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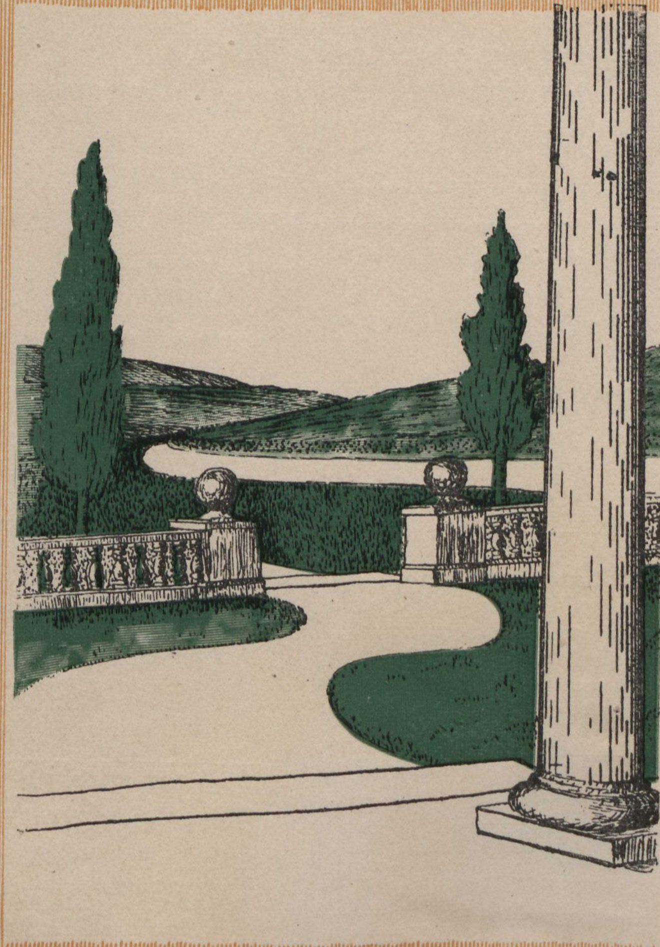

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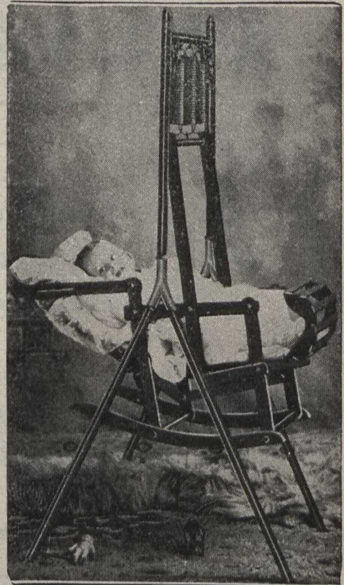

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II — TORONTO, JANUARY, 1903 — No. 1

CURRENT COMMENTS

LIFE IN THE FOOTHILLS MAKES KEEN, LITHE MEN

TERRITORY AROUND CALGARY CAPABLE OF PRODUCING HORSES TO MOUNT THE EMPIRE'S ARMIES AND BEEF TO FEED HER MILLIONS —EDMONTON THE MAGNET WHICH DRAWS GREATEST AT PRESENT.

I want a free life and sweet fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The cracks of the whips like shots in a battle,
The mellay of horn and hoof and head,
That war and wrangle and scatter and spread ;
Give me the green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger and life and love.

THIS is the song of the rancher, and a wild, free melody it is, as wild and free as the life he leads amid the foothills of the Rockies, or eastward along the prairies. Mining means gold, farming means wheat, but ranching means men, real men every time. It is an industry that produces a distinctive type of westerner, a man keen of eye, lithe of limb, and fearing neither man, devil, nor woman. Take a thousand Albertan ranchers, form them into a regiment under their own officers, and you would have a cavalry corps that would make the crack regiments of Europe look silly; Life Guards, Kaiser's Guards, and the Cossacks of the Czar would be as butterflies before a hawk to these cool, hard, fearless sons of the plain. They wear no plumes, brass buttons, or patent leather boots, but they breathe an air that fills a man with health and pluck, and they live a life that's a man's game and takes a man to play it, and makes him perfectly self-reliant and self-contained in the playing. Finally, they're gods among horsemen, and the best of good fellows. Such are the ranchers, and of such is the territory of Alberta.

LEARN HAPPINESS OF HEALTH.

There are millions of acres of prairie lands in this territory covered all the year around with nutritive grass and capable of raising beef enough to feed the empire and horses enough to mount its armies. No place has a sunnier or a more exhilarating climate. It is kept mild in winter by the Chinook winds from the Rockies, and in summer it is kept cool by the breezes that come over the eternal snow of the mountains out to the east. The number of people who come to this territory seeking recovery from lung and throat trouble is amazing, and its an amazing compliment to the climate to find that a large number do recover, and learn what the happiness of health really means.

There is an optimism in the air out here that makes the blood run warm and hopes run high. Once imbued with the itching spirit of the plains you cannot live anywhere else. An old Scotchman, who has lived for twenty years and waxed wealthy on his ranch near Calgary, went to Scotland for a visit this summer. He intended to remain a year; he was on his way back to the ranch in ten days after landing, and was not happy an hour until he caught sight of the familiar Rockies again. You cannot duplicate the climate, the air, the almost illimitable prairie, and the inspiring background of snow-clad steepled mountains that make Alberta so much beloved by all her people. There is a fascination about these Rockies that holds you bound while in their presence and grips your memory as long as memory is yours.

GRANDEUR OF THE ROCKIES.

You see them first when about one hundred miles to the east. As you approach, they seem to grow up out of the earth, until they loom up into the sky from the north horizon to the south like some huge saw with upturned, jagged, whitened edge cutting into the blue dome of heaven itself. They are ever changing yet immovable. They glisten under the moon, sparkle under the sun, and grow grey and cold and black in the twilight, but they stand the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. This solid immovability has a restful effect upon the happy mortal destined to live within the shadow of the mountains.

Perhaps it is because in these giant hills, the human heart finds at last that unchanging sincerity that is the yearning of all of us.

To come down from the mountains and get right down to facts, Alberta sold last year for export about $2,000,000 worth of beef, to say nothing of sheep, horses, and farm products. The Albertans have the advantage of two great outside markets, one the Motherland, and the other the boundary country of British Columbia. At the present moment there are 300,000 cattle, 125,000 sheep, and 50,000 horses growing fat within the borders of the territory, and there's room for millions more. Trainloads—not carloads—trainloads of fine fat cattle are daily leaving stations on the C.P.R., most of them booked right through to London or Liverpool, a run of 5,000 miles from the Canadian foothills to the dinner table of old John Bull. Better, cleaner beef there cannot be. Prices average $40 per head on the cars, and the ranchers of Alberta are singing or thinking the Doxology all the day long.

HORSE RANCHING.

If the wiseacres who rule, or misrule, the Remount Department of the War Office in London would only establish ranches in Alberta, or better still if they would tell the Albertan horse-breeder exactly what they want, and guarantee to buy at paying prices, the British cavalry would, in a few years, be mounted on animals worthy of the name horses. This climate gives the horse lung power and staying power, the soil and hills suit his feet and strengthen his limbs, he has a hundred thousand square miles to gambol in, with the grass and water always at his nose, and, as he stays out in the open all the year around, he becomes hard as nails and full of spirit. Staying power is the prime essential of a soldier's horse, and your English-bred horse lacks that essential because he is reared in a mild, enervating climate. It takes a rigorous climate to make a stayer in horseflesh. Surely this is one of the obvious lessons of the war. Alberta would produce ideal cavalry mounts, if the home government would only give the territory half a chance. But, if Albertan horses were sent to England, it might perchance be necessary to send Albertan cowboys to mount them. Tommy Atkins looks well in spanking uniform and spurs, but it takes more than

fine clothes to handle a three-year-old fresh from the foothills. Still, that's a compliment to the horse and the country that produces him.

AS TO SHEEP RANCHING.

During recent years, sheep-ranching has become one of the great industries of the territory, and as the animals can stay out and find grass all winter, the sheep has come to stay and multiply. The local and British Columbian demand for mutton is far greater than the supply, and woollen mills near Calgary afford a good market for a great deal of the wool. Calgary has the coal, the water and the wool, and why should not Albertan woollens become as famous as any other goods? There is none of your Mary's little lamb gentleness about these flocks that scamper on the foothills. They are literally a wild and woolly lot, but they make good mutton and grow good wool, and what more can any sheep do?

THE DELIGHTFUL CAPITAL.

Calgary, the capital city of Alberta, is now a delightful town of 6,000 people, and promises to be the Winnipeg of the territories. It has a much more beautiful situation than Manitoba's capital, and has that which Winnipeg has not, viz., coal. There's a man here who has struck a splendid seam of coal on his land. He can't raise the capital to work it; but anyone who wants coal goes up to the mine, picks out his own load, and pays the owner one half dollar for it. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it's sadly true; and this is only one of many paystreaks of natural wealth in this wonderful West that await the enterprise of the capitalist.

The city is on a plain, surrounded by a circle of hills, that give a cosy, comfortable effect to the situation. An old Indian legend says that the present site was once a great lake, and this is probably true. The cold, green Bow River, fresh from its Rocky Mountain source, comes rushing at the back of the city, and furnishes water-power for mills and lighting.

The C. P. R. engine shops yield a payroll of $12,000 per month to the city. Two big saw mills, one of the largest of saddlery companies, two cold storage firms, and a go-ahead milling company, give earnest of a great industrial future for this fine town. The Calgary stone is used in the principal buildings between Winnipeg and Victoria. It is the distributing point for farm produce, going either west or east, and always has a good market. Just at present Edmonton draws the crowds, as the boom is going strong in that town; but next to Winnipeg, no place in the West appeals to one like Calgary. It's a well laid out, clean, healthy, up-to-date city, with a substantial present and a splendid future. Here follows a quotation from a witty scribe of the local press: "Given a well-mannered man, of good humor, brains and money enough to set 'em up once in a while, there is no reason why he should not rise on these stepping-stones to higher things, live to a happy old age, an honored and respected citizen of this town. Gall alone will not carry a man over the stile in the West, because every one else has lots of it!" Who could fail in Calgary?

MAGNET OF THE WEST.

These are great days for Edmonton. It is the magnet of the West at present, and people of all kinds are changing cars at Calgary and going north to Edmonton. It is said here that the Canada Northern will run from Battleford to Edmonton, and not south of it as originally surveyed. Thence through the mountains to the Pacific Coast. This certainly seems the logical route, and if carried out means the further making of Edmonton, already pretty well made. It is the magnificent wheat land round about this boom town that justifies its boom. Angus Mackay, of Indian Head Experimental Farm, who knows more about wheat than Moses

knew about manna, puts it on record that the natural home of the Manitoba No. 1 hard is in the Peace River country north of Edmonton. Here, he claims, the soil and climate is just exactly right for producing this best of wheat. Although several degrees north of Winnipeg, the temperature never falls as low as at Winnipeg, for instance. In fact, there is a strip from one hundred to two hundred miles wide, lying under the lee of the Rockies, that has the best climate in Canada.—*The Toronto World.*

Canada's Growing Dairy Trade

AS the North-West is the part of Canada to which the eyes of nearly all outside observers are turned, progress in other parts of the country is likely to escape attention. Ontario and Quebec have as many claims to notice on the score of increased agricultural production as have Manitoba and the Territories. While the West is annually increasing its crop of wheat, the East is adding to its output of dairy products. In the last fiscal year the value of Canada's exports of dairy products exceeded the value of her wheat and flour exports. Her wheat and flour sales abroad amounted to $22,656,942, while her sales of dairy products in other countries amounted to $25,346,632. Probably not many people are aware that the country received more for its exports of butter and cheese than for its exports of wheat and wheat flour.

LAST SEASON'S EXPORTS.

In the season of navigation that has just come to a close Canada exported, via Montreal, 2,109,171 boxes of cheese, valued at $18,455,246, as against 1,791,613 boxes, valued at $13,168,355, in the season of 1901. This increase of upwards of $5,000,000 in the cheese trade done through the chief shipping port is a very notable one. When the whole twelvemonth's trade through all the ports is ascertained, it will be found to be considerably more than the above figures show. In the season of 1900 there were exported via Montreal 2,077,000 boxes, valued at $17,077,500. This was the largest cheese trade in point of value ever done through that port before the present year. In 1897 a larger trade in point of volume was transacted. In that year 2,102,985 boxes were shipped from Montreal, but the price being low, the total value was only $14,720,000. As usual, of course, almost the total quantity exported this year went to the United Kingdom where 60 per cent. of the cheese imported is of Canadian make. Competition is waning instead of gaining against Canada. The United States, which once had the lion's share of the British import market for cheese, can no longer be dignified with the name of rival. That country's cheese exports are steadily dwindling. There was a time when the term " American," as applied to cheese in Britain, completely eclipsed the Canadian name. It was impossible to get the British people to speak of Canadian cheese, no matter what its merit. Our product was obscured under the blanket appellation "American." But for the last dozen years or more the Canadian signboard has been elevated above the American. So far from care having to be taken to prevent Canada's offerings being lost in the mass of the United States offerings, precautions have for some time been necessary to prevent American cheese being smuggled into Britain as Canadian. Our reputation for cheese-making has become so famous that American makers have more than once tried to palm their cheese off as Canadian.

BUTTER TRADE.

An export trade which has been slower in the building up is that of butter. At the outset, before Canada had become a great cheese producer, a very promising business in Canadian butter was developed on the British market. In those

days scientific methods of butter-making were unknown. The creamery had not come into use, and cold storage systems were a thing of the future. We could not land butter in the Mother Country in a state so saleable as that in which the Danish makers supplied it. We were not able to hold the ground we gained, and the exportation of Canadian butter fell off to almost nothing. With modern methods of manufacture, with equipment for preserving the butter in transit, and with consequently more steadiness and uniformity in the supply, Canadian butter has of late rapidly recovered its old place in the United Kingdom, and the sale of it there shows gratifying increase. Our shipments via Montreal this season exceeded in value those of last season by nearly $2,000,000. But there is still room for a mighty expansion of our butter trade in the Mother Country. We supply an insignificant proportion of the 386,000,000 pounds she imports, our exports to the United Kingdom in the last fiscal year being but 26,846,205 pounds.

CATTLE RAISING.

Of course the growth of our dairy production involved the increase of our herds of cattle. Of the million of calves from our milch cows, a large proportion was not necessary for the keeping up of the dairy industry. These could be slaughtered for their veal or reared into beeves. The latter course has of late been found far the more profitable. High prices have been obtainable for butchers' cattle, and the returns from this source have beeen growing. Last fiscal year they amounted to more than ten and a half million dollars. They would not have been nearly so large had our dairy industry been of less magnitude. Thus the expansion of the dairy industry has brought about other changes, of which the raising of beef cattle is the most immediate. The feeding of milch cows and beeves necessitated alterations in farming conditions. A large acreage had to be given to grass, and by that change the land benefited, deriving both rest and fertilization from it. More than that, the production of barley, for which Ontario soil is peculiarly suited, was rendered profitable once more, as barley is one of the best feeding grains.

A UNITED STATES MARKET.

Among the changes which time has brought about, one is the practical elimination of United States competition in the over-sea dairy trade. From large exporters of butter and cheese our neighbors seem likely to become large importers. The tremendous home demand across the line has provided a market for the greater part of the butter and cheese produced there this year, and some shipments have been made from Canada to American points. Just when the surplus production of the United States is declining to the vanishing point, and is becoming in fact a negative quantity, the capacities of production here are being brought more and more into activity. Consequently our dairy trade is likely to increase henceforth by greater leaps and bounds than those by which it has reached its present volume.—*The Mail and Empire.*

Our Western Influx

CANADA can afford to view with a good deal of satisfaction, and without any apprehension whatever, the influx of settlers into our great West from the States to the south. It is a natural migration, and one which will grow to yet larger dimensions. The influences that tend to bring it about are influences that have served to draw population to the Western States. First of all, there is the cheapness and fertility of the land. In the Middle States the farmer works land that represents an investment of from $50 to $100 an acre. He looks westward and he sees, as a Chicago paper has pointed out, farms that are quite as good, if not better,

offered for $25 an acre. That means that with the same capital, and probably with less labor proportionately, because the soil is better, the Western farmer may work from double to four times the area, or he may operate the same area with a greatly reduced capital. For this reason he moves westward, and for precisely the same reason Canada draws agriculturists from the States. They see that land is cheap, that the yield is quite as large, and on an average much larger, than that of Dakota or Minnesota, and they realize that it is good business to become Canadian farmers. The exodus is not the result of evercrowding, for the Republic has millions of acres of land still unoccupied. It is caused by the land values being so much higher in the United States than in Canada. In course of time this will probably equalize itself in some measure, for the sale of farm property in the United States will depress values, while the growing demand in Canada will serve to increase values. But long before that takes place Western Canada will have attracted a great population, not only from the United States, but also from Eastern Canada and from Europe. Of course this movement could not have taken place if we had not previously shown our faith in the country by giving it railway connection with the East. Without that the country would lack a market, and the farmers would be unable to dispose of their crops. This railway progress must go on, for it is the pioneer of settlement. One of the evils that we must guard against, however, is the monopolization of land by great corporations, which will raise the prices above the level that is so attractive to immigrants. This would retard settlement, and, in fact, kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Our Western influx should be the subject of careful study, in order that its inspiration may be well understoood and preserved. We have for many years been preparing the way for this movement, and must be alert to take full advantage of our investments and of our enterprise.
—*The Mail and Empire.*

Canadian Rails for Canadian Subsidized Railways

THE announcement that the Clergue concern at Sault Ste. Marie has stopped its rolling mill for want of orders is discussed in our news columns. The World regrets very much that a single rail for Canadian railways should be imported either from the United States or Europe. Years ago The World advocated such a prohibitory tariff on rails as would have resulted in the establishment of half a dozen steel rolling mills of the first class. Canada, as a Dominion, and the various provinces, are to-day voting immense subsidies to various railways. To our mind, one of the specified conditions in all this voting of subsidies ought to be that the rails to be used shall be Canadian rails, made of Canadian iron. It is not too late yet to have that policy go into force, and the responsibility must rest with the powers at Ottawa for neglecting to adopt such a measure for the welfare of the country. We have the ore, we have all the facilities for smelting it, we have the water power and sites for smelters, we have the transportation facilities, and we are in just as good position to make steel rails in Canada as they are in the United States. It is not so very long ago that it was said in the United States that the steel rail industry could not be built up there; but high protection has put that country in a position where she can beat the world in the production of steel rails, or, as a matter of fact, in the production of iron of any kind. If the United States to-day is raiding the foreign market for rails it is because of the home market that protection gave them to start with. The duty on steel rails will certainly have to be considered by the Liberal party when it meets in February next to decide on the tariff revision which the Globe promises is then to be taken up.—*The Toronto World.*

Awakening of Canada as One Yankee Sees It

BRANCH BANKING CONCERNS BEHIND ALL MANNER OF DEVELOPMENT ENTERPRISES

THEODORE M. KNAPPEN, staff correspondent of The Journal, writing from Toronto, says: In Winnipeg a few days ago I met a Scotchman who remarked that he liked the Canadians better than the Americans because they could talk about something besides money and money-making. "I have been all through the United States," he said, "and everywhere I went they were talking about making $550,000, and would not under any circumstances discount it more than 20 per cent."

That Scotchman will not much longer have any cause for preferring the Canadians. They, too are rapidly getting to the point where they don't talk anything else but money. Like the Americans, they will leave such insignificant affairs as have not a financial bearing to the women's clubs. The fact is that the Canadian, pretty well Americanized already in everything except political relations, is now becoming quite as keen and eager and quite as relentless in the pursuit of the dollar as the American. The Canadians always were a succcssful business people in a calm and substantial way, and it needed only a little more alertness and a little more concentration on the main chance to put them on a basis of equality with the Americans in the great twentieth century sport of making more millions than your neighbor.

MONEY FEVER.

Clergue ,of the "Soo," the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney, C.B., the second discovery of the argricultural regions of the Canadian Northwest, the Klondike's revelations of wealth, the inrush of American capital, have all combined to give the Canadian the fever of wealth-getting. And so to-day, in hotel lobbies and on trains from one end of Canada to the other, the talk is all of investments, of combinations, of new companies, of franchises, of subsidies, of higher tariffs, of new railroads, with their new opportunities. Toronto is said to be, in proportion to population, the greatest stock-gambling city on the continent.

The Canadians are now thoroughly awake to the possibilities of their country, and eager to develop its resources. The same abundant prosperity that the United States has had these four years past permeates Canada—on a lesser scale, of course, as becomes a smaller country, but, possibly, on a more substantial basis. In consequence, Canadian capital has accumulated until the bank deposits to-day exceed $500,000,000.

AVAILABLE FOR BUSINESS.

The Canadian banks have entered with zeal and rather more boldness than they formerly evinced into the spirit of the new era, and have made practically the whole of that $500,000,000 available for business, whether in the form of old and assured undertakings or those of a newer and somewhat less certain nature. These great branch bank systems, with their agencies all over the Dominion and elsewhere, are in a splendid position to feel the new impulse of national development in whatever section it may show itself, and to distribute credits for its assistance and encouragement. Any undertaking that can enlist the co-operation of one of these powerful, argus-eyed banks is bound to succeed, if it has any merit, because the bank at once takes a fatherly interest in it, and cannot afford to see it fail for lack of funds. The system is also particularly adapted to the promotion of large business enterprises. It is able to put at the service of any large patron that it serves the resources gathered from far and wide.

Hence, no one need be surprised to see Canada become within a short time a more trust-ridden country, and, in propor-

LOOK OUT FOR TRUSTS.

tion to its size, a more industrially and commercially consolidated country than even the United States at the present time. The bankers cannot fail to see the analogy between their own large institutions and the large commercial and industrial schemes that come to them asking for help.

Another important fact to be borne in mind in this connection is that subsidies and government assistance in other forms for almost any promising enterprise of large proportions are the order of the day in Canada. This is not surprising when the situation is studied closely. As a nation, or colony, or whatever you please, Canada is not yet of much consequence among the nations, however great its possibilities may be. After all, it has only a little more than 5,000,000 people and its total revenues are not so large as those of Greater New York alone. At the same time the country is far better developed than was the United States when it had only 5,000,000 people, as, of course, would be the case with any nation of 5,000,000 at the beginning of the twentieth century, be the case with any nation of 5,000,000 at at the beginning of the nineteenth century, before the age of steam and electricity and invention.

GOVERNMENT PRESSED.

Consequently the Canadian Government, small as it is comparatively, is beset by pressure for special privileges, subsidies, high tariffs, concessions, etc., such as the American Government did not have to meet when it represented four times as many people as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government does. It would be extraordinary, therefore, if Canada should not turn out to be the home par excellence of monopoly and special privilege. Remember, too, that with so much of the rest of the North American continent pretty well occupied and developed, Canada has great natural resources almost untouched, and that a considerable part of the surplus capital of a nation of 80,000,000 people is competing with or uniting with home capital to exploit these virgin fields, and you begin to have a good idea of the situation in Canada. Conditions, then, are ripe for capital and the capitalistic point of view to dominate Canada in the near future, remembering always that self-interest and a very definite purpose will see to it that the capitalistic point of view is continually kept before the public and the government as the view of the whole country.

PRESENT SITUATION.

This, then, is the present situation in Canada. The whole country is becoming infected with the modern commercial spirit that has found its highest expression in the United States. The government is the government of only 5,000,000 people. The development of the commercial and industrial organization of the country is already far advanced. The people are not well organized politically, and have not for many years given a mandate that means anything. The country is full of shrewd men with their eyes intent upon the wealth-giving possibilities of the country's resources. It is overrun with other shrewd men from the United States with the same intention. What will be the result ? We may see later.—*The Toronto World.*

Will Make Millions—Sale of Niagara Power

THE development of electrical power from Niagara Falls is described by Harlan W. Brush, United States Consul at Niagara Falls, Ont., in a consular report to the State Department. Mr. Brush says:

"The most important development of the year in this consular district is the enlarged production of electric power at Niagara Falls. This has been in use at Niagara Falls, N.Y., for several years

past, and the demand for this cheap and constant power has been so urgent that it has been impossible for the power company to keep pace with it. The original development of 50,000 horse-power at Niagara Falls, N.Y., was utilized some time ago, and the company has been working night and day to double the capacity of the plant, the tunnel providing for a discharge of water that would develop 100,000 horse-power. The second shaft has been completed, the machinery has been installed, and within a few months the full capacity of the Niagara Falls, N. Y., plant will be at the service of the Niagara frontier.

WORK ON CANADIAN SIDE.

"Realizing that the plant on the New York side of the cataract would only suffice for a short period, the power company commenced operations on the Canadian side of the river in August of last year. The work has been pushed rapidly, and it is expected that by next August 50,000 horse-power will be available. Already the demand is so great that last week the power company let a contract for extending the wheel pit at once, so as to develop 110,000 horse-power, instead of the 50,000 horse-power first contemplated. The two companies are practically identical as to stockholders, the Canadian company being officially designated as the Canadian Niagara Power Company.

"A radical departure from the installation on the New York side of the river is the utilization of dynamos of 10,000 horse-power each instead of the 5,000 units that were installed in the original power-house. The 5,000 horse-power dynamos were such mammoth experiments that it was feared they would prove impracticable, but now they are to be succeeded by dynamos of twice their capacity. Quite a marked saving is effected in the construction of a 10,000 horse-power dynamo over two of 5,000 each.

AN ASSURED SUCCESS.

"The fact that cheap Niagara power is going to do all that was claimed for it in the way of attracting industrial concerns to the Niagara frontier is being so thoroughly demonstrated that a second company—the Ontario Power Company—has secured rights from the Canadian Government. The development of its plant commenced last April, and 50,000 horse-power will be the initial product, but this will be increased to 150,000 horse-power. Instead of being carried in an underground tunnel, the water is directed into flumes, carried to the brink of the Niagara gorge and then dropped into the river through penstocks, which develop the power.

"These two companies are backed almost exclusively by United States capital. A third company, which claims to be wholly Canadian, has applied to the Government for the privilege of developing 100,000 horse-power near the two plants now under construction. A full hearing of all the parties interested was given by the Government on Friday, December 19, at Toronto, and a decision will be announced shortly. As special stress is laid on the fact that a Canadian company should have preferential rights, it is believed that the petition will be granted. The Canadian Government exacts in all cases that 50 per cent. of the power developed must be provided to Canadian consumers, if called for, the balance will be exported to the United States.

ENORMOUS REVENUES.

"While millions of dollars are being expended in developing these various power plants the revenue will be enormous. Comparatively little labor is required once the energy of Niagara is under control. When the 350,000 horse-power now in process of development is placed on the market, the gross income of the power companies will be in the neighborhood of

$7,000,000 per year. This is figuring the price at $20 per horse-power per year, which is somewhat lower than the present average rate. As this provides constant power every day of the year, twenty-four hours every day, with thorough cleanliness, little fire or accident insurance, no expensive equipment for generating steam, with its heavy annual wear and tear, no engineers or firemen—simply the turning of a lever—it is seen that for many lines of industry Niagara electric power presents remarkable inducements.

PROSPEROUS FRONTIER.

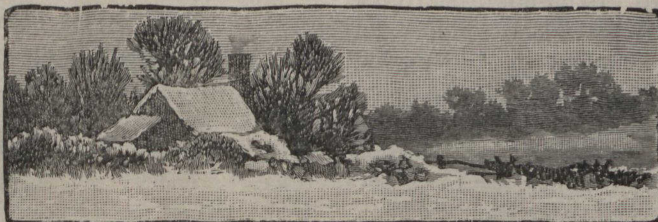
" The industrial growth of the Niagara frontier in the past few years has been marvellous. It is prophesied that within ten years 1,000,000 horse-power will be in course of development. Up to the present time, the effect on the volume of water passing over the falls is not noticeable, even with the most careful measurements. A short time since, for the purpose of inspection, all the water was shut off from power development for a number of hours. Competent men were stationed at different points on the river and at the brink of the falls to measure the difference in the river level when the water producing 100,000 horse-power was cut off. The men were unanimous in their reports that they could not detect the slightest variation. A heavy wind blowing up or down Lake Erie will raise or lower the Niagara River several feet, but only those who are well acquainted with it will notice any special difference in the discharge at the cataract. The main change is in the middle channel of the river and is principally shown in the rate of discharge, rather than in the raising or lowering of the river."—*The Toronto World.*

Canada Appreciated

AT last week's United States Reciprocity League Convention at Detroit, Mr. E. N. Foss, a foremost Bostonian, made the remark that the farmers of the Dominion of Canada would soon be absolute masters of the British markets.

And Mr. Foss was followed by Hon. John Lind, ex-Governor of Minnesota, who observed that " Canada is fast becoming the granary of most of the Old World, and will have some day to feed America, too."

That Canada's possibilities are beginning to be appreciated by at least some of our cousins across the line is evident, and we believe that ere long the civilized world will awake to the vast natural wealth latent within our borders.—*The Toronto World.*



THE UTILISATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES.

AVAILABLE STORES OF MATERIAL IN TIMBER, COAL, OIL, AND PEAT, AND OF POWER IN FALLING WATER.

(*Abstracts from Presidential Address by Mr. J. Clarke Hawkshaw before the Institution of Civil Engineers.*)

IN many parts of the world wood is extensively used for fuel, and unlike coal, it may be made a fuel which is self perpetuating.

It is true that the great virgin forests of the tropics are not now available for lack of proper transport facilities, but it must not be forgotten that these regions may and doubtless will yet become the dwelling places of civilized and industrial nations, capable and desirous of utilising these stores of Nature's resources.

At the present time, however, the cost of coal, in most countries, is the important element in the cost of iron and of power. Notwithstanding the great advance in mining processes, tending to lessen the cost of production, the price of coal is more likely to rise than fall in the years to come. At the same time there are supplies in other parts of the world to be considered.

Many thousands of million tons still remain of the world's store of coal. China has an enormous supply as yet almost untouched. In one province alone, that of Shan-si, it is said, there is coal equal to our present yearly output for 3,000 years. There is coal to meet the world's requirements for many years to come. Even if this were not so, the world is no longer so dependent on fuel now that we are again calling on falling water to aid us in our work, as it was when our forefathers first tried to apply the forces of Nature to the use of man.

We cannot estimate the total power which the water falling on the earth's surface would produce in its descent to the sea; but we can form some idea of the limits within which it would lie. Assume a depth of 10 in. of rainfall to flow off each square mile of land surface, the mean height of which may be taken as 2,250 ft. above sea-level. Then water from the whole surface falling through the mean height would give 10,340 million horse-power in perpetuity. Our present yearly output of 225 million tons of coal would only give that amount of horse-power for little over half a day.

It is estimated that 263,000 horse-power could be supplied by the larger rivers of Norway south of Trondhjem without regulation; by regulation the power would probably be quadrupled.

Africa with its four great rivers and notable waterfalls, has a vast amount of water power in store for the future. Notwithstanding the requirements for irrigation, some water should be available for power at Assouan. Above the first cataract are six more, and further south are the Murchison Falls, where the Nile descends 700 feet in from 10 to 15 miles. On the Zambesi there is the Victoria Fall, which will soon be accessible by rail. Its height is 420 feet, more than two and a half times that of Niagara. At Stanley Pool, on the Congo, Stanley estimates the discharge when the river is lowest at 1,436,850 cubic feet a second—more than four times the maximum discharge at Niagara.

The world has yet another supply of fuel in mineral oil, which, being liquid, is one stage in advance towards combustion. It has many obvious advantages as regards cost, economy of space and handling,

etc., especially for steamships, as was shown by Sir William White in his address at Dover, in 1899, saving stokehold staff and weight, which, for an equal evaporation, was put, he said, as low as 30 per cent. of the corresponding weight of coal. It is used exclusively on the river fleet of steamers on the Volga, and, to some extent by the Russian, German, and Italian navies. On the South Caspian Railway, 1,600 miles in length, no other fuel is used. In the United States the South Pacific Railway has 300 engines fitted to burn oil, and its use on railways in America is extending. In this country, the Great Eastern was the first railway to burn oil fuel on a large scale, and others of our railways are following the example of the Great Eastern. New sources of oil supply are continually being discovered, but the uncertainty of supply is the difficulty in the way of its being adopted on a larger scale for steamships, for which it affords such obvious advantages.

There is another reserve of fuel in the world in the form of peat. The most productive area for it is the North of Germany and the adjoining parts of Denmark and Holland. In Friesland there are bogs 1,500 square miles in extent, and Germany has more fuel in peat than in coal. A square mile of bog 10 ft. deep contains peat equal in heating power to over 300,000 tons of coal. Ireland has a million acres of large bogs from 10 ft. to 30 ft. deep. The bog of Allan alone has an area of 372 square miles, with an average depth of 25 ft. In Sweden, where peat is more largely used than in other countries, a Crown peat engineer has been appointed. It is estimated that the bogs would yield an equivalent of 3,000 million tons of coal. In Central Sweden as much as one million tons of peat are prepared annually, mostly for metallurgical purposes. For years it has been used in Martin steel and glass furnaces. In Finland, Russia, and Germany locomotive boilers are fired with it. It is now proposed to use peat fuel for electric power stations in Germany. It has been manufactured for fuel for many years, and much ingenuity has been displayed in devising machines for preparing peat fuel. In Germany peat pulp has been treated like paper pulp, being delivered in thin sheets on rollers to drying cylinders. Briquettes made in this way have not much less heating power than coal.

THE LEVELING OF HODGSON'S SUMMER ISLAND

A ST. LAWRENCE RIVER STORY

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

I HAD to go down the River to Captain Clamp's some day about the end of the week, anyway, to pick up my canoe. The cow that had used it as a landing-stage at Pleasure Island the Saturday before, had punched two neat souvenir foot-prints through the egg-shell cedar, and I had towed it across to the old skiff-builder's for repairs. When I heard of the Hodgson affair, I went for it that same evening.

Captain Joshua seemed to know all about it. And with him, sitting amid the work-bench shavings, like Job among his ashes, was the afflicted McKeown himself. The whole matter was being laid before me within the first five minutes.

"You see," explained the ancient constructor of pleasure-craft, "this here Hodgson was mean as a double-warped plank, right from the beginnin'. Ever sence they put up the hotel, and this part of the River begun to be turned into a summer place, the City crowd him and his wife belongs to,—their *set*, I reckon you'd call it,—has been pickin' up the islands hereabouts right and left. And Hodgson's wife and his two girls were at him from the start-off to get one, too. If he was mean, they were the everlastin', naggin' kind,—which, I reckon, is a way Providence has of evenin' things up.

"But, as far as that goes, Hodgson wanted to get an island and make a splurge with the rest, *himself*. Only he was the sort that wants to make their splurge *cheap*. And he knowed that old Fields, over there on the Point, owned them 'Three Sisters'; and bein' land-poor, and gettin' poorer all the time, he ought to starve down to a good bargain, if only the man with the money held back long enough. So while Hodgson was out here about once a week lookin' hankerin' round, he couldn't get himself, nor his women couldn't drive him, to take anything offered in the *reg'lar* market. And he stood that home ding-dangin' for *one, two,* and *three* summers, just waitin' for poor Fields to get to the bottom of his meal-barr'l!

"And so it come that by this Spring, the 'Three Sisters' was the only islands not picked up. Then one mornin' about a month ago, he learned that Fields had parted with the two biggest. He was down here boilin', by the next train, and you'd 'a' thought by his talk and actions that the old feller had worked a reg'lar *do* on him.—Well, the only island left now was that little loaf-shaped half-acre, fringed about with dwarf ma'sh-grass like a tired-out growth of Galway whiskers. But it was a case of 'Hodgson's choice,' so to speak, and he had to have it. So he jewed Fields down to rock-bottom, and took it right there.

"But that island was rock-bottomed, too. And what's more, it was rock-topped, with a gambrel roof of fine old Laurentian onto it as well. And it would have to be levelled off before he could do anything with it at all. So he commenced castin' 'round to see how he could jew somebody on the levellin'. Well, just as it happened, he met up with Mr. McKeown here, who looks after the explosives for the Channel Deepenin' Company down yander at the Cut. And as soon as Mr. McKeown saw he wanted some

blastin' done cheap, he saw in it *his* opportunity, too; for he'd been havin' trouble storin' his dynamite."

McKeown interrupted cankerously,—"'*Trouble!*' I sh'd think I *had* had trouble! I've been made to feel as if I was no more'n a darnation anarchist, ever since I took hold of the job! No man knows how fool hostile people can be, till you get near them with a few boxes of *kieselguhr* and nitroglycerine. You see, we don't need, and can't use, more'n two hundred weight or so at a time down there at the borin's; and I had the bulk of it on a shedded-over scow, anchored up here among the 'Islands.' But every new campin' crowd that'd come in would seem to steer straight for it first time they was out rowin'; and o' course, they had to pull in and climb aboard to see what it was. And then when they'd read the card on the shed door they'd fall over theirselves to get into their boat again, and come raisin' all sorts of a howl and a holler to the boss because we had no sign out;—and generally they'd write to the papers about it as well!

"Then when we done our best to set that to rights and painted shed and scow pea-green, with '*Dynamite*' across it in white so big you could read it from the trolleys on this side of the River, the hotel people opened up on me hotter'n old-style Gehenna for scarin' off trade!—I as't them, as between man and man, what they'd do with it if they was me. But they said 'when they wanted to guess conundrums they could get five dollars apiece for them from the Sunday Supplements,—but if I'd take that dynamite up with me in a balloon, that ought to solve it all right,—so long as I didn't come down again,'—and a lot more darn-fool stuff like that!

"And there you are. It looked as if, in the end, I'd have to bring it back down stream to where the boys was camped and workin'. And I tell you I didn't feel right to do that, for it would 'a' been askin' them to run risks, now, and that's a fact!—So there's how I come to let this dad-fetched Hodgson hitch onto me.—" The custodian of explosives choked, and went out on the landing to cool himself.

"Yes," said Captain Joshua,—"that's the way he was fixed. And Hodgson come to him insinuatin' and soft-solderin' about 'what wonderful skilful work they was doin' with dynamite now-a-days; and how he supposed it'd be no more trouble for him to table off the top of that island of his than as if it'd been so much chalk; and how, as they was doin' so much blastin', a little extry oughtn't to cost much,—if only McKeown knowed his own interests, and chose to do the right thing for him.'

"*Well,* McKeown took him up straightaway! 'They'd only be needin' the explosive for another month or six weeks longer, and they'd be almost certain to have some of it left over, and if Hodgson'd let him house it on his island till he was ready to go ahead and level'—he thought—'yes, he could pretty nigh *guarantee,* that they could do his job for nothin'.—And as for hisself, that'd square *him,* too.'

"And Hodgson agreed quick enough, *you* bet! Then, feelin' considerable chirped up over his bargain after all, he went home and told his wife and girls he'd been able to get them their island at last,—and he'd made arrangements to get it levelled and put in shape while he was at it. 'Only, as it was to be a kind of surprise for them, he didn't want them to go down and see it till all was ready.' Y' see, he didn't feel by any means certain how they'd take that nubbin' o' rock, especially as it looked *then,*—and he was bound to stave off the improvin' for the five or six weeks that'd let him get it done for nothin'.

"I suppose he worked harder holdin' back them women than as if he'd come down here every other day and flatted out his blessed island with a stone hammer. And the more he made a mystery of it,

and kept throwin' off vague, glitterin' hints of the improvements that were goin' forward on it, the more they just gnawed their fingers and wanted to know! . . . Then, after a month of that, comes yesterday, so blisterin' hot that no sane person would stay in the City that could get out of it.—Hodgson didn't go home for dinner at all, but got it down-town and then came straight on down the River. And Mrs. Hodgson and the girls, once they saw he wasn't comin' home, all of a sudden decided they'd just put in that afternoon the way they'd been eetchin' to for weeks past, and have a look at that Garden-of-Eden island of theirs!—'How'd I know all that?'—Because, before they went back again that day, the whole family of them stood jawin' for a good half hour on the landin' there. And there wan't much that didn't come out in that half hour, now you can be sure of that!

"Well, as usual there was a tie-up on the Shore Line, and when they got transferred at last, they all got on the same trolley. But in the rush, they didn't know it at the time; for they'd got off on opposite sides, and Hodgson'd taken the back platform to finish his smoke. So they only met when they arrived here at the Bay. . . . .

"It must a' been touched off by them young eediots with the target rifle.—But whatever it was, that explosion was our Mount Peely and Charleston earthquake, all in one! I know, to me, a mile across the Bay from it, it was like as if that whole twenty-two hundred of dynamite was an-under my varnishin' shed! And the wave from it come in here right up to that strippin'!

"The Hodgsons were a good hour the other side of Pleasure Island when it went off, but it jolted their car like a ton of rock on the track. And, when they reached here, if they hadn't got out at the curve and come straight across the meadow to my place,—they wouldn't have had to wait for Mr. McKeown to inform them as to where the trouble'd occurred. Then again, though, they'd have missed havin' it broke to them tactful and diplomatic.—But he'll tell you how he done it himself."

McKeown had come in again, and the night air had seemingly been no cooling balm to him.—"I tell you, now, I *didn't* try to be 'diplomatic.' I only wanted as between man and man, to sort of let him down to it easy. And I'd no particular call to go rowin' across over there with him and his women, neither; for I'd just come back from it, and I knowed what it looked like too mighty well!—And didn't I have enough to think about myself, too, with a sure prospect of dancin' on the carpet before the superintendent, Monday mornin'? But for all that, I only concerned myself about Hodgson and his people."

"And I take it,"—put in Captain Joshua, getting his second pipeful to the third comfortable puff,—"I take it that you invited me to come along just to kind o' round out that little picnic party?"

"I asked you to come along," replied McKeown, very unamiably,—"because I reckoned that between him, and the old woman, and the two girls, there'd be information wanted and questions bein' asked mebbe more'n I could keep up with by myself."

"There was!" said the Captain: "There cert'nly was!"

McKeown continued to hold an acrimonious eye upon him for some moments longer, and then proceeded. "Well, we got out that sixteen-footer, there, and started across the bay. The older girl was in the stern, holdin' the rudder-lines; then come the old dame, then me an' the Captain and Hodgson,—him facin' to the back, too; and in the bow, squirmed about so as to face frontwards, the youngest girl. I could see from the beginnin' that Hodgson was in an ugly temper. And he would be, naturally, along of meetin' in with his women out here unexpected the way he'd done. And it was plain that

they'd had talk about it, too. He set there a-glarin'; and the women was holdin' their chins fightin' high, but yet not worryin' themselves any too much, you could see that. And we were more than two-thirds the way over there before anybody said a word.

"Then the girl in front sings out: 'Why, *Paw*, you said there was three islands together, and there's only two!'

"He didn't bother to turn 'round. 'Oh, use your eyes, you idiot,' he snarls, —which was no way for a father to talk to his daughter, and shows what kind of a man he was, anyway.

"But the old dame had been cranin' her neck, too. And now she turns on the trouble for fair.—'But there *is* only two!' she says, 'And rully, something awful must have happened to them, Richard, for the trees on them are shredded out all to rags!'

"'Mr. Hodgson,' I says,—and if I said it grave, I tell you honestly now, I *felt* a lot that way,—'Mr. Hodgson, if you'd got here an hour earlier, you wouldn't 'a' been alive to-day,—at least not *now*, anyways.'"

"By this time we'd all twisted ourselves around, the Captain and me to see where we were goin', and Hodgson to get the first view of where the near end of that summer place of his ought to be beginnin' to show.—And such a look to come on a well man's face!—You could fairly see his mouth go dry, and his tongue lickin' about, helpless, inside it; and his jaws swelled purple like a fatted rooster's."

"'*Well*, Richard, *well!*' says Mrs. H., 'What's—the—matter?—Can *you* see three islands now?'—And then, to me: 'What *has* happened out here *anyway*, in *this* world?'

"Well, that seemed to me my chance to give Hodgson a little help out of the hole,—and enlighten him, as well. So I says: 'Well, ma'am, the truth is I've been doin' some levelin' work for Mr. H., and that last blast went mebbe a little loose,—and I don't know, too, but what it's took off just a few inches too much.'

"Now, do you suppose that wind-suckin' old gonough had sense enough to climb into that openin'?—No sir, he just simply busts out like, like,—well, talk about 'blowin off cylinder-heads',—I thought the whole *boiler* was goin' with him! And at that moment we got the whole way 'round the 'Big Sister,' and there right in front of us, laid his island. . . . ."

Captain Joshua respected the pause for a rhetorically effective minute, then he took it up.—"And that island," he deposed, with almost judicial deliberation,— "And that island looked to me like nothin' so much as the pictur' of 'The Crater of a Submerged Volcano' in the old Upper-Canady geography. Only it was forty times raggeder around the edges, and the front of it was open, collar-like. And when we pulled into it, the whole inside was a ten-foot deep pond of lathery yalla water, with dead fish floatin' white side up in all directions!—I reckon mebbe it was that all-surroundin' death that started Mr. McKeown on the 'merciful preservation' tack again.—"

"No it wasn't, neither," fiercely returned the luckless dynamiter, "It was because I had a mighty good right to remind him of his life bein' preserved. But the way he acted,—why the darn', rearin', roarin' fool didn't seem to have no gratitude to the Creator *into* him! I tell you now, it ain't often you feel like remindin' a man of religious things; and when you do, you naturally expect him to slop over a little and show *some* solemn feelin's. But Hodgson—'You blackguard!' he bawls,—'you miserable, sneakin' bunco-steerer! How am I going to get back the rest of it?—I give you free storage room, and you go and leave me like this! But I'll fix you! Before this night's over you'll be lookin' for a new job, be sure of that! And your Company'll pay for it, too, and pay dear!

I'll make you dredge it up again, if I have to take it to the Privy Council! You're a swindler, do you *hear,* do you *hear?*' he bellers;—'You're a dirty, Yankee blackleg!'

"But by this time his women begun to get the lay of the land, or what the lay of the land had been,—and now, as fast as he could throw it into me, they was sawin' it into him!—'It's just like you!' says the oldest girl, openin' up the weeps,—'We might have known that you'd,—you'd find some way to do us out of it at—at the last moment!—You and your improvements!'—

"'And the Hales are moving out this week,' sobs in the other,—'and the McNaughts—Monday,—and the Tinnings, and—and—they'll all be laughing at us—everybody will be,—and—and—'

"'But never you mind, my girls,' interrupts the old woman—'*He*'ll be laughed at, too! *He*'ll hear of it more than we will! Wherever he is, *up*-town or down, he'll hear nothing else *this* summer!—And exactly right it'll serve him, too!—Oh, *he*'ll be laughed at enough, never doubt of that!'

"And *I*,"—came in the Captain,—"*I*'d got a-goin' laughin' already! And to save my body an' soul, I couldn't seem to do anything *but* laugh! I wanted to suggest they take some of them dynamited fish home with them; for most of them were hardly tore up at all, and I tell you a good bass dinner'll make you forget a lot of trouble.—But it wa'n't no use. I had the yoopin' cackles, and I couldn't get out a word. When the old lady had cooled off a little, and was prepared to whet her knife for Hodgson at leesure, she turns to me, one freezin' dignity and says: 'May I ask, sir, if you're quite through with your amusement,—may I ask how long he's allowed this dynamite to, to go on?'

"And I just fetched another snort, and went off worse than ever. I know I'm a ditherin' old eediot, and I've been ashamed of myself ever sence—(he promptly 'fetched another snort' to prove it), but I was just like some second-book sonny that's got the sniggers in school,—and the teacher might 'a' near to flayed the pelt off me before I could 'a' stopped. And if that old girl had reached out *like* a school-ma'am and just batted me one,—and to tell the truth I was kind of half afeared she would, too,—I'd have took it as my just desserts without a word of back talk!—But, dang it all, now, it *was* funny, too,—if only you looked at the gol-danged thing in that kind o' way!"

"Yes!" said McKeown, who plainly did not "look at it in that kind of way" even yet,—"you *set* there, you did, not only helpin' me none, but aggravatin' them every minute a hundred times worse, till I thought they'd all end by blowin' up one after the other like that dynamite itself. A lot of good it done for me to get out my line and plumb the hole, and show the blattin' old yappy that it wasn't no deeper'n a gravel-pit *any*wheres, and that eight or nine scow-fulls of rubble and a few feet of concretin' a-top of it would make it as good as ever. With *your* performance goin' on between us, that idea was like a red rag to him. And when I advised buildin' out his island from behind and thereby givin' him a little harbor-bay in front that there'd be nothin' else to compare with from here to the City,—you blows off as if you'd got a gallon of soda-water down the wrong way,—and he goes clean crazy, *al*together—and at *me,* too!

"And there you are! Now he's swearin' he won't take no rest till he's had me sacked, and collected damages from the Company, and started a gover'ment investigation into the way we're storin' explosives,—and all about that darn', baldheaded gull-roost of channel-rock, that was an obstruction to navigation anyway, and if he'd had any philanthropy into him, he'd have blowed it up himself!"

"The last I see'd of him," said the Captain, and his wrinkled cheeks worked and twisted in feeble reminiscence of it,—

"The last I see'd of him, he was rushin' for the trolley, pretty nigh frothy-mouthed, with the women hangin' to him like his own coat-tails. And you could tell by the way he was fightin' to shake them off that it was like as if they all had their hat-pins out, and every time they could pull up with him, they'd jab it to him, harder than before!

"Howsomever," he added, after a feeling pause, "I reckon he's due to get an island *after* all, for my son William tells me that while they was a standin' waitin' for their car, that real-estate man, Harkness, come over to soothe and comfort him by offerin' him the second biggest of them 'Sisters' for about five times what the little one had cost him.—And before them women got through with him, I should say he was goin' to take it!"

"Yes," said McKeown, biliously,—"But that won't be no recompense for all that good dynamite wasted."

THE MAN WHO DID NOT SWEAR

By BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THERE was no denying that the old man used to swear dreadfully. Otherwise he might have been a pillar of the church; for the one concomitant vice to which he was also addicted—an inordinate love of bullying his family and his employees—is one easily forgiven by a struggling congregation when it occurs in the person of the leading property-owner and manufacturer of the township. But to have admitted John Philp to the deaconate would have been simply to invite scandal, which, in view of the fact that there were three other churches in the town besides that which John Philp favored with his presence and his *sotto voce* profanity, and that all were striving to be more respectable than the rest, would have been equivalent to sectarian suicide. Hence came it that Hezekiah Hotrum, who could not keep absolutely unrumored his discreet periodic celebrations in Detroit, was nevertheless admitted to the coveted degree, while Philp, who swore in season and out of season, at home and abroad, never attained a loftier dignity than the silent task of passing the plate.

He was the only man his daughter knew. Here lay the latent cruelty, and hence developed, in a single act and a single scene, the manifest tragedy of a life that seemed to the envious maidens of the township as though it ought to be absolutely happy and desirable. Helen Philp had beauty, money, and her own way.

When Mr. Roland Patterson, C.E., came over from Toronto to design and erect her father's new beet-sugar mill, she had her "theory of man" all worked out. It was beautifully simple, and admitted of no exceptions, thus resembling most theories elaborated by maidens of seventeen. Man to her was an animal of violent and passionate temper, and domineering will, possessing, it is true, certain natural affections, which, however, could but seldom be reached through the impervious veneer of selfishness around them. He spoke a different language from that of woman, a language which her mother had taught her was vile and sacrilegious, a language which jarred every fibre of her sensitive, emotionally religious nature. If a man could conceal from casual feminine acquaintances the true character of his vocabulary (as her father could if callers did not stay more than fifteen minutes), he was so much the more dangerous and the more to be despised for his duplicity.

The pure voice and the humble heart belonged to womanhood and the ministry of the gospel alone.

As she could not respect her father, she did not obey him, except when necessary. Mr. Philp's library reflected Mr. Philp's tastes, not to say the tastes of two generations of very similar Mr. Philps before him. It was not expurgated. The girl, although forbidden under terrible penalties to touch them, read every book it contained, and applied to the society of to-day the ideas she gained from licentious and free-spoken novels of the society of the eighteenth century. There was no circulating library in the town, her father took no magazines, and little as she liked them, these big, leather-bound volumes, relics of an English country squire's bookshelves, brought to this side in 1820, were almost all that she had to read. She fully determined never to marry, for she would not subject herself to the domestic conversation of another layman like her father, and she did not feel herself strong or worthy to be the helpmeet of one of those sacred men who had to stem this awful tide of vice and passion. After nine years of life alone with a housekeeper and her picturesque father, for her mother died when she was eight, she still shuddered at every irreverent use of a consecrated term; she would probably have given much for the Roman Catholic privilege of crossing herself. Very rarely, too, the paternal blood in her veins showed itself, and she flamed up in a white cold passion and upbraided her father like an accusing fury. Philp never loved his daughter better than at these moments, but she did not know that. Constitutionally she was nervously timid, though capable of isolated instances of heroism.

Roland Patterson was a young man of considerable promise, a brilliant graduate in Practical Science and Architecture, and a connection of a distinguished man who carried an Ottawa portfolio. For these reasons, and also because it would be less expensive than boarding him at the village hotel, John Philp invited the young architect to spend the time of his services at the Philp homestead. Helen was at first rebellious and suspicious. There had not been a guest there since her mother died.

When Patterson, seated beside Philp in the new and highly uncomfortable Sunday buggy, drove up the avenue from the station road he saw, standing in the shadow of a wide, cheerless, drooping verandah, a slim, rather tall figure in white, with one hand resting on the heavy wooden pillar of the porch. The attitude was one of gracious, dutiful hospitality, but it betrayed no interest, no expectancy, rather an "armed neutrality," determined to enforce the strictest limits of the relations of hostess and guest. Patterson was used to effusiveness, and the novelty interested him. But the face interested him more. It made an impression so vivid that he could analyze it long after in all its phases.

It was the face one sometimes sees in a girl whom fate has introduced to the bitter of life before she has had time to value its sweet. Still ethereal and almost childish in its outline, it had a little weary droop to the mouth, and a haunting loneliness in the eyes. Intensely sensitive and expressive, it seemed to answer much more to strange currents of feeling within than to impressions from without. For the moment the expression was contentment. She loved every one of the refinements of social intercourse that her father perpetually brushed aside, and she enjoyed standing proudly there in her own doorway to welcome one who, surely for a day or so at least, would preserve the external semblance of a gentleman. Patterson had an intuition, not far from the truth, that she was thinking much less of him than of the situation generally—probably of how her mother might have acted in her place. He had heard about Helen's mother from his own, and he had already formed a pronounced dislike for her father. A vague idea of the tragedy of

Helen's life began to shape itself in his mind.

It made his voice very soft and caressing when he leaped from the buggy, and with a nervous apprehension that the old man would probably say "damn" in the middle of the introduction, anticipated him by climbing the steps and introducing himself. Deference is very sweet to woman—sweeter sometimes in proportion to its rarity; and for a moment she enjoyed his courtliness to the full. Then the old suspicion returned; she drew back her hand suddenly, and her face clouded.

"You are a friend of my father's, Mr. Patterson," she said, with absolute formality. "I am glad to see you."

It was the strangest of courtships. Patterson began by pitying, he ended by loving, and loving not a whit the less because he could not understand. The fact that he was loving a girl who, even while her heart was bending towards submission, still made firmer the protecting barriers she had put about her, did not trouble him in the slightest; it seemed only natural. He was a man who liked difficulties, and it would not have seemed natural to him to worship a facile divinity. At times, however, he worried himself with the question, what could the girl have heard or fancied about him, that she withheld her trust when she so plainly did not withhold her affection? She sought his society and enjoyed it, but except for brief moments of abandonment, which were always followed by a protracted retreat to security, she was invariably reserved and distant. She came down to the factory almost every day, carefully choosing those times when her father was certain to be engaged elsewhere, and insisted on the young engineer's explaining everything as the building grew under his hands.

There was no episode in Patterson's career which he would have been ashamed to confess to the woman he wished to make his wife; but he nervously reflected that there were one or two which might be misunderstood by a girl of narrow prejudices and unsympathetic outlook. Besides which, a man might be innocent as morning, and yet be the hero of lurid stories or still more lurid innuendos at the hands of the gossips about town.

On the occasion of one of these visits to the growing beet-sugar plant, in the theory of which she showed a remarkably comprehensive interest—so much so, that on this particular day Patterson began to think she really did come out of pure scientific curiosity—it befell that the man in charge of the cementing operations, who was recovering from a protracted spree, was in consequence in an exceedingly bad temper.

"Get to h-ll out of here," was the first remark they heard him make as they entered. It was not addressed to the young engineer and his companion, and he did not at the time notice the hot flush that went over her face; but he was none the less deeply annoyed. He went up to the dissipated cement foreman and said a few words to him in an undertone.

The cement foreman looked up with very bleary eyes, and a very aggrieved expression. "No, I won't," he said, with an angry wave of his trowel. "I'm not drunk, an' I know I'm not drunk, an' I'm going to swear just as much as I damn please." Following which he proceeded to give very evident proof of his intention.

Patterson glanced over at the girl. The glance told him what he most wanted to know—that while she was very much hurt, she was not frightened for herself. He wrenched the trowel from the foreman's hands, sent it flying across the courtyard, and indulged in the luxury of a form of exercise to which he had been almost a stranger since leaving college. The fun of it was somewhat modified by the shaky condition of his opponent, but the foreman was a husky specimen, and put up sufficient resistance to be interesting for the space of one minute, after which Patterson took him by the collar, escorted him

out of the courtyard, where the girl could not see, and gave him one final and soul-satisfying kick down the main road. Then he came back and put his hand on her arm.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, feebly. This was not nearly so easy as laying out the profane foreman.

"Why did you do it?" inquired the girl, wonderingly. "Father would never have noticed him."

"No, I guess he wouldn't," admitted the young engineer, and then laughed as if the subject were not worth pursuing. "After all, the poor fellow didn't know what he was doing; but I think he'll remember not to swear when there are ladies around next time."

"Did you do that because I was here?" said the girl, rather softly.

"Well, it would keep me awfully busy if I had to thrash every man who swore when there was nobody round but me. It doesn't hurt me so very much, you know. But where's the use of talking about it? His getting punched doesn't make what he said any the nicer. Do you forgive me for bringing you down here?"

She put both her hands on his big shoulders.

"I think I shall understand you much better now, Mr. Patterson," she said. "And I am glad. You have been very good to me."

After that day her self-surrender was complete. She did not tell Patterson what it was that had kept them apart, against their will, for so long; for she had not analyzed herself sufficiently to know. But she confided to him all the revolt of her soul against the coarseness of her surroundings, and Patterson's love took the shape of an intense desire to get her away from them as soon as possible. He suggested to the old man that they combine the wedding festivities and the opening of the beet-sugar mill, and the old man said it was a blank-blanked good idea.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the position of the contracting parties, the marriage was naturally an event. It was considerably to Patterson's disgust that he found himself a chief figure in a society performance of the kind he most detested; but he bowed to the necessity of the case, and gave thanks that his bride had insisted on its being done at the old country church of her childhood rather than at Toronto.

There was a considerable delegation from Ottawa, a Provincial cabinet minister, some members of his college faculty, all with their wives, and a large turn-out of his chums and his Greek-letter society, without feminine accompaniment. On the girl's side there was an assemblage of relatives and connections that somewhat surprised even Patterson. They were not of the "smart set," but they were quite as unmistakably of the aristocracy; quiet, reserved people, who did not care whether or not they figured in the "On dit" column, but were intensely, clannishly proud of their family, and lived, in a modified way, on their farms and in the few great houses of the county, the life of an English country gentleman. Altogether, it was a distinguished-looking gathering over which Patterson ran his eye at two o'clock, the hour set for the ceremony, before he went out on the porch and cast a searching glance up the road in the direction of the Philp homestead.

There was nothing on the road.

He walked up and down the porch, nervously tugging at his gloves. Three times he took them off, and as many times he put them on again. Then he went back into the church. The minister met him at the door with a hushed whisper. "Aren't they coming yet? I do hope they won't be late. Such a splendid congregation!"

About twenty per cent. of the splendid congregation were craning round their heads to the main door. Half the others were whispering to one another with suppressed excitement. The organist began improvising a long, monotonous, drifting strain in no particular key. Its extremely

negligee character was enhanced by the fact that he was talking earnestly to the soprano soloist, whose reminiscences of stage waits at weddings were of a distinctly frivolous kind. When Patterson went back to the porch it was twelve minutes after the hour. Still there was nothing in sight.

He started down the drive towards his own cab, intending to go post-haste to the bride's residence, then changed his mind. After all he would very probably miss them; they might be coming in by the road past the mills. Besides it would only attract attention. He tried to talk casually to his best man, but it was a ghastly failure. The Town-hall clock, which was uniformly and notoriously four minutes slow, struck the quarter.

How the next five minutes passed he never knew. The invited guests behaved themselves, but a strong contingent of the town gossips, who had taken up good positions in the front of the church, could stand the strain no longer, and came down to the porch to watch Patterson promenading up and down like a caged lion. At the end of the five minutes there was a sound of carriage wheels, the tension broke, and the gossips, save one or two who were lost to all sense of shyness, hurried back to their pews. Roland unceremoniously brushed his best man aside, sprang down the steps, and gave his hand to a dainty vision in lace and veil. Her face was flushed, her eyes glittered strangely, and she leaned heavily on his arm.

"Roland, I'm so sorry," she murmured.

He made no answer, but pressed her hand a moment, laughed, and looked down into her face.

Her breath was coming in little gasps, and she was trembling when she reached the vestibule and sank for a moment onto a bench; it was evident to Patterson that the thought of keeping all these people waiting on an occasion such as her wedding had made her intensely nervous. There was trace of a tear on her cheek, the sight of which made him look sharply round to where Philp, who had come down in the carriage with her, was standing. The sight of his scowling face by no means cleared Patterson's mind of its apprehension as to what might have passed in that fatal twenty minutes.

"Poor girl," he said softly, "you'll have to wait here till you really feel ready. It's all right."

"No—I won't wait. I'm going in at once, Roland. We must. The people—"

"O hang it, a minute or two won't make any difference now."

She lowered her head, and under the veil he did not see her face flush, nor realize that she had taken his words for sarcasm. She rose, hesitated for a moment, then took his arm and swept on into the church. The soprano soloist, who was at an advantageous angle, declared afterwards that her face was "whiter than the dead." Roland had evidently seen that she was still in a very nervous condition. The idea occurred to him that they could still, without causing very much comment, turn off to the vestry for a few minutes; and he whispered the suggestion to her. At the first sound of his voice she winced sharply; then she seemed as though she heard no further.

"Wilt thou have this woman?" inquired the young minister, in the ancient formula of the prayer-book that few English denominations have thought to better. And Roland Patterson answered in a firm voice, "I will."

The corresponding question was put to the woman by his side. With a voice that, though low, was clear, and reached at least half the congregation, she answered, "No."

"I will," whispered the minister. He was annoyed; the leading lady had forgotten her lines.

Helen Philp drew herself up. She was a commanding figure even in the bizarre costume of a modern bride. "No, I will not," she said very clearly.

In a moment half the congregation was

on its feet. Patterson, bewildered, laid his hand on Helen's arm. A bridesmaid began to cry. John Philp, waiting to give his daughter away, emitted one of his most ringing and most emphatic profanities; and all was confusion. Helen reeled, fell backward; Patterson held her for a moment, then handed her over to her father. She had fainted.

After about two hours spent in alternate furious mortification and deep dejection at his best man's rooms in the hotel, Patterson was told by a friend who had been to the Philp homestead that Miss Philp was seriously ill. The doctor feared the effect on her heart of the nervous climax she had passed through. Patterson seized his hat, and was halfway through the office when his best man caught his arm.

"Let me go," he said, shaking off the hand that sought to detain him. "She's ill. I don't care what she said. I don't believe she knew what she was doing, anyhow. D'you think I'm going to let a moment of a girl's over-wrought nerves stand between—. Don't talk about what people think. Let 'em think, I don't care. Let me go, Charley. I'm going to have it from her own lips. Now she's had time to think coolly, or I'll—"

As he approached the Philp homestead he was met by a number of Helen's relatives, and under the circumstances he did not pause to be surprised at the fact that most of them cut him dead. As he walked at a breakneck pace up the avenue that led to the old, gray house, he had a singularly clear vision of the first day, six long months ago, that he had passed that way. But now, instead of the dainty vision in white that had welcomed him then, he saw only a forlorn waiter, engaged for the wedding breakfast, and now disconsolately wandering up and down the cheerless verandah. He ignored the waiter and hurried into the hall.

But at the foot of the stairs he turned, for a figure even more distracted and irrational than his own emerged from the dining-room door. It was John Philp, haggard, coatless, and perspiring coldly.

"Damn it," he said, "What are you doing here?" But his profanity had not the ring of assurance that it usually possessed. "You're not fool enough to think that there can be anything between you and my daughter after—"

"I don't think anything, Mr. Philp. I don't know whether Helen—whether your daughter was—had control of herself when she said what she did this afternoon. And even if she was, there—there must be some mistake. I won't believe—you surely don't want me to believe that all this was just a trick on me. Something must have happened, and I haven't the least idea what it can be. For God's sake, man, tell me, was she in earnest? and why—what is at the bottom of it all? Where is she?"

He started to go up the stairs, but something in Philp's look held him back for the moment. "Don't you know?" said the old man, looking at him in half incredulous bewilderment. "I couldn't make it out myself. But then you know, girls are queer about those things, and you shouldn't have said that then. Why the devil—?"

But what Mr. Philp's expostulation would have been Patterson never knew, for at this moment he saw Helen crossing the upper hallway, half carried by the old housekeeper and an aunt, towards her own room, which had been hastily stripped of the debris of a bridal dressing-room. He dashed up the stairs towards her, heedless of every other consideration but the necessity of having an explanation with the girl he loved. Before the old man could stop him Helen had seen her lover, and leaned towards him with a little cry.

"O Roland, I'm sorry—so sorry. But—I couldn't help it. I would have saved you that if I could, but I couldn't marry you, after I knew. I didn't know before—you believe that, don't you? I thought you were different. And now I've hurt

you, after you were so good to me.—No, auntie, I will speak to Mr. Patterson; don't take me away. Roland, dear, don't you understand?"

In her anxiety to make herself clear to her lover, she reached out both arms toward him, and almost fell at his feet. Patterson understood nothing; her words were incoherent to him, and he thought she was rambling. He was conscious of one thing only, that she was there before him, and that whatever might have come between them she loved him still. He took her in his arms, brushing aside the two women who supported her, and looked long and searchingly into her face. Her eyes returned the look unwaveringly. Then he bent his face to hers and kissed her on the mouth, her body pressed close to his, closer than it had ever been before. She was still passive; but suddenly a shudder ran through her, she put up her hands to his shoulder, and struggled feebly to put him away.

"Go away," she said under her breath. "Go away." Then she added, still more softly, "Good-bye, dear."

A strong hand was laid on Patterson's arm, and a cool, business-like voice said to him, "Get out of this, can't you? Do you want to kill her?"

And with this the family doctor, himself a young Toronto man, and a member of Patterson's Greek letter society, shoved him without ceremony down the steps.

He was too bewildered even to ask questions as he drove back to the town five minutes later alongside of the doctor in the latter's rather lofty cart. It was the doctor who started the interrogation.

"Patterson," he said, "I want you to answer me as you would your father confessor, or your Deity if you believed in one; my whole diagnosis of Miss Philp's case depends on you. Did you or did you not swear at her or before her between the time when she arrived at the church this afternoon and the—the break up of the ceremony?"

Patterson stared at him. "Look here, doc," he said, "I'm not in any mood to answer impertinent questions. Of course I didn't. What the deuce do you mean by asking such a thing?"

"That's exactly it, my dear boy. I didn't suppose you did, but Miss Philp believes you did, and nothing will convince her to the contrary."

"You don't mean to say," began Patterson, "that she—"

The doctor set his teeth, whipped up his horse, and looked straight in front of him. "What I mean to say, old man, is that Miss Philp is suffering from a very dangerous form of nervous hallucination, and that if you succeeded, within the next five years at any rate, in convincing her that she was mistaken, the reaction would probably drive her insane."

Two months later Patterson, who was burying himself in work in his Toronto office, read the announcement in one of the society columns that Miss Philp was going south for her health. He calculated that she would pass through Toronto in four days. He conceived a desperate idea. He would not wait the five years that the doctor had told him were the least period he must allow for the freshness of that awful hallucination to die from her mind. He would not attempt to combat it. He wrote her a letter tacitly admitting the truth of what she believed, and imploring forgiveness, or at least a chance to show his repentance and desire to be worthy of her. The answer was in her own handwriting, but had neither address nor signature.

"What is there to forgive? You are only as other men are. I thought for a little while that you were a man apart, above the rest, and it was the happiest time of my life; but I was wrong. I loved you—I love you still, though I hate myself for loving you. But I shall never marry. I am sorry that my mistake hurt you so. Good-bye; it is impossible that we should meet again."

Patterson went down to the station and watched her, from the passenger bridge

overhead, as she changed cars. She was dressed in black, and the old, weary droop of the mouth, that he had almost forgotten in the latter days at the homestead, had come back. She lifted her eyes but once, to greet a girl friend who came to meet her; and Patterson thought her smile was the saddest thing he had ever seen.

A year later he read of her death at an Atlantic watering-place.

A MESSAGE FROM BENEDICTUS LEVITA

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

IT happened in a boarding house, in Toronto, one evening about three years ago, in March. I had just put my feet up for a comfortable after-dinner smoke in my room, when a knuckle on my door-panel was followed by a timid "Are you in?" in the twittering voice of little Miss Collett. When I opened to her, she met me with a worried frown of pleading and apology, twisting her handkerchief nervously about her fingers; and "Mr. Whiting," she stammered, "I wished to ask you—if you would be so kind—to—to find out for *me* what is wrong with Harry?"

I said: "Won't you come in?" and went back to my table to put away my pipe and my last hope of a quiet evening. I had not noticed anything wrong with McNiff; I asked her what was the matter with him.

Miss Collett was so small a body that it was difficult to consider her troubles as other than miniature and childish; and I had to hide the thought of a smile when she answered plaintively: "I don't know. He has been acting in the *strangest* way. He—he walked from College with me this afternoon—and scarcely spoke."

By "College" she meant Toronto University, where she was an undergraduate in her second year, and McNiff was taking a post-graduate course for the degree of Ph.D.

I made myself easy in my chair again. "Did you ask him?" I said. "Did you ask him what it was?"

"Yes," she nodded. "He said he was worried."

"About what?"

"He wouldn't tell me. . . . He said he couldn't." She sank down mechanically on the corner lounge and appealed to me with a helpless eye.

It struck me that if McNiff would not confide in the girl whom he was to marry, it was not likely that he would open his mind to a comparative stranger.

She looked down at the tortured handkerchief in her hands. "I asked him whether *I* had done anything," she went on. "He has always tried to make me out better than I am. I warned him, at first, that he'd be disappointed in me."

I did not feel it my duty to discuss the extravagance of McNiff's over-estimate of his lady-love. I asked merely: "What did he say to that?"

"I—I don't think he heard me," she answered. "He is always—lately, anyway, he has been working so hard he seems to be always thinking of something else."

I saw a small excuse for the interference she asked. "Certainly," I said, "he mustn't be allowed to work too hard."

"And he ate almost nothing at dinner."

That was true. I remembered also that he had spoken but once, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted throughout the whole meal, and then contributing less than three sentences to a psychological discussion which Dr. Buck had started at dessert.

"I'll see whether I can find out any-

thing from him," I promised perfunctorily. "He's not ill?"

"No-o." She hesitated. "He doesn't look very well, but I think it's just the studying." She added in a voice of reverence: "He's preparing his thesis, you know."

"Um-m-m," I said. "You haven't spoken to Dr. Buck."

"I didn't wish to make a professional matter of it," she pleaded. "And Harry and you are such *good* friends."

"Well," I said, rising, "it's probably overwork. You go back to your room. I'll see him."

She thanked me with a beaming gratitude as she went out. I sat down and lit my pipe again.

This tenderness between Miss Collett and McNiff—as I understood it—was the flower of that modern Eden, the co-educational college, where young people of both sexes, being taught by poetry and the novelists to believe that love is the chief interest and the great fact of life, have four years in which to live their illusion without interference from the outer world. Of that world, McNiff—so far as I could see—had only such contemptuous knowledge as he had drawn from his reading of the cynical philosophers; and he summed up his whole theory and plan of life in Emerson's transcendental advice: "Make yourself necessary to the world and the world will give you bread." In that respect, I felt myself to be the wiser man, as was natural in one who had had experience of the world of the working-day. It was equally natural that McNiff should despise such wisdom with the high contempt of the unpractical idealist. And our friendship, consequently, was not so warm an intimacy as Miss Collett supposed.

As neighbors on the second floor of the boarding house, we had, at first, interchanged tobaccos and small gossip occasionally of an evening; we had eaten, elbow to elbow, at the same table, and talked of the weather and the war; and Miss Collett, perking at McNiff there, across the dinner-table decorations of fly-specked cruets and carafes, had included me in her greetings and blessed us together in her smiles. But I had found McNiff too aggressive a personality for companionship, too set and obstinate in his opinions, too beady-eyed and critical. And I had allowed the dissimilarity of our interests to come between us, latterly, not less as a barrier than as a shield.

Although McNiff's room was only a few yards down the hall from mine, it was fifteen minutes after Miss Collett had left me before I got myself to his door. I heard him walking about inside. I knocked with an indifference that almost amounted to distaste.

He opened the door to challenge me with an abstracted stare, and then continued moodily pacing the floor. His beat lay from his enamelled bed-stead, in one corner of the room, to his working-table—littered with a disorder of books and papers—that was diagonally opposite. I made myself comfortable in an arm-chair beside that table, in the light of his student lamp. "How are you to-night?" I said.

He did not answer me, and I picked up a book of history from his table and began to look at the plates of mediæval art in it; so that when he spoke at last, I was not paying any attention to him. He must have said something to recall the discussion which Dr. Buck had started at the dinner table—about that feeling which flashes over a person at odd moments, of having been in exactly the same circumstances before, of having heard the same words of conversation even. I believe that he said he had been thinking of the discussion since he had left the table. I do not recall this distinctly; I was not listening.

He went on to speak of an incident of his boyhood, when he had been so troubled by the recurrence of this feeling that he

had taken Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" from his father's library, supposing from the title that the book was a record of such experiences as his.

I did not hear him, except vaguely; but, looking up now and then as I turned the pages, I noticed that he had not his ordinary manner—which was something alert and active, sudden and abrupt, both in mind and body; for McNiff was not the type of student who sucks knowledge placidly from books, but one who—as I had seen him at work—dug through a volume like a dog after a mole, eager on the scent of his facts.

I was aroused suddenly to a realization that there was something unusual in his condition when he stopped in his sentinel pace for a moment to arrange some papers on the table beside me; the trembling of his hands, as he fumbled with the pages of manuscript in the circle of the lamplight, caught my eye. "Why! what's the matter?" I said.

He turned away to continue stalking silently around the room in what seemed to be a sort of haunted restlessness; and the memory of his voice, as I recalled it, sounded slow and strained in a husky repression of excitement.

"Well," I said, "I don't understand these things, of course. But if you had stayed a few minutes longer at the dinner table, you'd have heard Dr. Buck explaining a theory about its being two parts of the brain—one working a trifle slower than the other, so that you get two impressions—and when they click into one another you have that feeling—as if one fitted into a memory or something like that."

He did not reply to me. He continued walking up and down, up and down, with his hands clasped behind him in a way he had.

"But lately," he complained, wheeling on me, "when I've been reading history, I've had the same experience—only almost continuously. I've had the feeling that it was all old news that I've been reading—particularly here and there at certain periods, as if I recalled them from my own experience. And sometimes I knew the details before I looked them up." His voice ran into a sudden treble and broke there.

I put down my book. "Well, isn't that the same thing," I said anxiously.

He sat down on his bed and leaned forward to run a nervous hand through his hair. "But," he argued, "just the other day—for example—when I was working up the ecclesiastical forgeries of the middle ages—the so-called deed of Constantine and the Isidorian decretals—particularly the latter—for my thesis—and I was reading Hinschius, about Archbishop Riculf and Benedict the Levite—that feeling came over me as strong as if I had—as if I knew positively that Benedict had forged the decretals—as if I *knew* it—as if I had helped in it."

His voice, keyed low, vibrated with a tension of nerves. I put my elbow on the table and shielded my eyes from the glare of the lamp, to see him opening and shutting his mouth either in a difficulty of breathing or in a struggle with himself to decide whether he should go on.

The oil gurgled in the brass reservoir of the lamp beside me. His lips trembled. He broke out, in a rush of words: "I was working in our seminary—at the library—upstairs among the books—and I was so sure of it—that Benedict had something to do with it—that I put down Hinschius and went to the collection of mediæval chronicles of the monasteries—for the period between 820 and 850—to see if I could find any—any hidden reference to it." He breathed the heavy sigh of a man whose lungs were laboring. "I didn't find anything but the usual accounts of the weather, and the diseases among the cattle, and the deaths in the monastery—and all like that. And then I came on a break—about the year 830—and that was about the year when the things must have been written. And I was just wondering whether it mightn't have been cut

out of there—in the original—when"—He choked and gulped—"when a pain—a dull pain struck me in the head—as if my skull were in a vise with someone tightening the iron on my forehead. And my head fell forward with the weight over my eyes. And then it all passed—and I sat up, with a start." He looked up as he spoke, with dilated eyes and eyelids twitching. "I'd a pen in my hand. And when I straightened up, I—I found my paper covered with monk Latin—written in mediæval sc-script." He dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper. "And it said that a collection of laws had been sent by Benedict the Levite to '*the merchant, or rather the sinner, of Mainz.*'"

His mouth reminded me of nothing so much as the dumb gape of a stone-gargoyle as he sat there, grey-faced in the shadow, with a hanging under-jaw. I said: "But I don't understand," and put down my pipe, bewildered and startled by his manner more than by his words.

He groped in the inside pocket of his coat and drew out a sheaf of papers. "Isidore," he said huskily, "the man who is supposed to have collected the Isidorian decretals, called himself 'Isidore Mercator'—Isidore the Merchant—and some of the manuscripts give 'Isidore Peccator'—Isidore the Sinner."

"I mean about the writing on your paper," I said. "Was it something *you* had written?"

He got slowly to his feet and walked across the room to me, as if he were wading in water knee-deep. "I'd never written anything like it before," he said, and handed a sheet to me.

It was a page from an ordinary note-book, black-lined with a running print like that in which legal documents are still sometimes written. "This is Latin?" I asked.

"A sort of Latin—monk Latin," he replied. "Do you understand their contractions?"

I shook my head over it. "What does it mean?"

He held out a trembling hand for it. "It's the black year—830," he said, and began to read aloud and translate: "'Hiemps pluvialis et ventosa valde'—the winter was rainy and very windy—'et mense Januario 12 Kal. Feb.'—and in the month of January, twelve days before the Kalends of February—'fragor tonitrui'—a great sound—a crash—of thunder was heard and lightning seen; and misery in many ways—'et multis modis miseria'—and calamities of men grew daily. In the month of April there was an eclipse of the moon. 'Fames'—famine afflicted many provinces—and 'pestilentia magna facta est'—and the pestilence became very great. Here it is now: 'Ego B. L. collectionem legum quam scripsi ad mercatorem Mogontiacensis immo peccatorem misi'—I, Benedictus Levita, sent a collection of laws, which I had written, to the merchant or rather the sinner of Mainz."

He dropped it on the table and looked at me with the face of a man who speaks of ghosts. His manner sent a cold prickle down my back. "And all this was written," I asked incredulously, "in the instant when your head fell forward that way?"

"That's what I thought—but when I tried to pull myself together, and looked at my watch to get my bearings—I found it was four o'clock. I had lost an hour."

There is a sort of fear which comes over a man with the tingle of a mild current of electricity—a fear which seems to seize on the sensitive glands of the mouth, to loosen the muscles of the lips, and to fill the eyes with tears. That fear began to creep in on me now—though my head was clear and my mind unterrified—so that when I tried to say, "You were asleep?" I found my throat dry, and spoke with difficulty, in a false voice.

McNiff shook his head. "No. I've found out from one of the boys—he came into the seminary that afternoon and spoke to me—and I didn't answer. I've asked him what I was doing when he saw

me. He says I was making notes. . . . Those were the only notes I made." He pointed to the sheet on the table, and sat down again weakly on the bed.

I reached for the paper, and I had to control my hands with an effort. "Perhaps," I said, "*he* wrote it."

He answered: "He's not in mediæval history. He couldn't write that script. He doesn't know anything about the decretals."

"Well," I argued, as much with myself as with him, "people walk in their sleep. I suppose it's possible to write."

"I know," McNiff replied wearily from his bed. "I've thought of all that. But I'd never written that script before. The chronicles—the ones I was reading—are printed in modern type. The only examples of this sort of writing are in occasional plates scattered through the books. I hadn't ever more than glanced at them before. I've tried to imitate them since. I can't do it with any such facility as that."

I studied the page. The writing was done with a sure hand. "Well," I said, leaning forward to see him, "it certainly *is* an extraordinary piece of business."

"Extraordinary?" he broke out. "It's awful—awful. You can't imagine it—the feeling I have." His face was beyond his control; I looked away from him because I felt my own features beginning to work in sympathy with his. "On the street — everywhere — everything seems strange to me. I don't seem to belong to the world I walk in. And when I go back to my work, there's that same horrible suspicion haunting everything I read about those times—the feeling that it's all old to me—that I know about it already. You can't imagine anything more horrible. I feel like a ghost come to life. Why, actually, this morning"—his voice sank to a trembling whisper again—"I couldn't read the newspaper—couldn't understand English." I looked up at him. He was moistening his lips; they were as pale as his face.

The sight of him frightened me. "McNiff," I said, "I advise you to drop this business. Whatever it is, it'll do you no good. You're not well. You've been shut up all winter with your books. Get out in the air more—in the sun—"

He had shut his eyes. "The sun," he said faintly, "was shining on that sheet of paper when I woke up."

That, in some way, brought the thing home to me in the flash of a lighted picture. I caught his point of view, and shuddered with him. I saw him, a living man, sitting in the sunshine of a March afternoon, looking down at a message which had come to him, across the interval of ten centuries, from the brain of a mediæval monk who had died a thousand years ago. The thought came over me with a clogging chill that was like a fog in the brain.

"Look here," I protested, fighting it off, "this thing—you mustn't think of it that way. Man alive! don't you see? It can't be true. Keep your mind off it. Get back to your work"—

"Work!" he groaned. "When it has cut the earth from under my feet!"

I roused myself to go over to him and take him, almost angrily, by the arm. "Come over here and sit down," I said.

He rose painfully from his seat on the bed. I led him, like an invalid, across the floor; and he sank into his chair, with his hands hanging down limply over the arms of it.

I began to walk around excitedly. I felt like the man in the haunted room, whose dog suddenly began to growl and back into a corner with the hair of its spine up-ended at nothing visible, and who wanted to kick the animal in return for the fear with which it unnerved him. "Have you spoken to anyone else about it?" I demanded.

He shook his head.

"Have you had any more—messages?"

"This morning—I found something I must have written in the night."

I turned on him. "Where is it?"

"I tore it up."

"What was it?"

He closed his eyes. His face jumped as if with a twinge of pain. "I tore it up."

The sight of his weakness began to drag me down again. I almost pleaded with him. "I know," I said. "I know. I understand the—the feeling you have. But what's the use of letting it get a grip on you? You can shake it off. You can! Yes, you can!"

"I can't," he said, staring at the floor. "I tried not—not to believe it at first. I fought against it, just as you're doing"—

I went over to him and struck the table a blow that jarred and rattled the lamp upon it. "McNiff," I cried, "this is folly — insanity — madness — *madness.* You'll be in an asylum in a week. Pull yourself together. Pull yourself together, man."

I might as well have talked to a person in a trance. He gazed at me with vacant eyes, shaking his head; and his face, wan in the light, touched me with a nervous terror of all weird and nameless things. It was—as he had said—as if the earth had been suddenly whipped from beneath my feet to leave me in mid-space and confronted by those mysteries of life and death which the world's work and the interests of the day had hidden.

The feeling endured only a moment, but it jarred me out of hand. I had no panic in my thought. I had no fear of anything. And yet my head jerked to one side with a spasmodic leaping in the cords of my neck. My hands—I saw it with bewilderment—were unmanageable. The room seemed stiflingly close and narrow; and I flung about it, groping for words, with a growing sense of helplessness.

I turned to McNiff. At the sight of him, I threw out a hand of protest, stammered what was intended for a refusal to have anything more to do with the affair, and rushed out to the hall.

I remember that when I reached my room my first impulse was to light all the gas. The childishness of it checked me, and I sat down in my chair, still trembling but angrily ashamed of my weakness. I realized, then, how much bravery is a matter of the nerves. I told myself that I must smoke less, that I must get more exercise. I recollected that I had not felt well of late. And I kept my thought resolutely on such considerations while, all the time, the horror of McNiff's condition sat pale in the background of my mind.

I was conscious of a breathless oppression on my lungs, and I got up to walk it off, throwing back my shoulders and striding about with a heavy fall of foot. I felt like a soldier who had run away from a battlefield and who had put the blame on the blind fear of a comrade for having set him in a panic. "It isn't possible!" I said of McNiff's story. And then the recollection of the inexplicable circumstances and detail of it flashed a thrill through me, and I stopped at my table, with a tightening in my throat, to pour myself a glass of water from the pitcher which the maid had brought me.

I was raising the drink to my lips, when I heard a rustle of skirts in the hall. Miss Collett—for I knew at once that it was she—knocked timidly. I did not answer, motionless in the hope that she would go away. She opened the half-closed door. "I heard you walking about," she said. "What—Why! what is it?"

In spite of myself, I could think of no plausible falsehood to put her off with. I set down my glass untouched. She came over to me. "What is the matter?" she pleaded. "What is the matter with him? I have a right to know."

I pointed to a chair. She sat down with a gasp of suspense.

I did not know how to tell her. I gulped down half the glass of water. "Well," I began, "do you—do you know anything about—spiritualism, for example?"

She brightened with a flush of relief. "Why certainly," she said. "Father was a spiritualist — though mother wouldn't let him talk much of it before us children." She smiled at the gravity of my expression. "It's nothing when you get used to it. He often used to go to seances. He was very mediumistic. It's nothing when you get used to it."

Her way of taking it was so unexpected—she was so cool and matter-of-fact, and her spiritualistic jargon sounded so preposterous—that I stood there speechless, amazement growing in me almost to the point of laughter. "I didn't know you were a spiritualist," I said, at last, with a contempt that classed spiritualism with astrology and the other sciences of hocus-pocus.

"I'm not," she replied. "Mother didn't wish us children to be. I'm a Presbyterian. But I'll *be* one, if Harry is."

The simple loyalty of that speech appealed to me. "No," I said, "we can do better than that;" and I told her of McNiff's trance and of a message from Benedict the Levite. "Now," I proposed, "we must get his mind off this whole business. Whatever it is, it will do him no good. It will interfere with his work. It will hurt him physically. I believe it has done that already"—

"But Mr. Whiting," she interrupted, "you don't understand. He's a trance medium, and that's the best kind. It won't interfere with his work. And it didn't hurt father. I'll write to *him*, and ask him all about it."

"Miss Collett," I protested, "you'll do no such thing. You'll do no such thing. No man can live a sane life under such conditions—Good Heavens!" I cried. "Haven't you—can't you understand what this thing *is*—what it *means?* You talk about it as if it were—I don't know what. I thought women had some appreciation"—

"Well," she broke in, "if you've been talking in this way to Harry, you've been very foolish, I *must* say." She had risen and walked to the door. "You must have given him an awful fright."

"Where are you going?" I demanded

"I'm going to see him," she answered calmly, and had the door open before I could prevent her.

"Miss Collett," I warned her, "don't do what you may both live to repent"—

"Mr. Whiting," she replied from the threshold, "you're perfectly ridiculous;" and closed the door in my face.

For one unreasoning moment anger got the better of me, although it was not anger against her so much as against her whole sex. Her manner of taking the affair, besides being an unjust contempt of my agitation, seemed typical to me of the feminine attitude towards religion. I threw myself in my chair with a "Psh!" that expressed a scorn of all petticoats. As for her, she could get McNiff a cage of parrakeets, if she wished, and set him up as a fortune-teller; at least, I was free of him.

With that conclusion, I reached for my pipe and found, with a fresh exasperation, that I had left it in McNiff's room. The thought returned me to the memory of the scene there—of McNiff's face, white and drawn in the lamp-light, of his breathy voice of fright, of the hang of his limp hands—and it started a tingling fear of the supernatural in me again.

I recalled all that I had ever read of spiritualism in the Sunday papers. Ghost stories, that I thought I had long since forgotten, came back to me with a new authority. I remembered a magazine account of the experiments that had been performed with a famous woman medium. And with McNiff's experience to give these credence, I found myself gaping into the shuddering possibility that there

was all around me, in the night, an invisible world of the dead that could at will take hold of a man's body and write messages with his hand.

It was impossible for me to sit quiet with such a miracle under the same roof. It was so wonderful a communication with eternity that I could not keep it a secret to myself. And it was a thing so subversive of the materialism of modern science that I thought of Dr. Buck, at once, as the man to tell it to.

I hurried out, to go down stairs to his room on the floor below. The door of McNiff's room, as I passed it, was slightly ajar. I listened. There was a dead quiet within.

It was broken by a low moan. I do not remember that I pushed the door open; I recall only the sight of McNiff, sitting up in his chair as I had left him, his face set like stone, and his hand travelling from side to side over his knees, writing on nothing, with his forefinger. Miss Collett was lying at his feet, her head against the table leg.

I must have gone down the stairs in leaps and bounds. I burst in on Dr. Buck without knocking, and cried to him to come to McNiff. It seems that the doctor was reading with his wife. They tell me that I did not wait to make any explanations, and they did not wait to ask any. They both came after me up the stairs with a wild conjecture of suicide or a fatal accident, and stopped at the open doorway of McNiff's room, where I was standing.

He was in the same position still, writing on the air with the motion of a blind man reading raised print.

"He—he is in a trance," I panted. He—he's been telling me. Spir"—

Mrs. Buck cried suddenly: "Who's that?—under the table!"

The doctor brushed me aside, crossed the room swiftly and knelt beside Miss Collett. His wife followed him. I do not remember going in myself, but I was standing beside him when he straightened up to say: "She has fainted—that's all. Look after her, Mary;" and turned to me. "What?" he said. "He's been telling you what?"

It must have been a crazily broken and unintelligible account that I gave him of what McNiff had told me, but he listened—intent and frowning—with a calm interest that steadied me. I kept my back to McNiff. Mrs. Buck had taken up little Miss Collett and carried her to the bed.

"That trance," the doctor asked. "How did it come on?"

I repeated McNiff's description of his symptoms.

He nodded. "A pain in the head? Over the eyes?"

"As if a vise had squeezed his skull," I recollected.

He looked past me thoughtfully. "Did he speak of any paralysis—any peripheral sensory modifications—at all?"

I answered, of course, in the negative.

He walked over to McNiff. I turned to see that waxen mask of features and the cramped hand still moving automatically over the knees. Dr. Buck took a pencil from his vest pocket and put it in the fingers; they grasped it and continued the motion of writing with it. He took a book from the table, laid a sheet of paper on it, and held it under the pencil; I could see the written words trailing across the page. He put his hand over McNiff's eyes; the writing ceased. He took his hand away; it began again at once.

I noticed, then, that McNiff had begun to chew steadily with an animal motion of the jaw.

The doctor took the limp left hand that hung down lifeless over the chair arm, and kneaded and pressed the loose fingers in his. He tried to do the same with the right hand, but found it clutched stiffly on the pencil. He felt McNiff's head, like a phrenologist.

He beckoned to me to come over. "Bring the lamp around to this side," he

said evenly. "I wish to see if he has hurt himself."

"What is it?" I whispered.

"It may be a brain lesion," he answered. "It may be hysteria. Or it may be a nervous trouble brought on by overwork."

I took the lamp from him. He was parting the hair over McNiff's left temple when Mrs. Buck, from the bed, called: "He fell—after the last snow storm—on the Varsity steps."

"I thought so," he replied, and laid his forefinger on an ugly bruise that showed in the scalp. "It's under there," he said. He pressed heavily on it with his thumb. And McNiff collapsed on himself as if the string that held him had been cut.

Dr. Buck turned to me with a smile. "An inflammation or an abscess there," he said. "The case would be classified as traumatic hysteria." He pointed to the writing. "He will have no recollection of this."

"But doctor," I said, "he told me he couldn't write that script. And he had a feeling, all the time, that he knew—of his own experience—about things he read."

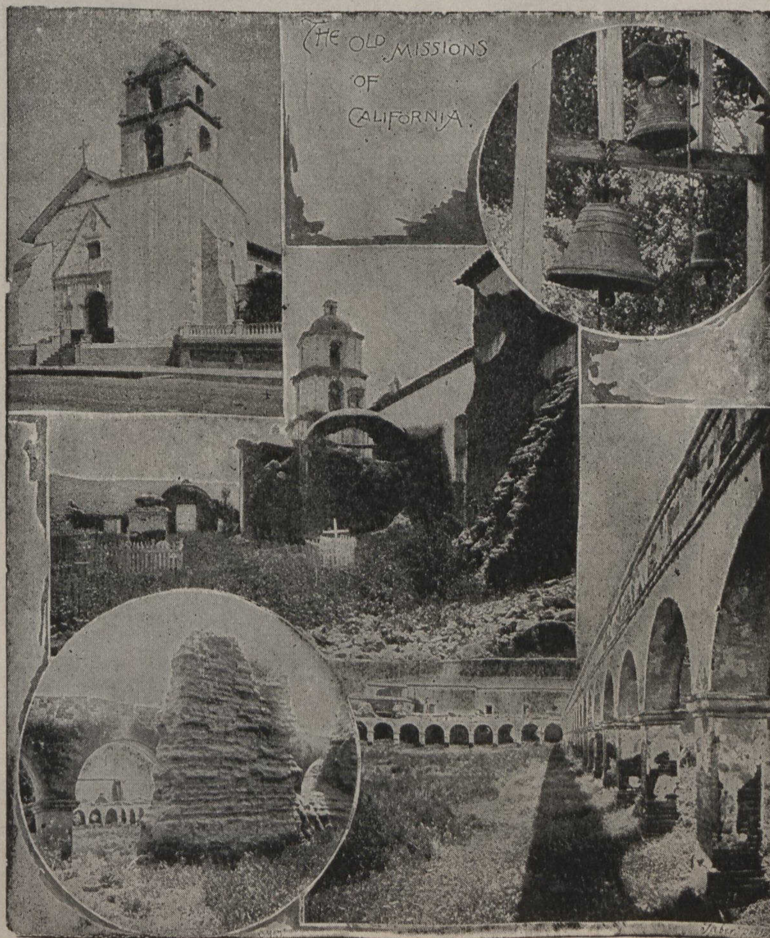
He tapped the bruise. "Mental derangement," he explained. "He was no more responsible for what he said than an insane man. Wait till we've relieved that pressure on the brain. Then see what he says."

I put down the lamp. And that was the end of Benedict the Levite.

The rest was a surgical operation in trepanning and a long convalescence. McNiff took his Ph.D. a year later, married Miss Collett that summer, and went to a western university as assistant professor of history in the fall.

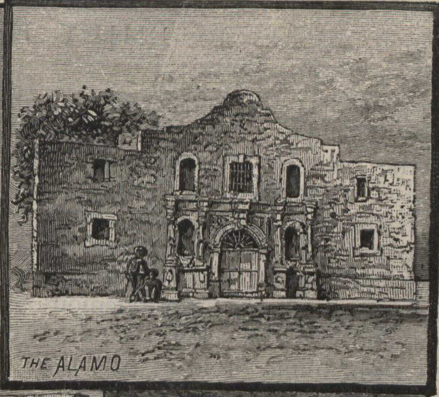
The authorship of the Isidorian decretals is still in dispute.

OLD SPANISH MISSIONS


THE OLD MISSIONS
OF
CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA MISSION

SAN JOSE. MISSION.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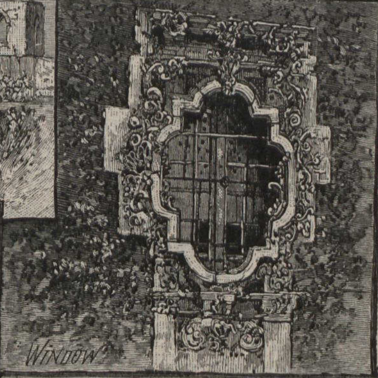
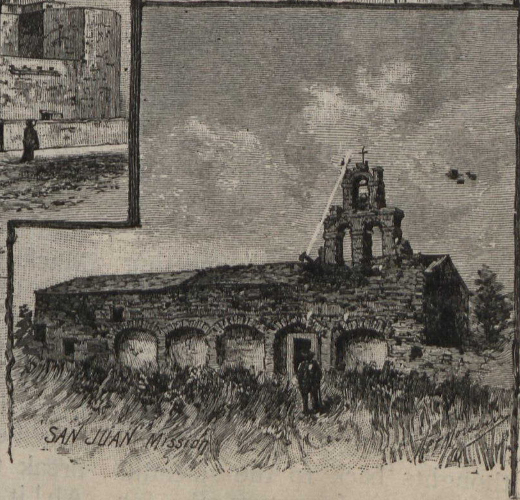

WINDOW

Rear View of "MEXICAN CATHEDRAL"


SAN JUAN. Mission

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

Perhaps the most impressive part of this impressive service was the recital of verses by African and Indian clergy, men "black but comely," who had learned to bow the knee to the great white God, men whose fathers a century ago were demon-worshippers, and now their sons, "clothed and in their right mind," told us of "the great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and peoples and kindreds," told us "how beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of great peace." This bringing home of the sheaves was an emotion too great for the mind's containing.

Again we sang, and this time it was the *Te Deum*. Can you imagine this sublime composition sung by twelve thousand Christians, burning with devotional impetuosity? A great burst of joy, and then softly like a child's prayer they cried out the great chant, "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers," and above it all we heard the twanging of the great harp chords, from the golden throats of the organ. It was like the sound of many waters: it was the whisper of the New Song.

Any account of this historic meeting would be lacking, did it not mention the thanksgiving that was offered for the laborers who had entered into rest, and for those gathered in through their means. Archbishop Maclagan's well-known hymn, "The Saints of God, their conflict past," bore our thoughts back to the splendid dead, the noble army of martyrs who for the testimony of Jesus gladly poured out their lives at the feet of the King.

One's mind reverts to the first C. M. S. Missionary, Henry Martyn, who yielded up his heroic spirit at thirty-two. If it be true that God measures life by love, Henry Martyn did not die young.

What brave missionaries fell asleep in Sierra Leone thrilling the world with an exhibition of their consecration! Owing to the pestilential atmosphere of this "white man's grave," during the first seventeen years, twenty-nine missionaries, besides a number of their children, had died. The first three bishops died within seven years. Pressed by "fightings without and fears within," life was here a fierce tragedy.

Henry During and his wife left its fever-stricken shores to rest in England. Their ship was never heard of again. The strong heart of the noble Henry White was stilled in New Zealand, where he had spent forty-five years in labor without once coming home. Surely he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Bishop Heber sleeps in India. Paul Daniel died of cholera, contracted by visiting people stricken with that disease. Death ever loves a shining mark, and so George Maxwell Gordon fell mortally wounded while attending the injured in the Afghan war.

Nor can we forget Bishop Hannington, Bishop Crowther, George Pilkington, or Mackay of Uganda, who loved not their lives unto the death; or that fierce carnival of blood yet fresh in our memories, wherein the Stewarts and others were murdered. In the power of midnight thugs, they died the hero-death, but One was near to "loose the silver cord, and break the golden bowl at the fountain." Ah! it was a stirring and solemn measure we sang that night in the Royal Albert Hall, a measure that opened an earnest of our final disenthralment from sin and heathendom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE.

London, May 1st.

One falters at describing the vastness of the stately Abbey, England's Walhalla, or Temple of Fame. It is a symphony in stone—a new "Book of Kings"—the Mecca of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

> "Here is an acre sown indeed
> With the richest royalist seed,
> That the earth did e'er drink in
> Since the first man died for sin."

It stands on the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. The first Christian Church here was built in 610 by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, whose time-fretted tomb is one of the most interesting in the Abbey.

If you would see the Minster well, you must lay aside all headlong tourist rush. You must come again and again, till you feel a fascination, that irresistibly draws you here and makes you love this black Temple with a great love.

I always enter at the Poet's Corner. I have friends there, our acquaintanceship beginning with some poem or reading in the school collection. Within its enchanted precincts for once you become heathen and blindly bow down to worship wood and stone. Speaking of the Poet's Corner, Fuller has said, it is "enough almost to make passengers feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetic dust is interred."

Milton's body lies in St. Giles, Cripplegate, but a cenotaph has been placed here to the memory of this blind dreamer with his divine clearness of eyes. "The poet paramount," who sleeps at Stratford-on-Avon, is represented, too, among these clustered constellations. Chaucer, "the poet of the dawn," Tennyson, Gray, Sheridan, Macaulay, Dickens, and Southey, all lie within whispering distance of each other.

John Gay's epitaph is an outspoken one. It was written by himself. "Life is a jest and all things show it; I thought so once, but now I know it." The laurels thrown into Spencer's grave by his friends Jonson, Beaumont, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others, were mournful elegies, and the pens that wrote them.

Ben Jonson was buried standing upright. He asked Charles I. to grant him a favor, and when the King asked what it was, he said, "eighteen inches square in Westminster Abbey;" hence the unusual posture. The inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," was cut on the stone at the cost of thirty-six cents, which was donated by an onlooker who happened to be there while the grave was being closed.

There is a grim humor in the post mortem kindness that erected these costly memorials to men who, amid the rugged realities of a calculating age, were often direly necessitous. It is quite true that they asked bread and were given stones. Ah, well! perhaps it was wisest. They cannot pawn them now.

Even in Westminster Abbey, oblivion has scattered her poppy, for here are buried many persons of high degree, good men and true, whose deeds have been written in water, and their memory is only kept alive by these crumbling tablets. In youth, Dame Westminster pressed her roses with tender care, but in old age she has forgotten her passions.

Everywhere there are blazonings of royal names, for eighteen Queens and thirteen Kings have been borne hither to burial. William the Conqueror was crowned in the Abbey, and each succeeding Sovereign to William IV. This is what Waller meant when he sung, "These suns of Empire: where they rise they set."

Queen Victoria has erected a Communion Table over the tomb of Edward VI., at whose funeral the English Church Burial Service was read for the first time. Charles Lamb has called this young King "The Boy-patron of boys." Catherine of Arragon was once turned away from these doors, but Death, kinder than Kings, has brought her hither. Mary Queen of Scots lies close to the mother of the murdered Darnley. One gave life to this unfortunate youth; the other took it.

The tomb of Edward I. was opened in 1774, and the body found to be in perfect preservation. "Longshanks" measured six feet two inches in length. Henry II. and his queen rest in their own marvellous chapel. Its roof is the sublime dream of the sculptor charmed into grey stone. It is said to be the finest thing of its kind in the world.

There are three hundred children buried in the Abbey, and many of them are in "The Innocent's Corner." What an appropriate name! I think it is Emmanuel Swedenborg's pretty idea that our babies who die sinless and languageless go to the highest heaven, and have angels for their nurses.

In the south transept lies Thomas Parr, "the old, old, very old man." He was buried in 1635, and his epitaph relates that he lived in the reign of ten Kings (from Edward IV. to Charles I.), and died in his one hundred and fifty-third year. His years which were many were also evil, for at the age of one hundred and thirty years this hoary sinner did penance in public, having been found guilty by a spiritual court of gross immorality. Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells that on his death, Parr was found to be covered with hair like fur, and speaks of him as *Thomas de Temporibus.*

The monument of Popham, one of Cromwell's officers, was at the time of the Restoration allowed to remain here on condition that its face be turned to the wall, and so it is a black, wordless slab—a stone of offence—a record of haughty rudeness and forfeited honor, but yet one's eye rests longer on it than on any of the fine monuments in the Abbey, just as in life we are prone to look more at the scars of humanity than upon their comely parts.

Cromwell's grave is empty, for with insolent barbarity, his decayed, unsightly body was exhumed and hung on Tyburn gallows, his head being placed upon a gable at Westminster Hall—but then the English were never ultra-aesthetic. This grim adornment remained there for twenty years, till carried to the ground by a strong wind.

There are a thousand men and one hundred and twenty women buried in and about the Abbey, but among them is none greater than Isaac Newton, whose keen eye tracked out the hitherto secret paths of nature, and planted our feet on the rock of scientific truth. He made the complex simple, and united the diversified, He led us by great altar-steps up to our Creator.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Darwin have ceased from troubling, and before you know it, you have walked over the grey slabs which are simply inscribed with their names.

Mrs. Nightingale's tomb is the finest in the Abbey. The iron doors of the grave have been burst open by the skeleton figure of Death He is aiming his pitiless arrow at the lady, whose agonized husband vainly endeavors to shield her from the enemy. It is a frenzy of love in stone.

The centripetal attraction is the coronation chair, whose glories have waxed dim, for it has been cut and initialed all over. In it is the famous stone of Scone, which has a ring at each end, and a crack that almost cuts it in two. On the Sacred Hill of Tara in Ireland, it was the "Lia Fail," or "The Stone of Destiny." It was taken to Scotland, and it is probable all the Scotch Kings were crowned on it since the days of Fergus, 330 B.C. This stone has been used in all the English coronations from Edward I. to Victoria, and may thus be said to be the bond of union between Tara, Iona, and Britain. It was only once removed from the Abbey, and that was on the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall.

It is believed by the "ten tribe" people that England and Israel are identical, and that this stone is Jacob's veritable pillow, and the signet ring of the Almighty. They contend that it is Jehovah's seal of witness that His promises made to Israel should be verified and, therefore, wher-

ever Israel may be at the present time, they must have this stone in possession. They also tell us that it was taken to Ireland by Jeremiah and Baruch. So says legend, but science tells us otherwise, for geologists who have examined it carefully, declare that it is undoubtedly a sandstone from the west coast of Scotland.

In the cloisters is a great blue slab, known as "Long Meg." Underneath it were buried the Abbot and twenty-six monks who died from "The Black Death" in 1349. Westminster Abbey is sometimes called "The Fortress of the Church of England," and this slab testifies to the fact that the garrison have not been found wanting in times of need. Every flagstone covers a body whose name, perhaps, Time has let die, for "Death is King and Vivat Rex!" Let us tread a measure on the stones.

And so I wander on, stopping now and then, to decipher some name in which much of our English history is embalmed, or to ponder over a quaint epitaph full of tender pathos, till tiring of them, I rest me in a quiet corner of this Temple of Silence and fall into mortuary musings. I idly call the roll of the dead and gone, and out of the phantom pageants of past centuries glide beautiful forms in brocade and ruffs, "faire ladyes of olde time," who curtsey deeply to me e'er they tremble back into nothingness.

Death is a great leveller, for he lays the victim and vanquisher side by side, and so I smile at him, as I call the Normans and Saxons to renew their battle a millennium old. But it was a sad mistake I made, for at once the air is full of dumb voices, and the Lancastrians would renew their feud with the Yorks; the Cavaliers would fight the Roundheads, and the Anti-Jacobites the Stuarts. The bells clang brazenly and once more I am alone.

I would further seek the living among the dead, and from the soft shadows come Bloody Mary and those she persecuted; Bluff King Hal and his wives; Outram and his enemy Clyde; Charles I. and the Cromwells, and all with flushes of red in their pale, ghastly faces, would renew their quarrels so long held in abeyance. I leave them and hasten away to think of the broad toleration of Death, and how wise it is that there are "many mansions" in the Land that is beyond.

London, May.

A building of rare grandeur is Westminster Hall. The largest room in Europe but one, it now forms a gigantic vestibule to the House of Parliament.

It is said walls have ears, and 'tis a thousand pities they have no tongues, for these might awe and interest us with arguments, appeals, debates, decisions, cries for mercy, challenges, proclamations, music, shouts of laughter, clang of armor, death groans, festal echoes, and bursts of minstrelsy. They have listened to the oratory of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and have been startled by the sharp cry of a King, smarting under the epithets of "tyrant, traitor, murderer."

No roof in the world has covered so many nobles, kings, artists, generals, princesses, abbots, cardinals, clowns, judges, monks, ambassadors, and queens. To be instructed in its tableaux, heroics, and tragedies, is to know the whole history of England. Its fantasies and wildly chivalrous deeds start up to challenge one's attention.

Here, at the coronation of Richard I. began the cold-blooded massacre of the Jews. Richard II., who completed the Hall, gave a "housewarming" for which two thousand cooks prepared a regal feast. All the coronation banquets, from William Rufus to George, were held in the "Palace of Westminster." At these entertainments, right royal in their way, a panoplied knight with blare of trumpets, rode into the Hall, and throwing down his steel gauntlet, thrice defied to single combat any who denied the rights of the Sovereign. The King then pledged the royal champion in a silver cup, which became his property.

The venerable building laves its feet in the Thames, and we read of an inun-

dation in 1238, when the people crossed the Hall in boats. The subsiding tide left a quantity of fish stranded and splashing in the mud. A brass plate marks the spot where Charles I. stood to be sentenced under the banners taken at Naseby. Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, and Anne Boleyn enthroned on the same spot. In this Hall, Baxter was arraigned before the infamous Judge Jeffreys. Others tried were Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Laud, Guy Fawkes, and the seven Bishops. Two whole days were spent in reading the charges against Warren Hastings, followed hard by Edmund Burke's wonderful harangue that shall last as long as the English language, a declamation which has been ranked with the Crown Oration of Demosthenes.

Standing perhaps in the same place, the Padre repeated its finish, "I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed, I impeach him in the name of the English Nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied, I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert; lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all." We could see Warren Hastings cringe and cower like a whipped dog; the women are in hysterics, and Mrs. Sheridan is fainting near by. The nation had not learned then what General Gordon told her later, that England was made and would hold her place, not by her Government, but by adventurers.

The police examined my chatelaine bag to see that I carried no dynamite into the House of Parliament. You enter this huge, opulent edifice through a corridor lined with ducal petrifactions in white. The police keep moving the crowds through the different rooms in an officious and aggravating fashion. You want to look at the throne, the frescoes, and the lavish magnificence of this most splendid building erected in the present age, but barely get time for a cursory glance. The big Parliamentary clock beats even a Waterbury watch, for it takes five hours to wind it. The Victoria Tower, in which the clock is placed, is said to be the most beautiful that has ever been built.

Outside runs London's greatest highway—The Thames. It may be said of this city as of Tyre: "The harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is a mart of nations." From the bridges we unweariedly watch crafts of almost every conceivable kind: wallowing barges, deeply-laden coal hulks, picturesque schuits carrying eels from Holland, and smacks with olive green, dingy burnt amber, or piebald sails that make wide washes of color on the smoked glass of the stream. Magnified by the indistinctness of their outlines, they loom out of the river fog like in-gliding spectres, upon which the gradations of shadow play with ever-varying effect. The gloom and misty grayness of this hazy city are its greatest fascination. Not more beautiful are the liquid carmine and gashes of gold that light up the Canadian snows at set of sun.

Of the fifteen bridges that span the river, the Westminster is the handsomest. The view from this suggested Wordsworth's sonnet, "Earth hath not anything more fair to show." Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, is jocularly known as "Westminster Bridge," so you must be explicit when you use this term in London.

The Waterloo Bridge is the favorite suicide station. Police boats stationed at its piers rescue most of the people, almost as soon as they touch the water. A young girl jumped off at this point. Two "bloods" saw her wild leap, whereupon one exclaimed, "£100 to £10 she drowns!" "Taken," replied number two, who immediately shouted to the police, "£20. Let her alone!" She drowned.

CHAPTER XV.

A HISTORY OF DEATH.

London, May.

"The British Museum."—As a child what vague, romantic images the words called to my mind, yet now after spending quite a month in desultory wanderings through its misty halls, or in close study of its garnered treasures, my ideas are still chaotic and crude. All I have fairly grasped is that it preserves record of the birth and annihilation of races: that it is a history of death.

I found it profitable and interesting to study the museum in the light of Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, taking the Assyrio-Babylonian Monarchy as the childhood of history; Persia, as the rough, turbulent boyhood; Greece as the youth; Rome as its manhood, and the present as the old age of history—old, not in the sense of decrepitude, but in the spirit of ripeness and strength.

No section is more interesting than the Egyptian rooms. It was Egypt who lit our lamp of knowledge, for e'er the arm of her power had withered, she was the mother of arts, letters, and science. Superiority, elegance, and variety, seem to have distinguished her every industry. Her old domesticities are not the least interesting, for some way they bring you more in sympathy with this dead race than do their stone tablets telling of victories, law, and hunting. You begin to realize that the Egyptian did not differ widely from the Anglo-Saxon after all, for here is a wooden model of a house made twenty-five centuries ago, and the "lord and master" sits meditating on the roof while his wife kneads the dough in the yard beneath. Here, too, are my lady's tweezers, hair-pins, fans, caps for her hair, necklaces, ivory pins, beads, buckles, sandals, linen, combs, mirror, bracelets, and writing material, for in truth she was a fashionable dame.

That the children of the world's dawn were as fond of pretty and useless rubbish as are our tinies of to-day, is evidenced by toy animals, a leather ball, bells, and a wooden doll with hair of clay beads. There is a palm-leaf table, and a couch from Thebes, and a feather pillow that still looks inviting. When you see that the Egyptians were troubled, too, with the folding-chair monstrosity, you realize for the first time that much of our furniture is modelled from theirs. The gnostic rings, gemmed with agate, cornelian, chalcedony, and lapis-lazuli, are excellent specimens of goldsmith's work.

Draughtsmen, dice, scarabs, musical instruments, fishing-tackle, and the veritable "flesh-pots of Egypt," all cause one to marvel at the stupendous and unrivalled activity of this people. The food collection, recovered from the tombs, included roast ducks, bread, dates, fish, grapes, nuts, pomegranates, and wheat, for the fertility of Egypt won her the title of "The Granary of the World." She boasted that she could feed all men and feast all gods.

In Egypt, the vase attained its zenith. It had other uses than to stand on a table as a mere ornament. Of different shapes and wearying profusion, they were for carrying wine, for pouring wine, for mixing wine and water (much in use by merchants), for drinking wine. There were sepulchral vases to contain oil, honey, or perfume. All of them are marvels of decoration, coloring, and shape. Of all the recovered treasures brought to light by the spade and lamp of the archaeologist, none impressed me more than the ugly sun-dried bricks of the pre-exilic period. They were made by the Children of Israel, for they bear the names of Thothmes I., who lived B.C. 1633, and of Rameses II., B.C. 1533. The Egyptian sculpture seems to be the work of mere stone-cutters, rather than artists. It is entirely narrative.

After studying their productions, it is interesting to study the Egyptians themselves. They are their own monuments, and some of them are more than five thousand years old. The guide-book to the

museum tells that it cost $1,200.00 to mummify a body in the best style, but it might be done by a simpler method for $400.00. The very poor only salted the body for seventy days, and then soaked it in hot bitumen. The cost was slight. The practice was almost universal, for the people believed that after many ages had passed, the spirit would re-inhabit the body. The numerous canopic jars in this section contain the intestines of the mummified. In modern language, it is "a choice assortment" of Egyptians that the English people—the heirs of the ages—have gathered here.

The wrappings, in some cases, indicate the position and occupation of the person. There is something strangely fascinating about these withered relics of poor dead mortality. On the soles of the feet of one who was a priest in the temple of Amen-Ra, is painted the representation of the enemies of Egypt, put there to indicate that they were to be trodden under foot. Cleopatra, the daughter of Ammonios, still wears an ivory comb and a wreath of flowers on hair that is the dull red of Florentine bronze. It is not such a stretch of imagination, after all, to realize that "A heart hath beat beneath that leathern breast, and tears adown that dusky face have rolled." Here, too, is a musician with the cymbals he clashed three thousand years ago, and in another case, on a withered hand that had been exquisitely delicate, was a ring inscribed with a scorpion. A young singer from the Temple at Thebes looked girlish and pretty through her wrappings of burnt umber. The lines of her breast were still rounded and beautiful.

The mummified children were not unrolled. The adults of the Roman period had painted shrouds, gilded faces, and bead-work coverings. On a few, the portrait of the person was painted. Some lie in their sarcophagi, like gilded pictures in wooden frames. Most of them with their dried heads, lugubrious visages, and stringy throats, are uncanny and awesome. One thinks of Tennyson's lines on a skeleton, "Lo God's likeness!—the ground plan—neither modell'd, glazed or framed. Buss me thou rought sketch of man—Far too naked to be shamed."

The gazelles, cats, dogs, crocodiles, apes, hawks, snakes, and ibises, which were kept sacred to the gods in the temples, were also mummified. Grimalkin seems to have been the favorite. Beside the Nile he reached his apotheosis, for he was worshipped while alive, and preserved in his death. It is doubtless true that God made the cat so man might have the pleasure of caressing the tiger.

The religious collection illustrated Buddhism, Brahmanism, Judaism, Confucianism, Shamanism, Taouism, and Christianity. It was a huge pantheon of leering, grotesque gods. Each idol is the embodiment of some strange yearning, or need of humanity that has crystallized into an article of faith. Thy are all dropsical and ugly as huddled devils. They winked their fat, sensual eyes at me, for like the witch of Endor, each has a familiar spirit, and I confess with shame and confusion of face that, forgetting my native austerity and self-restraint, I stood there, and in return, made risque mouths at these unholy, foolish old scarecrows.

The gold room was filled with "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels," dating from the barbaric opulence of the times of Ptolemy to our own days. The police follow you through the room, observing your every movement. What an obdurate materialist John Bull is, to be sure! He thinks we all covet these glittering baubles, and so he carefully watches them. I would infinitely prefer to steal the Rosetta Stone, or the Codex Alexandrinus, which in their slightly guarded condition would be tolerably easy loot.

Before I could see the Reading Room, I was obliged to give a name (supposedly my own) as a sufficient demonstration that I was not an anarchist, assassin, or dynamited. There are three miles of book-cases, and each case is eight feet high. The room is in rotunda form, with a glass dome. Each reader is pro-

vided with a chair, a desk, a small shelf for his books, ink, pens, blotting pad, and a hook for his hat. Baedecker says that there are in this room, one million eight hundred thousand books, and they increase at the rate of thirty thousand per annum. How true is Solomon's aphorism: "Of making many books there is no end." An illiterate Englishman looking at these books remarked, "No wunner us English be a rare sharp people, just look at them books we read."

One looks long at the little prayer-book Lady Jane Grey carried to the scaffold, and at the first book printed by Caxton: it is on vellum. Here is Milton's agreement to give his bookseller *Paradise Lost* for £13, Mozart's composition at eight years, and a letter from the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo. The manuscript works of Locke, Walter Scott, Rousseau, Ben Jonson, Letters of Erasmus, Byron, Knox, Franklin, Swift, Galileo, Washington, and scores of others, attract more than a passing attention.

The penmanship of the English sovereigns is uninteresting, for in comparison with these literary geniuses, their rank is but the guinea's stamp, unless perhaps one is struck by the inimitable signature of Queen Elizabeth, which has almost as many flourishes as the caligraphy of a Canadian Business College.

Mr. Gaviller, of Bondhead, Ontario, has given an excellent collection of Indian curios to the museum. The British public are informed that Ontario is in the United States of America. I had a "Breeches Bible" valued by an encyclopedic person in connection with the museum, and seized the opportunity to speak of this geographical error. He assured me that while the authorities were all very wise indeed, they were hardly infallible, as was instanced by the fact that in their eagerness to possess "The treasures of Egypt," they once bought two terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris for a thousand guineas, and have since discovered them to be modern clay.

To interest the curious, the museum contains the surgical instruments, fire-pumps, and carpenters tools of the Romans. Jewels from the noses of African beaux, and anklets of iron from the African slave; armilla that were conferred on the men for bravery; elaborately jewelled and chased rings to prevent cramps; signet rings that were worn on the thumb, the combs of ivory used by the dandies in the times of the "Merrie Monarch," with which they combed their perukes in public places much as the gentlemen of to-day twirl their moustaches.

To instruct the antiquarian, there are thousands of links with a dead and mysterious past; profusely hieroglyphed slabs from Nineveh that are sullenly old, giving as they do, the Babylonian and Assyrian accounts of the Creation (at least, the foot-note told us so). There are colossal shapes of gods and men cut from a single stone, and monstrous effigies with the face of a man, the wings of an eagle, and the feet of a bull.

To the delight of the artistic are those exquisite productions of genius, the famous Elgin marbles. They include the friezes, pediments, and sculptures from the Temple of Apollo in Phigaleia, from the Temple of Zeus in Olympia, and from the Parthenon at Athens. Belonging to these marbles is the matchless group of statuary, known as "The Fates." It is a ravishingly beautiful representation of the form of matured womanhood, and seems to throb with strong life. The ethereally draped figures are the very arch-types of physical perfection and loveliness.

But why presume to describe the indescribable? Gorged with sights, the mind falls back, incapable of grasping more. Like Dominie Sampson you ejaculate, "Pro-digious;" you recover the umbrella (the guards believe you have an inordinate desire to destroy the stones), and foot-sore and weary, are soon slithering along the sloppy pavement of this second and greater Babylon.

LITERATURE

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. Being the Letters written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Company, Pork Packers of Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son Pierrepont, facetiously known to his intimates as "Piggy."

"WE cannot keep it in stock," said the bookseller, "the demand for the work is so great." If I had to wait for a copy of "The Letters," verily I had my reward.

The book is dedicated "To Cyrus Curtis, a self-made man." Happy Cyrus! to have his name associated with a book that will carry round the world so much amusement. A book so deliciously humorous, so entirely refreshing as this one, impresses the reviewer with the inadequacy of anything that may be written concerning it. From beginning to end it is a *live* work, and is one of the most noteworthy issues of the year.

It is a new Book of Proverbs, containing business proverbs, religious proverbs, proverbs relating to love, education, mothers-in-law, tact, dress, pork, mules, boys, and pretty nearly everything else. A young man once said to Dwight L. Moody, "I don't think much of the Book of Proverbs." "Then try to make a few," replied the witty Evangelist. These maxims are not exactly after the well-known style of Solomon, but many there are who will find them a deal more interesting and much more modern. The letters are couched in the vernacular of the business man, and the man of the street—suggestive, sharp, incisive.

Throughout the work, the author looks the facts of a young man's life square in the face. When "Gorgon Graham" writes to Pierrepont regarding the latter's excessive expenses at Harvard, he says, "Now I know you'll say I don't understand how it is; that you've got to do as the other fellows do; and that things have changed since I was a boy. There's nothing in it. Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that does not change essentials. The boy who does anything just because the other fellows do it is apt to scratch a poor man's back all his life. He's the chap that's buying wheat at ninety-seven cents the day before the market breaks. Its the fellow who has the spunk to think and act for himself, and sells short when prices hit the high C, and the house is standing on its hind legs yelling for more, that sits in the directors' meetings when he gets on toward forty. There are times when it's safest to be lonesome. Use a little common-sense, caution, and conscience. You can stock a store with these three commodities, when you get enough of them. But you've got to begin getting them young. They ain't catching after you toughen up a bit.

You needn't write me if you feel yourself getting them. The symptoms will show in your expense account. Good-bye: life's too short to write letters, and New York's calling me on the wire."

Referring to travel, this old Chicago sage tells us that "seeing the world is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins, and like charity it ought to begin at home. . . . "In London, for the first time in my life, I was taken for an easy thing. Every time I went into a store there was a bull movement. The clerks all knocked off their regular work and started in to mark up prices. They used to tell us that they didn't have any gold-brick men over there. So they don't. They deal in pictures—old masters, they call them."

Speaking of business, the pork-packer thinks it just as necessary to make a good first impression in commerce as in courting.

"You'll read a good deal about 'love at first sight' in novels, and there may be something in it for all I know, but I'm dead certain that there is no such thing as love at first sight in business. A man's got to keep company a long time, and come early and stay late and sit close before he can get a girl or a job worth having."

Again, "I don't know anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely to himself than his dislikes, unless it is his likes. It's generally expensive to have either, but it's bankruptcy to tell about them. It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, but it's better to apply the rule to the living, and especially to the house which is paying your salary." We might go on and quote the whole book with equal interest; suffice it to say that the reader who is not amused and instructed will be a dull person indeed.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Newell Dwight Hillis.

THE Quest of Happiness is a subject of profound and perennial interest. It is the oldest topic known to man, and consequently the newest. Happiness! we all want it, but none has found it in entirety. We would have the world believe it to be our portion, but like Bluebeard, when we deem our chamber to be fast locked, the key and secret in our own possession, all the while a crimson stream is flowing across the door-sill telling of murdered joys within.

The plummet of language has never been able to fathom the abysses of happiness. It is as incapable of delineation as the beauties of the mystic Isis, on whose statue was inscribed, "I am all which hath been, which is, and shall be, and no mortal hath ever lifted my veil." Perhaps, the Buddhist has described it most nearly in the doctrine of Nirvana, which is the extinction not of existence but of passion, malice, and delusion, the extinction of the fires of lust, hatred, bewilderment. Nirvana is the entry of the spirit upon its rest; an eternal beatitude which is as highly exalted above the joys, as it is above the sorrows of the transitory world.

We know of no living author who is better able or better equipped to treat this subject than Newell Dwight Hillis. The training for the ministry has not succeeded in ironing out all his individuality, nor can it be said of him, as was once said of a learned pedant, "he put so many books on the top of his head, he crushed his brains out." On the contrary, he has a mind of singular acuteness, singularly well-furnished. It is a mind that looks out keen-eyed upon the world as it is. Behind his character there is always the glow of firelight. This is why he possesses such an extraordinarily sympathetic understanding of the human heart. His writings are robust, sane, keen, vivid, "canny." Everything he touches with his pen he makes luminous, and the work before us is no exception.

The author was five years in writing it, and it has been rewritten three times; once from the view-point of the man who listens to the moral teacher, once with reference to the man who seeks for arguments, and a third time in the interest of condensation, simplicity, and concrete example, rather than abstract principles.

The theme of the book may be briefly summed up under the heads of happiness in relation to man's success; happiness latent in suffering; happiness in every condition of life, in the problem of work, in the pursuit and use of money, through social life, in the home, in the friendship of books, and the ministry of Nature. Happiness in its relation to socialism, art, and religion, is also fully dealt with.

The language in many places is exceedingly beautiful. Hillis gives us sentences that lie like strings of pearls across the pages. We delight in the trenchancy of his expression and the closeness of his thought. The volume itself is an excellent example of good book-making, and the publishers are to be congratulated on its turn-out.

William Briggs, Toronto.

YANKEE MOTHER GOOSE. By Benj. F. COBB. Illustrated by Clara S. Brison.

IT is only the hopelessly old or hopelessly utilitarian who cannot dip into the children's books at this season. Of course we know there will be the same leggy little misses; the cross mothers spanking proper principles into the coming generations; the cruel boy, the dirty boy, the greedy boy, and the knowing boy that is born with his eye-teeth cut, but for all that, if we want to keep in touch with the advanced thought of the century, and the trend of events, we must not neglect this very important literature.

Pray where will you find a better description of the commingling of races and usages in the United States, or a clearer conception of American ambitions than in the following lines taken from "The Yankee Mother Goose Book":

"My mother is Irish,
My father a Jew,
So I must be
An Irish stew.

"With father's money,
And mother's wit,
I'll marry a Lord
And be English yet."

Nor can a consideration of these jingly rhymes fail to impress upon the most conservative among us how antedated we are when we sing of such "chestnuts" as Jack and Jill. We cannot sing the old songs now, for rag-time is here. To be really modern, we must ring the changes after this style:

"Jim and Ella climbed a hill
To secure a pail of cream;
Jim fell down upon the ground,
Ella let out a scream.

"Jim was troubled for the cream;
Ella began to mutter.
The cream ran swiftly down the hill
And straightway churned to butter."

Even Mother Goose herself, has undergone a radical metamorphosis. That venerable person no longer rides astride a broom, but is portrayed for "Young America" as a very much "advanced woman" riding in a horseless carriage and making the geese, dust, and feathers to fly. Perhaps next Christmas some progressive illustrator will set Madam Goose astride that fast fowl, the annexing screaming eagle, which ever keeps its covetous eye on Quebec.

Joking aside, we were glad that our electric cousins are letting the old lady "see life." She has had a quiet time in Canada, but we sincerely hope they will not prostrate our mutual friend with what the nerve physicians abroad call "Americanitis." Assuredly, she deserves a better fate.

HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS. By Neltje Blauchan.

EVERYONE should have a hobby. It not only enlarges one's scope of observation, and adds to one's culture, but it is a change of occupation which rests the mind. A poor American lad, a farm-laborer, chanced upon the statement that everyone should be a specialist in some thing. He made the idea his own, and decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were gray, red, yellow, blue, and white; willows that grew upright, and "weeping willows." He gathered seeds, leaves, and specimens from China, Japan, Russia, and England. Although he lived and died a farmer, the day came when teachers in forestry in all lands acknowledged him as the first authority in the world upon the subject. There is no plant, bird, tree, or insect that is not

waiting for someone to become its representative.

The author of this delightful book has opened up her hobby, and tells us how she made bird friendships. She has almost as great a passion for the birds as Andrew Carnegie, who says he would as lief shoot an angel as a song-bird, for both must be akin because they sing and fly.

The author has given close study to the habits of the humming-bird and to its instinct of orientation. How does this feathered sprite, this tiny atom of bird life, whose outstretched wings barely measure two inches across, travel thousands of miles between its summer and winter homes, arriving at its chosen destination at approximately the same date year after year. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?

These sharp-eyed, ruby-throated immigrants may be attracted to our gardens by a vivid advertisement in red flowers. They give the answer to us that Eugene Field once gave when asked what was his favorite color. "Why," said the poet, "I like any color at all so long as it's red." The flowers, too, must be deep-tubed, hiding their nectar from the mussy bees. Such flowers are the cannas, fuschias, scarlet-runners, gladioli, honeysuckle, and columbine.

The author has given us some new information about male birds and their reprehensible habits. In the spring some happy couples already mated, travel northward together; or all the males may come in one flock, a sort of bachelor's club, ungallantly leaving their females to find their way alone. Then, how these same bachelors sing to advertise their locality when possible mates are expected to arrive at the old trysting-place, and how the joy of the reunited lovers puts a song into the heart of all beholders.

It will be news for the advocates of woman's rights that the males among the ostrich tribe take entire care of the young. Certain plovers, too, attend to nursery duties, even to sitting on the eggs, leaving their impish, wandering wives free to waste their strength on clubs, matinees, bargain-counters, and whatever may be the equivalent among "advanced" feathered females. On the other hand, the dandified drake deserts his mate as soon as home duties are likely to interfere with his leisure or pleasure. By way of apology for such neglect, it is said that a drake retires necessarily to shed his beguiling wedding garment, and by the time the yellow-gaped ducklings' education begins, their father is apt to be so denuded of feathers that he cannot fly, and is consequently a drag on the family.

Devoted little Bob White is a model husband and father, volunteering to take entire charge of the broodlings while Mrs. White sits on the second set of eggs. His prolonged devotion puts to shame the polygamous, indifferent barn-yard rooster and the turkey gobbler, from whom his mate runs away to hatch and rear her young lest they fall victims to their father's fits of jealous, murderous rage.

As a general thing, the female bird wears dun colors because she requires the greater protection, for in the majority of cases it is she who builds the nest, covers the eggs, and cares for the young, often with little help from her mate. His chief business in life is to woo and win her, therefore on him nature lavishes her choicest gifts of plumage and song, even if she sometimes skimps him on his beauty of character.

The photographs in this book are marvels of intimate bird picturing. Nowhere have we seen any that are comparable with them.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

Women are Growing Wiser, Wasp-Like Waists are no Longer Fashionable

ARE we womankind growing wiser, or is it merely the inevitable turning of the wheel of fashion that has brought in the modest corset ? Certain it is that Fashion has decreed that we shall no longer have small, wasp-like waists. The sculptors and painters who have all along been telling us of the beauties of the natural, unhampered waist will say, " What have we been telling you ?" and will point out to us the examples of the world of art and the figures of the old masters.

But then we knew all that, and most of us wished for this happy period to come, but what can a woman do when Fashion sets the pace ? Very few of us have the courage of our convictions when it comes to disregarding the mandates of that terrible ruler. Of course we had the plea of the necessity of something to hang and drape our clothes on, and the need of a certain amount of support, but the fact remains that thousands of women and girls have been hurried to untimely graves or sustained serious internal injuries from tight lacing.

The modern corset is a mere band of whalebone and ribbons compared with the steel-ribbed, unyielding " strait-jackets " worn some years ago. The corset of to-day is made on entirely different lines, being short, of soft material, with but a couple of bones, and it is shaped on hygienic and physiological principles, giving the internal organs a proper amount of space and freedom, and allowing ample play for the movements of the ribs and upper chest in breathing.

Probably one of the most prolific agents in bringing about this fortunate change is the modern devotion to outdoor games, pastimes and pursuits. No women squeezed up in an old-fashioned corset such as our mothers wore could, even had she dreamed of such a thing, walk a half mile, let alone run and stoop, strike at a ball, manipulate a fishing rod, or paddle a canoe. And the results are most gratifying, for never in the world's history has there dwelt such a race of strong, healthy girls and beautiful, graceful and happy women as we are.

Perfume is Hygienic

AN authority on perfumes says that "the liberal scent on the handkerchief is calculated to make it antiseptic and to destroy the germs in it." The use of a perfumed or antiseptic handkerchief is, therefore, consistent with the dictates of bacteriology. So that, instead of practicing a luxurious habit, a woman who puts scent on her handkerchief may actually be doing good to her neighbors by checking the distribution of infectious materials.

This is true of the more delicate perfumes, such as rose, violet, lemon and lavender. A liberal use of these can easily be accomplished by any woman who takes the trouble to do it.

Bed linen may be kept sweetly perfumed by the use of lavender bags in the linen closet. Every shelf can have a number of these strewn about. No dainty housewife in the good old times would think of putting sheets upon a bed that had not first been scented well in lavender.

Hurried modern times have forgotten in their rush many things that the ways of the old days were an improvement on.

History tells many interesting tales of perfume. One of Nero is that that tyrant had the perfume of roses sprayed upon his body every day.

Richelieu had so much perfume in every available way in his apartments

that the scent of it almost stifled persons who entered who were not accustomed to it.

Orange blossom perfume was the favorite of Louis XIV., who never used any other.

Queen Elizabeth had almost every known device for perfuming employed in the care of her dresses and living apartments. For her use sweet scented candles were made to be burned in the boudoir. Perfumed cakes of condensed rose, violet or other flowers were thrown into the fire to perfume the air with their fragrance. Her wigs were scented with Spanish leather which had been steeped in musk.

Perfuming the hair was considered for many centuries in the middle ages part of the quite essential things of the toilet. Women would spend the whole day in the hands of the hair-dresser, who would first wash, then perfume, and lastly dress their locks.

Some Parisian hair-dressers of to-day perfume the hair by dusting the scalp with powdered orris root or violet perfume powder. No attempt is, however, made now to get the heavily scented results that were once thought to be so nice.

The constant use of a perfume is said to have a subtle effect upon the character.

The continued use of violet is supposed to make one peaceful.

Heliotrope is generally liked by the conservative and retiring natures.

Women of vivid imagination and extravagant habits are known to prefer the odor of roses to that of any other flower.

Apple blossom is a favorite with the timid, it is said, and the lily of the valley bought oftenest by those who have a tendency to be melancholy.

Musk, carnation and other very pronounced perfumes are apt to be the favorites of the loud and coarse, on whom it takes nothing short of a cyclone—so to speak—to make an impression.

The daintier and fainter the perfume, the daintier and more refined the woman who chooses and uses it.

Beauty and the Bath.

WHEN the woman who has refused to keep pace with the world looks solemnly at you and shakes her head, when she says : "My dear, you bathe much too often ; you are washing away your vitality," take her out some fine day where she can see society on dress parade and point out to her the fine, handsome specimens of young womanhood you will meet at every turn, and tell her that there she sees the results of frequent bathing.

In nearly all the well-appointed private houses is a bath for each bed-room. Generally there is more than one kind, for the shower bath is one of the luxuries of the up-to-date woman. In every gymnasium there are bathing facilities, and every club-house is similarly equipped. In the country, where life is primitive, the morning bath obtains, even though it is founded on nothing more pretentious than a bowl of cold or warm water and a big sponge.

Among the women of foreign countries Englishwomen have always been the most backward in this matter of bathing. The luxurious, perfumed baths of the French dame, and the complicated affairs of hours which the Oriental beauties call baths, were mere names to them until foreign travel became a common event. The lesson in bathing for all of us was originally learned abroad, brought home, and taught to others.

To-day the woman who considers one bath a week sufficient to keep her in health and beauty is in danger of being shelved, and as a compliment to Philadelphia it may be said that very few of our women do it.

A tender little baby is bathed daily and clothed in fresh, sweet garments. This habit is kept up until the child is able to

go about. Then the careless mother changes her methods, and the bath comes not oftener than once a week. Habits which made the health of the child are no longer considered advisable, principally because they mean work.

That a little girl might be taught to do this for herself through pure love for cleanliness is never taken into consideration. If she ever acquires the bathing habit she must do it unaided by home influence. That is the way in which many of our prettiest women came up. But they never acquired a well-groomed appearance until they had learned the value of water. Now they swim with their brothers and compete with them in other outdoor sports, finishing with a rubdown.

Florence Nightingale was wont to declare that a bowl and a quart of water would keep a person clean. Something like that advice is followed by hundreds of women who have no bath-room, for the bathing fad has spread.

Turkish baths have climbed into popularity, and sea bathing has become a craze. Turkish baths, by the way, are misnamed, for they neither originated with the Turks nor are they exclusively patronized by them. They are the nearest approach to Oriental baths that American people have been able to accomplish.

Our baths are in basements, two or three generally to a large city.

In Constantinople there are fine, large buildings, as conspicuous as churches, and bathing is as pretentious as business or pleasure. For a population of half a million, forty or more of these buildings would about accommodate the people. The prices are so moderate that all classes can enjoy bathing privileges, and that is a feature which has not yet come to America.

Turkish baths are out of the reach of poor people, who perhaps need them more than their richer neighbors. Superfluous flesh can be kept down by a weekly Turkish bath, and many afflictions like rheumatism and neuralgia will sometimes disappear in its warmth and moisture. For women with weak circulation there is nothing like it, and the feeling of lightheartedness and renewed strength is never duplicated until after the next bath.

The skin is capable of a high polish, and the boast of our English sisters is the beauty of their skin. To secure it they discarded sponges and soft cloths, and substituted cocoanut fibre and rough towels.

Even the flesh brush was brought into use, or rough mittens, which forced the blood to the skin surface.

Perhaps this could not be done all at once, because feminine bodies had been pampered and the skin was tender.

But the polishing process, which was begun with a soft towel, did the work of toughening it, and then rough treatment was all the kind that was enjoyed.

New Opening for Women.

MANY and varied have been the schemes advanced by women for earning money, but possibly the most unique and original of them all is that of a young member of the ultra-fashionable set of Philadelphia. This young woman manages four of the largest homes in and about Rittenhouse Square, taking from the shoulders of the respective mistresses of these establishments all the worry and care incident to the supervision of household detail. She buys meats, vegetables, and supplies complete, and assumes the decidedly disagreeable task of hiring and discharging servants.

For her services the young woman draws $100 a month for each establishment.

$400 aggregate monthly income.

$5,000, in round numbers, per year.

By careful systematization, too, the house manager has been able to condense all her work into half a day's time, and is

thus able to give the remainder of the day and evening to home and social duties.

Frequently since her scheme has been in active and successful operation the young woman has been sought by other prominent Rittenhouse Square matrons, who almost begged her to relieve them of the care of their great homes. Content with her present sphere and her income, though, she has steadily refused additional offers, however flattering.

The beginning of this young woman's career was novel and in great degree pathetic. It was the old story of a "slump" in the stock market. Her father was caught among the "shorts." His fortune was swept away in the crash. The shock proved too much. He managed to reach home, but during the recital of the troubles to his little family he was overcome by heart failure and died. In the settling up of the estate, the home, all its handsome furnishings, everything, went to defray the last debts. Upon the daughter fell all the responsibility, her own maintenance and the care of her mother, who was an invalid. One by one she rehearsed her accomplishments, music, a dabbling in art, elocution, and one by one she cast them aside as inadequate to meet the necessity of bread-winning. In the emergency she thought of the management which she had exercised over their own home, this duty having fallen on her shoulders as soon as she returned from college. She had made a success of it, and saved money. Why should she not carry out the same idea in homes where she had often been a guest, whose mistresses she had frequently heard complaining of the onerous duties which were their lot incident to the care of their establishments? A dozen interviews were the result of the thought. Some looked askance at the innovation, but from the twelve she finally secured four who were willing to give her scheme a trial. These four households she is running to-day, and many of those who looked doubtfully on her plan have since come to see its wisdom and sought the offices of the young house manager. Kindly but firmly, though, she has refused additional offers.

She has an office. It is in one of the big buildings in the very heart of the city. Her original outlay was less than $100, expended for office-desk chairs, small table and rugs. That was long ago cleared up and settled, though the expense of the office furnishing sadly depleted her first month's income.

At the beginning of each month the masters of the four houses deposit to her credit in her own bank sums which experience has shown will be sufficient. The amounts differ slightly, according to the style on which the respective establishments are run. Usually one gives her $550 a month, two $600 each, and the fourth $700. On these various accounts she draws freely, paying cash as she goes. At the end of the month the young house manager presents to her patrons itemized and balanced accounts, the last item entered always being for her salary, which comes out of the allowance made for house maintenance. From experience, too, and the habit of buying wherever possible in large quantities the young woman has been able to save to her patrons sums equal to a large percentage of her salary.

HOUSEKEEPERS UNDER HER.

While the young house-manager exercises a general supervision of the four establishments under her charge, she is not burdened with the ordinary and humdrum detail of their running. In every large house there is a head servant, or housekeeper, and it was part of the agreement with her patrons that these very necessary personages should be retained. All four, though, are directly responsible to her, and through them she at all times keeps in close touch with the domestic machinery. It is the duty of each

housekeeper to report to her daily the amount of everything consumed during the past twenty-four hours, and submit as well a detailed report of the amount of provisions, etc., on hand. These reports are the barometers by which she regulates the replenishing of the various larders.

DAILY AND WEEKLY PROGRAMME.

The young house manager rises daily at about 6 a.m., and as the days vary, so varies her programme. Three days each week—namely, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—she goes a-marketing, and as all the meats for the households are always bought in open market, she has made it an invariable rule to be at the stalls among the earliest. The meats she chooses personally, giving that branch of the work her closest attention. The marketing done, she finds time for breakfast at home with her mother, but within an hour is up and doing again, executing the commissions given by her patrons and arranging whatever else in the line of miscellaneous purchases may be necessary.

Monday and Friday of each week are given over to laying in supplies of groceries, Mondays usually the staples and Fridays the fancy articles. On the former she has made the greatest saving of her business career, for instead of patronizing one grocer, and he invariably the "fashionable" man just around the corner, as did her patrons before she was employed, she hies away to the cut price man down town. From him she buys all such common articles as Sapolio, brooms, flour, sugar and the hundred and one things, which go towards supplying the servants' quarters and the servants' table. The most of each Friday she gives over to the fancy grocer, buying from him at that time sufficient of everything to carry all four of her establishments through the ensuing week.

Wednesday the one remaining day, is devoted to various purposes. Usually it is necessary to visit the tea and coffee house, for the house manager patronizes just one establishment of this kind, a house which handles only teas, coffees, and spices, for experience here has shown that the best of such articles can thus be secured.

On Wednesday, too, she calls upon the establishments under her care, and, after an interview with her principals, makes a general inspection of the respective larders and occasionally hears complaints or suggestions as to changes among the corps of servants.

No matter what the day, though, she sees to it that all outside duties are transacted before 10 o'clock, for at that hour she receives in her office the four housekeepers and hears their reports. Frequently, too, these head servants bear messages from their mistresses announcing a reception or dinner, for which special preparation is necessary. Such occasions as this are the hardest part of the young manager's work, for, after receipt of an order, she must repair straightway to the home in which the affair is to be given, and, with the prospective entertainer, prepare the menu or programme, as the case may be. If it is to be a dinner, then provisioning for it must be planned at once. If it be a reception, dance or party, she is burdened with much the same care. If "favors" are required it is she who suggests their form and orders them and sees that they are on hand in time. In fact, the entertainments which from time to time throughout the season illumine the four establishments, have become the envy of others less fortunate. Many of the guests have secretly wondered at the success of the affairs, and the apparently carefree hostess, as only a favored few know of the "girl-behind-the-man-behind-the-gun." In her own set few, indeed, of her associates know that behind the calm and dignified exterior there lies the originality and keen business capability that have made this novel career such an exceptional success.

NECESSITY OF HAVING AN OFFICE.

The first two weeks when she started in business the young house manager did not have an office, but the experience of that time showed such a headquarters to be absolutely necessary. Before the office was established she had great difficulty in making the rounds to see the various men with whom she had business during the day. Then, again, it was necessary to meet the housekeepers in her own home. The office was established, and now all routine business is transacted there. In the hour after the housekeepers have been disposed of the men of her business acquaintance come to see her. The dairyman, one farmer famed for his butter, eggs, and milk, there receives his orders for supplying the four establishments during the week. The butcher, the baker and the groceryman come in for settlement of their various accounts.

SYSTEM OF ACCOUNTS.

Her visitors disposed of, the young woman turns to her accounts. A notebook, in which entries have been made of all purchases of the day, is consulted, and from its chaos each item is entered in a day book in order. From this, in turn, transfer is made to the double entry ledger. Each of her patrons has an account in that ledger, as has each of the business men she patronizes. To each household is charged everything bought for it during the day, and at the beginning of the month each is credited with the amount set apart for maintenance during that time. The balance, taken at the end of the month, almost invariably shows that the amount allowed has been sufficient. In the same way each man she patronizes is credited with the amount of supplies, etc., purchased, while on the debit side is entered amount paid in settlement of the purchases of the day. In all cases, payments are made by checks, drawn on her account on her own bank. The statements made to her principals at the end of each month are merely copies taken from their accounts in the ledger. For this purpose she has four small books, one of which is submitted to the master and mistress of each household for their approval. That done and approved, she receives at the beginning of the new month checks equal to the difference between the amount regularly allowed and the balance which her books show to the credit of the respective accounts in her bank.

THE GREATEST THING OF ALL.

That she has golden hair divine
To me is no great shakes,
But I bow down before the fine
Plump waffles that she makes.

Her classic features that I see
My thirst for beauty slakes;
Yet not so much are they to me
As are the cakes she bakes.

I love her eyes, whose limpid blue
Rivals Norwegian lakes;
Yet I forget them—so would you—
When browsing on her steaks.

Girls, if you're pretty, nothing more,
You are but arrant fakes.
A husband's love flies out the door
Whene'er his stomach aches.

—*Tom Masson*

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

THE NEW BABY

IT was a tired little woman from the Southland, who wandered over the prairies, but she loved the light-flooded, wide-lying plains with a great and rapturous love, and so the genii of the land took counsel.

"This woman has felt the wondrous lift of soul which is the secret of our land, has felt her body grow in fairness, and her spirit eager, dauntless, swift in daring, and because of it we will give to her the most precious gift life can bestow."

And the genii caused a north wind to blow and the pollen of the wild sunflower wove itself into tangled yellow hair, and the blue-bells peeped out in eyes of starry-wonder, and to lips like a Cupid's bow, the red lilies lent of their wealth. The Buffalo apples, and the roses, and all "the angels of the grass" lavished their treasure without stint. And the woman knew not that the gift had come because she was weary and lay asleep in the bosom of the plain, but the genii and flowers knew and were glad.

That is how it happened!

OUR PARENTS.

Most of us can remember times when we were quite sure we had the wrong parents, and we tried on other children's parents. We thought it a pity that we were not allowed to reconnoitre on the earth a little while before being placed here, so that we might have made a better selection. Since we have chosen fathers and mothers-in-law we think differently.

There is nothing left for us but the acceptance of the very plain philosophy that since a woman cannot select her parents, and her parents cannot select her, she can select herself.

AFTER ALL.

Is it worth one's while to be born—
  To be—and never know why?
To be rubbed 'twixt the hard-skinned hands of fate,
  And ere one has lived, to die?
Is it worth one's while to be born—
  To be cursed by the sins of his sires—
To be trampled before he has strength to stand
  And be thrown as chaff to the fires?
Is birth but a mishap of chance?
  Is man but the fruitage of lust?
Shall the ages forever come and go
  And leave but a handful of dust?

THE ROOTS AND FRUITS OF LIFE.

That physical, mental, and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to anyone who keeps his eyes open. The child comes into the world with the tendency of his family stream and the momentum acquired by its run through previous centuries. Heredity is not a narrow, pitiful, two-parent affair. Each of us is the offspring of an infinite marriage, the child of an infinite mother. We are the summing-up of a thousand lives, and each life from out the arc of the centuries draws us to itself by good or ill.

Each infant has been likened to a cask whose staves represent trees growing on hills widely separated. At birth these staves are brought together, and some are worm-eaten—standing for vicious forefathers—and others are sound and solid. The cask is empty, but it is to be filled by

parents and teachers. Each parent ought to feel the divine frenzy of Michael Angelo when he smote the rude stone block to release the imprisoned angel! There is beneath the child's exterior an angel or a demon waiting to be released. It is with the mother to hoist a star or dig a dungeon.

To judge him aright, it is necessary not only to know who were a man's parents, but also who were his grandparents and their grandparents. The Jewish faculty for accumulation, you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle." Danish blood means fondness of the sea, Indian blood a roaming disposition, Celtic blood fervidity and German blood stolidity. The Scotsman stands for persistence, the Englishman for conservatism, and the Welshman for religiosity.

Although heredity is a mighty force, none of us are blind victims of fate. In spite of his ancestry, a man *can* select himself. He may rise up and successfully beat back all the influences of bad blood. He may put down the brakes and stop a long train of genealogical tendencies, and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century —for did not the family tree of the divine Galilean, the one perfect man, bear the bar-sinister, having in it the names of the scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba.

NAME THIS CHILD.

Booker T. Washington tells us that he chose his own name, and there are not many who have had that privilege. Parents seem to delight in sending their children into life handicapped with names that expose them to ridicule. Or children are called after distinguished characters, and do not measure up to the colossal dimensions. Scriptural nomenclature is not so common as it used to be. Mothers are more prone nowadays to select appellations from novels. The innovation is not for the worse. One family carried this practise of selecting Biblical names to such extremes that they called their dog "Moreover," after the canine of whom it was recorded: "Moreover, the dog licked Lazarus' sores."

In a Canadian village we met an unfortunate man who confessed that he answered to the name Shadrach Meshach Abednego. In the same neighborhood a family had four sons. They were christened respectively Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A fifth son was born, and the parish clergyman was requisitioned to determine a name. He jocularly advised them to call the new babe "The Acts of the Apostles." The suggestion was acted upon.

THE DEAD CHILD.

As many as came by the first man must lay down their necks, for "Death hath passed upon all."

Some there are who speak fair words of him, but Death is a monster whose drink is the tears of the world. He carries no flag of truce and takes no prisoners. His trench belts the hemispheres. He has conquered every land, race, and century. Earthly reapers rest at noon, but this grim reaper never rests. He knows no pity, is never weary, and his scythe never blunts. To him, "all flesh is grass." His chalice is a skull, his music the thud of clay on coffin lids.

"There are many kinds of sorrow," said David Harum, "but I guess that caused by the death of a child is a species by itself."

Ah! how precious they are, those bittersweet loans of love, those treasures we hold but for a day and miss for a lifetime. We watch the little stream of life as it merges into the great ocean of eternity. We listen to the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, "My head! my head!" Dusty death lays his seal on the lips that the red lilies kissed in the Northland. There is a sharp, quick struggle, an awful pallor, and the weary dove cowers its

young head under its drooping wing. There was no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto the ark.

Hours there are when earth reels beneath our feet, and the heavens are a lie. We cannot think of our loved one as that impossible thing—dead. Nature thus protects us in our uttermost losses by a density through which conviction is slow to penetrate. With thirst and hunger of heart we reach after them into the beyond, but a great gulf is fixed.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through these straits would be destroyed, and they put on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage as though they were actually dead. They called these straits "The Gate of Tears."

And so we stand at this gate and strain our ears for a sound from the other shore, but we hear naught save the painful throbbings of our own hearts. Are they dead? Do they live? Or is it we who are dead—we who toil—we who weep—we who sin—Is it we who are dead?

MISTRESS AND MAID.

The news that household servants are combining has struck terror into the heart of the Canadian *materfamilias.* Unions and strikes have indubitably improved the condition of the laboring classes, and such being the case it is not to be wondered that Bridget and Norah should combine too.

The lack of good servants is worse than a strike, for it lasts all the year round, still this idea of a servant's union is so formidable that we can hardly realize what it would mean. They will doubtless insist on no Sunday dinners, no sitting up at night for employers who keep late hours, and no restrictions as to dress, pay, or hours.

Surely the smoke of the housekeeper's torment ascendeth forever. Between servant and mistress, pray who is mistress? The time has long since passed when, like Mrs. Pepys, we can beat the saucy wench into becoming obedience. My Lord's "rascal" and my Lady's "hussy" are as extinct as the dodo. Nowadays the lines read the other way. "Master" is simply "the man what pays" and "Missis" the woman who "worrits." The downtrodden slaves have become pitiless tyrants. The throne has become a stool of repentance. While the king still counts out the prevailing market price, it is the maid who sits in the parlor and the queen who hangs out the clothes.

Remonstrate with "the gurl" who lies overtime in the morning and there are sulks and verbal blows. The work is too often done in a scrambling, sullen, dogged way. Norah has a democratic regard for the niceties and felicities of living. She jingles down your best plates as if she were playing quoits. She takes no hints and attends to no instructions. She will not do this and she will not do that, and wild horses will not make her budge one inch out of her own line. A deaf adder she is, and no music can charm her. Neither crying babies nor sick mothers will keep her if the caprice seizes her to leave on the impulse of the moment. This love of change has become one of the most distinctly marked characteristics of Canadian servants. It has inevitably produced a class with very short characters. They are real nomads with all the peculiarities of such a class.

The average servant ought to pay rent for the kitchen air, for she only vitiates it. We are tired of the tyranny of the broom, tired of having our lives embittered for three dollars a week. We are tired of plain living and high thinking, and so are "boarding round." Surely it is a wise old saying that God sends the meat and the devil the cooks.

How few servants feel a pride in their establishment such as we find a soldier takes in his regiment or a sailor in his ship. They have not the employer's interest at heart. Did ever maidservant oil

the creaking hinge without being told? How many servants can be trusted with the entire care of a lamp, or know on which end a broom should stand? Was there ever one who could go into a room and arrange it properly for a person to sleep in—that is, provide matches, soap, water, towels, and have everything provided for the comfort of the individual who is to use the room?

But how to change all this! We all have opinions on the matter, some wise, but oftener otherwise. Perhaps precedent is the best instructor in this case. Training schools have evolved skilful, honored, professional nurses from the Sairey Gamps of a former period. Why should they not do as much for the ignorant so-called " help " of to-day? We need an organized movement to supply thoroughly trained professional cooks and housemaids, whose diplomas shall testify to the degree of fitness, and who shall be bound under certain conditions to stay in their places until their time expires. Put service more on a level with a trade, and let better service be required.

Women have the old idea that certain occupations are only fit for ignorant people. On no subject to-day is there more published than upon domestic science, which all goes to teach that the intelligent scientific cook is just as much to be honored as the school-teacher or nurse. Trained workers are on the increase. Fewer girls sit down with folded hands nowadays, waiting a possible husband to solve the problem of the future.

The word " service " does not stand for degradation. Every person serves another in some way, or should do so. Only as we render service do we become great. All of us belong to " the working classes." It is not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man. It is the man who determines the dignity of the operation. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lots of most mechanics. Still these men are not degraded. Their intelligence gives dignity to the work, and every menial occupation may become a profession. There is nothing derogatory to a woman's dignity or self-respect in the discharge of the humblest duties. Dish-water is not always agreeable, but it cannot wash out ladyhood.

It would advance the whole matter of domestic science a hundred per cent. if each employer would insist on a letter of recommendation. If a servant can be dishonest and lazy in one family and be sure of employment in another, there is small likelihood of improvement. Too often the references we get and give mean nothing. Few of us are clever enough to pen " the character " that a delighted but stupid servant once handed to a would-be master. It ran thus: " He never refused to undertake any task that was proposed to him, and never did otherwise than fail to execute it properly."

In British Columbia, the Chinaman has ousted the housemaid and she is a " drug on the market." He has bowled out the washerwoman and has come to stay. He is reliable, cleanly, courteous, and apt to learn. Ah Sing is no believer in " eye-service." He is pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. We know a mistress who allows her tan-colored gentleman to do all the marketing. She is in pocket thereby. " We will have strawberries and rice pudding for dessert, Sing." Ah Sing is silent, but explains for the absence of the fruit later: " Lice pudding heap good. No stlawbellies. Too pay muchee."

His inventive talent outdoes the wildest delirium of a French chef. With " a pinch o' this and a handful o' that " he can serve up a dish piquant and distracting enough to make Eve forget the forbidden fruit. One day Ah Sing determined his masterpiece should be a great cake. He asked his mistress if she did not think it would be nice to have a motto ornament

on the frosted top of the cake. She smilingly consented to let him finish his work in any way he might think suitable. When the big cake appeared, she was amazed at the result. Ah Sing was then attending a mission Sunday School, and there he had found his motto, "Prepare to meet your God!"

Some day Ah Sing will come to Ontario, and we shall hear a lot about "the yellow peril" and "Chinese cheap labor," but the history of the slatternly maid will be ended and filed away.

In considering the inefficiency of our domestic service, we are not entirely unmindful of the fact that there may be, indeed there undoubtedly are, faults on both sides. "A good master makes a good servant" is an old but very true saying, and one we might well take to heart and act on. In no relation of life save that of marriage is compromise more necessary, and our motto should always be to "Bear and forbear." We cannot expect all the Christian virtues at all times and in all circumstances at four or five dollars a week. A servant may be given to insubordination, indolence, ignorance, and ill-temper, but on the other hand, a mistress may be neither sober, civil, nor solvent.

We owe our servants a great deal, and there is one at least to whom a woman should never be indifferent—the nurse, who for a miserably inadequate salary lavishes her life, love, and solicitude on a child which is not hers.

People are asking on all sides why the supply of even poor servants is so far short of the demand; why girls would rather take shop wages and semi-starvation than take places as help. Many reasons are given, but the thorn lies in the fact that a woman is reduced to a position in which, to use a phrase common among servants, "she cannot call her soul her own." Very often she is shut off from her friends, and gives up her liberty. She is expected to be at the beck and call of other women from dawn till midnight—women who are not always angels, not always even ladies.

To take service is almost to take vows of celibacy and obedience. The shop is hot and stuffy—the kitchen is worse. Her shop hours are long, but they have an end. There are chain-gang regulations and "dumb-driven cattle" in the factory, but there is the treadmill routine of work in the home, with all the worry and snubs that have to be bottled up during the day. Statisticians tell us that domestic servants head the list in female suicides.

Too often the mistress neglects the comfort, health, and convenience of the servant. Time and money are spent on drawing-room gimcracks that gather dust and impede movement, while the servants' bedrooms are ill-arranged. Poor bedding, broken crockery, cracked looking-glasses, and rickety chairs are among the furnishings.

In her relations with the servant, it is the duty of the mistress to direct as to how she wishes her service performed. She may give directions regarding the habits and dress of the maid, the persons she shall admit to the house, and their hours of coming home, for such directions are necessary to the order and safeguard of the home. But here her authority ceases. The mistress has no right to intrude into the employment of any leisure time a servant may have, or into her private affairs.

The necessity of sometimes finding fault should always be done in private. Nagging, scolding, and imputations of dishonesty have no part whatever in household management. A mistress must expect stupidity, disobedience and clumsiness. She must counsel with herself whether she can put up with it, cure the defect, or dismiss the offender.

There is no reason why a servant whose character is known to be good should not be allowed to receive her sweetheart at her mistress's house. Much temptation and immorality would be avoided if serv-

ants could meet together under the recognized approval of their employers.

Where only one servant is kept, children should be trained at an early age, not only to give no trouble, but to take a great deal. The girls should make their own beds, dust, and learn to make jam and cakes.

The practice of ringing the bell should be restricted. Before a servant answers a bell, she has to pull down her sleeves, wash her hands, and take off her rough apron. This is a hindrance and waste of time, and all because the mistress cannot put a lump of coal on the fire. A servant will do her work far more willingly if her mistress sets her an example of industry. Neither must the mistress forget that there may be extra work at times, and that extra help must be called in or an effort made by herself.

Let the servants be considered as women who may sometimes be toil-wearied and work-worn, let them be kindly and even indulgently treated, and let us blandly hope that in spite of unions and strikes, they will occasionally deign to return the compliment.

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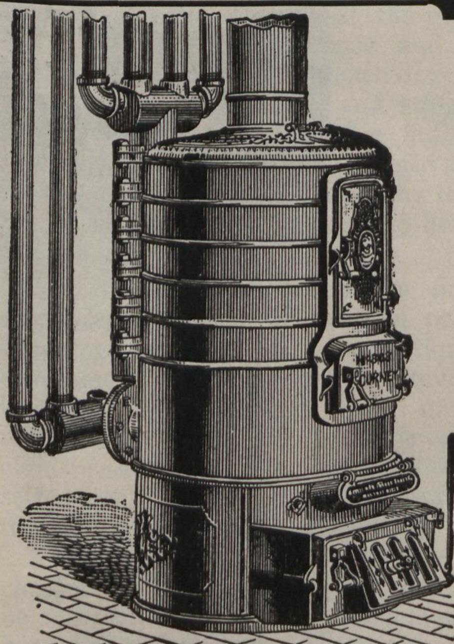

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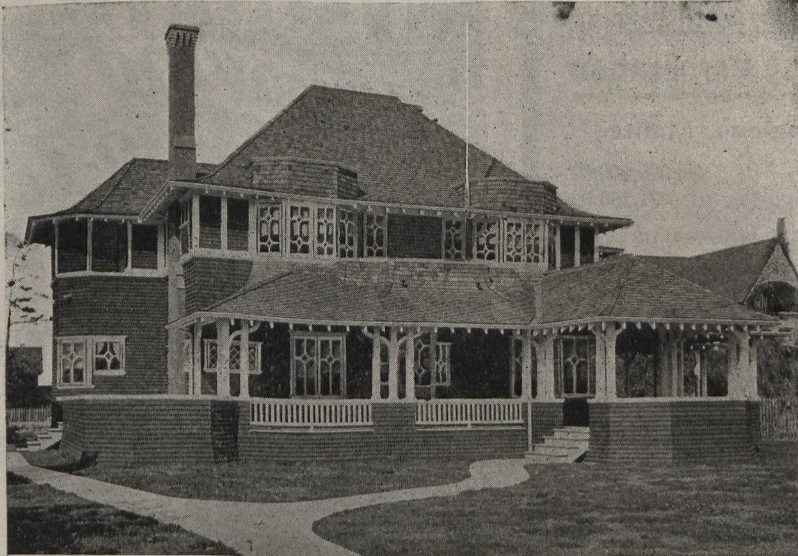

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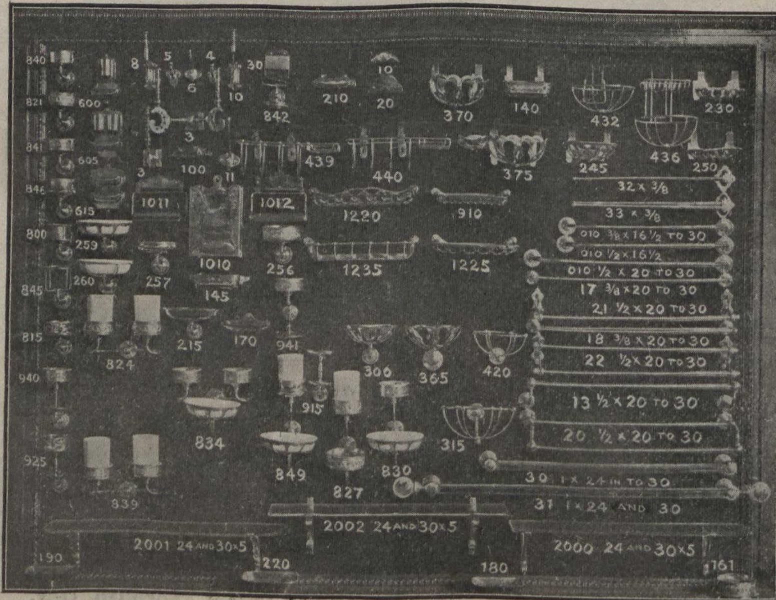

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