of the house except a Chinaman, who was cultivating a recent attempt at a garden, and a half-blood woman from one of the Dutch Islands—evidently the proprietress of the establishment, who was washing clothes under a matting shelter. Judging from the nature of the clothes hanging out, the occupants of the house were all men—pearlers or bush loafers, no doubt—who mostly spent their days in public-house bars, after the custom of Flash Sam.

While Cordeaux was wondering whether to accost the Chinaman or the woman, a bushman slouched round the verandah with a pipe resting in the gap made by two broken front teeth—a stupid, rough, but kindly-looking creature, whom Cordeaux at once saw was not the man he had rescued in the Straits—disfigured almost beyond recognition though the castaway had been. He moved forward to address the bushman, and Flinders Dick—for it was he—seeing the intention, gave a friendly: "Hello! G'd day to you."

"Good day to you," returned Brian. "I'm looking for a man whose name I don't know—except that he's called 'Gentleman James.' I'm one of the officers off the *Clytie*, and I was in the boat that picked him up after the *Quetta* wreck. Do you happen to know how he's getting on?"

Flinders Dick pulled out his pipe and his indifferent expression brightened.

"My word! I ought ter know," he

drawled, "for I'm here along of him. He's my mate."

"I hope he's better," said Brian politely.

"We-el, he was close-up a gone 'un," replied Flinders Dick, "and he ain't any more nor'n a crawler yet. But he's got his wits clear agen and he's pickin' up a bit neow."

"Can I see him?" asked Brian. "I've a message for him."

Flinders Dick looked the sailor up and down, slow suspicion waking in his dog-like eyes. He spat out some tobacco juice and then answered, as it appeared to Brian, quite irrelevantly.

"You never had nothin' to do, had yer, with Harry the Blower—nor yet Wall-eyed Bill, *nor* Old Never Despair?"

"Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Brian, his brown face wrinkling up with amusement. "I must say you've got the queerest collection of names I ever heard out of California—'Gentleman James, Harry the Blower, Wall-eyed—who? and Old Never Despair? What may *you* be called, my friend?"

"As a gineral rule, Flinders Dick," drawled the other imperturbably, putting his pipe back again.

"Flinders?"

"Stockman on the Flinders River onst!" laconically explained Dick.

"I see. And then there's Flash Sam to add on to the list."

"Flash Sam a friend o' yours?" enquired Flinders Dick.

"Not exactly. But I've had the honour of making his acquaintance. Is he here too?"

"Gone up country and a bad look-out for Thursday Island pubs," said Flinders Dick with the little Australian laugh. "I'm seeing to my mate. D'reckly he knowed me, the Nuss up and took her hook. Said she'd got another case. Neow, who might the message be from?" Flinders Dick enquired cautiously.

"Well, it's from a lady who was on the *Quetta*."

"Not the girl as Jem's been goin' on about when he was off his nanny—the girl with the green eyes that gev him the queer necklace?"

"Has he got the necklace? The young lady wishes to have it back."

"He's got it right enough—it's my belief he says his prayers to it. You'll have a job to get him to gev it up."

"Of course he'll give it up if he's a gentleman," hastily rejoined Cordeaux. "No gentleman would keep a thing that a lady wished to have back."

Flinders Dick flared up slowly, first removing his pipe.

"My oath! If you're castin' doubt on my mate's bein' a gentleman as good as yerself, you'll have to answer for it to me, mister," said he impressively. "I always said as I knew a gentleman when I seen one, and I ain't never been mistook yet. If Jem weren't what he is, d'ye think I'd be hangin' here in this infernal yellow breed drinkin' shop? Runnin' the risk, too, of havin' a good claim jumped while I'm away from it. But we stands or falls together, my mate and I—I made up my mind on that. My word! I bet he is a gentleman. None of your flash, stuck-up toffs, but as good a pal as ever breathed—never lookin' down on a rough, uneddicated bush chap like me. He knows there weren't no State schools in the bush when I was a kiddie, but that never made any difference to Jem. 'Eddication weren't no count,' he used ter say, 'beside the heart bein' all right.'"

"I entirely agree with your friend on that point, Mr. Flinders Dick," said Brian warmly, "and I've no doubt we shall agree on the other point if you'll be kind enough to let me see him."

"All right," replied Flinders Dick, mollified. "Come this way. I've rigged him a camp in the back verandah, and I gev him *The Bulletin* to amuse him. But he says he ain't got no head for readin' and he don't care to look at any papers. It's the thought of that girl that's botherin' him, I believe, though Jem was never one to run after women. But it seems we all has to take our shift at women in turn and that's the devil of it."

With this philosophical reflection, Flinders Dick led Brian through a passage and living room combined, where was a long table covered with a dirty cloth and still showing the remains of a meal. At the back door into the verandah he paused.

"Jest you wait here a minute, till I

see if he's willin' to see you? What name shall I tell him?

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux of *H.M.S. Clytie*," said the officer, formally, and Flinders Dick slouched with a heavy step along the verandah. At the extreme end he had put a mattress on the floor and had, as he expressed it, rigged a camp for the sick man, but the sick man was not on the mattress. A gaunt skeleton, on which the clothes hung as on a tent pole, with spectral face, hollow cheeks, cavernous eyes that had lost their fire, and stubbly black hair, seeming blacker from contrast with the deathly white skin, hobbled on a stick up and down the further end of the verandah, his wasted body swaying to and fro in sheer physical inability to hold itself upright. This was Wolfe, once more in his right mind, but wearing the vacant look of one whose brain, after long wandering, is still unnourished and lacking energy to grapple with even the smallest daily affairs of life.

"What are you doin' that for? You know you can't walk about just yet," protested Flinders Dick in the tone one might use to a sick and refractory child. "It ain't to be expected considerin' that on'y a day or two back you was ravin' and tossin' in high fever. If you'd only lay still I'd fetch yer the soup and the champagne, and when you'd had half a turtle and a bottle or two of 'the best' inside yer, you'd sleep it off and wake up more of a man before the shakes come on agen."

"But you haven't brought me the champagne, Dick. I'd have got it for you in half the time." Wolfe's voice was querulous, and faint from weakness. "Oh! if I could drink a quart of Heidsieck or Mum I should feel as if I'd got a little life put into me. Can't you get it, man? There's no use trying anywhere but at the hotel, and you'll have to pay pretty heavily for it."

"No matter about that," responded Flinders Dick, in the manner of a millionaire. "Now or never, we'll go on the bust. First thing is to get you fit and then we'll shovel in the gold. We're fair on the gutter this time or I'm very much mistaken."

"Why don't you go and get me the champagne, then?" pleaded Wolfe, fretfully.

"I was just settin' off when a sailor chap turned up wantin' to see you. He's inside there." Flinders Dick lowered his voice and jerked his hand towards a doorless aperture leading within from the back verandah.

"A sailor! Who is he? What has he come for? I'm not fit to speak to anybody. My head is going round and round. What is his name, Dick?"

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, of *H.M.S. Clytie*," repeated Dick, as if he were saying a lesson.

Wolfe's stick clattered suddenly on the verandah boards and he staggered up against the wooden wall.

"Good heavens! What did you say?" he gasped. "What name did you say?"

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, of *H.M.S. Clytie*," repeated Flinders Dick. "What's the matter with the name, mate?"

Wolfe tried in vain to collect himself. "Nothing, nothing, but I . . Oh! Lord! what is Brian Cordeaux doing here? Keep him away, Dick. For any sake don't tell him who I am . . No, no—how could you? What a fool I feel! But I don't want him to know that I'm called James Wolfe. Does he know that I am James Wolfe?"

"He will if you keep on saying so. No fear, mate. You've got jest about as much strength in your voice as that there green caterpillar," and Flinders Dick promptly disposed of one that was crawling down a twig of the bough shade outside the verandah. "He don't know no more'n Adam what name you've got—outside 'Gentleman James,' which I reckon Flash Sam told 'im. My word! I never thanked him for saving you. It went clean out of my head. What's up with you over this chap, mate?"

Wolfe put his hands tragically up to his forehead, as if he were trying to think and could not.

"He wouldn't know me. He couldn't have recognised me. No, that's not likely," he muttered half to himself. "It must be more than ten years ago—he was a mere lad on the *Britannia*."

"Maybe he's a relation of yours from

over in England. Is that it, mate?" hazarded Flinders Dick with pardonable curiosity.

Wolfe turned on him with sudden rage: "Damn you! What business is it of yours?" he cried hoarsely; then recalled to himself by the wounded expression of Flinders Dick's face, he added in feeble apology, his voice becoming querulous again: "I didn't mean that, Dick, but you know I can't stand being asked questions about myself. Did this man tell you what he'd come for?"

"He said he'd brought a message from the girl that gev you that shark's tooth necklace. She wants it back and he says if you're a gentleman you'd gev it up. I told him he'd have a job to get it."

Wolfe clutched something at his chest. The outline of Oora's chain could be seen there beneath his thin shirt. His face changed, and the nervous dread as well as the peevishness left it. He answered quite calmly and almost in Brian's own words:

"No gentleman would keep a thing a lady had given him if she wanted it back. Let him come. But first, I must take this off."

He fumbled at his collar. The chain was round his neck, double twined, as Oora had put it. He would not let Flinders Dick touch it, but with some difficulty took it off himself. Again he staggered. "Get me a chair, Dick," said he. "I—I—can't stand."

Flinders Dick made a long slouching stride towards where a dirty canvas chair of the kind called "squatters," was drawn up to catch what breeze there was. To get it, he had to pass the opening within which Brian waited, and Wolfe noting this called him back with a hoarse "Dick" and whispered:

"Mind, whatever I say or don't say, you're not to contradict me. You're a bit of a fool, old man, but you *can* keep your mouth shut. Just do it now, that's all I ask of you. And look here, Dick, you're the best mate a man ever had. Don't mind my swearing at you, eh?"

"Dry up," was Dick's response. As he went along the verandah Brian's cheery voice called out. Wolfe recognised the Cordeaux ring in it and winced.

"Hello, Mr. Flinders Dick, I want to get back to the mainland to-night, you know, and it's a goodish sail even with a fair wind. Tell your friend I won't keep him many minutes."

"You kin come along neow," drawled Flinders Dick, amicably. "He ain't up to much, but he'll be pleased to have the message. Stop a bit though, till I fetch a chair."

Flinders Dick dragged along the squatter's chair by one of the wide arms and Brian, always helpful, took hold of the other. He waited till Flinders Dick had seated Wolfe, who leaned back exhausted, but composed. The effort he had made to pull himself together and to avoid any show of agitation was noticed by Brian and started an uneasy suspicion in the sailor's mind. At the first sight of Wolfe, he had had a fancy that the face was familiar to him in some vague, indistinct way and now he felt almost sure of it. When Wolfe spoke, he too was struck by the *timbre* of the voice, weak and husky though it was. Wolfe's form was rigid, his features tense. He made a formal gesture of salutation, ignoring Brian's outstretched hand. His own right hand, which was tightly clenched, rested on the arm of the chair, and was so thin that the bones seemed to be almost piercing the flesh.

"You'll excuse my not rising; I'm rather shaky on my legs after my illness. I'm afraid I haven't much of a seat to offer you," and he motioned to an empty wooden brandy case set on end against the wall, whilst Flinders Dick swung himself on to the edge of the verandah, from which his long legs dangled.

Brian took the brandy case and remarked on the rough time the other had had. Meanwhile he tried hard to study Wolfe's face and to meet his eyes, for every minute his suspicion was growing, but it was baffled by the other man's forced impassivity. After the first keen, furtive glance he had stolen, Wolfe would not look at his visitor, and he had the advantage over Brian of being seated with his back to the open side of the verandah, so that his face was in the shadow. He preserved, too, the same husky levelness of tone which might easily have been

attributed to his state of health. It surprised him afterwards that he had been able to collect his faculties sufficiently for these precautions. Only the desperate fear of discovery could thus have quickened his dazed brain.

"You picked me out of the sea," he said. "I owe you thanks for that. I was too far gone then to express anything, and as you see, I'm not good for much even now, but pray believe that I appreciate your kindness."

Cordeaux made the conventional rejoinder, proffering congratulations and sympathy; also regrets that circumstances had limited the hospitality of the *Clytie*. He purposely turned the conversation to the wreck and to the experiences of the survivors, but Wolfe did not follow his lead, and Brian felt embarrassed as to how he had best state the object of his visit, though he anticipated no serious difficulty in carrying it out. For the gaunt, distinguished-looking face showing birth in every feature, the fine pose of the head, the well-shaped hands, which in three weeks or so of inactivity had lost something of their roughness; the fashion of speech—all convinced him that Oora and Flinders Dick had not been wrong in their estimate of the man. Clearly, here, he had to do with a gentleman.

Flinders Dick, as he smoked and spat, looked every now and then at his mate with a mixture of proud admiration and tender solicitude in his gentle eyes. He could not resist an occasional triumphant glance at the visitor. Flinders Dick's pride deepened while he watched his mate's demeanour. Only a thoroughbred could behave like that, he considered, and Flinders Dick thought as much of "blood" in a man as of pedigree in a horse, which is a way with the colonial-born bushman, whose innate appreciation of social subtleties is greater than might be supposed. He realised, however, that some inward stress was telling upon his mate, and it was he who made the first breach.

"What about that there message from the lady, mister?" he asked, abruptly.

Brian drew from his pocket the closed envelope Oora had given him, which was unaddressed. He felt considerable hesitation in delivering it before Flinders Dick, but apparently the bushman did not mean to budge. At sight of the envelope Wolfe eagerly stretched out his left hand, which he could not keep from shaking.

"You have a letter for me?"

"I should like first to be quite sure that you are the person for whom it is intended," said Brian stiffly.

Wolfe's face flushed faintly, but he said nothing, as Brian continued:

"I was entrusted with this by a lady who preferred that her identity should remain unknown. As you see, the envelope has no direction, for she—my friend—is, I understand, as ignorant of your name as you are of hers." He paused and Wolfe bowed.

"It is far better that names should not be mentioned," he said.

"Certainly not that of a lady," Brian rejoined quickly. "But as far as you and I are concerned the point is of no consequence, I imagine. I believe you have heard my name—Brian Cordeaux."

He pronounced the words with deliberate intention, emphasising them clearly, and watching Wolfe's face the while for some sign that might confirm the startling suspicion which had begun to take form in his mind. But Wolfe, being forearmed, made no sign.

"May I ask," added Brian, "what I am to call you?"

"James Robinson," Wolfe answered simply, without hesitation.

A murmured "Jiminy" fell from Flinders Dick, and he immediately threw a stone at a crow which was attacking some refuse outside the house, affecting deep interest in the doings of the bird. Then he noisily knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a verandah post and proceeded to refill it.

"James Robinson," repeated Cordeaux, a note of incredulity tinged with relief in his voice. "Oh! thank you," . . . and he resumed slowly, "The young lady—who is a friend of mine—"

"You said that before," interrupted Wolfe, unable to restrain himself longer. "May *I* ask if you are engaged to be married to that young lady?"

Wolfe's eyes met Brian's full for the

first time. It was only for an instant, but in that instant Brian was irresistibly reminded by the scowling expression of Wolfe's eyebrows of his uncle, the late Earl of Ellan. He was struck, too, by the tone of Wolfe's interrogation, which savoured of the old Earl's most autocratic manner.

"No," he answered thoughtfully, "nor am I at all likely to be. But if it comes to personal questions, Mr.—er—Robinson, there is one I should very much like to ask you. Are you by any chance connected with the family of Cordeaux, the head of which, as you may know, is the Earl of Ellan?"

Again Wolfe spoke with unhesitating decision.

"I have no connection whatever with the family you mention. And now, with my apology for having asked an intrusive question, we will, if you please, Mr. Cordeaux, refrain from personal remarks. Will you kindly give me that letter?"

Brian reddened under his tan, but he answered with equal politeness:

"Perhaps you will be so good as to assure me first of your right to read it by giving me a piece of jewellery which my friend tells me she—er—lent you—under some superstitious idea that it might be of service to you. This letter explains that the lady now wishes her property returned to her."

Wolfe slowly unclasped his clenched right hand and held to Brian's view the jade and aperculum chain with the shark's tooth attached.

"No doubt this is the piece of jewellery to which you refer? I should like to say that I—I—" Wolfe spoke stammeringly—"I feel deeply grateful to that lady, who certainly saved my life by acts of self-denying heroism which I am ashamed to remember that I allowed and accepted. Physical disability must be my excuse for—for a lack of courage—the thought of which has been intolerable to me. I hope you understand?"

"Yes, I do," Brian answered promptly. "The circumstances have been partly explained to me. As a man I feel with you—I really can't help saying that. But, of course, naturally one considers the lady's position."

"There is no need to question my consideration for the lady whom I esteem most highly," said Wolfe with a return to his former stiffness. "Here is the chain. Of course, it is unfitting that I should keep possession of it."

He laid it reverently over the arm of the chair and held out his right hand. "I, too, should wish to assure myself on the point of identity. You will allow me to read the letter before I give you the necklace."

Brian put the letter into his hand and the instinct of a gentleman made him get up and turn away while Wolfe opened it. He saw, however—without intending to do so—that only a small space in the middle of the sheet was covered with rather cramped feminine writing and that the communication had neither formal beginning nor signature. It was evident, therefore, that Oora had kept to the letter of the law. He got up from the brandy case and met the inquiring gaze of Flinders Dick, who lifted his long legs over the edge of the verandah and slouched to his feet.

"See them darned old crows! Bin watchin' 'em," said he, with elaborate carelessness, pointing to three scraggy birds perched one on the top and one on either side of a pole which supported the clothes line. "Puts me in mind of the top rail of a killin' yard," he added. Then when they had gone a step or two along the verandah, Flinders Dick drawled in a triumphant whisper: "We—el neow—I reckon there's not any finer stock than that runnin' branded over in your country. Good stayin' blood that—temper but no vice, eh? . . . As clean a thorough-bred as ever was foaled."

Brian laughed nervously.

"Sailors are better judges of men than of horses, Mr. Flinders Dick—and not too good judges of men either, perhaps. You see it isn't every ship in Her Majesty's Navy that has the privilege of putting in at Thursday Island."

Wolfe's hoarse voice interrupted the short colloquy. He had hidden Oora's letter in his breast. Now he held out the chain.

"I should like to pack this in something that will keep it safe," he said.

"Dick, old man, scoot round for a little box, will you? There's that sandalwood one you were showing me."

"Right you are!" cried Dick, and disappeared within the house. Brian came closer to Wolfe, who had risen and was standing supporting himself with his hand on the back of the chair. The effect of Oora's letter had been magical. He looked stronger, more alert, and the rigid mask had broken. But the touch of feeling that made his features more mobile took away that vague likeness to the old Earl which had disturbed and puzzled Brian.

"Mr. Cordeaux," Wolfe said, "may I beg you in returning the chain to give a message from me to its owner? Will you tell her that she may count upon me to obey her wishes in all respects? Tell her, too, that the reason why I am glad to have this useless life restored—for you'd never have picked me up if she had not saved me first—Well, the chief value my life has for me just now, is the chance that I may be able to do something with it—for her sake."

The emotional stop in his voice disquieted Brian, who looked straight at him, while Wolfe seemed to avoid Brian's candid gaze.

"Mr. Robinson—" Brian made a slight halt before pronouncing the name—then went on bluntly: "You must see for yourself that it would probably be much better for that young lady if she had no chance of testing your gratitude."

"I know that," Wolfe answered grimly.

"Then keep away from her—there's a good fellow. As neither of you know the other's name—there is less likelihood of your ever meeting. But if there were, let me beg you—on your honour—as a gentleman—not to attempt it."

"I do not consider that you have any right to try and exact such a promise from me and I must decline to discuss the matter," said Wolfe. "This, however, I will say, you have the assurance I asked you to convey to the lady herself—her wishes will be complied with."

At that moment, Flinders Dick returned with one of the small sandalwood and mother-of-pearl inlaid boxes that are sold by the gross wherever Chinese trade touches. He had bought it from a Chinaman the previous day.

"I b'lieve this will fit it—close up," he said, and held the box carefully, while Wolfe coiled the chain round inside, placing the shark's tooth in the middle. His hand shook as he fingered the object with a regretful tenderness that went to Brian's soft heart. Then he put on the lid, and handed the box to Brian, who placed it in his breast pocket.

"Thank you," he said, and lingered a moment. "I will deliver your message—since you desire it. I suppose there is nothing more to say. I can only wish you luck and a quick recovery." Still he hesitated, then with a sudden impulse he put out his broad, blunt fingers frankly; but Wolfe drew back with a sharp negative gesture.

"Won't you shake hands?" asked Brian.

"No, no, you might be sorry for it later," was the gloomy answer.

"I think not," said Brian, with a touch of disappointment. "Well, good luck to you—and good-bye."

"Good-bye," Wolfe echoed. And Flinders Dick added a cheerful "S'long"! as a parting salutation. Then Brian left the place.

When he had done the rest of his business in the settlement, had hunted the whole place for sweets worthy of Susan, and had executed some commissions for Mrs. Galbraith at Burns' and Philip's stores, he found out that the *Clytie* was entering the harbour. It was very reluctantly that he decided to go on board her, and there he learned, as he had half expected, that he would be obliged to rejoin his ship immediately.

TO BE CONTINUED

When the Dominion Was Young

The Fifth of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

VAST in extent is the Dominion of to-day, from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Pole. The swift revolving earth needs four hours to present it in panorama daily to the gaze of the sun. And yet in four years this almost continental area had been consolidated into one imperial domain by the empire-builders of 1867. In 1869 the Northwest was purchased, and with one tremendous stride our westward march reached the summits of the Rocky Mountains. Next year the watchfires of our van flashed upon the far Pacific. The Intercolonial was being built to make real the paper union between the Maritime Provinces and Old Canada. A little later the plans were laid to bind all the Provinces together with bands of steel, across a thousand leagues of land. Howe had been checkmated in England, conciliated with "better terms," and given a seat in the Cabinet.

The new Province of Manitoba had been created with limited area that made it practically a French preserve. And there, as if to mock our hopes new born of the partial conciliation of Nova Scotia, rebellion reared its head and William McDougall, the newly appointed Governor, was turned back at the border. An armed expedition became necessary. And before its work was accomplished a Fenian army, 3,000 strong, had appeared at Ogdensburg, only 50 miles away, threatening the national capital. I well remember the almost panic that prevailed in the early spring of 1870. The Civil Service Brigade were called out at 4 o'clock in the morning and served with ball cartridges to guard the city. Parliament Square bristled with artillery and bayonets. The gold and silver from the banks in Ottawa was carted to the vaults beneath the Departmental Buildings. The Carleton Battalion was hurried off to Prescott. To add to the general alarm, a man on horseback was suddenly struck dead by lightning in a township across the Ottawa River. At the inquest there was found in the dead man's pocket a subscription in aid of the Fenian invasion, headed by himself with $40, and with smaller subscriptions from his sometime respectable neighbours. Obviously the Fenians were coming to take the country and these had made peace with them in advance!

The first census of the Dominion was taken. The Treaty of Washington was negotiated, and a storm was raised against it. The Alabama Claims were to be settled and no recognition given to Canada's claims against the United States for the repeated invasions of our soil by armed marauders, equipped with United States rifles and bayonets, and United States service ammunition that had slain our sons and brothers at Ridgeway. A public debate among the young men, of the civil service chiefly, was arranged to discuss the treaty, and some of us who spoke against its provisions felt that we placed our official heads in jeopardy. The large hall was crowded, a hundred members of Parliament being present. Our speeches were printed in the papers of the following morning. The vote at the close was strongly against the Treaty. Old supporters of the Government prepared speeches to denounce it in Parliament. It was confidently predicted that the Government would be defeated. In the meantime Sir John Macdonald kept his own counsel, even from his colleagues it was said.

When the time came Sir John made the longest and the ablest speech that I ever heard him deliver. It was said at the time that it changed fifty votes. Certainly no other speech yet delivered in the splendid edifice on Parliament Hill ever proved half so effective in that line. He was able to give such an inside view of the negotiations, the obstacles encountered, and the international perils narrowly

avoided, as fully convinced his old-time followers one and all, and many beyond the pale of his party throughout the country, that he had acted for the best.

But I am not writing history; I am but giving glimpses of men, of scenes and incidents in those strenuous days, when the Dominion was young. There were Cabinet changes not a few during the first Parliamentary term. Ferguson Blair, President of the Council, died in December, 1867. A. T. Galt had resigned as Minister of Finance in November of the same year. He was succeeded by John Rose, who resigned in October, 1869. There were several expectants, but Sir John Macdonald disappointed them all by bringing Sir Francis Hincks from the Windward Islands to take the vacant portfolio. He was getting an old man then, and the Opposition delighted to play upon his irritability. Sir Francis issued 25 cent script, bought up the United States silver which was everywhere circulating, and shipped it out of the country in millions. A mighty man in finance was he, albeit his signature as he wrote it, "F. Hincks," in diminutive letters, could be covered by a ten cent piece. Charles Tupper, who had hitherto buttressed the Cabinet from outside, was taken in and made President of the Council, succeeding Howe in that position, the latter being made Secretary of State. This was a political climax. There were other changes and shuffles, but let these suffice.

To speak in paradox, what field nights there were in those days! There were weighty topics to discuss and men of weight to discuss them. And there were riotous nights, too, in which the loose cushions from the chairs of that time flew, a score at a time, in every direction. Blue books, too, were favourite missiles, and sometimes left a blue mark where they struck home, not infrequently upon some peaceable non-combatant. One night, when it seemed that pandemonium had been let loose, a diminutive member from Quebec Province was doing great execution with three or four heavy blue books tied in his fur cap, and with a long twine string attached. With this equipment he was able to recover his ammunition again after having fired his shot. At length he struck the wrong man, John Pickard, of York, N.B., who caught him in the act and soundly caned him at his desk. Amid one such scene of flying cushions, slamming desk lids and music of mouth organs, Mr. Speaker Cockburn was solemnly appealed to by a distressed member to stop this intolerable noise. Mr. Speaker blandly replied that he had not noticed anything but what might be called "Parliamentary noises."

All are familiar with the change which comes over the House of Commons, when the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the Speaker leaving the chair and the mace being placed under the table. But all are not aware that a division taken in Committee of the Whole was in the early days taken by sending the yeas to the right and the nays to the left. One turbulent and ridiculous scene arising out of this method, long since changed, rises vividly before my vision. It matters not what the question was. John Sandfield Macdonald (then Premier of Ontario) was in the chair at the head of the Clerk's table. He had ordered a division of this kind in order to determine which of the two nearly equal parties of yeas and nays was in the majority. Members began quickly to cross the floor in opposite directions. In the rush the opposing elements met in the open space in the centre of the Chamber. Here began a struggle. It was not a contest of wordy argument, but one of muscle, of physical strength and endurance. Each party sought to hold its own forces intact and to make as many captives as possible. There were charges and counter-charges, tugs of war, assaults and reprisals. Old and young joined with great hilarity and spirit in the mimic battle.

Mackenzie and Rymal seized Sir George Cartier and, lifting him bodily, carried him over to their side, but he was speedily rescued by his giant henchman, Dr. Fortin, from Gaspe, who strode across the floor like Hector or Diomed upon some Trojan battlefield and, seizing the little Baronet beneath one arm, bore him back within the lines. Mackenzie himself was captured a little later in the fray, but was in turn rescued by Reform muscle. Sir John, too, was threatened, but eluded

his pursuers by one of his best "double shuffles" and found safe shelter amid a phalanx of the nays. The Chairman was forced from his seat in the ludicrous conflict, and to save himself leaped upon the table, and even there was hardly beset by those who would carry him off. He beat off his assailants with an umbrella. I think it was a borrowed one, from the vigour with which he wielded it, and there were broken ribs before they were driven off.

While the fight was thus progressing in the centre of the battlefield, the opposed right and left wings were having a hot engagement near the main entrance. A group clenched in close embrace had gone down on the floor, where Grit and Tory bit the dust together. Meanwhile there had been a pause in the centre, and then—

> The war that for a space did fail,
> Now trebly thundering swelled the gale
> And "Sandfield!" was the cry.

The table was carried by the fierce assault, lifted high on one side, and John Sandfield, with one tremendous leap, vaulted over the stooped heads of those who were overthrowing his fortress and presently appeared in the gallery above, his long, lean figure trembling with excitement as he still flourished what remained of the umbrella.

When the battle came to an end—it was throughout a good-natured affair—I can't remember whether the yeas or the nays had won the victory. But when the prostrate group on the floor gathered themselves up one member had his coat entirely torn off at the waist, another had his coat split up the back to the collar, while others were more or less dilapidated, and all were dusty and perspiring. How the spectators in the galleries enjoyed it! To see these great and wise men engaged in a boys' rough and tumble. Yet five minutes later the House was as orderly, serious and decorous as usual, and apparently little the worse for the riot.

The spring of 1870 gave us a scene almost as sad for the time as the tragic death of McGee, and made us acquainted with a new peril to the new Dominion. Suddenly the assembled representatives were startled by the tidings that Sir John Macdonald was dying! He had walked up to his department early in the afternoon in apparent good health, and a little after, alone in his room, fell to the floor and was there found writhing in what was feared must be his last struggle. He was tenderly raised and laid on a sofa. Medical aid was summoned and at first confirmed the worst fears. The Premier was dying! Every one by a common impulse rushed to the East Block to make enquiries, but there the doors were guarded against the anxious and awe-struck multitude; yet the sad news was confirmed. In saddened groups men gathered and spoke with bated breath; women wept and the very atmosphere seemed choked with gloom. Three o'clock came, but the House did not open; four o'clock, but the Speaker did not take the chair.

Members sat in silent sadness or whispered together at their desks. Later the House was opened for a few minutes, but only to adjourn till the morrow. One thought was in every mind, that the next tidings might be of the most momentous kind. The Ottawa *Times*, then the Government organ at the capital, anticipating the event which it was believed the night must bring, had set up in type, six columns long, the obituary of the distinguished sufferer. But the Premier did not die. For six weeks he lay in the chamber where he had fallen, unable to be moved, while at first hourly, and later, morning and evening, bulletins from his physician, Dr. Grant, gave the eager Capital tidings of his condition. As the millions of the great Republic in spirit kept watch at the bedside of a martyred President, so all Canada waited while the great Conservative chieftain lingered so close to the portals of the unseen world.

At length the sufferer was able to be removed to the Speaker's Chambers in the Parliament Buildings, and, when the warm weather came, was taken on a couch down the St. Lawrence to Prince Edward Island, where he slowly regained health and vigour. So he was raised up, and as it turned out twenty-one fruitful years were added to his life. And at last, in May and June, 1891, far beyond the time limit of these sketches, like sad scenes were enacted and the spirit of Sir John Macdonald passed out forever from the scene of his earthly labours and triumphs.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Pillars of Heaven

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

And I said, "Which be the pillars that uphold the Heavens?" And he answered, "Neither pillars of gold, nor pillars of stone, but the hands of children. These uphold the Heavens."

"DO you remember me, Fox?" As if any one could forget the proudly poised head with its braids of wonderful golden hair, and the wide, unfathomable brown eyes, full, just now, of an irresistible entreaty. The face was just the same anyway, the lips a bit firmer, perhaps; the cheeks a little thinner, but the smile quite as child-like and wistfully sweet.

"Yes, Mrs. Gordon, I remember you." Fox opened the door wide, and bowed in his stately way. He had always believed in her, even though every circumstance was against her. No matter what happened, he would admit her now. It would be the last time, of course, as it was the first time since she had left, over three years before. She came in hurriedly, and looked eagerly about the dim old hall.

"Where are they? Where are the children, Fox?" she asked in a whisper.

"In the nursery, ma'am." The old man stood aside and then followed her upstairs. She knew her way and mounted fast, almost running along the hall when she left the stairway. At a closed door she paused, her hand on the knob.

"Is Mrs. Clements still here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's out to-night, and Jeanie is asleep. I promised to call her if Miss Katherine stirred. I have been sitting up here in the hall. Everybody is tired with so much—" he paused abruptly and his fine old skin flushed a deep pink.

The woman nodded. "I understand." she said, and then very quietly, "The master, Fox, when will he return?"

"Not before midnight, Mrs. Gordon."

"Very well, Fox." She dismissed him with a brief little inclination of her head. He turned and walked to the farthest end of the hall; and she opened the door and entered the room.

A night lamp was burning behind a screen and two little brass cots stood side by side in the shadow, two little sleeping forms upon them. For a long minute the woman stood just inside the door, her eyes tightly shut, afraid to look. Then opening them she went quickly towards the beds, walking in between them. With a sudden, rapid movement she knelt down and kissed passionately first one little white pillow and then the other. The baby's bed was much tumbled; she stood up and smoothed it carefully with trembling hands, taking care not to touch or disturb him. The little girl lay quietly in the deepest, sweetest slumber, her thick, golden hair all about her on the pillow. The woman leaned above the childish face, so like her own, and fought back the mad desire to seize the little figure in her arms and cover the soft face with hungry kisses. At the baby she dared not look at all, after the first glance. He had a white stuffed elephant in his arms, and his nightgown was open at the throat, his damp little curls dark against the whiteness of his neck, his baby cheeks flushed red with sleep. No, she could not trust herself to look at him, but she knelt down again by the bed and, putting her face in his pillow, went back in her thoughts to the happy time just before his coming three years ago; when she had sat in the low chair in the bay window of this very room, Katherine playing at her feet, the sewing idle in her hands; while she looked with joy-dimmed eyes at the purple hills in the west, and planned for the little baby that was coming. How many times, day after day, had she taken the tiny garments from the white basket, to fondle them lovingly, to hold them tenderly against her face, to drop tears of thankful happiness upon them! How often, at night, had she stolen into the

great, sweet-smelling room, just off the nursery, where the white bed stood, with the waiting bassinet beside it, the room that he had called the "Throne room," with her for its queen! The last thought brought her to herself, and the memory of the past gave way to thoughts of the present. She stood up quickly. She was calm, all at once, and she trusted herself to bend over and kiss the baby neck where the tiny curls began. She had been kneeling by the bed a long time, and when some one rapped softly upon the door, she opened it hurriedly. Fox stood there, his face very pale, but when he spoke his voice was quiet.

"The master has come," he told her. She looked at him gravely, anxiously. He knew she was not afraid, and his own fear left him. But she must go before her presence was known.

"I will go through the other room, Fox," she said softly. "I can unlock the window and get down the balcony stairs to the garden. Be sure to see that the room is fastened up afterwards." She turned away and then turned back again, holding out her hand kindly. "Good-bye, Fox," she said.

The old servant kissed her fingers, and his lips trembled. "God bless you, Mrs. Gordon," he whispered brokenly. "I—I will always—" but he could not go on. The sight of the slender figure, the mute suffering of the great eyes, and the thought of what she was putting out of her life forever, hurt his faithful old heart, and a sob choked his words.

"Take care of them always for me," she said gently; and she turned back into the room, closing the door softly. Very quietly she bent over the children again and kissed them each in turn; then she moved noiselessly into the great, sweet-smelling room, and closed the doors behind her. She groped her way across towards the windows, touching here and there a familiar chair or table, passing her hand along the footboard of the bed. She reached the windows and put her hand to the catch of first one and then another. They seemed very stiff. Evidently it had been a long time since they were opened, for they used to move readily enough. She wound her handkerchief about her fingers and tried again and again to turn the springs; but they must have grown rusty from disuse, for they quite refused to move. Very well, she must wait, then, until he had retired. Fox would watch for her. It might be very late, but it would not matter. There was a train at 12.30 and another at 2. She felt neither guilty nor afraid, but when she heard a step in the children's room, she trembled a little and drew up her figure straightly. The step crossed the floor and came towards the room she was in, and then, as she heard the handle turn, she slipped back behind the curtains and leaned against the window frame behind her.

A blaze of light soon filled the place, and she crouched farther into the shadow. She heard a sound of a chair scraping across the floor, the turning of a key in a lock, the opening of drawers, the rustling of papers and then absolute silence, except occasionally for the sound of a quickly turned page. She waited quietly a long time, until her back ached where she leaned against the window, and the hand that grasped the curtain grew numb. Then she leaned forward and looked out between the hangings.

The room was just the same. She noticed that first; but it looked dusty and unused. He sat at her desk, a bundle of letters before him. Some old photographs of herself, when she was a child, were stood up in a row in front of him, and the last picture she had had, a small miniature, lay just before him on an open book. There was another photograph of herself taken with the baby; he had torn it in two pieces and dropped it on the floor. Evidently he was destroying all memory of his first wife before the advent of the new mistress. It was very odd of him to have put it off so long, only giving himself a week's grace. But, of course, it must be a very distasteful task; naturally he would dislike to undertake it. He had gone through one pile of letters, his letters to her, and now threw them slowly, one by one, into the empty waste-basket that he drew out from under the desk.

Never for one moment did she allow her

thoughts to leave the present, nor did she even permit herself to wonder if he perhaps were living over other days. There was only one thing in her mind, the burning, bitter misery that she had just left her children forever, and that she loved them a thousand times more than life itself. She had said good-bye to them, because she must do so, though she knew that in acting as she did, she was killing herself, just as surely as if she had flung herself into the brook that wound through the south end of the garden. For three years she had lived to come back and say "good-bye" to them; and now she knew that it had been "good-bye" to life itself when she kissed the little sleeping faces on the pillows.

What was happening now was nothing. The man sitting there had been her husband; the open desk held memories of her childhood, girlhood and her wifehood. In a week's time another woman would be the mistress of the home that had been hers. All of these facts touched her not at all; her mother's heart could hold but one thought, and the depth of that agony made everything beside it appear small and dim and unreal.

At last she was aroused by an exclamation from the man at the desk. He had found a photograph in one of the drawers, a photograph of a man in uniform, with a strong thin face. He was looking at it with compressed lips and drawn brows, and, as the woman watched, he tore it in a dozen pieces and flung it upon the floor. She smiled a little to herself, as the man with great haste began to clear out all the drawers and pigeon holes feverishly. He looked at nothing more, but dropped everything into the waste-paper basket, even the photographs of the little girl she had been and the painted miniature. Then he leaned back and looked into the empty desk. She had not seen his face so far, but when he turned and bent over to the floor, she noticed his hair white at the temples, and his cheeks sallow, though his eyes were as bright and keen as ever and his mouth as hard. He stooped to pick up the torn picture of herself and the baby, and he pieced it together, and laid it before him, smoothing out the rough edges. Again she smiled, almost happily, for she knew he loved the children with something akin to idolatry, and he was sorry he had torn the little pictured face. He placed the photograph in his pocket and abruptly closed the desk, then he leaned back in the chair, his hands on the arms, his chin on his chest, his eyes hard into vacancy.

Finally the woman realised that she could stay where she was no longer. Her slender physical strength was failing her utterly. She must go, and go at once. She heard the baby stirring in the next room, and the little sister's voice speaking to him softly. If she remained longer she knew she must go to them again, the little babies whose mother she had been. She stood forth from the hangings at the window. In the bright glare of the unshaded light, she looked very shabby; her black dress was almost threadbare, and her little hat was of the fashion of a year before, but she was slim and straight and graceful as he had known her three years ago, and the man turned his eyes upon her and started up, half in fear, for an instant thinking she was some apparition, so noiselessly had she come out from the window.

"It is I, Phillippe?" she said steadily. "It is I, Katherine."

He rose unsteadily to his feet, and faced her, his teeth set, his face even paler than before.

"I am sorry to have had to let you know," she went on, her voice perfectly even and sweet, "but I felt I must come and see the children once. It is the first and last time and I did not disturb them. I was going out by the window, but the locks were so rusty I could not unfasten them."

"You—you dared—how dared you return here?" He whispered the words chokingly.

She returned his gaze coldly and a little smilingly. "There was nothing to be afraid of," she said. "It was my right, certainly my right, to see Katherine and the baby."

"It was not your right." The man was holding the slender chair-back in his two hands, and his knuckles were white and

shining. His voice was low and tense. He bit his lip hard and then went on: "I will not have my children polluted by ——" And then perhaps the incongruity of his words and the beautiful, wistful-eyed face of the woman before him, smote him suddenly, for he stopped short.

"Phillippe," she said gently, "for three years you have misjudged me. It is not worth while to explain now, except for the children's sake. They must not think me the woman that their father believed I was."

"I don't know what you mean," he said slowly, and he noted the shabbiness of her dress and the hollowness of her cheeks. Again something smote him sharply. "Will you sit down?" he said less harshly. "You have something to say to me?"

"I did not intend to say it," she replied, not heeding his invitation to be seated. "I have the letter here," she touched the bosom of her dress. "Very likely it is explained better in the letter, but after all, since I have met you, it is best that I should speak."

"If you have anything to say, it is much, much better." He spoke coldly and collectedly now, though his hands were still tight upon the chair.

"I did not know until I had been a year in Italy why it was you divorced me," she began quietly.

The man started, frowned heavily, and then laughed harshly.

"What other reason could I have had? What other reason was necessary?" he asked. Then abruptly, "It is better not to speak of those things. Let the past alone, and say what you must say quickly."

"It is only of the past I need to speak," she returned. "From the very first you were wrong. You thought Graeme loved me—"

"My God—" The man took a quick step towards her, his face working. "He told me so."

"He never told me so," she said gently. "As a little child, he taught me to read, and took care of me as father asked him to; and, as I grew up, I learned to depend upon him as upon a brother, a dear, elder brother in whom I could confide and trust. If he had never gone to India—if you had met him and known him from the first—"

"What is the use of bringing this all up again?" He walked to the door of the nursery, opening and closing it, and returning to stand before her.

"There is a great deal of use," she said, lifting her chin a bit haughtily. "It may not matter to you, perhaps, but it does matter to their mother, what my children think of me. I want them to hold my memory sacred."

"Sacred! Are you not a little mad, Katherine?"

She did not heed his question, but went on quietly: "I have not long to live, the doctor has told me that, unless—well, that cannot matter. It is quite certain that they will never see me when they grow older, and it is much better so. The life I have lived has told upon me."

He bit his lip hard, then pushed a chair before her.

"I want you to sit down," he said imperiously. "No matter what you have done, what you have been, you are a woman and weak and tired. I am not blind to what you must have suffered in there." He pointed to the nursery. "Sit down, Katherine."

She obeyed him mechanically, and spoke on, her hands clasping one another in her lap, her eyes lifted to his face:

"You thought I went to Italy with him, with Graeme. I never saw him after I left you until ten days before he died."

"Katherine!" The man spoke almost gently. He did not believe her, but he may have thought her mind shaken a little, and he wanted to be kind. "Katherine, why do you tell me this?"

"Because it is true," she said, a little wearily. "He came to me then. How he found me, I do not know. I was living under another name in the poorest quarter of Florence, making the nosegays that a Florentine peasant woman sold in her stall—"

"Stop!" The man unbuttoned his coat and took out his pocket-book. Opening it hurriedly, he found two newspaper clippings within, which he handed to

her. She read them slowly. One was a list of the passengers on the *S.S. Greyhound*, her name and Graeme Lennox's among them. Another was a plainly worded bit of scandal, coupling their two names together.

She returned the papers to him, her face a little flushed, and her eyes bright.

"This is the first time that I knew there had been any publicity," she said. "Your own proceedings were conducted very quietly."

"Sir Gilbert saw to that." He frowned hard. "The papers could obtain nothing." He was about to replace the clippings in his book, when she held up her hand quietly.

"Why do you keep them?" she said. "They are not true, you know."

"Not true!"

"No." She spoke patiently. "I did go by the *Greyhound*, Graeme did not. If you had taken the trouble to have inquired, you might have learned that he sailed a week after I did, and in a very different direction. He returned to his old place in India, and held no communication with any one, until the year he died."

"He had meant—"

"Yes, he had meant to go to Italy." Her face paled. "He wanted to take care of me. He always had before I knew you, and it hurt him; it hurt me when I told him it was better that I went alone."

"Then how—what—how did you live?" he spoke thickly, stupidly. He could not look at her and disbelieve her. There was no guilt in the beautiful, tired, white face, with the darkly suffering eyes.

"I tried to write at first," she said. "But though I made a little money, there was not enough to live upon. Then for two months I sang behind the scenes in the chorus of the new German opera, Parsifal. It was then I was taken ill; there was no one but my uncle to appeal to, and my letter to him was returned unopened. When I was getting better, I heard you had obtained a divorce, though upon what grounds was not mentioned. It did not matter. I had not thought it would come to that exactly. We had agreed to separate, but I suppose the divorce was more—complete—more modern. Of course I had left you and the children; that was sufficient reason anyway."

The man started to interrupt her, but she held up her hand imperiously. "I must finish," she said. "It is very late, and I am tired. If I had had anything, or anyone to turn to, I should never have consented to let you keep the babies. In the first excitement I had thought my pen or my voice would make me independent, and that when the money began to come I should return for the children. But my little talents,"—she broke off to cough slightly, and did not finish the sentence. "Graeme would have given me all he had. Yes, I know, you thought he had done so. But I would not take it. I think that almost broke his kind heart. I know he had loved me since I was a tiny baby. No, not in the way you mean." She looked at him and paused a second, then added coldly: "I don't know why I say that to you."

He interrupted her forcibly. "Because I know to the contrary," but his voice was gentle. She was so white and frail and tired. She was drawing on her gloves now. Black gloves, much worn and darned. He noticed them and he noticed the shabby neatness of her shoes. "Katherine," he went on, "three weeks before you left me, Graeme came to me, and undertook to find fault with the way I had been treating you." His face flushed suddenly. "A man should never interfere between husband and wife," his voice was almost apologetic, "and especially when the man avows himself the wife's lover."

"Phillippe!" The woman rose, one hand on the bed behind her, her dark eyes full of righteous anger. "Graeme is dead, he cannot disprove what you say, but you shall not believe this ill of him; rather would I have you think me guilty, and teach the children to forget me, than to wrong him so."

"When I asked him what right he had to speak to me," Gordon went on doggedly, "he faced me full and said: 'The right of loving Katherine with all my soul.'"

"Then the more honour to him for

never divulging his secret to me." Her face paled visibly. "He died there in the hospital in Florence, with only the foreign nurse and myself beside him, and his last words were: 'Good-bye, God bless you, little sister.' I was never more than that to him, Phillippe; you must believe me." She looked at him, her soul in her eyes. "I left you because we thought it best, both you and I. Because you were suspicious and cruel, and because your love for me was dead. Whether I did right or wrong, I do not know. But I knew you loved the children and would care for them as I would myself."

"I never meant you to go as you did." He spoke rapidly. "When I agreed to a separation, I wanted to settle half the estate upon you; I had taken steps to that effect. But when I heard that you were in Italy with him, I put you out of my life altogether. I supposed you living in luxury. I supposed you as happy with him as you had been miserable with me. I tried to forget everything that had been, in thinking and caring for the baby and Katherine."

She closed her eyes wearily. "I have worked very hard," she went on, taking up the thread of her story, "but I seemed to fail first in one thing and then another, and by-and-bye he found me. I would not let him help me as he wished, by settling his money upon me, though he had always meant to do that, even from the time I was a baby, and father died. Remembering the children, I was bound not to compromise myself by even the shadow of a suspicion. He procured me a situation, however, in a bookseller's shop, and a week later the accident happened, and in two days he was dead. You saw the notice, and I suppose you thought that for nearly three years he had been in Florence with me."

The man nodded with compressed lips.

"Well, I have proofs," she said in the same utterly weary voice. "To-morrow you shall receive them and a letter he left for you. He was only in Italy ten days, and I saw him the first day and the last two, when he was dying. Uncle came from England to take the body home, and he found my address and came to me. That is a month ago now. Poor old uncle, how sorry and sad he was, and yet how glad when he knew of the mistake he had made in thinking as he did of Graeme and me! He asked me to come home with him, and I came. He is ill now, and cannot live much longer. There will be a little when he is gone, enough to last a year or two, quite enough." She clasped her hands before her. "I think that is all," she said, "and to-morrow you shall have the proofs, and you will know that the children have no reason to be ashamed of their mother."

The man had turned away, and was holding the back of the chair again, his head bowed low.

"I want no proofs, Katherine," he said huskily.

"They are quite convincing." She spoke quickly, feverishly. He must believe her. She could not go until he did. Again she heard the baby stirring and the little girl's soft "hush, hush." "You shall have them early in the morning," she continued, "and Graeme's letter beside. Phillippe, no matter what you may think of me, or have thought me guilty of, I swear to you that I never told a lie in all my life. I have always been good, and tried to do right." She clasped her hands tightly together. "In the old days there was nothing to reproach me with, but I was too proud to deny the accusations you made against me. I knew, and God knew, I was innocent. That was enough for me then, and that was why I left you. But it is not enough for me now. I ask you, I beg you, I pray you, by the love you once bore for me, to believe me, please; please believe me for the children's sake. Let them love my memory a little, for oh! I love them so. I love them so!"

After all, her strength was failing her. She bit her lips hard and closed her eyes tight to keep the tears back. Her heart was beating high and her throat was hot.

She heard something crack and snap. The slender rail of the desk-chair had broken under the man's grasp. He turned and looked at her, his thin face

working convulsively, and when he spoke his voice was choked.

"I told you I wanted no proofs, because I believe you without them," he said, and then he sat down in the little chair, and hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

The woman looked dazed for a moment, then she went over and stood beside him, speaking rapidly, gently:

"Thank you, Phillippe. You must not, hush, you must not. The three years have taught me much. You have had provocation. I was proud, very proud. When all the world believed ill of me, and the story of my disgrace was in every mouth, how could I expect you to think otherwise? My very silence proclaimed my guilt. I see that now. I was too proud, too hurt, to see it then. The three years have taught us both a lesson. Please God, there is happiness in store for you now, since you know there was no wrongdoing. Please God, I too shall be happy, knowing you will teach my children to love my memory."

The man did not reply.

"Good-bye, Phillippe," she said, grief for his grief lessening a little the agony of the other parting.

He reached out blindly for her hand, and held it in his, his head still low.

"I cannot ask your forgiveness," he whispered. "I am not fit. If the rest of my life would atone for the suffering I have caused you, I would give it gladly. Oh! to undo what has been done!"

Again the little fretful cry from the nursery. "Phillippe, I must go." She was shaking from head to foot. All her intense mother-love was holding her chained to the house of this man, who next week was to make another woman his wife. "Let me go, Phillippe. We have waked him. We have waked the baby."

He bent his head back, looking at her with intense agony in his eyes, his face convulsed with grief.

"Katherine," he whispered, "I can't—I can't let you go."

"Phillippe!"

"I have loved you. I have loved you, Katherine, through all the doubt and misery and pain. Go to the children; they will tell you how I have taught them to think of you. Hear them say their prayers. After their love for God, comes their love for their mother. Even when my belief in your guilt was strongest, I loved you, and now that I have learned your innocence—"

"Hush, Phillippe—remember Ruth."

"Ruth will be the first to thank God for what you have told me."

He stood up, still holding tightly the little gloved hand. "I asked her to marry me for the children's sake, and for their sake she consented. She would not be my wife now; she, too, has always loved you, Katherine."

The baby's voice was louder now, and the sobs came distinctly through the door.

"Phillippe!" The mother's lips were trembling, her eyes piteous upon his face. "Go to him and soothe him. He is surely in pain."

"Nearly every night since you left him he wakes and cries like that," he told her gently. "If you listen you will hear him calling. That is why I spoke to Ruth, that is why she consented to come and take care of them. Come and look and listen, Katherine."

He led her to the nursery door and opened it. The baby was sobbing, half awake, half asleep, turning restlessly on his pillow.

"Mamma, mamma," and the little girl, standing in her nightdress beside him was patting him quickly and softly.

"Hush, hush baby dear, hush baby dear," she was saying over and over. "Muzzer is coming home again soon. Muzzer is coming again soon."

"Katherine!" The man took her hand in both of his and held it against his breast. He closed his eyes tightly and prayed aloud. "Dear God in Heaven, let her stay with us. We need her so!"

The woman looked at him. The tears were falling from her eyes like rain. She leaned her cheek an instant against his clasped hands, and then broke away from him and hurried in, between the little beds, to the children.

Coals of Fire

A Story of Cacouna

By KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH

HERE was a sunny smile and a cheery greeting for all who saw Big Jim Wainwright—Montague Allingham Wainwright to give him the name that nobody used—as he passed along the old French road at Cacouna that bright July day.

A smile and a word, but for none of them did he stop or even slacken his long swinging stride, not even for the bright little woman who leaned over the gate of a summer cottage with an alluring look, nor yet for the little toddler who tugged at the bar across the humble door of a habitant's home expecting the usual notice which frequently took the tangible form of sweets or small coin.

It seemed absurd that six feet of sturdy manhood should feel such a sense of joy through all his being, should have a difficulty in keeping his ordinary leisurely walk from becoming a hurried dash, should want his wonted dreamy whistle to give place to a song of triumph. And all because a little girl with a demure droop to her long eyelashes and a roguish upward turn to a soft red lip had said he might come to see her after lunch.

It was after lunch now, his lunch, which he had eaten half an hour too soon and twice too quick, but the hands of his watch refused to mark two o'clock and he was undecided whether to put on his timepiece or turn around and walk back a piece to put in time.

True, he loved her; could hardly remember the time that he hadn't known he loved her, and she had been away seven long months. She had gone away a sweet, innocent girl, not nineteen, fresh from a convent school, pure from the keeping of a tender, cultured mother whom the ancient term of gentlewoman amply fitted. She had gone away a happy-hearted, care-free child; she had been taken into the innermost circle of Washington society, had been fêted and petted, danced and dined, flattered and courted—and now she was back.

His eyes became dreamy as he looked out across the broad stretches of the St. Lawrence River to the other shore, where twenty-five miles or so away could be seen the bold Cape which marked where the dark Saguenay poured its waters into the sea-flowing stream. He could see her as she stood on the back platform of the car when she went away, a dainty little figure with a face that would look forlorn for all its brightness as the train moved, taking her away alone for the first time in her life. He could see her as she alighted at the station yesterday with her silk dust cloak and her purposeful hat and veil—so neat but with an air about every detail, every movement. She had let him take her umbrella and a big bouquet, had given him her checks, had let him lead her to where her mother waited in a carriage; she had smiled—and dismissed him.

But this morning had come a note (it was in his breast pocket) saying she would be glad to see him and have a good talk right after lunch. And right after lunch was now.

He walked through the wide gateway and along the half circle of roadway that led to the front of the big hotel, made famous in its day by the visits of vice-royalty, nobility, and distinguished strangers from many climes. Under the narrow verandah Mrs. Thorn was seated, a little tremulous in her joy over her darling's return, more than a little worn and wan and frail.

"She is out on the hill, Jim," she said. "She is just the same. Just our own little girl. You will see. We need not have been afraid." She raised brave, troubled eyes to his face.

"I did not know how we had missed her until now," he said gently. If the girl was unchanged, the same could not be said of the mother.

He found her on a rug spread on a

somewhat level space on the steep hillside overlooking the river at the back of the hotel. He saw a moving blur of white, which on nearer view proved to be Miss Thorn bending over a rolling, tumbling bundle, all arms and legs and ecstatic shrieks. She looked up with flushed face, laughing eyes and towsled hair. "He said I daren't tickle him," she explained.

"She found the vewy worst spot, the vewy first fing," the chubby baby contributed. "I like playin' wif her."

His nurse's beckoning finger drew the little man away and with a great sigh of contentment Wainwright threw himself down full length on the rug and looked into the beautiful young face beside him.

"I'm afraid I am a ruined work of art," she said laughingly, patting her hair. "We had great fun—he told me his nurse would let me play with him if I asked her, and she graciously did. Isn't this lovely, Jim?" A pretty motion of her hand indicated her meaning—the wide outlook over river and farther shore, the tree-clad bank, the sunny grass slope where they reclined. Jim's eyes travelled not one inch from the bright face—but his "Indeed, yes," was very convincing. "Now tell me all about Washington."

"Oh, but I've been at Old Point Comfort and Atlantic City for weeks, and in the mountains too, since leaving Washington. Everybody has been so kind, Jim; you would never believe how kind ("Wouldn't I?" said Jim's raised eyebrows). And they were all strangers—not like people here who have always known me—I hadn't ever seen Auntie Lou and she just adopted me, and the Judge too. She is only mother's cousin, but they were like sisters once, and oh, she is lovely—so sweet, and with the quietest, most perfect manner. She is like a lovely painting—so stately, and white and proud—her hair and complexion ivory white and her eyes dark brown and so bright. The Judge and she are like lovers, very ceremonious before people, but like happy boy and girl at home. And they liked me, Jim. It was the funniest thing how the very nicest people were so good to me—and the real Washington people are just beautiful, and so exclusive—not like the senators, diplomats and such, though I liked them, too—and the White House crowd is charming of course—but you would see the difference in a minute if you were there."

"And they liked you? How surprising!" said Jim.

"Yes, wasn't it? They laughed at me, too, a bit. Used to make me say things over again and ask questions to draw me out, and then smile when I had said what they wanted to hear. I told them my speech was just ordinary everyday English, it was they who were different; they spoke exactly like real Southerners, Jim. I went to everything—dances, dinners, teas—all sorts of grand doings—but Auntie Lou was ever so careful of me, I hardly ever danced with anyone that wasn't grey or bald-headed."

"How about the favoured swain, that Tammany, or Tom—something?"

"Oh, Tamworth! He was one of *us*, he didn't count, nor Curtis, nor Grantham—they were our boys and were always everywhere."

"Was Senator Crawford one of 'our boys,' too?"

"Jim!" the voice was tragic, the face distressed. "You know? Did mother tell you?"

"Surely, Alice, you don't mind my knowing? Why, little girl, I never dreamed it would pain you. I was the only friend at hand and your mother told me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She probably would never have mentioned it at all only I found her in tears over a letter from Mrs. Warren, and I forced the reason from her."

"I would never have told anybody—nobody but mother, and I wouldn't have written it to her, ever. It was he spoke to Auntie Lou—before. And I had to tell her—after. Oh, Jim, it was so awful!" Her hands were clenched and her face worked piteously. Jim had turned so that he could not see her and looked out over the water. "He is such a grand man, he is really great. Has such power and is just *reverenced* by all who know him. He is so handsome, so splendid, so honest, but he is forty-five and his hair is white as snow. Twenty-five years ago he lost his eighteen-year-old wife and his baby son—and he said, Jim, he said when he met me he thought God was going to

give him back his child-wife. Of course, it was not me he was loving at all; he could not know me in a few months, only seeing me dressed up in society, and not my real self at all. It was only like his old love for his dead wife stirring into life again. I knew that, and yet it was so awful. He—he grieved, Jim. He said it was like losing her and all he hoped for, over again. And he a great strong man —and little me."

Her voice broke, then died away, and Jim took one of her soft little hands in his and clasped it tight.

"I'm glad you know," she whispered; "you comfort me. But I never would have told you. I wanted to come home right away, but just then mother had written to Auntie saying father had left suddenly for England, and she was going to make some visits, so I had to stay, but we went away and I did not see him again. I wish, I can't help wishing, that I had not heard anything like that—until the right one came. If I had or could give what a man pleaded for—why—then—"

Jim looked eagerly, hungrily into the downcast face. Would she ever give for his pleading? Was it possible that he would ever be the chosen, the "right one?" Her childlike innocence baffled him, her sweet unconsciousness, her trustful friendliness held him in check as nothing else could.

They had descended the steep path and were wandering along the beach from which the tide was reluctantly edging back. The day was deliciously cool, with soft breezes tempering an unclouded sun, and the soft smell of damp sea-weed mingled with the incense offered up by the dying clover blossoms lying in the new mown hay.

"Jim, perhaps I should not ask, but I cannot help seeing that something is wrong—can you tell me what is troubling my mother?" Alice asked the question quietly, but the look that went with it was very anxious as well as keen.

"I thought her looking not quite herself, but I know of nothing definite," he answered carelessly, "unless she was wearying for you."

"Not quite herself, why she has aged years! Her pretty colour is all gone, her gowns hang loosely upon her and she has had them all taken in—and, Jim Wainwright, she has not had one new thing since I left home. She looks frail and ill, but that would be a good reason for buying hosts of pretty things to try to hide the truth from me. There is something wrong and you must know it, and I want you to tell me what it is."

"Upon my honour, Alice, I know of nothing—unless, but that was simply nothing. I think you are mistaken, little girl. You will soon see your mother her old self again now you are here."

"What was nothing?" she queried. "Is there anything wrong with father? Why did he go away so hurriedly? Why did mother rent our cottage and come to the hotel to board? Less care for her, she says. But why does she have two little inferior rooms when there are better to be had even now, and she has been here for weeks and might have had her choice of the whole hotel? Why is she so white and strange and quiet? I must know. I am not a child any longer, and want to share any burdens my parents have to bear."

"Alice, I believe you are mistaken. I think your mother would come to me if she were in any trouble."

"I thought so, too. I expected to find out from you. They would ask your help, surely, wouldn't they, if it was money troubles, if it was father's business?

"Before anyone else, I hope," he answered heartily. "If there is any financial worry it can be of little moment, for our people are in with him in nearly all his industrial enterprises. He could not have gone into stock speculations without taking counsel with us. We are involved in a way, and he is absolutely straight in everything he does. We both made some losses early in the year, but it was nothing of any moment. I have not even a suspicion of any trouble, believe me."

"Thank you. Then I must hope I was mistaken and we must try to cheer mother."

They were out on the wide gallery overlooking the river—Mrs. Thorn leaning wearily back in a low chair, her face

shining white as marble, Alice and Jim perched on the railing facing her, their backs turned to the moon-lighted water.

She had not improved through the past week; she grew more wan and frail every day, and Alice saw and wondered.

"I ought to go in, ought I not, mother? I ought to write to Washington to-night," said Alice.

"What's the great rush about Washington—it will be there later on in the week," said Wainwright. "It's so jolly here. There aren't many nights like this in the year."

Mrs. Thorn rose. "I will write for you, Alice. I will know what to say to Mr. Tamworth, and I will finish my letter to Louise, too. I will leave you children to enjoy the moonlight, I find it rather chilly myself."

After seeing Mrs. Thorn to the door of her room, Jim returned to Alice. She had sunk down into her mother's chair and Jim drew up a stool to her side.

"Why so pensive, Lady Fair?" he asked.

"It's about mother, mostly. But just then I was thinking of Tamworth."

"Oh. That's the Senator, isn't it?"

"No, not a Senator—Senator Crawford is his uncle, and he is a far away relation of Judge Warren's. He has a fine position, most responsible, and he's simply wonderful, Uncle Warren says. He has such intuition and tact, Uncle says, and is brilliant, and sizes up a situation better than any man he knows. And he's such fun. You'd like him, Jim."

"I'm quite sure I should, if he's all that."

"Oh he's more than that, I haven't told you half his good qualities. He simply knows everything—except about Canada. He didn't know what river it was at Quebec, but when I asked if he'd ever heard of Montgomery, he laughed and said he thought he had. He has a friend in Quebec and will be there next week, and he's coming down here to see us. I want you to be nice to him, Jim."

Jim's face was like a thunder-cloud for blackness. His mouth was set in lines ferocious, but Alice didn't see. He gave a short laugh and replied: "Nice to him? I'll give him the time of his life, you may be sure of that."

"Thank you. I was sure I could depend upon you. It would be different if we were in our own place, but here in the hotel we can do so little to entertain a visitor, especially a young man, and mother is so frail and I have no experience."

"You're a dear child, Alice," he said, penitently, "and I won't fail you."

"I want him to know how nice Canada is—and Canadians. I think he has an idea we live in the woods and are a simple-minded, primitive, pastoral people, those of us who are not hunters and trappers. He said he would like a summer in the 'faw nawth'."

"The duffer! Can't he even speak plain?" His wrath, which had been rising, broke forth. His repentance was quick but unavailing.

"He speaks quite plainly enough to suit me," she said, rising. He found himself quietly dismissed and the portals of the hotel received his offended goddess.

The very fair, rather stout young man, with a high dome-like brow from which the hair had prematurely receded, and bright, shrewd, beady eyes, who stepped from the afternoon train at Cacouna station, looked up with astonishment as Big Jim and three of his friends took bodily possession of him and in hearty, energetic fashion bore him to a stylish wagonette that stood beside the platform.

His modest belongings were stowed away and they were bowling along the country road, Jim driving and he sitting by his side before the stranger had time to more than smile blandly.

"This is mighty kind of you people," said Greville Tamworth, in his soft Southern drawl. "I wasn't expecting a reception committee. Haven't got the wrong passenger by any chance, have you?"

"Not if you are Mr. Tamworth from Washington, who helped to keep our little friend, Miss Thorn, away from us for so long."

"Don't blame me." said Tamworth,

laughing; "if I had any influence she'd have been there yet." Jim looked down questioningly into the laughing face, with its look of keenness and power overlaid with a boyish jollity. "I'm quite open about it," he added; "the Princess certainly had us all at her little feet. She could play football with any of us, and that's the truth."

"She is much the same at home," said Wainwright, a little stiffness in the tone which he tried to make cordial, "and our friendship for her we extend to all her friends."

"Now I call that right generous," said Tamworth, "and I thank you if you make that sentiment include me."

The dashing team bowled them swiftly along between the fragrant meadows and fields of corn, past the high-peaked roofs of the homes of the habitants with their outdoor bake-ovens, past church and wayside calvary, past the little shops with the French signs, the summer cottages, the big hotel, and as they dashed by Jim said, "That's the St. Lawrence Hall, where Mrs. Thorn and her daughter are located. But to-day they are spending with me at my uncle's place, where I am keeping house with only such friends as I can collect for company. I am taking it for granted you will give me the pleasure of putting you up. Indeed it will be a real charity for you to indulge me—I have been alone for weeks until a few days ago, when I induced these fellows (indicating the three behind) to come down from Montreal. That is Brier Cottage, which has been Mr. Thorn's summer home for many years, and ours is next."

A magnificent drive, skirting a flower-bordered lawn, led up to Fernleigh, the Wainwright's summer home—a home that was perfection in its every detail—large, bright, airy, with great verandahs, wide cool halls, and rooms that were a delight. And here Alice Thorn welcomed her friend and presented him to her mother with a sweet dignity, and Jim's heart contracted with a sudden fierce pain as he saw how hungrily Tamworth's gaze was fixed upon her.

In spite of protests, Tamworth found himself captured and held a prisoner by Jim, who with an ingenuity that was infinite, laid himself out to fill up every moment of his time. Fernleigh and all its resources were placed at his disposal —he was given a saddle horse and made to ride it. He was taken shooting crows on the beach, where the fat, saucy fellows, feeding on shell-fish in dare-devil calmness, defied shot or bullets. He was taken swimming, fishing, golfing, sailing, to riding and driving parties, to tennis tournaments, lawn fêtes, polo and lacrosse matches, to picnics, porch teas, dances, excursions by land and water, to the delight of the whole population, who were charmed with all the gay doings for which his coming had been the incentive.

Alice was included wherever it was possible, but it so happened that Tamworth never had a chance for a half-hour alone with her. She was unaffectedly delighted that all her old friends were vying with each other to do her new friend honour, and Jim was ashamed to receive many an approving, appreciative glance from her sweet eyes. He had the grace never to monopolise Alice even when some one else was absorbed in caring for the entertainment of Tamworth, and he could easily have managed a quiet talk apart. There had at first been a few abortive efforts to escape, but afterwards Tamworth let himself be swept into the vortex and seemed to enjoy it, adding much to the pleasure of every event by his jolly, boyish spirit.

There had been a dance at the hotel and after midnight the Fernleigh house party were walking homeward talking merrily. Tamworth and Jim, who had been walking together rather silently behind the others, lagged somewhat, and when they reached the house instead of entering after their companions, seated themselves on the verandah facing the river, now in full flood, mirroring a sky studded with stars.

Tamworth removed his hat from the back of his head and, raising Jim's right hand, laid it on his smooth, bulging pate.

"Feel anything?" he asked, as Jim looked at him in surprise.

"No hair, at any rate," laughed Wainwright.

"Hot, though?"

"Not particularly."

"You're mistaken. It's scorching—the coals of fire are all there, my boy. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him,' and if he eats too much it's his look out, and coals of fire burn his head just the same."

"I beg your pardon—," began Jim.

"You've no need to. I'd have done what I could for you, you may be sure, if you had been in my place, though I could never hope to equal your ingenuity. I've had a right good time, but I haven't done what I came to do. If you fellows will excuse me from that motor run to-morrow morning I'll have a try at it. I've a question to ask Miss Thorn. It's mean to ask it, I don't doubt, but I'm not satisfied to leave it. I'd be glad if you'd shake hands and say there's no hard feeling. I wish I might ask you to wish me luck. She's the only woman in the world for me, and though I think I see my finish I can't somehow leave it without trying."

Wainwright grasped the hand that was held out with such boyish frankness and without a word they parted.

Late in the afternoon Wainwright returned to Fernleigh, after being absent all day. He found a note of farewell from Tamworth. It ran as follows:

DEAR OLD BOY,—

Very sorry to be called away by pressing business so unexpectedly. I want to thank you for your hospitality and all your kind efforts in my behalf. It pleased Miss Thorn that all her friends showed such a lively interest in me as her friend, and her appreciation is genuine. I think you should know that Mr. Thorn is financially in a deep hole. I learned about it before I came, and hoped to be able to give him a lift. He was trying to help Huntingdon and has been let in by him on Excelsior Coal. He may win out in London unaided, but you'd better give him a hand if you can, and if I can help please command me. The Princess is disappointed in me. She thought I had more sense. She lectured me soundly, whereas she cried over the Senator, petted Babe Curtis, and laughed a bit at— She says the only offering of love that would appeal to her would be the kind that grew from long and intimate knowledge—she believes in a grounding of friendship, faith and esteem. She would not dare to trust the sudden death variety. She outlined the physical and mental perfections of a lover who might be to her mind, and I recognised the picture, though I could see she had never yet given him a name even in her own pure heart. May the man who wins her be as good to her as I would have been if I could have had my heart's desire. Good-bye, and may God bless her and all she cares for.

TAMWORTH."

"Coals of fire, coals of fire! Surely they have changed heads with a vengeance, my generous enemy."

It was down by the water in their favourite haunt that Jim Wainwright at last told Alice how long he had waited, how long he had loved her.

Very sweet, very gentle was her surrender. Oh, yes, she loved him, she knew now she had always loved him.

"I would have told you long ago," said Jim, "but I feared to take advantage of your inexperience. I asked your parents' permission to ask you to be my wife, and they bade me wait, saying you were too young. That was why you were sent away—to let you see more of the world away from us all, to give you a chance to see other men. Dear love. I hardly dared let you go—the fear that some one would win you from me; that you might love some stranger almost drove me insane at times."

"Oh, if you had only given me a hint, the littlest hint," said Alice, shyly. "If I had known you loved me, I would have looked into my own heart that was all full of you. And how much pain it would have saved—for if, if *this*"—a comprehensive "this" which included the arms that encircled her and the face that looked down glorified by the love that irradiated it—"if this had happened before I went away I would have been bound to you, and then other men would not have wanted me. Oh, it is terrible, terrible, to have a man ask for a girl's love when she has nothing to say but 'no'!"

Current Events Abroad.

THE first Russian Parliament has been dissolved, much to the regret of the more democratic nations. Nevertheless, no one could read the daily reports from St. Petersburg and not see that the parliament was soon or later bound to fall to pieces of its own weight. That is exactly what happened. It spent itself in idle fury and extravagance of declamation, and it gradually lost the confidence of the people. The Constitutional Democrats, who were in the majority, lost the sympathy of the nation.

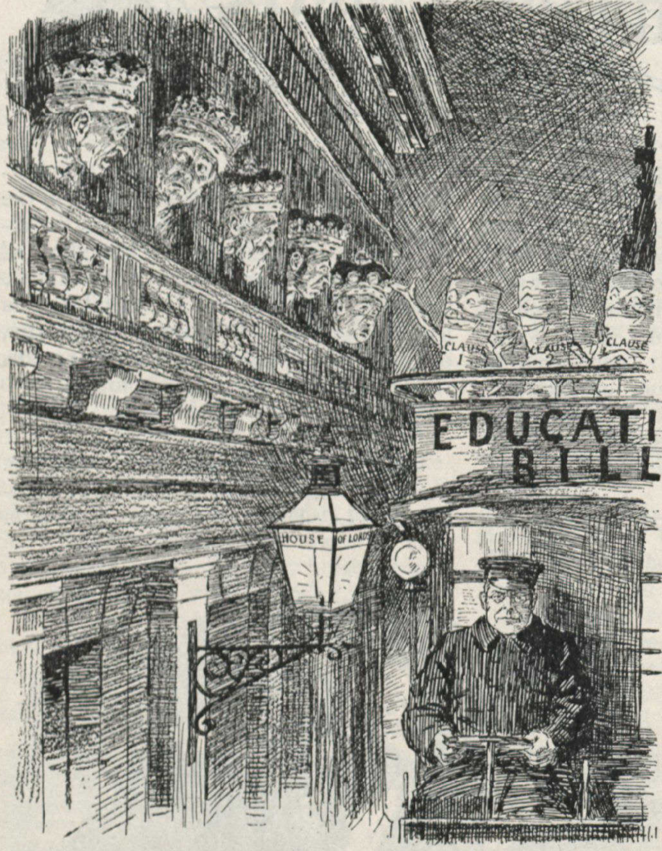
The Czar and his advisers saw the psychological moment, truly estimated the situation, and dissolved the Duma. If this *coup d'état* had come sooner, it might have precipitated a revolution. That the people accepted the dissolution with regret, but as inevitable, showed that they too recognised that the Duma was unreasonable. The Social Democrats had denounced it to the working people whom they controlled, and thus made possible the blow which destroyed it.

When, after the dissolution, the deputies met in Finland and made an appeal to the people to give "not a copeck to the throne nor a soldier to the army," their appeal fell in the main upon deaf ears Count Heyden, the leader of the conservative reformers, refused to sign the appeal. Many who were anxious for reform were unwilling to see the glory of the Russian throne entirely eliminated, unwilling that Nicholas II should be less a sovereign than William of Germany, or Edward of Great Britain. For this reason there has been no revolution.

What the future holds, no one can see. Campbell-Bannerman's rhetorical outburst, "La Duma est morte; vive la

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN

—*Punch*



BIRRELL'S "BUZZER"

CHORUS OF PEERS: "Suppose we can't help this thing passing, —*But, oh, the vibration!*"

—*Punch.*

Duma!" may be right. The Duma may meet again next year and may win against the forces which oppose it. But only if it be reasonable.

Reforms in Russia as elsewhere must be gradual. Japan is the only contradiction and there have never been another people like the Japanese. Russian freedom and liberty will come, but only through a due course of developments.

❧

Campbell-Bannerman is being severely criticised for his outburst. It was taken in Russia as meaning that Great Britain sympathised with the Duma and disapproved of the Czar's action. As Premier of Great Britain he was making the same mistake as did Gladstone when he spoke so highly of Jefferson Davis. His government is the government of Great Britain, and it must deal with and recognise the government of the day in Russia whatever it may be. In the language of the prize-ring, it is not for the British Premier to count out the absolutism of the Russian bureaucracy. His remark was received with little favour in St. Petersburg and in Paris, and it will hardly strengthen pleasant relations with those two capitals.

❧

The Hague Conference has been endeavouring to bring about a reduction of armaments. As a consequence, the British Government is cutting down its proposed naval expenditures. In the House of Commons on July 27, Mr. E. Robertson announced that on the recommendation of the Board of Admiralty, the Government had decided to make the following changes:

Original Programme		Revised Programme
4	Dreadnaughts	3
5	Ocean-going Destroyers	2
12	Coastal Destroyers	12
12	Submarines	8

Estimated total saving.... £2,500,000
Estimated saving 1907-8 .. £1,500,000

Next year the Government intended to make provision for two armoured vessels only, but this number would be increased to three if the Hague Conference proved abortive in bringing about a general reduction of European armaments. The Sea Lords were unanimously of opinion that the balance of sea-power would not be imperilled by the reduction.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

—*Tennyson.*

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

THE first week of September usually finds us lamenting over the holiday good intentions that have come to naught. We go away in July and August fully determined to read a certain substantial book or to hemstitch two dozen table-napkins, not to mention arrears of mending that are to be made up; and we return after a month or six weeks with the improving literature unabsorbed and the table linen in a crude condition. But when all is done or left undone it is a comfort to consider that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. Holidays are a making-over time, and if one comes back to home or school or office with healthier appetite and embrowned cheeks it is a sheer waste of grief to mourn over the things that were left over in order that we might get more fresh air and form a closer friendship with "God's own outdoors."

One of those men advisers who are always so ready to tell us blundering women what we ought to do, has been saying that we do not know how to rest, and there is a good deal of truth in the accusation. There are some women who seem to imagine that the heavens will descend unless the ironing is finished by Wednesday and the house is swept on Friday. They will allow no weariness to come between them and the allotted work, and after a few years a big crash comes and months of rest cure partially accomplish what a little common sense might have done in the first place. The old-fashioned housewife who made a boast of never lying down in the afternoon was not so wise as she supposed, for the best economy is the saving of strength for the things that really matter. The woman who looks well to the ways of her household is assuredly above rubies, but it is quite possible to overdo matters of detail. Wherefore let us not mourn over the holidays that were more full of sunshine than of scrubbing, for there is a time to be idle; and she is a wise woman who knows when to do nothing.

THE SCAVENGER SKIRT

IF there is an article of woman's wearing apparel that seems to set at defiance both grace and hygiene, it is the scavenger skirt. It trails through the mud and the mire, through the snows of January, the slush of March and the showers of April, and wherever it winds its filthy length men arise and call it not blessed. In Germany a town council has become brave enough to forbid the ladies of Nordhausen to trail their skirts through the streets.

The editor of the Montreal *Star*, in commenting on the subject, said: "Just why the dainty sex is determined to sweep up the filth of the streets with her skirts, and then carry a large portion of the collection home with her to distribute between the carpets of the living rooms and the recesses of her wardrobe, must ever remain a mystery to the mere man. He gets his boots into the dirt, but he takes pains to clean them as often as possible. Moreover, when he fails to

leave as much of this refuse of the street on the door-mat as possible, he anticipates a lecture from the household guardian just as soon as she has bustled about the house with her dusty skirt and provided microbes for the children's breathing.

"Legislation on the subject would never be tolerated in this free country. We can forbid smoking in certain places; we can attempt to cut off the supply of cigarettes; we can prohibit the scattering of papers on the streets. But to interfere with a lady's right to trundle a microbe-museum at the bottom of her walking-skirt would be too much for the Constitution. Only the efforts of men to defile the air and litter up the streets can be attacked in this community, where women are denied the ballot."

The remedy of this abuse lies with a few independent women who may induce their less courageous sisters to refuse to trail the scavenger skirt through our city thoroughfares. For a dinner gown or evening dress the long skirt may be graceful and becoming; on the street it is not only a nuisance but a menace. Some chapters of the Daughters of the Empire have lately taken up the commendable work of fighting the white plague, since the members feel that it is quite as patriotic to save the lives of citizens as to commemorate the great deeds of the past or to uphold the defenders of our country. It would not be out of place for the chapters interested in this work to consider how the scavenger skirt has helped to extend the ravages of the white plague. Fashion is one of the greatest forces in the world, and when under its influence woman will fall into strange capers. The stout matron will wear plaids with flounces if she is told that they are to be in style; the slender creature will don stripes uncomplainingly if she is assured that they are the proper garb. But may we not hope that there is enough saving common sense among womankind to keep them from further endangering the health of their households? There is nothing more ungraceful and amusing than the spectacle of a woman struggling to keep a section of a scavenger skirt out of the dust. Perhaps the cartoonist could meet the difficulty and ridicule the "train" out of outdoor existence.

A FASHIONABLE LECTURER

THE fashionable world of London, at least the feminine half thereof, has been greatly interested during the last winter by the lectures delivered by Dr. Reich at Claridge's Hotel. The subject was "Woman," and afforded an infinite variety of treatment. In the *Grand Magazine*, a prominent English actress, Miss Gertrude Kingston, is rather severe in her comments on the fashionable professor. Among other critical remarks she says: "What strikes me as most remarkable in the treatment of this vast, this gigantic subject, is that Dr. Reich only touches on matters that concern one class of woman—the woman of leisure. He appears to be totally oblivious that outside the narrow limits of that class, outside the upholstered luxury of hotel rooms, there lives a population of gently-bred, carefully-nurtured women, brought suddenly face to face with the appalling struggle for existence, if even we leave entirely aside what are known as the lower classes.

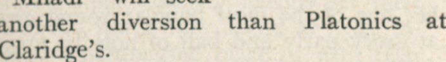
"For the hundreds and thousands of women who have been brought up in the luxury and tact of a pleasant home, who by accident of death or misfortune are thrown out into the arena to compete with the better-equipped men, Dr. Reich has no word of advice. Nor does he trouble to remind the beautiful birds of paradise who warble and chirrup around him how hard life may be for the London sparrow that picks up its crumbs when and where it can from the window-sills of the warmly nested. Why does he not say to them, 'Look around, look behind, look below? There are the women who need your help! There are the causes of suffering! There are the wounds that you can heal! There are the chasms that your tact can bridge over!'"

It is somewhat amusing to find a learned man lecturing to the fashionable women of the greatest city in the Empire on the necessity for learning "tact"—

a quality which must be with you in your cradle or you do not have it at all. To the mass of women such injunctions as he gives are entirely irrelevant and insignificant. But the lectures on "Woman" have been the fashion, and have even superseded morning bridge; but by next season they will be forgotten for a more opalescent bubble, and "Miladi" will seek another diversion than Platonics at Claridge's.

THE MISSES ZENA AND PHYLLIS DARE

Two sisters who have attained a prominent place in musical comedy in London.



PURE FOOD

THE "canned meat" scare has had the effect of making home-made articles of this class unusually popular, and the demand for reliable potted meats and preserved fruit is greater than ever before. It ought to be possible for a woman with a special knack for such work to make a respectable income by supplying shop-keepers in cities and large towns with marmalade, jam and pressed meat. There are many cases in the United States of a woman making a certain confection or pickle famous, and Canadian women are beginning to awaken to the possibilities of supplying the market with pure and wholesome articles of this class. The revelations in connection with many of the packing houses have been such that persons who have read them are fairly sickened by the sight of a canned meat label. This is a subject which vitally concerns the health of every household, and the new movement to dignify domestic work and place it upon a scientific basis may well take notice of the revelations of worse than adulteration that have aroused the whole public. Cheap canned food is almost sure to be made of material that should be thrown in the garbage barrel. There must be many women in Canada who have special recipes for both necessities and luxuries which the housewife who is too busy sometimes to manufacture these articles for herself would gladly store away in cellar or pantry. There never was a time when such enterprise would be likely to meet with more practical appreciation.

THE FEMININE NOTE

A WRITER in a New York magazine called attention some time ago to the manner in which certain critics call any quality of which they disapprove "the feminine note." In the course of his article he says: "But the one thing which the critics will never learn is that the general feminine note is like the 'general horse,' which, though an abstraction provocative of discussion, never ran a race or hauled a dray. They will keep on harping about the feminine note as if there were not Charlotte Brontë as well as Jane Austen, George Eliot as well as 'Gyp,' George Sand as well as Amelia Barr, Sappho as well as Mrs. Hemans, Mme. de Stael as well as Marie Corelli, Maria Edgeworth as well as Edith Wharton, Elizabeth

Barrett Browning as well as Mary E. Wilkins."

A dramatic critic, referring to "Madeline," a play written by a woman, says: "Women's plays invariably sprawl." He further remarks of the lover's name—"Norman Luard! Could any one but a woman have selected such a name?" As a matter of fact, men writers have chosen names just as high-flown, as may be seen by reference to Horace Walpole or Disraeli, not to mention Mr. Clyde Fitch and Shaw's impossible "Candida." This personal form of criticism, however, is almost dying out, and is used only by a few disgruntled cynics who like to make believe that of all vanities in this world of shams woman is the most deceiving.

THE PEOPLE AND ART

ONE of the most serious defects in Canadian communities is their indifference to good pictures and all that they signify. A gaudy chromo in a heavy gilt frame is still the rural and suburban ideal. In connection with our national apathy to art the following opinion of an English writer may be suggestive:

> "It is the people themselves who are constantly deciding upon the quality of the art which is to prevail in the country by the selection they make and the patronage they give. Each one of us bears a share in this responsibility. Whether we buy a chromo or fill a picture-gallery, whether we select a simple ornament or decorate a mansion, whether we read a novel or help to stock a library, whether we listen to a lecture or establish a whole course, whether we frequent the concert-room or the theatre once or twice a winter or once or twice a week, we are in every case, by the choices we make, doing our part to elevate art or to degrade it, to purify or to corrupt it, to make it a handmaid of morality and religion, or to make it minister to the vices and follies of humanity."

A PRO-CONSULAR ALLIANCE

"THE marriage of Viscount Howick, eldest son of the Governor-General of Canada, to Lady Mabel Palmer, daughter of the Earl of Selborne, the High Commissioner of South Africa, is a social event of the week," says *P.T.O.*, T. P. O'Connor's new weekly. "The fact that the parents of both the bride and bridegroom are holding two of the most important of Colonial appointments at this moment, makes their wedding of unusual interest. It is barely a year since the High Commissioner and the Countess of Selborne left London to take up their duties at Cape Town, accompanied by their pretty, fair-haired daughter, Lady Mabel Palmer, whose loss to London society was greatly regretted at the time, for her brightness and gaiety had made her one of the most popular young girls at every party and ball of note in town. At the same time, on the Earl's staff, Viscount Howick went out to South Africa as A.D.C., and his wooing was not long a-doing, for hardly had they arrived at the Cape than the engagement was cabled home. A peculiarity of this marriage is that on either side probably only one of the parents will be able to be present.

"Their absence does not in this instance mean disapproval. The Earl and Countess of Selborne, though unable to leave Cape Town at this moment, are delighted at the engagement of their daughter, and, entrusting her to the care of her fiancée, consented to her making the journey home with him. Earl Grey, by reason of his duties as Governor of Canada, cannot be at his eldest son's wedding to the daughter of the latter, but fortunately Countess Grey, who, by the way, attended the last Court, has been able to undertake the journey, though she will have to return to rejoin her husband and family at Ottawa almost immediately after the ceremony."

Jean Graham.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

WHILE the farmer has been industriously mowing* away the hay and the wheat sheaves, the wealthy dweller in the cities has been fishing and jaunting. The labouring man must work steadily, except after five o'clock each day and on Saturday afternoon. The clerk, the stenographer, the book-keeper and the other salaried persons get their two weeks, which they spend at some inexpensive summering place or with relatives. The professional man, the merchant, the broker, and the banker take a month or so off in the summer, and this they spend in expensive amusements. Some of them really seek health and strength, but too many seek only that sort of amusement which undermines morals and physical stamina. Healthy and intellectual pleasures are more and more unpopular the higher you go in Canadian society. The poor man enjoys his pipe and a political chat; the rich man prefers too often a pack of cards and a bottle, or perhaps a daring woman and a glass or two of wine.

The great lakes are full of gasoline launches and steam yachts. The pleasure of boating seems on the increase, though the spirit of the sport is changing somewhat. The glory of the canoe and the sailboat is waning before the chug-chug-chug of the gasoline launch, which cultivates a spirit of luxury and ease rather than athleticism and a knowledge of wind and wave. The great aim seems to be to secure the greatest possible speed and the greatest amount of luxury. One gasoline launch on Lake Muskoka has a mark of twenty-two miles; another one on Lake Simcoe is seventy odd feet long, with engines to correspond. Nearly all are fitted up with canopies, easy chairs, cushions and electric lights.

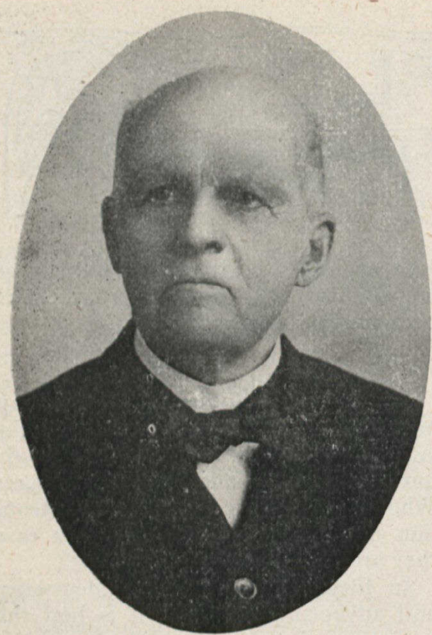
I have no great objection to a well-appointed yacht, or to a neat little gasoline launch, when they are used only in the pursuit of health and healthy pleasures. When they become a means of ostentation or the medium to luxurious ease, they are an abomination.

In these days of growing democracy and advancing socialism, it is best that men of means should avoid all unnecessary show of luxury and wealth. An exhibition of foolish money-spending of any kind breeds contempt for those with wealth. To flash an extra large automobile at a high speed on a busy roadway—to exhibit a luxuriously appointed yacht and a crew of high-heeled, disdainful women—to serve champagne for breakfast—to do any particular act with the avowed purpose of showing the multitude that you have made money in lucky speculations, is to do so much towards the spread of socialism and discontent. There are a few new-rich people in this country who are inclined to do these things. These are never content unless some fresh red paint is being applied to a new spot.

Bowling has proved a popular sport this year in Ontario, partly because of natural conditions and partly because of the visit of the Scotch bowlers. Like curling, it places no age limit on its members, and like curling it permits of an adjournment occasionally in order that the opposing rinks may "join" each other and have "something."

Cricket is nearly dead. The populace has been taught to admire games in which

*Pronounced "mouing."



SIR ÆMILIUS IRVING, K.C.M.G.
Recently Knighted by His Majesty

somebody is "slugged," as in lacrosse and football, or in which "any trick to win" is allowed as in baseball. The English Church and the boarding schools are doing their best to prevent the extinction of the sport, but they find it disheartening. The gentleman instinct is not cultivated in the public and high schools, and until it is, cricket will be neglected.

Golf is doing well. It is a rare sport and tends to develop generosity and liberality. Its weakest feature is that it gets a strong hold on the minds of some individuals and absorbs too great a proportion of their mind and energy. This will occur, however, only among those whose minds are weak or whose natures are badly balanced.

Baseball continues to hold the centre of the stage with the populace, though the better classes avoid it because of its trickery and because of the ungentlemanly language heard both in the stand and in the field. In the country towns, this is less the case than in the larger cities where the game is played by professionals.

The introduction of professionalism into lacrosse does not seem to have removed anything of the "ruffian" feature which has marred the national game for many years.

The week-end holiday for busy men is becoming very popular in the East. Week-end parties are quite the vogue. The wives and kiddies are away at the lake-side all summer; the husband comes down on Friday or Saturday, brings a friend or two and returns on Monday. Ontario people do this at Muskoka points, at Rice Lake or Kawartha, or at points along the Great Lakes. It is an English habit which should be encouraged. The eternal rush may be abated a bit in this way during the summer weather. And the old-fashioned heat of this summer was just the season to induce people to relax considerably. In fact, if one may be pardoned saying so, it might reasonably be said of us just now that our prosperity has got on our nerves and that nationally we are a bit excited in our rush to grab large pieces of this present prosperity. We are going so fast at present that we are forgetting that national leisure is necessary to national thinking. The Maritime Provinces seem to be the only place where Canadians pursue the even tenor of their way. So far as one can see, there is no excitement in that section of the country.

She was a lovely maid. On one of my week-ends, she was with her mother at the Bay. She said I was all right, that she would bet her life that it would be awful if we did not get all gussied up for Sunday dinner, that the whole game was slow and that they needed more men. She was seventeen and in the other months of the year she goes to a ladies' college in Toronto. Yet she was good fun; was in haste to taste the innocent pleasures of life; was willing to be merry for your sake as well as her own; was learning to swim, to row and to play tennis; sang splendidly and was always obliging even when not respectful. She was a splendid type, except for her speech. I told her so, though not in these words. Her answer was "Skidoo, for you!"

RECENT HONOURS

THE King has remembered several Canadians in his bestowal of birthday honours. This is another method of stating that the Canadian Premier and the Canadian Governor-General have recommended certain persons for distinction, and that His Majesty has acquiesced. An ordinary member of the third class of the most distinguished order of Saint Michael and Saint George is termed a Companion; the next higher grade is termed a Knight; and the highest grade a Knight Grand Cross. The corresponding abbreviations are C.M.G., K.C.M.G. and G.C.M.G. Of the lowest grade there are 600, of the middle grade 300, and of the highest grade 100.

Two Canadians have been made Knights, Æmilius Irving of Toronto and R. L. Weatherbe of Halifax. The former is the oldest practitioner at the Ontario bar; and the latter is Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Two have been made Companions, Hon. Adelard Turgeon, a member of the Quebec Provincial Government; and W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, Ottawa.

Chief Justice Weatherbe was a counsel in the Halifax Fisheries case and in Lord Dufferin's day was appointed to the Bench. In January of last year he became Chief Justice. He has earned his distinction not only by his interest in the events of Confederation, in which he took the side of Howe, but also because of long and faithful judicial services.

Æmilius Irving was born in March, 1823, and is thus eighty-three years of age. His father was at Waterloo and came to Canada when the son was eleven years of age. The new Knight was educated at Upper Canada College, and has been a member of the bar since 1849. He has been a bencher since 1876, and Treasurer of the Law Society since 1893. He represented the City of Hamilton in the Commons during the Mackenzie regime. His legal career has been a fairly distinguished one and in recent years he has engaged in important constitutional cases.

The Hon. Adelard Turgeon is a native

W. L. MACKENZIE KING, C.M.G.
Recently Honoured by His Majesty

of the Province of Quebec, and like so many of his legal compatriots has devoted considerable attention to literature and to oratory. He has long been known as one of the most eloquent of French-Canadian statesmen and his gifts and accomplishments are enhanced by his commanding figure. At present he is Minister of Lands and Forests, and stands second only to the present head of the Government in the estimation of his party.

W. L. Mackenzie King is a young man, son of a distinguished member of the Ontario bar and grandson on his mother's side of William Lyon Mackenzie. He was educated at Toronto, at Harvard and on the continent. Earnest, ambitious, resourceful, he seemed destined for a brilliant career. As Deputy Minister of Labour, he found a sphere for his activities which admirably suited his temperament and his training in economic science. He is a past president of the Canadian Club of Ottawa, a writer of ease and fluency, and a forcible speaker. It is a pity the civil service did not enlist more young men of his calibre.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.

LILY DOUGALL AND HER WORK

ABOUT sixty years ago the Montreal *Witness* was founded by Mr. John Dougall, a native of Paisley, Scotland, a town which has produced more than the usual proportion of intellectual men, even for Scotland. Mr. Dougall was already known for his literary attainments, being the author of several poems of some merit, to be found in "The Book of Scottish Song."

The principles laid down for the foundation of the *Witness* were high. Its intention was to direct the steps of Canada, even then earnestly regarding its future, in politics, domestic and intellectual matters, into wholesome paths, which it would not be necessary to retrace in contrition. These principles it has confidently adhered to throughout its career. The sturdy independence displayed at all times, frequently pursued at a sacrifice, though considered narrow-minded in certain of its views by some, has undoubtedly tended to reproduce its own honesty of purpose strongly developed patriotism in the and minds of its many readers, and has done more than its share to formulate the character and spirit now bringing honour to Canada at home and abroad.

Miss Lily Dougall, the subject of this sketch, is the youngest child of the late John Dougall. Her mother was the daughter of John Redpath, who during his life-time assisted materially to build up Montreal and at the same time his own fortunes. Mr. Redpath was a liberal benefactor to the church, hospitals and other causes for the improvement of his fellow-townsmen, and not a few of the members of his family have followed his good example in various educational and charitable directions. Notable among these are the presentation to McGill University and endowment of the Redpath Museum and the Redpath Library, imposing and beautiful buildings with contents of great value, the gift of the late Peter Redpath, Esq., and of his wife, who now resides in England. These buildings are situated in the grounds of the University, and have on several occasions received valuable books and other additions to the splendid earlier donations.

Miss Dougall was born in the picturesque, vine-embowered stone cottage on the mountain side still occupied by the family, with its quaint gables, extensions and walls built in the French fashion of olden times, from which the wide lawns and orchard slope up and down. The house has very imposing neighbours on all sides, surrounded by lovely gardens—though itself the predecessor of them all—and Ivy Green still creates the liveliest admiration among those that have the entrée; outside, for its quaint aspect and beautifully extended view, and in the interior because of the simple and kindly hospitality offered to all who enter therein. The charm of the situation belongs to all seasons alike, the hum of the distant city giving a sense of pleasant companionship, while the surroundings soothe with the indefinable quality of rest. Constant association of young life with natural beauty should produce psychological development of a high order, so we are led to expect in these days, and it is therefore little wonder that a member of this household, backed by the tastes and experience of her father, evinced literary leanings at an early age. Her school-days were passed under the direction of the late Mrs. Lay, whose wise methods in the training of girls undoubtedly encouraged any dormant talent; and many times were the future author's youthful efforts at composition, generally stories, and always with the touch of originality visible, read in one of the newspapers edited by the

school-girls, before the principal, teachers and assembled scholars. Her school-days over, Miss Dougall lived for some years, with visits to the continent interspersed, in Scotland and England. There she took up a course of systematic study to fit her for the work, which so few in the profession, at least on this side of the ocean, deem necessary, but which must give a feeling of confidence as well as literary style to a young writer that years of earnest effort often fail to supply.

Her first book, "Beggars All," came out about twelve years ago. Though the young author had already written several short stories and articles, her first long work created no small stir, and her friends had the satisfaction of seeing the story take its place as "the book of the week" in London where it was published. The plot of "Beggars All" is of striking originality. It concerns the fortunes of a family, originally English, who had lived in California for a number of years, and had become well-to-do, if not wealthy. Before the story begins the mother and her two daughters had left home for England, largely for the purpose of procuring medical advice for Richard, the invalid. Scarcely have they arrived, however, when misfortune begins to dog their footsteps with terrible earnestness. The father, shortly before, had died, and almost at once intelligence follows of the complete loss of their fortune, through the failure of a bank. The little family decide to remain where they are and make the best of things, but shortly find themselves face to face with poverty, which with the other troubles has a baleful effect upon the health of the invalid, and inadvertently on the mother. Esther, or Star as she is called, is glad to accept a position in a shop, but owing to lack of experience is in fear of dismissal. Later begins the fight with dire want, and matters become desperate. At this point the girl, in searching the newspapers, comes upon a matrimonial offer, a young man in honourable terms advertising for a wife, and this after painful thought, but without consulting her mother, she answers, and later accepts. It must not be thought that Miss Dougall's treatment of the subject is sensational; on the contrary it is handled with great

MISS LILY DOUGALL
Photo by Rice, Montreal

delicacy. The girl is wholesome and courageous, with no small personal charm, and her conclusions seem almost inevitable. Without precipitancy she marries the man so strangely met, and from that moment more easy conditions and a growing happiness become possible; at first, it must be admitted, owing to the altered conditions of mother and sister, to whom the new relative, a reporter on a local newspaper, from the first shows himself kind and thoughtful. It is impossible here to give an extended review, but the tale, it may be said, later develops a painful heart-tragedy. In the writer's opinion, the moment of the young wife's awakening, without apparent warning, to Hubert's real occupation—that of a burglar—contains something of genius.

Since the appearance of "Beggars All," a steady stream of books, at intervals of about eighteen months, has come from the

author's powerful pen. These books comprise in part, "What Necessity Knows," "The Madonna of a Day," "The Mermaid,""The Mormon Prophet," and others. Concerning some of these criticism has been somewhat severe, not because of the literary construction, which is always careful and spirited, but that the plot, though interesting, does not impress its probability upon the reader, and that some of the characters are not so pleasant to read about as could be desired. Still, it must be acknowledged that characters in this world are sometimes sordid and unpleasant, and that there are to be found entirely truthful circumstances in life more surprising than any fiction. Miss Dougall has been accused of a lack of humour, or that she sometimes employs humorous situations unknown to herself, but this only shows a singular denseness of perception on the critic's part. Where humour comes in, it is of a subtle and satisfying kind, where glancing suffusion gives the charm, without outward hilarity to render it obvious. A volume of short stories, perhaps the most pleasing of all, is not so well known as it should be. The collection is published under the title "A Dozen Ways of Love," and shows a tender insight into the secret places of the heart that is at times very touching.

Miss Dougall, at the present time, resides at East Undercliff, Exmouth, England. The house is built on a sand dune, close to the water's edge, and was formerly the residence of Francis Danby, whose sunsets, painted at this spot, made a sensation in the world of art about the middle of the past century. The genial climate allows the enjoyment all the year round of open doors and windows, and "the garden never goes to sleep, but is always producing something that needs attention." The authoress is, unfortunately, not strong in health, and though much attached to Canada, as her many stories and kindly references alone would indicate, finds both the extremes of heat and cold too trying for comfort. She has made several attempts to live here, but invariably returns to her English home where, as she says of her own days as they placidly pass, "Happy is the life that has no history."

Katharine L. Macpherson.

ENGLISH COMMENTS

IN reviewing Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," the London *Outlook* says: American novelists are determined to be national. Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Chambers, the first at greater length, the second with superior vivacity, have plunged into past history, with a purpose as serious as Virgil's, to write a national epic. Others, of whom Mr. Upton Sinclair now monopolises attention, have tackled the present. Mr. Sinclair was preceded by Miss Marie Van Voorst, who, in "Amanda of the Mill," fastened on the slave-driving in New York factories. Mr. Wister took a different bent in "The Virginians," in every line of which, though the note was often carefully suppressed into a sub-articulate sound, nationalism was consistently preached. Of all the novels "The Virginians" had the most art and "Amanda of the Mill" the least, and in this respect the same superiority is on Mr. Wister's side in the two latest novels. "Lady Baltimore" is almost perfect in technique. The lady is the name of a cake, as it turns out a wedding cake, and thence hangs the tale. It is made and sold in a little backwater of a town in the South, and eaten daily by a visitor from the North. So far as he sets himself to express the Cranford spirit of these delightful old ladies, Mr. Wister is incomparable. His pages suggest the sort of sentiment that belongs to old letters or old relics, to which clings the very perfume of their vanished presence. He does what Mrs. Gaskell does, though on a plane of finer and less actual elements. Into this circle thrusts the national creed and the contract of South and North. The very dainty heroine who makes and sells "Lady Baltimore" grows furious because the President has asked Booker Washington to a meal; and no episode is complete without the illustration of the thesis that this hostility of North and South is going to be swallowed up in what is called rather affectedly "it"—to wit, the national idea. No doubt all this preaching is popular in America, nor can anyone fail to be interested in the racial problem of the Southern States. But the stress on American nationalism will spoil for all but Americans the grace

of an else delightful book. Mr. Wister has wit, charm and art in a rare measure, a light and easy humour, a natural gift for romance. It is a pity he should blur such capacities by too much of the pulpit utterance. Nothing is so destructive of style, and even Mr. Wister's will not be proof against further doses of prophetic earnestness. He has also a secondary thesis, to satirise New York smart society, and to this his art is equal. Hortense Rieppe, the beautiful "creation" in whom with her millionaire follower the splendid vulgarity of New York society is condensed, has the qualities of her defects; and Mr. Wister's supreme gift of allusive bantering is seen at its best in his sub-acid analysis of her character and ambitions. The reading of "Lady Baltimore" confirms the impression that no one now writing excels Mr. Wister in the art of wrapping romance in allusive humour or in laughing at humanity, especially "antiquated virginity," with more delicate sympathy. But in the pulpit even Sterne was not a more dangerous anomaly.

NOTES

Mr. Bryce, who recently again gave evidence of his linguistic accomplishments by addressing in their own language the German editors who have been visiting Great Britain, has no doubt found his knowledge of the German language of immense value in his career as an author as well as in his work in the House of Commons. The notes to his classical book on "The Holy Roman Empire" are plentifully dotted with quotations from German records. Few modern books of a purely historical character have achieved so striking a success as this famous volume of Mr. Bryce's, for, since its first issue in 1864, it has been reprinted, on several occasions with considerable additions, no fewer than twenty-two times. It has also been translated into German, Italian, French and Hungarian.

The fifth and final volume of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England" will be published by Messrs. Macmillan immediately. Here is an interesting extract from Mr. Paul's concluding remarks:

> If I may be permitted to draw a moral at the end of this book, it shall be at least an English one. The vicissitudes, neither few nor slight, through which this nation passed in the second half of the nineteenth century, have tested the English character, and it has rung true. Party spirit, though often unreasonable and unfair, has never shaken nor disturbed the sober, rational patriotism upon which the position of a country in the world depends. As a fiery advocate becomes under the sense of duty an impartial judge, the most vehement Radical and the most stubborn Tory can join in harmony for national objects which are equally dear to both.

Mr. Paul, in his final volume, carries the story down to the year 1895.

L. C. Page & Co. have issued in one volume a definitive edition of Bliss Carman's "Pipes of Pan Series." The volume is attractively bound, the cover design being taken from a painting of Pan by Edna M. Sawyer.

A Canadian edition of *The Earl of Elgin*, by George M. Wrong, has been brought out by Morang & Co.

George Brown, by John Lewis, being Vol. XI in "The Makers of Canada" series, has just been issued by Morang & Co., Toronto.

Longmans, Green & Co., are issuing a new book by that distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, John Beattie Crozier, LL.D., entitled "A Reconstruction of the Science and Art of Political Economy."

The STUDIO for July contains a splendid article on "Austrian Peasant Embroidery," and a well-illustrated review of "The Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts." The coloured plates are attractive. The special summer number of the STUDIO is devoted to "The Art Revival in Austria." These special numbers are five shillings.

A new novel by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage," has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. The scenes of it are laid first in Italy and afterwards in England, and its pivot is an early love affair that the heroine revives after her marriage. Miss Cholmondeley has occupied several years in

writing the novel, which is entitled "Prisoners."

The "old boys" associations are having an influence upon the study of local history. Their perennial "home-comings" stimulate the local newspaperman to hunt up the information of past and bygone days. The Brockville Old Boys went home the other day, and the *Recorder* issued a souvenir number which contained much information and many illustrations. The Cornwall *Freeholder* did the same thing for the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. Both issues are worthy of commendation.

"English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer" is the title of a book by William Henry Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University, which the Macmillan Company announce for issue in the Autumn. An account of Mr. Schofield's career appeared in the August number of this periodical.

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Weavers," will begin its serial publication in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

"The Spanish Dowry,"* Miss Dougall's latest novel, is an English tale in which some lost Spanish jewels, brought over by the bride of an Englishman, play an important part. The young man who tells the story of his experiences is much wiser than his years except in the first chapter, when he seems really as boyish as the description of him. The plot is somewhat thin, and at times one wonders if all this writing is worth while. It is not a masterpiece, but it is a fairly good second-class novel. The author herself could hardly claim more.

The proceedings of the Canadian Club of Toronto, Volume III, 1905-6, contains the text in full or abbreviated of twenty-one speeches delivered before that organisation during the past season. Among the speakers were Professor Shortt, Professor Kilpatrick, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Professor Leacock, Dr. Haanel and Booker T. Washington. Perhaps the weakest speech of the lot is that of Andrew Carnegie, filled as it is with tawdry nothings, mixed with some remarks with which no well-informed man may agree.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The proceedings of the Ontario Society of Architects for 1906 contains an excellent paper on foreign capitals by some person unknown, and another on a civic improvement scheme for Toronto by W. A. Langton.

A splendid example of English as it should not be written may be found on any page of "The Sin of George Warrener," by Marie van Voorst. The Macmillan Company's New York office must have been without its usual staff of editors when that miserable volume went through.

"Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada"* by Julia W. Henshaw, is a book which it is a delight to add to one's library. Beautifully bound, profusely illustrated, and with well-arranged contents it is pleasant to the eye. Mrs. Henshaw has worked long and faithfully in compiling the comprehensive descriptions of the beautiful flowers which are found upon the upper ranges of the Rockies. Many of these have never before been named, classified or described, and hence her task was greater. The Dominion naturalist has set his seal of approval on all that she has done, and has said "It is well." Still more worthy of comment, is that every one of the excellent photographs used in the book were made by the author herself. Special cameras were necessary, and the photographs could be sent to a photograph show and be sure of being "hung on the line." Mrs. Henshaw deserves the highest meed of praise for her accomplishments.

"Donalda,"† by E. S. Macleod, is dubbed "A Scottish-Canadian Story." These mixed-breed stories are bad. So far as one can gather Mrs. Macleod has no license to write a story. She has written some fair verse, but it is quite clear that she knows little of prose. It is unpleasant to be so frank with this ambitious woman from Prince Edward Island, but Canadian literature has come to the stage where praise is less necessary than it was. The fact that Lord Strathcona and his niece are the chief characters in the story seems to be the lady's excuse, but a poor one.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $2.00.
†Toronto: William Briggs.

IDLE MOMENTS

A CRUCIAL TEST

A FRIEND of mine told me the other day that a patient who had a Christian Science doctor imposed upon him against his will thus addressed the miracle-monger: "I understand, madam, that you do not believe in the reality of pain? It is, you consider, a pure matter of the imagination?"

"Certainly."

"I should like to be assured of this, madam, before I put myself under your treatment; and I hope, therefore, you will not object to my putting some cayenne pepper into your eye." But she did.—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

THREE GOOD DEEDS

"MY good man," said the professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason for your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman. "I hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three good deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three good deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathadral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin' thot hard it would melt the heart av a sthone. I asked her phat could be the matther. She answered thot for the want av tharee dollars to pay the fees she could not get the child baptised, an' it was a sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt thot bad for her thot I pulled out the only tin dollars I had, and tould her to go and get the child baptised and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicing, and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me my change and went away hapin' blessin's on my head. Now ain't thot enough?"

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE

SENSITIVE GOLFER (who has foozled): "Did you laugh at me, boy?"

CADDIE: "No, sir; I was laughin' at anither man."

SENSITIVE GOLFER: "And what's funny about him?"

CADDIE: "He plays gowf awfu' like you, sir!" —*Punch.*

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others?" said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried a widow's tears—thot's wan; I saved a soul from purgatory—thot's two; and, lastly, I got sivin good dollars for a bad tin, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to plaze."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

EXPERT ADVICE

MANY years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and, when at a late hour he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report.

He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition:

"Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."—*Selected.*

First Friend: "Have you dined, old man?"
Second Ditto (faintly): "On the contrary!"—*Punch*

ASSOCIATIVE MEMORY

"TOMMY, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, ma'am."

"No, no—not Hector."

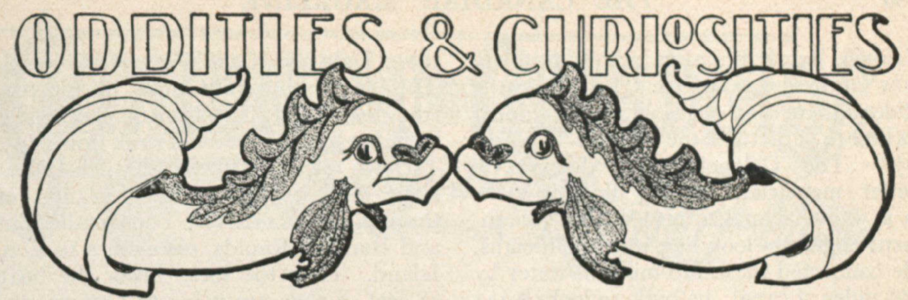
"Then it wuz Dook."

"Duke?" What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, then it must a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."—*Selected.*

NEIGHBOURLY NERVE

YOU are quite justified in concluding that your next-door neighbour has a good deal of nerve when he comes over and asks you to lend him your automobile for the afternoon.—*Selected.*

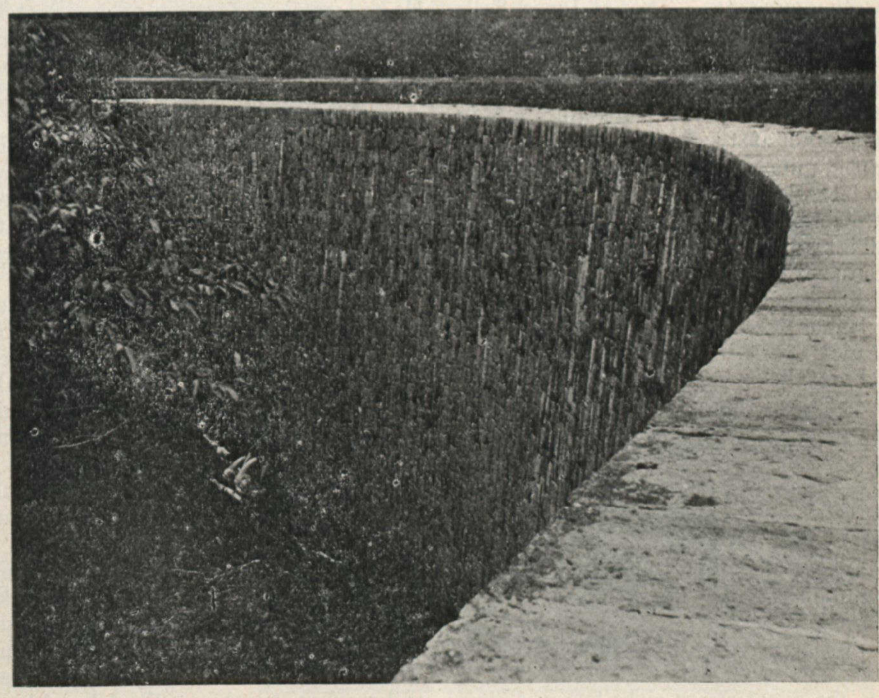


THE RIDEAU LAKES

ONE of the most interesting spots in this country has few visitors except from the United States. Canadians seem to overlook it. Nevertheless the Rideau Lake District has three attractive features—picturesque scenery, good bass fishing, and several engineering triumphs. It is of the latter that special mention is to be made here.

After the close of the war of 1812-13-14, Canada went in for an era of canal building. The Lachine was commenced in 1821, the Welland in 1825 and the Rideau in 1826. The Rideau Canal is a series of 49 locks scattered over the 126 miles of river and lake that stretch between Kingston at the mouth of the Cataraqui and Ottawa at the mouth of the Rideau. It was planned by British engineers and built at the expense of the British government, who desired it as a military inland highway.

The immediate supervision fell to



THE CURVED DAM AT SAND LAKE, JONES' FALLS

This is the largest of several large dams on the Rideau Canal System. This photograph shows one face, ninety feet high, built of solid granite blocks about six feet long, four feet wide and two feet thick. The mottled appearance of the face of the wall is caused by weeds growing out of little crevices

Colonel By, R.E., after whom Bytown, now Ottawa, was named. To-day on the Rideau there is an old-fashioned tug doing its best to perpetuate the name of "Colonel By." The Colonel really deserves a better memorial, for he did his work in a way that makes present-day government engineers look like ward politicians. He connected these 126 miles of water by 16½ miles of canal; he built 49 locks,* 134 feet long, 33 feet wide, with an average depth of about fifteen feet and five feet of water on the sill; he built several of the finest dams in the country; he built a blockhouse to guard each set of locks; he dredged and cut so as to make everything navigable; and the whole cost to the British government was less than five million dollars. A Canadian engineer to-day would require at least ten million, and if he were a past deputy minister, he would probably require fifteen.

The particulars of these dams are decidedly interesting. That at Jones' Falls is the largest and most impressive. There is a waggon road on top of it, with a green sward between the driveway and the water. That gives some idea of its width. You may stand at the incurving edge upon great granite slabs about six feet long and two feet wide and look down the side of a granite wall, ninety feet in height. This wall is said to be 301 feet thick at the base; I cannot vouch for it, but I quite believe that it is the largest piece of solid masonry in Canada, and that it is worth going some distance to see. This dam was built to hold up the waters of Sand Lake and prevent them tumbling down a precipice, over which they had gone for a million years perhaps. The dam is curved to resist the great pressure of the water in the lake, and to-day after seventy-five years of steady resistance it seems as solid, as stolid, and as immovable as the British Empire itself.

But this is not the only dam to the credit of Colonel By and his assistants. At Kingston Mills it was found necessary to raise the water six or eight feet and thus make a navigable channel for several miles above the locks. This was accomplished by a dam fourteen feet high and 6,000 feet in length. The water was raised and the "Drowned Lands" were the result. This dam is only five miles by the road from the city of Kingston and can be seen from the passing Grand Trunk trains.

Down towards Ottawa, through Rideau Lake with its two hundred islands, on through Rideau River, Poonamalie Cut, and Burritt's Rapids, one comes to Long Island. Here the locks lower the boats 28 feet, if they are going to Ottawa, and dams are necessary to bottle up the water for the work. Two immense stone dams are required. One is 740 feet long and 10 feet high; the other is 330 feet long and 30 feet high. Just a little farther on, at Black Rapids, is a third dam 300 feet long and ten feet high. Nearer to Ottawa is another splendid piece of stone work, 320 feet long and 45 feet high. Colonel By must have known a bit about dams when he finished his work in 1832. He had no steam cranes, no steam locomotives nor flat-cars, no steam-shovels, no dredges. He had small crude steam-engines probably, and a small steamer or two; but practically all his work had to be done in much the same way as the Egyptians builded the pyramids and Solomon his temple.

The British government got its military highway in 1832, and it was not thereafter possible for troops at Kingston to be bottled up there by any United States army crossing the St. Lawrence between there and Montreal.

From 1832 to 1854, the lock-masters wore the uniform of the British army and drew British pay. British soldiers occupied the block-houses, and occasionally pushed their rifles down the slits in the walls at imaginary foes who never became real. Since 1854, the canal has been in the hands of that prosaic institution, the Government of Canada, and plain blue-coated, blue-capped overseers are in authority. The block-houses are uninhabited for the most part, and some are tumbling to ruins. The canal is still navigated by a few old-fashioned tugs and lumber scows, and a multitude of steam and gasoline launches. The lakes, islands and rivers are frequented by a band of pleasure-loving tourists and fishermen who are slightly less picturesque perhaps than were the lumberman, the river-driver and the military lock-tender.

*Statistical Year Book, 1904, p. 494.

OUR PELAGIC SEALING RIGHTS

A PARAGRAPH in the Ottawa correspondence of the Toronto *Globe* reads as if it were intended to prepare the public for the surrender of Canada's interest in the fur seal resources of Behring Sea. In the paragraph in question it is recalled that the American members of the Joint High Commission proposed to extinguish by a money payment Canadians' common right to take seal on the high sea. This bargain would have involved the purchase of the British Columbia sealing fleet.

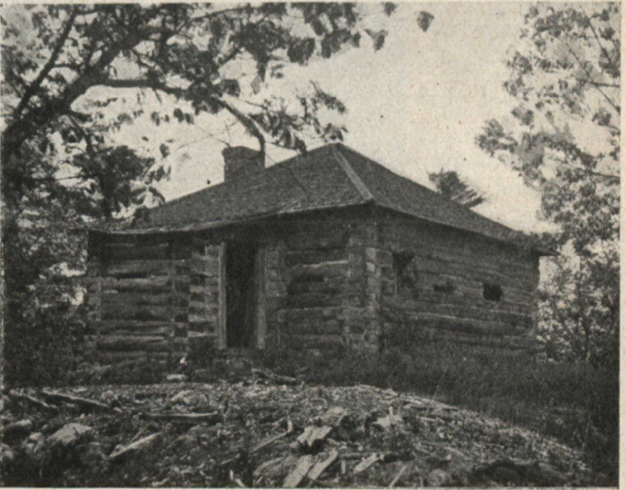
Suppose, in years to come, the herd, driven from the Pribyloff Islands by the butchery of the corporation in control there, should find a suitable habitat on Canadian islands off the northern coast of British Columbia. Would Americans in their pelagic operations have any regard for the fact that the breeding-ground of the animals was Canadian territory? Assuredly not. Canada needs a seafaring people on its Pacific coast, and in so far as seal hunting conduces to the making of sailors and the fitting of men for naval service, it is of too much national value to be exchanged for American gold.—Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

WESTERN URBAN GROWTH

THE quinquennial census of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, has now been completed so as to show the population of cities and towns in the Northwest Provinces in 1901 and 1906 respectively. The figures are:

MANITOBA

	1901.	1906.
Brandon	5,620	10,409
Carman	1,439	1,530
Dauphin	1,135	1,671
Gladstone	731	828
Gretna	666	646
Killarney	585	1,117
Manitou	617	716
Minnedosa	1,052	1,300
Morden	1,522	1,438
Neepawa	1,418	1,895
Pilot Mound	446	589
Portage la Prairie	3,901	4,985
St. Boniface	2,019	5 120
Souris	838	1,413



THE BLOCK-HOUSE AT JONES' FALLS

At every set of locks on the Rideau Canal System between Kingston and Ottawa, there was a block-house similar to this. One or two are used as homes, but most of them have passed away or are falling to pieces. They were built about 1826 by the British Government

MANITOBA—Continued

	1901.	1906.
Stonewall	589	1,074
Winnipeg	42,340	90,216
Totals	64,918	124,947
Increase in five years		60,029

SASKATCHEWAN

	1901.	1906.
Alameda	104	333
Arcola	129	652
Carnduff	190	491
Davidson	...	520
Indian Head	768	1,545
Moose Jaw	1,558	6,250
Oxbow	230	530
Qu'Appelle	434	778
Regina	2,249	6,217
Saskatoon	113	3,031
Wapella	397	459
Whitewood	359	501
Wolseley	409	835
Totals	6,940	22,142
Increase in five years		15,202

ALBERTA

	1901.	1906.
Calgary	4,091	11,937
Cardston	639	1,002
Edmonton	2,626	11,534
Fort Saskatchewan	306	586
Lacombe	499	1,015
Leduc	112	391
Lethbridge-Stafford	2,072	...
Lethbridge	...	2,325
Stafford	...	623
MacLeod	796	1,144
Ponoka	151	473
Red Deer	323	1,420
Strathcona	1,550	2,927
Wetaskiwin	550	1,648
Totals	13,715	37,025
Increase in five years		23,310

SOURCE OF NICKEL

NICKEL is an element the use of which in conjunction with steel has revolutionised the manufacture of ordinance and armour-plate. Scattered deposits occur over wide areas throughout the world, but there are only two extensive deposits known. One of these is in Canada, and the other is in the French colony of New Caledonia at the Antipodes. Nearly all the nickel used on this continent comes from the Ontario deposits located near Sudbury. The average annual output from this source is over ten million pounds.

MINING MEERSCHAUM

MEERSCHAUM, although the name means "sea foam," is not a marine product, but is a soft soap-like stone which is mined just as coal is mined. Asia Minor is the principal seat of the industry. In its crude state, meerschaum is yellowish-white in colour, and a red clay coat or skin envelops the blocks taken from the mine. These blocks bring from $35.00 to $200.00 a carload. They are soft enough to be cut with a knife. After being dried under the open sun in summer, or in a warm room in winter, the blocks are sorted into different grades. They are then wrapped in cotton and packed in cases for the market. The bulk of the product goes to Vienna, where the best pipe-makers are found. In the estimation of the connoisseur, meerschaum makes the lightest, cleanest smoking outfit.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.

Great Initiatives in Business

TRAVELLING from Coast to Coast in Canada for a business founded by his father, a gentleman conceived an idea which has since revolutionised the business in which he was engaged. Some years of careful thought were given to the new system before it was perfected and put into practice.

It was one of those great initiatives which are as truly remarkable in the business world as are many of the great inventions in the scientific world.

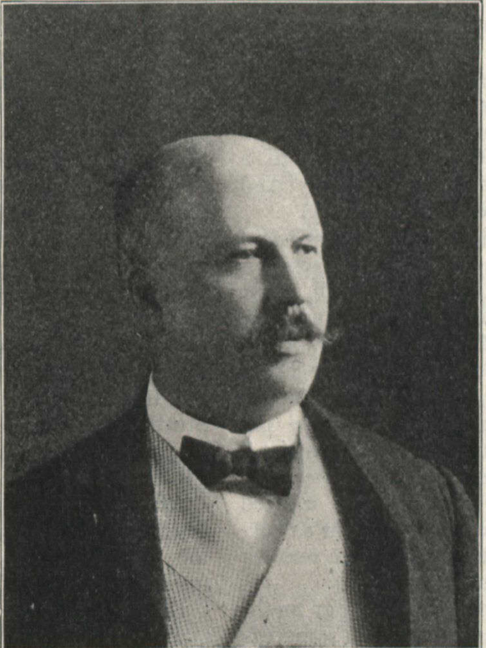
Charles E. Slater, the head of the Slater Shoe Company, was the travelling salesman in question. Half a century ago the late George T. Slater founded this shoe manufacturing house, and by always making good shoes he gained for himself a good fame throughout Canada.

"My experience of many years," said Charles E. Slater, "unfolded the waste of money in selling shoes to the consumer, and the keen competition was leading to a deterioration in the quality of the shoes manufactured. "Not how good, but how cheap, can you make shoes," was the basis of the bargaining among dealers. I saw that in time the shoe wearer would receive little consideration.

"Fifteen years ago I decided to make a shoe as good as shoes could be made, to make that shoe on the latest models, have it Goodyear sewn, and stamp upon the sole our name and the price at which it must be sold by the dealer.

"You may call it a 'great initiative' to-day, but I can tell you that it was an innovation which was condemned at the time by every shoe dealer to whom I presented the idea.

"'I won't sell that shoe for five dollars when I can just as easily get six for it,' indignantly exclaimed a Toronto shoe man to whom the samples were shown."



MR. CHARLES SLATER

Mr. Slater is not a man who will be daunted by difficulties. For one long year he persisted in his honest endeavour to sell shoes at a price fixed by the only man who knew their worth—by the maker who knew the leather and the workmanship from the insole to the toe cap.

Difficulties and discouragements only led to the development of the idea. A system of good organization and method was conceived and carried out.

"I will open stores in several of the big cities just to demonstrate that my principles will be supported by the people of Canada, the people who want honest shoes at honest prices," Mr. Slater decided.

And this project he carried out.

In Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Quebec, the Slater shoe stores were opened. The success of these stores afforded the most convincing argument of the sound judgment which is now accorded to the President of the Slater Shoe Company.

The name stamped on the sole of the shoe has become one of the most valuable trademarks in the commercial world of Canada and the British Empire. The Sign of the Slate hanging from a shoe store to-day is

the seal of certainty for the fortunate dealer over whose door it hangs. To the shoe buyer it gives a feeling of confidence which the Slater business methods have earned. The price of the shoe is stamped on it, and the salesman cannot exact a higher price. Whether it is $4, $5 or $6, that price has been affixed by the makers of the Slater shoe.

"Arbitrary" and "unfair"—the dealers first pronounced the system. They inveighed against it. But the method won out because it was founded on good business principles—fair and open, honest and true. If the Slater shoe was not worth the money paid for it, the Slater name on it was proof that the maker believed it was—and that the Slater Shoe Company stood firmly behind their belief.

Following the successful demonstration in the big cities, the best dealers in the various towns and cities soon sought the right to sell Slater shoes. "Only one dealer in a town can have it," said Mr. Slater. And again the dealers called him arbitrary.

"I want a full and fair representation of my shoes. I do not want you to carry a few styles and only a few of each style. This is not fair to yourself, to the consumer, nor to us," explained the originator of the new system. "You give the Slater shoes a fair representation in your town, and in return I will give you and you alone the right to sell Slater shoes in your district."

Wherever and whenever Mr. Slater was persuaded to depart from his one selected agency idea, the departure was not as success-bringing as the strict adherence to such a principle afterwards proved.

Such a radical change from former methods of doing business necessitated some explanation to the public. The story of the Slater shoe was told in its advertising. Wherever an agency for the Slater shoe was established, the local newspapers were used to tell the reason why.

And the advertising proved to be but another link in a great system of manufacturing economy. The combined cost of selling and advertising the Slater shoe is less than the selling cost alone of the shoe manufacturers who adhere to the method which Mr. Slater discarded.

Much of the output of the Slater shoe factory is disposed of to the exclusive agencies in the towns and cities of Canada. When the Slater traveller reaches the dealer, they get down to business at once. Large and increasing orders are booked and sent to the factory. The Slater traveller will do more business in a day than the traveller for another shoe house will do in a fortnight. The agent of the Slater shoe will sell a pair of men's or women's shoes with the trademark upon them in one-quarter the time it takes to sell a pair of shoes made by an unknown maker. Slater shoes do not have to be "talked up." The customer knows all about them through the advertising.

Besides the Canadian business the Slater Shoe Company export largely to the British Colonies and to other countries. Medals have been awarded the shoe at the great World's Expositions at Chicago and Paris. The Dominion Government set the seal of approval on the splendid workmanship in the Slater shoes by ordering Slater shoes for the troops going to South Africa, for the Strathcona Horse, for the North-West Mounted Police and for the Department of Militia.

Mail orders for the Slater shoe come to the head offices in Montreal from all parts of the United States and from many other foreign countries.

So that exclusive agencies, handling price-stamped shoes, which are made known throughout the country—afford a triple-powered economy in putting more worth to the shoe. Time is saved—to the maker, to the dealer, to the customer. Time is money. Slater shoes save it.

The Point of View in Artistic Dress

HOUGH conscious of the points of difference between finished art and its cruder beginnings, one cannot always analyse the details which distinguish the real artistic production.

An artist may draw a picture, and the portrait is that of a gentleman. Another sketch placed alongside of it by another artist shows a vulgarian, even though the artist aimed at portraying a gentleman.

In personal attire one person may select garments which are ill-suited to the wearer's personal appearance, whereas a gentleman who had studied the art of dress would never make such a mistake.

The ladies of Paris who are accorded the first position in the world as attractive dressers, have not acquired their taste in dress or in art. They have "inherited" it. It is natural with them. Paris has been for centuries the centre of fashion, and it will remain so because it is the centre of art study.

Two gentlemen of equally good carriage and physical attraction may still be as different as daylight and dark when they appear in any social assembly.

The finish, the modelling and the correct form of the one's manners and mode of dress cannot but impress one with the points of difference from the other.

Accepting the epigram that clothing does not make the gentleman—or the lady—still one does not lose sight of the fact that correct dress and suitable attire are the outward sign of a cultured and gentlemanly frame of mind.

Tradesmen who have made a study of their art, and who have the acute business instinct to select the proper environment for the practice of the calling to which they bring their enthusiasm and their skill, can be as pecuniarily successful as the great artist who has inherited a commercial instinct and developed his artistic skill.

In the tailoring profession Canada has long borne the burden of having her best sartorial artists stolen from her. The larger rewards of the Million Cities have attracted the skilful tailor—the man who makes a study of dress, its personal adaptability, and individual suitability. There is one merchant tailor in Toronto who easily commands twice the price for his suits because he possesses this talent.

The advent of the Semi-ready tailoring, and the prodigal way in which this great company gathered to itself the most skilful designers and artisans, marked another era in the art of good dress in Canada.

Merchant tailors are complaining about the organisation and the tremendous strength and energy with which it is absorbing their business, and one of the trade papers recently started a propaganda with the idea of promoting a revolt and reaction against the company which could command better prices than they could, and that, too, for garments so nearly ready-made that only a few hours were required to make individual alterations, and finish them to one's exact measure.

Semi-ready tailoring, it is claimed, is made on a system which appears complicated to the ordinary observer, but to the skilled tailor it has been a revelation. In nearly every city it is the most progressive and energetic merchant tailor who, as soon as he has studied the system, seizes the opportunity of securing the exclusive franchise.

The President of the Semi-ready Company, himself a successful merchant tailor from an Ontario city, did not conceive the idea. It was the outcome of a conversation, in which the president of a shoe company

advanced his belief that one could make up high-grade and expensive cloths and sell them in the stores just as easily as one could make up expensive leathers. That was the birth of an idea that has matured and grown each year since 1896, until to-day a gentleman prefers paying $25 or $30 for a Semi-ready suit to entrusting the making of a suit of similar value to a retail tailor.

The many influences which have contributed to this revolution in the tailoring trade may some day be woven into a romance. The founder of the Semi-ready business will in future years be acclaimed a great man.

And yet, one cannot with justice give the whole credit to any one man. Semi-ready tailoring has been an evolution rather than a revolution. It was a long and eventful journey on the road to success before the idea became an ideal. The original founder wearied of the process of careful development, for he was not fond of prosaic details. To President Mercer and his present staff most of the credit is due for the fiscal victory of the Semi-ready.

With a warm, dim background of an eventful ten years the President of the Semi-ready Company retains an enthusiasm which is the true sign of the artistic genius. Designing every new style of Semi-ready garment, toning down to the harmony of Canadian ideas the angles of imported styles, he has given to the Semi-ready modes a natural fineness and a command of expression which only the artist can create.

From the wool to the wardrobe so many hundred people contribute their little to the making of a coat that one might almost say that a myriad of invisible threads contribute to the making of a gentleman's dress. It has remained for one great organisation to so systematise its business that a gentleman in the smaller towns and cities of Canada can benefit from the same talent and genius which for many years was the monopoly of one genius and one tailor shop.

The Semi-ready Company issued a statement at the end of August, claiming 69 Semi-ready wardrobes in Canada. In 1900 there were but five.

BOVRIL

Eclipses All Meat Extracts

BOVRIL contains in the most highly concentrated and easily digestible form, all the nourishing as well as the stimulating properties of the finest lean beef, thereby differing from MEAT EXTRACTS or HOME MADE BEEF TEA, which merely stimulate the flagging energies for the passing hour, whereas

BOVRIL NOURISHES AND STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM

The Ideal Beverage

A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.

And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.

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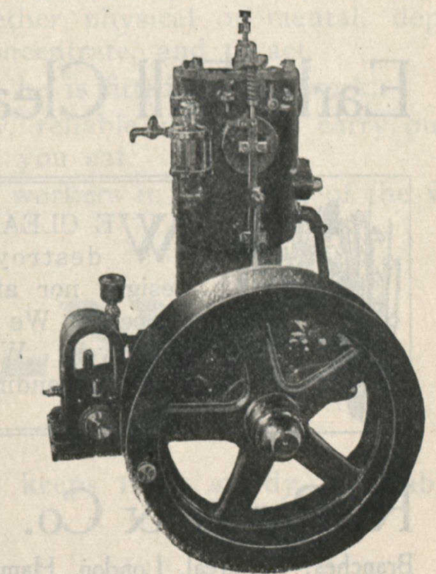

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A WELL KNOWN EMBROIDERY AUTHORITY WRITES:

"I HAD WASHED WITH PEARLINE several handsome pieces of embroidery that were embroidered with Richardson's Wash Silks which had been on the road with teachers, DISPLAYED in shop windows, HANDLED by hundreds of people, and the result was in every respect SATISFACTORY. I shall instruct all my teachers to use PEARLINE in cleansing their samples of embroidery."

Pearline washes silks perfectly

Early Fall Cleaning of Curtains

WE CLEAN the finest lace curtains without destroying or altering the most delicate design, nor affecting the natural hang of the drapery. We return them with edges smooth and even. We also ecru lace curtains. Don't think of sending your costly hangings elsewhere.

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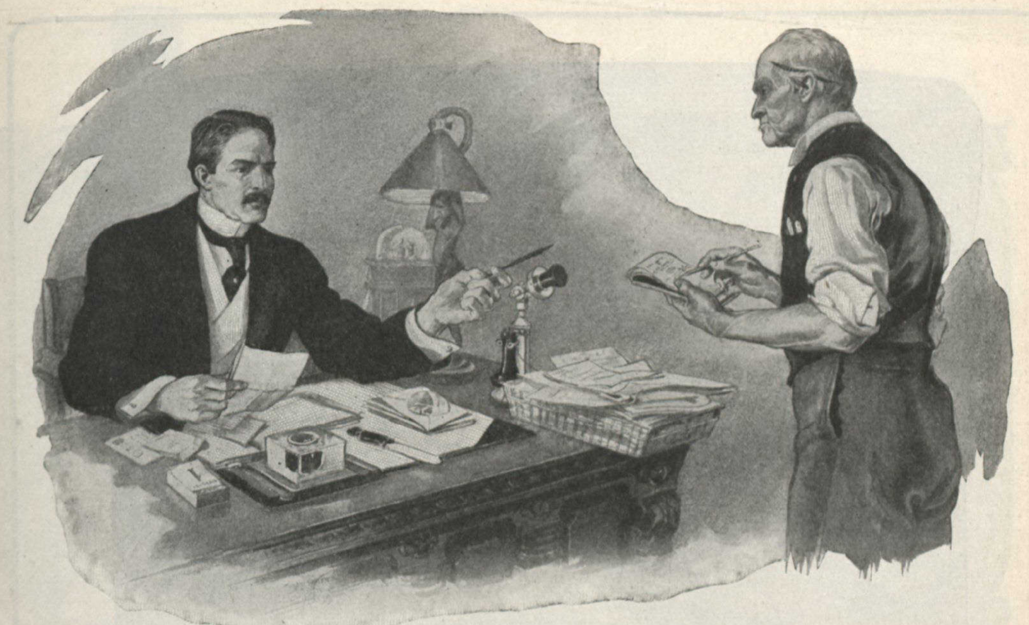


The Making of a Man

A Hint to the Poorly Paid

Successful, valuable work, whether physical or mental, depends upon your thinker—your power to concentrate, and to act.

A man succeeds in measure as he is fitted for his work.

Keen, active brain, and steady, reliable nerves to carry out its orders, depend upon the kind of food you eat.

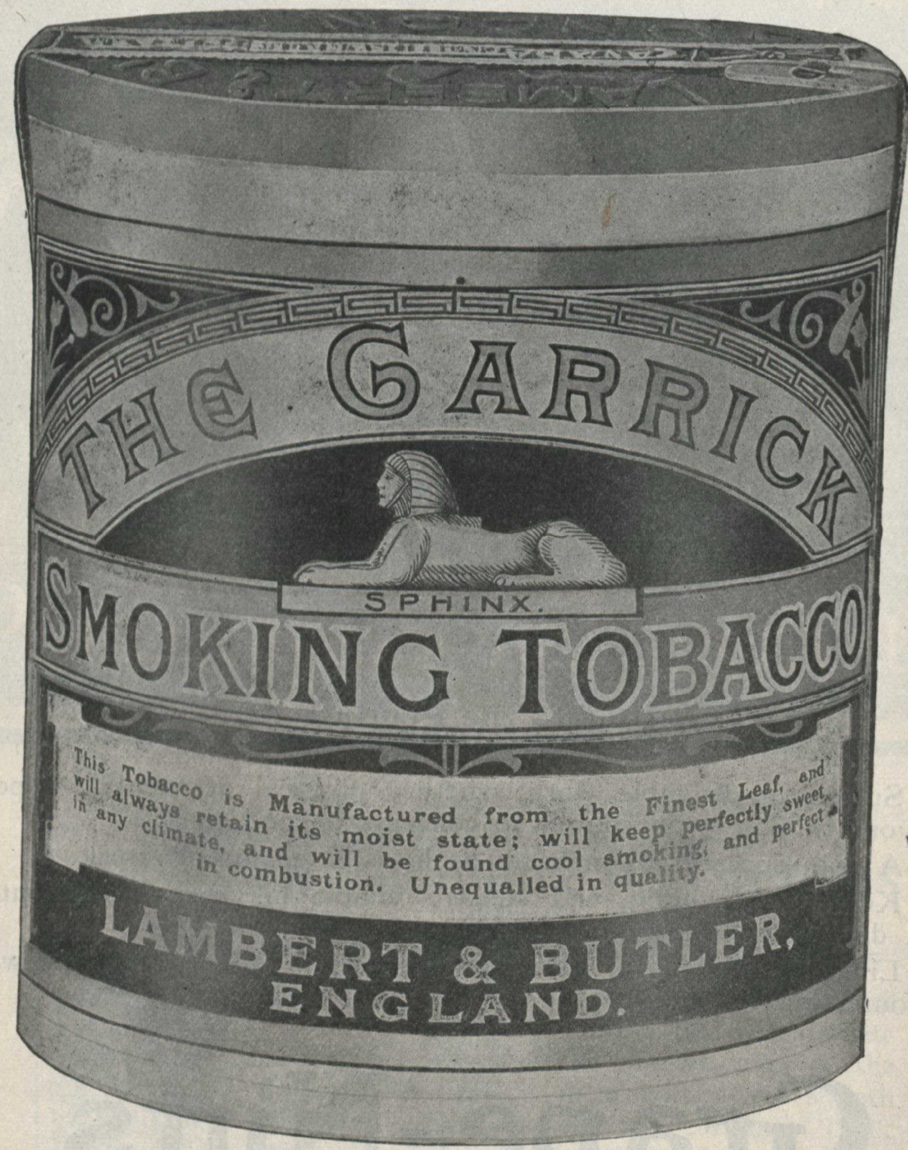
Literally millions of successful workers in all parts of the world have found by trial that

Grape-Nuts

is the perfect food that makes and keeps them sturdy, and able to command money, fame and power.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



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Packed in Air-tight Sealed Tins

$3.00 per Pound

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The best malting barley in the world is grown in certain favored localities of Western Ontario.

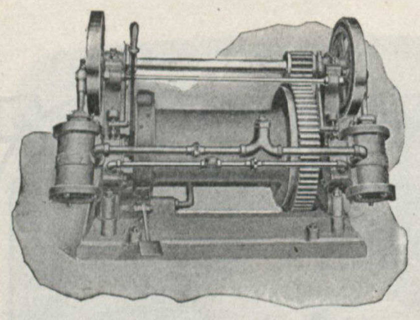
All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

Ask for Carling's Ale — accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale That's Always Pure



¶ For Underground Mine Work, Coal Derricks, Steam Lighters, Ice Houses, or for light hoisting work of any description, our 5 x 5 Special Hoisting Engine is unequalled.

¶ It is a substantial, compactly built machine, taking up a minimum of floor space, 2' x 3' 6", weighing only 1,200 lbs., and will hoist 1,400 lbs. at rate of 100 ft. per minute.

¶ It is built with friction drum and fitted with foot brake.

¶ All parts are interchangeable and are kept in stock so that repairs can be obtained with a minimum delay.

¶ This hoist is extremely popular with large mining concerns and thousands are in use all over the Dominion.

¶ Write for descriptive Bulletin.

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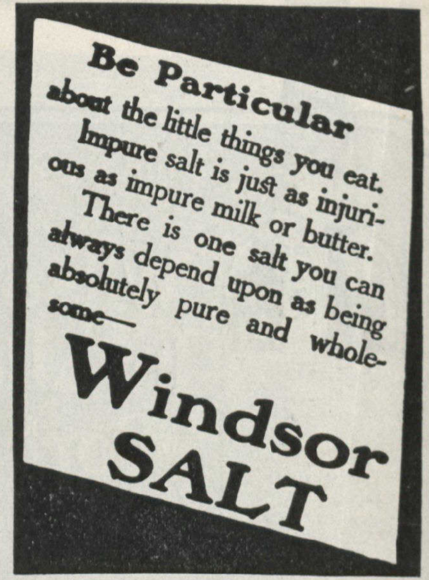

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CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

Priestley's Unspottable Zephyr Broadcloths

These are the lightest weight Broadcloths in the world. Strong in texture, soft in handle, and with a permanent, unspottable lustre. Will be extensively worn this Fall. Made in England.

For sale at all the best
Dry Goods Stores.

A Superbly Beautiful Piano

THAT'S what can be said, without any reservation, of the grand pianos bearing the name of this house. The tone is wonderfully rich and powerful. The piano is exquisitely fine in every detail of construction.

"Excels any piano I have ever used"—Albani

YE OLDE FIRME OF Heintzman & Company, Limited
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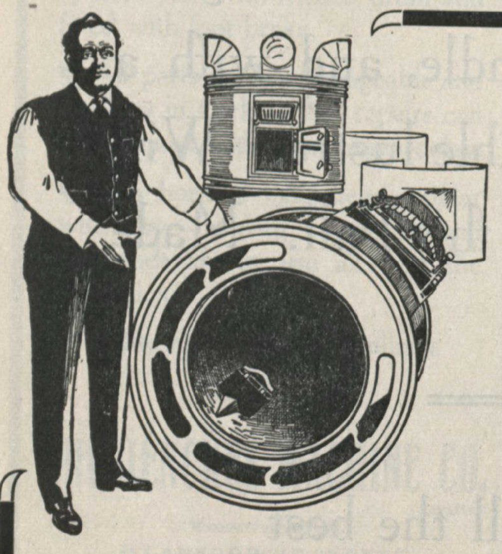

Hecla Furnaces are fuel savers

BECAUSE the cast iron combustion chamber is corrugated in such a way as to add about ⅓ to the heating surface, with the result that from the same fire a "Hecla" will extract a proportionately greater amount of heat than will a furnace built with a smooth combustion chamber. The corrugations serve another purpose in relieving the strain of expansion and contraction.

Send me a rough plan of your house, and I will make you an estimate of the cost of installing a "Hecla" Furnace. I will also send you the new "Hecla" Catalogue. Write now—while you think of it—to "Clare's Furnace Builder," care of

CLARE BROS. & COMPANY, Limited - PRESTON, ONTARIO

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"Standard" Ware is a necessity made a luxury, by added convenience and beauty; a luxury made an economy, by lasting service.

Its symmetrical simplicity and white purity hold distinct decorative charm, and afford a constant joy in possession and use, yet underneath its smooth always-white surface are the long-service-giving qualities of iron.

"Standard" Ware is the cheapest — always, because double service is included at its moderate price, yet in artistic beauty, convenience and modernness it is distinctly the model for all emulation.

Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages. THE ABOVE FIXTURES Design P. 34 can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $260.75 — not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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Neither Indian nor Ceylon tea alone produces the Red Rose flavor

TO produce a tea with the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea from either Ceylon or India alone is impossible.

Neither Indian nor Ceylon in itself possesses the Red Rose flavor, but combined in proper proportions they produce the "rich fruity flavor" that has made Red Rose Tea famous—that makes Red Rose Tea the only tea used in any home where it is once tried.

Red Rose Tea "is good Tea"

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is the index to a man's culture —and nothing enters so largely into that environment as the **wall decorations.**

THE MENZIE LINE WALL PAPERS

grace the walls of our finest homes. Their designs are most recherche—their colorings most effective.

OUR NAME IS ON EVERY ROLL

ASK YOUR DEALER OR WRITE US

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Neave's Food

FOR

Infants, Invalids and the Aged

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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Neave's Food is regularly used in the

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THE STANDARD SILVER CO. LIMITED

The Standard of Excellence

is always assured on a piece of silverware when it bears the above trade mark; not only the quality of the goods but the design and workmanship are guaranteed. All first-class jewelry stores in Canada keep these goods in stock.

The Standard Silver Company, Limited, Toronto

Mason & Risch

look upon their work from the customer's standpoint

THEY recognise that few customers know experimentally what are the essential requisites of a high-class piano, or have a practical knowledge of the innumerable details in pianoforte construction.

At this point The Mason & Risch Piano Company place their scientific and practical knowledge and experience freely at the service of those contemplating the purchase of a piano, and in doing so they feel assured that their judgment and advice will be of incalculable value to the customer when the selection of a piano is under consideration.

It will be a pleasure on the part ot the Company to exhibit and demonstrate the tone and other distinguishing features of the Mason & Risch pianos. They solicit correspondence, and will mail piano literature to any adress.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd.

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"SAW EDGES" ARE NEVER FOUND ON

ARROW COLLARS

THE CLUPECO PROCESS MINIMIZES THE CHANCE FOR ROUGH EDGES, AS IT ELIMINATES FOREIGN SUBSTANCES FROM THE FABRIC BEFORE CUTTING, AND HENCE THE NEEDLE DOES NOT CUT AND BREAK THE CLOTH WHEN THE DIFFERENT PLIES ARE PUT TOGETHER. THESE COLLARS ARE MADE IN OVER 100 STYLES, ALL IN CORRECT

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THAT MEANS FOUR INSTEAD OF TWO SIZES TO THE INCH. YOU ARE SURE TO FIND YOUR SIZE AND STYLE IN THE COLLECTION.

WHITE FOR BOOKLET AND DEALER'S NAME.

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The workmanship is all expert, and each collar is individually inspected before it leaves the factory.

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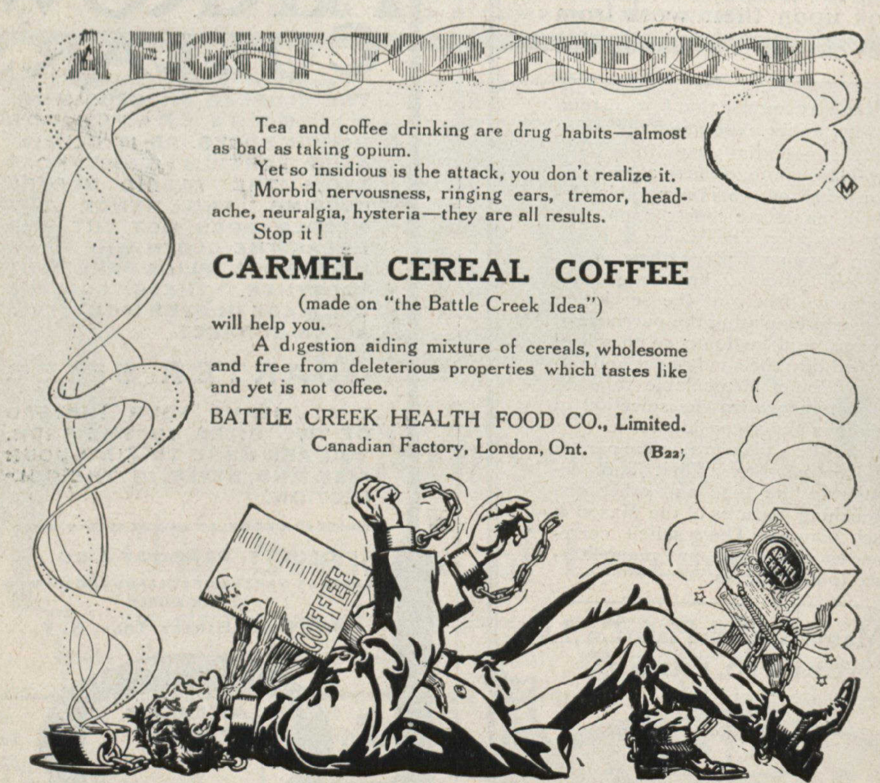

Tea and coffee drinking are drug habits—almost as bad as taking opium.

Yet so insidious is the attack, you don't realize it.

Morbid nervousness, ringing ears, tremor, headache, neuralgia, hysteria—they are all results.

Stop it!

CARMEL CEREAL COFFEE

(made on "the Battle Creek Idea")
will help you.

A digestion aiding mixture of cereals, wholesome and free from deleterious properties which tastes like and yet is not coffee.

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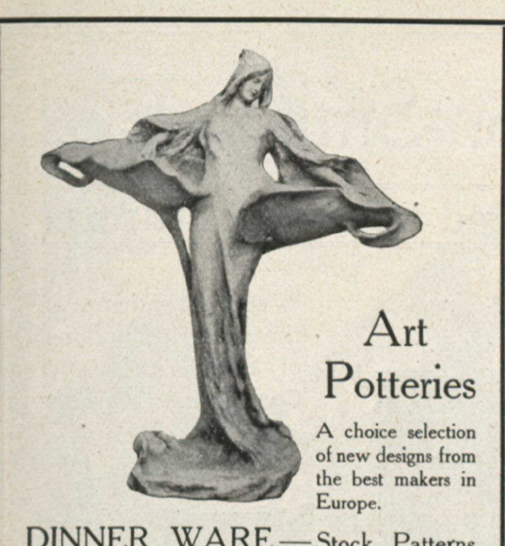

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 58 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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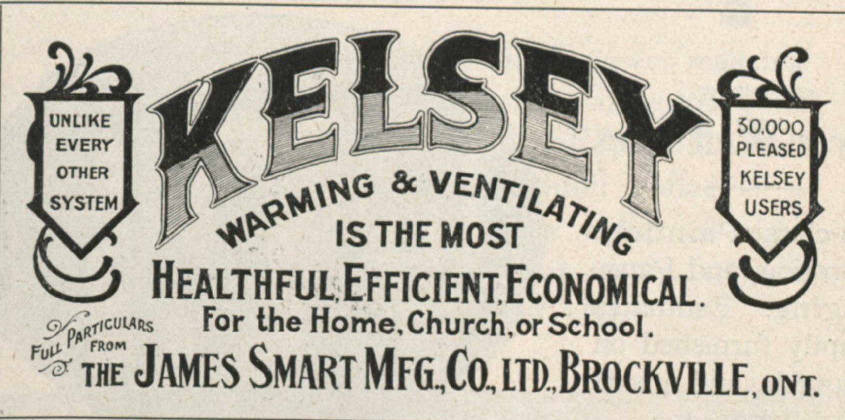

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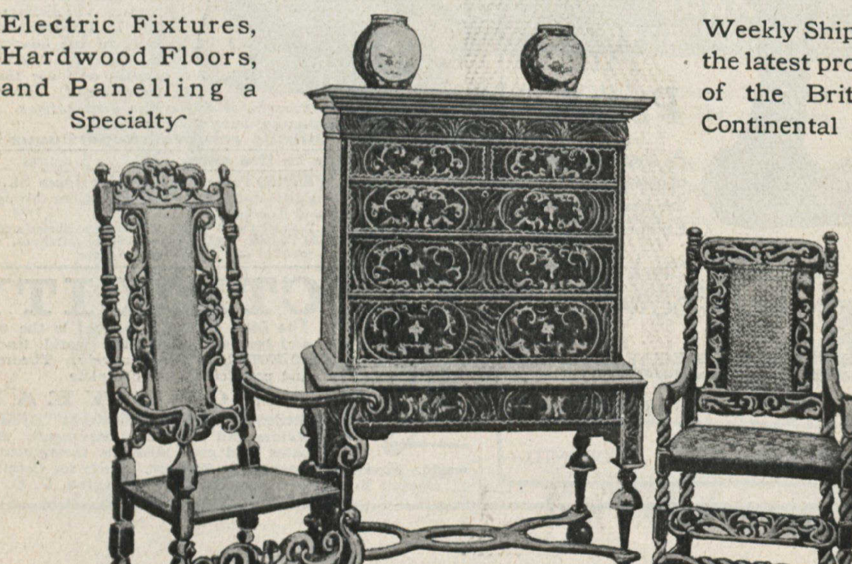

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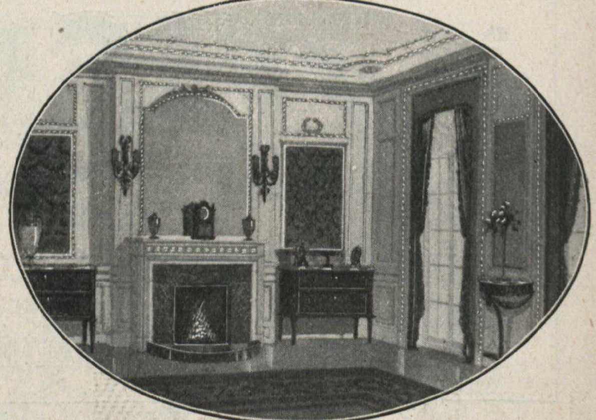

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Coffee Makes or Mars The Breakfast

MANY people go through life never realizing what a difference there is in coffee until they try Chase and Sanborn's SEAL BRAND. The first cup of this delightful coffee is a revelation. There is no other coffee just like it, no other with such delightful aroma, or such exquisite flavor as SEAL BRAND.

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Secret of
The Steinway
To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.
A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.
This makes the Steinway, not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.
The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.
For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.
The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price $925
The Vertegrand, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for $600
THESE PIANOS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES
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Straight Front

This is a patented corset which is unequalled in fit, wear and durability. It is the only corset which **Cannot Break at the Waist Line.** This model, made in drab only, of the nicest coutille, has a 10½ inch clasp, 5 hooks with dips for hose supporter. It is also trimmed with wide high-grade lace, with an insertion of baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Retails at **$1.25.** Extra sizes, 31 to 36, **$1.50**

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and to make their Music Rooms your rendezvous while at the Fair in Toronto, where they will exhibit a full line of their magnificent instruments, including their new player piano equipped with the Howard Patent Rods, new Mission Style, Gothic, French Renaissance and other Artistic Designs

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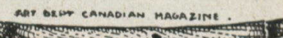

IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

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Supplies newspaper clippings containing personal references, or on any subject.
If interested in what papers say of you or of things that concern you write for terms.

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See that the box bears this label and that the burner has the name "International" on it. None genuine without.

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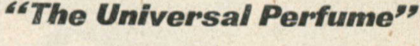

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Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water

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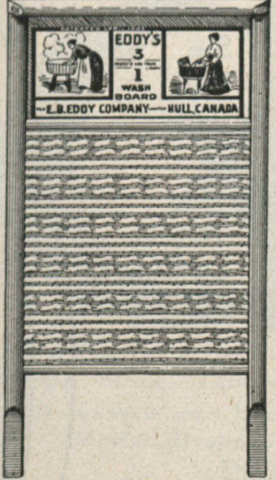
More Sprightly and Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!



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EDDY'S WARES

and make life worth living. With a

3 IN 1 WASHBOARD

and an **EDDY FIBRE TUB**

washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort to the worker is correspondingly enhanced. See that you are well supplied with

Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.

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IN ART CASES
IT is but fitting that Gourlay Pianos, representing the highest type of Canadian piano building, should be manufactured in art cases, designed and decorated in the pure style of the different art periods of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
Of the periods so represented there is perhaps none more frequently admired than the SHERATON. We intend showing among others an ART GOURLAY in this design (see drawing below) at the Toronto Exhibition this year, and cordially invite your most critical inspection.
The quality of all Gourlay pianos is of the highest. They mark an achievement higher and better than that hitherto regarded as the best.
An Art Gourlay
Design Sheraton
See This Piano At The Toronto Exhibition
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Silk and Camel's Hair Persian Antique Rugs in all sizes: **Royal Kirmanshahs, Boukharas, Sines, Tabriz Sarukhs, Ardebils, Gorvans, Lahors, Tabriz, Etc.**

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FARMS From the best of agricultural land.

TIMBER From the largest forests in the world.

MINERALS From immense unexplored fields

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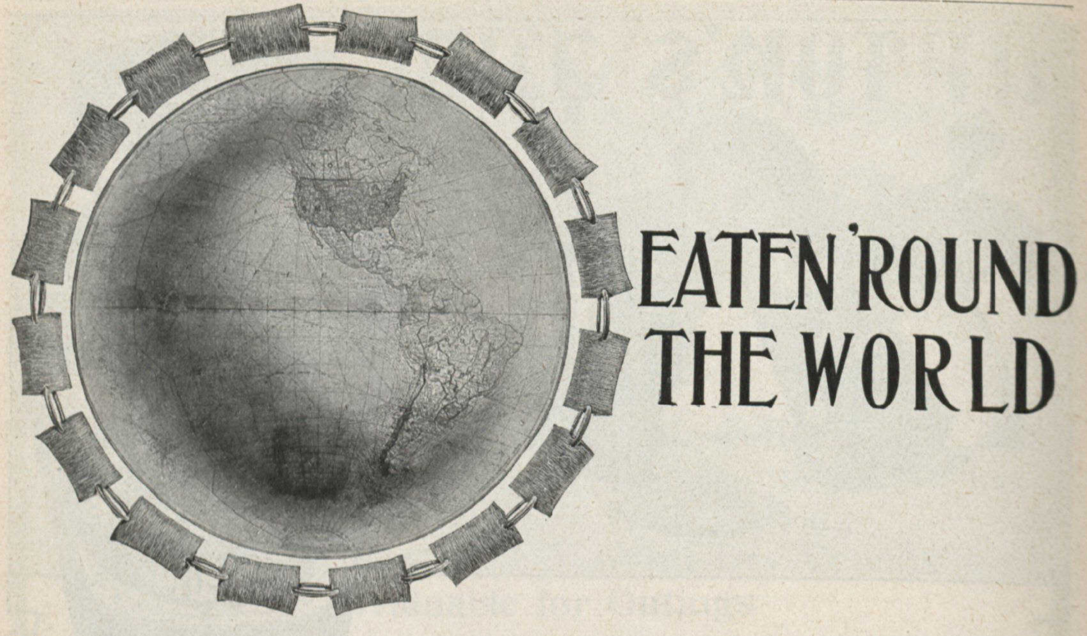
HON. F. COCHRANE, Minister Lands and Mines, TORONTO, ONT.



The Rice of the Valiant Jap—The Oats of the Canny Scot—The Rye of the Swarthy Teuton—The White Flour of the Pale-faced American

all give way to SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT, the food that builds muscle, bone and brain,—the food that contains all the strength-giving elements in the whole wheat berry made digestible by the shredding process.

SHREDDED WHEAT contains more nutriment than meat and is more easily digested. It is made in the cleanest and most hygienic industrial building on the continent—no "secret process"—our plant is open to the world—nearly 100,000 visitors last year—YOU are invited to visit "The Home of Shredded Wheat."

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"A Complete Finish and Polish for All Wood"

For Furniture, Woodwork and Floors

Apply with cloth to bare or finished wood and polish with clean dry cloth, polishing mitt or when used on floors with weighted brush. It produces a lasting, artistic finish and polish to which dirt and dust will not adhere. It will not crack, blister, peel off or show laps, scratches or heel marks. Johnson's Wax is the "World's Standard." Try it on your oil cloth and linoleum.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is **sold by all dealers in Paint**—universal size, 1½ oz., 10 cents; household size, 4 oz., 25 cents; 1 and 2 lb. cans, 60 cents per pound; 4, 5 and 8 lb. cans, 50 cents per pound.

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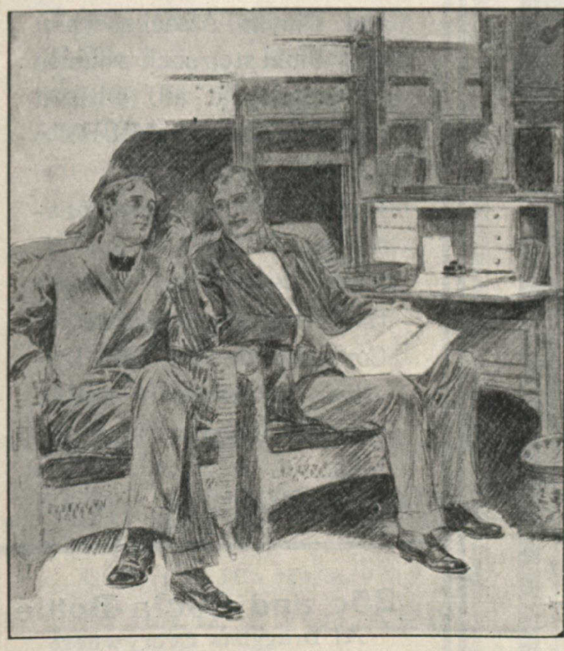

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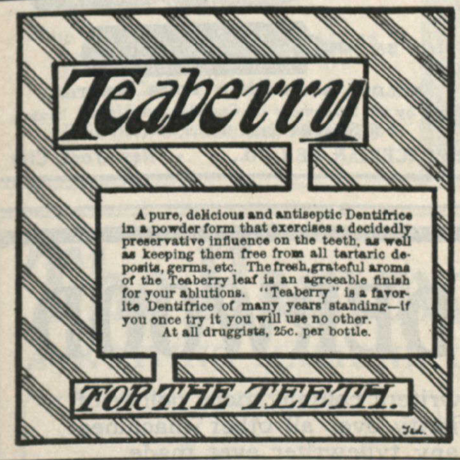

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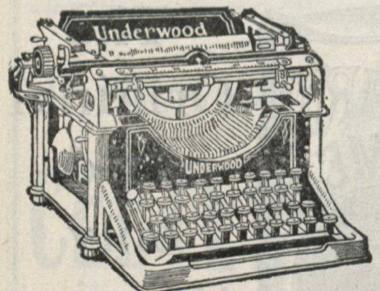

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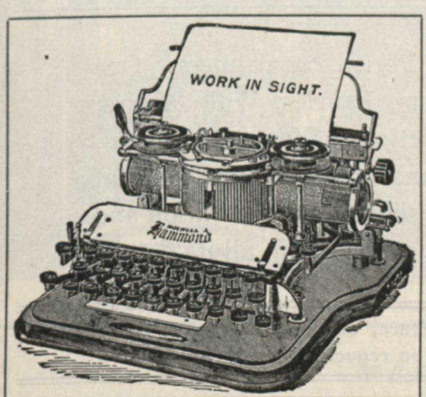

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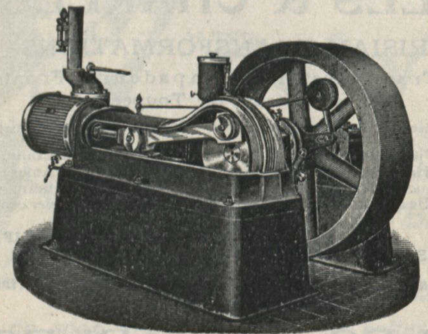

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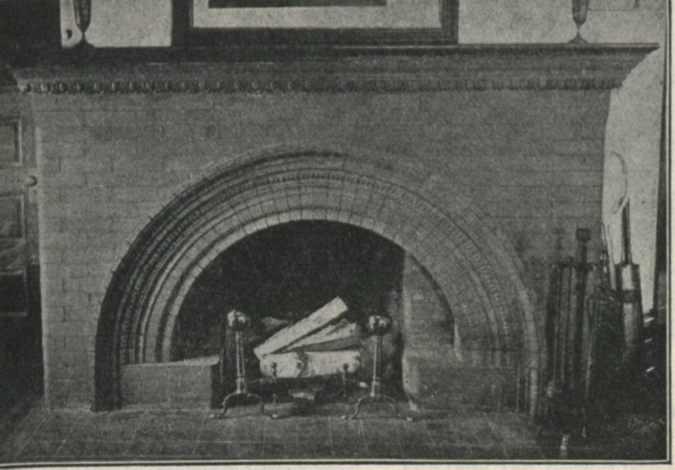

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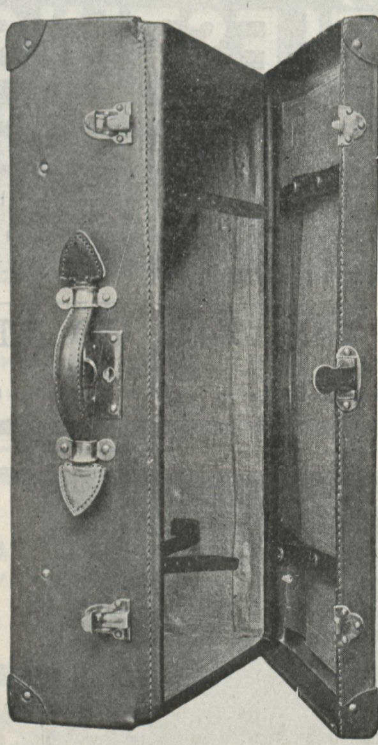

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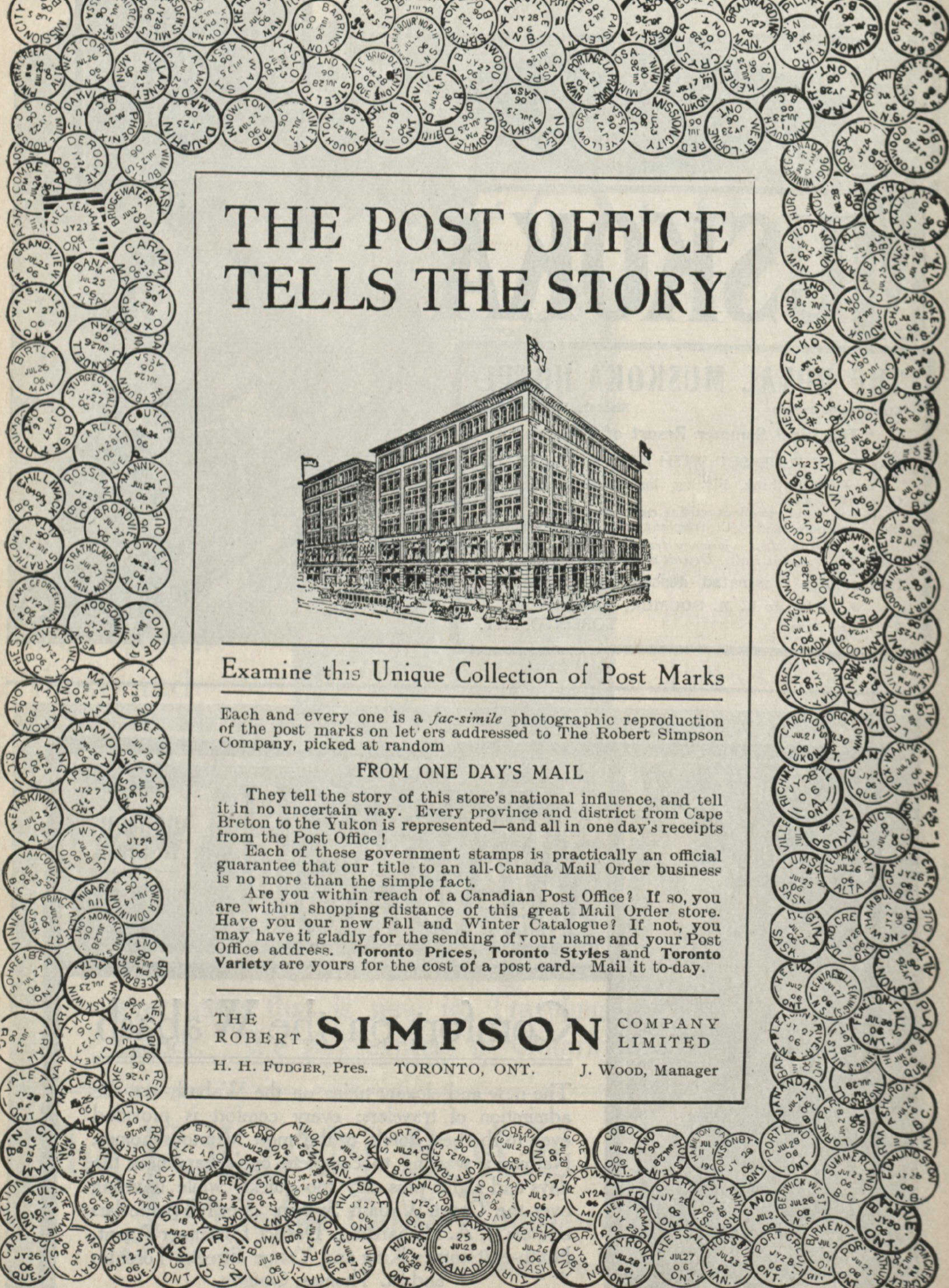
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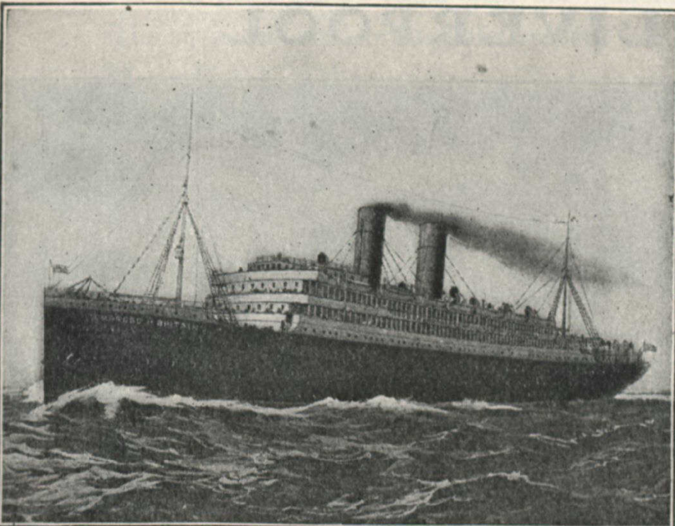

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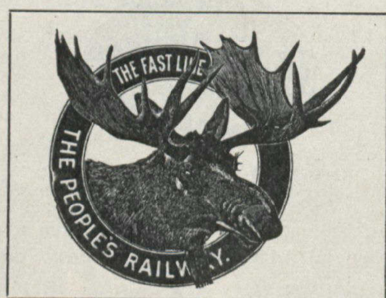

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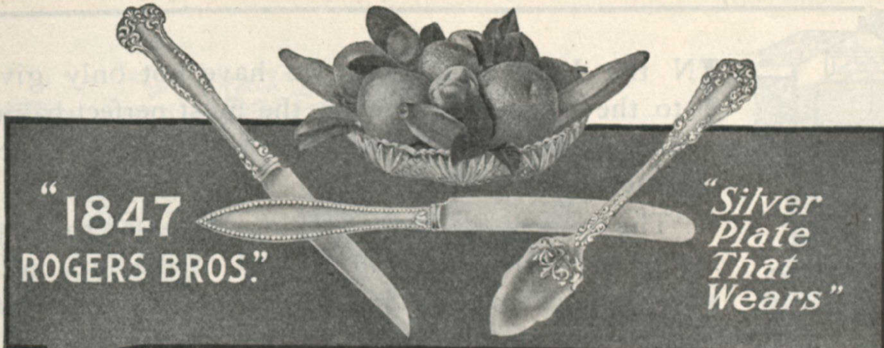

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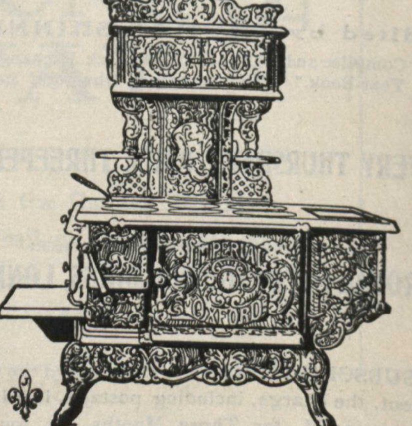

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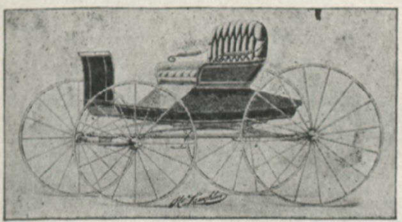

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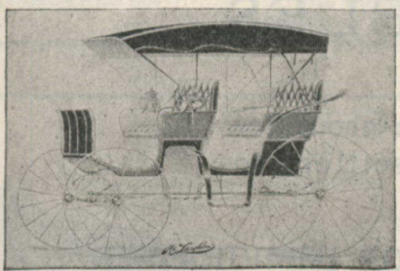

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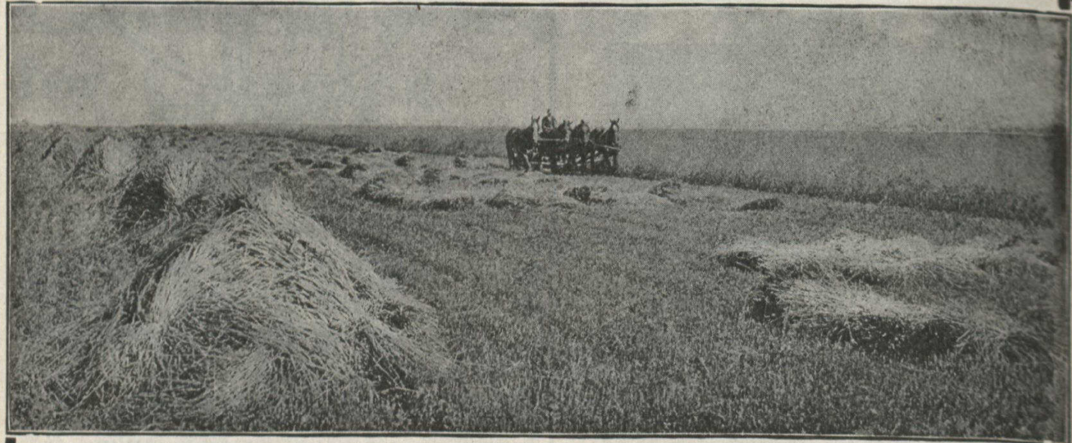

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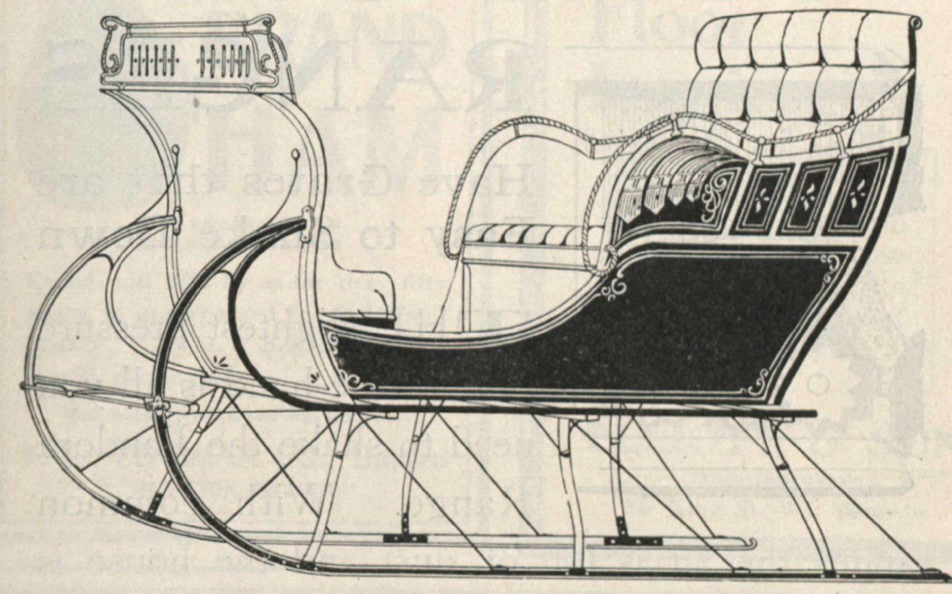

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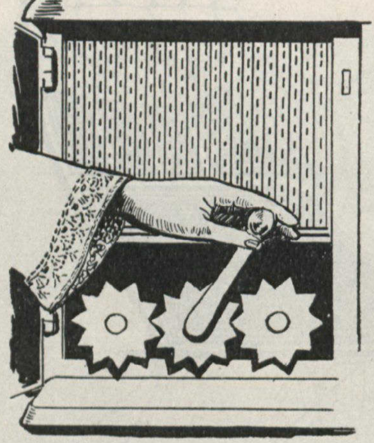

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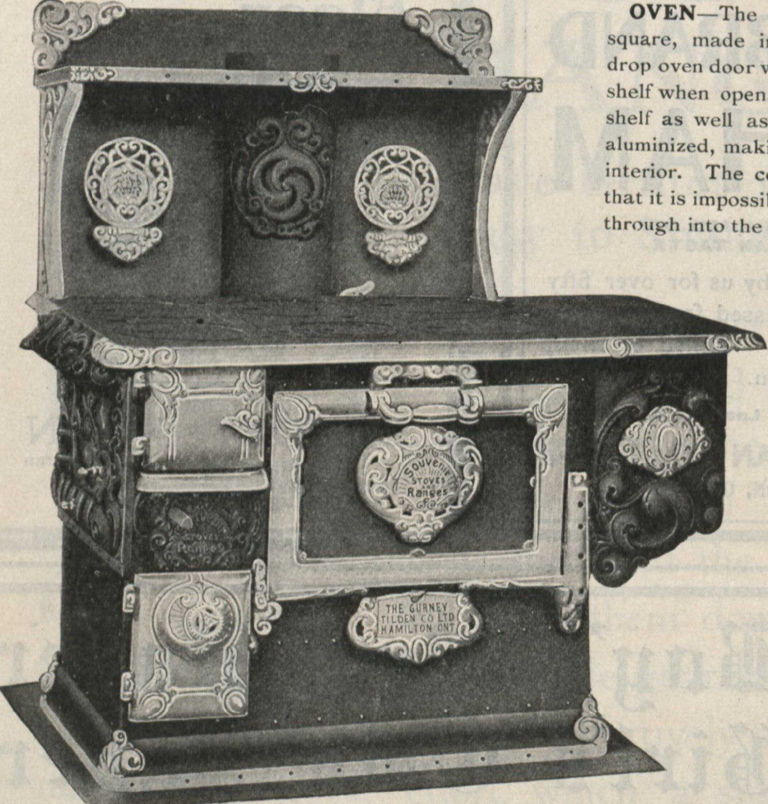

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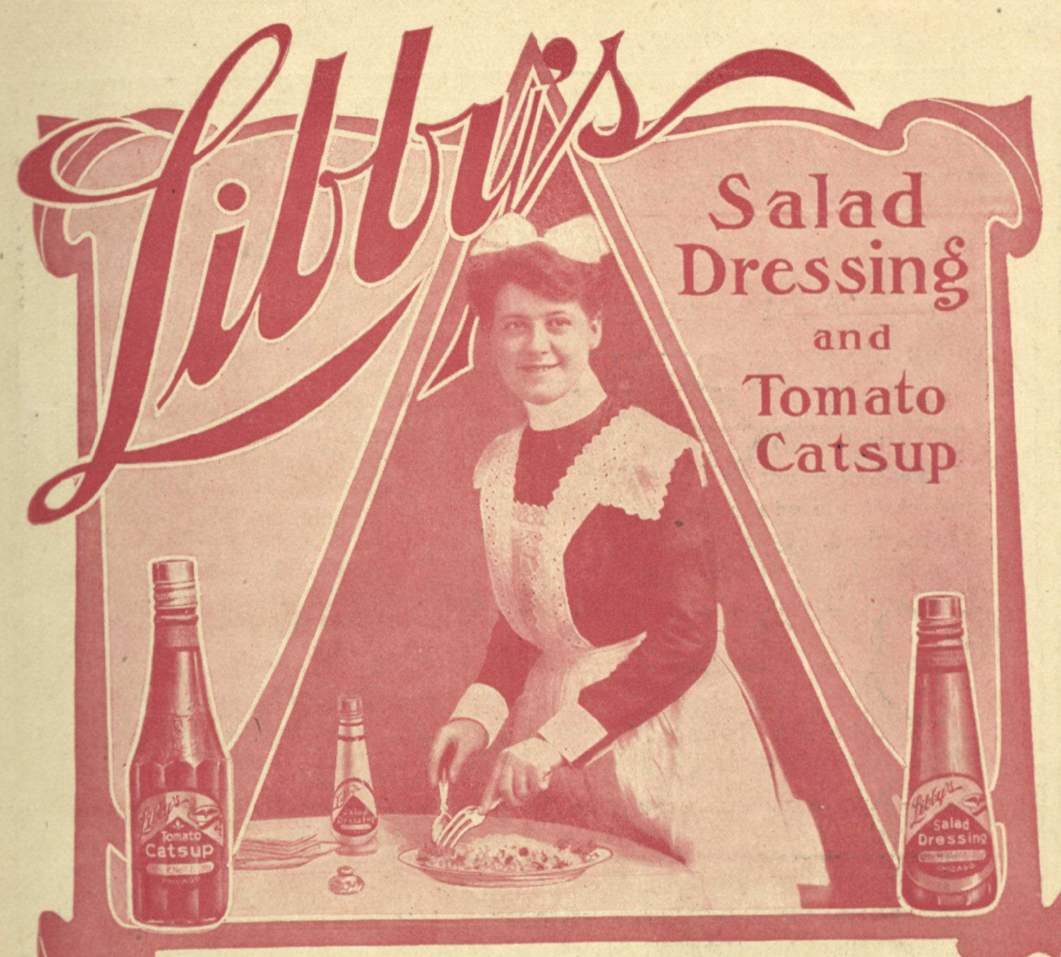

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