

PAGES

MISSING

NATIONAL MONTHLY

OF CANADA.

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1903

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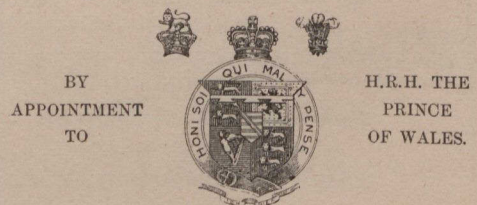
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II

TORONTO, APRIL, 1903

No. 4

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Demand for Men

ONLY a few years ago we heard much of the "armies of the unemployed." There seemed more men in the country than there was work for them to do, and one of the most natural results was that large numbers of men left the country and sought work elsewhere. Some of them are coming back now. Times have changed, and instead of a surplus of men and a scarcity of work, there is to-day an inconvenient, yet in some ways, a satisfactory, labor problem facing the manufacturers and farmers of Ontario particularly. It is a shortage of help. There is an abundance of work to be done, on all hands, but the men to do it are not forthcoming in as large numbers as required. For the man of sound health and mind, there is at the present time but little excuse if he is without employment.

There are very apparent reasons for this shortage in the labor market. The opening up of new lands in New Ontario and Western Canada has attracted hundreds of men from the older portions of the country, and many are still going. Their departure, which no doubt will mean prosperity for themselves and development for newer Canada, leaves a temporary vacancy behind, and this in the

face of an increased demand for laborers in all our industrial centres. The factories in many of our largest towns are greatly in need of more men; the farmers of Ontario want 10,000 farm-hands; and the beet sugar industry is asking for 5,000 men at once. The Government has taken the matter up, and is endeavoring to meet the problem by encouraging immigration. Reports from all parts of the country are to the effect that unless large numbers of immigrants can be brought in and settled in Ontario within the next few months, the farming and manufacturing interests of the province will be greatly handicapped.

A lack of laborers is certainly an inconvenience, and unless the demand is met it will become a serious matter. But at the same time, it is an evidence of the increasing prosperity of the country. Such a state of affairs has come about so recently that the country has not yet been able to adjust itself to the changed conditions, but a balance between demand and supply will come gradually. Meanwhile it is infinitely more satisfactory to Canadians to know that the present shortage is caused by the building up of another part of our own country, than by the building up of a foreign nation, as it was a few years ago.

The Fast Steamship Service Again

DURING the fall and winter, comparatively little was said about the proposed fast Atlantic steamship service, which formed so absorbing a topic last summer. The matter has come to the front again, however, and in a considerably more definite form. The Canadian Government has called for tenders for a fortnightly service by steamers of 21 knots, and by steamers also of 16 knots; the routes to be between Liverpool and Quebec in summer, and Liverpool and Halifax in the winter; the ships to ply between and call at only British and Canadian ports. What line will get this contract will not be known till June, but it is thought that the subsidy will be about \$750,000.

One of the tenderers will be the C.P.R., and the chances are strongly in favor of that company receiving the contract. The C.P.R. has recently purchased the entire Atlantic fleet of the Elder-Dempster line, and is thus in a position to furnish a first-class service. It also has the advantages of trans-continental railway connections. Since the matter has been thus brought to public attention again, considerable fear has been expressed that a monopoly will be the result, and legitimate competition will be crowded out. This, however, is groundless pessimism. The future growth of Canada demands increased transportation facilities, and the C.P.R., because it has a good equipment, will not necessarily prevent other lines from having a share of the trade. It will be one of the duties of the Government to see that a fair chance is given to all.

A New and Important Industry

AMONG the most promising industries which are now interesting Canadians is the manufacture of beet sugar. Heretofore there has been an idea in the minds of many that beet sugar is an inferior product, and would never take the place of cane sugar.

As a matter of fact, however, it is equally good, and often superior to some of the granulated white sugars offered on the market. In the United States the manufacture of beet sugar has become almost a national industry, the total production last year being 860,000 tons. The natural facilities in Canada are better than in the United States. In California, one of the great beet-producing states, the beets have to be used up quickly, owing to climatic conditions, but in Ontario the sugar factories are able to run several months longer, beets cut in March being as sound as in November. The quality of the Canadian beet is also superior, and wholesale grocers pronounce the Canadian sugar to equal any made in the world. The largest proportion of sugar imported into Canada in recent years has been from Germany and other European countries, and it has been beet sugar; it has been amply proven that we can manufacture as good an article in our own country.

There are already four sugar factories in Ontario, and several more are projected. The crop is a profitable one to the farmer, yielding a net profit of \$25.00 per acre. Other provinces are equally adapted, and there is reason to believe that in a short time Canada's sugar bill will be in support of a home industry.

A Politician Who Sees Canada's Needs

ONE of the best-known politicians of Eastern Canada is Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia. Until recent years he has been a strong free-trader, but now, like Mr. Tarte, he has modified his politics in the face of what he sees to be the country's needs. In a recent article in an American magazine he shows that from a hard-and-fast free trade policy, the Liberal party has changed, by force of circumstances, to a policy of partial protection—which Canadians are now realizing, it may be said, to be inadequate. Mr. Longley says:

"The Liberal party was compelled to

abandon unrestricted reciprocity as a definite issue for two reasons. One was, it seemed calculated to wound the feelings of a majority of Canadians, who were loyal to the Empire, and who desired that no step might be taken which might cause strained relations with the Mother Country. . . . The second was that no tangible sympathy with, or support to their views was obtainable from any responsible party, legislative or executive, at Washington."

Of the present situation, which is more to the purpose, Mr. Longley says:

"It does not seem at all beyond the limits of reason that the Canadian Parliament might conceive the idea of equalizing the American tariff by imposing higher duties on articles which are most largely imported from the United States."

In other words, protection is coming to be recognized by politicians and Parliament as a necessity. Mr. Longley, as a recent convert to protection, expresses himself guardedly, but between the lines one may read a tacit admission that the day of free trade is past, and that the future prosperity of Canada depends very largely upon an adequate protection policy.

Our Canals and the Transportation Problem

BOUND up with the commercial development of Canada is the matter of transportation. It is no longer a question of where to market the immense wheat crops of the West, but of how to get that wheat to the seaboard. There are two means of transport—the railways and the steamboats. Last year the railways brought 550,000 tons of grain to the St. Lawrence, yet all through the fall there was a cry of wheat blockade and a shortage of cars. The most popular route, however, in the handling of Canada's crops is the combination of rail and water, such as that via Depot Harbor. The all-water route does not seem to hold the

favor that might be expected. Welland Canal showed a decrease last year of 100,000 tons, but on the other hand, all the St. Lawrence canals but one had very considerable increases.

These facts would serve to show that the most popular route is the most direct, and it may be naturally expected that the bulk of the transportation will in future be over the composite rail-and-water routes. There can be no doubt that the solution to the transportation problem would be the construction of a deep-water canal from Georgian Bay to Montreal, thus furnishing the shortest and most direct route possible. Modern commerce is looking for short cuts. Such a canal would cost \$72,000,000,—a big sum, but Canada has already expended a total of \$100,000,000 on her canals, along circuitous routes, navigable only for light-draft vessels. Nearly all of the Canadian canals must be deepened. The cost of our canals last year was just ten times the revenue obtained from them, but it is nevertheless an absolute necessity that the work of enlarging, deepening, and otherwise improving these water highways shall be continued until Canada has an adequate system of transportation that may meet the needs of the country and hold its own against the excellent system of our American neighbors.

Getting Acquainted With Canada

IT is reported that a party of British members of Parliament are to visit Canada this summer, their purpose being to tour the country and see what manner of place it is. Such a trip will without doubt do them good, and incidentally it will also be a benefit to Canada. British statesmen have heretofore shown a regrettable ignorance concerning Britain's premier colony, and it is encouraging that they are at last wakening to an appreciation of our importance. A visit to Canada will convince them, as it has convinced hundreds of others.

One of the Scotch curlers who paid us a visit recently was fairly representative of Britishers as a whole. Speaking of his impressions of the country, he said: "Over home we have very peculiar views regarding the colonies. We are under the impression that Canada is rather a primitive country, with none of the improvements that the Old Country people enjoy. Imagine my surprise, when I discovered that in the way of accommodation in buildings Canada is vastly superior. The latest devices in sewers, waterworks, and lighting plants appear to be the usual order in all the Canadian cities, and in every way you appear to be more progressive than we are in the British Isles."

What Our Farmers are Losing

NO comment is necessary on the following figures, other than to ask if protection is not thus shown to be a remedy that the Canadian farmer stands much in need of. Every article in the list can be raised in Canada, yet Canada's money goes abroad, and the farmer loses. Our importations for provisions last year, as compared with six years before, were as follows:

	1896.	1902.
Butter	\$132,018	\$179,479
Cheese	321,082	245,489
Bacon and hams	143,618	656,204
Beef, salted ..	110,574	123,242
Pork, barrrell'd	270,826	587,784
Meats, dried, etc.	116,454	193,328
Other provisions	133,469	565,366
Total	\$1,228,041	\$2,550,712

An Age of Young Men

THIS is an age when energy is essential to success. The lazy man today must go to the wall, and the man who lacks force cannot hope to meet with the world's favor. "The strenuous life," as

President Roosevelt puts it, is the life that all candidates for success must live. Its tasks may be hard, but its rewards come at last. And since it is an age of energy, it is an age when young men are in demand, and when the best work in the industrial world is being done by workmen in the full vigor of physical and mental power. There are still cases where men well past the prime of life are continued in service because of past connections, and the owners and directors of hundreds of the largest commercial enterprises are men advanced in years. But an age meridian is fast coming into force, and if in many cases the old men are not actually shelved, it is true that in the majority of cases the man to establish new relations in a business enterprise must be a young man.

A prominent labor leader has recently prepared a table, showing the age limits in a number of the industrial trades. In all but the last three of the following trades the age limit is the maximum at which a man may hope for employment from a new employer:

Railroad brakeman or fireman	21 to 33
Railroad switchman	30
Railroad engineer	30 to 35
Steamfitting	35
Railway machinists	35 to 45
Plumber	20 to 35
Seaman	35
Woodworker	21 to 45

In the mechanical trades physical strength and freshness are of course prime essentials. In the more sedentary callings it is trained experience and mental ability which is demanded; yet even here there is a tendency in favor of the young man. Witness the appointment to the general managership of two new banking institutions in our own country of two men, the youngest bankers in America, one of whom is under thirty. In both cases the directors preferred personal ability and energy to that form of experience which years are supposed to bring.

To establish a hard-and-fast age limit is, however, not practicable. Some men at forty-five are as good as others at thirty, in their full prime physically, and all the more valuable for the experience they have gained. To every rule there must be exceptions, but the fact remains that this is a young man's age, in which every young man has great opportunities.

Electricity for Heating

THE conversion of electrical energy into practical use for heating has not yet been accomplished to any great extent, although it has been partially successful in some Canadian cities in connection with the street car systems. It is altogether likely, however, that the secret of profitable electric heating will not long be wanting. Nearly everything else has been done with this marvellous energy, and scientists are now experimenting in the as yet unconquered field, with reasonable hopes of success. We need not be surprised at any time to hear of the awaited triumph, while that it will sooner or later be accomplished there is no doubt.

Heating by electricity will save so much that it may well be hailed with delight when it finally comes. The new power works at Shawngigan Falls, Montreal, are capable of producing power equal to that produced by six million tons of soft coal per year. Niagara will be still greater. Electric horse-power sells at from \$15 to \$25, and the householder who pays \$80 or \$100 per year for coal, would find his needs met by electric power costing about \$75, with a much greater degree of efficiency, cleanliness, and healthfulness. For all purposes of heating and cooking electricity would be as ideal a fuel as it is an ideal illuminant. Electricians seem confident that within a few years what looks now like a scientific dream will be an accomplished fact. If such proves the case, the electrical development of Niagara Falls power may be made to serve other purposes than driving machinery and trolley cars.

Forty Days Around the World

NOTHING shows more clearly the wonderful advance of to-day than the way in which distance is being annihilated. One may go as far now in one day as it once took several weeks to cover, and still the prospects are for greater speed. The mere feat of breaking the records will have but little practical benefit, but the progress that is being made in trans-continental and trans-oceanic travel means much for the future. Thus, a journey around the world will soon be possible in forty days, though not many years ago such a statement would have been held absurd. When the Siberian Railroad is completed, in a year's time, the following schedule can be followed without difficulty: Montreal to Vancouver, four days; across the Pacific to Yokohama, twelve days; to Nagasaki, two days; by the Siberian road to Vladivostok, Russia, two days; to Paris, thirteen days; to Montreal, eight days. A reduction of one day is expected in the Pacific trip, so that the whole can be accomplished in forty days. In this circuit of the globe, it is worth noting how large a portion is covered, both land and water, by Canadian lines.

A Need of Better Hotels

WHILE the people of Canada are saying much and doing much these days to invite visitors from other countries, they are sometimes forgetting to make provision for their accommodation. A visitor is apt in many cases to form his first impressions of a strange place from the hotel in which he is a temporary guest. Canada's hotels are not altogether what might be desired, either in attractiveness or service. It is a matter of real importance, and one that needs immediate attention, for our hotels are to a great extent an advertisement of our country, one way or the other.

In many of our provincial towns the accommodations at the hotels are exceed-

ingly poor, and while they are improving each year, it is with a slowness and meagreness that is doubly unfortunate. The same is true of individual establishments in all our cities. On the other hand, there are not a few hotels in Canada that are in every sense of the word creditable, and may be pointed out with some degree of satisfaction. They are not always the largest establishments, and are not confined to the largest towns. There is a movement now in several different parts of the country to erect and equip thoroughly up-to-date hotels that shall meet the requirements of modern travel. The most notable of these is in the city of Toronto, while others are being built or planned in towns both east and west. But there is great need of a more general improvement in this direction. Every hotel owner in Canada can, by improving the service which he gives the travelling public, help to create a more favorable impression and thus advertise his country while advancing his own interests.

Ownership by the People

THE matter of municipal ownership has come to the front within recent months as it never has before in Canada. In Ontario the two questions that have been responsible for this have been the Niagara Falls power development and the telephone monopoly. Government ownership of the new transcontinental railway has also been urged in many quarters, it being held that the day of subsidies has given way to the day of public-owned enterprises. The telephone question was stirred up by some difficulty between a rural telephone company and the Bell Company, and a thorough airing has been given to what is claimed to be a monopoly. At the present time a great number of local independent telephone enterprises are on foot, principally in country sections, seeking connection with one another, and with the nearest trade centres. The Municipal Act of 1897 gives

a municipality power to carry on a telephone business, and there is nothing legally in the way of such projects being successfully put into effect. In Fort William and Port Arthur the municipal telephone system has proved both satisfactory and profitable. The revenue to the two towns for 450 instruments is \$8,240, while the cost to the subscribers is the unusually low rental of \$24 and \$12 per year, for office and house respectively. The telephone is nowadays a necessity, and such a service in the country sections is almost indispensable.

The largest experimenter in the world in government ownership is New Zealand. Railways, telephones, life insurance, and a system of old age pensions have been already experimented with, and there is now a proposal for the Government to operate the coal mines. By this new method the people will be guaranteed a sufficient supply of fuel at a reasonable price, and strikes will be out of the question. Whatever may be the result of these experiments in New Zealand, Canada will likely enter into municipal or public ownership with caution; but there can be no doubt in the minds of careful observers that there is now an increasing sentiment in favor of such control, especially as concerns the franchises that are in danger of being made monopolistic.

Money in Lumber

HIGHER wages have been paid to lumbermen this past season than any previous year in the history of Canadian lumbering. There is an increasing demand for lumber, and its value is steadily going up. Reports from all over the Dominion show that the cut this year will amount to a very heavy total, that in the Province of Ontario alone being 900,000,000 feet, and British Columbia with all records beaten.

Our Canadian forests are valuable. A pine tree, fifty feet high, is worth \$10, as raw material. Manufactured into various

forms it is worth \$300. Should not such enormous increasing of values be under our own control? Instead of sending our raw material away, should not our own country have the benefit of the manufactures? In other words, Canadian products manufactured in Canada.

Business and Education

THE recognition of the importance of business training is one of the encouraging signs of the times. To a certain extent that training can be obtained only in actual experience, but there is much in a fundamental way which it is the place of the schools to provide. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether our schools do not educate our young men away from business rather than fit them for it. If this has been true in the past there are evidences that it will be no longer true. Commercial colleges are now established in nearly every part of Canada, and a new departure is now being made by the University of Toronto, which has provided a course in commerce for students who have the business life in view.

In England more than in America it has been the great fault of the educational system that it is not practical. But there, too, there are signs of a change. In opening the Manchester Municipal School of Technology not long ago, Premier Balfour said that an awakening had come over the English people. "Henceforth and forevermore, there will be a closer connection between the scientific studies and the great industries of the community. We must give that complete scientific training

which is more and more the basis of our industrial fabric."

Affairs in Europe

OUTSIDE of the affairs of our own country, public interest is now fixed most attentively upon Turkey and Macedonia. There is a war cloud in the Balkans, as indeed there has been at almost any time for the past ten years. The prospects now, however, are that radical changes in the control of Macedonian matters are forthcoming. For the entire history of Turkish rule, it has been a case of mis-rule and bad government. The Macedonian people have been oppressed, tyrannized, and denied the rights of civilized government. Recently this oppression has taken the form of actual murder and pillage, and this in a country where life is hard enough at the best of times. The people have decided that they can endure it no longer. Hundreds have fled to the Balkan mountains, and are there organizing for revolt.

Austria and Russia have come to the relief of the oppressed peoples, and after preparing naval defences in case of an outburst, have presented a draft of reforms to the Sultan, asking that he put them into effect. The Sultan has promised to institute these reforms, but, from his past behavior, no one expects that he will redeem his pledges. Meanwhile the Macedonians are still inclined to revolution. Russia and Austria are holding themselves in readiness, and the whole world is watching with interest what has been called the "tinder box of Europe." News of an actual outburst is generally expected this spring.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER—THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY A CANADIAN

IN the little village of St. Lin, on November 20th, 1841, Marcelle Martineau, wife of Carolus Laurier, Provincial Land Surveyor, gave birth to a son.

For the Lower Canadians those were troublesome days politically. The temper of the times was sulky and excited, for racial and sectarian feuds ran high, and threatened to break bounds. The breach between the English and French-speaking races seemed irreconcilable. The whole question was a pressing and depressing one, and had any one dared prophesy that the boy babe that year christened Wilfrid by the parish priest would be the first man to bridge the chasm, such prophet would be gibed as an unbalanced, brain-sick idealist.

Yet so it is, for Wilfrid Laurier has won the affection and support alike of French and English in the highest position our country has to offer one of her sons.

II.

The embryo Premier was educated at a Public School in his native parish; and later, when the lad had outgrown its curriculum, he was sent to L'Assomption College, where he laid the foundations of his splendid classical vocabulary.

Young Laurier began his legal studies at Montreal in the office of the late Hon. R. Laflamme, at the age of twenty-one, at the same time taking the law course at McGill University, from which institution, four years later, he received the degree of B.C.L. The same year he was called to the bar.

On his first appearance in court, the

youthful barrister's appearance and deportment elicited high encomiums from the presiding Judge. Nor was the Judge particularly astute, for Laurier's superiority was easily patent to the most casual observer. Graceful, correct and unstudied action, a symmetrically beautiful countenance, and a noble, dignified bearing went to make up an appearance which would command instant attention in any crowd.

Laurier, too, was richly endowed with the typical characteristic of his race—temperament. It is this which gave to his manner animation without effort, and rendered him one of the most impressive and pleasing speakers of his time. Moreover, even at this early stage of his career, he evinced the incommunicable secret of style. His voice was a rich conversational register, and his soft, mellow French enunciation delighted the hearer with its liquid turns, falls and cadences.

Always a diligent, painstaking student, Wilfrid Laurier overtaxed his strength, and after practising law three years was obliged to seek the restoration of his health in the country. While rusticated at L'Avenir, he assumed the editorship of the reform journal *Le Defricheur*. Surely such a position is hardly an elysium of repose, nor can it be altogether harmonized with "the kindly medicine of rest," but certain it is that the change of work and air were highly beneficial to the jaded young barrister, for soon afterwards he hung out his legal shingle at St. Christophe, now Arthabaskaville, where he continued to practice with his several partners up to 1896, when he removed to Ottawa as Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada.

In 1880, the Marquis of Lorne created Laurier a Queen's Counsellor, in acknowledgment of his professional superiority in civil and criminal cases, and afterwards he was a member of the Royal Commission who revised the Code of Civil Procedure of the Province of Quebec.

III.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier first entered the Parliamentary arena as member for Drummond and Arthabaska.

If his first appearance in court was noteworthy, it was no less so in the halls of Legislature. One writer says that on that occasion he "produced a sensation not more by the finished grace of his oratorical abilities than by the boldness and authority with which he handled the deepest political problems," and one other has written, "On the following day the name of Laurier was on every lip." His words "rang out clear and true—their tone that of a coin of gold, pure from all alloy, and bearing the impress of sterling worth."

Although of French descent, Laurier's ideals have always been men of British birth, and in his latter years we find him calling himself "a Liberal of the English school—a pupil of Charles James Fox, Daniel O'Connell, and the greatest of them all, William Ewart Gladstone."

Three years after his *debut*, Laurier resigned his seat in the Quebec Legislature and was elected to the House of Commons for the same constituency. Two years later, in 1876, he was appointed the Minister of the Inland Revenue. In 1878 the Mackenzie Government was defeated, and Laurier went into the Opposition. For nine years he followed the Hon. Edward Blake, and for nine years more he led his party, till in 1896 he carried them to victory at the polls.

This time of waiting gave him an ample opportunity to perfect himself as a political tactician. With remarkable quickness of apprehension, he was constantly glean- ing wisdom from the political mistakes of

his opponents, so that even a biased partisan would to-day find it difficult to discover any material error of judgment committed in his piloting of the ship of State through the perilous and perplexing shoals of Canadian politics.

IV.

They were fiery and feverish days when Laurier took the helm in his hands. The Bishops of his own faith and all the Catholic hierarchy had renounced him as a traitor to his race and an enemy to the Church, by reason of his frankly favoring the conciliation of Manitoba in the school question, rather than its coercion.

It must be borne in mind that the Catholic majority in Quebec is over a million, and the Church by authoritative bulls and pulpit broadsides decreed that this majority should be thrown on the election scales against Laurier. But when the scales were finally flung out, the result was astonishing alike to English and French, for Laurier had been weighed in the balance, but was not found wanting. Out of sixty-five seats in the Province of Quebec, he captured fifty, leaving his adversaries in a hopeless, impotent minority. The people had openly defied the priests, and had worked out the very practical distinction between the Catholic as a parishioner and the Catholic as a citizen.

Several causes were at work to accomplish this victory of Laurier. Quebec was not unmindful of the fact that in matters of nationality and religion, she was herself alone in the sisterhood of seven provinces, and consequently was loathe to countenance the coercion of the Province of Manitoba by the Dominion Government, knowing that thereby she was establishing a precedent that might one day recoil as a boomerang on her own head.

Then, too, the ardent and praiseworthy desire to see a man of their own province, race, and religion Prime Minister of Canada for the first time was the burnt cross that rallied the electors in battalions to

vote for Laurier and the Liberal party which he represented.

But now his administration was face to face with a problem of such exceptional stress and urgency as would tax the resources of the most discerning and diplomatic statesmen. The appointment by the Holy See of an Apostolic Commissioner from Rome to enquire into the matter, the delegations from the Province of Manitoba to determine a basis of settlement, and the subsequent action taken by the Provincial Legislature, are matters of history. The question was finally removed from the domain of Canadian politics, and the Premier was more than ever the undisputed master of the situation. In this, as in his succeeding career, he has shown a capacity for meeting new and unforeseen emergencies, a quickness of perception in clearly discerning his own opportunity, and his opponent's error, singular fertility of resources, and adaptation to varied circumstances.

In 1897, Laurier attended the Diamond Jubilee, and left a new and disturbing idea in the minds of the English. It was *the nationhood of Canada*. It caused certain lethargic Britons to open their sleepy eyes in order to look up on the map the exact position of this hitherto inconsequent colony, and every day since they have been opening them wider.

Yet Laurier is always rigidly patriotic. His fiscal policy for the Dominion in which the most prominent feature was the according preferential trade arrangements with Great Britain, amply demonstrates this fact, and the London *Times*, speaking of his new departure in Imperial policy with "the marvellous goal to which it leads," said, "Laurier's name must live in the annals of the British Empire."

While in England, he received honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, was appointed a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, was sworn of the Privy Council, and received a gold medal from the Cobden Club, "in recognition

of his exceptional and distinguished services to the cause of internal and free exchange."

In France he was appointed a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and was received by President Faure. Later he had an audience at the Vatican with His Holiness the Pope.

Mr. Stead has pointed out that Laurier's Coronation message to the Old Land was no less disturbing than that of the Jubilee. He has practically vetoed Imperial Federation by refusing to allow Canada to be entangled in militarism. The sending of Canadian troops to South Africa is not to be regarded as a constitutional precedent, or as the fulfilment of a moral obligation. Canada reserves the liberty of co-operating with Britain as an independent State, and the right to decide whether she shall take part with the Mother Country or stand aloof.

In his relations with the United States, Sir Wilfrid has always upheld the best interests of Canada, yet with perfect justice to our American cousins. In none of his ideals is he narrowly national. The questions of fisheries, trade relations, international waterways, and the Alien Labor Law—to quote Laurier's own words—are matters "to be taken up together and dealt with in a broad, comprehensive spirit on one anvil."

V.

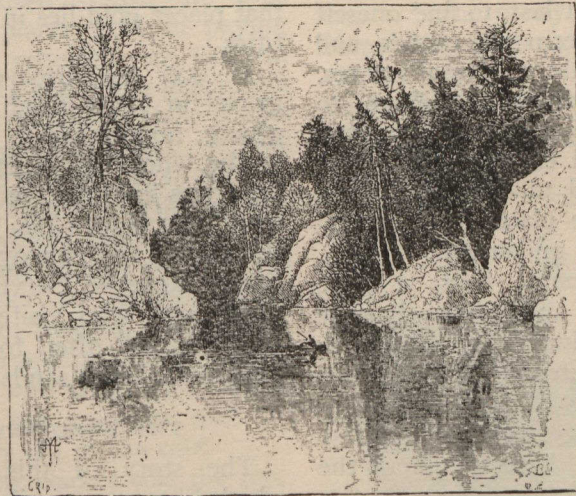
It would be difficult to name Sir Wilfrid Laurier's most distinguishing trait. He has no angles, so to speak. Equipoise, symmetry, and balance of power make him a round man, who carries himself with admirable steadiness. By reason of the fact that his sturdy independence and grim determination are clad in an exterior of unflinching courtesy, there are those who say that he does not possess these sterner elements of character. His tenure of Premiership has not shown him to be lacking in the smallest degree in these qualities.

No breath of scandal or corruption has ever tainted his name. His conduct has been uniform and consistent. He holds politics to be a science of which the object is the happiness of mankind, and not an exciting game at which the unscrupulous gambler comes out ahead. Canada needs more clean politicians of Sir Wilfrid's class. We do not ask pickpockets to carry our private purse, why should we entrust them with our public one?

Nor is the Premier's oratory merely the art of the rhetorician. It springs from the true source of all eloquence—warm feelings, fruitful imagination and powerful reason. He has a facile mastery of Eng-

lish, and his slightly French enunciation of it adds a piquancy which reminds us of a remark once made about Daniel O'Connell, "His tones had just enough brogue to sweeten them." Sir Wilfrid's admirable memory, great command of himself, coupled with strength of argument and resource of reply, make him a debater whom the unskilful should not rouse unnecessarily.

On the whole, this great French-Canadian has made us feel more kindly towards the politicians of our day and country, and has laid down a precedence of probity for the men who are to come after. His course has done equal honor to head and heart.



AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NOME—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY DEMAR.

WHEN our *S.S. Roanoke* cast anchor in front of Nome the wind suddenly stiffened to a gale and prevented our landing, and we had the privilege, so to speak, of viewing Nome for forty-eight hours of uninterrupted daylight.

The town looks quite respectable, houses, cabins, tents large and small, extending for a couple or three miles along the beach. The large commercial warehouses, recognized by their lofty lightering derricks, stand prominently in the foreground, then the hotels, stores, and other buildings, and high above the rest, but more distant, the golden-tipped spire of the church. Here was surely not a mining camp, hardly three years old, but a large town. And it was an agreeable surprise when going ashore at last, to find oneself on a street planked from side to side, and walled with wholesale and retail stores, banks, hotels, and official buildings, to hear newsboys offering the daily papers, to see telephone and electric light wires strung overhead, till at last one began to think that all the place now needed were trolley cars and university.

Nome takes its name from a cape fifteen miles distant, and is a lively relic of the tremendous inrush of miners in 1900. The town extends up and down the beach where they landed, and is, in reality, only one long street, with a few cross ones here and there to relieve the pressure of the population. Four or five miles away, in the background, are hills, and the tundra which lies between them and the beach is covered with Arctic moss and grass of a dull, yellowish and brown color. The moss, which resembles white coral, lies close to the ground, but the grass grows in tufts, or hummocks, sometimes a foot or two in height. These are hard and round, and make walking most

difficult. They are the "niggerheads," so well known in Alaska, and so thoroughly detested by prospectors, who have to trudge—or "mush," as they call it,—over the tundra. The whole aspect of this portion of the country is one of barrenness and desolation, which is not relieved by the fact that not a tree grows within a radius of seventy-five miles of Nome. Several small rivers flow through the hills, southward into Behring Sea, one of which, Snake River, cuts Nome in two. The valleys of these streams are broad, showing undoubtedly the beds of large rivers of former ages. Gravel and sand brought down from the hillsides through these old channels are found in varying thicknesses under a few feet of decayed moss and grass, and it is here that placer gold lies in considerable quantities.

It was the discovery of auriferous gravel in 1898 which gave, and is still giving, importance to Nome, and in fact to the whole of North-western Alaska. Gold was known to be along this Behring coast long before '98. Whalers and Russians, and the employees of the United States Revenue Service, were the only white men who visited these latitudes, and they had often found indications of gold in the beach sands.

THE DISCOVERY OF 1898.

The story of this great discovery, which, like many similar ones, was the result of chance, had not the slightest element of romance about it. In July of that year, three prospectors left Chinik, the Swedish mission on Golovin Bay, eighty miles east of Nome, to hunt for gold quartz along the north-west coast. When they reached Snake River, a heavy Behring gale suddenly washed their schooner ashore. While waiting for the



NOME LANDING.

storm to cease, the three miners prospected up along Snake River and one of its tributaries, Anvil Creek. In both places they found placer gold in paying quantities. They returned to Golovin Bay without having taken the precaution of securing legal rights over their claims by staking and recording them. It was their ignorance of mining laws, or their desire to keep the discovery to themselves, they never said which, that made them lose the richest placer claims yet found in this part of Alaska, for someone gave the hint to three Swedes, Lindbloom, Lindberg, and Brynston, three names well known here, who sailed up to Snake River, staked all the property, and left the original finders out in the cold.

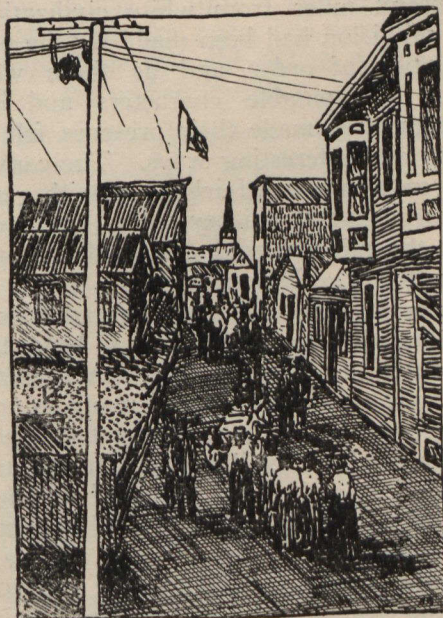
The discovery of placers was the forerunner of other more important ones. In the following spring, gold was found on Nome beach, and in such quantities that prospectors say that all the beach-diggings of the world put together could not compare with the sands of Behring coast.

When the news of these discoveries reached the outside world the Klondyke fever was at its height. On the 5th of August, 1899, four hundred miners, hail-

ing down the Yukon from the Klondyke and over the Pacific from Seattle, were gathering gold from the sands. Five days later a thousand men were working and averaging an ounce of dust a day, or sixteen dollars a man. By October two thousand miners had pitched their tents in one unbroken line along the beach. Gold was found a few feet from the surface, and for the mere rocking, began to yield from five to seventy-five dollars a day, some making as high as a hundred. Three miners took out nine thousand dollars in three days; from a hole four feet by twelve they made

THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FORTY DAYS.

During that short season of 1896 nearly two million dollars were taken from Nome sands. This news soon spread to the outside world, but the cold, Arctic winter kept the outside world at bay, and it was reserved for the year 1900 to witness a sight rarely seen. The fame of Nome became so great that the mining centres of the world went wild, and stampeded. Four thousand landed on the



PRINCIPAL STREET OF NOME.

beach in one day. People rushed from every clime, even Africa and Australia sending their contingents. Scores of steamers from San Francisco and Seattle were loaded down with gold-seekers; before the close of the season

THIRTY THOUSAND WERE CAMPED AT
NOME.

The one ambition of these motley thousands was to gather in the gold as quickly as possible, and then leave the country. That was their ambition, but many failed to count with fickle Fortune. Large sums were indeed taken out, and many secured independence, but the greater number became as rich as the traditional church mouse, and clamored for means to take them out of this Arctic ice-trap. The year 1900 is known in Nome annals as the year of the "Big Stampede," and if the tales which are told are even half true, the scenes on the beach that year must have beggared description. Thirty thousand men, and not a few women, of all classes and nationalities, dragged hither by greedy transportation companies, and dumped out upon the coast nearly three thousand miles from white civilization. No provision had been made for the preservation of order, and as there were many disreputable characters and cut-throats, they made their presence felt in many and interesting ways. The canvas city of Nome was fairly alive with gambling-sharks and whiskey-sellers, who pocketed the miners' gold dust without panning for it. Discontent was joined to disappointment as the season advanced, and the added fear of having to begin the eight months of an Alaskan winter, without food or shelter, moved many to acts of desperation, as the little cemetery down by the beach will still testify. Murder and plundering and other deeds of violence became so frequent that martial law had to be proclaimed. In the end a certain degree of order was brought out of chaos, and the United States sent transport ships to take back to civilization thousands of

sadder and perhaps less unwise men, and thus ended the Odyssey of 1900.

All the miners, however, did not leave the country. There were the old "sour-doughs" from Montana and California, and disgruntled Klondykers, who had come from Dawson, sixteen hundred miles up the Yukon, who wisely reasoned that since so much gold had been found in the beach sands, there must plainly be much more on the hillsides yonder, and with many creeks running down into the Behring Sea. The discovery of the placers on Snake River and Anvil Creek brought conviction to these minds, and they began to spread out in skirmishing order to sink holes along the hundreds of creeks draining the

SEWARD PENINSULA,

in which Nome and its interests are centered. It is the irregular land-mass extending from the western coast of Alaska westward to within forty-six miles of Asia, from which it is separated by Behring Strait. The peninsula separates Behring Sea from the Arctic Ocean, and is itself cut off from the rest of the continent on the south by Norton Sound, a deep indentation of Behring Sea, and on the north by Kotzebue Sound, an inlet of the Arctic Ocean. This was a lone, barren, valueless land, until the gold rush three years ago, when prospectors began to climb its hills and cross its tundra, giving a name and value to every creek and channel. "Prospecting" in the miner's vocabulary, means hunting for precious metals, but in Alaska it means something more. To realize this, one has but to see these men, laden like beasts of burden, with tents, and bedding, and food for months, trudging out of Nome. Ever since I came here, some months ago, I have seen miners starting out with bundles on their backs as big as baby elephants. These expeditions would not be quite so difficult if trails could be followed, but tramping over beaten trails is precisely what prospectors may not do. Their

terminus is always some new creek or hill, which no one else has "scratched," for their success lies in discovering new placers or quartz-ledgers. These being the conditions, the physical sufferings of prospecting miners are naturally very severe. They often lose themselves among the hills in summer, and oftener still become frozen in the dreadful Alaskan blizzards. Frequently I meet these bronzed old miners, and listen to their heart-rending stories of destitution and suffering, and of their despair when they are astray among the hills and see death staring them in the face. One case I recall of three men who starved in the vicinity of Teller. When their food was all gone they subsisted for several days on their buffalo-ropes and boot-legs. When these gave out one man died, and the other two were mustering up courage to eat of his flesh, when happily they were rescued. Besides death by starvation, many have lost their lives by drowning or freezing. Sooner or later their remains are found by other miners, but there is this sad aspect to their fate. Men are mostly strangers to each other in Alaska. In the mining-camp, for obvious reasons, I am told, it is not considered good form to ask a man where he came from, or, in other words, to try to climb his genealogical tree. So that it too often happens when dead men are found on the trails, or lying on some beach, no one knows who they are, or anything about them. Sometimes they are buried on the spot where they are found. Sometimes, when it is not too far, and does not entail too much labor, they are brought to some centre of population. In the cemetery, here at Nome, there are graves of those whose identity will never be known. Charitable hands have raised a slab, or cross, over them, but the words "Unknown," or "Found Drowned," or "Found on the Trail," are sad epitaphs to put over graves when one is morally certain that in desolate homes somewhere in the outside world, there are mothers,

or wives, or children, shedding tears over the continued silence of loved ones in Alaska. But this is the price of their greed for gold! But the greed for gold is something that the tragedies of life cannot stifle. In Alaska, as elsewhere, when one man drops, there are others to take his place.

The work of prospecting was begun in earnest in the spring of 1901, and success crowned the efforts of the miners from the first. Results have shown that there is gold in all the creeks on the Seward Peninsula that are known as "bench claims," that is, beds of ancient rivers which have been filled with shifting gravel and erosions from the hillsides. These are now undergoing inspection, and are turning out enormously rich. Every hillside which has been touched with pick and shovel has yielded gold. All this means much for the future of Alaska. The "sour-doughs" tell us that placer mining here is in its infancy. Notwithstanding the limited number of miners, and the shortness of the working season, which is less than five months, over four million dollars were washed out of the Nome region in 1901. The returns are not all in yet for 1902, but present indications show that the output will reach five or six million dollars.

There is this drawback to placer mining in Alaska. So far, individual miners have had the country to themselves, but they have learned by experience that, single-handed, they cannot fight against the climate and short season, four months out of twelve being the limit of their activity, the other eight being spent in enforced idleness.

CAPITAL IS NEEDED.

to develop claims and to work rapidly, and on a large scale. Just as soon as capitalists awake to the possibilities of this Northland, a period of tremendous activity and corresponding prosperity will set in.

AMONG THE FOLDING BED-OUINS.

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

THERE were Arthur Thurston Hargrave, Theodore Twombley, Miss Scarpe and myself ; and we were playing cards with Miss Scarpe in her room of the boarding-house. (It is perhaps indiscreet to confess that we were accustomed so to waste at least three evenings of every week, and that the game was poker ; but I can temper the indiscretion by adding that we only played to please Miss Scarpe, and that we never played for money.)

"I declare," she was saying, "the house isn't fit to live in with these women cat-fighting all the time." She stressed the word "women" with a humorous contempt of her sex that was frequent in her. She added, in the same voice: "Give me five cards!"

Hargrave dealt to her. He was thick-fingered and he handled the cards as clumsily as if he were "dealing pancakes"—as she had told him once. She watched him with a tolerant twinkle. (She had a head of iron-grey hair over a yellowed forehead, square and wrinkled ; her nose was long and characterless, her mouth tremulous and loose ; but her eyes were as keen as a rat-terrier's under masculine grey eyebrows, and they shone dry in the glare of the gas-lamp on the card-table without blinking.)

"And of all things," she went on, "aren't boarding-house cliques and petty conspiracies the—the most contemptible ! They're the last infirmities." She threw down her hand. "And it's always the women ! Always ! The way that sniffing Mrs. Purbridge persecuted little Mrs. Carlyle, and got those other vixens after her, and Mrs. Henry herself ! I wish one of you boys would write it up for a newspaper, and send each of them a copy."

Inasmuch as Hargrave was the only one of us who had any connection with the newspaper world, it was evident that this remark was aimed at him. He maintained a silence that showed me he had *my* opinion of the suggestion ; and *my* opinion was that for all Miss Scarpe's contempt of her own sex, she had a strangely feminine lack of scruple about using a public print to vent a private spite.

Twombley said: "My hand's worth about five."

The stakes went to him. Miss Scarpe began to shuffle the cards with a sleight-of-hand dexterity ; and he watched her as if he had nothing whatever behind his spectacles.

"Well," he said, suddenly, "for my part, I've been thinking seriously of leading an exodus out of here—into bachelor quarters down Washington Square way. I know some boys who are doing their own housekeeping down there. They say they've cut their expenses in half."

She looked up at him with a start that caught my eye. It seemed to me that she set her face in hardness to hide an expression of reproach, for Twombley was her particular pet, though she had been, to all of us, the most tyrannical and the most indulgent, the most friendly and lovable, and the most friendless and laughable old dragon that ever tried to mother three "overgrown boys," as she called us, with sharp criticisms instead of a parent's counsels, and, instead of the more tender outburst of affection, good advice !

Hargrave said to him: "You've been reading the *Vie de Boheme*. The men in that story were French. We Canadians are built too heavy,—morally,—to play the light Bohemian butterfly."

"No need to spread any 'tiger moth's deep-damasked wing,'" Twombley replied, avoiding Miss Scarpe's ferreting

eye. "I'm tired of the monotony of being fed three meals a day, like a cart-horse in a boarding-stable. I want some variety in life."

Miss Scarpe broke out, with a half-pathetic jocularity: "If you boys leave me, I'll sink to the level of those others—to back-biting and slander and all uncharitableness."

They did not reply. I said in mere politeness: "I'm sure I don't know what we'd do without *you*."

"Don't you?" she turned on me. "I do! You'll forget me in a month. I know you youngsters!" She began to deal to us, sending the cards flying around the table to our places like dead leaves fluttering in a dust-whirl.

Twombley arranged his hand. "Besides," he went on, calmly, "I want to get into a way of living that'll allow me to fit my expenditure to my income—to live low when my money's low. I want to leave the office to try a venture into something"—

"Do you think," I asked, "that eating off lunch-counters"—

"No," he said, "we can get some of our meals in our flat."

"Who cooks them?" Hargrave put in.

"I do," Twombley answered.

I snickered. "In that case," Hargrave said, smiling ironically, "of course there's nothing more to be said."

Twombley nodded. "Just so! I've cooked in camp. I can do porridge and bacon and eggs or flap-jacks for breakfast—and we could have bread and jam and coffee with them. And I can fry steak and boil potatoes or some other vegetable for luncheon—with tea. And I once made an apple-tapioca pudding."

The idea was so absurd, and Twombley—the poseur and the cynic—proposed it with such a simple earnestness that we broke out in an uproarious laughter. Even Miss Scarpe joined us with a shrill crow.

He reddened; but he let us have out our laugh.

"I'd like to have a sketch of you washing dishes," I said. (I was studying, then, in the classes of the Art Students' League.)

"Oh," he retorted, coolly, "if *you* wouldn't do them, we could get some other old woman in."

Miss Scarpe answered, under her voice: reply. Twombley watched Hargrave, and waited for him.

"Honestly," Hargrave said at last, "I can't see it, old man."

"Fact is," Twombley suggested, "you won't leave old mother 'Hen'?"—referring to Mrs. Henry, the mistress of the boarding-house.

"Well, I don't see why we should," Hargrave admitted.

II.

And that was the situation when we were startled by a knock on the door. We looked across at one another in a guilty silence. (I have to make another confession: we were playing cards on Sunday evening.) The knock was repeated politely, but firmly.

"Who's that?" Hargrave asked us.

Miss Scarpe answered, under her voice: "I judge by the scratching that it's the Purbridge." She called defiantly, "Come in!"

She had her back to the entrance, and she did not turn. I was sitting opposite her and I knew the door had opened, but I did not look up.

"Well?" she prompted me. "It's your play, Mr. Parker."

I was naturally bewildered by the consciousness that Mrs. Purbridge was watching me from the doorway. I stammered: "I—I beg your pardon. I'll take three cards."

Twombley laughed, and I remembered, then, that we had already made up our hands. I was too confused to go on.

She stung me with a scornful glance, and turned sharply to look over her shoulder at Mrs. Purbridge. "Well?" she snapped.

Now Miss Scarpe had long been the undisputed autocrat of the house. It was understood that she had money, and the respectful demeanor of the servants, when she abused them, showed that they had the best of reasons for crediting the report. Moreover, she gave her orders to Mrs. Henry as if that woman of eternal patience and suppressed wrath were a hired housekeeper; she sat down to the dinner table as if to preside over a gathering of her own guests, and she bore herself towards those fellow-boarders whom she disliked, with a manner that could only have been endured by Mrs. Henry for financial reasons.

It had not been endured by Mrs. Purbridge, who, from the evening of her first appearance at the table, had crossed and contradicted Miss Scarpe with an insolent politeness, refusing to notice that the old lady would not speak to her, warding off her sarcasms with the coolest insensibility and replying to them with sudden thrusts later, when all guards were down.

She had her head in the door, now, and she was smiling with a social show of teeth, in an affected simper of apology for her intrusion. "I beg your pardon," she said, mincingly, "but might I ask you—the Rev. Mr. Prior is calling on us in the next room. It is *Sun-day* evening. Might I ask you not to make so much noise?"

She spoke in such a cutting tone of condescension, and she reminded us that it was "*Sun-day evening*" with such a graciously insulting slyness that Miss Scarpe screwed around in her chair, her mouth drawn in a straight slit of angry lips. "Mrs. Pur-r-bridge," she mocked her, "might I ask you kindly to confine the practice of your hypocrisies to your own apartment? If the Rev. Mr. Prior—"

"Of course," Mrs. Purbridge went on to us, as if she had not heard Miss Scarpe, "of course, you have a perfect right to behave yourselves according to your taste on Sunday or any day—but the sound of gaming, don't you know?" She lifted her eyebrows in a confidential whisper. "The partition is so thin. He asked me whether there was a gambling house next door."

Miss Scarpe brought her open hand down on the edge of the table like an indignant school-teacher calling for order. "Mrs. Purbridge," she cried, "leave my room this instant!"

Mrs. Purbridge pursed her mouth in an exaggerated aside to the rest of us. "If you would kindly!" she said. "Not quite so loud. Sunday is a holy day as well as a holiday with us. I'll tell him it was the servants. Thank you. Good-bye."

She shut the door softly, and Miss Scarpe—her old head shaking, her thin lips twitching—glared at the panels like a female Lear. I expected her to turn on us in a Shakespearian raving. Instead of that, she took up her cards and said hoarsely: "She'll repent that! She'll repent that!" She puffed hotly through her nose. "I know her. . . . She's been a governess—with her mistress airs!" She looked up at us threateningly. "Whose play is it?"

It was mine. I bet ten on nothing at all, and we went on with our game in a more or less flustered silence. Miss Scarpe said nothing, and *we* had nothing that we could say. I felt sorry for the old lady, but at the same time it seemed to me that she had brought the scene on herself and deserved her punishment.

She relieved our embarrassment, finally, by asking Twombly, in a forced calm of voice: "What venture? You said you wished to leave your office to make a venture into something."

"Oh, yes," Twombly recollected. "I wished to get into newspaper work."

Hargrave said: "*Really?*"

Twombly bowed. "Really."

Miss Scarpe took up his defence with a challenging: "And why not?"

Hargrave shrugged his shoulder.

She threw down her cards. "Well, it's time you were all in bed anyway," she cried. "That cat has spoiled our evening."

She could see, I suppose, that we were eager enough to get away. Hargrave passed his cards to her as if reluctantly, and Twombly tilted his chair in a manner of lingering for a chat; but I bade her good-night without any hesitation, and hurried away to my bed in the room—"top-floor, back,"—which I shared with Twombly.

III.

He used to call it our "lean-to," because of the way the ceiling of it sloped from the height of the door at its one end to the tops of the low windows at the other; and those windows were so low that I had to sleep with my feet to them because the head of the bed was too high to go in there. (For a similar reason—Twombly being taller than I was—he had given me the windowed end of the room and had taken the bed by the door.)

I was already between the cold sheets when he came in. He put on a bath-robe that served him as a dressing-gown, and sat down to enjoy his usual smoke over the evening papers before putting out the light. I was wakeful myself from the excitement of Mrs. Purbridge's quarrel with Miss Scarpe; and I was wondering whether the old lady would expect us now to involve ourselves in it by taking her side—a thing which I did not intend to do—when there was a rap on our door, and I heard her ask, "May I come in?"

Twombly opened to her. She could not see me, and I could not see her, for the high head of the old-fashioned folding-bed in which I slept. She began at

once, before I could let her know that I was there: "I'm going to take a liberty now, at the risk of offending you—but I'm accustomed to take liberties." She added savagely: "And to give offence."

"Won't you sit down?" Twombly said.

She did not answer. "About this 'venture' of yours you spoke of," she went on. "Won't you let me be of some assistance to you? I know—I know! You have a young man's foolish pride in such things—but you wouldn't deny a worthless old woman the opportunity to be of some use to some one, would you?" Her voice had changed pathetically. "I'm not rich, but I have a great deal more money than I need for myself, and there's no one—of my own. You can give it back to me when you get on your feet in your new line—with interest if you like—but humor me now. It's nothing to you, and it would give me so much"—

"But," Twombly began to object.

"Ah, don't disappoint me, child," she said. "It's such a little thing to you. You boys have been such good company for me—wasting your time, and spoiling your pleasures—and now, when you should be able to start out with a good backing and no mean worries about money, so you could give all your thoughts to your work—"

Twombly must have made some sign of reluctant refusal. She broke out: "You must! I won't be denied. I've had my own way too long to be treated so. I'll never speak to you again if you don't."

Twombly laughed self-consciously. "But, Miss Scarpe," he said, "suppose I don't make a success of this other business. I wouldn't be able to pay you back."

"That's my look-out."

"Oh, no," he argued. "It's altogether mine. I would take it if I were sure I'd be able to return it. But I can't, when I'm not."

"Not even to please *me*?" she pleaded.

"Besides," he went on, "I'll not leave the office until I can get the others to come keeping back with me. I couldn't work here."

She did not speak for a moment. "Well," she said, "if you get them to go, will you—accept?"

"Will you help me to get them to go?" he returned.

"Yes! I will!" she promised.

"All right! That's a bargain," he agreed, as if this were all that had been in dispute between them. "Park?" he called. "Parker?"

I pretended that I had been asleep. (It was the only thing that I could think to do.) I answered thickly from the pillows: "Uh? Wha-a-at?"

I heard Miss Scarpe's gasp of surprise. "Would you take a flat with the rest of us?" he asked.

"Wh-why—why certainly," I said, "if Hargrave'll come. What's the matter?" I rolled over as if to look out at him. I heard the rustle of flying skirts.

"Oh, nothing," Twombley laughed.

"I didn't know you were asleep."

I grunted.

"Sorry I woke you," he apologized. He closed the door almost noiselessly. I heard him chuckle as he undressed. In another moment his light went out and his bed creaked in the darkness.

IV.

That, as I said, was Sunday night. We did not usually play cards again until Wednesday, because Hargrave was always busy during Monday and Tuesday preparing his "newspaper specials" for the week. I noticed that Twombley spent those two evenings with Miss Scarpe, but I had no suspicion of what they were doing until he strolled into Hargrave's room late Tuesday night—where I was making a sketch of Hargrave at work—and inquired the name of the "supple-

ment" editor of the paper for which Hargrave wrote.

"Sending him something?" Hargrave asked.

"Yes," Twombley said, "trying a little skit that Miss Scarpe wished me to write."

"Humorous?"

"Oh, very."

"If you get it in to him by to-morrow noon," Hargrave said, "it may be published this Saturday. Give it to me. I'll take it down with my own stuff. Have you it typewritten?"

Twombley nodded. "Thanks," he said. "I'm a little shy about my first attempt. I'd rather you wouldn't read it."

"Oh, that's all right," Hargrave agreed. "I'll not read. Just put it in my envelope here. I'll speak to him of it. If he doesn't want it, he'll give it to me the next time I see him. That will save postage."

Twombley did as he was told, with a cheerful gratitude. Having loitered over my shoulder for a few minutes, he went out again—to report to Miss Scarpe, I suppose. He did not come back.

For the rest of the week, they were as secret as snakes. Miss Scarpe was out every day, shopping and running around the town so busily that she was too tired to enjoy her cards at night; and she was quieter than usual at the table—in consequence of which, Mrs. Purbridge developed a red wrinkle to the corner of her mouth from smiling in an uninterrupted self-satisfaction. Twombley appeared to be spending all his evenings at the theatres.

"Seems to have given up literature," I said, that Friday night, to Hargrave.

He nodded over his corn-cob. A moment later, he cried: "Gad! I forgot to mention that skit of his to Mr. Burton! Did it come back?"

I shook my head to signify that I did not know.

"Probably wouldn't make any difference, anyway," he consoled himself.

I agreed with him.

And therein we deluded ourselves with a false hope, as we learned on the following evening—which was Saturday.

I had come in late for dinner, and I hurried downstairs to the basement dining-room without going upstairs to my own room at all. (And that was the first unhappy accident.) Mrs. Henry—who held to the old fashion of seating us all at one large table, herself at the foot of it, where she served the soup and carved the roast maternally—nodded to me as I entered. Mrs. Purbridge did not.

Twombly's place was empty. So was Miss Scarpe's. Hargrave came in just as I was dipping into my soup.

Mrs. Purbridge waited until the maid had put a plate of it before him, and then piped up in her smoothest shrillness: "That was a *deelightful* article you had in to-day's paper, Mr. Hargrave."

He bowed. "Thank you. I haven't seen it. I'm glad you liked it."

She turned to Mrs. Henry. "How did *you* like it?" she cooed.

Mrs. Henry smiled on Hargrave. "I haven't read it—*yet*," she said.

Mrs. Purbridge shot up her eyebrows. "Oh? It has a very good description of you in it—under the name of Harris."

Hargrave, blushing with so much appreciation, looked up from his plate at her, and frowned. (There was a note in her voice that was a warning of rocks ahead.) She took a folded newspaper from her lap and laid it beside her plate. "It's an account," she said, bending over it, "of how a 'Mrs. Catbridge'—(which is evidently myself)—drove a 'Mrs. Delisle'—(which is Mrs. Carlyle, I suppose)—out of the house here. I am described as a 'translated governess' who pretends to the airs of a society I once looked up to from the servants' quarters."

There was a choked snicker from some

one down the table. I did not look to see from whom it came. She went on evenly, in a dead stillness: "It is headed 'A Boarding-house Comedy—Social Life Among the Folding Bed-ouins—A Proud Guest Who has a Past—Does not Consider the Quiet Woman Her Social Equal—How She Drove Her Out of the House.'"

"I never wrote that!" Hargrave said huskily.

"Oh, certainly *not*!" Mrs. Purbridge replied, with a fanged smile. "It is printed in your paper, however. And it is signed with your initials. Perhaps you would recognize the beginning: "In that wilderness of brick and stone that is known as the boarding-house district, Mrs. Harris keeps a caravansary for the tribe of the homeless—'the folding Bed-ouins,' as a Boston wit has called them. It is an old-fashioned home of generous proportions, and it seems unfit that it should have been made a boarding-house, just as it seems unfit that Mrs. Harris, so evidently designed by nature to be a doting mother and a fond wife, should have been compelled to throw open the doors of her life to the stranger and the transient.'"

She read "a doting mother and a fond wife" with an accent of sarcasm that was revolting. Mrs. Henry, all her blood red in her face, put down the carving knife and fork. Hargrave pushed back his chair, stammering an amazed, "I—I—" He stopped short with a wild glance at Twombly's empty place; and I, too, understood! It was Twombly's article—and Miss Scarpe's. The editor, finding it in Hargrave's envelope, had accepted it and published it as his, over the "A. T. H." of his signature!

Mrs. Henry rose, white, and reached for the paper with a hand that shook. Mrs. Purbridge gave it to her, smiling thinly. She glanced down it to the signa-

ture, and raised a face of indignant eyes and quivering lips to Hargrave. I saw that he could not explain. I got up and rushed out to bring Twombly.

And on the table in our room, I found a letter from him which I should have received before dinner—an invitation to dine with Miss Scarpe and him at "Bachelor Hall, No. — Waverley Place, off Washington Square." I was to take Hargrave.

I was still standing over it, my hands in my pockets, unable to decide what to do, when Hargrave burst in on me in a blazing wrath. "Where's Twombly?" he demanded.

I gave him the letter. He read it with a furious glance and flung it back on the table. "Wait till I get my hat," he cried.

VI.

It is useless to describe the scene which followed when they met. Twombly and Miss Scarpe both protested that the article had been sent unsigned, that it had been aimed at Mrs. Purbridge, that there was nothing in it to offend Mrs. Henry; that the blame, if there was any, rested on Hargrave, who should have spoken to the editor about it.

"I forgot!" he shouted.

"Then, don't pile into me," Twombly argued. "I didn't even expect that the stuff would be accepted. I expected to get it back. I only wrote it for practice. If I had had half a thought that it would've got into print, I shouldn't have sent it. Scott, man! be reasonable!"

As for the preparations which they had evidently made for just such an event as had occurred, Twombly explained that he had rented and furnished a flat large enough for the three of us, because he had hoped that when we saw it, and ate the dinner which he had cooked, and understood how cheaply it had all been done, we would agree with him that keeping bach. was better than boarding. "Have

you had your dinner?" he asked, soothingly.

"No," Hargrave snapped at him. "Mrs. Henry practically ordered me out of the house!"

Miss Scarpe said: "I'll explain the affair to her to-morrow. You can all sleep here to-night. Come, now, don't spoil a jolly evening."

And in the end, of course, Hargrave yielded, though I need hardly say that the evening was not as jolly as Twombly, with his counterfeit of mirth, tried to make us believe.

I went with him to get our clothes from the boarding-house next day,—(Hargrave would not come)—but despite all that Miss Scarpe did—or claimed that he did—in our behalf with Mrs. Henry, that indignant lady would have nothing more to do with any of us. We gathered up our belongings and went out of her doors, to return to Bachelor Hall, "like a giddy Adam and Eve," as Twombly said, "'hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow.'"

Miss Scarpe waived an *au revoir* to us from the stoop. "The angel with the flaming sword," he commented, as he bowed an eloquent adieu to her.

I refused to rise to the spirit of his foolery; I was too indignant with him for his part in the affair, whether it had been accidental or not.

He smiled at a sign-board. "Were you ever persecuted by an excess of kindness?" he asked.

"No," I said, "what has that to do with it?"

"Then," he replied, "you've never felt for Hargrave when Mrs. 'Hen' served him half the breast of a turkey and the liver wing. I'm glad he'll be spared that blushing humiliation; for really, you know, a persistent partiality of that sort can be as annoying as a determined spite."

And that is as near as I have ever come to getting an explanation of the business from him.

AN OTTAWA COUNTY HORSE—TRADE

By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

WHEN we got back to where we had left young Cyprien's old buckboard in the ragged bush-road, we were loaded with partridge, and were hungry enough "to eat horse." But, to our most poignant astonishment and disgust, there was no horse,—either to devour, or to back into the awaiting shafts! Modeste, until then the very pattern of equine fidelity, had for once proved even more retiring than her name, and had retreated beyond all sight or sound into the slashings.

When we found her at last, it was with the lantern of the moon. And on the long jog back to the shack, our converse was all of the hidden sinfulness of horse nature, and how most craftily it may be uncovered. It was thus that Cyprien told us the painful tale of the trading of "old Billie," which herewith, all interruptions being elided, truthfully follows.

"Dat's de sommer I'll be work for Neek Sloan. Neek, he's prett' smart man, but he don' ought to have de beezness wid dat geepsie. W'en dat fell' come to tret horse at us, I don' go near hees wagon, me; an' I tell Neek how dat de geepsies tek de leetle chil'ren, an' boil dem in de kittle for me de *bouillon*. De modder tell me dat herself.

"Mais Neek, he hon'y smile an' say: 'Well, Ceep, he won' boil me. An' I'm goin' for sell heem hol' Beelie.'

"An' I'll mek de eyes might' beeg w'en he say *dat*; for hol' Beelie, he's seek, he's got de —— I don' know how you call heem in Eengleesh. But he's seek so dat hall de nebours jus' laugh an' laugh w'en Neek try to drive heem on de beeg road.

"So I'll say: 'Dat geepsie ain' be fool. I gase you won' sell hol' Beelie.'

"An' Neek hon'y tek de pipe from de teet', an' mek de eyes prett' leetle, an' say: 'Poor hol' Beelie! He's ver' seek horse,' an' he pass hees han' on de arm of de chair like he strokin' heem. An' I nod de haid. An' he go on for say: 'Don' we ought to get some maid'cine for heem?' An' den he mek de one eye so tight close' dere ain't not'in' but weenkers, an' he continue for say, ver' slow: 'P'raps de maid'cine mek heem well for t'ree, four *year*', an' p'raps it's hon'y good for t'ree, four *day*.'

"An' I say: 'Yaes'; but I'll not know w'at he wan' to mean.

"An' he look at me prett' queer some more, an' feenish to say: 'Bagosh, Ceep, we got to ten' to Beelie! We'll feex heem hup.' An' den he bust hout to laugh, an' geeve me ten, twent' slap on de knee, an' he laugh till he got to weep.

"An' w'en we're goin' in bed he say some more: 'P'raps he'll be well for t'ree, four year', an' p'raps hon'y for t'ree, four day,—hay, Ceep?' An' he w'ack me hover de back.

"An' w'en he try for say hees prayer', he snort hout like some hol' cow w'at got bran in de t'roat. An' w'en he's 'sleep, he begin to laugh yet once, an' I'll hear heem say hun'ed time: 'Poor hol' Beelie, we'll feex heem hup!'

"De naix' morn', he sen' me hoff for hoe de potato', an' prett' soon I see heem drivin' Bicky on de town. W'en I go at home, I got to eat de dinn' hall by myself. In de aft'dinn' Neek come back, an' I see heem tek hol' Beelie in de stible; an' dey rest dere prett' long time.

"Den, aft' we eat de sopper, he bring Beelie hout wid de halter on heem, an' hoff dey go. Bagosh, I nev' see dat horse

so *gai!* He keek hees hin' laig', an' t'row de haid an' de tail, an' pool *Neek* in pless of Neek to pool *heem!* *Mon dieu,* I'll t'ink Neek *do* feex heem hup! Dat' de mos' bes' horse maid'cine I ev' know!

"W'en he return from at de geepsie camp, *certainement* he 'ave nodder horse wid heem. I go for seek de lantern, for dat it mek dark, an' we look at heem. Neek say: 'W'at you tink of de tret?'

"An' I tell de true, an' say: 'Dat horse look more *stupide* dan some mule. He happeer like some hol' sheep w'at don' know w'ere her lamb rest.'

"An' Neek, he say, prett' slow: 'Yase, dat's de true, hall right; but I gase he'll liven hup before long time.'

"*Mais,* w'en we get back in de house, he put heemself to hunt hup hees shirt' an' hees overhall'; an' I demand w'y he do dat, an' he don' say not'in' ver' soon. But w'en he get hall hees *robe* tie' hup in hees beeg red han'chief, he say: 'I t'ink I'll go for spleet some rail' on de back sittlemont.'

"Bagosh, I'll not know w'at for say, for I know he'll not wan' no rail'.

"An' den he look at me an' weenk, an' begin to laugh hinside, an' den he bust hout! I'll nev' hear any one laugh like dat! He fall on de bed an' roll 'round like he need de Painkeeler! *Mais,* hall de time he won' say w'at he's laughin' at.

"Den, w'en he can hol' heemself, hup straight again, he wipe hees eye, an' heet me hover de back, an' say: 'Ceep, w'en you mek so good tret wid some geepsie like I come from mek to-day, you'll wan' go for spleet rail' might' far 'way till he oet tired lookin' for you!' An' den he wipe hees eye some more, an' look like he wan' to laugh again on'y it's hurtin' heem too much, an' say: 'Poor hol' Beelie, p'raps if I'll be at home he won' wan' to go *off* wid hees new boss!'

"*Eh, bien,* he tell me to come an' mek heem know w'en de Geepsie be gone, an' he put de saddle on Bicky, an' ride hoff

for de back sittlemont. I'll go in bed by myself, an' try for t'ink w'at Neek wan' to mean, but I can't understan' dat, me!

"De naix' morn, w'en I go for feed de new horse, w'at's in de steble wid de roan colt, he show de eye more bright, an' he paw a leetle wid de hoof, an' he don't be so *stupide,* heem. I'll t'ink dat'll mek Neek ver' content w'en he come at home again.

"Den I go for hoe de potato' some more. An' w'en I return for eat de dinn', I'll walk hover de hill to w'ere I can see dat geepsie's camp,—an' bagosh, he ain' dere any more!

"Well, so soon I can get my dinn', I get hout de buckboar', an' go w'at you call 'leekity-spleet,' on de back sittlemont. Dat's ten, twelve mile', an' it's four 'clock w'en I arrive.

"Neek, he ain' spleetin' no rail', heem! He just seet by de door at Jeem Thomas' pless. An' w'en dey see me come dey bot' laugh. An' Jeem, he shout hout: 'You don' mean say dat geepsie fell' run hoff wid your hol' Beelie, halread?'

"An' I say: '*Mais oui,* yase.'

"An' Neek, he say: '*Sure!* Dat man he mek such fine bargain, he'll be 'fraid I'll wan' Beelie back again!' An' den dey both laugh some more like dey're goin' bust deirself. An' me, I laugh, too. But I don' know for w'y, me.

"Jeem Thomas, he mek us remain for sopper, an' we're prett' long time gettin' start' back again. W'en we come at home, it mek ver' dark.

"An' w'en we come near de steble, by gare, dere's de mos' gret noise in dere I'll ev' hear!

"Neek, he holl' hout: 'Dere's dat roan colt! You've lef' heem ontie again! By dam, Ceeprien Dorval, dees mus' got to aind!' An' he run to w'ere de colt' haid rest'. *Mais,* hees haid be tie' hall right. But, *mon dieu,* hees *feet,* dey don' be tie'!

"An' w'en I feel for de haid to de new horse, bagosh, dere ain' not'in', hon'y de

strap of de halter, an' dat's break'! an' hall de time de rack' get more worse dan ev'! Bang! Bouf! Dose horse' keek de light'-an'-leever hout each odder, an' jomp an' squeal like some boar-peeg w'at got de knife in de geezard. An' hall de harness an' de bottl' horse maid'cine fall, an' be keek in hun'red pieces.

"Neek, he's prett' releegious man, *mais* he swear like t'ousan' *diabls*. An' I'll swear too; but dat don' mek moch good, for I can' swear ver' well in Eengleesh.

"Prett' soon Neek he's lookin' at me de mos' *feroce* I'll ev' see, an' shout: 'W'y don' you get de lantern, you hail-an'-bleezes, good-for-not'in' Frainchee? I'll see to de beezness of dat new horse!'

"An' w'en I get back wid de lantern, Neek arrest heesself from jomp hall over de steble, an' jus' mek grab for it, an' run in de stall.

"Bagosh, I t'ink dat new horse be de dev', sure! W'en he see Neek, he just start hout for *eat* heem! He chess heem in de corner, an', *mon dieu*, if Neek don't smash de lantern on hees teet', he'll be daid so soon he don' know not'in'! An' w'en he get back in de steble w'ere I rest, hees han' shek so dat he can't hol' w'at remain of de lantern! An' dose' horse, dey *fracassent* worse dan before!

"Neek don' know *w'at* for do, now. But he keep on lookin' in de stall, an' he swear more fas' dan dose' horses keek!

"Den I'll say: 'Can I do not'in'?"

"Neek regard yet long time, an' den he say, more quiet: 'You tek de wheep-stock, an' catch hees mane. An' w'en he bite, you heet heem; an' I'll put de halter on.'

"But I say: 'Ow I know w'ere de mane fin' itself, it mek so dark?'

"An' Neek say: 'Hoh, dat's heasy 'nough. You'll be know by de feel of de hair.—Ain' dat hall right?'

"But I say: '*Mais, non*, Neek! Bagosh, w'at if it'll be de *tail*? *Mon dieu*, dat *won*' be hall right!'

"Hall de same, I'm goin' try w'at I can do; an' I hopen de beeg barn door, for 'ave hall de light I can,—w'en—*tout de suite*, Neek, he yail: 'Look hout! By gare, it's dat new horse near to jomp hover me, gettin' hout de door. An' before we know w'at for say, he's hoff down de beeg road!

"An' I gase Neek he don' care if he nev' come back. But an'way we put hout Bicky, an' den go on de house, and bot' of us don' say moch.

"But I'll see dat Neek he's t'inkin' prett' strong an' fierce. An' w'en we're ondress' for go in bed, he t'row one boot by de stove, an' demand if dat new horse hall right in de morn'? 'By dam!' he say, 'I'm goin' for know w'at arrive on heem!'

"An' he walk hup an' down de room, an' mek like he got to keek somet'ing, an' regard de stove, but dat's too hard. Den he let de odder boot go at de wall, an' say: 'Now, I'm goin' for onderstan' dees, an' prett' queek, too!'

"Me, I've been t'inkin' all *mon possible*. An' den, *tout de suite*, I'll comrehen' dat hall mos' *facilement*! An' I shout hout: 'By gare, Neek, I know heem.'

"An, he say: 'W'at?'

"Well, I got to smile for be so clev', but I say, ver' *modestement*: 'P'raps dat geezsie feex heem hup!'

"Bagosh, dat's hall I say. *Mais*, Neek, he jus' grab me on de naik an' de trous', an' go on de hay-lof' an' sleep dere dat side, down de steps.

"*Mais*, w'en I peench myself an' know I ain' be dead, I'm ver' content for dat, an' go on de hay-lof' an' sleep dere dat night."

THE INSPIRATION OF THE MOMENT

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

EASTLAKE, the portrait painter, whose counterfeit presentments were so much in vogue that sittings had to be arranged for many months in advance, was entertaining a few friends in his studio at supper after the opera.

The spacious, lofty room, with its costly furnishings, each article having its own character, and yet all uniting to compose an unforgettable picture of beauty and luxury in perfect harmony, was suffused by a soft radiance that seemed to have no particular source, and in this gentle glow the guests strolled quietly about, examining the countless curios, or lolled in the ample arm-chairs as they made the atmosphere dim with fragrant smoke.

The talk had drifted on to a recent railway collision, attended by appalling results, and some one mentioned how a passenger had saved his own life by keeping cool in the midst of the panic.

"There's nothing like presence of mind on such occasions," said Dyonnet, sentimentously, as if he were proclaiming a new truth.

"Oh, yes there is," responded Yarker, an incorrigible wag, "There's something better still."

"What can that be?" demanded Dyonnet, falling into the other's trap.

"Why, absence of body, of course," retorted Yarker, adding with an exultant grin, "Caught you again, old man."

Dyonnet flushed and looked annoyed. He did not relish being tripped up by this trite play upon words, and was on the verge of blurting out something that might have been better expressed otherwise, when his host, sensing the situation, broke in with:

"By the way, that reminds me. Did I ever tell you of my little adventure in

France, when, not being able to manage absence of body at a critical moment, by a little bit of presence of mind I saved my precious neck?"

"No—no!" chorussed the guests, all of whom, having supped heartily, were in the right humor for a good story. "Tell us about it," and they at once moved toward him.

"All right," responded Eastlake, cordially. "Get your cigars going well, and I'll spin my yarn, but I give you fair warning, it doesn't amount to much."

Everybody having settled down, and the cigars being in full blast, Eastlake began his recital.

"I had been roaming about the valley of the Loire for some weeks, more by way of a holiday than anything else, and in the neighborhood of Tours my attention was attracted by an exceedingly picturesque ruin crowning a commanding eminence. It had once been a baronial stronghold, and there still remained in a fair state of preservation a lofty tower, crenulated and machicolated after the most approved style of its time. From the summit a superb view of the rich and varied landscape could be had, and, despite the difficulty of the ascent, I accomplished it again and again for the sake of the glorious panorama outspread beneath.

One afternoon, while making my way about the ruins, I became conscious of the unpleasant sensation of being followed, but although I made several efforts to discover by whom, so agile was my pursuer that my searching eyes met only the motionless, silent stones.

At last, in order, if possible, to be relieved of this unwelcome attention, I quietly slipped down one of the crumbling corridors, and made haste to reach the top

of the tower, where the splendor of the sunset flooding the valley beneath with golden light caused me to forget what had disturbed me below.

I was lost in admiration of the picture, so utterly beyond the power of brush or pigment to reproduce, when my pleasant reverie was interrupted by a stealthy foot-fall, and, whirling round, I found myself *vis-a-vis* to so strange and striking a figure that even in my alarm at his sudden appearance the thought came to me;—the genius of the ruin; surely. How I should like to paint him!

There stood before me a man of unusual height, with a long snow-white beard, which made him resemble an ancient Druid. His clothes were in tatters, his feet bare, his shaggy locks formed the only covering of his massive head. His features were regular, and richly tanned by the hot sun. But his eyes—ah! it was when I looked into them that a chill ran down my spine, for they glowed with the unmistakable fire of madness. Undoubtedly I had a maniac to reckon with.

My only weapon was a light cane, but he bore a heavy staff or club, that in his giant grasp would have served to brain an ox. It was clearly a case for diplomacy, not for physical defence, if I would get off with a whole skin.

The platform of the tower was only a few feet in diameter, and the old man had planted himself between me and the narrow stairway by which we had ascended. I was therefore entirely at his mercy.

Bending upon me a look of appalling sternness, he said in so deep a voice that it seemed to issue from the interior of the tower, rather than from his lips, hidden as they were under his thick moustache:

“Audacious Stranger! For your intrusion here you must pay the penalty.”

There was something so melodramatic about the whole thing, that in spite of my genuine apprehension, I could not refrain from smiling, as I replied with as light an air as I could muster:

“I am sure I didn’t know I was intruding. Of course, if there is anything to pay—” and I put my hand into my pocket.

But a sudden intensifying of the baleful glow of the old man’s eyes, and a tightening of his sinewy hands upon the knobbed staff warned me that it was no time for trifling. So I instantly changed my tune, and in almost apologetic tone said:

“I really do not understand. I meant no harm, I assure you. Will you please let me pass?”

But my humble words had not the slightest mollifying effect. As rigid as a statue the old man kept his position, while the deep voice thundered out:

“You must pay the penalty. You must leap down from here.”

Fully realizing my peril, I sought to temporize by entreating him to explain to me wherein I had offended.

But the poor distorted mind could not make clear what delusion had possessed it, although the great voice rolled on for some time, uttering disjointed sentences, from which I gathered that the spirit of a former owner of the castle was condemned to haunt the place until it should be laid through the sacrifice of a stranger’s life.

“Therefore, you must leap,” was the intelligible enough conclusion, pronounced in a tone of inevitable fate.

“And what if I refuse?” I demanded, putting on a bold front, although I must confess my knees were quaking.

“Then I shall smite you down with my staff, and throw you from the tower,” was the relentless reply.

I had apparently reached the end of my tether, and the awful proximity of death well-nigh unmanned me. To die in this absurd fashion, away from all friends and kin, in the midst of an earthly paradise, every scene and sound and scent of which was so sweet to me—do you wonder if my reason seemed on the verge of wavering?

Then just at this supreme crisis there

flashed into my mind an inspiration at which I grasped as the proverbial drowning man is reputed to do at a straw.

"One moment," I said, putting on a persuasive smile: "To leap down is not a great performance. Any child could do it, but to leap up here from below, that would be a different thing, and would be much more likely to appease the troubled spirit you mentioned."

As I spoke the maniac listened intently, leaning forward to catch every word, and hope began to revive within me. The stern expression of his countenance altered to one of eager interest, and in an altogether different tone, he asked me:

"Do you think so? It would indeed be a marvellous feat! But can you achieve it?"

"It is well worth a trial, at all events," I hastened to reply, lest his humor should change again. "You stay here, and I'll run down and see if it can't be done."

For a brief space of harrowing uncertainty the old man looked puzzled and irresolute, muttering something to himself that I could not catch.

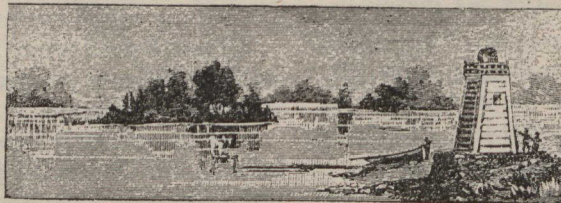
I made no attempt to stir, but maintained a confident smile, that belied my inward anxiety. I could see the tense

grasp of the strong fingers loosening on the ugly club, and, scarce seeming to breathe, I kept my eyes fixed upon him.

At last he ceased mumbling, and moved to the edge of the tower. Looking down over the ruined rampart, he appeared to be measuring the dizzy distance to the ground below. Then he turned to me with resolution written plain in his bronzed features, and my heart stood still while I waited his decision.

"It would truly be a marvellous thing, and doubtless more pleasing to the spirit than the other way. Will you attempt it?"

You may easily conceive with what readiness I answered in the affirmative, and the next instant I was plunging down the dark, tortuous stairway at a reckless rate that soon took me to the bottom. Once out in the open I stood not upon the order of my going, but sprinted for the city, not pausing to look back until I had put a goodly distance between myself and the tower. Then I saw the tall, dark figure of the old man silhouetted against the radiant sky, as he stood waiting for my wonderful upward leap, and for aught I know he is standing there still."



LIGHTHOUSE IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE SHOALS OF HONOR

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE grizzled old English Colonel slowly replaced his monocle, and gazed across the table at the American girl. He was not in the habit of being disagreed with.

"My dear young lady," he replied icily, "I don't for one moment doubt you to be the most courageous of creatures. What I do doubt, however, is the propriety of women intruding themselves into sports which are regarded as essentially masculine."

The American girl flushed slowly up from her rope of pearls to the chestnut-brown of her waving hair. More than one resplendent young *aide*, gazing at the delicate shell-pink of her oval face, and the girlish slenderness of her figure, found it hard to think of her as an Amazon. But in the meantime her color had paled, and the fighting Townsend blood had responded to her drumming heart. The man opposite, had he but known her, might have read the flash of danger in her quiet smile.

"By which you mean, that while you go out and kill partridges—or is it robins?—your wives obediently stay in and kill time."

The Governor-General coughed, and the old Colonel struggled for a moment with his collar. At Home no girl would ever have spoken to him in that manner!

"The insinuation is invidious, madam, quite invidious," he snapped. "I have seen some of the things you extraordinary Americans have done, on paper, but never—"

The girl's eyes were now blazing openly, and he stopped, in wonder.

"Careful, Colonel; careful—but if you must, make it swords!" It was the Minister of Railways who spoke.

"I beg your pardon?" demanded the irate officer.

"I say, if you must, make it swords! I saw Miss Townsend shooting in the Dominique Gallery yesterday, and she scored seven bulls-eyes out of nine!"

"Which, of course, is quite the same thing as facing a Bali man-eater!" And the Colonel's lip curled. A smile crept about the table, for Virginia Townsend was still sometimes pointed out as the only millionaire's daughter who had shot a grizzly.

Again the Governor-General coughed. It was his undeviating policy to allow no exigency of external warfare to elbow an entrance into the high-panelled dining-room of Government House. These mixed Christmas parties, however, were never an easy thing to manage,—made up as they were of gloomily silent Ministers' wives, and audacious young American girls, who had come up to Ottawa for the winter sports, and a legislator or two, to say nothing of the usual army men, who always gave coloring to a colonial gathering. Her Excellency held, like a generous garnishing to an uncommonly plain dish.

Two weeks of open weather had ruined the sports, and in the absence of toboggan and snow-shoe, and cariole, a spirit of unrest had crept over their Excellencies' house-party. This spirit seemed to come to a head in the irritability of old Colonel Rivers, who, still quite heedless of his host's monitory cough, insisted on one Parthian shot.

"As I was about to say," he spoke with savage deliberation, "if Miss Townsend possesses that same boldness in the field which she displays before,—before her

elders, I feel quite ready to accede to her all the elements of a second Artemis!"

A silence fell on the table, and a somewhat quicker rise and fall of the rope of pearls on Virginia Townsend's breast was the only sign that she had heard. It was the Premier himself who looked up quickly at this juncture.

"I am afraid, your Excellency," he began, with his smoothly-flowing French intonation, and his ready, equable smile, "I am afraid we are the unappreciative witnesses of an impending international crisis. And I have a proposition, Your Excellency, to lay before this gathering. Colonel Rivers, who, I understand, has come all the way to Canada to hunt our lordly moose, is a distinguished and experienced sportsman. Miss Townsend, who insists on breaking the heart of every private secretary I ever had, in her own country, is also eminent as a lover of the rod and gun. Now I propose, Your Excellency, that the stuffed moose, which at present adorns the library of our friend, the Commissioner of Mounted Police, be placed in some obscure corner of Government House Park, and there be duly shot at in turn by Miss Townsend and Colonel Rivers until pierced in an obviously vital spot!"

A ripple of relieving laughter ran about the table.

"Thank you, Sir Wilfrid," said the American girl gratefully. "But I have an amendment to offer!" She smiled pensively, and spoke with a certain ominous lowness of voice. "Colonel Rivers, I believe, has already spent two weeks in Northern Ontario. He has just said that the one moose which he bagged had an antler measurement of five feet and three inches." She paused, and turned from the Premier to the Indian campaigner. "This is Monday, and Friday is Christmas Day. To-morrow at noon I propose to start for the Lake Temagaming district. And if I fail to bring down a moose, with my own hand, or fail to return with a head quite as big as Colonel Rivers, I'll

be willing to contribute two hundred blanket-suits to the children of the Ste. Agathe Orphanage. I say this, providing, of course, that if I succeed, Colonel Rivers will make a corresponding contribution!"

The old Colonel looked across the table with grim deliberativeness. His slightly startled eyes rested coldly on the slender figure of the girl, in her unnecessarily effeminizing dinner-gown, and for a moment he pondered the question, with slowly relaxing brows. Then he did the unexpected thing. He bowed gracefully and said:

"I accept your challenge, Miss Townsend,—or had we not better call it a wager?"

And that was how Virginia Townsend, of Central Park West, New York City, three days before Christmas, found herself among the desolate mooselands of the Laurentian foot-hills.

* * * * *

It was the day before Christmas. The pale, tawny blue of the northern sky was turning to gold and saffron beyond the serrated line of the pine-lands. A touch of autumnal forlornness and unrest clung to the quiet air, presaging that a belated winter was about to claim its own, though three weeks of unseasonable weather had left the green waters of Lake Temagaming still open to the birch-bark of the hunter and the batteau of the lumberman.

From the sheltered hollow of a little tamarack-clad valley that overlooked a lower arm of the lake, old Napoleon Baudette, the Mattawa guide, gazed anxiously out over the darkening Narrows and watched for the return of that most bewildering of mistresses, whom he invariably addressed as "Captaine Taonesen." For more than one reason it had been a melancholy week to Napoleon. Never before had he worked so hard for a moose. Never before had he searched

so grimly for tracks, or sworn so vociferously at the wind, or prayed so earnestly for a snow-fall. But the snow had held off, and the breeze had been treacherous, and from first to last all luck had been against them, and now they were going back empty-handed, defeated, broken, and humbled. Old Napoleon (who had taught Virginia Townsend her first lessons in woodcraft years before, and would gladly have followed his mistress to the ends of any mooselands in America) tried to cheer her hour of humiliation with sophistries about the season's scarcity of moose, and the lateness of the season, and the shortness of the time at their disposal. But defeat was still defeat; and old Napoleon wore a still more rueful countenance when he thought of the new Winchester which he was to have had, if *le bon dieu* had only not been quite so merciful to His moose!

And now they were ready to strike camp and portage from Temagaming into Sturgeon River, by way of Smoky Falls, and push on down the river to Lake Nipissing, where they were to catch the eastbound train for Ottawa and Montreal. Pierre and 'Tite Michel, the two Indians, were already portaging the duffel and birch-barks overland to the river.

In two hours they should be homeward bound, and already Napoleon was thinking of the games of *La Main Chaude* he would soon be playing with his children, and smacking his lips over the remembered tang of his good wife's Christmas *tarte aux suelles*.

But to Virginia those last hours about the dismantled camp had grown all but unendurable. As she gazed out over the lonely stretch of waters, her mind wandered back to New York, to the familiar scene of the crowded Avenue on Christmas Eve, to the circling tiers of lights and the brilliant groups and colors of a holiday performance at the Metropolitan, to the movement and companionable crowds of the restless, busy, warm-tinted Town.

Then a spirit of recklessness came over her, and she caught up her little silver-mounted duck-gun, and turned to the old guide.

"Napoleon, I can't stand this,—I'm going to paddle over to Grouse Island and get some partridges for supper."

"Ver' wail, Captaine Taonesen; I will mak de speets;" and the old guide watched her leap into the lumberman's "pointer," abandoned for the winter, and push lightly from the shore. He watched her regular, easy, stroke of the paddle until she seemed a gliding shadow on a sea of opal, and then was lost to view beyond the distant rocks and bracken-hills of Grouse Island. From time to time he looked at the redness of the lowering sun, and noticed the rising wind. "I t'ink, by gare, dat lak' she freeze to-night for sure!" he said aloud.

It was the first grey of early twilight when Virginia, pushing off from the island with vigorous strokes, looked eastward and held her paddle suddenly poised. At first she took the moving shadow for a boatman, or a bit of drifting timber. Then a quick thrill of alertness and comprehension ran through her body. What she saw was neither boatman or brushwood, but a bull moose, crossing the Narrows. Her hands, for a second or two, trembled exultantly as she swung the prow of the "pointer" out into the open water. As she glided silently down on him, with a wildly beating heart, she guessed at his antler measurement, and her practised eye told her that from tip to tip of the great spreading horns must be at least six feet.

The moose and the boat were now not more than one hundred yards from each other, and the ponderous antlered animal had not yet discovered its pursuer. It is allowed of no hunter or sportsman to kill in water,—that was a law of the Open which Virginia knew only too well. Yet it was maddening to see one's prize so near and at the same time so far away. She looked instinctively for her rifle, and

then remembered, to her sudden dismay, that she had nothing but a shot-gun with her.

A moment later the enemy had seen her. This she knew by his sudden movement of terror, which threw one-third of his huge body up clear of the water. He rounded quickly, and with great, powerful strokes, made for the nearest land, not three hundred yards away. By this time the girl's presence of mind had come back to her. She knew that her one hope was in intercepting the animal's passage before his feet touched rock. It was a short race, but a fierce one. The more cumbersome wooden "pointer" was not like a birch-bark canoe. The ache in the girl's arms became unendurable. But still she fought on—fought desperately every inch of the way. She could see that she was overhauling him.

The moose was not a stone's-throw from the shelving rocks of Mosquito Bay when the "pointer" glided between him and his goal. He turned, confounded, and made once more for open water. As they circled about together, the girl could see the gleam of his greenish eyes, and the ripple of the muscles on his great, writhing back. She could have touched his haunches with her paddle. In desperation, she caught up her shot-gun. Aiming carefully at the base of the skull, she fired. She saw a little cloud of scattering hair, and the moose swimming away, apparently unhurt. She fired again. Still there was no effect. And by this time she saw that she had lost one hundred good feet in the race. And she knew that she would not be able to keep it up for long.

She seized the paddle, which now seemed a thing of lead, and pushed out after the fleeing animal. Inch by inch, straining every nerve and muscle, she gained; inch by inch, she caught up her lost ground, and as the prow of her pointer crept up beside the ponderous, writhing haunches, a sudden inspiration came to her. Putting all her strength in

one final stroke, she slipped forward and seized the boat's stout hemp painter. In this she quickly passed a running noose, and then with one quick toss let it fall clean and fair over the nearest antler of the swimming animal. Just why she did it, she scarcely stopped to think. But it gave her a hint of security, a sense of capture. The excitement of the race had mounted to her head, like wine, flushing her with recklessness, and now she felt that she had burned her bridges behind her, and that either she or the moose must go down in the end.

The pointer swung astern, and the next moment showed the girl she had been taken helplessly in tow by the monarch of the American forests. Then she sat back in her seat, and tried to collect her thoughts, and to argue out with herself just what would be the right thing to do.

Napoleon, the old northern-woods guide, gazing anxiously out through the gathering dusk for his charge, beheld a strange sight. It was an American girl, trimly clad in a four-point blanket hunting suit, being towed swiftly across one of the lower arms of Lake Temagaming by a frenzied bull moose. He realized the danger that lay so imminently before the girl, and, catching up his rifle, shouted to her across the water. For the first time she caught sight of him.

"Don't shoot!" she commanded, calling shrilly in at him. Napoleon did not understand.

"Don't shoot, I say!" she called, still more sternly, as they came nearer. Napoleon rose from his knee, and wrung his hands.

"Mon dieu, she was keeled—she was keeled!" he cried aloud.

He peered through the darkening twilight with bated breath. The girl was quickly but calmly lashing her long-bladed hunting-knife, bayonet-wise, to the end of her gun-barrel. Already the great animal was struggling to get a foothold amid the broken rock of the sloping bank. The

next moment the huge body rose above the water. The girl waited, with the knife ready. Napoleon could see it shine in the half-light. The moose, with one great bound, made the shore, dragging the batteau at its heels, as though it had been a thing of paper.

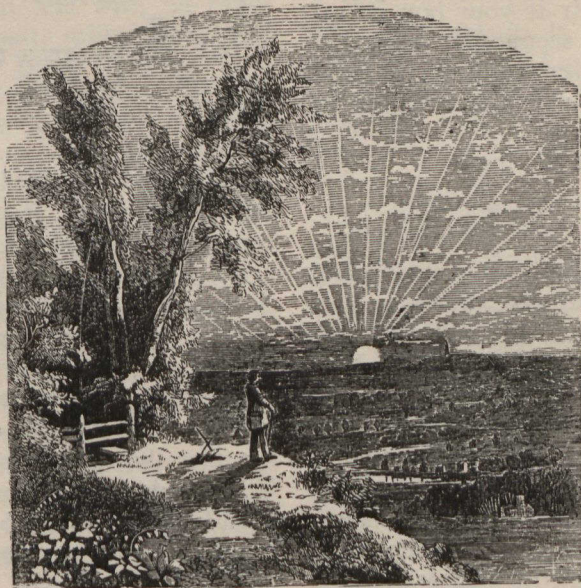
It was then that the girl flung herself out of the boat with a little exultant cry,—with one unconscious, shrill scream of battle,—as the great antlers lowered and the infuriated animal turned on her. She watched the rushing head bear down on her, and swerve with the unlooked-for weight of the "pointer." As the moose, entangled in the rope, slid ponderously forward on its knees, she knew that the knife had gone into the flesh up to the hilt. With a rumbling, half-muffled roar of pain, the great carcass struggled to its feet. This time, as she leaped to the right, clear of the antler and hoof, the knife plunged in well behind the shoulder. She could see the great knees quake, and

the blood flowing from the gaping mouth. She wondered if she could hold out to the end. She waited, alert, quivering, feeling the insecurity of her lower ground, maddened at the lack of light. For one second the great looming shadow poised above her. Then it crashed downward through the underbrush, and as the girl swung off sharply, with one hand on a young balsam, her gun was knocked from her hand and went rattling down the rocks. She gave a short little scream of fear, and waited, helpless.

Nothing stirred, but still she waited. Then, peering through the gloom, she understood. Her moose lay dead, lying prone in six inches of the waters of Lake Temagaming.

When Napoleon came up, panting, he found her crying softly, but bitterly.

"By gare, I t'ink dose wimmin are de mos' fonny peep' *I* nevaire see!" he said later, as he told of it to old Bateese Leblanc, the taxidermist of Mattawa.



THE PROBLEM OF THE BOY

BY ANNA E. BRIGGS

IN face of the fact that the boy is father of the man, and man the instrument through which God rules the universe, the problem of the boy becomes one of the most important of the age. What shall we teach him? How train him so as to develop the best that is in him, and prepare for a life of usefulness and honor?

A few plain rules might be briefly outlined as follows:

(1) Feed and clothe him well, and give him the best education your means will allow, but do not force him along too rapidly for his physical well-being: you want first of all to make him a healthy boy.

(2) Do not trouble him with theological problems or creeds, but teach him to do good, and be honest and truthful from a more worthy motive than the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward.

(3) Love him,—not only secretly, but openly, demonstratively, and unselfishly.

(4) Don't despair if your boy is rattling, careless, and seemingly inclined to evil, and averse to everything that is good. A boy is the most puzzling thing in all creation, and you can never tell how much good there is in him.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

(5) Make home the most pleasant spot on earth to him, and give him to understand that you trust in his integrity, and expect great and good things of him. As a rule, a boy will turn out neither better nor worse than you expect him to.

(6) Never lose an opportunity to commend your boy. If (as I once heard a lady say) he never gives you a chance, make one now and again. There may be an unkindled spark of aspiration, am-

bition, honest pride, or some latent energy, which a word of praise will fan into an immortal flame. Praise often, blame seldom, hope, pray, and love, always.

(7) Allow him all the freedom of choice consistent with his safety and highest interests, and thus develop self-reliance, which is the keynote to success and true manhood. If, as a boy, everything is decided for him, as a man he will never be able to decide intelligently for himself. At the same time, however, impress him with the fact that an accumulation of wisdom, which is "the essence of knowledge and experience," is one of the advantages that age possesses over youth, and that it would conduce to his best interests to listen to the opinions of his parents, and be guided by their counsel at all times.

(8) From earliest childhood teach him self-control: passion unrestrained is the cause of more misery and crime than any other vice.

(9) Encourage a taste for good literature. As much attention should be given to the food for the mind as for the body.

(10) The youthful mind being plastic and easily biased, it is of the utmost importance that it should be trained to view every question, whether social, political, or moral, from different standpoints, and not to be unduly influenced by party newspapers, or platform orators. Encourage boys to think seriously for themselves. Ruskin has rightly enough emphasized the fact that youth is the time to think. This would have a tendency to make them level-headed and useful citizens, and this is what the world stands in need of to-day, and always.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOYSHOP OF THE WORLD.

Wolverhampton, Sept.

We came to "The Black Country" by night and found it to be red. Rembrandt-
esque, is the only word that would describe the light. Leagues of sulphurous reek ascended cloudward like sacrificial incense at the shrine of Vulcan. From burning fiery furnaces, lurid glares and darting tongues of flame cut the blackness and made the entire scene to resemble a brilliant Aurora Borealis. By day a grey pall of smoke hangs over the district, here and there suffused with blurs and gleams of murky red.

If you would know the extent of this district, you must "plant in imagination, one foot of your compass at the Town Hall in Birmingham, and with the other sweep a circle of twenty miles radius, and you will have 'The Black Country.'"

It is the great iron depot of Europe, and by its multitudinous variety of manufacture, has earned for itself the title of the "toyshop of the world." Coal mines honeycomb the ground, and the gigantic mounds of refuse demonstrate how the bowels of the earth have been rent for their wealth. Once there was exhibited in London, from the cellar of this Black Country, a lump of coal that weighed six tons. Among "the burrowing toilers of the mine" were many women—strong, swart-faced wenches, whose brawny shoulders and Amazonian proportions made them fitting types of the female Carytides. I cannot say that I wasted much pity on them, for if the back is fit-

ted to the burden, so likewise, are these women's legs and arms.

Thirty miles from Birmingham you may see, even through the troubled light, the great conical mount called the *Wrekin*, meaning "chief hill." I think the people worship it, for almost everyone points it out. If you are introduced to a gentleman and the conversation flags, he remarks, "Have you seen the Wrekin?" just as in Canada the men when talking to each other fill up the awkward pause with the standard invitation, "Come and have a drink." This mountain is the *Auld Reekie* of the Scotch toast, "To all the friends round the Wrekin," and if the hot stuff that has been quaffed to it were all emptied down the mountain's side, it would be entirely submerged. Elihu Burrit, says, that outside of Judea, no hill has ever had such social status.

We are stopping at Wolverhampton, near Birmingham, in a beautiful old rectory that is swathed in roses. Great voluptuous flowers with a subtle, sensuous perfume that somehow make one realize what Tennyson meant when he said, "The soul of the rose went into my blood." The garden is enclosed by a stone wall, and is a source of continual delight to me. It is full of surprises. Every day I find something new. There are low-growing cedars and ferns that grow rankly; hedges of box, jasmine, laurel, lilac, lime, barberry, holly, laburnum, almond, japonica, privet, myrtle and the Star of Bethlehem.

The apple trees are made to grow on a trellis like grape-vines. The plum trees are small, but have large fruit. Each plum is protected from insects and birds by muslin, thus presenting the appearance of

bags of goodies on a Christmas tree. I do not think the Rector likes my laughing at them, and the gardener gives sniffs that are indicative of whole books. I wanted to explain how plentiful plums were in Canada, and so to-day I told the Rector how the Padre once took the Bishop of Huron to a prize farm near Chatham, and while waiting for the farmer to appear, the Bishop helped himself to some choice fruit that lay in great heaps on the ground. On the arrival of the host, the Bishop made profuse apologies and said, "I fear, Mr. B——, we are making too free with your plums," whereupon Mr. B—— assured him that he was quite welcome to them, stating that they were *for the pigs anyway*. The Rev. William Hinde, who happened to be present, made a profound bow, and turning to the Bishop said; "Wherefore, my Lord! being so aptly reassured, I hope you will make a fresh start."

The Rector, like Zaccheus, is "a little man," and well over the meridian. He has a magnetic personality, an infectious laugh, and a vim and go that make you think of him as a Frenchman. He plays well, and has a good tenor voice. He is a type of the old High Churchman; which, alas, is becoming more rare every year. I mean the kind while perhaps impatient with all forms of dissent, are yet unbendingly loyal and Protestant. Finally, he is intensely devout—and smokes cigarettes.

Mrs. Rector is even shorter in stature than I am. It is a mistake to say that little people make up for their size in conceit. Vanity is essentially a vice of the tall, for since coming here I have felt pre-eminently superior, because someone has had to look up to me. I am convinced it is only when the average woman is taller than the average man, that she will be able to reduce him to his well-deserved subjugation.

Mrs. Rector is not tall, but is, however, trim as wax-work. It would be impossible for her to make a mistake, or commit a

wilful sin, yet withal, she is intensely human, an ideal mother, and kind to her very finger-tips. She belongs to the Pentecostal League, and attends the Keswick Conventions. Her pet aversion is the memory of the late Mr. Gladstone, whom she considers an incarnation of the devil. "How," she would like to know, "could such a pronounced Ritualist be otherwise?"

One day the Rector took me to the Parish School. On entering, the children rose and saluted us. They have not the clever, wide-awake look possessed by Canadian children of the same class. The primary scholars were put through their lessons for our benefit, and one pudgy little girl, whose consonants were queerly mixed up, recited Wordsworth's "Lucy Grey." I was not impressed with the standard of the school. It seemed greatly behind hand in appliances and methods, and the rooms were dark and small.

The schools of the Establishment are known as the National. The teachers are not of necessity certificated. There is a strong feeling in England that these schools should be abolished. The Board School, which is State-supported, is unsectarian, and is under the control of the Central School Board in London. The National, correspond to the Canadian Separate Schools, and the Board, to our Public Schools. No person who pretends to belong to the classes, ever dreams of sending his children to either Board or National Schools. They are only for the children of the masses.

I spend much time in the Parish Church, I don't know how old it is, but let us say ten centuries. It was built by the flaxen-haired princess, Wulfruna, who was a sister of Ethelred, the Unready.

In front of the church stands the remains of a cross of immemorial antiquity; it is said to be of Runic origin. In the distance it looks like an Indian totem. "Time's effacing finger" has almost obliterated its quaint carving. The stone

lion that stands near the pulpit, is unknown to the Natural Histories of to-day. Indeed, it is an extraordinary conception of a lion, produced entirely from the sculptor's imagination, and executed with a startling freedom from all the trammelings of technicality, and with a vigor and animation quite beyond all recent art. Surely the architecture of those early times was infinitely superior to the sculpture.

CHAPTER XXI.

HERE AND THERE IN LONDON.

London, Sept. 23rd.

Thursday was "Benefit Day" at the Crystal Palace, and thither from Ludgate Hill, I wended my way on the London, Chatham and Dover R.R. It was a noisy crowd that filled the third-class carriages that morning. One tries hard to think why the English are described as taking their pleasures sadly. On holidays they are surely the merriest and maddest of all Anglo-Saxon folk. They do their best to live up to Bill Nye's advice to the public to have a good time while alive, for they will be a long time dead.

The area of the Palace grounds is extensive, and includes cycling paths, cricket grounds and water for boating. Here, landscape gardening is seen in perfection. The tennis-court is in such prime condition that the balls cannot fail to bound true. It is only after years of unrelaxing supervision that they could bring it to such a state of excellence.

I watched for half an hour a hotly contested game of polo. The round-bodied, sure-footed ponies seemed to enter into the sport with as keen a zest as their riders. Then I went "sky-larking" in a captive balloon, and although I did not hitch my waggon to the stars, almost realized the meaning of Victor Hugo's words, "I am the tadpole of an archangel." It was the very next thing to flying. We were "exiled from earth and yet not winged for heaven." The bal-

loon, which had a capacity of 64,000 feet, shot up, up, up, till we reached an altitude of 1,000 feet. The sudden lurches of the basket as the wind blew us wherever it listed, were rather alarming, and one felt that "Heaven's high road" was not as substantially paved as it might be. We were all nervous and tried to appear unconcerned by saying smart things, but only succeeded in being silly. I remarked that we were all "stuck up;" someone else sang "Up in a balloon, boys," and a third person confessed that he never expected to get so near heaven again. It was an exploit rather than a delight.

I shall not write about the beauties of the Crystal Palace, because I did not see them. It is a huge, ugly pile; great only by size. The building was pathetically expensive, and its chief value is in demonstrating how easy it is to spend \$7,000,000.

It would take one a long time to see properly the Byzantine Renaissance, and Industrial Courts; the picture galleries, museum, theatre, and concert halls that are covered by the enormous glass roof. Concerts were in full fling, but I preferred to *see* rather than to *hear*, and so wandered off to the Pompeian Court which represents a house in the time of Titus. The floors are tessellated, the walls fresco-decorated, and *tumuli* from the city itself add to the illusion. In the Egyptian Court is a model of the Temple of the Ptolemies, B.C. 300, and further on, a representation of the Pillared Hall of Karnak. The principal apartments in the Alhambra are the Court of Lions, Hall of Justice, and the Hall of Abencerrages. The arcades of open filigree work and elaborate carvings are beautiful. It is semi-eastern, with a smudge of west, for inside are mutoscopes and penny-in-the-slot atrocities.

There is an aquarium too, in the Palace, but without any fish. For the modest sum of two pence, I was able to view the microscopical exhibition, including among other things the polarization of light, the photographs of one hundred and four

English sovereigns on a pin's head, and a lively flea held by the neck with a silver chain to prevent his escaping and molesting visitors.

Fifty thousand people witnessed the fireworks, which are said to have been the finest ever shown in London. Millions of lamps lit up the Palace, the lawns, fountains, rose-gardens and walks. Every device of pyrotechnic art was brought into requisition to make a brilliant spectacle. Some of the novelties were a flight of mammoth shells, releasing a shower of electrical jewels, mechanical devices, such as the Village Blacksmith, Blondin on the tight-rope, conjurers, cycle races, and a piece designed to show the progress of lighting, from the rush light to electricity. Bouquets of flowers were displayed in fire, which as they burned gradually evolved the portrait of some noted person; the flowers chosen for each portrait being in some way symbolical of their character and actions. Daisies and violets, the emblems of modesty and innocence, were ironically made to do duty for Mr. Kruger. Kitchener and "Bobs" were evolved out of oak and bay leaves, signifying courage and reward for merit. The shamrocks representing "promise," as they faded away, left Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Henry Irving, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and Kipling were well received, but over the portraits of Zola and Dreyfus, with the motto "Partial Reparation at last," the crowd cheered itself hoarse.

Entering the Palace, I was caught in a mad vortex of surging humanity and carried along for some yards without once touching the ground. The omnibuses do not outstay the hour of Cinderella, and so I had to walk to my lodgings from *The Angel* at Islington. The day had been "perfect indeed," but I may also add, "perfectly wearisome."

An interesting place to attend service on Sunday morning is the Foundling Hospital. It was established one hundred and fifty years ago by Thomas Coram, who

lived for some time in Nova Scotia, and is for the maintenance of sin-born children, or for the legitimate children of soldiers and sailors, who were killed while in English service. It is now only a "foundling" hospital in name, for formerly any child was admitted without question or stipulation, except that each child was to bear some mark whereby it might, if necessary, be afterwards claimed. Some of these badges of identification may still be seen. They are such as coins, purses, crosses, and lottery tickets. One infant was left with these lines:

"Not either parent wants a parent's mind,
But friends and fortune are not always kind,
The helpless infant, by its tender cries,
Blesseth the hand from which its meets supplies."

The music in the chapel is always good. The organ is the gift of Handel, who once performed an oratorio in aid of the hospital funds, with a result of \$35,000. The altar piece is by West, and represents Christ blessing the little ones.

The children sit in the gallery during the service; the boys on one side, the girls on the other.

"With a suit of yellow clothes do they cover each little limb,
And a smell of yellow soap, and they sing like cherubim."

These little morsels of humanity are well cared for, and are as happy as children could be, who are bundled up in barracks.

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One evening lately I went to hear the Rev. George Grubb preach at Islington. He is about to leave for Sierra Leone with the Bishop of that Diocese. Mr. Grubb has aged greatly since his visit to Canada, which is no doubt largely due to the troublous times through which he has been passing. To all intents and purposes the Church in England has washed her hands of this celebrated missionary.

The head and front of his offending are certain views he holds regarding eternal

punishment and baptism. He is a thorn in the flesh of Keswick, and they will have none of him. I am not wise enough to decide whether or not his intellectual errors should be deprecated as moral faults, but I feel that the words Rogers used regarding Arnold apply to Mr. Grubb: "It is with him as it was with Joseph when a certain man found him wandering in the field. If he had lost his way, it was because he was seeking his brethren."

* * * * *

In one visit you can only "do" the Art, Science, and Natural History Museums of South Kensington. Even after spending days there, you feel that they have only been seen in a slap-dash style. From the various cases, "Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated." You may read the rock pages of nature's diaries, roam through corallines and fishes that heard the voice of God say, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly living creatures after their kind," and among multitudinous fossils so arranged as to show our descent from what Tyndall calls a "primordial atomic globule."

You may halt to look at the moa, Raphael's cartoons, priceless embroideries, ingenious handicraft in wrought brasses, furniture that was made time out of mind; carved ivories, as frail in their exquisite tracery as delicate lace; or at Arkwright's first hydraulic press.

Chopin says while contemplating certain pictures he heard music. Here, you may find this to be quite possible, as you linger long and lovingly over Turner's sunset pageants. Each is a wide vista of color, dashed all over with glowing crimson flame. You look and look at his complex grays and ambers, and wonder how human hands so could soften, intermix, and degrade the primary colors.

If you care to, you may fag out your body and brain in the consideration of Palaeontology, Geology, and Mineralogy, and

only come to the old and painful conclusion, "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD.

London, Oct. 20th.

People can be found who will dispute that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, or the correctness of Euclid's axioms, but none save a Frenchman will contend the right of London to be called the Metropolis of the World. It covers half a million of acres, and has a population of six million people. There is something terrifying in its irresistible growth. It is a polypus, a spreading sore; it seems to have no boundaries. Take a train and travel on, and still farther on. Surely you have reached its purlieus, for here are green fields. No! you still find more houses, more green fields, and again pavements and suburban villas.

London is a show city. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The great sight of London—is London." It is a dynamo among cities. It is a summary of the earth. To persuade its mind or passions is to lead the world. It would take a lifetime to know it. What then can a poor Canadian hope to learn in a little year? Nothing but to love it.

All its classes are interesting, even the costers, those queer people who help fill London's huge gaping mouth. The male coster is quick-tongued, and has a queer lingo, besides being master of an amazingly rich vocabulary of oaths, which he strings out on all possible occasions. His unmentionable adjective is not sanguinary, but its Anglo-Saxon synonym. For some unknown reason, when he gives his donkey a sharp admonisher, he calls it a "moke." Poor old moke! Its hide is so worn in holes that it can scarcely keep the bones from falling out. Its underfed body is only kept together by some strange law of attraction.

I hope I may not be considered wanting in politeness in passing rapidly from the donkey of the coster to the woman thereof. She has a saucy tongue, too, and "slangs" her "bloke." She has a sinewy appearance, and is usually so dirty that one cannot tell whether she is good-looking or the reverse. Her scraggly hair is always surmounted by a huge structure with nodding plumes. She is blowsy and lacking in smartness, has an impudent laugh and a hard manner. The costers of both sexes are industrious. They despise the idle, greasy brotherhood, who swarm the seats in the park, or sleep on the floors of this, their green *salon*, often presenting a spectacle that might be appropriately called "After the Battle." The women who lie drunk on the grass, with no underlinen and exposed bodies, are rarely of the coster class. Objectionable as the costers are in many ways, one cannot think of London without them. They are as much a part of it as the paving-stones.

Equally as interesting a class are the omnibus drivers. If you sit in the front seat, perhaps your Jehu will tell you that he has just returned from India, where he served under Sir Havelock Allen, and was with him when he died. He will tell you not to believe what the newspapers say, for Sir Havelock died by his own hand, and not by an enemy's. He will proudly point to the monument built to commemorate the fire of 1666, and tell you that it is caged in at the top in consequence of the mania for committing suicide from it. Perhaps he will even advise you to ascend it, whereupon you tell him how Dickens represents the man in the monument as laughing when two visitors pay their sixpences to go up, and saying, "They don't know how many steps it is. It is worth twice the money to stop below."

As you rattle down the Thames Embankment, you question him about Cleopatra's Needle, the huge obelisk around whose base prostrate nations seem to crouch. He unfolds how it was brought to England, and how someone told him

that it came from the Temple of the Sun, and that Moses played around it, and Joseph was imprisoned under its shadow, and that it saw Abraham, the Hebrew, when he came down to Egypt. This, with a superior air, he assures you that he is not gullible enough to believe. It cannot be quite so old as all that, for it is not even chipped.

On your ride with your voluble instructor through narrow lanes, the inside seams of the city, bearing the quaint nomenclature of olden times; past Lilliputian shops, not much larger than Canadian apple-bins, and where \$10.00 would be a fair estimate of the value of the stock in trade, till finally you descend and peer through the gates of Christ Hospital, commonly known as "The Blue Coat School," an institution which has handled thirty generations of Boy.

You whip out "*Baedeker*," and he says it is "a school for twelve hundred boys and one hundred girls, founded by Edward VI., with a yearly income from land and funded property of about £60,000." The quadrangle, where the boys are playing is the burial ground of the Grey Friars. It is said that in order to cheat St. Peter into the belief of the sanctity of the dead, many laymen were buried in the habit of the brotherhood. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, played in this quadrangle, and bled each other's noses in the same chevy-chase style as the young barbarians of to-day. The boys have yellow stockings, buckled shoes, flapping skirts, and wear a clergyman's band around their necks. They are always bareheaded. The French say the English thus expose their boys in this atrocious climate because the population is inconveniently large.

A few minutes' walk from this interesting school, down Cheapside and along past Ludgate Hill, brings you into Fleet Street, so called because it is the old bed of the River Fleet. It is now occupied by "eating houses" and "paper stainers in monochrome"—otherwise editors. It is

with quite the nature of a shock that you recognize the figure of *Mr. Punch* in the original.

This street leads into the Strand, where you find it pleasant to drop into Rimmel's and buy of the scents at headquarters. And how much there is to purchase in London. You feel it is not only an agreeable diversion, but a necessity, that you should buy every second thing you see in the shops. You degenerate into what Max Nordau calls the "onia mania," or "buying craze." For prudential considerations it is well to put your money in a bank and order them not to give it to you.

The bells of St. Clements' are really saying "Oranges and lemons" as you leave the busy Strand and pass into the sepulchral chill of the church. A brass plate on pew 18 informs the public that Dr. Johnson usually sat there. Boswell says of this grim old worthy, "He carried me to St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat, and his behaviour was, as I imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany, "In the hour of death, and at the day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us." At Charing Cross, where the Strand empties into Trafalgar Square, the traffic is congested into a deep-throated and vociferous confusion. Omnibuses, bicycles, broughams, carts, sandwich men, auto-cars, drags, drays, and things that are non-descript become locked in embraces that could hardly be called affectionate.

The hansom driver, "London's gondolier," calls in mighty dudgeon to the carter who has grazed his wheel, to go home and drive ducks to water, which advice is greeted with an original fertility of invectives more personal than complimentary, but still a representative of "the force" holds them back. As Joshua bade the sun to stand still, so one man standing in the surge of diverse and mighty currents of traffic, performs apparently as great a miracle by merely holding

up his hand. He stretches it out again as Moses did his rod over the Red Sea, and a passage is opened into which the jumbled mob pour like the Israelites rushing their last breach.

Trafalgar Square is the heart of London. From it all the city radiates. It is the centre-piece of the British capital, and the Corinthian column that has been erected to Nelson, is the epergne. The sun is sulking behind dirty rags of clouds, so I can barely descry Nelson's statue at the top of the pillar.

It is Trafalgar Day, and the monument is a veritable sheet of color. Tons of laurels and flowers have been hung about it, and about Landseer's lions that form its flanks. These couchant majesties strike different persons in different ways. To the ordinary observer they stand for the unconquerable might and masterhood of England. They appeared otherwise to a Scotsman, of whom Julian Ralph tells us:

He was on his way to the South African diamond fields; stopped overnight in London, and suddenly discovered these lions. "Great heavens," he said, "look at the size of those lions! Think what they must have cost! If there is money enough in London for people to leave out of doors like that, this must be a better place than Africa in which to make a fortune. At any rate, they've got all the money I want, and I'll stay here and get it." He stayed and he got it, but Scotch, and insatiable, he is still remaining for an indefinite period.

To the one side is another "precious stone of the nation." It was erected to Gordon, who, on an evil day, died for the honor of England. On it rested a fresh wreath of green, encircling the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The lines suggest what Elihu Burrit said of Dr. Johnson: "He left something

more than footprints on the sands of time. He left footholdings for the men wrestling with the surges of misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shores of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example."

The National Gallery fronts on Trafalgar Square. One is always surprised at the comparatively few visitors there. Perhaps, too, their necks get cramped and their brains drunk.

The Padre likes Dutch pictures, which I argue are ugly in their extreme realism. He bluntly tells me that I am "ignorant of the first principles of art," which sounds very superior on his part. Aside from their richness of coloring, the paintings might be photographs, so perfect is their minutiae. The artists of this watery Arcadia had perforce to depict domestic life, simple landscapes, dykes, pigs, cows, pots and pans, for lack of more striking motif. They limn the women as big-haunched and lubberly; possibly to match the stolid-faced, doughy men. It was of these pictures Ruskin spoke when he gave it as his opinion, that a Dutchman seated between a cheese paring and a lemon pip, could look as solemnly contemplative as an Italian before the Virgin Mary.

Turner is the other extreme of Dutch art. He paints etherealized truth. His confused obscurities are "an intermediate, somewhat between a thought and a thing." More nearly than any artist, he rendered the transparent by the opaque. It was into "the bridge of colors seven" he dipped his brush, to catch the glorious visions of purple and flame color that enchant the beholder. Turner cast aside the senses of conventional technicalities, and made his own law. It was simple—it was perilous—it was superbly demonstrated: "You ought only to paint your impressions." His brush is an Aaron's rod that eats up all other brushes.

Landseer's animals have human eyes; Hogarth's evergreen *marriage a la mode*, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael; they stag-

ger and daze, so that you are glad to leave them, promising yourself to come again to-morrow. The younglings turn away unwillingly. They want to stay longer before the boy, St. John by Murillo, for his eyes, they say, laugh into theirs, and children because of their white souls understand each other.

London, November.

In the National Gallery one's mind is distracted by different subjects and styles, for it is difficult to appreciate in rapid succession a battlepiece, a water-scape, a vision, a portrait, or an interior. It is not so in the Dore Gallery. True, you are startled by the delirious tableaux, and the wonderful combinations of light and shade that Dore works out in his pictures, but all the scenes are devotional in character, and the mind becomes attuned to them.

The greatest picture is that of *Christ Leaving the Praetorium*. A savage entering the room and seeing this Man-God could not fail to be profoundly impressed. The figure is the embodiment of all suffering borne with a manly dignity—not the broken, haggard, Nazarene, artists have so often portrayed, but that of one who knows "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." It is a transcendent ideal of "The King in His beauty" that strikes you into silence and tears. The other figures in the picture—about three hundred in all—are so delineated that one can name them without hesitation, and yet, taken as a whole, they act only as a background, portraying all the loves, jealousies, and griefs that humanity is capable of, and throwing into relief the one ideal man, who while He was touched with all the feeling of our infirmities, was yet without sin. If this work tells the secret of the artist's soul, if it be the result of his insight into the nature of the Christ, then this French artist was one of the world's greatest seers. Surely it is true, "when the gods come among men they are not known."

We lingered lovingly over *The Vale of Tears*. It was Gustave Dore's swan-song, for he died while the paint was yet wet on the canvas.

* * * * *

The Padre has returned to London. He has been at Colchester for a fortnight, speaking to the soldiers. The regiments there quartered are the Warwicks, Gordon Highlanders, and Irish Fusiliers. He reports that when orders came for the men to be ready for immediate transportation to South Africa, the hospital was full of sick privates. In three hours there was not a solitary man in bed. The devilish itch to fight, which lies close under the skin of all Anglo-Saxons, had come out in a red heat, and every mother's son of them was ready to pay "the tax of blood" to his country, and, if need be, lay his body down to fertilize the soil of an African veldt.

John Bull deserves his name, for he is decidedly bellicose. He was keen for battle, and was far from pleased when the Hon. Cecil Rhodes said Kruger would "climb down." The war has not, however, been taken up with universal enthusiasm. Those called "Little Englanders" are making themselves heard. Still the red horse has begun his dread march, and this time it is a fight to the finish.

On Saturday we went to the Waterloo Station to witness the departure of the soldiers. Some of the officers left in private cars. Their mothers, wives, and sweethearts said good-bye to them with dry eyes, but pale, drawn faces. These women are of the best stock in the world, and would consider any display of feeling as bad form. Their stoicism, if less admirable, is quite equal to that of our Red Indians.

Every inch of space was occupied by eager spectators, with a strong cordon of

police lined up to hold them back. At one o'clock we heard the throbbing of the drums and the stirring strains of the band of the Grenadier Guards, and soon the Kharki-clad troops came into view. The cheering was tremendous, and with one voice the people welcomed The Black Watch by singing, "Auld Lang Syne." In spite of the police the crowds pressed on the soldiers, so that they were unable to preserve anything like good formation, and were therefore allowed to "march at ease." The detachments became thin lines of dust-color that wormed their way through the dense mass of people.

The Duke's son stood up in his stirrups and cheered; the cook's son came with his arm linked in his wife's; the son of a belted earl bared his head to wave the national colors. Youths and women insisted on carrying the soldiers' kit-bags, rifles, and impedimenta. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and one heard such shouts as these: "Ip, ip, urroar;" "Them's the boys for old Kruger;" "Shoot straight for the Old Country;" "Pull his whiskers" (Kruger's); "Don't forget Majuba;" "God bless you, laddies, and bring you safe home to your mothers." The Padre threw his silk hat into the air, and didn't catch it. The result was disastrous.

There were many tear-stained faces, and hearts that ached, too, for these tough-fibred sons of Mars, led out like sheep to the slaughter, for it will be a mere handful who come home again.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, earth groans as they tread,
The clay-covered bones going down to the dead.
Every stamp, every step, every footfall is bolder,
'Tis a skeleton tramp with a skull on his shoulder.
But O! how he strides with his high-tossing head!
This clay-covered bones going down to the dead."

The cars pulled out to the strains of "God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you." Ah, well! all the rest will be prose and sharply punctuated.



DOTTED FOULARDS WHICH WERE SO POPULAR LAST SEASON ARE AGAIN THE FASHION

The first is of white with a large black dot nearly the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Tiny velvet buttons are its only ornamentation. The second is a Red Foulard with the dots in black finished with heavy lace.

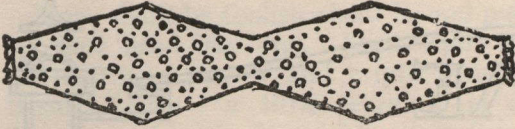


GOWNS TO BE WORN DURING THE COMING "WHITE" SUMMER

The first suit is a new model in which Herring-bone and Yak Lace play an important part. The second is a smart little suit of heavy crash, trimmed with Yak Lace. Many of the new linen gowns are cut walking-length.



A SMART SUMMER WAIST.



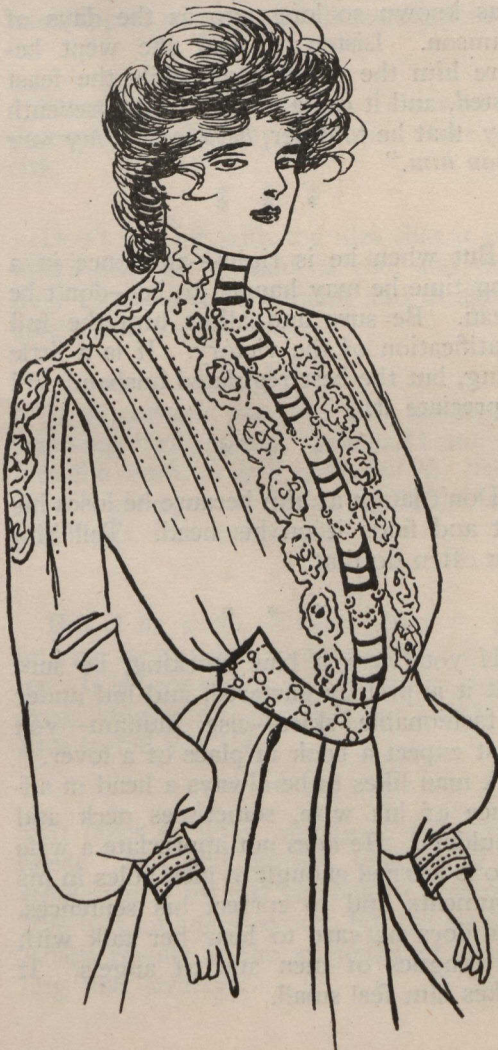
NEW GIRDLE PATTERN.

The new Beaded Girdle of White Satin and Coral Beads.

This pattern is reversible and can be worn high in the back and sloping at the sides.

Beads are sold in all colors and sizes. This Girdle can be easily made with a half yard of silk or satin, cut on the bias.

The gowns in the accompanying sketches are of Voile and Etamine and show the new Girdle.





HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

FIRST you must catch your hare. If you want a husband, my dear young Miss, you must go into the marriage market-place. For stripped of all polite palaver, marriage is really the first and last cause of society. He may be very hard to catch, but—

* * *

He is much harder to hold. He is the possible black horse that shys, kicks the dashboard, bites, and runs away. You need to handle the ribbons with adeptness. Don't rein him too high. No whip, please. The bit must be comfortable—very comfortable. A tight line is easiest snapped. Let him "gang his ain gait," now and then.

* * *

You won him by guile, then keep him by guile.

* * *

In ordinary, do not "manage" him, when fair and open means will serve your end. You will find extraordinary occasions frequent enough, for every son of Adam has "ways." Don't let him think he is managed. It hurts his pride. "She rules best who never shows she rules."

* * *

If he is "snappy as a bull-terrier on a chain," if he swears at you till the air is solid, don't get ruffled. Confine yourself to saying, "Dear me!"

Tears are bad weapons. Besides, they make you ugly—poets and romancers to the contrary. No man succumbs to a weeping woman without resentment. This was known so long ago as the days of Samson. Listen: "And she wept before him the seven days while the feast lasted, and it came to pass on the seventh day that he told her, *because she lay sore upon him.*"

* * *

But when he is right—and once in a long time he may happen to be—don't be mean. Be sure and allow him the full gratification of the victory. It is a little thing, but the best regulated husband will appreciate it.

* * *

Don't laugh at him because he loses his hat and finds it on his head. Tell him you often do that.

* * *

If you wear a blue stocking, be sure that it is prettily gartered, and hid under a fashionable skirt—else Madam—you must expect a book in place of a lover.

A man likes to be always a head in advance of his wife, sometimes neck and shoulders. He does not appreciate a wife who is learned enough to pick holes in his arguments and to correct his sentences. Nor does he care to hear her talk with the tongues of men and of angels. It makes him feel small.

Now, don't be foolish about it, and put up your head like that. Start right in and cultivate chatter and bright gossip. Besides, even "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It wrinkles your face. Every man—there is no exception—prefers a woman who wonders at his amazing cleverness, and brightens his spare hours with a little comfortable adulation.

* * *

But if you are clever, and can't by hook or crook amend your ways, if you cannot learn "to sympathize with clay," it is well to occasionally insinuate that it is only the clever women, untrained in the world's school, who make really dotting worshippers of men. He'll see the point.

* * *

Serve him first and best. Perhaps he deserves it. In any case you take no risk.

* * *

Don't run off with the idea that it is a man's duty to be fond of you, and your duty to make it as difficult and disagreeable a duty as possible.

* * *

If he corners you up, and insists on knowing "all about it," you had better tell him the truth, *as if it were not the truth*. It will give you a chance to dodge, and you'll get free every time.

* * *

But if he won't tell you where *he* was or what *he* was doing, never press the matter. It is poor policy, besides, some sharp-eyed, long-eared, bad-tongued person is sure to tell you later.

* * *

It takes a clever woman to coax. She needs "soft and gainful speech," if she would rule "by soft persuasion's charm." Eve was an adept coaxer, but the modern Adam revolts at the suspicion of wheedling and strategy.

Even if he is in the wrong, treat him as if he were in the right. He won't change his opinions anyway, and you score heavily by giving him either his due or a compliment.

* * *

There are few things please a man more than the knowledge that his wife holds "dear, old, simple, household views."

He likes to hear her enlarge on the glories of domesticities and the delights of the fig-tree. It tickles his ears to hear her descry the women "shriekers" who want to vote, and who go in for "questions" and "social problems." But Madam, when you are at it, don't lose the opportunity of drawing his attention to the fact that the advocates of women's rights are generally plain-featured.

You will leave the pleasing inference that you never had to struggle with this serious drawback.

* * *

Tact means "touch." It is a delicate weapon, and needs a razor-edge, an edge fine enough to split hairs if necessary.

In no way can a wife wield it more skillfully than in knowing *just when* to let him alone.

* * *

Now, if on any occasion, it is absolutely necessary that you should have your own way, don't tell him so. Just make it a matter of "compromise." Marriage, like the government, should be a series of compromises.

What I mean is illustrated by a story a young benedict once told. "When we were furnishing our house," he said, "she wanted crimson furniture, and I wanted blue. We wrangled pretty hotly for a while, but at last *we compromised on the blue.*"

* * *

Don't be discouraged if you fail. You will fail, but perhaps you won't always fail.

There is one thing a man can never understand in a woman—silence. It is your best weapon, with it you are supreme, besides it is a defensive shield that is always polite.

A woman who can hold her tongue can hold anything. Silence is self-preservation.

In the hour of revolt, it will make your attitude "a song without words." Interpreted, it says, "I do not oppose you, nevertheless, I am in the right." In a short time he will be at your feet.

* * *

Never nag! It is like the tedious rasping of a file, or the teasing tenacity of a stinging ant. What is worse than a bad tongue, whetted on a bad heart? Let sleeping dogs lie. If you cannot win his acquiescence by a fair exposition of your views, yield gracefully and *let him alone*.

* * *

You will never manage him by displays of bad temper. "Of all God's creatures," said Christopher North, "the wasp is the only one eternally out of temper." A wasp stings as well without its head as with it. Moral: It takes no brains to annoy.

* * *

In spite of all the dictums about flattery, a little stock of "soft sawder" never comes amiss in the household menage. A man likes to be told that his head is all right, that he carries his clothes well, and that he is a fine specimen of masculinity. They say a woman who won't flatter is like a piano that won't play. It may be an imposing piece of furniture, but it isn't a piano.

* * *

A wife is the first to *feel* that she is disenchanted, but the husband is the first to *show* it. Never reproach him about it. Never accuse him of having ceased to love you. You are, to use an hypnotic expression, "placing the suggestion." Every time you do so, you lose ground. Have

self-confidence and poise. Make the best of yourself, mentally, physically, and spiritually. Go in to win. Play the sweetheart again, and you'll find he'll want to be in the game.

* * *

Don't say "I told you so." It is bad enough to have made a mistake without being reminded of it. And if you succeed in proving it, you are a blathering idiot.

* * *

A smile wins its way to the citadel of a man's heart when nothing else will—a beaming, appealing flash of sympathy, an artless, innocent, joyous smile, in which the eyes do more than the lips.

* * *

Yes! a smile *is* powerful, but who can weigh a kiss? With discrimination and a kiss, you can get half his kingdom, or the whole of it.

* * *

A man likes his wife to be *slightly* jealous, *very* occasionally. It is a powerful draft to the furnace of love. Or—

* * *

A little indifference to him now and then is an admirable draft. Don't worry about breaking his heart. It may be more or less handsomely pieced.

* * *

"Better dead than dowdy," and Adam was doubtless influenced by the way Eve wore her fig leaves.

* * *

You may have taken lessons in botany, Browning, or book-keeping, but unless you want to ruin his digestion, and in sequence, his temper, you ought to take *lessons in dough*.

* * *

Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows your husband that your soul needs sweetening. And then it will gridiron your face with wrinkles.

Listen with sympathy to his cares. You will get information, experience, and mental culture. Besides, you can try the effects of your Good Samaritan Salve on them.

* * *

And in conclusion—

Never rhapsodize over another man's mental traits or physique.

There are better ways of asserting your independence than by wearing your hair in a mode that is particularly objectionable to your husband.

Don't inundate him with kitchen worries, or with your aches and pains.

Never take him on shopping excursions.

Always let him *think* he rules the roost.

Don't fret because he does not notice your worth. It is your capital all the same—and so is the interest.

* * *

THE DISEASE OF ANNO DOMINI

How old is an old man?

Ask a youth and he will probably say "One is old at sixty," but when he comes to that age himself he will in all likelihood change his opinion and push out the period to seventy-five.

And yet he is not wrong. It is the view-point that settles it. The statement is true that a man is only as old as he feels. Some are more robust at seventy than others at fifty. There are young old men and old young men. Some remarkable examples are on record of old heads on young shoulders. Hermogenes, at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, but at twenty-four he lost his faculties and forgot all that he had previously acquired. A diseased monstrosity of this class was one Henri Henniken who spoke twelve languages distinctly

when he was ten months old; at twelve months he learned the Pentateuch by rote; was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament at fourteen, and at two years he was as familiar with ancient history as the most learned authors of antiquity, but he died in his fourth year.

And 'tis passing strange that the young man is proud of his precocity or oldness, while a few years later he is "touchy" about it. Perhaps this touchiness is the surest sign of approaching age. Another symptom of the disease of the years is manifest when people come to the time of life in which they try to reassure themselves from the statistics that life is growing longer. A third indication is marked when they begin to talk of old men who are still vigorous and bright. You can offer a man no more deadly insult at this period than to ask if he possesses "all his faculties."

It is in truth a difficult matter to say here is the line or there is the line that separates youth from age. Perhaps Victor Hugo's remark anent this boundary is the clearest, cleverest, and most cheerful yet. On one occasion, he acknowledged that passing from thirty-nine to forty was the most trying time of his life. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty is the youth of old age."

And there are two sides to old age as to most things—the sad and the glad.

Age is inexorable. The old man may sing, "Off with the wrinkled spoils of age," but he grows older as he sings.

The good grey head is patriarchal, but we don't want to be patriarchal. We look at these streaks of lightning, as one by one they glint out from their dark setting, and our hearts sink within us. This is when the words we have often read, but never understood, take on a dis-

tinct meaning: "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none heavier, *for it never melts.*" Ah! 'tis in truth a heavy snow, and if it lie long, one day it may quench the flame of an active mind and the fire of a brave heart.

Old age has no sharper pang than just its own accompanying sensitiveness. Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used snappily to reply, "There is no such thing, Sir, as a fine old man."

People fear growing old because they fear want. They have not been able to lay by in store for the "rainy days" of later life. Or they dread the mortification age inflicts on vanity, when youth has the upper hand.

Some there are who shrink back from the physical wreckage of life's December. They hold the same view as the witty Frenchwoman who sent for her physician on one occasion, and, in reply to her catalogue of ills, was met by the exclamation, "What would you have, Madame? I cannot make you young again!" "I know that, doctor," answered she. "What I want you to do is to *help me to grow old a little while longer.*"

Others shrink from old age because of the nearness of death. The years are not yet come of which they are compelled to say, "We have no pleasure in them." With wounded feet and torn hands, they have climbed Life's luring heights, and the sweet rest in the upper air is all they had dreamed. They are on the Mount of Pisgah. Their eyes are dimmed and their natural force abated. Nearby, with its honey and milk, lies the sweet Land of Promise. They look not that way, but turn wistful gaze towards the blood-tracked wilderness with its famine, its bitter waters, and its serpents of fire. Pope, sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller's death-bed and finding him much dispirited, told him he had been a good man and would doubtless go to heaven. "Oh, my good friend," was the pathetic

reply, "I wish God would let me stay at Whitton."

But there is the glad side, too. If "to live is to learn," and if "knowledge is power," it is only in advanced years that man should reach his highest beauty and perfection. It is a pretty custom to lay on the coffin of an old person, a little sheaf of ripe wheat, because the matured grain is a symbol of old age—the harvest of all life's sowing. And it is a symbol, not of decay, but of the ripening and swelling of the strong life within that withers and bursts the husk.

Old age is a sunset and sunrise in one. The changing lights of life's big charmed day die down like the receding music, but from the hills that lie beyond the valley of the shadow, the glory of the sunshine is already piercing the aftermath with promise of renewing.

Yes, old age may be beautiful, and the hoary head may be beautiful. We honor those whom men have crowned with laurels or gold, but it is not well to forget the ones whom God Himself hath crowned with silver hair. The silver crown tells a tale of conquest. This man reigns over himself as a king, and this is the symbol of his kingship.

As we grow older in life, we should grow more attractive. Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be." And if we could but read them, all the people we meet carry their lives in their faces for good or evil. The fine chisels of emotion and thought are eternally at work on their features.

A wrinkled and hard face at fifty, tells of a perverted intellect, tells that wrong thinking, bad living, and acid cares have been eating into the soul.

Beauty should only come to perfection in old age. It may be the beauty of intellect, or the beauty of holiness, or it may be both, but at all odds it will mean an

attractive poise indicative of mental culture, a dignified bearing, a kindly expression, and a soft eye with depths of intellect.

In the face of no eminent living person of extreme age are these traits of beauty better exemplified than in that of the revered potentate of the Catholic world—Leo. XIII., Pope of Rome.

Speaking generally, there should be nothing to distinguish old age in a very marked manner from the rest of the adult existence except its garnered experience and beauty. We have a poor opinion of the advice that would have us live each moment as the last. Have your house in order in case of the night-coming guest, but lay out your plans for a long lifetime. Do not associate decrepitude with any particular age for this is a foe to longevity. Calculate to die in the harness. Izaak Walton did good work after he was eighty-five.

Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty. Fontenelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at 115.

The accomplishments of these men not only demonstrate the possibilities of later life but teach us how vicious is the cry for young blood. It is putting a premium on babyhood. Experience is ever more valuable than gush.

It is the habit of some old people to say, "the former times were better than these." This is because they live in the past and do not keep in touch with the actors of the hour. Such are sure to age quickly. They have need of Gladstone's recipe for never growing old. It was to "search out some topic in nature or life in which you have never hitherto been interested and experience its fascinations."

Till the very end, Phillips Brooks grew by leaps and bounds because he never lost the enthusiasm for newness in life and teaching. At fifty-seven he said, "Life seems a feast in which God keeps the best wine until the last."

There is no reason why old age should be, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," if the preparation for this period has been that of a loyal life. What I mean is illustrated by the most perfect repartee which ever fell from the lips of that master-wit, Alexandre Dumas, when in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" he replied, "Madam, *I give all my time to it.*"

In Montford's Euthanasia, he describes a ship coming into its moorings. I take it that he means a good life as it approaches three-score years and ten. Such a life is more sublime than the setting of the sun.

This is the picture:

"A ship is a fine object, when it comes up into port with all its sails set, and quite safely after a long voyage. Many thousand miles it has come, with the sun for its guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and passed rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts: a delight to its owner, a joy to the sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore that see it. It has steered over the ocean and has been piloted through dangers and now it is safe."

WITH A SAUCEPAN OVER THE SEA.

YOU will agree with me that the title is a bit puzzling. At least, I found it so. Let me explain that it is the name of a new cook-book just hot from the press of a Boston Company, and containing a collection of recipes from every European country.

England, it would seem, is foremost in the art of roasting and broiling; France takes the palm for soups; Germany and Austria are prize bakers of bread, cakes, and pastry; and Italy and Hungary excel in fancy desserts and cookery.

It will be noticed in these recipes that foreign cooks use very little salt and pepper. Those of us who go abroad learn to like butter without salt, and to look for the distinctive flavors of dishes that are undisguised by condiments.

From these pages it would seem that nothing is too good for a pie and nearly every city has one ancient excellence to offer.

Kings and queens, brave and fair, have supped on the meats and entrees herein recorded, or have gone to battle or execution thus and so. This delightful book gives us Haggis as it should be, pigs feet at their best, ragouts and stews, fancy sausages, croquettes, and hashes *incognito*. Our mouths fairly water reading the tempting recipes and "made overs" from many lands. "Love in disguise" is really stuffed calf's heart. Hodge-podge, crowdie, and kedegree are much better than they sound. When we get writer's cramp, we are going to turn our attention to these sweetbreads so various and luxurious, to game and geese, and to old English dishes dear unto novelists and great people.

Economy is the key note of foreign cookery. Famine, war, and centuries of taxation have taught the housewives the art of making something out of nothing. This is particularly noticeable in the vege-

tables and salads. Nevertheless, anyone who reads cannot doubt the delectableness of the dishes. We are told how to cook mushrooms in Hungarian style, and cucumbers and squash after the manner of Austrians, Greeks, and Turks. The American cook is initiated into the secrets of potatoes as cooked by the Trappists, of Baden noodles, and Italian methods with macaroni.

Alexandre Dumas' famous recipe for salad, also sandwiches, sweet and savory from Scotland and France are promising, and doubtless toothsome, with just a possibility of your remonstrating with them all night.

Many of the recipes are labelled "as cooked in Provence." This adds wonderfully to their prestige, for Provence, you must know, was for a long time the home of the Pope, and the angels taught the natives to cook superlatively.

Soups, as usual, are to the fore—and sauces, too, which, after all, are the same thing, for a sauce is only a prolonged soup.

We are also given the directions how to make Crecy soup, of which the Prince of Wales always eats a bowl every 26th of August in memory of his ancestor, the Black Prince, and the Battle of Crecy.

Ichi is a Russian soup, and Pectoral broth a wonderful mixture given in French convents to delicate nuns. The fruit and wine soups are favorite hot-weather fare in Germany and are served with dry toast. Cocka Leekie, as its name suggests, is of Scottish origin, but its fame lies in the fact that it is the oldest recipe for soup known, as it dates back to the fourteenth century.

This is the recipe for pepper-pot, which is a dish peculiar to Spain, but was imported to Jamaica, whence the negroes took the recipe North. In Philadelphia there are several small restaurants kept by darkies who are famous for pepper-pot:

To three quarts of water add one pint

of vegetables, cut up, any kinds, mixed, in equal parts, using beans, peas, celery, carrots, onions, lettuce, rice, etc., also potatoes. Add one pound of mutton, one pound of salt pork, one pound of honey-comb, one pound of tripe, cut up and fried in butter or suet, one bay leaf, one clove, parsley, thyme, and sweet marjoram. Cook, closely covered, three hours. Set aside to cool, remove the fat, thicken with flour, butter and yolk of an egg, add salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

The water in which vegetables or rice have been cooked—except potatoes and cabbage—is used by the French, with additions to make good soup.

The Germans aptly say that the kitchen is to the house what the stomach is to the body, and also, when the doctor calls, he should enter by the way of the back door and thank the cook for those dishes which call for costly visits.

This is particularly applicable to cakes, puddings, pastry, ices, preserves, and confectionery. Yet most of us eat them, and hold rightly that health purchased by watching our diet is but a tedious disease.

That foreigners feel this way, too, is evidenced by their wonderful mixtures of "apples and spice and all things nice," and the mixtures sound inviting—honey cakes of Basle, parsnip cakes and brandy snaps; *delicieuses*, wafers, and waffles, fadges and fritters, Moravian love-cakes, harem sweetmeats, *tutti-frutti*, syllabub, trifle, roly-poly, Alpine baskets, capotes, and casseroles.

This is how to make rose-leaf jam after the manner of the Grecians. Gather the petals of fresh red roses, being sure they are free from insects. Add an equal amount of sugar and only enough water to dissolve. Set in the sun under glass till the sugar is well melted, then cook it for twenty minutes, stirring well. Pour

into jars and cork tightly. Serve with coffee to guests who call in the afternoon.

In England, rose jelly is served with pork or game. Here are the directions: Collect the red seed pods of the rose when the frost has turned them, wash them, slit open, and take out the seeds. Add to every pint of pips one-quarter pint of white wine vinegar and three-quarters pound of sugar. Boil and stir rapidly, rub through a sieve, and cook one-half hour longer. Cool and pack into tumblers for use. Will keep in a cool place.

Nor are the spirituous refreshments to be neglected. Some of the favorites are Heidelberg punch, sometimes known as Hebe's cup; Oxford grace cup and Oxford bishop, caudle cup (a drink offered to callers upon a new baby), wassil, sack, posset, lawn sleeve, and other ancient swallows. Ale flip, lamb's wool, mulled wine, May nectar, Teutonic mead, the capillaire of "the boulevardier," Irish cordials, bitters for cocktails, and home-made champagnes make us forget all our blue-ribbon principles.

A hundred years ago every middle-aged gentleman, and a great many ladies, took a hot drink before retiring at nine or ten o'clock. Nowadays, the same class of people are apt to sit up very late and to depend upon drugs for a good night's sleep. This is how grandfather used to mix his nightcap:

With grandmother's aid, he beat the yolk of one egg with half a teaspoonful of allspice and one gill of rum, a tablespoonful of sugar melted in one cup of boiling water. They whisked this well together and then strained it into a glass, placing the beaten white on top with a dust of nutmeg.

And then they drank, and they smacked their lips, and, bless them, drank again.

LITERATURE

QUEEN ALEXANDRA THE NATION'S PRIDE. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

THE chief interest in this work is the history it gives us of the Queen's earlier days. Most of us are fairly well informed as to the later events in Her Majesty's life, but the younger among us do not remember those in connection with the arrival in England and marriage of the beautiful Danish girl who was destined in the fulness of time to share the greatest throne in the modern world. The story is pretty and interesting enough to repeat.

It is the habit of court chroniclers to state that each marriage "arranged" in Royal circles is the result of "purely a love attachment." Few of us are deceived thereby, but from the history of this betrothal, we cannot but believe that the little blind boy sent his arrows home with unerring aim.

The Prince of Wales first met the Danish Princess at a children's party at Buckingham Palace. The boy was thirteen and the girl ten. His mother bade him be polite to the "Viking's daughter." Being fond of the sea, the boy expected the girl to be somewhat different from other little girls, and when he saw her nursing an enormous doll, he turned away with a shrug of the shoulders. "That the Viking's daughter! Why she's just like anybody else, only a little prettier."

The second act in the love drama was one in which a young English officer figured. He was received at Bernstoff, the home of the Princess Alexandra, and saw her arranging white lilies. He was so inspired by her remarkable beauty, that he wrote and published anonymously a poem which was much admired by the Prince of Wales, who did not guess who was the "Fairy Princess of the Lilies,"

who had unconsciously suggested the verses.

Act III.—A German officer this time. He drew a small photograph from his pocket, and showed it to the Prince of Wales. It was a young and beautiful girl, in a prim white muslin frock, the hair brushed back from a broad forehead, with exquisitely pencilled brows, a simple black velvet ribbon tied round the slender throat. On the sweetly-shaped, full-lipped mouth, there was the beginning of a smile; in the deep eyes there dwelt a look of half-plaintive appeal. "It is my fiancee," said the German. "She is a very beautiful girl," replied the Prince, "and I congratulate you." Then the officer found he had made a mistake, and had inadvertently given the Prince the photograph of the Princess Alexandra. When he would take the photograph back, the Prince laughingly refused to give it up, saying, "This is the prettiest girl I have ever seen, and I shall keep the picture until I meet the original, which I certainly mean to do some day."

Act IV.—Oddly enough, when calling on his grand-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, only a few days later, the Prince saw the same fair face smiling at him from an ivory miniature. The Prince said nothing of having seen the face before, but questioned his cousin, the Princess Mary, who could hardly say enough about her friend, "sweet little Alix."

The Prince was now on fire. He became more and more anxious to meet her, and an understanding having been arrived at by the parents of both, it was arranged that the two young people should have a chance of meeting quite informally, the Princess, then only seventeen, to be kept in ignorance of the arrangement.

Act V.—The first meeting, "a purely

accidental" one, took place in the Cathedral, at Sperier, in Germany, where the Prince with his escort happened to be viewing the frescoes just at the identical moment that the Princess and her father were likewise instructing their minds. The young people were allowed to wander off and compare notes on the frescoes. At this meeting for the first time the orbits of the two royal planets intersected, and the admiration which the Prince had felt for the beautiful portrait deepened into love for the still more beautiful original.

The young couple met the next day at Heidelberg, but did not see each other again for several months, the death of the Prince Consort, and the trip of the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, intervening in the meanwhile.

Act VI.—The royal pair next met at the Belgian Court, where they became acknowledged lovers, and two months later, in September, 1862, the formal betrothal took place.

The wedding-day was set for the 10th of March, 1863. On the 7th of March, the young Princess, on board *The Victoria and Albert*, under the escort of a British squadron, was awakened from her dreams by the booming of guns. The yacht was in British waters, and from Margate a deputation came out in a boat to present a loyal address. As her yacht moved on majestically up the Thames, the welcome of the English people grew in volume and intensity. Flotillas of boats, decked with flowers and flags, and crowded with anxious sight-seers, seemed to cover every inch of the river.

Southend and Sheerness were decorated and jubilant, and when at length the big yacht anchored opposite the pier at Gravesend, such a mighty shout went up from British throats that the Princess, standing on deck, in sight of all, her white dress fluttering in the light breeze, started and caught the arm of her mother, who was at her side. She had not been so petted and feted that she could consider this new tribute as her mere due,

and so she said, "Oh, mother, is it possible that they mean all this for *me*."

Suddenly it was signalled that the bridegroom was putting out from shore, and when this news reached the yacht, the bride-elect instantly vanished into her cabin. The simple white frock was quickly discarded, and when she appeared to greet the Prince, who came on board with a brilliant suite, the Princess wore by way of specially complimenting her adopted country, a dress of mauve Irish poplin, "very becoming to her dazzling complexion and bright hair, a flowing cloak of purple velvet, edged with rich sable, and a most bewitching "poke" bonnet of white rosebuds, which framed the youthful face deliciously."

The lovers met in full gaze of the nation, but they forgot, apparently for a moment, that there was anyone in the world save themselves. The Prince drew the Princess to himself, and gave her such a kiss that a ringing cheer went up from the watching crowds. This brought the two young people back to realities, and the principal actors in the drama gave the audiences at that moment no further scenes which called for applause.

As the Prince led his bride, who was pale with excitement, along the pier adorned with orange blossoms and Danish mottoes, sixty maids of Kent, dressed in the red and white of Denmark, strewed roses beneath her feet.

The Princess was taken to London under the charge of the flower of English nobility, the Earl of Caithness driving the engine.

Dukes, Princes, the Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs of London and foreign ambassadors received her at the station.

Writing of the reception accorded her by the London people, Thackeray says: "Since womankind existed, has any woman ever had such greeting?"

London overdid itself on that occasion, and there has never been a greater or more popular demonstration. There was no pageant, although over a million dol-

lars were spent on street decorations, and the bride-elect was only accompanied by an escort of Life Guards. But the people were frenzied with delight, and broke all cordons that they might catch one glimpse of the lovely girl. All London was drowned in one prolonged cheer.

Two days later the stately marriage ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel.

From the moment that Princess Alexandra put foot on British soil, she took her place in the hearts of the British people, and by her grace, her charm, her sweet smile, and the ready sympathy of her tender heart, she has held it all these long years without even a passing cloud.

Sorrows, many and bitter, since then have fallen to the lot of our sweet Queen, but they have been borne with fortitude and a fair front.

Looking at her life from all sides, even the most critical cannot find a flaw. She has never shirked a public duty, no matter how tiresome, which is saying a good deal. She has never spared herself in any good cause, and the long list of charities in which she takes a direct personal interest, speaks of her enthusiasm for the poor and distressed. No appeal is ever made to her in vain. One of her friends has said, "If she had £10,000 a year, she would give away £8,000 of it!"

As a mother, she has been tender, infinitely affectionate, and wise.

As a friend, she is loyal to the heart's core.

As a wife, she sets an example to every English-speaking woman the world over.

As the head of English Society, she has never made a mistake or an enemy.

Every heart that beats under the Union Jack loves her, and all pray that this fair head may ever "lie easy," even though it wears a crown.

W. Partridge & Co., London.

CHILDREN OF THE FROST. By Jack London.
Illustrations by Raphael M. Reay.

THESE are far away the best stories that have yet been penned of the Eskimos and Indians. The author takes us in fancy to the bad lands of the nig-gard North, to the deserts of the Arctic Circle, the bleak and bitter home of the musk-ox and lean plains wolf, and shows us life as we had not dreamed it. There is blood, action, and virility in his work, and an artistic rawness like the rough edge of an *edition de luxe*. The themes are suggestive and roughly moulded, but with the moulding that means infinite skill. You hurry over the terse, nervous sentences with an insistent desire to follow the plot to its conclusion, and then back and carefully pick up each gem. The hot revenge of savagery, the hotter love, and the unmitigated tragedy in the lives of the Northlanders will linger long in your memory. His women are all of fiery blood and passion, they bear children with ardor, and know how to stand up and take the naked knife deep into the white sheath of their bosoms.

The book takes its name from the first story, which is the tale of a white man, who is held captive by an Eskimo tribe, but is in deeper and more willing captivity to his Mate-woman, *Thom*, the daughter of the chief. He has grown to like these people, and when an exploring friend discovers him, after five years, and endeavors to persuade him to return to civilization, he thus explains the people with whom he lives: "They are honest folk, and live according to their lights. And they are amazingly simple. No complexity about them, no thousand and one subtle ramifications to every single emotion they experience. They love, fear, hate, are angered, or are made happy in common, ordinary and unmistakable terms. It may be a beastly life, but at least it is easy to live. No philandering, no dallying. If a woman likes you, she'll not be backward in telling you so, and then, if you feel inclined, you can beat

her, but the thing is, she knows precisely what you mean, and you know precisely what she means. No mistakes. No misunderstandings. It has its charm after civilization's fitful fever."

His friend *Van Brunt*, eventually persuades him to return to his first love, now a widow in the South. And then *Thom* pleads with a half-sob in her throat for her man.

Van Brunt tries to tell her in simple language that this man has only been dreams and dream-dust to her, that she had clutched at a form and grasped a shadow, and given herself to the wraith of a man, for she never held his heart. Then the dumb, insensate anger of the Mate-woman flushed in her face, and she blurts out with savage tenacity, "He is my man."

"Then Jesus forgive all men," is the awful answer.

The rush of fight, craft, and murder comes quickly, and quickly ends, and you fairly sicken with the burden of it all.

London's story of the Sunlanders, who fell foul of the Mandell folk, indubitably has its origin in the catastrophe that occurred in 1811 on the Columbia River, to the crew of the *Tonquin*. They were all murdered by Indians, who had ostensibly come to trade—all but one man, who, although covered with ghastly wounds, dragged his way below and blew up the ship, thus effecting the death of the savages on his own pyre.

Taken all in all, "The Children of the Frost" is an exceptional book.

Macmillan Co., New York.

NATURE STUDY AND LIFE. By Clinton F. Hodge, Ph.D.

THE author is assistant professor in Clark University, Member of The American Physiological Society, Society of American Naturalists, Massachusetts Forestry Association, Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and the American Ornithologists Union. Now let anyone stand forth and say that

this man does not know what's what about Nature.

And his theory is a new one. From the study of Nature have sprung love of art, science, and religion. Hence all should study it. To allow a child to grow up without planting a seed or rearing a plant is a crime against civilized society, and our army of tramps and hordes of hoodlums are among the first fruits of an educational system that slights this important matter. The omission of *soil lore* from a system of education of the young is suggestive of a relapse into barbarism. That is particularly applicable to city children. Humanity, says the author, like the giant Antaeus, renews its strength when it touches Mother Earth. Sociological studies suggest that city life wears itself out and goes to decay after three or four generations, unless rejuvenated by fresh blood from the country. Thus our deeper relations to Nature are not only ancient and fundamental, but also immanent and persistent.

The study of Nature, he contends, should be pursued in every school. The trouble hitherto has been that the field is so boundless, and books so technical that teachers have found it difficult to know where to begin, so as to bring the subject into fruitful relations to elementary teaching. In this book the author has mapped out a system of study that presents the salient and essential points of many species, without the over-elaboration of any. Moreover, his system binds school and home together in the curriculum as nothing does at present, and stimulates in the children spontaneous out-of-doors interest. They are expected to search for, and bring to school samples of the flower or insect under discussion, and to take observations in garden, field, or wood. All this goes to keep alive in the child a spirit of original research in hand-to-hand contact with Nature, which ought always to be made the breath of life of an educational system. We distrust "book larnin'," but, strange to

say, it dominates the school curriculum completely. Our system is entirely given over to passive work, instead of having in all the grades the active methods of the Kindergarten and University.

Children have keen interest in the animals, fauna, and flora of their neighborhood before they are interested in inanimate Nature as seen in the stars, weather, or crystals, hence the study should begin with the former, and in particular with pet animals. Teach the children common sense and valuable things about animals, leaving all details of comparative anatomy to specialists. People may live long and die happy without ever having lumbered up their mind with such ideas as "a chicken has three eyelids," or "a dog is covered with hair." Infinitely more practical is it to teach that a gnawing-bone is the dog's tooth-brush, and that it is well to keep him supplied at all times, both for business and amusement.

The book is entertaining for adults, and a good one to keep as a reference.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM. By a Member of the Society for Psychical Research.

THE danger, be it understood, is to the medium. If you are "mediumistic," don't for your life take a planchette in your hand. There is no telling what a hold the discarnate spirits will get on you.

The author tells us that it is a serious matter to attempt to enter into communications with the unseen intelligences of the spirit world, for the exercise of mediumship is almost always attended by physical exhaustion, very frequently by complete mental prostration, — producing a kind of moral paralysis and inertia of the will. Sometimes there are cataleptic seizures, contortions of the muscles of the face, which are terrible to behold, and which awaken disgust in "all healthy and normally constituted minds." Now, this is just the point. Healthy and

normally constituted minds are not troubled by obsession or possession of evil spirits, and so are never mediums. But let us suppose that we persuade a healthy-minded man to sit day after day in a passive state of mind, waiting for spiritualistic "communications," and nerve-twitchings, how long would he retain his healthy condition? Perhaps three days. His own subliminal consciousness, or, to express it in easier terms, his submerged self, his *alter ego*, his sub-conscious self, which lies dormant except in dreams or under abnormal conditions, would now assert itself, and, for the time, he would be a duplex personality. Reason, will, and intellect, come under the sway of impression, sensation, and irrationalism, which are as powerful as the normal self. To continue under this sway for any length of time must of necessity end in the mental and moral wreckage of the poor dupe.

Now, we do not believe that all who investigate the so-called occult are vulgar tricksters or jugglers. Many scientists and men of integrity have given to the subject a most critical study. Some have declared spiritualism "not proven," and others, deceived by what they failed to understand, have believed.

A short time ago, in Massey Hall, Toronto, I heard Professor Newell, of the Chicago Bible Institute, state that all over Christendom to-day, demons were entering into unlawful connections with women, and as a consequence, spiritualism was rife. Professor Newell was, no doubt, sincere, but we looked around to see if there was not some Toronto Amazon who would defend her sex from the vile accusation, and at the same time put some much-needed sense into his pate by giving him a good old-fashioned "drubbing." But, under the spell of the orator's magnetism and the sway of his burning words, the poor souls drank it in as gospel truth. The man, in his zealous ignorance, was actually bolstering up an evil that never did, nor ever can exist.

No matter how plausible the theories may be which spiritualists set forth, and which commend themselves to certain minds predisposed in favor of the spiritistic creed, the cautious and observant student cannot fail to discern the serious flaw which underlies them and completely annihilates their claim when it is tested by its own evidences. This spiritist maintains that the spirit forms materialized assume a condition of density and become visible in proportion to the amount of "psychic" or nerve-power which is furnished by the medium, and when this power is not present in sufficient degree, a materialization may still take place, yet it may not become objectively visible *except to persons peculiarly gifted*.

And so men like Phillips Brooks, who have lifted thousands into a higher sphere of life, are invoked from the vasty deeps to do silly tricks and repeat sillier platitudes, to the silliest of people.

If we are taught that the future life is one of progression, we should expect these great men, who in the flesh were interested in so many and divers problems bearing on the welfare of humanity, on their return to earth to make some really valuable disclosures. The settlement of one cause of disagreement among living savants, would clearly do more for the cause of spiritualism than all the marvels of the seance-room, the physical manifestations, and trance-orations of which we hear so much. The spirits might easily thus help forward both our knowledge and their cause most effectively, not only silencing the tongue of the scoffer, but enlisting the intelligent interest of the scientific world.

Then, these spirits that have been summoned to terrestrial spheres have told us absolutely nothing about "the undiscovered country." We should have its maps, time or eternity tables, and all its 'ologies by this time.

When we look at the matter more closely still, we are surprised to find

among the discarnate bodies that there are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Free Methodists, according to the religious tendencies of the medium. We have Broad Church spirits, Quakers, and Swedenborgians. In Buda-Pesth, the spirits teach re-incarnation, in England they deny it, all of which leaves the thoughtful inquirer in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

Between you and me, friend, you need not spend one anxious moment watching out lest "the gobble 'uns" get you. The only kind of spirits that you need fear are the kind that it takes a corkscrew to let loose.

Sands & Co., London.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee.

IN this remarkable work Wagner treats of Our Complex Life, the Essence of simplicity, simplicity of thought, simplicity of speech, simple duty, simple needs, simple pleasures, the mercenary spirit, notoriety, home life, simple beauty, pride, and simplicity, and the education for simplicity.

And it comes, of all places, from Paris. But to quote our author; "as the fevered patient, devoured by thirst, dreams in his sleep of cool brooks to bathe in, of clear fountains to drink long draughts from; so, in the complicated agitations of modern existence, our fevered souls dream of simplicity."

Charles Wagner, or Pasteur Wagner, lives in Paris, but he is an Alsatian, his cradle having been swung in a hamlet on the Vosges. He was born in 1852. His father, and both paternal and maternal forefathers for generations back have been clergymen.

Wagner received his primary education in the country, but at the age of fourteen was sent to Paris, and in 1869 took his degree of B.A. at the Sorbonne.

As a writer, lecturer, and preacher, he is one of the first men of his time. He is

a practical Christian and therefore a practical humanitarian. He is in touch with all the great questions of the day. From his congregation, he has enrolled a society of young men, and one of young women, with whom he discusses the questions of the day, topics which involve their moral future, and the future thereby of their country.

His biographer thus describes him: "He is best seen in his pulpit—a tall, broad-shouldered, commanding figure, a Bismarck in size, with a massive head that in its strength looks as if it might have been cast of iron. And his sermons, uttered in his full, resonant voice, have a wholesome ring in them, too, something of the clashing of the heroic metal. They rouse and startle, like a call to arms; men lift their heads under them and straighten their backs. The sermons, although not so announced, advertised, or predetermined, are essentially men's sermons, and they are in truth, an alarm, a martial cry to the effective force of the country, not for individual salvation, nor for church extension, but for the world salvation and human love; for human solidarity against injustice, and for relief of misfortune; for the spiritualization of life, and the realization of belief."

The theories taken hold of in "The Simple Life" are handled with power. The author's virile, straight flung thoughts must have a tonic effect on all readers.

There is a charm of right feeling about the work which shows that it could only have been the product of a very thoughtful and very cultured mind. It is a book that will bear to be read and re-read.

"Nothing," says Wagner, "is simple any longer: neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying." He affirms that every movement that humanity has made towards enlightenment and justice is in reality a movement towards greater simplicity of life. To aspire to live a simple life is, properly speaking, to aspire to fulfil the highest human destiny.

To acquire this life we need to detach ourselves from the fatal rubbish that trammels our days. By renouncing surface satisfactions and childish ambitions, we increase our faculties of happiness. And it is a spirit worth striving for. "The spirit of simplicity," we are told, is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice, overcoming the greatest obstacles, permitting those whom everything seems to separate to understand one another, esteem one another, love one another. This is the true social cement that goes into the building of a people.

William Briggs, Toronto.