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MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1897.

In Summer Time	Frontispiece	Page 222
Photo by G. E. Valteau.		
The Philippines	Charles B. Howard.....	223
Seven illustrations from photos.—Manila Washer-Woman; Pressing Manila Hemp; Scene on the River Pasig; A Native, Plowing; Native Restaurant by the Way-side; A Group of Natives; Main Street in Business Quarter, Manila.		
The First Canadian Cardinal	George Stewart, D.C.L.....	231
Three illustrations from photos.—The Cardinal's Palace, Quebec; Archbishop Taschereau, 1870; Cardinal Taschereau, 1897.		
Down a Nova Scotia Coal Pit	K. Blake-Watkins—(Kit)....	237
A Songless Canary. A Story	Henry Cecil Walsh.....	242
Six illustrations by Alex. MacLeod.—Headpiece; "L'Petit is Shy, and the Place Strange"; "Creeping Softly Back into the House, she sat down"; "It was 'Babine' once"; "Your Father is a Just Man"; "If you Love the Bird more than you do Me."		
James Matthew Barrie. An Interview	W. J. Thorold.....	249
Portrait from photo by Elliott & Fry.		
Famine-Stricken India	Captain John Ross.....	253
Eight illustrations and Map.—The Town Hall, Bombay; Map of India, showing the distressed districts; Hindu Musician; Hindu "Tom-Tom Wallah" (Drummer); A Parsee Merchant; A Hindu Temple in Black Town, Bombay; Government House, Bombay; Native Types, Bombay; Hindu Fishing in the Indus.		
"How Bateese Came Home." A Poem	W. H. Drummond, M.D.....	261
Two illustrations by J. B. Lagacé.		
Some Recent Pictures in Amateur Photography		265
In Summer Time (Frontispiece) Photo by G. E. Valteau.....		
At The Farm..... " " " ".....		
In Winter Time..... " " " ".....		
Low Tide, Bie..... " James Wilson.....		
In Chill October..... " " " ".....		
Rocky Point, Ottawa River..... " James F. Garrow....		
Our "Wash-Lady"..... " R. B. Whyte.....		
The Mystery of an Unclaimed Reward	F. Clifford Smith.....	269
Chap. III.—The Relentless Shadow.		
The Last Kiss. A Poem	A. P. McKishnie.....	272
With Parkman Through Canada	Prof. Wm. Clark, D.C.L....	273
Part VI.—Conclusion—Wolfe and Montcalm.		
The Evolution of the Lady Cyclist	Grace E. Denison.....	281
The Mood	Kathleen F. M. Sullivan....	285
Ye Ballad of ye Sprynge Hatte—Surprising—The World's Wisdom—His Crime—English—She Takes Tea—The Coon's Lullaby.		
The Courting of John Drummond	Robert Hopkin.....	288
Current Comment	Editorial.....	292
The Plague in India—Co-operation.		
The Literary Kingdom	M. M. Kilpatrick.....	295
Mr. Palmer Cox—The Brownies—Charles Kingsley—Mrs. Stannard		

FREDERIC W. FALLS, - - Editor.

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FRONTISPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, APRIL, 1897.

IN SUMMER TIME.

PHOTO BY G. E. VALLEAU.
OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

See "Amateur Photography," p. 265.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 4.

THE PHILIPPINES.

BY CHARLES B. HOWARD.

THE traveller bound for the Philippines *via* San Francisco or Vancouver, who imagines that he has exhausted the marvels of the Far East after a glimpse at dainty, charming Japan, and another at the barbaric wonders of China, will find himself egregiously mistaken after a three days' voyage from Hong Kong to Manila, upon landing at that strange old Spanish port, which stands at the mouth of the river Pasig, in typhoon-swept, earthquake-rent Island of Luzon.

Filled with impressions of almond eyes, yellow complexions and pigtailed, he finds himself now in the midst of a race of chocolate-colored beings, with straight, scrubby, black hair of the shoe-brush description: and a greater contrast than that between the "Chino" and his Philippine neighbor could not exist, although the blood of the two races has intermingled for generations. The aboriginal "Filipino," still to be found in the mountains and forests of Luzon, is a black dwarf with an enormous head of "frizzy" hair, and represents the lowest race of savages. Treacherous, cowardly, with animal instincts, these little creatures, known to the Spaniards as "Negritos" (little black men), wander in bands through the forests, sleeping under a few boughs wherever they happen to be at nightfall, and subsisting by means of their bow and arrows, and upon what fruit and coconuts the forests afford them. In the vicinity of the settlements and towns, however, centuries of intercourse with other races, particularly Malays, who long ago invaded the islands in thousands, have obliterated all traces of their original characteristics, and the "Filipinos," who are to-day trying to throw aside the Spanish yoke, are a race of stalwart, muscular fellows, ranging in color from the dark chocolate of the Malay to the light yellow of the "Mestizos" (half-castes). The features as a rule are well-shaped, but the eyebrows are very apt to meet over the nose, particularly among the women, which gives them a lowering, savage cast of countenance, quite at variance with their gen-



MANILA WASHER-WOMAN.

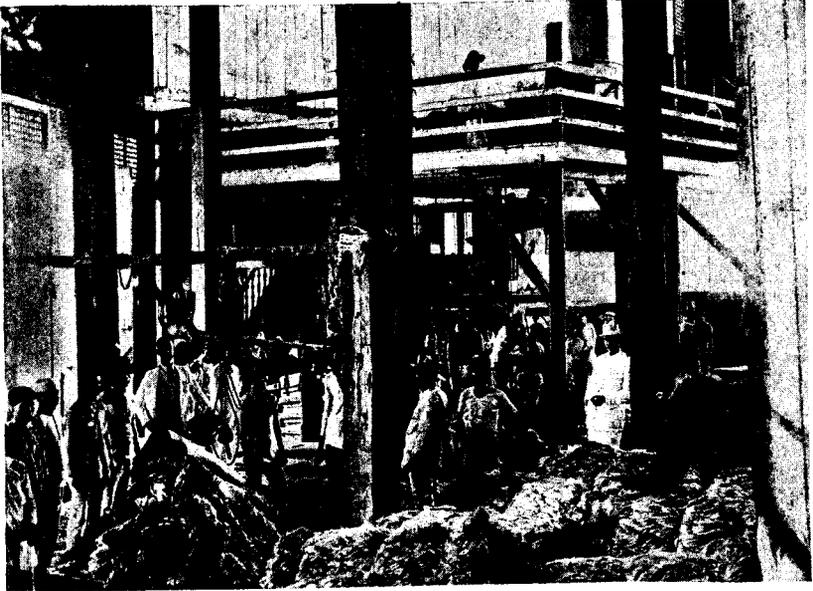
eral temperament. Usually they are mild, inoffensive, and slow to anger, but when once roused, they display a reckless courage amounting to ferocity, as the Spanish *padres*, in the outlying districts around Manila, have lately discovered to their cost. They are cleanly to the verge of fastidiousness, and it is a curious fact that in this respect they betray certain traits of Mohammedanism for which it seems impossible to account, except upon the theory that at some remote period Arab traders or pirates managed to find their way around to this corner of the world, bringing with them customs and habits of their own; which is the most probable solution, as it has been further discovered that there exist in the native language certain words and expressions of indisputable Arabic origin. The language itself sounds like a combination of "ngs" and short abrupt syllables — *Balang ang humitit* (it is forbidden to smoke), being one of the few sentences I can now recall. From the lips of a native the language is very pleasant to the ear, and one of its peculiarities is that it is said to contain no word or figure of speech to express gratitude—and I may say from my own experience that this sense seems to be entirely lacking among the "Filipinos."

One of their strongest virtues is that of filial and parental affection, but this is offset by their utter inability to appreciate either the desirability or necessity of kindness to animals. As an example of this contradictory state of their peculiarities, I remember once seeing a brawny old native sitting in the doorway of his hut, holding on his knee a roly-poly tot of four or five whom he was petting and fondling with every show of tenderness, while the youngster, in his turn, was engaged in pulling the down by handfuls out of a live duckling, whose exostulatory "quacks" had no more effect than would have been produced by the squeaks of a rubber doll. On another occasion, I entered my office to find the clerks amusing themselves by pelting each other with the morning's catch of mice, regardless of their feelings; and I fear that the S.P.C.A. lecture, which I delivered there and then, only helped to

confirm the prevailing impression that the English-speaking race is composed of *locos* (lunatics).

The dress of the native men in and around the towns, when "on duty," consists of a white bosom shirt—more or less embroidered, according to the wearer's standing with the fair sex—worn with the skirts flapping outside of a pair of white linen trousers, presenting an appearance of greater comfort than dignity. A pair of *chinillas*, or heelless slippers, constitutes the foot-gear, when any is worn, and a more or less dilapidated "Derby" hat usually adds incongruity to this costume. When "lying off," or at manual labor, the skirt is generally discarded, and, if at work in the fields, the head is protected by a bowl-like structure of matting, which frequently does service as a fruit or vegetable basket. The higher class of merchants and clerks very often adopt the European form of dress, and the *capitans* or chief men of the little *pueblos*, or districts (sometimes about an hundred yards square), into which the towns are divided, are entitled by virtue of their office to carry canes and to wear short black jackets, the effect of which, with flapping shirt-tails, is pleasingly picturesque, to say the least.

The dress of the women merits a longer description. In general form it is the same among all classes, differing only in quality and texture, and consists of a long skirt of the most brilliantly colored plaid or check that can be obtained for money; a short black over-skirt, caught up at one side; a white waist, with flowing sleeves extending to the elbow; and a stiffly-starched, embroidered mantilla, folded cornerwise and worn over the shoulders with the ends crossed on the breast. The effect of this is very agreeable, and not at all unbecoming, especially to those inclined to plumpness, which, fortunately for them, is the rule among the Philippine ladies. The hair, when dressed, is drawn smoothly back from the forehead, without a suspicion of a curl, into a knot at the back of the neck, and decorated with a huge comb. Often, however, for the sake of comfort, the hair is worn loose, as in the illustrations; but, unfortunately, these young



PRESSING MANILA HEMP.

women have drenched theirs, according to custom, with cocoanut oil, which accounts for its streaky appearance. In its natural state, the hair is superb: soft,

wavy and glossy, often falling to the feet in a glorious, raven-black mass. That of the girl in the picture of the wayside restaurant gives a better idea of the hair



SCENE ON THE RIVER PASIG.

as it should be. They are forever washing and combing it, and cleanliness of the head is their especial pride. I do not remember having seen a single native, man or woman, with the least sign of baldness, and grey heads are rare except among the very aged.

The native huts are curiosities. Built of bamboo, inside and out, they are raised from the ground by stout posts of the same material, which serve as a safeguard during the floods, and also as a protection or preservation from earthquakes, as they are very springy, and allow the hut to sway back and forth when one of these unpleasant disturbances occurs, instead of tumbling to pieces like a pack of cards. The sides and roofs are thatched with the long, slender *nipa* leaves, and altogether their appearance is very much that of magnified, hairy bugs. It would tax man's ingenuity to construct a building more inflammable than a *nipa* hut, and a fire once started among a collection of them does not stop, as a rule, until all are consumed. On Easter Sunday, 1893, some 4,000 were burned in the *pueblo* of Tondo, near Manila. At the same time, this style of architecture has its advantages. If the owner wishes to move from one neighborhood to another, all he has to do is to take his house to pieces, pile it upon a *caraton* or buffalo-cart, with his pots, kettles and family atop, and transfer it to the new locality; and the sight of a domestic establishment thus "moving" is worth seeing. The motive power is supplied by a *carabao*, or water-buffalo; a huge, mouse-colored brute, with enormous horns, possessed of amazing strength and phenomenal deliberation of movement; these creatures in a wild state are utterly ferocious, but when domesticated may be guided by a child. All heavy draught work is done by them, as the little, stunted native pony is equal to nothing more than pulling light carriages or serving as a hack under the saddle, thereby resembling the natives themselves, who gracefully yield all "coolie" labor, such as lifting and carrying, to the Chinamen. In spite of their appearance of muscular strength, the natives seem incapable of severe manual labor,

and to possess very little stamina; a touch of the *calentura* (jungle-fever), which would only cause an American or Englishman to swear, will lay a "Filipino" on his back for a week. It is the same in case of the cholera; this dreaded scourge of the Far East is almost invariably fatal among the natives, who die by hundreds during an epidemic; whereas there are several instances of Englishmen recovering, even after a second or third attack, which may be accounted for by the fact that the white men during an epidemic are accustomed to exercise some care in the way of food and drink, while the natives disregard the simplest rules of health, not only with regard to cholera, but of other pestilence, such as the small-pox. I have seen natives in the worst stages of the disease walking in the crowded streets unnoticed. During my time of residence, there were only four cases of small-pox among the Englishmen, two of which were fatal: one being the "black" small-pox, which is invariably hopeless from the first, and the other that of a burly, powerful stevedore, who told me only four days before his death that he had never been vaccinated and never would be. The other two cases were those of young Scotchmen, neither of whom had been vaccinated since childhood, but both fully recovered without a scar. I was vaccinated seven times before it "took;" I would have had it done twenty times if necessary, being a firm believer in the protection thus obtained.

The principal and all-absorbing amusement of the natives, in fact, what may be called their national sport, is cock-fighting; and his fighting rooster is as much, if not more, an object of solicitation and care to every "Filipino," as his family itself. In Manila there is a large building of bamboo and *nipa*, erected solely for this diversion, and the uproar which arises from it every Sunday afternoon can only be compared to that heard at a league base-ball game at home. A native so unfortunate as not to own a fighting-cock would be an object of scornful pity to his neighbors; and it is difficult to walk the streets in the native quarter without stumbling at every few yards over a pair of feathered



A NATIVE, PLOWING.

combatants, having a trial battle under the watchful care of their owners.

The population of Manila is about 270,000, including natives, Chinamen, and Europeans; the Chinese forming a very large proportion. Naturally, of the Europeans the greatest number are Spaniards, and there is also a large colony of Germans and Swiss; the Englishmen and Americans are in the minority, there being only about seventy of the former and three or four of the latter; aside from vagabond sailors, etc., of doubtful nationality. There is a saying to the effect that if a Spaniard, an Englishman and an American were to be left upon a desert island, the first would immediately begin to build a church, the second to organize a club, and the last to start a newspaper. The first two of these national characteristics have been exemplified in Manila, for there are churches on every corner, of all sizes and descriptions, generally in a state of dilapidation owing to earthquakes; and also an English club, which includes most of the Americans among its members; this latter fact being due, perhaps, to the difficulties to be met

with in starting a foreign newspaper in a Spanish country.

Upon my arrival at Manila, after a journey of forty-one days from Boston, I was taken into a mess or household, consisting of one other American and two Englishmen, with a retinue of a dozen native servants; each of us having his house-boy or body-servant, and coachman, while a gardener and several hangers-on looked after the grounds. These servants each received from eight to ten *pesos* (Mexican dollars) per month, on which moderate sum they clothed and fed themselves and their families, gambled, and indulged in such luxuries as their tastes required. Most of the said families lived on the place, sleeping in the unused stalls of the stable with their chickens, pigs and fighting-cocks, the women doing their cooking over little bonfires in the stable-yard, while the little, naked, brown tots of babies rolled and tumbled about the place, scampering into the bushes like wild things at the sight of one of us "white devils." A house-boy's duties were to attend to his master's clothes, washing, etc., to keep his room in order,



NATIVE RESTAURANT BY THE WAY-SIDE.

and to cook his *desayuno* or breakfast; and in case of his *amo's* dining out, to accompany him and assist the host's servants at the table. Thus, from the time we left the house in the morning until our return at sunset, these boys had a pretty easy time of it, and it speaks well for their honesty that although they had access during the day to all parts of the house, I never heard of a single theft of any article of value. The only case of dishonesty in my experience was that of one of my own boys, who borrowed twenty *pesos* in advance wages one day, and decamped the next, with his family to the mountains; leaving my room in perfect order, with my clean clothes laid out for the evening and tub prepared; nor could I find, upon investigation, that a thing was missing from among my possessions. I have not the slightest doubt that he left with a perfectly clear conscience, with the blissful satisfaction of having merely done a good stroke of business; whereas to have taken anything from my room would have shown utter want of integrity, according to Philippine notions.

One of the drawbacks to "Filipinos" as servants, is a peculiar superstition which exists among them, to the effect that the soul of a person asleep has departed temporarily and is taking an independent aerial flight, and that if the sleeper is suddenly awakened, the wandering spirit may not have time to return to its proper place; which is poetic, but inconvenient, for it is utterly impossible to depend upon a servant to awaken one at an appointed time. The most he will do is, to squat down in the farthest corner of the room, and remark at intervals, in a low voice, "*Senor!*" It would require from twenty minutes to half an hour of this sort of thing, to bring an ordinary sleeper to any semblance of consciousness, and there is nothing to do but to make allowance in time for this peculiarity of ideas, for no amount of threats, persuasions, or promises, will induce him to deviate from this method of proceeding.

Our house was a large, roomy structure of two stories, standing in a small garden, about two miles out in the country; the ground floor being used as a carriage and harness room, while the



A GROUP OF NATIVES.

upper storey was divided into four big bedrooms, a wide hall, and a *sala*, or drawing-room. Several huge posts, like ships' masts, ran from the roof to the ground, as supports against the frequent earthquakes, which also necessitated the ceilings and inside walls being covered with canvas instead of plaster, and the window panes being made of tiny squares of oyster-shell instead of glass. The

windows were framed in overlapping panels, which could be pushed back into the wall, thus turning the room into a sort of roofed veranda; and as the thermometer ranges from 75° to 110° all the year round, they were never closed during the daytime except in case of a typhoon, and then the light coming through these *conchas*, was very soft and pleasant.



MAIN STREET IN BUSINESS QUARTER, MANILA.

Around the house were wide paddy-fields, of deep, black mud, through which the great *carabaos* would wallow and plunge, dragging the primitive ploughs of the natives, with the half-naked farmers wading behind; and close by, ran the Pasig River, from its source in the Enchanted Lake up country, down to Manila Bay; and often during the rainy season in July and August, when the roads were almost impassable for carriages, I used to go down to my office in a queer native *banca*, or canoe, hollowed out of a single log, with a roof of matting to protect the passenger from the dreaded tropic sun; paddled in what would seem to a Canadian or American canoeist a very clumsy fashion, first on one side and then the other, with a heavy, round-bladed paddle; the sturdy *banquero* squatting on his heels in the stern, half-naked and bare-headed, perhaps, utterly regardless of a sun which would send a white man into high fever in no time. I created boundless astonishment on one occasion, by displaying my knowledge of canoeing with the single paddle, gained long before in the woods of far-away Maine.

I have omitted to mention one important member of our household—the house-snake. One of these creatures, of the native python species, is to be found in every well-regulated suburban house, where he serves in place of a cat, living inside the walls and between the floors and ceilings, subsisting upon rats, mice and cockroaches, and doing inestimable service in keeping the houses free from these and other vermin that swarm in the tropics. One particular snake always attended strictly to business and never issued forth except at night, when he would go to the water-tank to drink, and we would find his tracks upon the tiles in the morning; but often when reading in the evening I have heard his gentle

hiss, or the sound of his lowering himself from beam to beam, and seen the ceiling canvas shake as he writhed along overhead in pursuit of a squeaking rodent.

Attractive as life may seem in the islands to one who has never tried it, with these strange scenes and people, and the lazy, luxurious ways of living, there is a sense of monotony and loneliness about it which cannot be overcome by one from northern climes. Out of the track of the great steamship lines, the islands are seldom visited by "globetrotters," partly on account of their reputation for cholera, typhoons and earthquakes, and a new face was seldom seen in our little Anglo-American colony. Amusements were few and far between; the inevitable Spanish bull-fights, and, in the cool months of December and January, a few dances among the Spaniards and richer class of *Mestizos*; a little shooting, and a great deal of card-playing, whiskey-drinking and general club life, went to make up a rather wearying, not to say demoralizing round of existence. No form of out-door recreation except driving, could be indulged in from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on account of the deadly heat, and horse-back riding, tennis, etc., could only be undertaken early in the morning, or late in the afternoon, and even under these conditions the exercise was too violent.

After two years of this sort of life, I came away fever-stricken, weighing forty pounds less than I should, and glad enough to leave. But now I often look back with a feeling of longing for that queer, wild life among the palm trees and bamboos, with the great volcanic ranges towering in the south; in those islands of wonderful tropic beauty, where the birds never sing, the flowers have no smell, and the Southern Cross glitters just over the horizon at night.

Charles B. Howard.



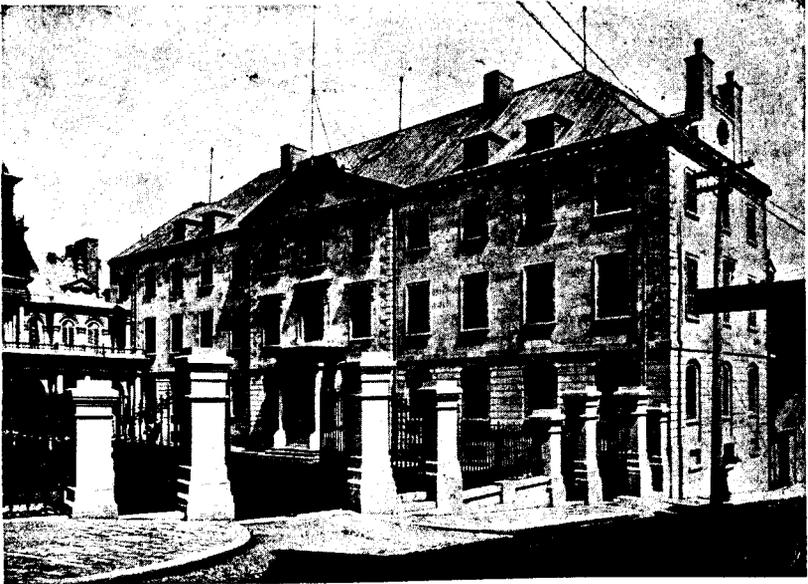
THE FIRST CANADIAN CARDINAL.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., D.LITT.

OF the great Canadian families which can trace their ancestry many generations back, there is none of greater prominence than that of the Taschereaus. For two centuries at least, they have held important positions in Canada. Their contributions to the Church, the Bench, the Bar, and to Statesmanship, have been extensive. The Canadian branch of the family dates

ly or mentally, and he had not been in this country a month before he was able to take his part and share of work, with the best of his companions. He was the founder of the long line of descendants which bear his name. In 1736, he was granted the seigniory on the banks of the River Chaudière, and held the post of marine treasurer.

Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau, the sub-



THE CARDINAL'S PALACE, QUEBEC.

its origin from Thomas Jacques Taschereau, of Lorraine, who left his home in the seventeenth century, to try his fortunes in the new country, which at that time was engrossing the attention of the noblemen and gentlemen of old France. For one of his adventurous disposition, Quebec offered attractions which he could not resist. Though carefully nurtured in his native land, the rigor of a northern climate, amid wild surroundings, and rude society, had no terrors for him. He was no weakling, physical-

ject of this sketch, was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 17th of February, 1820. His father was Jean Thomas Taschereau, in his lifetime a judge of the King's Bench. His mother was Marie Panet, daughter of Jean Antoine Panet, speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada. At the age of eight years, young Taschereau was sent to the Quebec seminary, where he proved a diligent scholar, and won many prizes for classics, of which he was very fond. He was destined for the church,

and in due time, entered the Grand Seminary, where he took his course in theology. He was seventeen years of age, when, accompanied by Abbé Holmes, he went to Rome. In 1837, he received at the hands of Mgr. Piatti, Archbishop of Trebizonde, the tonsure, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. A few months afterwards, he returned to Quebec, and resumed his theological studies, and other branches of learning, devoting in all, six years to them. Though under canonical age, his proficiency was so great that he was ordained priest. On the 10th of September, 1842, his ordination took place, at the church of Ste. Marie de la Beauce, in the presence of Mgr. Turgeon, then coadjutor, and finally successor to his grace, Archbishop Signay. Soon after this, the chair of philosophy in the seminary, became vacant, and M. Taschereau was appointed to fill it, which he did with much acceptance, for twelve years. This was not his first experience as a professor, however, for in 1838, the departments of Greek and Latin were placed in his charge, and in 1841, he held the chair of rhetoric. As a teacher, he was highly successful, and though his manner was a little cold, his pupils advanced rapidly under his care.

The year 1847 was a memorable one on two sides of the Atlantic. In Ireland, the population was rapidly decimated by famine, and thousands of emigrants flocked to Canada to escape death. When they landed at Grosse Isle, the Government quarantine station, thirty miles below Quebec, they were weak and ill. Want of food and exposure to privation, left them but poorly equipped to grapple with the battle of life in a land very different from their own. Their vitality was gone, and the malignant fever, from which they suffered, carried them off by hundreds. The pestilence raged with fearful violence, and the island became a loathsome graveyard, a veritable pesthouse. Most of the unfortunates belonged to Ireland, and the Roman Catholic faith. The chaplain and his assistants on the island, found their work so arduous and unremitting, that it was soon evident that help must be sent down to them. Volunteers were

called for, and the first to proffer his services, was Father Taschereau, then just entering upon his twenty-seventh year. The offer was gladly accepted. He landed at Grosse Isle when the malady was at its height, and his familiar figure was seen going about often among the stricken and dying ones, affording comfort and consolation to many a heart. He toiled on, until he himself fell a victim to the fever, and it was for several days, that the life of this devoted servant of God, literally hung upon a thread. His services to the cause of humanity, and the sacrifices he made for his religion, at once endeared him to everybody, especially to the Irish Roman Catholic population of Canada, and his work of 1847 stands out as a monument which will keep his memory forever green.

In 1851, Father Taschereau was appointed professor of theology in the seminary, which office he held until 1854, when he was sent to Rome on an important mission, which was to submit for the approval of his holiness, the pope, the decrees of the second provincial council of Quebec. He passed two years in the Eternal City, at this time, studying the Canon Law, which he so completely mastered, that just before his return to Canada, in 1856, the Roman seminary conferred upon him the much-coveted degree of Doctor of Canon Law. Immediately upon his arrival in Quebec, he entered upon his duties as director of the little seminary, which office he gave up in 1859, to take the directorship of the greater hall of learning. He held at the same period, a place in the Council of Public Instruction for Lower Canada. The next year, we find him the superior of the seminary, and rector of Laval University. Again in 1862, he journeyed to Rome, accompanying Archbishop Charles François Baillargeon, whom he was destined to succeed on the archiepiscopal throne, eight years later. Dr. Baillargeon was a man of great ability. He was born on the 25th April, 1798, at the Isle Aux Grues. In 1850, he became coadjutor to Mgr. Pierre Flavien Turgeon, then Archbishop of Quebec, and succeeded him in August, 1867. On the occasion of his visit to Rome with Father

Taschereau, on university affairs, Pope Pius IX. created him a count of the Holy Roman Empire. Father Taschereau, in 1862, became vicar-general of the arch-diocese of Quebec. Two years after, he was in Rome again on Laval University affairs. In 1866, his term expired as superior of the Grand Seminary, and he was appointed director, and three years afterwards, at the close of another term, he was re-elected superior.

As the reader will remember, the great Œcumenical Council was held at Rome, 8th December, 1869. It drew from all

Vatican as everyone knows, on the 18th July, though it was opposed with much force by many distinguished members of the episcopacy, several of whom, however, were in favor of sustaining the temporal power. The dogma was promulgated in the presence of 535 fathers, with two dissentients.

When Mgr. Baillargeon died, Mgr. Taschereau was rector of Laval University, and he and Grand-Vicar Cazeau were entrusted with the management and direction of the arch-diocese. On the 13th Feb., Mgr. Taschereau was ap-



ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU, 1870.

parts of the world, the highest dignitaries of the church of Rome, and one of the chief objects of the meeting, was to decide the question of papal infallibility. All the discussions were carried on in the Latin tongue, and as a gathering of ecclesiastics—744 being present from the remotest corners of the earth—the spectacle was one of the events of the nineteenth century. Archbishop Baillargeon was present (it was the month of October, of that year that he died) accompanied by Mgr. Taschereau, who acted on the occasion, as secretary to his grace. The dogma was decreed at the

pointed to the See of Quebec, and one month later, he was consecrated archbishop in the presence of a very large and distinguished company, embracing many church dignitaries from the province and elsewhere throughout the Dominion. The Archbishop of Toronto officiated. This high office he filled with great tact and ability, and his excellent judgment and knowledge of the characters of men, led him to surround himself with the ripest and most scholarly minds of which the diocese could boast.

Thrice more he visited the Eternal City: in 1872, 1884 and 1887. In the first two

instances, his mission was of a purely business character, on matters relating to the university and to the Church. On the last occasion, his visit was of a more personal nature, and when he left the Vatican, it was in his capacity of a prince of the church he loved so well.

It was in the summer of 1886, that Mgr. Taschereau was created a cardinal, the first Canadian to occupy that exalted place in the Church of Rome. No happier choice could have been made. As priest, archbishop and citizen, he deserved well of his country. All felt, irrespective of creed, when the announcement was made of his elevation, that he had received only the just reward of services well performed. The personality of the Cardinal, it may be stated here, is very marked. He has an intellectual face, and a forehead that betokens the possession of extraordinary powers. As an administrative officer, he has often exhibited his quality, and with convincing promptness has shewn wherein has lain the secret of his success as a prelate of the first order, in a body of Christians whose discipline is one of the paramount virtues. His eminence has always been a good disciplinarian, and from professor to archbishop, he has never been unmindful of the duties which the adherents of his faith had a right to believe that he would perform. He has never forgotten that great things were expected of him, and great things, it may with perfect truthfulness be said, have come from him. More than once he has taken his life in his hands, in the pursuit of his holy calling. Much has he done for the glory of God. As an apostle of temperance, he has ever been ready to extend the helping hand, and side by side, with men of other churches, he has preached and taught the gospel of total abstinence. Common humanity owes him much. Roman Catholics have always had in him an able and dignified advocate, but he has carried on the duties of his position with such admirable liberality and fairness, that people of every creed in Christendom, received the news of his promotion with pride, and as an honor paid to Canada.

On the 21st. of July, the day of the imposing ceremony of conferring the

beretta, Quebec was *en fête*. The beautiful city was decorated from upper to lower town. Thousands of flags and banners fluttered from the housetops, the streets were spanned by gorgeous arches resplendent in mottoes, and the illuminations and fireworks at night, were on a scale of great magnitude. Levis, opposite Quebec, was fully as brilliant as the ancient capital itself, and the grand view of the surrounding country and the harbor, from Dufferin terrace, attracted a vast concourse of people. The streets were alive with crowds of spectators, who came by every steamer and train from all parts of Canada and the United States, to witness a sight so seldom seen on this side of the Atlantic. The long procession began its march early in the morning. It was very representative in character, every profession, industry and occupation lending their aid. More than a score of archbishops and bishops, clad in their gorgeous apparel, and four hundred priests and abbés were present. The Lieutenant-Governor of the province, the judges, senators and commoners of Canada, the militia, the great officers of state, all had their place in the parade, which moved slowly along to the front doors of the Basilica, where a kiosk had been erected. As the cardinal's carriage appeared, it was found to be filled with flowers, the offerings of the little children, on the route. On arriving at the church, his eminence and the Roman Catholic dignitaries accompanying him. — Mgr. O'Bryen, Papal Alegate, and the Count Gazzoli of the *Guardia Nobile*, as well as the archbishops and bishops, taking part in the ceremony— entered the kiosk, and attiring themselves in their pontifical robes, walked into the basilica, amid the ringing of the bells, and the performance by the organ and orchestra, of the grand pontifical march, specially composed for the occasion, by M. Gustave Gagnon, the organist. The bishops and clergy seated themselves in the sanctuary of the great edifice, the cardinal occupying the archiepiscopal throne, and the Papal Alegate seating himself directly opposite. In front of the latter, was the beretta, in bright scarlet, upon a salver of

silver, guarded by Count Gazzoli, with a drawn sword, who looked very handsome and soldier-like in his brilliant uniform. All through the mass, His Excellency stood as motionless as a statue. The mass was sung by Mgr. Taché, Archbishop of St. Boniface, assisted by Grand Vicar Langevin of Rimouski. The sermon was preached by Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet. The discourse ended, the Papal Ablegate presented the order passed in the Roman Consistory, appointing Cardinal Taschereau, which

Archbishop Lynch and his eminence advanced together to the foot of the altar, whither the beretta had also been escorted by the ecclesiastical officer of his holiness, when Mgr. Lynch immediately crowned the cardinal, who withdrew to be fully invested with the scarlet robes of office. When he returned to the sanctuary, fully robed, the *Te Deum* was sung. The effect was most impressive. The cardinal went down the aisle, and ascended the balcony in front of the basilica. An enormous crowd had awaited

*E. A. Card. Taschereau, arch. of Quebec
born at S.^{te} Marie de la Beauve, 17th
february 1820 —*

*Mgr. Henry O'Brien Abbé
apostolique né à Montpellier
le 5 Mars 1835 —*

*+ John Joseph Lynch Arch. Toronto
born in Ireland February 16. 1816*

*Carlo Gassoli Guardia Nobilita di S. S.
nato a Ceruni 13 Feb. 1849*

*Cyprien E. Legare, Vicair Général
de Son Eminence, né à Québec le 16
février 1832*

*Cyprien Alfred Marois, Secrétaire
de Son Eminence né le 26 Mars 1849*

was read in Latin by the Abbé Marois, Secretary, and now Vicar-General. The proclamation, signed by the Papal Secretary of State, was read by Mgr. O'Brien in Latin, followed by the French and English translations. The Ablegate then addressed his eminence in both French and English, concluding in these words: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I now hand over to his grace of Toronto, the pontifical authority to place upon your head, the beretta of a Cardinal."

in the open square for fully two hours, and the sea of upturned faces which greeted the venerable prince, awoke many emotions in his breast. As he raised his hands, the multitude became silent, and every knee was bent, as the apostolic benediction to all present was given. When his eminence had finished speaking, there was a great roar of cannon, a salvo of artillery proclaimed the tidings that Cardinal Taschereau had assumed the full honors and responsibilities of his new office.

The procession then re-formed, and escorted the cardinal to his palace, where a reception was held. At two o'clock a banquet was given at the Academy of Music, where upwards of 500 guests were present. There were toasts and addresses, the speeches being in excellent taste, and worthy of so important an occasion

were rich in mottoes and sentiments, all breathing compliments and congratulations. The favorite means of illumination were by Chinese lanterns, which were displayed hanging in festoons over the fronts of buildings, stretched across the streets in lines or out of the windows. Rows of candles, designs in gas jets and



CARDINAL TASCHEREAU, 1897.

in the ecclesiastical history of the country. The speakers were the cardinal, Archbishop Lynch, Mgr. O'Bryen, Hon. F. Langelier, M.P., Mayor of the city, Mr. Felix Carbray, M.P.P., and Lieut.-Governor Masson.

The greatest spectacle of all, however, took place in the evening, when the whole city was illuminated. The houses

transparencies, ornamented many places. The illumination, however, was not confined to the individual efforts of the citizens. The Governments, federal and provincial, the city council and public bodies entered heartily into the spirit of the festival of light, and the displays under their auspices contributed very materially to the general success. One

of the grandest sights was the illumination of the fortifications. A line of torches was kept ablaze along the whole circuit of the city walls, and as the flambeaux were no more than twenty feet apart, the city within the gates was girt completely about with a band of flame. The expense of this was borne by the Dominion Government. The pyrotechnic show was the finest ever seen in Quebec. Thus closed the great ceremony attendant upon the conferring

of the beretta on the first canadian cardinal. The signatures here uniquely grouped together were written on the 21st of July, in a lady's birthday book, the first name being in scarlet ink. Of the six eminent church dignitaries who were such prominent actors on the occasion, three are dead, viz., the Papal Ablegate, Mgr. O'Bryen, Archbishop Lynch, who was deputed by Pope Leo XIII. to confer the beretta, and Mgr. Legaré, the Vicar-General.

George Stewart.



DOWN A NOVA SCOTIA COAL PIT.

BY KATHLEEN BLAKE-WATKINS—(KIT).

IF ever you go to New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, take a drive up Fraser's Mountain, and look at the stretch of sea on your left, and look down into the valley on your right. It is a divinesight. Thesea flashes out—a shimmering blue field—for miles and miles. Far off you see Prince Edward Island, just the red edges of it, low on the ocean. But the view of the sea itself is inexpressibly beautiful. It is lonely, stretching, magnificent—like God—infinite. The valley on your right is a soft mass of coloring. Greens of all tones, softening from yellow to grey—the houses below shining white and clear; the little woods and groves, sere, leafless, bald—to the sturdy green pine woods, it is all of a rare beauty.

If you are going to explore the Nova Scotia coal pits, this sweet look at nature will prepare you for a great contrast. Not far from New Glasgow, at Westville, is the famous colliery known as the Drummond Pit. The manager, Mr. Farnworth, took us down into the mine. A weird experience. The Drummond is 4,500 feet deep, and you descend gradually by cable cars running down steep slopes. First came one's toilet. An old,

black gown, your stoutest shoes, a miner's cap, and as few skirts as you can carry—only the skirt of your gown, if you are wise; no collar, cuffs—no whiteness of any kind. We went to the lamp-house, where employees sit constantly repairing and testing the lamps. Provided with the necessary lights, and a stout walking-stick, we set out. It was odd and weird to step into the black pit that yawned behind a huge door, stopping a moment to take a last look at the sunshiny earth, flooded with a golden afternoon glory. The big door shut us down with a bang, and one could see nothing. The darkness was palpable. One felt like tearing it off one's eyes. Were the lamps out? Why did these specks of light suddenly vanish? We saw them plainly enough up in the daylight just now. The blackness was frightful, as we stumbled down the steep, soggy incline towards the cars. Gradually the feeble lights of the lamps broke across the blackness, like yellow stars. We could see them dimly, surrounded by intense darkness. We clambered up somehow to a narrow seat, and, stooping to avoid the roof that seemed to beat down upon us, sat huddled in the night

of the place, not nervous, but afraid. Suddenly, with a terrible rumbling, the cars broke loose, and thundered down into the hideous blackness. It seemed as if a horrible catastrophe were occurring. Gradually getting familiar with the darkness, your eyes saw again—saw fitfully the black, leaning roof, the glistening walls, the cavernous workings, the strange side streets of this underground city. Down with you a thousand feet or more, and then a sudden stop in these earth-bowels, where you with your eye of a lamp looked a goblin, like the other shifting, passing figures—a woman-goblin, out of place among these men-gnomes.

"There goes our last hope," said Mr. Farnworth, cheerfully, as the cars rumbled up the incline again, making eerie echoings. We were stranded in the deeps, and presently were stumbling further down into the blackness. The mine is laid out like a checker-board, in squares, with side cuttings. When a square is dug out, the wooden props are removed, and the roof falls in with a noise like a thousand thunders. The wooden props are giant beams placed as close together as working will permit, but the roof of coal is two feet thick and smooth and hard as glass. Stooping, we walked down the main seam, turning into sidings to avoid the train of wagons that rushed to the surface laden with coal, and descended in a few minutes empty. These coal wagons are run on the endless-rope system—the rope being of steel. Far down the slope was a bobbing of lights, showing where there were men at work. The miners employed in pushing or shunting wagons, or leading horses, wore their lamps dangling from belts or slung around the neck. The old headlight is not used in these mines. The lamps are closed—no open lights being permissible—and the light they give is puny. The effect of a number of lamps—you cannot see the men until you come upon them—is weird in the extreme. It is as if a haDES of will-o'-the-wisps had broken loose and were fiendishly luring men on to destruction in those black, unsightly depths, bobbing impishly, now high, now low, glimmering faintly in the deeps of coal

caverns, vanishing abruptly behind dismal corners, then suddenly flashing out upon you from some dark archway.

Seven hundred men work daily and nightly in the Drummond Pit. They make good wages, averaging three dollars a day. The men who load the wagons get twenty-five cents per load of 1,200 lbs. for mining, and loading trucks. Sometimes a careful and quick-working man earns a hundred dollars per month—some, in fact, make over a hundred. The average is ninety. So that perilous as the life is, the men make a fair living; and it is indeed perilous. Sometimes a huge clump of coal dislodges from wall or roof and smashes a leg or shoulder; sometimes death comes from the wagons that "run away" down those terrible inclines; sometimes from a cave-in. And there are the risks of explosion, or flooding, or choke-damp. But habit makes the men indifferent to these dangers; they become accustomed to this working in the blackness, and lose sight of the risks. You will hear them whistle and sing in the depths here, as the pick drives into the black walls and the big chunks come hurling down. Even "Two Little Girls in Blue" found their way down a coal mine. One would have imagined these wandering damsels would be content to own the top of the earth without burrowing under the crust of it.

Twenty years ago an explosion killed a large number of men in this colliery. "Some of them are in there yet," said the manager, pointing behind a shining wall of black. Two years back another explosion shook the place, though every precaution is taken in these mines. Still there is no telling where a pocket of gas may collect, and the miner's lamp, closed and guarded as it is, warns him of that. When a blue cap gathers over the yellow flame to any extent, the quicker you make for the entrance the better. There is always a blue speck more or less over the light, and we watched our lamps with interest. In event of explosion, there does not seem to be room for much hope at the bottom of the Drummond Pit. We, for instance, had by this time walked fully 3,000 feet below where we left the car. If an explosion took place now, this minute, there would be no

more possibility of reaching the car landing than there would be of bursting the roof and climbing out unhurt. Yet, on every side men were busy at work, and the deep place echoed to the blows of the pick, to the muffled rumbling of the wagons, to the shouts of the men. We were as far cut off from any hope or chance of life, if an explosion happened then, as if we were buried alive. Never did the horror of a mine accident—those “Mine Tragedies” we read of so easily in the papers—appear to me so shocking, so despairing, so near to a violent madness, as in this moment, when there was the possibility, faint, thank God! of its occurring. The dreadful thought brought the cold sweat to my face like one in a death agony.

Four thousand five hundred feet down in a coal mine! 3500 feet from the place where the cars stop! Beyond all hope, indeed! We stepped into a “work out.” Our guide explained that they were waiting the fall of the roof. It will be done to-morrow. Already the wooden props that were supporting it were bent and crooked. They were slowly sagging under the huge pressure. Most of them had been removed, and presently the men would crawl softly in—cut away these supports and run quickly. Yet it might not fall at once. Sometimes it hung there for hours after the supports had been removed. When it did cave in the report was tremendous. It rumbled and reverberated through these hollow streets with interminable thunders. A cloud, a pillar of black dust arose and swept through the place, shrouding the lamps, choking you, filling lung, and throat, and nostril. The crashings were like the end of the world—the echoes caught them up and repeated them in the side streets, and all this underground wonder shook with a great quaking. Fancy being under, or worse still, blocked up behind, this terrible cave in! Buried alive behind those fallen masses of rock and earth! And yet, a moment back, as you stood on the very spot, you heard a wooden beam crack with a mighty report, and bend, a crooked and twisted thing, under the crushing weight of the vast overhanging mass. Quick! let us get out.

We climbed the slopes swiftly—mounting far quicker than we had descended. Amid warning cries that wagons were coming, and other shouts to look out for the horses; now stumbling over fallen timbers, now caught by the ankles by a humming cable and ignominiously thrown to one side, now resting a second with bowed back in a dark alcove to let a train go by—we made our way towards the upper earth—God’s earth, not this Devil’s land. But in all our hurry we could not go without a word of comfort to the mine horses. Not that they needed it, for in the dense blackness we could hear them munching their hay and snorting, long before our feeble lamps flashed in upon them. They are as fat as butter, these buried horses, and groomed and fed till their coats shine like looking-glasses. Yet we felt a huge pity for them. Never again will they see the green grass or waving trees or lovely golden sun till they are taken up, old, lame, weary, to be shot. All day, and all night, and always they live here, until they learn how to see in the dark and forget the days when they were young colts frisking about in green fields. They know every turn of their underground city, and care no more about a cave-in than you do about a thunder clap. And yet, that very day, we came on the thigh bone of a horse that had been blown up in the very spot years ago.

Presently, along with twenty or more miners, we scrambled to our seats on this street car of the mines, and, a strange heap of humanity, with hands and faces blackened with coal, and our little lamps making brave specks of light, we set off up that last thousand feet past cuttings and sidings and twisting caverns. The air was magnificent even at the lowest depths. The system of ventilation is a very perfect one, and hardly a taste of gas did we get. We knew it was there by the tiny blue caps on the lamp flame, and knew, too, that the tiniest spark would mean death to us. Gradually we reached the upper doors, and the daylight was absolutely blinding. It was like a huge electric glare piercing the brain with an intense white light not at all pleasant. There was none of that wild delight on

seeing it that one reads of; rather, it looked unreal, staring, painful. And yet the day was already greying. We were deplorable sights. Fast in my hand I held a chunk of coal I had "picked" out of the wall myself at the lowest depth, and it had got all over me, making me look a deplorable sight, indeed; but before removing this coat of dirt there was one more thing to see. Entering a little door always kept locked, we came into a stone hall, whence another locked door, thick with slime and ooze, led into a small court where the great fan that ventilated the mine was whirling. It was throwing off the foul air and conveying the pure at a rate of 100,000 cubic feet per minute. You could see nothing, the whirling was too quick; but you inhaled and smelled the foul, gas-charged air of the mine, and, for a second were almost choked with it. For twenty years, without breakage or need of repair of any kind, these invisible wings have whirled night and day, stopping only for a short time each Sunday. One dares not think of what it would be if the fan broke, and no one were by to repair it. Perhaps there would be ample time to get the men and horses out; no doubt there would be, but we remembered all those thousand feet and shivered.

The main object of many persons who visit North Sidney, Cape Breton, is to see the oldest coal mine in the Dominion. That was my object when I went there. This pit yields 180,000 tons of coal annually and there are still many years' coal in it. With memories of the Drummond pit fresh in my mind, I was not deterred by them from making a fresh descent to the under-world. This time we went down through a straight shaft. The old Sidney mine, as it is called, is a thousand times more interesting than the Drummond pit of New Glasgow. It is very old and stretches a long way under the sea, the vessels which enter the harbor passing over it. Covering yourself with oil-skin or mackintosh you step from a high platform into a narrow elevator, in which you are closed by an iron bar. The signal is given and you dash into the intense blackness. Never was elevator so swift. You whirl down

—it feels like falling into the bottomless pit—down, passing through an atmosphere thick with steam, and water drips on your head and shoulders as you fly through the darkness. There are no lights, there are no words. You catch your breath as the swift cage falls faster and faster, and wonder where it will end, and how deep the earth is. At last, after falling 681 feet through this narrow shaft, you come on a glimmer of lights and the sound of men's voices, and a pair of strong arms reach in and lift you out. You are at the bottom of the shaft of the oldest mine in the country, and you are at the level of the sea. You have still to go much deeper—into the very heart of the earth—in under the sea and the ships.

If you had never been down another mine, if you had not toiled down steep slopes with your closed lamp, if you had not smelled gas, and found yourself as far from help, in case of an accident, as if you were already buried—you would not understand me when I describe this old Sidney mine as a beautiful place. But so it seemed after the Drummond pit. A number of men were working at the bottom of the pit, loading wagons and sending them up by elevators. "Come on, me darlin'; shure it's you that's welcome," said the strong, old man who lifted me out of the cage; an old man with a brilliant eye and a young heart, and the blarney of the ould sod in the tongue of him. "Shure it's you that's the darlin'," he said, as we—my guide, Mr. Egan, and myself—stepped into the black street. The men looked more like goblins than ever, for here they carry the naked light, which is fastened in their caps, and, as they work, now bending, now lifting, now passing rapidly from one wagon to another, now resting a second in some recess. The lamps are little tin cans filled with oil, in the spouts of which the wicks are placed, and the lights flare and twist in the wind—for there are great currents here—and shining on the blackened faces, have a weird effect. There is no gas in this old mine, at least none has been discovered since the catastrophe of 1878, whereby five men, two of them "bosses," lost their lives. Each morn-

ing before the first shift of men go down, someone explores the mine with a closed lamp, to see whether there is the least danger of gas, but it seems totally free from foul air of any kind, and the men here work without that deadly fear. We went along the wide, black streets, over which are laid fine cables. Long trains of wagons run along these, as in the Drummond pit, but hardly as fast, as the grade is not nearly as steep. There is little stooping to do, as the mine is dug deep down, and above is a roof of solid rock. There are not so many wooden supports here, as the walls seem firmer, and they are unnecessary, but it is most beautifully hollowed out, and walking is comparatively easy.

There is a long street of stables here, a good deal of the hauling being done by horses. Fifty-five animals are kept constantly at work. They are well groomed, their coats shining like silk, and they are as fat as they well can be. We saw "Cossack," a beautiful little Russian pony, the pet of the miners, and "Rattler," a big fellow, clever with his heels; and several other special favorites. They are always interesting, these dumb citizens of the underground towns, these faithful working creatures who only come to the top to meet death, and it was a keen pleasure to get into their boxes and rub their soft noses, and watch them stare with intelligent eyes at you, and smell your hands, and gawn, wondering in their wise way what a woman was doing down in these men's places.

We passed on, descending gradually till we stood far out at sea—under the vast Atlantic Ocean. Above us, ships were passing, carrying some of this very coal. They say that you can hear them casting anchor above your head, but this may be an underground fairy tale. Could one hear the clank of the anchor-chains through a rock roof, seven feet thick? Maybe: anchors are heavy. As you descend, the distance between you and the sea grows. There is no fear of that great rock strata falling and letting in the ocean on you. Above you there, the fishes are swimming, and

maybe dead men's bones lie. It is queer to stand and think of it, as you do presently, for your guide has gone off through an archway to hunt for fossils, and you are alone with your tiny flickering torch. Blow it out and see—or rather feel—for a minute, what real darkness and silence are like. How awful it is! Never did you imagine blackness like to this. Dense, thick—the words are poor. It is material. You put up your hands to feel it, this darkness that is like a palpable thing. Madness lies in it, and terror, and the most shocking despair. And the silence! You can almost hear it. Can it be that there is life anywhere; that up there people are laughing and grieving and noising? There is no hell can be more awful than this place of blackness and silence. No fire that ever roared could be more shocking than this. Suppose the man never came back. Suppose you were lost and forgotten in this side cutting into which you have wandered. You reach out and touch the walls. It is like a tomb. Shut down by the mighty ocean, far down in the deepest blackness and silence of this wonderful earth. Oh, how quick madness would come, and despair, and the hideous gnashing of teeth they talk of as being one of hell's fancies! I tell you that for one moment there, letting imagination take full hold of me, there was a sickening thought came to me, that crept like an evil thing over every inch of skin, that was worse than any death that ever struck a human being, or any hell that ever yet was devised for us by a fiendish human mind. It was glorious when a faint "halloo" came from somewhere. One could have kissed the blessed flaring light that danced its way down the black passage presently. The man's face looked, for the moment, like to God's. It is foolish, foolish, for a woman who is a bundle of nerves to blow out her light and stand alone in such an awful place. The company of rats, rats in shoals as they are in sewers, would be better than such another moment of shocking silence! It was a mighty horror.

Kathleen Blake-Watkins.



EVARISTE had longed for a bird. They sang and flew about him the livelong day, whilst he tilled and tended the patch of ground that partially supplied the frugal wants of himself and wife during each year. But a songster in a cage, thought he, would well be worth the price of forgiveness towards those, also, of a feather, that were up betimes in the morning searching for spring-sown seed, or nipping the early lettuce leaves with their disfiguring bills.

But, in the winter time, when the ground was as flint beneath the snows, and a beard of icicles fringed the roof, to glisten in the early sunshine with prismatic steeliness and cast tapering shadows on the frosted window-panes, then it was that Evariste smoked his own-grown, home-cured tobacco in a warm corner of the kitchen, where he sat at work upon baskets and the small, rude, wicker rocking-chairs the French-Canadian peasantry fashion for a ready market.

The voice of Madame Clavette was neither shrill nor sweet, and many a time that day had her patient, simple-minded husband—in the midst of his occupation—wished the past summer back again or the next to hasten its coming, that he might once more dig and delve in his garden, and listen to the bird-notes about him rather than the monotonous chit-chat of a tongue from which there was at present no escape.

Evariste sighed; but the voice of a canary was not to be purchased with the same ease as the voice of a wife, for where, *mon Dieu!* was he to find the courage—not to speak of the money—to pay out over two *piastres* for a bird, when his wife eyed the spending of every *sou*. *Parbleu!* he would as soon sow thistles for a crop.

And the hands that plied the wooden straps on the seat of a *chaise bercand* belonged to a man whose brain was oft-times busy with such thoughts; and if he sometimes sighed, it was a sigh for the impossible.

II.

Winter had gone; and it was on one of those early June days, when spring and summer meet to embrace and finally clasp hands for a short walk together before parting, that the startled Evariste—aroused by the whirr of tiny wings—looked up from his work in the garden, in time to note a yellow streak in the golden sunshine that disappeared in the open window above the little porch.

Slow of manner and speech, Evariste, for once, forgot both in the haste with which he exclaimed, "*Noiseau, et jaune!*" and procured a ladder. Cautiously mounting it he gained the top of the porch and closed the shutters; after which, in less than five minutes, an old-fashioned, bell-shaped cage, he had carefully preserved from second-hand

harm in the shed, at last came into use, and once more held a living occupant.

The latter was slender, long and handsome, flawless in speck or blemish to mar the beauty of his golden-yellow, and with a tail as white as was the delicate edging on each wing.

Evariste eyed the new-comer in silent wonder for a whole minute. Then, with an emphasizing thump on the table that sent the bird from perch to prison-wire in a terrified, trembling cling, he said—"There is not his like in L' Epiphanie to-day."

"Bah!" suggested his wife, surveying Evariste as she had the bird, "he can't sing a note"

"You're more saint than sinner," said her husband, with less reticence than usual, "if you prophecy truly. *Ma foi!* but what do you know about it?"



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

"L'PETIT IS SHY, AND THE PLACE STRANGE."

"Easy of enough. Fine feathers make fine birds; but the cry of a peacock goes with a graveyard. The thing is pretty to look at; but, *Dieu de grace!* his voice is hoarse than fine, and more fitted to croak than sing."

"It's a famine to my wits," said Evariste, wrinkling his forehead as he doggedly shrugged his own shoulders, "how you come by such a poking brood of ill-natured thoughts. You are ever fond of looking at the dark side rather than the bright, and seeing bad where evil is absent. Wild or tame, woman, the bird is mine, and whether he sings or not, L'Petit has come to stay."

"As you wish," complacently answered Madame Clavette; "but the thing eats, and we have no money to spend on good-for-nothings."

"*Le bon Dieu* sent him here," replied Evariste, devoutly crossing himself, "and though birds sometimes die of hunger, souls are not so easily saved from everlasting torment," at which the speaker now proceeded to select a spot where he might hang up the cage, whilst his wife, crossing herself in turn, went back to her duties with a clouded brow.

III.

"*Eh bon Dieu!* what did I tell you!" exclaimed Madame Clavette three days later, as her husband whittled a new set of perches for the cage: "The bird can't sing a note," and she burst into a derisive laugh.

"We'll see!—we'll see!" quietly answered Evariste, though sorely nettled at his wife's want of feeling. "L'Petit is shy, and the place strange, but time will try his throat—we have no fear."

But the days built weeks that moulded months without a warble from L'Petit other than a tremulous little plaint most pathetic to hear.

Songless he might be, but Evariste came to love that bird as he would his own life. Twitter and chirp, one short bar of a sweet song, and a long-drawn thrill of piping clearness whenever Evariste chanced to come near, was his daily wont of call, save for the scolding he gave his master whilst pecking the finger the latter mischievously introduced into the cage, or the eudearing

and almost inaudible chuckle and cluck that greeted the insertion of a bunch of freshly-culled, common grass seed-plumes between the wires of his cage, and of which he always delightedly partook.

Whilst a species of peacefulness and content may have hitherto apportioned the mind of Evariste between them, a satisfaction was now his that put the former to shame, and if Madame now sat alone on the front steps each summer's evening, or gossiped on a neighbor's, while Monsieur smoked his last pipefuls of the day in the garden in the rear of the house by the side of a bird-cage that dangled from a clothes-line, instead of puffing them, as formerly, in his wife's presence, Madame neither commented nor berated Monsieur—nor forgave the canary.

But the day came when all these things were swept as leaves from land that ride about in water.

Carefully as Evariste daily washed the perches, cleansed and sanded the cage, offered L'Petit his bath, and gave fresh seed and water to his pet (many a bolt has fallen out of a clear sky, and escape to freedom come to pass when the goaler least expected it) the bottom fell from the cage one day as completely as it sometimes does out of speculation.

Three hasps originally fastened the floor to the lower rim of L'Petit's dwelling, and where one was now missing a piece of white string supplied its place.

Now it happened one fine morning that, as the cage hung from its accustomed place on the clothes-line by the porch, a tailless mother sparrow and four fledglings—*habitués* of the vicinity and acquainted with easy gain—alighted on the bottom of the cage extending outside of the rim—the back of Evariste turned—and greedily commenced to filch what they could.

A white string was as a worm to one of the innocents, and a few tugs soon did away with the mistake—and the knot.

The sound of a falling object and five



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

"CREEPING SOFTLY BACK INTO THE HOUSE, SHE SAT DOWN."

noisy, scurrying sparrows, caused Evariste to look quickly around, but—too late! A bottomless cage hung from the clothes-line, and L'Petit sat with the marauders on an adjacent fence, free as the day he came.

Evariste seldom swore, but the twirl of "*S-a-c-r-é!*" now in his mouth had an easy and familiar twist to it.

"Your apron—quick?" he demanded of his wife a moment later in the kitchen. "L'Petit is out of his cage. For the sake of God come and help, or he is gone."

But Madame was mute, and stirred not, neither was there an answering look on her face; and Evariste, with perception sharpened of late, saw much where another would have beheld little or nothing.

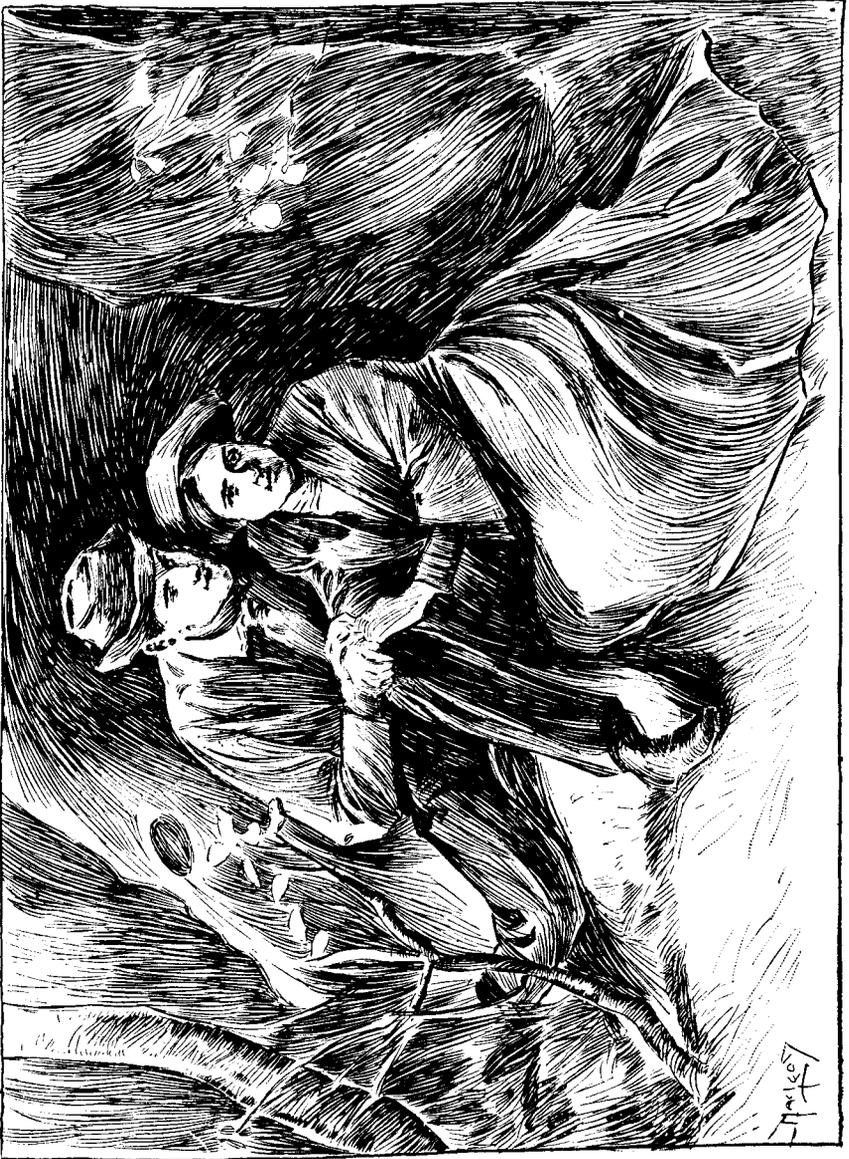
Wordless in the scorn marking his glance, and with an angry light in his eyes, he turned on his heel and was gone.

L'Petit? *Bien!* there he was at the furthest end of the garden, a yellow dot on a high fence, beyond which lay the open fields—and absolute escape.

Evariste breathed a prayer for the

unlikely, whistled and called and coaxed, meanwhile approaching cautiously nearer, ne-ar-er, ne-a-r-er, till, with a sudden adroit movement, he clapped his wide-brimmed, billy-cock hat

down, in the festooning flight of a canary, but the wings of a bird in captivity are poor carriers for one let loose, and L'Petit fell exhaustedly to the ground. There, almost hidden under wild pea-



"IT WAS 'BABINE' ONCE."

DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

on the spot where the bird perched; but only the brim fell where the crown should, and L'Petit wriggled out from beneath and was gaily off.

Away he went, up and down, up and

vines and high, coarse grass—too weak to move or resist—he was soon tenderly secured by the great, rough hands of Evariste and safely carried home again—a burden of yellow preciousness.

IV.

A bird twice caught is doubly dear; and the cage hung from its accustomed place on the clothes-line that evening in the garden, beside which Evariste sat and smoked his pipe. And for the first time in the seven years of their married life, the husband shunned the wife; with Madame Clavette in turn—less two years the thirty-one of her lord and master—at last conscious of the great width of a gap that had slowly widened, even from the very day on which *M. le Curé* had joined them together.

When Evariste arose at the usual hour next morning at which he always lit the fire and prepared breakfast, he found this intention forestalled, and his wife, for once, before him.

Immediately dressing, he afterwards partook of the morning meal in the silence of a man who sees nothing before but his repast and the duties of the day.

It was a sleepless night that Madame Clavette had passed. But it was not the loss of a few hours' rest, however, that made her appear so heavy-eyed and worn when morning broke, for thought can splinter the mind into more pieces than a blow shivers glass, and Madame had just faced thoughts that were limited neither in number nor aggression.

She looked up wistfully, nay, timidly, as Evariste arose and strode over to where his hat hung, and went out of doors, but she lacked the power to stop him—all the former daring, heartless raillery, and selfish, unthinking ways now gone, transforming her in her husband's presence as one suddenly aloof and bereft what to do or say. Evariste might have seen these things had it so pleased him, but it pleased him not; for never once looked he in the direction of his wife, construing the silence of her misgiving into one of sullen defiance.

Fed and tended for the first time since its arrival by other hands than its master's, the bird that morning looked down upon Evariste's approach with a saucy note of recognition. But if Evariste smiled, he also frowned, to note these things.

"Bah!" he muttered, regarding the bird fixedly, "she might have let well-

enough alone. What amends are these, L'Petit, compared with your loss? Sin himself lurks in the hearts of some women. God forgive her for the black trick she played me yesterday. She will have enough for next confession—*vraie-ment!*" saying which, and with a reflective shake of his head, the speaker stalked off down the garden.

At the hour of noon a voice from the doorway called him to dinner, but if the weeder heard, he gave no heed.

"Ev-a-riste!" and surely there was a quaver in the voice this time—a round, smooth voice, too, when the owner liked.

The answer floated back on a far from encouraging tone: "Well, what is it?"

"Diner!"

"I have no hunger," brusquely. "The day is too hot for meat. If I want later, there is fruit for the plucking," and, stooping down, the speaker went on again with his work.

Madame nervously plucked at the bosom of her dress, and brushed the hair back from her forehead with a degree of uncertainty; but she, so bold and ready of tongue heretofore, had not a word to say because of the lump in her throat. Creeping softly back into the house she sat down—but not to eat.

There it stood for hours—the dinner she had gotten ready with so much care; and when the shadows began to lengthen and the pipings of birds outside to subside into the twitter of approaching even, Madame arose from the couch where she had thrown herself and lain as one without life, to bathe her flushed face in cool water, and smooth out the hair that was tossed. This was followed by a particular brushing of her dress, and general tidying of her person; after which—scrupulously exact in the neat appearance she presented—Madame Clavette left the house, and tip-toed down the garden to where Evariste was known to be weeding the onions.

A high pivot-hedge concealed one-half the garden from the other, and, as Madame drew near, and would pass through the only and narrow gap, a low voice beyond told her that Evariste, working towards the house, was nearer than she expected; and this fact, coupled with the sound of his voice, halted her



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

"YOUR FATHER IS A JUST MAN."

in dismay for a peep through the leafy barrier as to with whom he held conversation.

But if the sound of a voice caused her to stop, and the sight that met her eyes—after some cautious difficulty—created wonder, yet the words reaching to where she stood seemed to rob her of all save hearing; what she saw being Evariste seated on the ground, weeding with slow but sure method, the bird-cage beside him, and what she heard was the following, addressed to its occupant:

"Oh, L'Petit? Is it not so? Onions and women are one—they both bring tears. But onions breed strength as well as tears, while a woman saps you of both. If I had my life to live over again, L'Petit, I would choose onions. A man who marries joy and finds sorrow, weeps with dry eyes. I gave her of love first, L'Petit, and forbearance afterwards; but she lashed both with a long tongue and coarse ways from the day when it was too late to turn back. She is pretty to look upon, and winning when I was not bound; but what is the first when a wife scorns the second? There is no child, L'Petit, to gild the dross; and, ah, me! if I had the counting, it would be a full measure of the years we have lived together I would again drop from my life, if thus by shortening it I might live

the rest of it once more free. There is no curse like to that which a shallow woman bestows."

A sound as of a bird flying through the leaves silenced Evariste in a look towards the place where the miserable hearer had been, and when he turned away his head again his wife stood beside him.

"I have not much taste for food to-day," he said, in a seriously-quiet way, thinking it was tea-time; adding: "The peach-apples are ripe, and I dined late. I shall want for nothing till dark."

"Ah—*bon Dieu!*" in a hard voice that hid—convulsively locking her hands together. "Am I nothing to you but a meal-call? I come out into the air, and—" but she choked on the next word, and Evariste glanced up with a strange light in his dark eyes.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," he at length observed, and then went on with his weeding.

"How much did you hear?" he presently asked, but without looking up.

"A houseful of what was not true," and an unpleasant ring jumped into Madame's tone.

The eyes of the other flashed, but he made no reply.

"My ears took what was given without choice," the first defiantly continued; "and if they received words they should have not, how much more at fault are the lips that uttered them."

"And if," said Evariste, in his turn, standing up with a look, gesture and accent that made the other draw back with a shorter breath, "the lips that uttered were at fault, how much more to blame is the woman who makes possible the saying of such things. We have spent seven years under this roof, you and I, as man and wife, but the best of my house to me now is the outside of it. The next winter comes all too fast, Madame Clavette, and I wish it well over."

"'Madame'! 'Madame'! Always 'Madame'—As if I had no other name. Have you forgotten the one you used to call me by? It was 'Babine' once, but now you ice me continually with 'Madame.' Oh, Mother of God, what have I not suffered!"

"Your words brand you what you



DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

"IF YOU LOVE THE BIRD MORE THAN YOU DO ME."

are," said Evariste in a heat, "and mouth their meaning twice over. You think of nothing—of nobody, but yourself. By the body of me in this life, woman, but you are the kind that make this paradise of man his hell. I thought I had found me a wife in Babine Fournier, but it was surely Satan that whispered it. There is Antoine and his wife Celeste—she would spoil him with affection; and I could have had her for the asking against twenty such as he. But, no; I took your laugh and her tears, for her laugh and your tears now; and the black dog has followed me ever since. Your father is a just man, and bears with me. You shall go back. I can stand your ways, but not your tongue."

"No, no, Evariste; not that! Oh, have pity on me! Do not send me back!"

and with a great sobbing cry Babine was on her knees before him, clasping his feet. But no one noticed that an overturned cage had released L'Petit, who now hopped out and began picking at the ground. "I-I am n-not the s-same," continued Babine with bent head, "I-I am n-not the s-same w-woman today I-I was y-yesterday. I-I have changed in a n-n-night. Y-you had good cause to be bitter against m-me, and there w-was m-murder in my heart y-yesterday against the b-bird, but as true as there is a G-God ab-b-bove us, I-I am changed, and become the B-Babine of old ag-g-gain. I s-slept in tears all n-night, and tried to blot out the p-past with them, but, *mon Dieu!* m-my thoughts that overwhelmed m-me that I t-took to trembling. Then with the m-morning I lit the f-fire for l-love of

you; I got breakfast for l-love of you; and my heart throbbed to s-stifle me when you c-came into the kitchen, but when y-you w-would not look at me, or say one w-word, I thought it would break. I would feast you, my Evariste, with the things I got ready at dinner-time, but when I called and called and you would not c-come, I grew sick to th-think of it, and the meal stands as it did five hours ago, untouched. Then I could carry my burden n-no longer, and I came out into the garden to throw myself into your arms, and to tell you that I would be a b-better woman. But the worst was to come when you n-nailed my feet to the ground with what you s-said to L'Petit. Evariste; dear, dear Evariste! take me in your arms and kiss it all away, or my heart will yet b-break!" and it was the half-despairing movement she now made that caused L'Petit to wing a short, upward spiral, and finally alight on the kneeler's head. And there he stood, cocking his head this way and that; responsible cause and peacemaker in one.

Evariste beheld as in a dream; and heard as one afar off. The sun beat down upon his now hatless head, his

bronzed face and neck, and the wind lightly fingered his jet-black locks; but, real as was the scene about him, it could not begin to compare with the reality of the one in which he was so hushedly concerned.

If he hesitated, the sweet, imploring contrition of the bowed Babine might dissipate like morning mist; and yet to claim his wife lost him the bird.

"Babine," said a voice, huskily, after a fleet silence in which a soul warred with itself, "if you love me as you say, do not move. L'Petit has again escaped—he is on your head."

"If you love the bird more than you do me," said a small, brave voice, "I am content, and true to you with what is left."

Again was L'Petit disturbed; to alight this time on the shoulder of Evariste. There, after a momentary vain attempt to possess himself of the few long, sunny-stranded threads of hair that lay within reach on the latter's coat, he next turned attention to himself; and having lightly and unconcernedly plumed and preened himself—all without attracting the slightest notice—he at last spread his wings, and turned rover once more.

Henry Cecil Walsh.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

BY W. J. THOROLD.

GOD created the world. The kilties created Scotland. But J. M. Barrie created Thrums. That "handful of houses jumbled in a cup," slumbers in mortar and wood in North Britain—it lives in the flesh in the county called London. For in that condensed earth, the author of the tales that charm, has taken up his residence—as every literary man desires to do and hopes not to leave undone, for most of them consider that there is only one place on this planet for writers of fiction to live in—the place where everything in commerce, science and art centres—London.

It is strange what a tearing of pictures

and breaking of statues takes place when you meet a novelist whose books you have learned to admire, and whose appearance you have tried to imagine. Many think J. M. Barrie must be a severe long-skirted man, with a fringe of whisker circling a determined chin—an incarnation of Lang Tammas in his Sunday blacks. Others wonder if the humorist of Thrums is a grey-haired, bent-backed man, bowed early with wheeling webs of cloth up the brae. A few have fancied him endowed with the form and face, not excepting the eyes and hair, of the regulation poet of fifty years ago or more. Many expect to look upon a typical Auld Licht at any rate, a

stern, severe, authoritative Scotsman, a beggar to argue, with a visage that would remind you of a treatise on ethics bound in parchment. But he is none of these, though the fragrance of the heather is in his blood, and he seems sometimes to write with ink made of the juice of thistles. What an odd figure any of them would cut amid the central roar of London. His impersonator would win bursts of laughter at the Tivoli or

dark-brown eyes that sparkle as he talks, piercing in their glance, yet very kindly.

The most interesting room in the house of a literary man, is naturally the place where his books are made, his workshop—generally a combination of office and library. J. M. Barrie's den, though at first glance apparently at variance with its owner, is in fact, remarkably characteristic of both himself and the craft to which he gives so much distinction.



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JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

the Oxford that very night. Instead, however, you find Barrie a man of average height and athletic build, of a slender but graceful carriage. A powerful and intellectual looking head is set evenly upon shoulders which, though not stalwart, are yet resolute and strong. He has a countenance of great expression and a mustache of evident cultivation, upon which he bestows some care and many caresses—and he has a pair of

The room is a remarkable one, large and extensive, arranged upon a plan of the proprietor's own. There are many books in this library—and they seem to have been arranged, not by anyone trained in the British Museum, but by the maid-servant with a shovel. I was informed, however, that this was not really so. Mr. Barrie claims that they are arranged in obedience to a Higher Law. It was long before I discovered what this

law could be, and indeed I was unable to satisfactorily formulate it until I had received several pregnant hints. The main principle of the arrangement of this remarkable library appears to be, that no two volumes having any relation to each other shall stand together. The several volumes of a set are diffused throughout the several bookcases of the house, so that the recovery of any particular one of them requires talent akin to that possessed by the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Barrie takes his exercise every day in walking from room to room looking for what he wants.

J. M. Barrie's choice of *locale* for his literary efforts, if voluntary and deliberate, was undoubtedly very wise—not to say canny. If, however, it was the result of environment and instinct, it certainly was very happy and has led to the most gratifying endorsement. The star of fortune must have been shining very brightly the morning he was born. To head a new school in fiction, or in any other branch of art or literature, increases a man's chances very much indeed for consideration and fame. The angel with the golden laurel called success, is already on the wing, for the battle is half won. It simply remains for an author to become proficient in the technique of his art, then to apply his natural powers of observation and insight to the breathing facts working out their destinies before him—and to record, with adequate skill, the passing drama in which we all are players. This is evidently the course Barrie pursued. Inevitably his own personality, permeating his work, has colored and illumined his pictures with such rare charm that the logical result has followed, as if it were the last sentence of a syllogism; his rewards have been amply proportionate to his splendid achievements. Hall Caine and Anthony Hope adopted similar methods and headed new schools. Aubrey Beardsley did so with the brush. And to originate at this stage of the world's progress, a new school along any line of artistic endeavor, argues the possession of something that may be akin to genius.

Modern novelists seem to be dividing up the globe and taking unto themselves

certain definite portions of territory—upon the old principle of squatter's rights, or the more antique law of conquest. The Isle of Man belongs to Hall Caine, Quebec to Gilbert Parker, France to Stanley Weyman, Scotland to J. M. Barrie. Next we may expect a novelist of the Chinese, another of Oklahoma, a third of Afghanistan—after that the deluge. Soon it will be necessary for some enterprising publisher to issue a treatise, accompanied with full page maps, entitled: "The Literary Geography of the World, or "What Authors own the Various Countries of the Earth." But the wonder of it is, that no knight of the pen seems to have constituted himself the novelist of Ireland. Why is this? Surely there is material enough, and to spare—scenic, human, dramatic! There are plenty of plays. Why not novels? Perhaps our own "Kit" is going to step in and triumph.

J. M. Barrie struck a rich vein, when he hit upon Scotland. There is fine quartz on his claim—and he is evidently equipped with the mental machinery necessary for its extraction. The racial characteristics are so prominent: they form a background to a story that in itself is quite interesting and picturesque.

On my travels, I remember meeting an Auld Licht, who would have been a type for any artist. He drew his weather-beaten coat about him with dignity when he spoke thus with the enemy in the gates:

"Do you claim the right to enter my house," said he, "in your officical capacity?" And there were thistles without any down upon them in his voice, as he stood there, drab-skirted, looking out from under those bushy eyebrows upon the priest of the parish.

"I have called upon you as in duty bound, being minister of this parish," answered the gentleman of the clerical profession, drawing himself up and remembering the degree framed in oak upon his study wall, which would have done much better service somewhere else. Degrees make excellent linings for trunks. He was young, was on his first autumnal round, and knew no better. It takes time to learn wisdom—and some apparently require a very considerable

amount of that valuable commodity of which the world is so full and yet nobody seems to have any.

"Then," added the undaunted Auld Licht, "gin ye had called upon me as one friend upon another, glad would I hae been to see ye; but when ye claim the richt to enter my dwelling in your offeical cawpacity—I crack my thooms at ye."

Whereupon the Auld Licht withdrew within his gates and proceeded to explain the rights of a Covenanted Kirk in Scotland, through a little wicket. So it was in the days of Hugh Bigod, when that warrior wrestled with Henry III., and when the spirit of his protest, that every man's house is his castle, found expression in the stirring words:

"If I were in my castle of Bungenie,
Upon the water of Wavenie,
I would not give a fig for the King of Cokenie."

Of his books I confess to liking best of all the delightful story, "When a Man's Single." It is more easily understood by those whose brains, not to mention throats and ears, are unaccustomed to gutturals and the interesting expressions so dear to those who know what they mean. "Auld Licht Idylls" has always been a favorite with me, though I have got more real enjoyment out of "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister." But "Two of Them" must not be forgotten, for it is as fine a collection of etchings as we have in our language. There is a pleasure in reading about the eccentric sons of Adam and the quaint daughters of Eve that thrive up there among the thistles and the heather of the North, which makes one quite willing to master the trifling difficulties of dialect that must be surmounted.

Have you ever noticed it? In every crisis of one's life a woman always enters to decide. J. M. Barrie did not tell me it was so in his case, but I surmised as much—and perhaps was not entirely astray. There came a time when he determined to broaden out in his efforts. Whether this led to his meeting the pretty actress who is now his wife, or whether meeting the pretty actress led to this determination, is not for me to say. But J. M. Barrie entered upon a career of exceptional happiness and

greater glory when he became a benedict and a dramatist.

For a long time the placards in front of Toole's Theatre on the Strand, bore the announcement that *Walker, London, or The House Boat*, a play by J. M. Barrie, was being performed there every evening. At first upon seeing this, it took a moment to realize that this concoctor of stage amusement was the moralist of Thrums. Where did he get his technique? For in every art that is something that cannot come by intuition. But it was no other than he. And how many thousands both in England and America have enjoyed a wholesome evening's entertainment by watching that charming drama, *The Professor's Love Story*, so beautifully and adequately presented by E. S. Willard and his admirable company. J. M. Barrie is certainly a prince among novelists, and he has given convincing proof that he knows a thing or two about the theatre. He is now coming into greater prominence in this regard, by the approaching New York and London productions of the dramatization of "The Little Minister." The diminutive hero of this tale has always reminded me of Du Maurier's Little Billee. And the Egyptian has always had quite as much fascination for me as Svengali's hypnotic subject. "The Little Minister" was the rage as a novel. Will it be as a play?

The health of Mr. Barrie is the subject of frequent paragraphs in various newspapers. He seems to get dangerously ill about as often as some operatic ladies lose their diamonds. According to the public prints he has a serious illness about every week, with relapses in between. To all appearances, however, he is alert and healthy. Here, as in his conversation, the old rugged base of the man comes out. Solid and grey is Presbyterian training in the North. But it never teaches a true Scot to be ashamed of the ancient banner, nor to shrink recreant from the old battle. J. M. Barrie keeps in the midst of his fame his national and religious fervor.

"A man can learn more," he says, "at his mother's knee than ransacking four continents in bad company."

Speak to this author of books—he instantly turns the conversation to sport. In his time he was a mighty player of football. To this day he can tell how many Yorkshire players there are in the English fifteens, how many of these are Scotchmen, and what price they receive for thus betraying their country.

“What do you think of the present tendencies of English literature?” you may ask him, anxious to talk of great problems.

“What do you think,” he says in reply, with his head turned a little elvishly to one side, “of the prospects of the Everton team for the English championship?”

Plagiarism is a perennial question with Barrie.

“I never wrote a book yet,” he says, with a smile, “but someone found out that I had taken the whole of it from somebody of whose existence I have never heard.”

“And your plays?”

“Oh, with them the case is still worse.”

“Indeed!”

“On one occasion a man proved, first of all, that I had taken them wholly from George Sand or someone else; then, as an amiable secondly, that there was nothing in them to pay for the trouble and expense of the theft.”

“Do you think that these accusations should be answered?”

“No—except in very exceptional and grave cases.”

“How is that?”

“You see, what the paper that allows them usually wants is, first an advertisement, next a long reply from the attacked author, which makes interesting copy and costs nothing; lastly, a correspondence that will fill its columns and attract the public notice.”

Mr. Barrie shows here a characteristic of nearly every modern novelist: they are men of great artistic imaginations, possessing also business instincts.

J. M. Barrie has done great things already. He will do much more. He is young, has health, ambition, genius. He is sure to win a high place in our permanent literature.

W. J. Thorold.

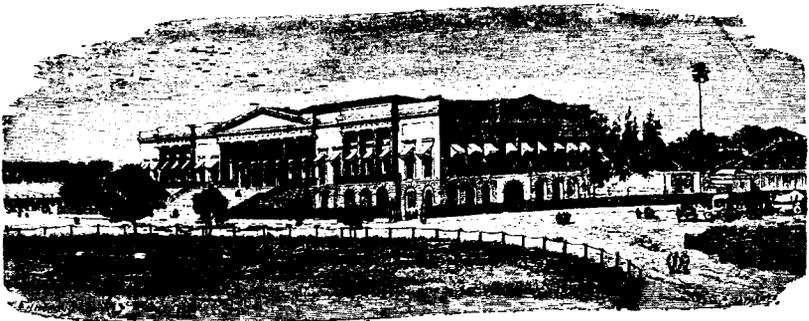
FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS,

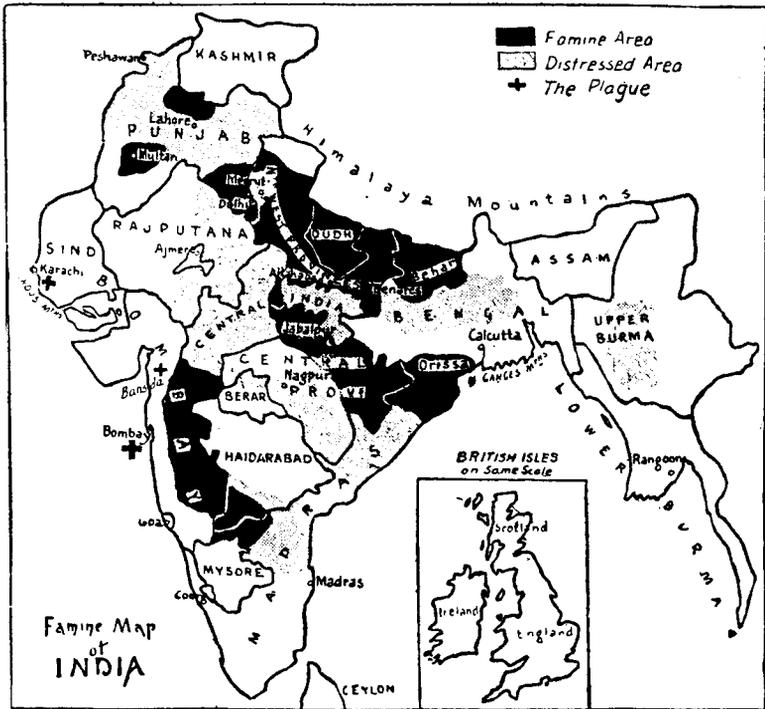
Retired, H. M. 1st Border Regiment.

TEN years of military life in India taught me how difficult it was for one born and bred in the civilization of the West, to form correct notions regarding the different customs, habits

and manner of living, of the two hundred and eighty odd millions of human beings who exist within the borders of the vast empire known as British India. I am more convinced in this opinion, from the



THE TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.



MAP OF INDIA SHOWING THE DISTRESSED DISTRICTS.

many misleading statements regarding India I have listened to from pulpit and platform. The sum of my own experience is that to know India you must live there. In a country so vast in extent, and so much divided in points of race, language, religion and caste—which cause an infinite variety of habits in the people—it may be readily understood that customs which prevail in one part of the country differ from those in another, and that a statement made regarding one part of India may be open to flat contradiction by equally good authority on another part.

The little I am about to relate of what I saw of this vast empire may not be out of place at a time when Canada is making such a magnificent effort in support of the Fund for the relief of the starving multitudes in India.

The present distress in India is due to a complete failure of the rains, following several seasons of partial failure and poor harvests. The famine affects an area of about 164,000 square miles, with a population of 36,000,000. The govern-

ment of India in assuming the task of saving these millions from death by starvation, has undertaken a responsibility which no other Asiatic power, whether in India or elsewhere, ever assumed. It is due to British rule, and to nothing else, that the famine has not, ere now, claimed millions of victims. Through the wise measures adopted by the government, known as the "Famine Code," every district is mapped out into circles for which there is an organized system of relief, ready to be put in force at any moment. India is a country subject to famine. Fifteen great famines have occurred since 1769; in that year ten millions of human beings are said to have perished. It is only since the British constructed roads and railways all over the land that it has been possible to convey food to the starving people; prior to this the old Indian tradition held true: "When the rains fail twice, the people must die."

As the government could not undertake to supply more than the bare food necessary to sustain life, there remains a



HINDU MUSICIAN.

wide field for private charity, in supplying comforts to the sick, the aged, the infirm and orphans; also by helping sufferers to make a fresh start in the way by which they obtain a livelihood.

There are no poor laws in India, but caste which is so binding on the people teaches that the relief of the aged, the suffering and the needy is the most binding and meritorious of duties and the one calculated to please best the Deity. The caste system therefore takes the place of the charity organization society, and does the work on a scale and degree of supervision that no part of the world can show anything to equal. The spirit of charity which so strongly pervades Indian religions operates outside as well as inside the caste.

Every prosperous Hindu, whether land-owner, merchant or tradesman, regards daily alms-giving as a sacred duty. From what I have seen I have

no hesitation in saying that the Hindu land-owner, banker and merchant, not only gives freely during famine to the starving crowd at his door, but, he also buys up grain and re-sells it at a low rate to those whose pride will not suffer them to beg. He also finds work for the poor villager who has left his sun-baked fields in search of employment. I recollect an instance of this kindly spirit of consideration for the poor, which may serve as an illustration. While at Amritsar, in the Punjab, a certain rich Hindu merchant, who employed a large number of men sawing and cutting timber, was approached by the agent of a mercantile firm who offered to erect a saw-mill and do all the work at half price. My friend, the Hindu merchant, smiled, and pointing to the hundred or more men busily at work in the yard, said: "Sahib! what are these poor men to do? If I gave you the contract they and their families would starve. I would be doing a great wrong and the great God would call me to account for it."

The following facts taken from a reliable source, will serve to show the wide extent of the famine-stricken areas and the herculean task of the British Indian Government in supplying relief:—

"On relief:—Madras, 42,000; Bombay, 327,000; Bengal, 339,000; North-West Provinces, 1,254,000; Punjab, 97,000; Central Provinces, 280,000; Burma,



HINDU "TOM-TOM WALLAH" (DRUMMER).



A PARSEE MERCHANT.

33,000; Central Indian Agency, 69,000; Rajputana, 25,000: Total, 2,467,000." These numbers are expected to increase, (until the crops are harvested) to 3,000,000 people at the lowest estimate.

The whole British Empire is watching with anxious sympathy the terrible sufferings of their fellow subjects in India. Their cry for help is meeting with a generous response from patriotic Britons everywhere. By the middle of February the Mansion House Relief Fund amounted to \$1,285,000. I repeat that no previous government of India ever assumed such a task as the present, but it is a task which however earnestly and conscientiously performed, leaves a vast margin of misery untouched. On the liberality of the British nation and co-workers everywhere must largely depend the alleviation of that misery. The Famine Fund will help to lift the shadow of bereavement from hundreds of thousands of homes. It will be richly repaid by the blessing of the widows and orphans, and by the silent gratitude of country peasants and craftsmen, to whom, but for the helping hand, the famine

would have meant, perhaps not death, but certainly ruin.

But, in addition to the famine, Bombay, with a population of three-quarters of a million, is smitten with a deadly plague, which is spreading to other parts of India. Should it extend to the famine-stricken district, the loss of life is likely to be very great, as the suffering from poverty and insufficient food would render hundreds of thousands an easy prey to the disease. In Bombay, the plague so far has confined its ravages to the lowest and uncleanest parts of the city, where it first broke out. Those who have died belonged to the poorest and worst-fed classes of the population. The "Bubonic fever," though contagious and swift, and terribly fatal in its action, is declared to be susceptible of control and can be restrained within certain limitations by segregation and other treatment of a hygienic and sanitary kind. It is not an easy mat-

ter even on this continent, to carry into effect measures of sanitary reform. But how much more difficult it is to introduce Western methods of sanitation into India where the people oppose the traditions of centuries to any attempt at reforming their daily habits, can only be understood by those who have lived there. They argue that their forefathers never troubled their heads about pure water, drainage, or the removal and disposal of garbage; then why should the British Government disturb their peace, and not let them live and die like their ancestors.

Bombay is amply provided with a pure water supply, good drainage and an efficient system for the removal of refuse. It also possesses many fine hospitals, fully up to the best medical standards. These hospitals are standing monuments to the liberality and generosity of its wealthy citizens and the care and forethought of the British Government. In some of the native parts of the city the population is highly congested, averaging as many as thirty-one to a house; it can readily be understood, how with such a state of affairs, and a people with

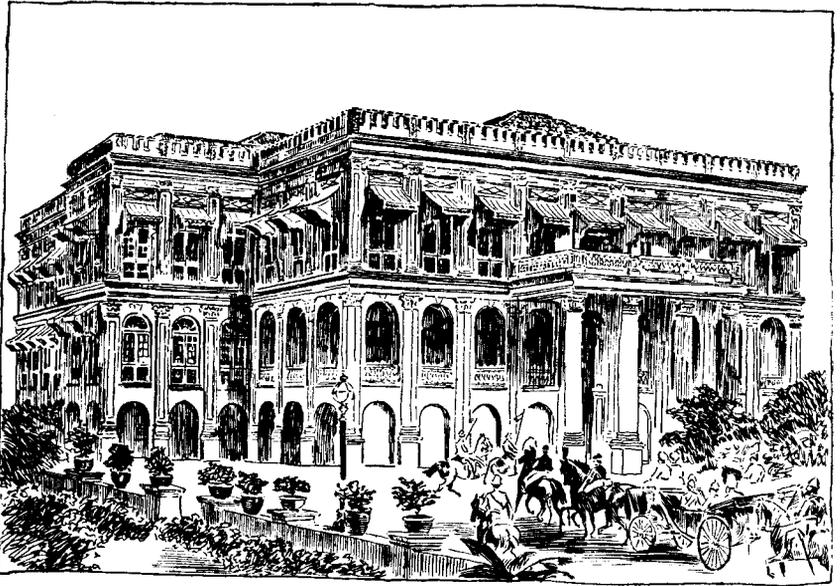


A HINDU TEMPLE IN BLACK TOWN, BOMBAY.

only the crudest notions of sanitary matters, the many difficulties the authorities must encounter in their efforts to stamp out the plague.

As there are 72,000 British troops stationed in India, it follows that most British soldiers who have served some length of time in a "Line Regiment" have seen that country.

It was at the close of the Zulu War, in 1879, that the 90th Light Infantry, in which I was then serving, received the route for India. This order was received with delight by all; for though the regiment had been engaged in some exciting encounters with the brave Zulus, yet the hope of taking part in the war in Afghanistan (which was not realized)



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY.

led us to anticipate an adventurous time in the East. The good ship *Serapis*, which conveyed the 90th Light Infantry from Port Durham in Natal to Bombay, had also on board a wing of the 17th Lancers and a battery of Royal Artillery. The voyage was an interesting one, but, being foreign to the subject with which I am dealing, calls for no special notice.

We sighted Bombay at early dawn. The sea in the neighborhood of this place is infested with water snakes of a highly poisonous nature. Looking over the side of the vessel I noticed one coiled about the long line of the patent log, which was trailing after the ship. The venomous-looking creature, after taking a survey of its surroundings, began to wriggle its way towards the deck; when it drew near enough to see that it would meet with a warm reception, it stopped, and, relaxing its hold, dropped into the water. I need hardly say that open sea bathing on this coast is not a fashionable pastime.

The rapidity with which daylight succeeds darkness in the tropics, has often been alluded to by travellers. Only a few minutes ago, the stars were shining brightly, and now the god of day with startling rapidity, has driven away the misty shadows of the night, and Bombay

like a huge panorama lies open before us. The modern port of Bombay is one of the largest, safest, and most beautiful harbors in the world. It presented a magnificent appearance the morning we steamed to our anchorage. As we gazed over the side of the vessel and saw the city with its palm trees and white buildings; the docks with their forests of masts; the lofty hills on the mainland, rising in jagged and fantastic-looking peaks, resembling ruined temples, towers and columns, and the wide harbor studded with numerous islands, rocky and precipitous, there could be heard many an exclamation of wonder and admiration from those who looked for the first time upon this beautiful scene. No sooner had the *Serapis* come to her moorings, than she was surrounded with a swarm of small country boats, laden with fruit and vegetables. The boatmen, dressed in nature's garb, save a loin-cloth, pushed, yelled and gesticulated in their frantic efforts to gain the side of the vessel; while the accompanying fruit-sellers called out the quality and price of their wares at the utmost pitch of their shrill voices. As they were not allowed on board, they sold to the soldiers through the open ports and gangways. And oh, what luscious fruit!



NATIVE TYPES, BOMBAY.

and how we enjoyed it after the long sea voyage. The mixed jumble of Hindustani and broken English these fruit-sellers used, afforded much amusement; they accosted us with such expressions as:—Sahib, sahib, deekho! (Sir, sir, look!) Pomgrantee—got it; banana—got it; piney-aply — got it; *sub-chiz* got it (everything). Sahib, you buy? One loud voiced opposition monger, balancing himself erect in his boat, called out, "Nay, nay, sahib (no, no, sir), he cheats, me good man, sahib; sell cheap; all things got it." The speech of this loquacious individual was cut short by a sharp bump from another boat, which sent him sprawling among his vegetables. His sudden collapse from view, with only a pair of brown feet to mark his whereabouts, was one of the many amusing incidents of that scene. The only natives allowed on board to do business, were the money-changers, mostly Parsees, who gave us rupees for English money. The Parsees form a separate community in India, and dress differently from the other natives; instead of the turban and loose flowing garments worn by the Hindu, they wear a high peaked hat shaped somewhat like a bishop's mitre, a close fitting coat reaching to the knees, white trousers and patent-leather

shoes. The Parsees are descendants of the ancient "fire worshippers." Driven from their home in Persia by the conquering Mohammedans, about A.D. 1100, they made their way down the Persian Gulf, and finally settled in Bombay, where under British protection they have grown rich. They are considered the most enlightened race in India, and are noted for their honesty, industry and hospitality; their religion can be summed up thus:—Good thoughts; good words; good deeds. Parsees are the principal business men in Bombay and other western parts in India. They number about 70,000. As their religion is utterly opposed to the making of proselytes, one must be born a Parsee, one cannot become one. The Parsees dispose of their dead in a manner that may seem repugnant to those accustomed to the ways of western civilization. When a Parsee dies, the body is taken to the lowest room in the house, washed, perfumed and clothed in clean, white clothes and placed on an iron bier. A dog is then brought in to take a last look at the inanimate corpse. After a short religious service, professional bearers enter, a procession is formed of relatives and friends, who follow the remains to the



HINDU FISHING IN THE INDUS.

"tower of silence," the last resting place of the departed Parsee. These towers of silence are erected in a beautiful garden on the highest point of Malabar hill, among tropical trees and beds of bright flowers. The towers are built of stone, about twenty-five feet high, with a small door in one side to admit the body; no one save the attendants is permitted to enter. A few yards from the tower of silence, is a white stone, which no one may pass save the dead and the professional attendants; it is the stone of Everlasting Farewell. While the mourning relatives stand to catch a last glimpse of the body as it disappears through the doorway, swarms of vultures come swooping from every quarter, uttering fearful cries as they circle and wheel. The attendants place the corpse on an open grating, and rapidly tearing off the cloth, hasten quickly away, when the vultures swoop down and begin their horrid feast.

The Parsees are the only people in the world who do not smoke tobacco or some other stimulating weed. Their reverence for fire as a symbol of deity prevents them from dealing with it lightly. Their religion forbids them to defile any creation of God, such as water, trees, flowers, etc., and on no account would a Parsee indulge in the disgusting habit of expectoration. The Parsees are much more noble in their

treatment of women than any other Asiatic race; they allow them to appear in public and leave to them the entire management of household affairs.

Our regiment landed in the cool of the evening and proceeded the same night to Deolali by rail. At Deolali is a large "rest camp" or receiving depot for all troops entering and leaving India on that side, where they rest a few days before starting for their several destinations.

The 90th L.I. was detailed to do garrison duty in Fort William, Calcutta. As the journey by rail across the great Indian Peninsula would take several days, ample time was allowed to equip the regiment and make every preparation. At Deolali I met a regiment about to embark for home, after a service of over fifteen years in the country. Of the thousand or more who landed with the colors very few were present in the regiment I saw on parade. The bones of many lay mouldering in obscure graves scattered throughout the land, while others having completed their term of engagement, returned to the homes they had pinèd for through many a "long, long Indian day." We were fortunate in meeting this homeward-bound regiment, for during the few days we were together we picked up many useful hints regarding the ways and means of living in the country.

British troops stationed in India have quite a number of native followers who move about with them from station to station and are employed as servants to officers, company-cooks, water-carriers, barbers, washermen, etc. Deolali swarmed with men of this class looking for work. From such a mixed crowd of good, bad and indifferent it was difficult for the new-comer to choose either wisely or well. Of the half-dozen or more servants a British officer employs in India, I consider the “bearer” the most important. I speak now with reference to Bengal and the Punjab. The “bearer” has charge of his master’s personal belongings, keeps the uniform, sword, revolver, etc, ready for use, sews on buttons, tries his hand at darning socks, arranges the bed, tucks in the mosquito curtains at night and turns the *sahib* out in time for early morning parade. He is frequently given charge of the purse and he exacts a discount from every rupee disbursed, which he calls his

dastoor or custom. If the bearer belongs to what his fellows regard as a decent caste, they treat him with respect, and invariably address him as *Sirdar-jee* (Sir Commander). No matter how short the time or unimportant the work, the native when paid off expects his employer to give him a *chitty* (testimonial). This he regards as a sure passport to a new master. These *chits* often pass from one to another and when the innocent-looking applicant produces his packet of *chits* from the voluminous folds of its cotton wrapper, it is sometimes discovered that on a particular date he bore a dual existence hundreds of miles apart, as Ram Das and Buddoo Deen; when asked to explain he assumes a supplicating posture and exclaims “*Khuda janta!*” (God knows); he is a poor man, the *sahib* is his father and mother etc. The *chits* are, therefore, a snare and delusion to the new-comer who, in his wisdom, takes them for a guide.

John Ross.

“HOW BATEESE CAME HOME.”*

BY W. H. DRUMMOND, M. D.

Illustrations by J. B. Lagace.

WHEN I was young boy on de farm—dat’s twenty year ago—
 I have wan frien’ he’s leev near me, called Jean Bateese
 Trudeau,
 An’ offen w’en we are alone, we like for spik about
 De tam dat we was come beeg man, wit’ moustache on
 our mout’.

Bateese is get it on hees ’ead, he’s too moche h’educate
 For mak’ de farmer *habitant*, he better go on State—
 An’ so wan summer h’evening, we’re drivim home de cow
 He’s tole me all de whole biz-*ness*, jus’ like you ’ear me now.

“Wat’s use mak’ foolish on de farm, dere’s no good chances lef’
 An’ all de tam you *be* poor man—you know dat’s true youse’ff
 We never get no fun at all—don’t never go on spree—
 Unless we pass on ’noder place, an’ mak’ it some mon-*ee*.

I go on *Les Etats Unis*, I go dere right away,
 An’ den meb-*be* on ten, twelf year, I be riche man some day,
 An’ w’en I mak’ de large for-*tune* I come back, I s’pose
 Wit’ Yankee wife from off de State, an’ monee on my clothes.

* This poem is re-published from the January, 1896, number of MASSEY’S MAGAZINE. We have had so many requests for it that we decided to re-print it for our readers in this number.—EDITOR.

I tole you someting else also, *Mon Cher Napoleon*—
I get de *grande majorité* for go on *Parlement*,
Den buil' fine house on *bordél'eau* near w'ere de church is stan',
More finer dan de *Presbytere*, w'en I am come rich man!

I say, "For w'at you spik like dat, you mus' be gone craz-ee.
Dere's plaintee feller on de State more smarter dan you be,
Beside she's not so heal'tee place, an' if you mak' *l'argent*
You spen' it jus' like Yankee man, an' not like *habitant*."

"For *me*, Bateese, I tole you dis, I'm very satisfy,
De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some day bigosh he die,
An' s'pose you got good trotter hoss, an' nice *famme Canadienne*,
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat, w'at more you want, ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop him at all,
He's buy de *seconde classe tiquette* for go on Central Fall,
An' wit' two t'ree some more de boy, w'at tink de sam' he do,
Pass on de train de very nex' week, was lef' *Riviere du Loup*.

* * * * *



Waal, mebbe fifteen years or more since Bateese go away,
I fin' meseff *Riviere du Loup* wan cole, cole winter day,
De quick h'express she's come, hooraw! but stop de soon she can,
An' beeg, swell feller jump off car, dat's boss by neeger man.

He's dressim on de *premiere classe*, an' got new suit of clothes,
Wit' long moustache dat's stickim out de noder side hees nose,
Fine gole watch-chain, nice portmanteau, an' very good h'overcoat,
Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red tie on hees t'roat.

I say, "Hello! Bateese, Hello!! *Comment cà va Mon Vieux?*"
He say "H'excuse to me, my frien', I t'ink I don't know you."
I say "Dat's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese Trudeau,
Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, 'bout fifteen years ago?"

He say, "Oh, yass, dat's sure enough, I know you now first rate;
But I forgot mos' all ma French since I go on de State.
Dere's 'noder t'ing, keep on your 'ead, ma frien', dey mus' be tole
Ma nam's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole."

"Hole on de Water's, fonna nam' for man wat's call Trudeau!"
 My frien' dey all was spik like dat, an' I am tole him so.
 He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus' about the sam',
 An' if you go for leev on State you mus' have Yankee nam'."

Den we h'invite him come wit' us "*Hotel du Canadaw*,"
 W'ere he was treat mos' h'ev'ry tam, but can't tak' "*Whiskey Blanc*,"
 He say dat's leetle strong for man, jus' come off Central Fall,
 An' "*tabac Canayen*" *bedamme!* he won't smoke dat at all.

But fancy drink like Colling John! de way he put it down
 Was long tam since I don't see dat—I t'ink he goin' down—
 An' fine cigar, cos' five cent each, an' mak' on *Trois Rivieres!*
L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem—for monee he don't care!

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock, w'en we are t'roo dat night.
 Bateese, his fader come for him, an' tak' him home all right.
 De ole man say Bateese spik French w'en he is place on bed,
 An' say bad word—but very nex' day forget it on hees 'ead.

Waal, all de winter w'en we have *soiree* dat's very swell,
 Bateese Trudeau *dit* Waterhole go dere for mash de gell
 He say he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring is come *encore*,
 He's buy de *premiere classe tiquette* for go on State some more.

* * * * *

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on *Les Etats Unis*,
 An' plaintee *Canayens* go back for stay deir own Contree?
 Waal, jus' about dat tam again I go *Riviere du Loup*
 For sole me two-t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle visit, too.

De freight train she is jus' arrive—onlee ten hour delay—
 She's never carry *passengaire*—dat's what dey alway say—
 I see poor man on *char* caboose, he's got him small valise,
 Bigosh I nearly tak' de fit—it is, it is Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "*Bonjour, mon Vieux*,
 I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was h'educate wit' you?
 I jus' come off de State for see ma familee *encore*,
 I bus' meseff on Central Fall—I don't go dere no more.

I got no monee—not at all—I'm broke it up for sure;
 Dat's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman, Joe Latour,
 He's broder-in-law de frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,
 Conductor too's good *Canayen*, don't h'ax me no *tiquette*."

I tak' Bateese wit me once more "*Hotel du Canadaw*,"
 An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good "*Whiskey Blanc*."
 Dat's warm him up, on' den he eat mos' h'ev'ryt'ing he see—
 I watch de whole *biz-ness* meseff—*Monjee!* he was hongree!!

Madame Charette, wat's keep de place, got very moche h'excite
 For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight,
Du pain doré—potato pie, an' 'noder t'ing be dere,
 But w'en Bateese is get him troo—dey go I don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese come off de State,"
 An' purty soon we have beeg crowd like village she's *en fête*,
Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau heseff, he's comin' wit de pries'
 An' pass him on de "Room for Eat," w're he is see Bateese.



Den h'ev'rybody feel it glad for watch de *embrasser*,
 An' bimeby de ole man spik, "Bateese, you here for stay?"
 Bateese, he's cry like small babbee, "*Bâ J'eux rester ici*
 An' if I never see de State I'm sure I don't care—me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off, "I place you on de farm
 For help you poor ole fader—won't do you too moche harm.
 Please come wit' me on *Magasin*—I fix yo' up, *bâ oui*,
 An' den we're ready for go home an' see de familiee."

Waal, w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de *Magasin*,
 Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress like *Canayen*,
 Wit' *bottes sauvage*—*Ceinture fleché*—an' coat wit' *capuchon*,
 An' spik *Français au naturel*—de sam' as *habitant*.

I see Bateese de 'oder day—he's works hees fader's place,
 I t'ink meseff he's satisfy—I see dat on hees face.
 He say "I got no use for State, *Mon Cher Napoleon*,
 Kebeck she's good enough for me—*Hooraw pour Canadaw*."

W. H. Drummond.



SOME RECENT PICTURES IN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY*

[In this Department it is proposed to show from time to time, examples of the best work of Canadian Amateur Photographers hitherto unpublished.]



PHOTO BY G. E. VALLEAU,

AT THE FARM.

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.



PHOTO BY G. E. VALLEAU,

IN WINTER TIME.

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

*See Frontispiece.

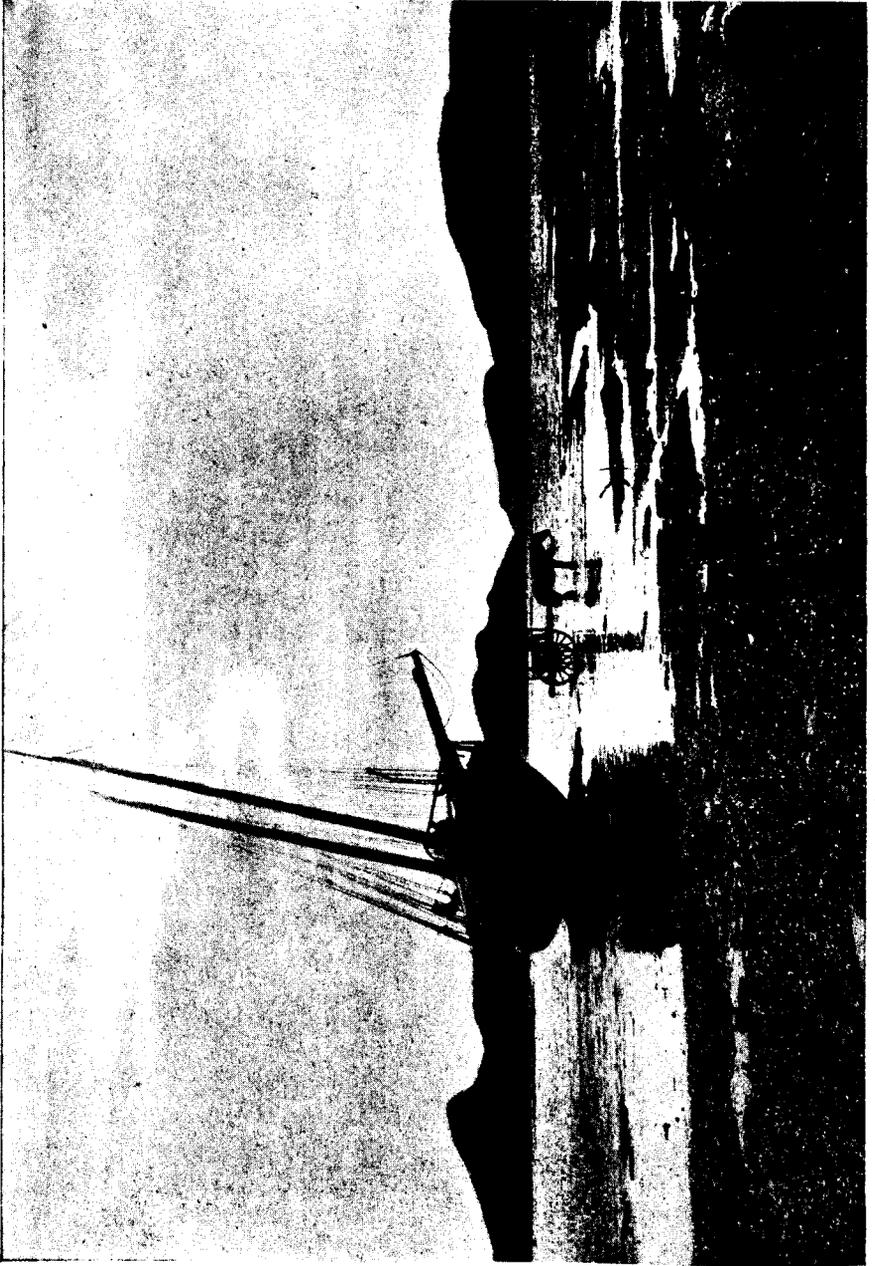


PHOTO BY JAMES WILSON,

LOW TIDE, BIE.

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.



PHOTO BY JAMES WILSON,

IN CHILL OCTOBER.

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.



PHOTO BY JAS. F. GARROW,

ROCKY POINT, OTTAWA RIVER.

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.



PHOTO BY R. B. WHYTE,

OUR "WASH-LADY."

OTTAWA CAMERA CLUB.

[*Begun in March Number.*]

THE MYSTERY OF AN UNCLAIMED REWARD.

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH.

Author of "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE RELENTLESS SHADOW.

All through the hours which intervened till the pattern maker was to meet Rand again, a pair of eyes watched the old man's house from a window directly across the street; but it was nightfall before Rand's meagre figure appeared in the door-way; then the eyes disappeared from the window, and the owner of them—the pattern maker—appeared in the door-way across the street, and after watching the old man's retreating figure till it was nearly out of sight, glided after it. To his chagrin, however, the old man only took a long walk and returned again to his home without calling anywhere. In order never to lose sight of the man, whom he believed held the key to the mystery which the detectives would have given so much to solve, the pattern maker, within two hours after leaving the object of his designs, was, with his valise, the occupant of a new room, the one directly opposite Rand's house.

Later in the night in question, and for many nights afterwards, the pattern maker met Rand at his house, and talked of men and things which would have amazed those with whom he had worked in Quebec; but never again did he mention the name of the outlaw; to have again aroused Rand's suspicions would have been, at least, so he was convinced, to have ruined all his plans.

At times he followed in the wake of the old man for miles, but he never saw him enter a resort where there was any likelihood of the murderer being in hiding. When the old man was not on the streets, the alert, watchful eyes were always at the window. The time was drawing near when exciting events were to follow these days of patient watching.

For over a week the nights had been almost as clear as noonday, and more

than once the pattern maker had seen Rand cast anxious glances at the placid sky, and noted looks of annoyance fit over his face. He had also shown strange signs of irritableness. That the weather was, in some remarkable way, the cause of this queer irritation, began gradually to dawn on the pattern maker's mind.

"But why should it affect him?" he asked himself over and over again. Was it possible that the old man had some project to put into execution which the moon's clear rays hampered?

The question was answered the very next day, which broke cloudy and threatening. In the afternoon the pattern maker met Rand, as though by accident, on the street, and the old man told him that he had better not come round that night as he had found that he would not be in (the evening previous, however, he had said that he would have nowhere to go). His irritableness, too, had vanished in a marvellous manner, and while speaking he had cast an involuntary glance upward, and for the briefest space an expression of satisfaction lit up his face.

"There is more brewing than what is in the clouds," thought the pattern maker, but he made an uninterested reply as he turned away in an opposite direction to what the old man was going. But when Rand entered his house the relentless shadow was not an hundred yards behind him.

By seven o'clock it was pitch dark and pouring rain. The restless eyes had not been able to pierce the increasing gloom any longer, and so were in a shadowy doorway, near Rand's house, where they must surely see any one who entered or left it. At short intervals gusts of wind drove the rain into the watcher's face and saturated his clothing, but he paid no heed to it. Under his arm was the leather case containing the glittering instruments; but the revolver, which

was loaded with the greatest of care, was in his coat pocket—close to his hand.

The minutes sped on and on, and the rain fell heavier and heavier, yet he watched with unabated patience. His eyes had now become accustomed to the increasing darkness and he could still see the door. Suddenly he started; the door began to open, and so noiselessly, that, had he trusted to his hearing, he would have been utterly unaware of the fact. The watchful eyes presently saw Rand appear in the doorway; saw him close and lock the door as noiselessly as he had opened it, and then, picking up a large carpet-bag, glide quickly down the street. The carpet-bag, the flitting shadow noted, was heavy, far too heavy to be the fruits of the smelting pot, and his heart beat eagerly—he believed the bag was the key to the situation.

Meeting a cab, the old man hailed it, and, after giving some instructions to the driver, was whirled away in the direction of the railway station. For a time the shadow trotted after the cab, but finally it also vanished into a cab, which followed in the wake of the first.

As expected by the pursuer, the first cab stopped at the railway station. Rand hurried from it and up to the ticket office. The occupant of the second cab left it before the station was reached.

There was already a crowd at the ticket office and Rand had to wait his turn. He appeared not to mind the delay, yet a close observer would have seen that at short intervals he glanced covertly from side to side. When finally his turn came he could have sworn there was no one near him but the man directly behind, waiting his turn; yet the moment he put his head in the wicket and asked for his ticket, the figure of the pattern maker, as though by some strange art, halted directly behind his, on the outer side of the railing, and leaned over it as though anxious to accost the ticket seller.

When Rand withdrew his head, and once more glanced suspiciously round, the figure had already flitted away. He gave a sigh of relief, and, hurrying into the station, got on board the train. When the conductor took up the tickets, the figure which had shadowed Rand so

faithfully was on board the same train, and in the car next to the one Rand was seated in. His ticket, too, read like Rand's: "To Carnsville and return,"—and this in spite of the low voice in which Rand had asked the ticket seller for the ticket, and the precautions he had taken to prevent anyone hearing the name of the place he wanted to go to.

When the train, at last, rushed into the quiet little station, the pattern maker sprang from it before it had stopped, and, screening himself in the shadow of the station, watched eagerly. To his intense astonishment he saw he was the only passenger for the place, and before he could form any plan what to do, the conductor had given the signal, the train rushed on, and he was left standing alone.

"Outwitted!" The exclamation fell from the pattern maker's lips with a fierceness that spoke more thoroughly of his disappointment than any continued outburst could possibly have done. To add to his anger, he was told there would not be a train to New York for several hours.

When he reached the city again the morning was well advanced, and he saw, by the blinds on Rand's house, that its occupant had returned; at night, when the lights might have revealed its interior, they were religiously closed. Again the relentless eyes took up the watch at the window; again Rand never left his house but what he was shadowed, and again they met at night.

For a week the old man appeared at ease and was good tempered, but after that the strange restlessness, the furtive glances at the once more clear sky returned, and were swiftly noted by the pattern maker, who had perfected plans that he felt positive would not again be thwarted.

Early on the morning of the tenth day the wind veered to the south and drove before it clouds that promised to deeply veil the face of the moon that night. Early as the change occurred, the watcher had seen it, and a look of satisfaction crossed his face. "I know he will go again to-night," he said, softly, to himself, "and then—" He did not complete the sentence; but the look of

confidence spoke clearly of what he believed the termination of the journey would this time be.

When night arrived the clouds were somewhat less sullen than during most of the day, and at long intervals the moon managed to catch brief glances of the city; but so brief, indeed, that there was little danger of its light betraying the figure of the pattern maker, which was hidden once more in a doorway near, very near, to that of Rand's. Again under his arm was the leather case, and close to hand the revolver, which was so soon to be needed. He was so certain that the old man would take the journey again on this night that he waited without the slightest tremor of impatience. Even when Rand glided from the house, it was not excitement or impatience which made him, for an instant, glide so perilously near him—it was to satisfy himself of what he expected: that the carpet-bag was again in his hand.

This time the old man's figure was not shadowed to the station; but when he took his seat in the car the pattern maker was already seated at the back of it, but so cleverly disguised that recognition was practically impossible. The shadow could now see where the figure it dogged left the train—it looked, indeed, as though there was to be no mistake this time!

The train sped on and on. There remained now but one station between Carnsville—Crossley—and the pattern maker wondered whether, on the previous journey, Rand had got off at this station or had got off at the one beyond Carnsville, and had thus eluded possible pursuit. His curiosity was soon to be satisfied. When they were about a mile from Crossley, the brakeman thrust his head into the car and called out the name of the station. As he did so, the pattern maker's eyes were fixed on Rand's figure as unblinkingly as a cat watches a mouse, but the old man gave no signs of preparing to get off at this point. A few seconds later there was a sensation that the mighty, rolling mass was being retarded in its rapid flight; the wheels creaked resentfully at irresistible bands which grasped them; there was a hasty heave forward, and then silence. Again

the brakeman poked his head into the car. "Crossley station!" he yelled. Still Rand made no attempt to leave the car. The pattern maker was leaning wearily against the back of the car, as though asleep. The train began to move again; the light from the station ceased to shine in the car; a quick walk was reached. It was now that Rand quietly rose, cigar in one hand and bag in the other, and sauntered from the car; only one of those who chanced to notice him doubted that his destination was not the smoking car. The moment he banged the door to, his *sung-froid* vanished; turning quickly, he ran down the steps of the car and sprang to the ground. He stood in a listening attitude for a time, but the only sounds which reached him were made by the roar of the train as it rapidly increased its flight.

Had the darkness been less intense he would have seen, to his dismay, another figure silently standing not an acre from him, and which had also sprung from the train shortly after he had. When the lights of the train vanished, the old man, without a moment's hesitation, strode across the track, climbed the fence that hedged it in, cut across a field, and then gained a country road. Without dreaming to look to see if he was being followed, he kept along it for about a mile, and then suddenly branched to the right down a narrow, overgrown path, evidently but rarely used. It ran for about an eighth of a mile and then came to an abrupt termination in front of a house of ancient design. Although the darkness was still intense, the old man, without faltering, cut, in a direct line, across the deep, rank grass, which had away in the past been cut close and served as a lawn, till he reached the house. Then he felt his way along the wall till he came to the back of the house, where he found a small but massive door, and knocked upon it in a manner as though giving a signal. Scarcely had he done so when it yawned open. When it rapidly and noiselessly closed again, the only human form which might have been seen in the vicinity was the shadowy figure which had so unfalteringly kept the trail all the way from the station.

An exultant feeling filled the pattern

maker's breast as the moon for a moment struggled through the clouds and shone upon the massive old structure. It was two stories in height, and, from the depth of the windows, he could see that the walls were of remarkable thickness. As he stood in the darkness, he wondered for a moment what could be the history of the deserted, massive, old structure.

But few of those who lived within a radius of many miles of it were unacquainted with its history, and knew, in their hearts, that its desolation, as well as the feeling that made them shun it, was a superstition worthy only of the middle ages. Many years ago it was alleged that a son had been foully dealt with by his father in the place, and with the death of the father the inevitable came; the rumors of the wayward youth getting beyond the mighty barriers which bar the dead from the living, and mournfully wandering through the deserted rooms of the old house.

Under the mantle of the darkness, the pattern maker made a circuit of the house and tried all the windows. They were, as he had expected, firmly fastened from within.

Leaving the house, he hid in the deep grass, not far from the door which had swallowed up Rand, and watched and

listened with unabated patience. Now and then the moon lit up the sombre structure, but revealed nothing which might have made one suspect it was inhabited. But the watcher knew and waited.

An hour must have stolen slowly away when the faintest sound of a door opening was wafted to his keen ears, as was, too, a few brief, whispered words—then all was silent again. To make sure that he had only one now left to deal with, the shadow cut across a field which he knew must bring him to the narrow, overgrown path, and lying down near the fence, waited. The sounds of footsteps fell upon his ears almost immediately, and by a flash of the moon, almost as brief and dazzling as lightning, he saw Rand hurrying along the narrow path towards the main road, with the carpet bag, which was now folded and empty, under his arm.

"He has smuggled him the last food he will ever eat there." The tone in which the pattern maker uttered the words, as he turned for the last time towards the house, would alone have been fully appreciated by men who know what it is to hourly carry their lives in their hands, and who never give an enemy a chance to shoot first.

F. Clifford Smith.

(To be Concluded.)

THE LAST KISS.

"**K**ISS me to sleep," sighed the blossom,
 "Ere you depart, zephyr sweet:
 Faded the sun, summer is gone;
 Weary, I long for sleep."

I'll fold thy white petals for ever,
 Caress thee again ere I go;
 Blossom so white, sweet dreams to-night,
 Under thy blanket of snow.

A. P. McKishnie.

[*Begun in October Number.*]

WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

PART VI.—CONCLUSION.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

GALLISSON-
NIERE.

We are now entering upon the last and most dramatic stage of the early history of Canada, the time during which it was to be decided whether this country should come under the government of France or of Great Britain. At the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Marquis de la Gallissonnière was governor of Canada, and he felt that whatever the cost, France must retain hold of Canada, and connect her with Louisiana, by chains of forts sufficiently strong to keep in check the British colonists, while French settlers should be encouraged to spread over the valleys of the interior. The boundaries of France and Great Britain had been in no way determined by the treaty; and English traders were crossing over into the territories claimed by the French, ruining the fur trade, seducing the Indian allies of Canada, and stirring them up against her. To put a stop to these aggressions, the governor sent Céloron de Bienville into the valley of the Ohio, in the summer of 1749.

De Bienville took with him fourteen officers and cadets, twenty soldiers, a hundred and eighty Canadians, and a band of Indians, in twenty-three birch canoes, leaving Lachine June 15th. On July 6th, they reached Niagara, the most important pass of all the western wilderness. Carrying their canoes, they launched them on Lake Erie, and again on the Chautauqua Lake; and, after surmounting manifold difficulties they reached La Belle Rivière, that is the Ohio, at noon of the 29th, at the part which is now called the Alleghany. The valley of the Ohio lay midway between the two great French colonies of Canada and Louisiana. If the English should seize it they would cut French America in two. If the French held it they would shut the

British between the Alleghanies and the sea, and control all the tribes of the west. France had claimed the vast western wilderness for seventy years, but had done hardly anything for it. If she had sent out her Huguenots here, instead of slaying and banishing them, they might have built up a strong nation, but that was not her policy. And now the Indians of those parts were welcoming the English traders who were declared by a governor of Virginia to be "in general a set of abandoned wretches," although some were of a better stamp.

IN THE
VALLEY OF
THE OHIO.

Céloron de Bienville began by taking possession of the country. Louis XV. was proclaimed lord of the region, the arms of France, stamped on a sheet of tin, were nailed to a tree, a plate of lead was buried at its foot, and the notary of the expedition drew up a formal act of the whole proceeding. This was repeated. The Indians were not always friendly; sometimes they were thoroughly attached to the English; and there were English settlers on the way who occasionally displayed hostile feelings. Holding conferences with the Indians they did not always attain the satisfactory results which they expected. Even when they agreed to all the French asked, they could not trust them for a day. The only thing that they did cheerfully was to purchase the goods brought by the French, which they wanted. On the whole, their experience on the Ohio was far from satisfactory. The chaplain of the party, speaking of the Indian villages, says: "Each, great or small, has one or more of the English traders, and each of these has hired men to carry his furs. Behold, then, the English were advanced upon our lands, and, what is worse, under the protection of a crowd of savages whom they have drawn over

to them, and whose number increased daily."

La Gallissonnière was succeeded by La Jonquière, also a naval officer of repute, a man equally awake to the relations between French and English. He ordered Céloron to attack the English at Picadilly on the Miami, which he refused to do, probably from inability. La Jonquière was so distressed that he begged to be recalled; but he died before his successor could arrive. We have stepped beyond our usual limits to note these incidents which show that some Frenchmen in Canada were more alive to the importance of the impending struggle than were those at home, who were wasting on unprofitable wars in Europe, resources which might have built up their empire in different parts of the world.

The Peninsula of Nova Scotia, known as Acadia, as we have seen, was conquered by General Nicholson in 1710, and transferred by France to the British crown three years later by the Treaty of Utrecht, the inhabitants being allowed to depart or to remain as British subjects. Very few left, and those remaining were required to take the oath of allegiance to King George. The French agents, chiefly priests, persuaded them that they were still subjects of King Louis. It was not until seventeen years afterwards that they took the oath. The English authorities behaved with the greatest forbearance. At length, about 1730, nearly all of them subscribed an oath recognizing George II. But in 1745 some of them took arms against the British. As Louisbourg had been given up to the French, the English established another station at Chebuctoo, now the city of Halifax. By this means, the English position in Acadia was greatly strengthened, yet the French did not abandon the hope of recovering the country; and they were continually intriguing in the hope of turning the populace against their rulers.

The Acadians had no ground of complaint against the government. They had been treated kindly, had religious liberty, and

no one was punished save for political offences. The Acadians had received an assurance that they would not be required to act against the Indians; and it was therefore now thought necessary to bind them to an allegiance the same as required of other British subjects. They refused it, offering their old oath, exempting them from taking up arms. An attempt was made by the Canadian government to get them to leave Acadia; and the Indians were encouraged to attack the English settlers, the priests being forward in this work, the minister at Versailles being aware of it, and the king approving. "What we call here an Indian war," wrote the governor of Acadia, "is no other than a pretence for the French to commit hostilities on his majesty's subjects." The English governor, quite aware of what was going on, behaved with surprising patience. He told the Acadians he was quite aware of the inducements held out to them to be disloyal to his king, that certain missionaries and others had been guilty of horrible conduct, without honor, honesty, or conscience. But he said that he would not believe that these things were done with the approval of the Court of France. The governor was Cornwallis, and his successor, Hopson, was no less patient and conciliatory. But nothing could conciliate the clergy, among whom Le Loutre, vicar-general of Acadia and missionary to the Micmacs, was pre-eminent. These poor Indians he used on one hand to murder the English and on the other to terrify the Acadians. "Nobody" says a French contemporary, "was more fit than he to carry discord and desolation into a country." Cornwallis called him "a good-for-nothing scoundrel," and offered £100 for his head.

To a large extent Le Loutre failed. He was unable to stir up an insurrection against the English, and the people left Acadia with great reluctance. Some, indeed, "were eager to go, some went with reluctance and some would scarcely go at all." Two thousand left before the end of 1751 and many more followed within the next two years. But they had no heart for the work. Many of them died of want.

FRENCH
TREACHERY.

THE
EMIGRATION.

VALLEY
OF THE
OHIO.

We can only glance, for a moment, at events passing outside our limits. Washington, only twenty years of age, is in command of British troops against the French in Virginia and Pennsylvania and distinguishes himself by the great qualities which he afterwards displayed. General Braddock, a soldier of experience, but too self-confident, was sent into the same region to attack Fort Duquesne, a fort in the valley of the Ohio; but through his ignorance of Indian modes of warfare, he suffered defeat on the Monongahela at the hands of a small force of Indians and French under Beaujeu. Braddock died of his wounds, and the remnant of his forces retired. In consequence there followed a series of Indian raids along hundreds of miles of frontier. On the other hand General Johnson defeated the French under Baron Dieskau at the fort of Lake George, which then received the name of the King of England (1755).

REMOVAL
OF THE
ACADIANS.

But the most memorable event of this time, and one which has been the subject of much controversy, was the expulsion of the French inhabitants of Acadia. To Mr. Parkman the world is deeply indebted for his thorough examination of this subject; and to his volumes and the documents to which he refers those must have recourse who wish to have authority for the brief statements which alone can be afforded here. It has, through his researches, become abundantly evident that, however we may finally commiserate those Acadians who were driven from their homes, there was hardly any other course open to their rulers.

NO
CRIEVANCES.

The Acadians had no grievances, civil or religious. At first, indeed, they had concessions made to them which would not have been granted to natives of Great Britain. They had the free exercise of their religion. When certain priests were refused the power to exercise their functions in Acadia, it was not with the view of withholding from the people any of their religious privileges, but simply because those priests were stirring up

traitorous designs against the government, and trying to keep alive in the people the conviction that they were subjects of King Louis, and not of King George. The people were not discontented nor had they any reason for discontent. They would have remained loyal British subjects if they had been let alone. As we have seen, they left their country most reluctantly; and if ultimately those who remained had to be sent away, and this involved the greatest hardships and miseries, the blame must not be laid at the door of the rulers of Acadia or the Government of England, but of the French clergy, prominent among them, Le Loutre, and the government at Versailles.

DIFFICULTY
OF THE
GOVERNMENT.

The difficulty of the British Government in Acadia consisted in the determination of the French to win back the province. Among the arrangements for offence, the French had built a fort on the hill of Beauséjour on the frontier of Acadia, and a large number of Acadians, who had crossed the line, were collected about Beauséjour, where they maintained a very precarious existence, wretched and half-starved, while others had been transported to Cape Breton and other places; yet not so far but that they could be used in an invasion of British Acadia; and this was ever contemplated by the French, partly in order to assist the Acadians and partly in order to connect their Canadian possessions with Cape Breton and Louisbourg. So far had their plans advanced that Duquesne, the governor of Canada, wrote to Le Loutre, who shared with Vergor, its commandant, the control of Beauséjour, "I invite both you and M. Vergor to devise a plausible pretext for attacking" the English. But the English of Acadia and the New Englanders of Massachusetts were quite aware of their designs and determined to take the initiative by making an attack on Beauséjour. When the attack was made there was little pretence of fighting on the part of the defenders. After a few days the British flag was raised on the ramparts. Le Loutre escaped and embarked for France, but was caught on

the way by the English, by whom he was kept prisoner for eight years on the Island of Jersey.

EXPULSION. Through the whole of these transactions the Acadians had carried on their practice of helping the French and murdering the English. Every means was taken to induce the emigrants still remaining within the province to take the oath of allegiance, but they refused. The British authorities were in a difficulty from the fact that their New England auxiliaries had been enlisted only for a year, and if they left, the French might make another attempt to recover Acadia. It became plain, therefore, that the French Acadians must be got rid of; and that they must not be allowed to settle round the province, as in that case they would join in any attack made upon it. Every attempt was made to get the Acadians to accept the position of British subjects. Of this there can be no manner of doubt, since it is attested by French and English witnesses alike. But all was in vain. And they had to be informed that, as they would not be subjects of his Britannic majesty, but persisted in regarding themselves as subjects of the king of France, they must depart. Parkman truly remarks: "New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own. Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put into execution until every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain. The agents of the French Court, civil, military and ecclesiastical had made some act of force a necessity. We have seen by what vile practices they produced in Acadia a state of things intolerable and impossible of continuance. They conjured up the tempest; and when it burst upon the heads of the unhappy people, they gave no help. The Government of Louis XV. began by making the Acadians its tools, and ended by making them its victims." It should be added that Dr. Bourinot, after a careful consideration of all the facts, gives an account of this affair more in accordance with the traditional view than that of Parkman.

**WAR
DECLARED.**

After a year of open hostility, England proclaimed war against France on May 18, 1756, and France reciprocated on June 9; the beginning of a conflict that "convulsed Europe and shook America, India, the coasts of Africa and the islands of the sea." This was the celebrated seven years' war with Austria, Russia and France on one side, and England and Prussia on the other. It was an unfortunate war for France in all respects, but more especially in regard to her colonies, since she had neglected her navy and was, therefore, unable to protect them against the great naval power of England.

MONTCALM. The beginning of the conflict in America, however, was favorable to the French. A

new general was appointed to command in Canada, the Marquis de Montcalm. He was born near Nîmes in 1712, and was well educated. At fifteen he joined the army as ensign, and he succeeded to his father's estate, extensive but heavily burdened, in 1735. He married a lady with some money, and had ten children, of whom two sons and four daughters were living in 1752. After taking part in several campaigns, Montcalm was sent to Canada in 1756, not quite to the satisfaction of Vaudreuil, the governor, who had hoped to get the command for himself. Montcalm was a man of small stature, with a lively countenance, a keen eye, and, in moments of animation, rapid, vehement utterance, and nervous gesticulation. He found himself in command of different classes of troops, regulars from France, the Canadian militia, and the Indian auxiliaries. The Adjutant-General, Montreuil, told him to trust only the French regulars for an expedition, but use the Canadians and Indians to harass the enemy. Montcalm had a very uncomfortable feeling about his red allies. "They are *vilains mes-sieurs*," he writes to his mother, "even when fresh from their toilet, at which they pass their lives; one needs the patience of an angel to get on with them."

**OSWEGO
TAKEN BY
THE FRENCH.** The British were preparing to attack the fort at Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, and the French determined to anticipate

their movements by capturing Oswego, and thus getting the complete command of Lake Ontario. Both the defences and the garrison of Oswego were in a very bad condition, and Montcalm, though he managed the attack well, had no great difficulty in gaining possession of a place which could not have long held out. It was, however, a great blow to the English, who began to fear that other calamities would follow. The French, on the other hand, were greatly elated at their success, as they might well be. It was the greatest that they had achieved in America, and gave them the undisputed command of the lake. Oswego was destroyed, and they needed only a small garrison at Niagara and Fort Frontenac to maintain their position.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY. Fort William Henry was an important post held by the English at the southern end of Lake George. An attack was made upon it by the French under Rigaud; but it ended in failure. In the next year (1757) Montcalm took the matter in hand. The Earl of London, then commanding the British forces, had taken with him to Louisbourg the best troops under his command, and there seemed a good prospect of seizing the forts, and even advancing to Albany, the capital of the State. The fort was well armed, and if the brave commander, Lieut.-Col. Munro, had obtained reinforcements in time, it might have been defended. General Webb was only fourteen miles off at Fort Edward, with 2,600 men, and expressed his determination to march to Fort William Henry as soon as he heard of the approach of the French. This he failed to do, and he has been properly accused of incapacity; but his conduct looks very much like cowardice. The besieged fought like brave men. More than 300 were killed and wounded; small-pox was raging and their larger guns were disabled, so they had no choice but to surrender. They were allowed to march out with the honors of war, and one field-piece was left to them as a recognition of the bravery of their defence. The Indians first murdered the sick left in the fort, and then the wounded men left in the tents. Finally they set

upon those departing when on their march, seized their possessions, tomahawked them when they resisted, dragged off women and children or murdered them on the spot, and even many of the soldiers. The French officers generally seem to have behaved disgracefully. Montcalm did his utmost to protect the English, although he might have taken more careful measures beforehand. In the meantime, Loudon had accomplished nothing before Louisbourg, and the English Admiral, Holbourne, who was to have co-operated with him, also returned home to tell of failure.

THE ELDER
PITT.

Whilst England was acting with Frederick the Great of Prussia in the Seven Years' War, and reaping scanty laurels, the reins of power came into the hands of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. He thought, and others have thought, that he and no one else could save his country. It was mainly through his aims and efforts that England acquired her immense colonial empire. If not a perfect man, he was noble, disinterested, patriotic, a man recognized and trusted by the English people as their natural head and leader. In every way he assisted Frederick on the continent of Europe, and he determined to annihilate the French power in America. When Pitt took office (1757) the fortunes of England were at their lowest ebb. "We are undone," said Lord Chesterfield, "both at home and abroad; at home, by our increasing debt and expenses, abroad by our ill luck and incapacity; we are no longer a nation." With Pitt there came a change. The best men were appointed to the most important posts. "England has long been in labor," said the great Frederick, "and at last she has brought forth a man." In carrying out his designs against the French power in America, Pitt first designed to take Louisbourg as a step towards Quebec; then Ticonderoga, an offence and a danger to the Northern colonies; and, lastly, Fort Duquesne, the key of the Great West.

Against Louisbourg, Major-
LOUISBOURG. General Amherst was despatched, and under him were three brigadiers, Whitmore, Lawrence

and Wolfe, of the last of whom we shall hear much more. Admiral Boscawen had command of the fleet which was appointed to co-operate in the attack on Louisbourg. It was the strongest fortress in North America, although it was not without its weaknesses. The garrison consisted of 3,080 regular troops, besides officers, some armed inhabitants, and a band of Indians. They had 219 cannons and seventeen mortars mounted on the walls and outworks. On the 1st of June the enemy came in sight. Boscawen had twenty-three ships of the line and a fleet of transport with 11,600 soldiers all regulars, except 500 provincial rangers. Amherst soon joined them. The attack and defence were conducted with equal gallantry. But resistance became impossible, and on July 27th the English took possession of the Fort, it being stipulated that the garrison should be sent to England as prisoners of war. The victors, on their part, promised to give the sick and the wounded of the French the same care as their own. The fortifications of Louisbourg were pulled down, and finally destroyed in 1763. The English occupied the Island of St. John, now Prince Edward and Acadia was at last completely in their possession.

The capture of Louisbourg

TICONDEROGA. was received with the greater rejoicing in England that the British forces under Abercromby had suffered a repulse on the banks of Lake Champlain through an imprudent attack, without artillery, upon Ticonderoga defended by Montcalm and Levis. The saddest incident was the death of Lord Howe, by whom it was hoped that the lack of ability on the part of Abercromby would be supplied, a man pronounced by Wolfe to be "the best soldier in the British army." Abercromby retreated to the head of Lake George, and was superseded by Amherst. Montcalm did not greatly exaggerate the importance of his success, when he wrote to his wife: "Without Indians, almost without Canadians or colonial troops—I had only four hundred—along with Levis and Bourslamaque and the troops of the line, thirty-one hundred fighting men, I have beaten an army of twenty-five thousand."

**FORT
FRONTENAC.**

If the French were jubilant, the English felt keenly the disgrace of their defeat. They were somewhat cheered by the intelligence that Fort Frontenac, which controlled Lake Ontario and had given Montcalm the means of conquering Oswego, had fallen into British hands. It was the work of Colonel Bradstreet, to whom Abercromby had reluctantly entrusted three thousand men, nearly all provincials, for that purpose. The capture was effected without difficulty, and the fort was dismantled and the buildings about it were burned. The French regarded the capture of this fort as of greater injury to the colony than the loss of a battle.

**FORT
DUQUESNE.**

The other point against which the English contemplated an attack was Fort Duquesne. A British fort had stood on the site and had been taken and destroyed by the French, who rebuilt it and renamed it after the governor of Canada. Brigadier John Forbes, a plain man and an excellent soldier, was sent against it. Although attacked by a painful and dangerous disease and suffering the greatest pain, he had himself carried along on a kind of hurdle between two horses. Vaudreuil was at first quite confident that he had sent sufficient reinforcements to De Sigeris who was in command at Fort Duquesne; but afterwards had some misgivings on the subject. Forbes delayed an attack for various reasons. Major Grant, sent by his own wish to reconnoitre, managed things so badly, dividing his forces and so exposing them to piece-meal destruction, that his troops, unaccustomed to Indian warfare and badly handled, broke into a wild and disorderly retreat. After two months, Forbes led his men, burning to avenge their defeat, on against the fort; but he found it deserted. Only a few Indians lingered around the place, which was now named Fort Pitt, and became the site of the great city of Pittsburg, the second in Pennsylvania.

TROUBLES.

The success of Montcalm at Ticonderoga had excited the jealousy of the governor Vaudreuil, who went so far as to ask for Montcalm's recall. In fact he claimed

for himself, as having promptly despatched troops, the credit of the victory. Things were in a bad state in the colony. Food was scarce, British ships were watching the St. Lawrence, the people were half-starved, whilst a number of unprincipled agents were fattening on their labors. "What a country," exclaimed Montcalm; "Here all the knaves grow rich, and the honest men are ruined." He wanted to be recalled, but thought it his duty to remain and do his best for the country. He made an earnest appeal to the government at home. But Vaudreuil had succeeded in poisoning the ministers against the emissaries of Montcalm; consequently they were received with coldness, and the pressing needs of Europe were urged as a reason for giving them hardly any assistance.

We are coming to the moment when the two great leaders were to meet. James Wolfe was the son of an officer of distinction, and was born in 1727, so that now (1759) he was in his thirty-third year. He was in every fibre of his frame, a soldier. At sixteen he was adjutant of his regiment. At twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment at Inverness, after Culloden, and gaining even the good will of the disaffected and embittered Highlanders. He did not despise fame; but his ruling principles were duty to his country and profession, loyalty to his king, and fidelity to his own ideal of the perfect soldier. To his mother he said: "All that I wish for myself is that I may at all times be ready and firm to meet that fate we cannot shun, and to die gracefully and properly when the hour comes."

In this hope he was not disappointed. Fear he never seemed to know. His part in the taking of Louisbourg greatly increased his reputation. After his return home, Pitt chose him to command the expedition against Quebec. The Duke of Newcastle did not quite approve of such promotion for one so young, and he said to George II. that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said the king. "Then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

The French began to prepare for the threatening danger. Vaudreuil, in his usual pompous manner, addressed a circular letter to the militia captains of all the parishes, with orders to read it to the parishoners. He exhorted them to defend their homes from the fury of the heretics, declaring that he, as governor, would never yield up Canada on any conditions. The bishop followed suit. Whilst these preparations were being made, Bougainville, one of the emissaries to the French court, arrived with the information that a great fleet was on its way to attack Quebec. Nearly the whole force of the colony was ordered to the defence of the capital. The French had at this time about twenty thousand men, one-fifth regulars, and the rest militia and Indians. More than 16,000 were in and about Quebec. The fortifications of Quebec had been strengthened, but the city was ill-provided with stores for any lengthened siege. In the city every gate but one, which gave access to the bridge, was closed and barricaded. A hundred and six cannons were mounted on the walls. A floating battery of twelve heavy pieces, a number of gunboats, eight fireships, and several fire-rafts formed the defence of the river. Towards the end of June (1759) the English army appeared. A landing of soldiers was made in the Isle of Orleans (June 26). It was arranged that the army under Wolfe, numbering barely 9,000 men, and the fleet under Admiral Saunders should attack Quebec.

Wolfe soon saw the desperate nature of his task. The French, knowing their strength in numbers and in position, determined to await the attack. Many things went against the English, and the siege continued for eleven weeks. It was ended by an act of almost incredible daring on the part of Wolfe. We cannot here narrate the progress of the siege, but must merely note briefly the end of the struggle. Wolfe got a force of four thousand men above the fortress, the French being confident that no one would attempt to scale the cliff. A zig-zag path led from a cove to the top of the height, and Wolfe determined, if possible, to gain, by this route, the table-

land (the Plains of Abraham) on which he could best give battle to Montcalm. There was no moon, and but little starlight. The attention of Montcalm was diverted by the bombardment of the city from Levis and a cannonade kept up by the English Admiral. No sound came from the oars of Wolfe's company. They were challenged by a sentry, but deceived him into the belief that they were French. They speedily gained the heights, overpowered the guards, and were soon climbing to the level land. By six in the morning Wolfe had formed his army of nearly 4,000 men in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm thought it necessary to begin battle at once, and he had about 1500 men more than Wolfe. The battle began about ten o'clock, the English reserving their fire until within forty yards of the enemy, when they did terrible execution. The battle lasted only a few minutes. Wolfe had been wounded in the wrist near the beginning of the fight, and was leading a charge of grenadiers when he received his fatal wound. He was removed from the field in a state of stupor. "They run! see how they run!" cried one of his attendants. "Who run?" he asked, attempting to rise. "The enemy, sir." "Go, one of you, my lads," said the dying man, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the St. Charles River, and cut off the fugitives at the bridge." And then turning on his side, he said, "God be praised, I now die in peace." Montcalm, trying to rally his retreating soldiers, also got his death blow; and a few hours later, on the 14th of September (the battle was fought on the 13th) he breathed his last. Levis was at Montreal, and hastened to bring relief to Quebec; but when he was moving to-

wards the city, he found it in possession of the English. By the terms of capitulation, the soldiers were permitted to march out with the honors of war, and were to be landed in France, the Roman Catholic religion was to have freedom, and religious houses were to be protected. Wolfe's remains were taken to England, and buried at Greenwich by his father's side, while a monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey. Montcalm was buried beneath the floor of the Ursuline convent; and over his grave, many years after, a plain marble slab was placed by an English Governor-General, with an inscription doing justice to his valor. Wolfe was not yet thirty-three years of age; Montcalm just over forty-seven. Both were good men and great soldiers, beloved by those who served under them, and honored by their country. As Dr. Bourinot excellently remarks: "Freedom won on the Plains of Abraham, and a great Frenchman and a great Englishman consecrated, by their deaths on the same battle field, the future political union of two races on the northern half of the continent, now known as the Dominion of Canada."

The English were not yet assured of their conquest; nor were their generals all so wise as Wolfe. They not only suffered reverses, but almost lost Quebec under the attack of Levis. But at last the end came. Three English armies converged upon Montreal, and Vaudreuil had no choice but to capitulate. The same liberties were granted as at Quebec (1760). No further serious effort was made to win back the colony; and on February 10, 1763, by the treaty of Paris, France ceded to Great Britain Canada, with Cape Breton and the Laurentian Isles.

William Clark.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE LADY CYCLIST.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

ONLY some six or seven years ago there were no lady-cyclists in Canada. Can you fancy it, my sisters? In one short demi-decade we have learned a new enthusiasm, gone through the Battle of the Bloomer, taken into our lives a new pleasure, the like of which we never before experienced or even in our dreams imagined.

Is it only seven years, or seventy, since we knew of no better way of reaching our goal than by Shank's Mare, Irish Tandem—one foot in front of the other—or the uninteresting, stupid and antiquated conveyance by carriage, coach, or tram?

The whole world (excepting the makers) balked at the bicycle—at least, for women's use. Men must have been at the bottom of this attitude which made the world look foolish, for I don't recall any decided pose of the sort against man as a straddling enthusiast, nor any protest whatever, previous to that first shipment of English wheels for ladies to Canada. Talk about the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock! Believe me, that the disembarkation of the first woman's bicycle was the real event of this or previous ages. Ah! that bicycle! It had an iron tire, and a saddle formed to torture, and pedals that were apt to refuse to be pedalled, and the contour like a nightmare for the reckless she to ride. The same she was neither very trim nor very tasty, nor good to watch upon her devious way. Poor pioneer woman bicyclist, one hesitates to call her a lady, with her skirts modestly touching the ground, and occasionally winding themselves about her pedals, and giving her a toss which she took weeks to forget. Her feet were encased in hideous canvas and rubber-soled shoes (tennis left-overs, were these abominations), her hats were wonderful and altogether hideous, as she tried to evolve something "sporty" in head-gear, and did

not just know how. Do you remember those horrid peaked caps, that put ten years on one's face, and were hot and heavy, in the first struggling midsummer? But the first woman cyclist was so bumped, and bruised, and battered, and scratched, and wrenched, and twisted, and torn, and rasped on the shins and ankles, and tortured with a mis-fitting saddle, that she did not care how she looked, and her indifference was the tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb. Could she have suffered as she did, and realized how she looked, at one and the same time, the evolution of the lady cyclist would have come to a dead stop, and bicycles would have been sold for old iron—as, indeed, many of them eventually were!

Besides her philosophy, she was so absorbed in this new sport, in mastering the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of her exasperating but adored machine (we got that word from England with the first shipment of wheels, and returned it with thanks as inartistic and insulting to our idol), that such lesser affairs as skirts and boots and hats took a back seat, and only obtruded themselves when some candid and inconsiderate bystander greeted the preoccupied wheelwoman with that frank criticism which pioneer bicyclists recall now-a-days in wonder that they survived it! Our wheels of six years ago were built for endurance, and bore their scars bravely; with them we ran down street-cars, policemen, senators, old ladies, baby-carriages—was it not the most exciting experience of my life, that palpitating moment when I overturned a smart perambulator full of twins while riding, by special permit from the chief of police, on a Hamilton sidewalk? Then, with my heart in my mouth, did I ride off scot-free, owing to the blessed maternal impulse to rescue the dual blessings from the gutter proving more potent than its conflicting yearning to thrash the "brazen creature" escaping on the wobbling bicycle.

Ah! those many-times-repeated tales of hair-breadth escapes, chain-entangled skirts, harrowing collisions, which were the result of a combination of street, studio, general imbecility of costume and ignorance of the eternal fitness of things; they have happily fallen into disuse since the evolution of the bicycle school (a curious inversion of the proper order of things), and the accomplishment of a properly cut and designed riding habit.

Before the proper and conventional garb was invented, evolved, or what you will, we struggled through a maze of short skirts, long skirts, divided skirts, strapped skirts, into which we were hobbled by bands of elastic, like cows; heavy skirts, with leaden sinkers in the hem, which bruised our already sombre tinted ankles; light skirts which caused us modest agonies whenever the stormy winds did blow, and led to letters being written by proper minded old ladies of both sexes to the daily papers. We had skirts that crept up in rolls on our beseeching knees, and skirts that bunched on one side, and poked up in the back, and caught on the saddle or the pedal, as the case might be; every make and material and crude monstrosity of costume was ours to wear amid the joy of small bifurcated fiends, the averted faces of our scandalized intimates, and the jeers and disapproval of an unfeeling world.

Never since Father Noah built his ark has humanity so relentlessly arrayed itself against intrepid navigators; never since Columbus discovered America has such a road been broken for posterity.

It required the nerve of a lightning rod peddler, and the second sight of a physic expert to announce in a first-class magazine five years ago, as was done by the writer of this article, "The bicycle has come to stay," but time has justified the statement.

Speaking of roads reminds me that asphalt pavements and the lady's bicycle struck Canada almost simultaneously; (there had been a few smooth spots of roadway where there are now miles and miles of it), and the pneumatic tire came bouncing along after the asphalt with commendable rapidity, to be received at

first with mistrust and foreboding, but after the first rapturous ride, to be accepted as man's best gift to woman. I sometimes pity the cyclists of to-day who have not evolved from hard to cushioned tires, and onward and upward to the buoyant pneumatic. I can vividly recall the way my wheel ran away from me, and the exhilaration that possessed me, as I went "scooting" down the asphalted street like mad, and finally landed on the curbstone. After the advent of the pneumatic tire, things began to brighten for bruised and scarred but indomitable lady cyclists. By the way, I was touring Ireland in 1892, and met the man who invented the pneumatic tire, or rather evolved it from a length of hose-pipe. Down in the south-east, at the little town of Enniscorthy where are Strongbow's Castle and Vinegar Hill, as you doubtless remember, I was talked to steadily for four hours by the father of the modern bicycle, a veteran cyclist, who showed me many lovely rides thereabouts. For the Irish roads are perfect, and the charming precincts of Wicklow, the level stretches around Kilkenny, the romantic and adorable region round Killarney, Bantry Bay and Glengariff are the veritable cyclist's paradise. Holiday after holiday flits before my retrospective eye, but none of them approaches the cycling tour, whether in the land of the shamrock, the ruddy-tinted dust of that insular Garden of Eden, Prince Edward Island, the flat reaches of Western Ontario, the bosky elegance of Central Park, the new and happy-go-lucky circuit of forty-five miles of the parks and boulevards of Chicago, or the rocky cottage-dotted roads of the Eastern townships where Jean Baptiste is *chez lui*. Rides remain in golden memory; that sweet little jaunt from Quebec to Montmorency Falls, with its hard uphill going and glorious descent returning; with its half-way house, and the brewery where one is given something cold and malty, without money and without price, by a delightful French dame, who loves to see one, with parched throat and dusty garments, drain her glasses of foaming lager, and waves away recompense with *debonnaire* enjoyment. That grand coast down the

mountain side at Montreal, where a reckless Irishman threatens "to dthrop over into the reservoir," if the heat continues; that run of miles on brick pavement from Buffalo to Tonawanda, and that dear, wee ride on a tiny lover's pathway along the mighty river's bank from old Niagara to Queenston, or, if one happens to be on the American side, from Youngstown to Lewiston—these and such as these, are the harvest of the cyclist, garnered for eternal feasting.

The yearly meets of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association have proved a splendid means of bringing wheelmen of the big and far stretching Dominion into touch with one another. Stately Montreal, jolly little Berlin and Waterloo, and picturesque Quebec, have seen the enthusiastic wheelmen gathered in good fellowship. Probably there were equally successful meets anterior to these, but I am only a woman, who learned to ride (a wheel weighing fifty pounds, with a rubber cushion tire!) in time to wobble with the procession and upset those Hamilton twins, and I write only of meets at which I have been in attendance. It was long our glory, we five Toronto women who went to Hamilton five years ago or more, that when the various clubs filed past in competition for the largest attendance, the Torontos won by a shave, and we were the shave! Proudly did we make braiding patterns with our cushion tires, gamely did we stick on, with dripping brows and vice-like grasp, until safely past the judge's stand, when we steered wildly out of the procession, fell on the grass and closed our eyes, at peace with earth and heaven!

In those days, when *esprit de corps* was young and strong, every man and woman had sets of bicycle colors, (Sunday ones with embroidered initials). Where are they now, those fluttering ribbons? One sometimes regrets that first enthusiastic year, when the safety bicycle landed in America! By the way, how properly has woman racing been sat upon! A woman's bicycle race is exceedingly funny, and the finish wildly ridiculous. At one (the only one for me!) of such undesirable exhibitions, the winner, a fat lady, with a moustache and snappy

black eyes, passed the tape a couple of seconds ahead, promptly fell off in a faint, was immediately sat upon, by a scraggy lady whose hair had gotten loose, and was furthermore used as a cushion by the rest of the racers, who steered straight for her as they dashed in. Strange to say, when the judge and the starter hauled them off, in various stages of rage, hysterics and collapse, the stout lady was found still unconscious but absolutely uninjured, and being revived, snapped her eyes at the dishevelled one and said acidly, "I beat you, anyway, Smartie!" It was the most ludicrously, feminine way of expressing sport, taking as woman contests nearly always do, such a pointedly personal turn.

The adoption of the wheel as a fad by that portion of humanity known as "society" was in direct inversion of the usual order, when Madeline Montresor sets the style, and Mary Jane Milliner copies it at a respectful distance. This time it was the sisters, sweethearts and wives of the young chaps about town, the clerks, the mechanics, and such-like, who broke the virgin country roads and made things easy for Madeline and her dainty sisters. Now queens "scoot" through old world cities and countrysides, Princesses are belted and upheld in cycle academies, and every grade of society in Canada, from the Countess who sits beside the Earl and represents royalty, to the small typewriter who plays the little piano for three dollars a week, and whose "society" consists of a rare spree to the theatre on gala nights, a sleighing party or a club dance, Canadian women are devoted to the sport of the end of of the century. There is a varied assortment of women's clubs, but in spite of impressions of added independence, misconceived by the uninitiated, women don't invariably prefer to belong to a strictly feminine organization of this description. To tell the truth, men are handy to have around when tires blow up, or nuts loosen, or hills are steep, and then there might be cows! I've known men who were afraid, but I never met one afraid of a cow. Now, I confess to a dreadful fear of those awkward horny-looking creatures, and that I am not alone in my terror proved itself in

our early days of cycling, when several of us were riding in a certain shaded road, between high banks, and the foremost came face to face with half a dozen cows. She stood not on the order of her going, but with a wild shriek of "Cows, girls, cows!" leapt from her wheel and climbed the high bank, followed by every woman of the party; the cows finding the road blocked with overturned bicycles, and perhaps recalling wire fence wounds also stopped, and calmly waited for a clearance. We should have been there yet, had not a couple of men riders happened by, and it shows to what a pitch chivalry was developed by the bicycle, that they concealed their mirth, conducted our wheels past the cows, and then quietly rode away, while we sneaked down the bank, and followed them, with blessings by the score, and an occasional fearsome glance behind us. I have been surprised that the bicycle craze in extending to the upper stratum of society has not inspired some out of occupation parties to the construction of country inns. When one recalls the inns of England, the big square coffee-rooms and the bicycle racks under cover, the motherly matter-of-course way the lady cyclist is received, dried, fed, or housed as the hour or the elements exact, and contrasts it with the indifference and unconcern of the Canadian innkeeper and his better half, the rather supercilious manner with which these good people survey the dismounting party, and the general air of "You're a bother to us" which accompanies their service, one yearns for some kindly light to illumine the dark places of the mind of Boniface, and some gentle voice to whisper to him of the sure gold mine he will strike if he is good to the cycling public, on its female side! As the bicycle gradually assumed its power, rules and regulations were made for and against it. Tourist clubs now issue certificates of membership which aid the cyclist all

over the world. The railways alternately cajole and snub the wheel, in summer they become good-natured, in winter they decide against free transportation. Let us suggest that every general manager be compelled to take to cycling, and when he gets the fever, approach him with a cyclist's petition for the free carriage of the wheel. The restrictions are as various as one could wish. In Chicago, I've been hauled up for riding without a lamp, when, being belated unawares, my tricky lamp made me enact the role of the foolish virgin—(only instead of getting locked out, one gets locked in). In Montreal one is tagged and licensed; in some towns one may ride on the sidewalk, in others (for instance German Berlin) one may not ride at all in certain quarters. In Central Park one must not coast, in some other where one must carry a horn or a bell; the bell is really quite a necessity when in crowded localities; one really cannot whoop and yell in Canada with the instantaneous result one gets in Ireland. I can see those frightened peasant girls with their backs pressed into the nettley hedge, and their skirts pulled back, as we shouted and dashed almost over their toes, on some narrow footpath in the dear southern counties!

As to speed, it must be a matter of common sense, of which the cyclist often shows a sad lacking, but the scorcher is a man, never a woman, mind you; we are too cowardly to risk it! One last word. The triumph of the woman cyclist over prejudice, timorousness, bruises and discomfort of various sorts in pursuit of her dear pastime, has brought her more than the applause of an amused world—it has brought her steady nerves, brisk circulation, lost youth, brilliant eyes and strong muscles; her lungs, her heart and her head have gained, and to those who believe health helps every way, her eternal welfare is also the surer for it.

Grace E. Denison.





BY KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

YE BALLAD OF YE SPRYNGE HATTE.

YE ladye bought ye new sprynge hatte,
And took itte home in glee,
“And husbände, husbände, is itte notte
A bargayne goode to see?”
“But what is thyse?” ye husbände cried,
“That lyes across my knee?”
Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge,
“Itte is ye Bille,” quoth shee.

Ye husband read, “Ye new Sprynge Hatte—
For greene-backs twenty-three,
To breakynge wyndow in ye crush—
Four dollars. Mercye me!
To churgeon for ye fayntyng fitt—
Two-fifty—*Malvoisie!*”
Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge—
“Ye crowde was greate,” quoth she.

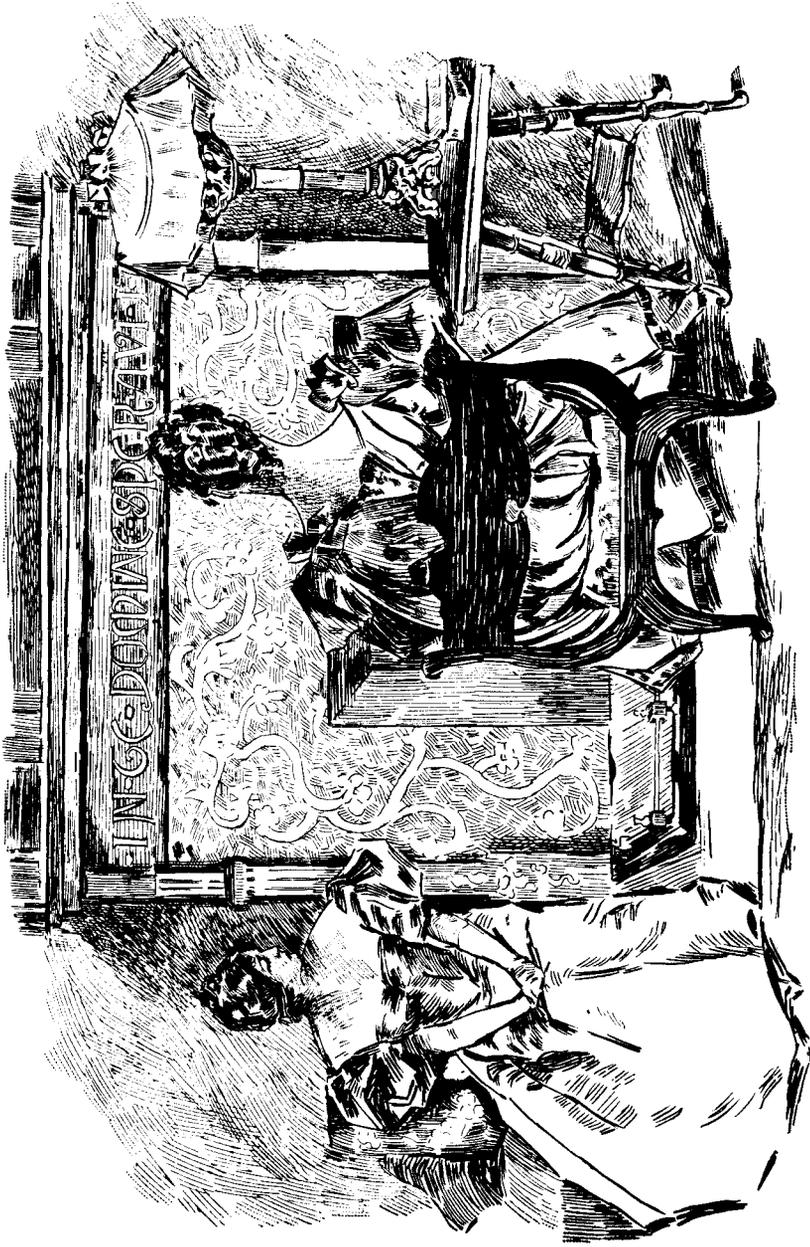
“Two dollars for ye coaching home,
Ye lunch for quarters three,
A new sprynge cloak, for thyse is torn,
A new—” then paused he,
“Gadsooks! Forsooth! A prettie Bille!
Where maye the Bargayne be?”
Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge,
“Ye hatte was cheape,” quoth she.

SURPRISING.

As the visitor to the medical museum gazed about him, he exclaimed in a voice of astonishment, “Little did I think to find the dead in such good spirits!”

THE WORLD'S WISDOM.

He who has killed a thousand persons is half a doctor.—*Tamul.*
Is it possible to stop an elephant with a kick?—*Sanskrit.*
The pig does not blush for its face.—*Finnish.*
Though the cloud be black, white water falls from it.—*Afghan.*
Armies are kept a thousand days to be used on one.—*Chinese.*
The mouse fell from the roof. “Take some refreshment,” said the cat,
“Keep your distance,” replied the mouse.—*Arab.*



Mrs. SLASHER.—What is the reason Mr. Chumpleigh is such a frequent visitor at Mrs. Vesey's?
 Miss DASHINGTON.—Miss Medison is staying there.
 Mrs. SLASHER.—Then the reason is sufficiently plain.



HIS CRIME.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate of Stuttering Shamus.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh—"

"Yes, go on—"

"Sh-sh-sh—"

"Officer," exclaimed the magistrate, impatiently, "what's this man charged with?"

"Soda wather, I think, sor," grinned the minion of the law.

ENGLISH.

MR. PUPSON.—How extwaordinary those English names are!

MR. WAGLES.—Yaas, there's one spelt C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y, and they call it Colquhoun.

SHE TAKES TEA.

I WOULD I were her tea-cup when choice Pekoe she sips,
To feel her gentle fingers and press her pretty lips;
I would I were her saucer, to hold her cup, a boon—
But most of all—a secret—I would I were her spoon.

SPRING.

SAY, Spring is come!

Takin' stray shots at Summer, kinder shy,
An' teeterin' with Winter on the sly—
With vi'lets bustin' blue-eyed everywhere,
An' stingin', sappy quivers in the air.

It catches me

Somewhere's around the heart an' makes my blood
Bile over to be nothin' jes'—but good—
Don't keer fer girls, don't keer fer anything,
But jes' be *good*—an' stay good—in the Spring.

THE COON'S LULLABYE.

HEAH, yo', Rastus, shet yo' little sleepy haid,
Mammy gwine tu'h rock hu'h lamb tu'h res'—(*Po' lamb!*)
Ebry little possum chile am dreamin' in its bed,
Yo's my precious honey—yes, yo' am!
Swing, oh! sing, ho! Lucy whar yo' bin so late?
Lemme catch a niggah courtin' yo'—(*Yes, yo'*).
Hurry up, yo' rascels, fo' dere's co'n bread on de plate—
Fo' Mammy loves hu'h honies, yes, she do!
Laws now, Rastus, I done gwine tu'h swat yo' hard,
Slap yo' tu'h a peak an' break it off—(*Po' lamb!*)
Monst'ous, drefful Bogie Man am waitin' in de yard—
Mammie's only jokin', yes, she am!
Swing, oh! sing, oh? Petah, yes, I see yo', git!
Washin'ton, I'll ct'l yo' wooll fo' yo'—(*Yes, yo'*)
Neber in de whole roun' wo'd I seen sich chilluns yit—
But Mammie loves hu'h honies, yes, she do!

THE COURTING OF JOHN DRUMMOND.

BY ROBERT HOPKIN.

THE darkening shadows of a short November day were lengthening into night when John Drummond stopped his weary team at the end of a furrow and unhitched them from the plough. "We've done well to-day!" said he, patting the glossy neck of one of his horses, and looking back over the field where from rise of sun—which, by the way, is not an early riser in November—they had toiled together, turning over the stubble from which had been cut an abundant crop of oats, and making ready the soil for another spring's sowing.

"Guess one more day'll finish us!" said John, as he scanned the field. "And fall plowin'll be over for another year." Then turning his horses out into the lane, he mounted one of them and started off in the direction of the barn, singing softly, as he rode along, the words of a familiar song. Soon, however, the singing ceased, and the head of the singer fell forward on his breast. John Drummond was buried in thought. Again he lived in the past. Horses, plough, field, farm, all were forgotten, and he was once more standing over his lathe, a machinist, in a noisy factory in the City of Hamilton. On a post before him was tacked a notice to the effect that that night the factory would "shut down" for an indefinite period. Similiar notices were posted in conspicuous places throughout the works; and he well remembered the troubled, anxious looks on the faces of the men as they read them, particularly those who were married and had wives and little children dependent upon them for home and its comforts. This would be just ten years ago on the 15th of December next.

John was not married, but he and Mary Wilson had been "engaged" for over a year, and they were looking forward to a wedding day sometime in the coming spring. He remembered how, spurred on by this very fact, he went

from place to place seeking employment and finding none.

At length, when winter was beginning to give way to spring, he determined to try life in a new sphere. He had been reading of a new farming district that was being opened up on the shores of Lake Huron; and, loving the country life, as he did, with its nearness to nature, its freedom, and the possibilities which it offered of an independent existence, he made up his mind—after consultation with his sweetheart, Mary, who demurred somewhat at the probability of being buried in the woods—to seek out a farm in this new country, by the shores of the great inland sea. So he settled in the township of Millbrook; buying a farm of 100 acres, with some twenty acres clear, and a small log house and barn thereon; and at once, in true pioneer fashion, began the work of clearing it, both of trees and mortgage. Of course, into this new venture John put all his savings, which necessitated a postponement of the marriage. This, Mary and he very much deplored, but, with the prospect before them of at some time being beyond the power of "shut downs" and fluctuations in the labor market, they loved, and labored, and waited.

Thus two years went by; happy years for John, who, under the inspiration of the world's great motive power, love, labored early, and late, and long, feeling no fatigue, and making rapid progress in the clearing and cultivation of his farm.

But there came a day of sadness to John's erstwhile happy life. Ah, well he remembered that day! It would be eight years in the spring since it happened. He had gone to the village expecting to get a letter from Mary, and he was not disappointed in his expectations, for a letter from her was there awaiting him. But oh! how often since had he wished that that letter had never reached him, for it told him of love's

unfaithfulness, the saddest word that was ever told to man. In the letter, Mary said that she thought it best that their engagement should be broken off; that she never could be happy on a farm; it would be altogether too lonesome and quiet a life for her; and besides he had been away from her so long that she did not think she loved him as much as she once did. She thought she loved another better; and would he just try to forget her, as no doubt, soon he would. And so the letter went on. But John did not soon forget his faithless Mary, no, not for many a long day and year. Nor has he forgotten, nor will he ever forget the agony of soul which he suffered on that day, nearly eight years ago, when he received Mary Wilson's last letter. The poison that had entered his soul—the poison of want of faith in his fellow men—was not to be easily eliminated.

Oh! the number of poisoned souls that there are in the world! Men and women who think there is little that is true in life, because some *one*, in whom they placed all confidence, has played them false. John Drummond was one of the poisoned; and to-night, as he reviewed the past, he tasted something of the poison's bitterness.

He was suddenly aroused from his reverie and brought back into the present by the sound of a sweet voice singing. Lifting his head he listened, and the night wind brought to him the words:

"And my false lover stole my rose,
But ah, he left the thorn wth me."

The song came from Alice Gray, the eldest daughter of William Gray, who occupied a farm on the opposite side of the road from Drummond and about a quarter of a mile further on. The house and barn stood on the top of a hill, and John, in the gathering darkness, could just distinguish Alice on the way from the barn to the house, carrying a pail of milk in each hand, and singing as she went. It would be needless to say that her song had struck a responsive cord in John's heart; yet, instead of adding bitterness of soul, it seemed rather to act as an antidote and to give a sense of sweetness that had not been there for many years.

Of all the young women in the neigh-

borhood, there was none that John Drummond admired so much as Alice Gray. She was by no means the handsomest woman in the district, that is, unless one measures handsomeness by kindness, honest worth, and general good sense—for in these true qualities she excelled—but in point of face and form, there were many who surpassed her. We often hear it said that "beauty is only skin deep." False! Beauty is the deepest and most lasting thing in all the universe! Beauty is perfection of life! Beauty is the ultimate end of all things! Beauty is God! John Drummond was beginning to see something of this true beauty in Alice Gray; and in his sweeter moments, his soul would go out to her as the one being in all the world, who could take away the bitterness from his life, and give sweetness in its stead. To-night he realised this fact as never before. A few moments ago his life was filled with bitterness; now the bitterness had gone, vanished as if by magic. And all this had happened, because he had admitted into his life, the life of another, who dwelt over yonder on the hill; and who to-night had knocked at the door of his heart in song, and to whom that door had been opened; and—shall I say it?—on whom it would never again be closed. John dismounted. His horses, by the way, had been standing at the stable door for some time; waiting patiently until their master would come back from his long journey into the past, and take cognizance of the fact, that they were tired and hungry. With more alacrity than usual, John unharnessed his faithful horses, and soon had them bedded and fed; his evening chores too, were finished quicker than usual to-night; for John had determined to make a call, something he did not often do; but then that visitor from the hill, that had taken up her quarters within, seemed so sweet and good to John, that a sudden longing to become better acquainted with her had seized him; and already he had made up his mind to put this longing into practice. As he walked from the barn to his lonely log dwelling, he felt more alone to-night than he had ever done before.

"What a fool I am to go on livin' this way," said he to himself. "Because Mary wasn't true, that ain't to say that every girl is false. Now there's Alice; I'll bet she'd be as true as steel to the fellow she loved, and I don't know that she's in love with anybody yet, exceptin' it's Bob Stewart, and I guess she can't be dead in love with him, or she wouldn't 'a let me see her home from Anderson's parin' bee the other night; and Bob himself there. The farm is all paid for, and I don't owe a man a cent. And I have enough money in the bank to make a start on. Of course the house ain't up to much, though if a fellow's got to live alone all his life, then it's plenty good enough. But supposin' Alice would be willing to share up with me, then it ain't good enough; and it wouldn't be long before I'd have a better." And so musing and talking to himself, as—for lack of other company—he was wont to do, he went into the house.

About two hours later, John, dressed in his best suit of clothes, was on his way to the house on the hill. It was a beautiful night—for there are beautiful nights even in gloomy November; just as there are moments bright and beautiful in the saddest and darkest lives—the full moon was rising above the tree tops before him, and the bright stars were shining overhead. He had frequently been at Gray's before, but never on such an important mission as the one he was on to-night. He had gone there to talk over crops, and implements, and stock, and several times recently, under the pretence of borrowing, or returning something which he had borrowed—he went for no other purpose than that of having a look at, and a word with Alice.

As John drew near to the house he saw a light shining in the "room" window, and at once concluded that the Grays' had company; as the "room" was seldom lighted up, but on such occasions. John in his visits to the Gray house, always—in true country fashion—went to the back door. This he intended doing to-night, but in passing, he was suddenly seized with a desire to know the cause of the illumination of the "room." For he felt that he might want to say "something" to Alice to-night, and it

was very important that the coast should be clear. The blind on the window did not reach the bottom by an inch or two; so John stepped cautiously forward, and stooping down, peeped in.

The sight that met his gaze riveted him for the moment to the spot. There stood Alice, and beside her stood his rival, Bob Stewart. She with head bowed, and hands clasped. He with outstretched arms, and an eager, wistful look in his honest, manly face. John Drummond could only look upon such a scene for a moment; then with hands clenched, and lips tightly set, he turned quickly from the window, and passed slowly down the lane, and out on to the road. Poor John! He felt that the light had departed from his life forever, and that now he must indeed pass the remainder of his days, unloved and alone! All the bitterness that had rankled in his breast because of the treachery of another he had loved and lost, came back to him with ten-fold force. But a short time before he had walked that same road, planning a bright, sweet future. In a moment the cup of sweetness that had not been his for many years, and which he had only sipped for a very little while, was dashed to the ground, and once more he had pressed to his lips the cup of bitterness, and was drinking to the dregs, its bitter draught.

Reaching a piece of swamp that lay between his house and the Grays', he sat down on a fallen tree. He had been sitting there for some time, wrapped in gloomy and resentful meditation, when the sound of approaching footsteps aroused him. By the light of the moon, he saw coming towards him, the man whom, for the moment, he hated above all other men: Bob Stewart! And in this lonely place, late on a November night, these two men, who loved one woman, met; and something happened, which does not always happen, when rival lovers meet. Stewart, recognizing Drummond seated on the fallen tree, went forward and saluted him with,

"Hello! John! what are you doin' here at this hour of the night?"

"I don't know as it's any of your business," angrily retorted John. "Surely a fellow can sit down by the roadside,

without needin' to explain *why*, to everybody that passes!"

Stewart stood bewildered. These words from John Drummond; the honest, kindly, hard-working man whom he admired, nay, loved! Surely he had not recognized him, or was in trouble and did not like his unceremonious greeting. So, putting his hand on Drummond's shoulder he said,

"What's the matter, John? Guess you didn't know me! Hope you ain't in trouble, old man?"

"Who said I was in trouble? You think because a fellow don't run to the Grays' every night, as you do, that he's in trouble. No, I'm not in trouble, and when I am, I don't want any help from you!"

Bob was amazed at his friend's conduct. Whatever could have happened. Surely there must be some misunderstanding, someone must have been misrepresenting him to John. Yet, thought he, why should that create a difference in a friendship that had been true and firm for years, without either asking for an explanation from the other.

"John!" said he, "whatever can be wrong?" And Bob sat down on the log beside him.

Immediately Drummond sprang to his feet, and without saying another word, started off in the direction of his home. Bob, deeply grieved and bewildered, sat still, wondering whatever had come over his friend. Suddenly there flashed into his soul what he considered to be the reason for his friend's strange and unkind conduct. Jumping from his seat, he was after him in an instant. Soon he overtook him; and pleaded with him just to hear him once before they parted. John stopped, and with an angry look on his face, waited to hear what Stewart had to say.

"John!" said Bob, huskily, "you love her! I love her! And because I love her, I tell of her love to the man whom she loves. John, she whom we both love, loves but one of us, and that one is yourself. To-night, when I told her of my love, I made that discovery; and as her true lover, and your friend, I make known that discovery to you."

Drummond could listen to this true

man no longer. "Oh! Bob!" he cried, "forgive me! What a wretch I am! Unworthy of her love and your friendship! I—"

"Say no more, John!" said Bob. "I forgive you, and I believe you to be worthy of a true woman's love, and any man's friendship. You were not yourself when you treated me as you did. You were possessed by that devil jealousy, who goes up and down this world turning friendship into hatred, and causing enmity among men in all ranks and conditions of life. And strange to say, men are more willing to listen to the voice of this demon, than they are to listen to the voice of their friend. Isn't that true, John? Wasn't jealousy telling you to hate me, your friend, all because I loved the woman you loved? And hadn't I as much right to love her as you had, until I knew she loved you best? And, John, I love her still; and because I love her, and want to see her happy, and thus, in part, fulfil my mission as a man, I tell you, of her love for you."

"Bob," said John, with great emotion, "you're an angel!"

"No," cried Bob; "but I'm trying to be a man."

"And you're the best man that ever lived," cried John.

"John," interrupted Bob, "I'd like you to tell me how you discovered I was in love with Alice. Your charging me with running to the Grays' every night let me know the cause of your anger; I saw that you were jealous."

Then John unburdened his soul to his noble friend. He told him of all that had happened that night, expressed deep sorrow for his meanness in peeping through the "room" window. "That peep," said he, "was the opening of the door for the demon jealousy, the cause of all my hatred and misery to-night."

John also told of another chapter in his history, in which the name Mary was often associated with his own. He told, too, of the bitter sequel to that chapter, and then Bob Stewart knew the cause of his friend's quiet and lonely life, and he felt glad to know that such a love as his had found a lodgment in the heart of one who was worthy of it, and who

would love him in return. It was long past midnight when these two strong men parted. They clasped each other's hands, looked tenderly into each other's faces, and saw the love-light glistening in each other's eyes. Then with a husky "Good-night" they separated—one to go into his lonely dwelling, but never more to feel alone, for with him went love. The other walked away, feeling more alone than he had ever done before, yet bearing with him a sense of heroic happiness.

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One night, in the following March, John Drummond and Alice Gray were

married. To-day they have one of the finest farms in the county. The log house and barn have given place to more modern and commodious structures. John and Alice are honored and respected by all who know them; and, not looking upon riches as the supreme good in life, they are happy as the day is long. Their noble friend, Bob Stewart, often drops in of an evening to have a romp with the children. Bob is still unmarried, although he frequently says that he is by no means a confirmed old bachelor, and that, perhaps, he will some day find a good woman who will reciprocate his love.

Robert Hopkin.

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA. From all reports the plague in India shows no signs of abating. The number of deaths in Bombay alone average over 100 daily, while in Poona and Karachi, the death-rate is increasing. The disease has got as far as Bangalore in the south and Turkestan in the north, and has reached the cities of Delhi and Kandahar. The *British Medical Journal* says that it is not yet time to look for an abatement, and that any improvement cannot be expected before the end of this month, when it is expected that the disease will have worn itself out somewhat in Bombay, though this does not mean any diminution of virulence in the other infected districts where the disease was late in taking hold. "Plague cannot be stayed by any known sanitary measures when once it has got hold of a locality; its subsistence is dependent upon the abatement of its virulence in the due course of its evolution. With that, and with that only, comes a remission, an intermission, or the disappearance of the epidemic," says the *Journal*.

In view of such a definite statement from so high an authority upon all medical matters the hysterical demand

of the foreign press for an immediate "stamping out" of the disease will seem absurd. Plague when once firmly established can no more be stamped out or controlled than can a conflagration; with the people of Bombay, panic-stricken and dispersing in all directions, it was to be expected that the disease would spread to other districts. The idea of establishing a cordon around Bombay would have been a good one had it been mooted in time, but to do so now would be ridiculous. The disease now infests a district 2,000 miles long, from north to south, by 1,000 miles in breadth; to isolate such a district is impossible. The only way is to fight the disease in its separate *foci* by skilled medical treatment, and endeavor to prevent its spread to uninfected districts by adopting precautionary measures of sanitation in the way that has been pursued by the Indian government from the outset. The reports that reach us from Bombay, speak in a highly eulogistic way of the efforts of that government to cope with the disease; and those who know anything about the methods of the Indian Government generally, will find no difficulty in accepting these reports. Notice has been drawn par-

ticularly by Viennese physicians, writing in Austrian papers from India, to the efficiency of the methods adopted to deal with the disease, and the encomiums are quite in order judging from all reliable accounts.

It is absurd for the foreign press to talk of England's inability to cope with either the plague or the famine, and to say that the existence of each is due to the policy of government pursued by that country with regard to her Indian Empire. Before England took hold of India and opened it up, plagues and famines were of the most common occurrence, and absolutely no precautionary measures were taken by the natives to avert disaster in either case. If a famine occurred it was a decree from heaven, and if a plague visited the country, it was useless to try to combat it. Such was the belief of the people, and Englishmen found it the greatest labor to induce the natives to allow them to do anything that would alter the conditions that existed, which tradition and caste made it obligatory on the people to observe. It is only of late years that the natives have learnt that it is proper to stay the visitations, if practicable, and, moreover, it is only since the country has been opened up by the English that any attention has been paid by European nations to the existence of scourges and distress in India at all; and the humane measures to prevent the occurrence of such disasters have done more than anything else to draw attention to the existence of the evils.

No, it is owing entirely to English occupation that the country has not suffered more than it has of late years from plagues and famines.

The progress which industrial co-operation is making in England has been creating considerable comment of late.

There are already, in the United Kingdom, co-operative institutions boasting upwards of 1,500,000 members holding £17,096,538 in capital shares and reserve funds, doing an annual trade of nearly £53,000,000, and earning for their members thereon £5,400,000 in profits. "We see," writes Henry W. Wolff in the London *Cosmopolis*, "the two wholesale societies of England and Scotland em-

ploying between them about 10,000 hands, disposing of about £1,000,000 of funds of their own, selling £13,000,000 worth of goods, and sending abroad their own flotilla of steamers to carry their merchandise home from stations, branches and depots scattered all over the globe." What an example of the great influence of democracy in England!

Here is a system of industrial enterprise run by and operated in the interests of the workingmen of England, doing an annual trade of over twice the value of the annual export trade of Canada, or exceeding, in round figures, the total imports and exports of the Dominion by \$40,000,000. The value of this as a means of elevating the workingman's condition cannot be estimated.

Is it not time that the workingmen of America were alive to their interests? We are accustomed to hear so much about the power of democratic institutions in the United States that one would think that working men had no rights outside that country. But where can the United States show such a practical example of "government by the people" as that which is exemplified in the great co-operative stores of Leeds, of Woolwich, of Huddersfield and of Leicester—enterprises owned by the people and returning the profits to them; managed and operated by *bona fide* workingmen with an unsurpassed administrative and commercial judgment, and providing work for thousands at fair wages? True, there are departmental stores in the United States, as well as here; but are they run in the interests of the employees, of the workingmen and of the people? Are they not, rather, operated for the benefit of the few—for those who have combined to monopolize trade and cut down employees' wages? The contrast between the result in the one case and the effect in the other is as marked as is the difference between day and night. The profits on the one hand return to the purchaser who, in addition, is a part owner in the institution; in the other case the earnings go to build another summer home for the man who has five or six already. There is, emphatically, no similarity in the sociological effects resulting from the departmental stores

of America and the co-operative institutions of Great Britain.

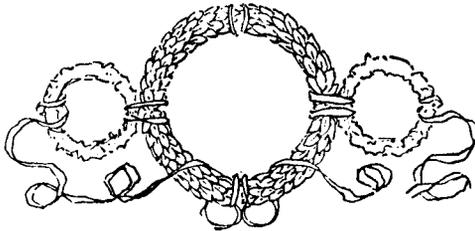
But the people on this side of the water need not look to England alone in order to ascertain whether co-operation has been a success or not; if they turn their eyes to France they will see that in spite of the efforts of the socialists to associate themselves with the movement, co-operation has kept well clear of all such charlatan factions, and has made steady progress both as regards increase in membership and capital, and the removal of prejudice on the part of French trade unions. The people see the wide gulf that exists between co-operators and socialists and the trade unions now recognize the great benefits which co-operation can give to working men and which the unions cannot hope to equal.

The few failures that have resulted from co-operation in France are directly traceable to the failure to recognize the fact that the gulf between wage-paid labor and self-employment cannot be cleared at a bound. The French, as all know, are inclined to be impetuous in all things, and hasty action will not do with regard to co-operation. The change from position of employee to that of self-employer must be gradual to be successful. A man who has had no administrative experience cannot be

expected to manage properly the affairs of a business of which it has taken somebody else a lifetime to master the details. None recognizes this better than does the Englishman who is content to go slow and sure in bringing about the change. Nothing is more certain either than that co-operation to be successful must be brought about by gradual stages. The first step is mere profit-sharing, which gives the workman an interest in the business; the second, labor co-partnership; the third, representation on the board of directors. After this has been reached it is an easy step to ownership of the business by the men. Many institutions in Great Britain and France have reached this point to-day.

The gradual improvement, both moral and economic, of the workingman's condition, culminating in his final emancipation, has, it seems to us, placed the workman of those two countries very far in advance of the workman of America, from a sociological standpoint at all events. In view of this, is it not time for America to consider the adoption of co-operation seriously and pay less attention to trade unions?

Are Canada and the United States prepared to allow the countries of Europe to be more democratic than they?



THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

MR. PALMER COX, distinguished as author and artist, and as creator of the immortal "Brownies," is a most delightful man, with a face so frank and genial it would be as good as a letter of credit anywhere. He was born in Grantby, about fifty miles from Montreal, in a community settled by Scotch people, who still speak such broad Scotch that when he returns home on an occasional visit he can hardly understand them. After reaching manhood he drifted away from home, lived for a while in California, and finally settled in New York.

For five years Mr. Cox wrote verses and made illustrations for magazines, always finding his subjects among birds, insects and animals, which he dressed like men and women, and which were made to moralize over the dangers and temptations of life, and to talk and pursue such lines of thought as a person might under such circumstances. Although his work was much sought after, and commanded good prices, he was not satisfied, and he chafed to accomplish that which would be recognized as distinctively his own. He was doing original work in an original way, and yet in an old way which had been followed by Æsop, La Fontaine and others. More than this, he wanted something wherein he would find more scope, as "the conversation of a bear is found to be limited and the idea of a stork talking is stretched at the best." One day the thought of the old legend of the Brownies flashed upon him. Here was a story that had been known for centuries, and heard by hundreds of thousands of people, none of whom had utilized it, or even made a picture of a Brownie. Acting upon impulse, he drew the little, round, fat fellow with the peaked cap, the original Brownie—the father of Brownieland—and then he wrote in verse a story suggested by the picture. As soon as it was published

people began writing from all over the country asking what was a Brownie, why they were called Brownies, and so many other questions, that Mr. Cox had to go back to history and hunt up a pedigree for the little people who were bringing him fame and fortune.

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ACCORDING to the Scotch legend, the Brownies were a little race of gnomes and fairies who were full of harmless pranks and helpful deeds. They were household fairies, and came at night to complete the unfinished tasks of the day. Unlike the Elfin folk, who figure in the fairy stories of all other countries, the Brownies were peculiar in this—they were invisible to mortal eye. Here and there was an old man or woman, gifted with second sight, to whom the Brownies were revealed, and who saw them at their tasks, or received timely warning of some event, but no one else could see them. In all the legends they were described alike as being little men, never women, with enormous physical power and ability at work. They never harmed anything but were always little drudges, doing the heavy work of the household to which they were attached. It was the custom to leave a little cream, or, lacking that, a little malt, as reward for the Brownies, and in households so poor that they had no crock or jar for it, there was a hollowed-out stone in which the good wife left the little supper that was to pay the sprite for finishing the half-knit stocking or the unthreshed grain. When this meal of malt or milk was omitted a few times, it seems that the Brownie took no revenge, but simply bestowed his attentions upon more appreciative households. So long ago as the fourteenth century this belief was as firmly implanted in the hearts of the people as a belief in religion, and may have originated with the Danes, who overran Scotland and the adjacent islands

for 300 years. King James I. writes of them in his book on "Demonology," and says that a house with a Brownie is "sonsier." In *L'Allegro*, Milton calls the Brownie a goblin, but describes him in unmistakable terms—his threshing the grain in one night, work that ten men could not have done, and then flying away at the approach of dawn, so that no mortal eye might see him at his tasks.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Westward Ho!" "Water Babies" and other novels which sold in hundreds of thousands, always worked at very high pressure. As a young man he had no anxieties, but when he had left the university and become a curate and, more particularly, when he had married on his small curacy and there were children, his struggles began in good earnest. He had often to write against time simply to appease the demands of the troublesome tradesmen. He had the usual income of a country clergyman but in his position had to give his children every educational advantage and was expected to keep open house for his numerous friends and admirers. There was no display in his quiet rectory at Eversley, but even the simplest hospitality entails more expense than a small living can bear, and his friends and visitors ranged from the lowest to the highest—from poor workmen to English and foreign royalties. As long as he could yield his pen he could procure the necessary supplies, but his work was like that of an athlete who breaks down at the end of the day when his victory is won. He never showed signs of yielding to this great strain, but when towards the end of his life, a canonry was offered him, first at Chester then at Westminster, he felt truly grateful as, in his own words, "these stalls are good for old horses." Kingsley's religion was pure, practical and ethical. Work, rather than creed was his doctrine. His love of nature and his knowledge of botany and other natural sciences had produced in him a strong belief in the laws and uniformities of nature in which he saw the direct embodiment of divine will. On one occasion after long con-

tinued drought, when the bishop of his diocese ordered him to have a special prayer for rain, he simply declined. He would pray for the good gifts of heaven, offer thanks to God for all that He was pleased to send in His wisdom, but he would not put our small, human wisdom against the divine wisdom; he would not specify what he thought was good for us, for God knew best. He had no difficulty in persuading his farmers and laborers that if they had any trust in God and any reverence for the divine wisdom that rules the world, they would place all their troubles and cares before Him in prayer, but they would not beg for anything which in His wisdom He withheld from them. "Thy will be done," that was his prayer for rain. There was great commotion in ecclesiastical dove-cotes, most of all in episcopal places. All sorts of punishments were threatened, but Kingsley remained throughout most respectful yet most determined. He would not degrade his sacred office to that of a rain-maker or medicine-man, and he carried his point. "In America we manage these things better!" said an American friend of Kingsley's. "A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two states would pray for rain. The rain came and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain again after that."

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MRS. STANNARD, the author of "Bootles' Baby," was once introduced to Sir Morrell Mackenzie at a London entertainment by her writing name of "John Strange Winter." The doctor, who did not keep up with current fiction, looked somewhat dazed, and repeated the name wonderingly, whereupon the author remarked: "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles' Baby." Sir Morell retreated, marvelling still more, and drawing a friend aside, confided to him "that he had just met a poor demented lady, who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby."