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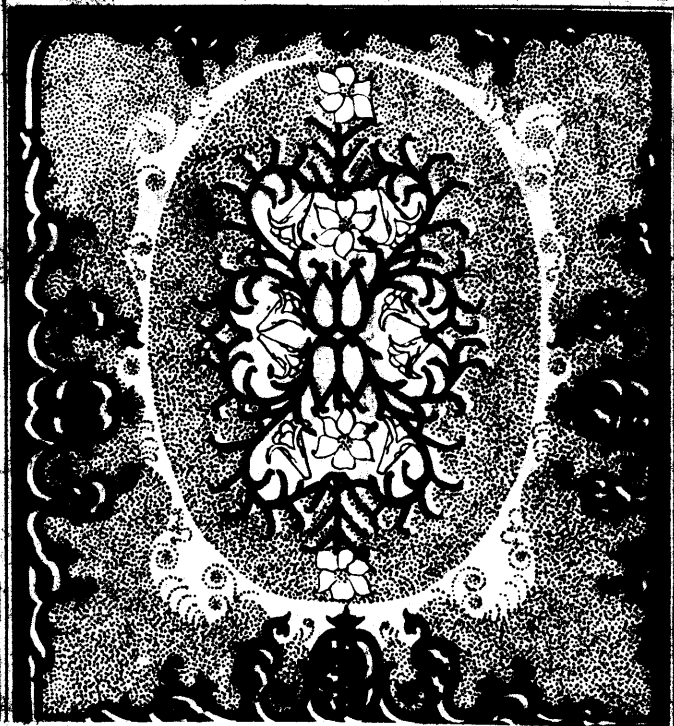
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ART. MURAL DECORATION, by G. A. REID, R.C.A.
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION, by Norman Patterson.

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**
APRIL, 1898.



Gentlemen taking Magazines from the Library are reminded that prompt return of the numbers is essential to other people's convenience; and that as the Magazines are eventually bound for reference, the loss of a single number may cause injury to a whole series.

ROME DURING HOLY WEEK, by Constance Rudyerd Boulton.
EASTER STORIES, by Ella S. Atkinson and Katharine L. Johnston.
CURRENT EVENTS, BOOK REVIEWS, NATIONAL SPORT.

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Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

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NATURAL FLAVOUR ONLY

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ARE THE PUREST AND BEST

Rowlands' Odonto

A pure, non-gritty tooth powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay and sweetens the breath; is more efficacious than pastes or washes.



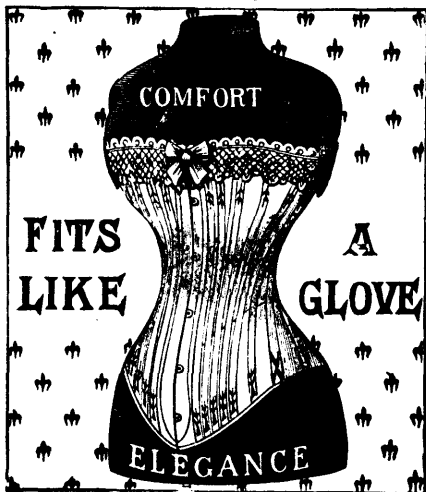
Rowlands' Macassar Oil

preserves and beautifies the hair, and prevents it falling off or turning grey, is the best Brillantine for ladies' and children's hair, being less greasy and drying than ordinary Brillantine, and can be had in a golden colour for fair hair.

Rowlands' Kalydor

is a most soothing, healing, and refreshing milk for the face, hands and arms. It prevents and removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes and heals all Irritation, Chaps, Chilblains, Cutaneous Eruptions, etc., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20 Hatton Garden, London, England, and by the best dealers in perfumery all over the world. Ask for Rowlands' Articles, and take no others.

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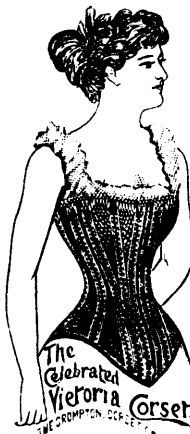
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A Long Waist Corset

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 6.

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In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

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The Summer Campaign

BEGINNING with the May Number, The Canadian Magazine will begin its summer campaign. The forthcoming numbers will be filled with descriptive sketches (illustrated wherever possible), short stories, and articles of a lighter character. Each issue will contain one article of a "review" character, but the remainder of the contributions will be suitable for the dreamy summer. Illustrated descriptions of some of the leading West Indian Islands, and of the rugged scenery and odd people in Switzerland, will be among the leading features. Other articles will be descriptive of some of the more attractive of Canadian pleasure resorts, and of those beautiful spots all over Canada where Nature is seen in her most wonderful manifestations.

Canadian authors are rapidly learning to write short stories. The best of these are finding their way to the public through The Canadian Magazine. The summer numbers will contain a large number of these of special merit.

The May Number opens the Eleventh Volume. When this periodical was started, people said it would never see its second volume; now it has completed its tenth!

Read this from *The Ottawa Journal*.

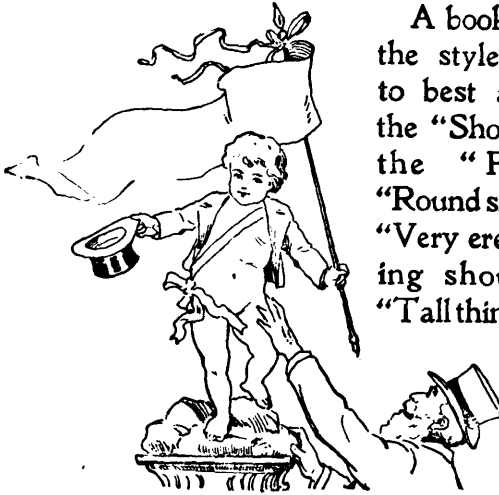
"The Canadian Magazine for March shows continued signs of prosperity, as well as ability. It contains seventy pages of advertising, which would have made the hair stand on end of the owners or editors of any former Canadian monthly periodical on record. Advertising of that extent is not done in magazines with small circulation, so evidently the Canadian reading public appreciates The Canadian Magazine and patronizes it, despite the fact that the price, \$2.50 a year, though lower than that of Harper's or The Century, is higher than the price of some of the popular American productions.

"The advertising in this number of The Canadian Magazine does not dwarf the reading matter, which includes twenty-one articles or departments. There are several interesting articles on public matters, four stories, an instalment of Fergus Hume's novel, "Hagar," several poems, and the usual bright departments summarising current events, literary news, national sport, etc."

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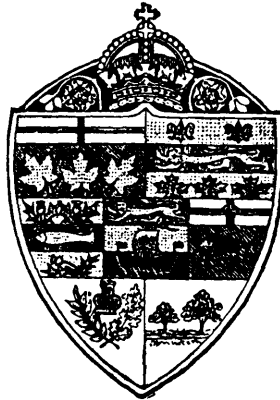
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- 4.—With a larger sum at risk, the Company experienced a smaller Death Loss than in '96 by - - - - - **\$46,108**
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SINCE 1884

YEAR.	PAID-UP CAPITAL.	DEPOSITS AND DEBENTURES.	TOTAL ASSETS.
1884	250,101	100,000	528,080
1888	500,000	573,770	1,232,428
1892	1,000,000	2,856,969	4,186,673
1896	1,250,000	3,729,777	5,464,944

DEPOSITS RECEIVED—Interest Allowed.

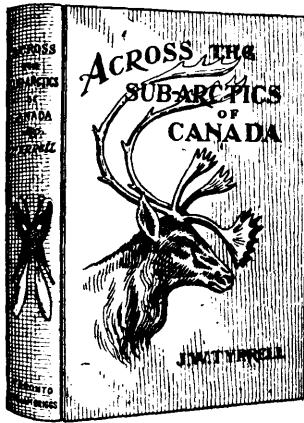
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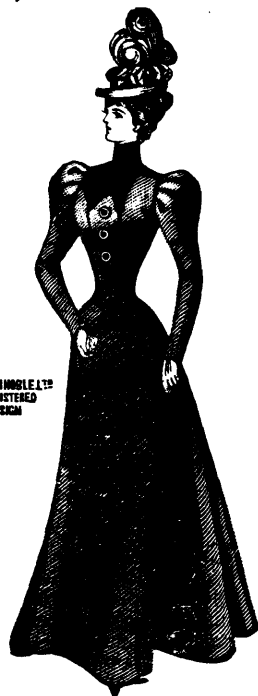
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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

PALM SUNDAY IN ROME.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 6.

ROME DURING HOLY WEEK.

“ The moving finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on ; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.”

Omar Khayyam.

THE balmy air of spring is touching all nature with its caressing breath, as it roams to and fro above the infinite melancholy and majesty of the wide-stretching Campagna ; making murmurous music amongst the reeds and grasses, whispering in mystic monotone in the lonely hollows and undulations. A faint purple mist softens the outline of the distant hills, and wraps the horizon in a slumberous haze ; the moss-grown ruins are radiant with young and tender greens, trailing their delicate tendrils over the gaping wounds, and concealing the humiliation of once stately piles. Over all the vast meadows and treeless slopes lie, in prodigal confusion, tender wide-eyed anemones of many hues, the winsome, pink fringed daisy, and a gracious myraid of wild flowers bathed in the golden light of an Italian April.

Like a ribbon of silver—winding in and out between low-lying desolate banks—old Father Tiber moves sluggishly. He shakes his hoary head and drones over the memories of twice ten hundred years, as he travels on towards the ocean in turns and twists of tawny gleam, across the illusive dis-

tance of “ the drear and lifeless sea ” to the ancient port of Ostia.

The grass-grown plain, enveloped in an impenetrable shroud of mystery, broods silently like a great lonely soul that has suffered, stern, hopeless, and apart, with the hand of fate heavily upon it, exhausted by its burden of pain and holding in its lifeless breast the secrets of a buried past.

Far down the lengthening way of the Via Appia, like a jewel flashing in the hollow of its hand, lies the “ Eternal City ” in the midst of the Roman Campagna.

Glowing with opaline tints beneath the brilliance of an Italian sky, the great dome—head and centre of Rome—stands out strongly against a background of ethereal blue, drawing all eyes to itself—the nucleus of the world.

Palaces, churches, statues and minarets, rise from the midst of a conglomerate mass of irregular roofs of all conceivable forms. The majestic ruins of the Palatine Hill, which once sheltered the proud heads of the Cæsars ; the site of the Golden House of Nero ; the splendid sweep of the mighty Colosseum ; the baths of Caracalla and many lesser

ruins, royal, magnificent, tragic, in decay, are encroached upon and dwarfed by the erection of barrack-like buildings which spread their ever-increasing proportions in all directions.

The Rome of a new epoch is making war upon the lingering dignity of a passionate past.

In no place can the mutability of life be more closely observed and pondered than in Rome, and once more the Eternal City is standing on the brink of a revolution; if she has not already been engulfed. There is war between past and future; utilitarianism and the impracticability of the picturesque; tradition—remembrance and the matter-of-fact needs of modern necessity, between the goddess of beauty and the worshipper of the golden calf.

The glory of Rome has departed. The glory of its kings and emperors; of its republics; of its marvellous ruins; of its popes, of whom only a picturesque "Prisoner of the Vatican" remains.

Faiths come and go with their pathetic history of frenzied devotion, blind martyrdom, and hopeless longing after

ideals which crumble in the dust by the weight of their own illusions; each faith leaving its impress upon the life of the child which repudiates its parentage. Superstitions and customs cling about the rites and beliefs of a living Church which have their roots buried deep in the rich imagination of the early ages, and speak of the ceaseless striving of the spirit which has ever breathed over the troublous waters of human life.

It is Easter-tide and the "Queen of Nations" is wearing her deepest garb of woe and penance. The fasting and mourning of Lent are culminating in numerous services, and a great concourse of people from all parts of the world is gathered in anticipation of the Church's most solemn hour and highest festival—now but a feeble reflection of the pomp and circumstance of Roman spiritual power in the heyday of its splendour.

In the already languorous heat of a mid-day sun the Piazza di Spagna is filled with the idle of many nations, gathered at the foot of the noble steps which lead up to the Trinita di Monti, and about the Barcaccia fountain casting its sparkling waters in a thousand sheddings of diamond sprays. High about its brink, banked in careless profusion, a mass of exquisite spring flowers lie with their sun-kissed petals gleaming in the cool mist of the fountain, tempting the unwary to lavish expenditure of centimes.

Many types and many personalities move to and fro in the colour, gaiety and brilliance of the Piazza. An odd collection of individuals, animated by the same desires, the result of many diverse influences. The bookworm, who has dreamed and worshipped from afar; the butterflies of fashion, relentlessly driven by the desire to emulate their neighbours in the race for pleasure; the heart-weary, for whom the good times of life are over; the artist, seeking to slack his insatiable thirst for the beautiful—all meet on common ground, each eager to gain through mental and physical turmoil his own especial object.



THE SCALA SANTA.

With feverish excitement they enter the treadmill of Holy Week, and rush hither and thither from early morning until sundown, and even far into the dark hours of the night, on a mad hunt after services. It requires an astonishing amount of vitality and endurance. The spoilt darling of fashion pushes, struggles and pants shoulder to shoulder with contadini, Roman beggars or converted Jew. Prince and beggar, devotee and irreverent globe-trotter stand side by side yearning for excitement. The strangers, without sympathy or understanding, thrust themselves as near as possible to the sanctuary, to see what is to them nothing more or less than



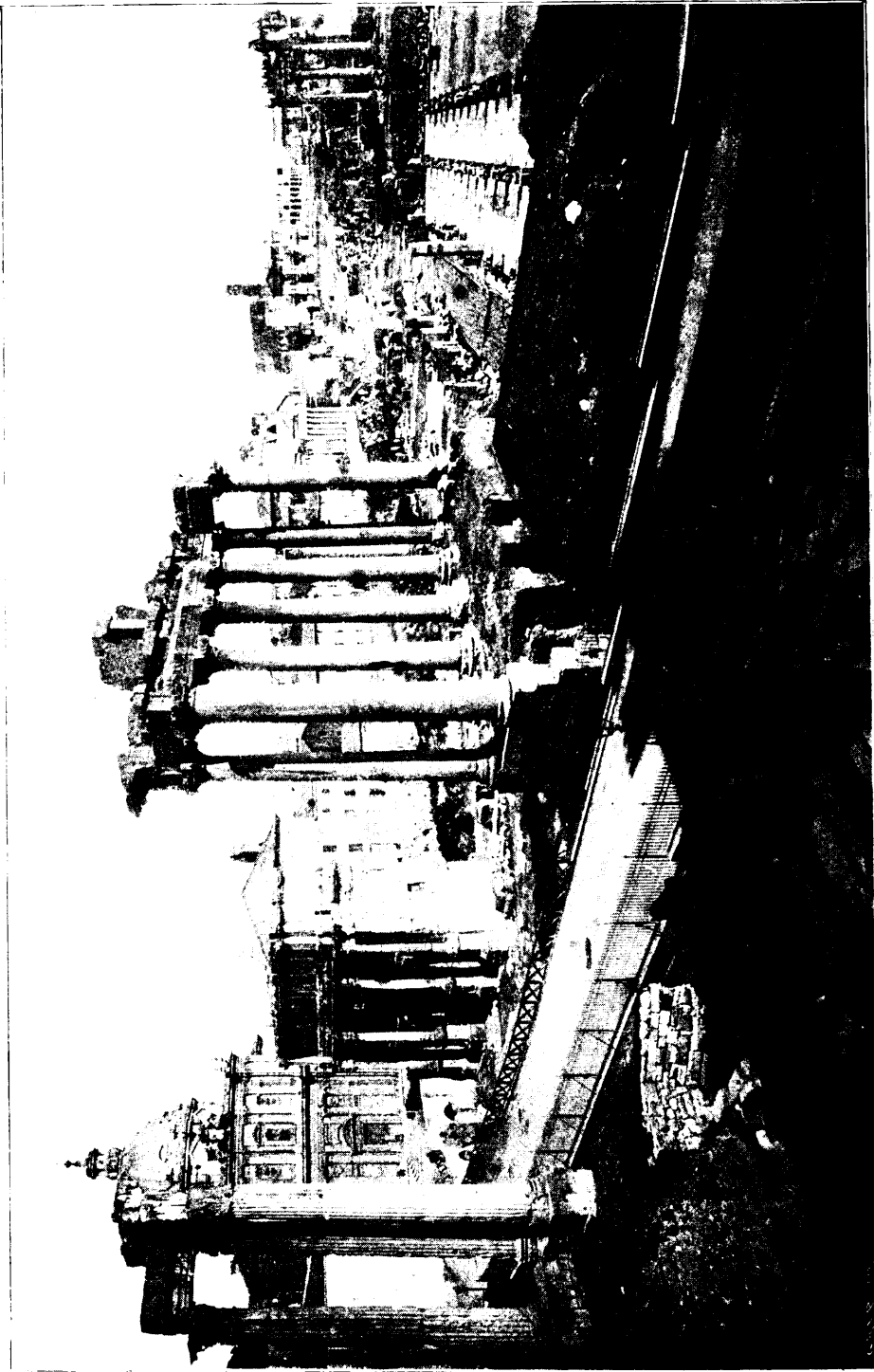
THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

a show. They press even upon the space reserved for the officiating priests. They comment upon the ritual in audible whispers, with little respect for the services of a foreign country's National Church.

It would be somewhat wearisome to give in detail the many ceremonies which follow each other in rapid succession through the long hours of Holy Week, and which are disappointing after the descriptions of Roman ceremonials thirty or forty years ago. Leo XIII., self-named "The Prisoner of the Vatican," having retired absolutely

from all public functions within the last few years, is probably the *raison d'être* for an absence of the extreme impressiveness, which one is led to expect, under the shadow of the supreme head of the Church.

At San Pietro, San Giovanni Laterano, Santa Maria Maggiore and all the principal churches temporary balconies are erected (it is almost unnecessary to mention the well-known fact that churches on the Continent have no stationary seats) containing a limited number of seats reserved by ticket, thereby considerably increasing the



SOME OF THE RUINS AT ROME.

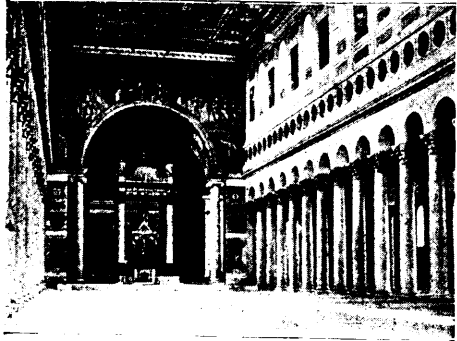
labour of ceremonial hunting, because of the red-tape surrounding the much-desired permits.

Palm Sunday is the first of the series, when, at a very early hour in the morning, the historic palms are blessed and distributed by the Cardinal Chief Penitentiary, who, also, amongst other things, with a long, white wand touches the heads of the prelates, assistants, and all the people who have the good fortune to be within his reach and obtain the "indulgences" thus dispensed. All classes during that day carry these precious little bits of palm, which by some especial process in the growing are bleached white, and resemble small bits of curled shavings tied in the shape of tiny trees. In many cases these holy palms have been sold at exorbitant prices by smart little boys on the piazza of St. Peter's, swearing lustily that they have all been blessed by the Pope.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, *Tenebrae* (of which the literal meaning is darkness) is sung at Vespers, without organ accompaniment, followed by the *Miserere*; after which the congregation receives the blessing of the sacred relics, shown from balconies at such a height above the people that it is impossible to distinguish one precious article from the other.

Tenebrae, though long, is a solemn and beautiful service to those who have informed themselves as to its meaning. Fifteen Psalms are chanted antiphonally, and at the end of each chant one candle from a group on the altar is put out, typifying the falling away of the disciples at the last hour; the thirteenth and fourteenth candles are symbolical of the two Marys, and the fifteenth is carried away behind the altar, and brought back at the end of the service as typical of the resurrection.

Holy Thursday is one of the most solemn of the seven days. At the morning service the Holy oils are consecrated. The bells are rung for the last time, after which even public and private clocks are silenced till Saturday at noon. In some of the churches the washing of the feet of beggars is per-



S. PAOLO FUORI.

formed, an act of devotion formerly universal amongst the noble classes and dignitaries of the Church, headed by the Holy Father himself, in imitation of Christ's humiliation. The Holy Sepulchre, laden with exquisite flowers, and lighted by wax candles, is exhibited in many churches as an exact copy of the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour in Jerusalem, from Thursday till Friday night, and throngs of the faithful pass through the streets to visit them until the churches close at 10 p.m.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday streams of people turn from the Piazza di Spagna down the Via Condotti and across the narrow and far-famed Corso, through an interminable intricacy of narrow streets, across the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo, past the great castle of that name and on to the Piazza of St. Peter's, surrounded by the magnificent semi-circle of its forest-like colonnades. The crowd thickens as it surges up the steps before the portico and passes under the heavy leathern hanging which divides the interior of St. Peter's from the outer world.

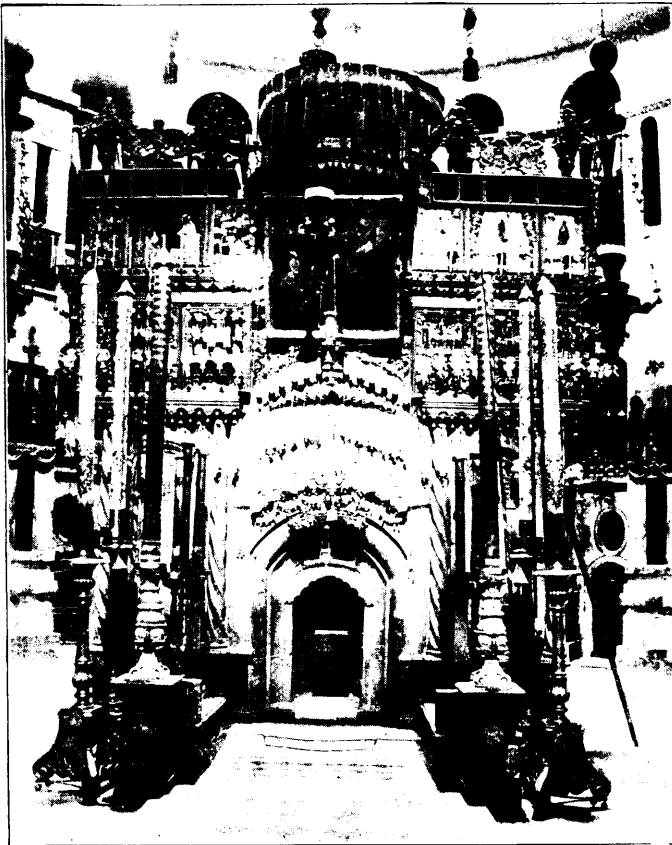
A subdued roar, swelling and then subsiding like the muffled moan of the sea, bursts upon the ear of the spectator as he stands a moment bewildered in the great nave. A vast concourse of people, tens of thousands, is gathered from the ends of the earth under the distant dome and beneath the shadowing arches of the cathedral of the world. The multitude sways back and

forth, carelessly idle, as though gathered in the pleasure spaces of some great arcade. The tongues of every nation mingle on all sides, and every curious, twisted assortment of man made in the image of God leans in idle converse against massive pillars supporting mighty statues swathed in wild draperies and towsled hair. One moves easily up the great spaces that are still left, despite the immense crowds, to where, in the distant gloaming, can be heard faint echoes of music. About the High Altar, canopied by the great Baldichino placed under the central dome, the people are packed closer, and one stands awhile in wonderment at the surging throng listening to the vespers still vague and distant.

Within the chancel the people stand in a solid block, and here, while the

twilight deepens, falling softly on the people and separating each from the other as by a heavy veil, they listen to the solemn chanting of *Tenebrae*. The vast cathedral is wrapt in the black pall of night, and the giant statues, arches, aisles, and domes fade into deep and mystic distance, with only the ruddy glare of a single light shining through the latticed front of the choir-loft. A deep pause after *Tenebrae* is finished, and the sound of the restless multitude becomes a low, expectant murmur. Then a feeling of awe touches the lightest, as from far among the distant arches comes a thread of pure music that seems to have no beginning, trembling, vibrating, as it is poised a moment high above in the depths of invisible space; a stray note as of angel melody that has wandered

from the choir of heaven. Gradually it grows in rich volume till the vast spaces are pervaded with a tumultuous rush of exquisite sound, filled with the grief and pathos of the Psalmist, and the first wailing notes of the *Miserere* pour forth from the silver throat of the Pope's "angel," Moreschi. Then the despairing cry is taken up by many voices, mingling, parting and crossing each other in a wondrous succession of minors and cadences filled with the woe of unspeakable sorrow, rising and swelling till the farthest niches and chapels echo again and again with a sublime mingling of passionate, imploring tones, weary and



"THE HOLY SEPULCHRE."

heavy laden with the burden of sin; then, possessed of an infinite sadness, the notes fall, linger again with ineffable sweetness, fade and pass away in the silver, thread-like notes as they came. Such sounds can never quite pass from the hearer's heart. After the last soul-stirring notes have died away there is intense stillness for a space. Then the cardinals, priests and their train of acolyths and assistants form in procession. A few glaring torches now placed at long intervals throw an uncertain glare over the nearer faces

of the densely-packed people, leaving the greater mass in deepest shadow; a weird, curious scene, such as may hardly be seen twice in a lifetime, Holy Thursday evening being the only occasion in the year on which St. Peter's is lighted. The crowd, kept back vigorously by officials appointed for that purpose, hems in the procession on either side as it forms in due order of precedence, and proceeds towards the High Altar beneath the great central dome, which has been divested of all its sacred coverings.



SERVICE AT ST. PETER'S.

DRAWN BY E. H. BRIDGEN.

"A vast concourse of people is gathered from the hills of the earth under the distant dome and beneath the shadowing arches of the cathedral of the world."

The lustration of the altar is then performed, with the flaring light of the torches focused upon the shimmering robes of the priests raised above a sea of white, upturned faces, framed in a background of intense darkness. Each cardinal and priest, in turn of rank, takes a silver vase filled with wine, and pours it upon the Holy table. Then with the aspergillum, made of some fluffy white material tied in a bunch attached to a long handle, the wine is rubbed in and wiped up with sponges, an accompaniment of dirge-

like chanting being kept up during the whole ceremony. This service ended, the Chapter moves in procession to receive the blessing of the sacred relics, during which they all kneel in the cen-

tral space, surrounded by many devout worshippers.

For Good Friday the churches are stripped bare of all ornament, excepting where the scene of the Crucifixion is represented. During the Mass of the Presanctified the services of the "Discovery" and "Adoration" of the cross are performed, after which, at St. Peter's, the Chapter moves in solemn procession to close the Holy Sepulchre. From twelve to three the service of the "Tre Ore" is observed with much devotion.

The services of Easter eve are not of any importance, and it is not explained why the bells are rung, the organ played again at High Pontifical Mass, and the altars decked in white and brilliantly lighted, accompanied by every indication of joy, so many hours before the resurrection on Easter morn.

A quaint custom, and one which is rather appealing, is performed every Easter eve in Rome and throughout the villages and country parts of Italy. It is the



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

PRIEST AND ACOLYTE.

"Priests in their cassocks and white surplices, bareheaded except for the little black cap, pass and re-pass through the streets, in and out of every house, each with his acolyte bearing holy water."

blessing of every individual room, flat and house, in every district. Priests in their cassocks and white surplices, bareheaded except for the little black cap, pass and re-pass through the streets, in and out of every house, each with his acolyth bearing the holy water. Entering every room, they pronounce some sacred words and sprinkle it and all its inmates with holy water. It is a touching custom, and I have known Protestants to be distressed if through inadvertence they have failed to receive the Priest's blessing given in this simple manner.

Since the Pope has given up all public duties, Easter has been denuded of much of its splendour. But music of indescribable beauty is still to be heard, and the Pope's two "angels" thrill one to positive pain with the marvellous quality of their voices. Having the brilliance of a soprano, the sonorous richness of a contralto, combined with the ineffable flute-like melody of the English boy chorister, they produce tones of extraordinary pathos and richness, and fill the great cathedrals of Rome with a flood of passionate, tender melody which once heard can never pass from one's memory.

Until very recently the Easter rejoicings were performed with extra-

ordinary pomp. The Vicar of Christ, clad in royal vestments blazing with jewels, wearing the triple crown, denoting the union of temporal and spiritual power, was carried throughout the grand length of his Basilica in his *Sedia Gestatoria* beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, while on his right and left were borne the great fans—or flabelli—of peacock's feathers, signifying the vigilant eyes of the Church. Cardinals, bishops, priests and patriarchs surrounded him, gorgeous in embroideries of gold and silver, in mantles of crimson velvet and ermine, flowing trains, mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, presenting a scene of impressive magnificence, worthy to succeed the traditional glories of the "Mistress of the World."

With Easter-day the ceremonials of Holy Week and the Church's solemn Lenten observances are brought to a conclusion. The crowds of curious sightseers, who have flocked from all parts of the world and filled the broad piazzas and narrow winding streets to overflowing, melt away as suddenly as they came, and make their way northward to the lovely City of Flowers in search of fresh fields of amusement and sensation.

Constance Rudyerd Boulton.

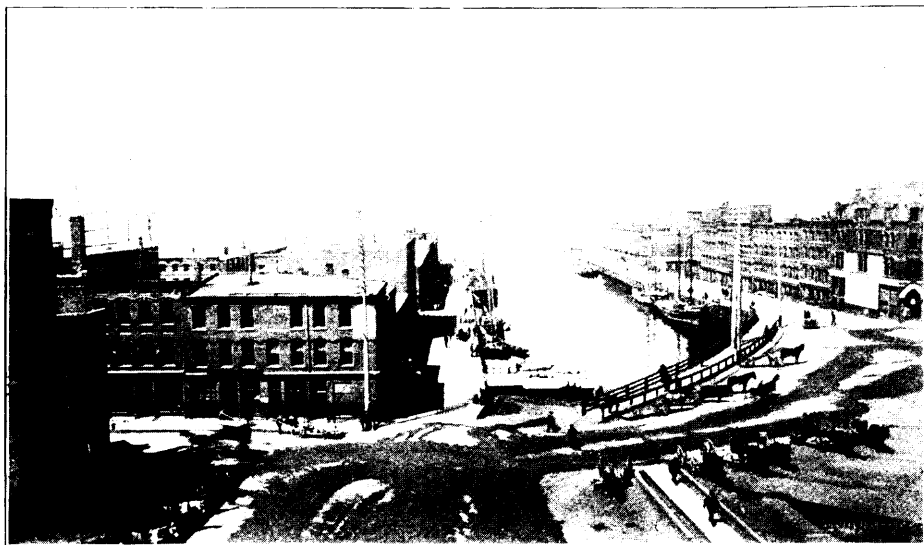


SONG.

O for her eyes that lift and shine
 To the sound of my greeting word !
 O for the touch of her hand in mine
 When the footing of Spring is heard !

O for the light of her true, brave smile,
 When my goings are dark to me ;
 O for her voice and her lips the while
 As summer dawns over sea.

—*A. B. de Mille.*



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BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

VI. THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS (1776-1784).

THE twenty years between the Treaty of Paris and the acknowledgment of the independence of the old English colonies, ever since known as the United States of America, may be fairly considered one of the most important periods in the history of the Provinces which now form such influential sections of the Canadian Dominion. The French in the valley of the St. Lawrence then obtained legal guarantees for the preservation of their language, religion and civil law by the passage of the imperial statute, known as the Quebec Act. During the War of Independence, when Canada was invaded, and seemed more than once on the point of falling into the hands of

the army of the Continental Congress, the generous and just temper which the Imperial Government showed towards the French Canadians had the effect of satisfying the priests and seigniors, who fully appreciated the security that was to be found in British connection. Happily for Canada, at that time Sir Guy Carleton, a skillful soldier, was at the head of affairs. He succeeded in holding Quebec with a small force of regular troops and Canadian militia, after the occupation of Montreal by the revolutionary army; and when Montgomery fell in his rash attempt to surprise the old capital, the tide of invasion was soon forced back beyond the frontier, and Canada was saved to England. In the rebellious colonies, however, no such signal



FROM AN IVORY MINIATURE.

GIDEON WHITE ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF
SHELburne, N.S.

success was won by the royal forces. On the contrary, the extraordinary incapacity of the British generals, from Gage to Clinton, lost what was then the noblest portion of the colonial empire of England. When Cornwallis, who was never properly supported, was obliged to surrender to the superior forces of Rochambeau and Washington at Yorktown in the autumn of 1781, the independence of the rebellious colonists was practically assured, and the power of

England, which had never been so great as at the close of the Seven Years' War, sustained a blow from which some European statesmen thought and hoped she would never recover. But the very event which seemed likely to darken her imperial prospects had the happy and unexpected result of building up new provinces with a people animated by feelings of the deepest devotion to the British Crown, and of laying the foundations of a new Dominion which, within less time than a century, would extend over an imperial domain hardly inferior in extent of territory and resources to the present United States. While the Quebec Act of 1774 firmly established the French Canadian nationality on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Treaty of 1783, which closed the war of the American revolution, led immediately to the migration into the British possessions, east and north of the new republic, of a large body of people who had remained faithful to England during the unhappy struggle between the King and his rebellious subjects, and were obliged at last to seek a refuge from the malignant and persistent persecution of their old neighbours.

The coming of these people, gener-



AN OLD LOYALIST HOME, THE LANGFELLOW HOUSE, AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OLD HOUSE AT SHELburnE, N.S., (1783-1898).

ally known by the name that was appropriately given to them at a later time in recognition of their fidelity to a United Empire, was a most auspicious event for the British American provinces, the greater part of which was still a wilderness. In the Acadian provinces, afterwards divided into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there was a British population of only some fourteen thousand souls, mostly confined to the peninsula. In the valley of the St. Lawrence there was a French population of nearly 100,000 persons, dwelling chiefly on the banks of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal. The total British population of the province of Quebec did not exceed 2,500, residing for the most part in the towns of Quebec and Montreal. No English people were found west of Lake St. Louis, and what is now the populous province of Ontario was an entire wilderness except where loyal refugees had gathered about the English fort at Niagara or a few French settlers had made homes for themselves by the side of the Detroit River and

Lake St. Clair. The migration of between thirty and forty thousand Loyalists to the Maritime Provinces and the valley of the St. Lawrence was the saving of British interests in the great region which England still happily retained in North America.

A review of all the lists of Loyalists that have come down to us shows how large a proportion of the best

people of the Atlantic colonies had sacrificed their happiness, comfort and wealth for the sake of principle. The colleges of Harvard, Yale and King's contribut-



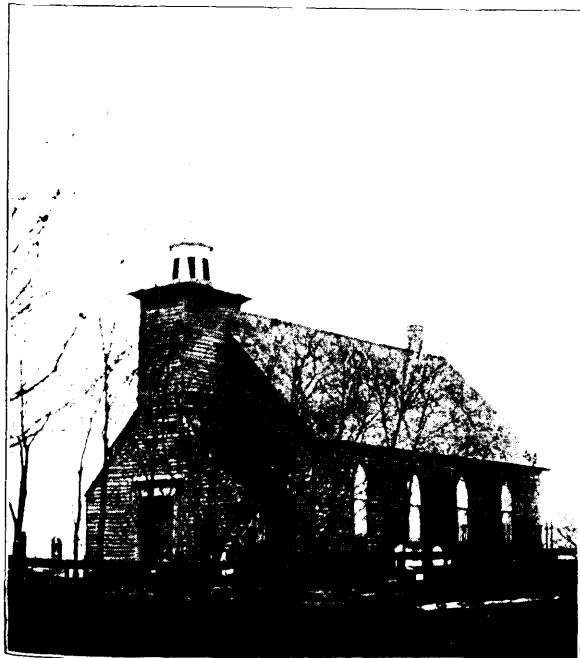
SIR JOHN JOHNSON.

ed some of their most distinguished graduates to the same cause, and not a few of them found their way to the British Maritime Provinces. Some of the ablest writers of the colonies were on the Loyalist side from the very commencement of the controversy. Jonathan Bliss, Jonathan Odell, Charles Inglis—three names well known to Canadian history—Samuel Seabury, Joseph Galloway, Miles Cooper, Daniel Leonard and Joseph Stansbury were the noted authors of essays or sermons or satirical poems written to promote the cause of peace, order and British connection. The leading men among the Loyalists possessed the finest homes and estates of the country—notably in New England. Their property was confiscated, and never restored in the majority of cases. Amid the elms of Cambridge, within sight of Harvard College, where so many of the eminent Loyalists were educated, we can still see old spacious mansions which were once the homes of the men who clung



FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING.

JOSEPH BRANT (THAYENDANEGEA).

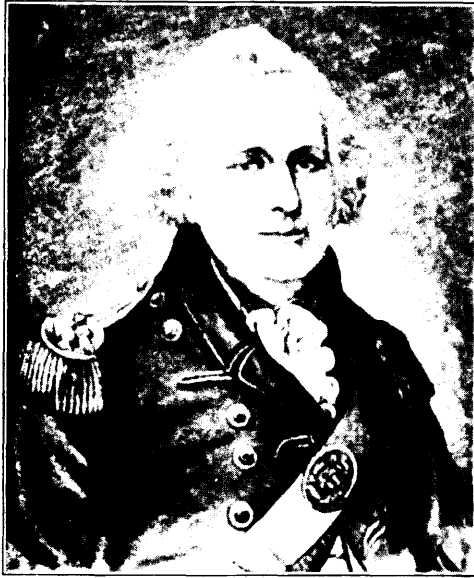


Brant's Tomb.

MOHAWK CHURCH AT BRANTFORD, BUILT BY GEO. III., 1785.

through good and evil report to the royal cause. Many Canadians have looked with respect and pleasure on the dignified old house, now sacred to the memory of the author of "Evangeline," but how few of them have been told that it was once the home of a Loyalist, Colonel John Vassall. The same is true of "Elmwood," which was built by Thomas Oliver, the last of the royal lieutenant-governors, and became the favourite residence of James Russell Lowell, whose name will be always respected by Englishmen and Canadians as that of a man who had veneration and love for the great land from which the founders of New England came in the first half of the seventeenth century.

The loyal party, according to some authori-



WILLIAM JARVIS.

A member of Governor Simcoe's first Council, and formerly an officer in the Queen's Rangers.

ties, comprised the majority of the people from the very beginning to the end of the conflict—certainly, one-third, according to the admission of John Adams himself—and they could alone have subdued the rebellious element had there been any unity among themselves at the commencement of the struggle, or had they been led by a man like Sir Guy Carleton when they were formed into loyal regiments. It is said that at least twenty-five thousand Loyalists were inactive service during the war. One excellent authority* is of opinion that there were actually from thirty to thirty-five thousand, at one time or other, enrolled in regularly organized corps, without including the bodies which waged a general warfare in South Carolina and elsewhere, or the bands of associated Loyalists in New York. These figures include, however, the regiments which were organized in Canada under Haldimand as well as in the southern division, which extended from Nova Scotia to Florida. It is

safe to say that upwards of twenty-five thousand Loyalists fought within the limits of the rebellious colonies.

The revolutionary party, even during the first phases of the controversy, treated their loyal opponents with extraordinary vindictiveness. The records of many families, who settled in the Canadian provinces, show to what a shameless degree some of the rebels carried their animosity. Churches were desecrated and clergymen insulted, because they refused to cease praying for the King and all legally constituted authorities. It is well to remember that the majority of the most influential Loyalists did not even sympathize with the ill-judged measures of the Imperial Government, but looked upon the controversy as open to argument, conciliation and compromise, and not to be best settled by mob violence, destruction of private property and defiance of law. At last, when the battle was fought between the English soldiers and the "minute-men" at Lexington, the revolutionary party became truly formidable, and the Loyalists, who had argued so long and fairly for a settlement on principles of compromise, had no other alternative than to follow the flag which was always for them the symbol of their allegiance to the Crown and the Empire.

The articles of peace, which were signed in 1783, afforded no adequate protection to the men who had fought and suffered for King and country. The weak Congress, which then nominally governed the feeble confederation, had no real influence over the States when the question arose of carrying out the provisions of the treaty and granting an amnesty to the people who wished to be restored to their homes and estates, or obtain at least some compensation for them. The legislatures of these States were animated by a purely revengeful spirit, and few, if any, estates were given back to their lawful owners. In many places men were tarred and feathered, and even

* Reverend W. O. Raymond, of St. John, N.B.—the able author of several pamphlets on the Loyalists—in a letter to the writer.

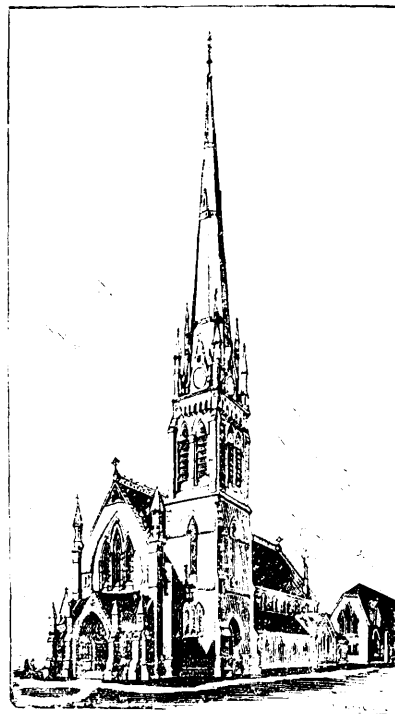
hanged, for daring to remain in the country. Many thousands had no choice open to them except to seek refuge in Florida, the West Indies, the British Isles, and in the wilderness which still belonged to Great Britain in North America. It is impossible to tell exactly how many persons altogether became exiles. All the men who had taken an active part in the war, and were consequently most hated by the successful revolutionists, certainly left the United States. As we know that at the very least twenty-five thousand men fought in the regularly organized royal regiments, we may fairly estimate that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children, were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world. Of this number, between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the remainder in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

The British Government granted pecuniary compensation and lands to the Loyalists who had suffered such great losses—almost irreparable in many cases—for the sake of the Empire. It took some years before the pecuniary claims of the numerous applicants for aid could be investigated and relief afforded. Many persons felt all the misery of "hope deferred." In 1786 a writer stated that "this delay of justice has produced the most melancholy and shocking events." Eventually the exiles, who made out their claims, were voted by Parliament an allowance of nearly sixteen millions of dollars; others received considerable annuities, half-pay of military officers, large grants of lands, and offices in the provinces.

In Nova Scotia the principal settlements of the exiles were in the present counties of Annapolis, Digby, Shelburne, and Guysboro', but a considerable number also found homes in the old settled townships where the American Pre-Loyalists, Irish, Germans and others had established themselves from

1749 until 1783. Nearly all the men who came to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had served in the royal regiments of the old colonies. The condition of many of the people is described in 1783 by Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia, as "most wretched." They were "destitute of almost everything, chiefly women and children, all still on board the vessels," and he had not been "able to find a place for them, though the cold was setting in very severe." Rude huts were erected for the temporary accommodation of these unhappy people when all the available buildings were crowded. At Guysboro', the first village which was hurriedly built by the settlers was destroyed by a bush fire, and many persons only saved their lives by rushing into the sea.

The Loyalists had also to suffer much in the valley of the St. John. Many of the people spent their first



TRINITY CHURCH.

A memorial of the Loyalists at St. John, N.B.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ADOLPHUSTOWN (ONTARIO) MEMORIAL CHURCH.

winter in log huts, bark camps, and tents covered with spruce, or rendered habitable only by the heavy banks of snow which were piled against them. A number of persons died through exposure, and "strong, proud men," to quote the words of one who lived in those sorrowful days, "wept like children," and lay down in their snow-bound tents to die. The difficulties of the settlers appear to have been aggravated by doubts as to the location of their promised grants of land, and the coldness and jealousy with which they were received by the old settlers on the St. John River, who, in the majority of cases, had little sympathy with the resolute loyalty that had driven them from their old homes in the United States.

However, the provincial authorities, in accordance with their instructions, did their best to ameliorate the condition of the refugees. Supplies of the necessaries of life were granted to the people for three years. At Port Roseway, now Shelburne, and at the mouth of the River St. John - to quote the words of Colonel Morse, in 1784 - "astonishing towns have been raised in less time, perhaps, than was ever known in any country before." Shelburne was for some years a place of great expectations, and had a population larger than that of Quebec and Montreal combined, but it transpired after a short and bitter experience that it

had none of the elements of stable prosperity, largely owing to the rugged nature of the country around it; and when the British Government stopped the supplies and withdrew the troops, its people began to leave and seek homes elsewhere in the provinces, and a few even in the United States. A pretty town now nestles by the side of the beautiful and spacious harbour which attracted the first ill-fated settlers, and its residents point out to the tourist the sites of the buildings of last century, one or two which still remain, and show you many documents and relics of the days when the old inhabitants were full of hope. Parrrtown was the first name of the infant settlement which became the city of St. John in 1785, when it wa

incorporated. Its site was wisely chosen at the entrance of the noble river which stretches into the heart of the province, and gives admirable facilities for commercial intercourse. The first landing of the loyal pioneers took place on the 18th May, 1783, at what is now the market slip of this interesting city. The total population of the province did not, previous to 1783, exceed seven hundred souls, and these were chiefly at Maugerville and other places on the great river.

A small number of loyal refugees had found their way to the valley of the St. Lawrence as early as 1778, and obtained employment in the regiments organised under Sir John Johnson and others. It was not until 1783 and 1784 that the large proportion of the exiles came to Canada, and settled chiefly on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence, in what are now called the counties of Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Addington, Lennox, Hastings, and Prince Edward, where their descendants are still numerous, possess fine farms and homes, and in many cases have acquired wealth and positions of honour and trust. Butler's Rangers, who took so active a part in the war, settled in the Niagara District, and a few other persons on the shores of Lake Erie. The majority of the Highland regiments—the first battalions of the King's New York Royal Regiment and the Royal Highland Emigrants or 84th—went to the townships now comprised in Glengarry, Stormont and Dundas. The first township, that of Kingston, was mainly settled by Captain Grass and other Loyalists who came from New York by the way of the St. Lawrence. The second township, Ernestown, in which is situated the historic village of Bath, as well as the third township, Fredericksburg, were granted to soldiers of the second battalion of the King's New York Royal Regiment and Royal Greens—the latter the designation given them by the rebels. Jessup's corps of Loyal Rangers established themselves in Edwardsburg and Augusta and near the present town of Brockville—first known

as Elizabethtown—while Rogers' corps passed on to the Bay of Quinte. Many of these disbanded troops were of Dutch or German origin—a fact which will explain the names of many people who still live on the St. Lawrence. The fourth township was Adolphustown, which was taken up by Mr. Van Alstine and a number of other persons from the present State of New York, some of whom had also served in loyal regiments.

The village of Adolphustown was for some years prominent in the social and political life of Upper Canada. It was the birth-place of Judge Hagerman, an able and eloquent Canadian, and it is stated that the great Canadian Prime Minister Sir John Macdonald was among the youth who attended its schools in later times. A small memorial church, designed with much taste, has been erected most properly in this old home of the Loyalists. It is now chiefly a place of memories, where the historical student can find much to interest him in its old burying-ground and other relics of the past.

A number of Hessians found their way to the township of Marysburgh, where they were unable, for the most part, to struggle with the difficulties of the wilderness, but of course they were not Loyalists. Some settlers also obtained grants of land in Ameliasburgh and other townships of Prince Edward and Hastings, but they do not require any special mention here.

The grants of land made to the Loyalists and their children were large, and in later years a considerable portion passed into the hands of speculators, who bought them up at nominal sums. It was in connection with these grants that the name of "United Empire Loyalists" originated. When Lord Dorchester, even better known as Sir Guy Carleton, was Governor-General, an order-in-council was passed at Quebec on the 9th of February, 1798, expressing his "wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who had adhered to the Unity of the Empire and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in 1783." Accord-

ingly, the names of all persons falling under this designation were to be recorded as far as possible in order that "their posterity may be discriminated from future settlers in the parish lists and rolls of the militia of their respective districts, and other public remembrancers of the province."

It does not appear that a similar order-in-council was passed in the Maritime Provinces, but, nevertheless, the descendants of twenty-five thousand or more people can with perfect justice claim on similar grounds the same high distinction.

It is not possible here to describe the privations and struggles of the exiles to make for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The difficulties appear to have been greater in the St. Lawrence valley, where the people were relatively poor, than in the case of the settlers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the leading men held good offices, received in some cases pecuniary compensation, or had succeeded in saving a pittance from their broken fortunes. In Upper Canada and elsewhere, while the Government continued to supply provisions and tools, the troubles of new settlement were considerably diminished, but as soon as the people were all thrown upon their own resources, the years of real trial began. Many of the settlers had lived in towns, and were entirely ignorant of farming. Others had become accustomed to the life of the camp, and began to think their "rations" would continue in their new homes. In a year of famine starvation stared hundreds in the face, and it is surprising that death did not come to many.

If we review the lists of the Loyalists who settled in the Maritime Provinces we find the names of many men who had distinguished themselves in divinity, law, medicine, and commerce in the old colonies, especially in New England. Among them were some who were direct descendants of the famous Puritan migration of 1629-1640. The first Bishop of the Church of England in British North America was the Right Reverend Dr. Inglis, once the rector

of Trinity Church, New York, whose son also became a Bishop of Nova Scotia, and whose grandson was the hero of Lucknow. The Reverend Matthew Byles, of Boston, the second rector of Trinity Church in St. John, New Brunswick, the Reverend Isaac Wilkins, of New York, the Reverend Jonathan Odell, of New Jersey, the clever loyal satirist, and the Reverend Joseph Bailey, of Maine, were among the clergymen who went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Senator Almon, of Halifax, is a descendant of Mr. Byles on his mother's side, and the name of Wilkins is found in the roll of judges and public men of Nova Scotia. The venerable rector of Shelburne, Dr. White, is the youngest son of Captain Gideon White, one of the founders of that historic town, who was the great-grandson of the first-born of New England. Other prominent exiles were these: John Howe, the father of Joseph Howe, and one of the printers of the "News-Letter," the first paper permanently established in America; Miner Huntington, who was connected with the Cromwell family; Ward Chipman, a graduate of Harvard, who became prominent in the official life of New Brunswick; William Sandford Oliver, the son of the last royal lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, and the first sheriff of St. John; Foster Hutchinson, the brother of the great governor of Massachusetts, who suffered so deeply for the royal cause; Colonel James de Lancey, who belonged to a Huguenot family, distinguished then as now in the records of the State of New York; Jonathan Sewell, at one time attorney-general of Massachusetts, and the father of a Chief Justice of Lower Canada; Sampson Salter Blowers, Jonathan Bliss and Daniel Bliss, all graduates of Harvard, conspicuous in the public life of New England, as they were at a later time in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; George Duncan Ludlow, the first Chief Justice of the latter province, who had been also a judge of the Supreme Court of New York. The Robinsons of Ontario and New Brunswick were

descended from an eminent English family of Virginia. Christopher Rob-
inson, of Virginia, the head of the On-
tario family, first settled in Wilmot, in
the historical county of Annapolis, and
went to Canada some years later. He
was the brother of Beverley Robinson,
of New York, whose name is associated
with that fatal interview between Ar-
nold and André which ended in the
death of the one and the flight of the
other. Beverley Robinson, who was op-
posed to the injudicious measures of the
British Government, but was not prepar-
ed to promote a rebellion, received an ap-
pointment to the Council of New Bruns-
wick, but never came from England to
assume the position. His son of the
same name was one of the founders of
Shelburne, but afterwards went to New
Brunswick and became an Executive
Councillor. His brother John also oc-
cupied prominent positions in the same
province, including the Mayoralty of St.
John; and his tombstone still stands
in the old burying-ground of that his-
toric city, so full of the memories of the
Loyalists. General Sir Frederick P.
Robinson, G.C.B., who distinguished
himself in the Peninsular War, was
commander-in-chief and acting lieu-
tenant-governor of Upper Canada in
1815. A prominent Loyalist of the
Annapolis county was Timothy Rug-
gles—a name found in the early Mas-
sachusetts annals—who had been pre-
sident of the Stamp Act Congress and
a justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Other prominent names are: The
Wilmots, two of whom were lieutenant-
governors of New Brunswick; the Al-
lens, one of whom was Chief-Justice of
the same province; the Chandlers, one
of whom was also lieutenant-governor
of New Brunswick; the Halliburtons,
one of whom was a Chief-Justice of Nova
Scotia; Putnam, Upham, Saunders,
Billop, Tyng, Harding, Hardy, Beck-
with, Raymond, Sayre, Botsford, Peters,
Beardsley, Bassett, Moody, Winslow,
Bayard, Stockton, McMaster, McLean,
Gidney, Alward, Leonard, Bates, Hat-
field, Chipman, Wetmore, Vernon, Mur-
ray, Golding, Parker, Ward, Hazen,
Sears, Marshall, Blanchard, Hathaway,

Lawrence, Scoville, Seaman, Leonard,
Jarvis, Tilley, Cunard, Van Buskirk,
Vernon, Coffin, and many others too
numerous to mention here.*

In the annals of the valley of the St.
Lawrence we find the name of Sir John
Johnson, the son of the able man who
performed such good service for Eng-
land and the colonies during the Seven
Years' War. The first clergyman of
the Church of England who came to
the country now known as Ontario
was the Reverend John Stuart, who
had been a missionary among the Mo-
hawks, and was the father of several
distinguished Canadians, one of them
a Chief-Justice. Among the Loyalists
of Canada must also be mentioned
Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), the as-
tute and courageous chief of the Mo-
hawks, the bravest nation of the Iro-
quois confederacy, who fought contin-
uously for England during the war. At
its close he and his people settled in
Canada, some in a township on the
Bay of Quinté, which still bears his In-
dian title, and the majority on the
Grand River, where a beautiful county
and city still perpetuate the memory of
this loyal subject of the British Crown.
The first Episcopalian church built in
Upper Canada was that of the Mo-
hawks, near Brantford, and here a
church bell first broke the stillness of
the forest.

The Bethunes, one of whom became
bishop, was a descendant of a chaplain
of a loyal regiment who settled in
Cornwall. The Macdonnells, of Glen-
garry, are the names of men who serv-
ed with distinction in the King's Royal
Regiment of New York and other loyal
forces, and held important positions in
the early days of Upper Canada, one
of them having been Speaker of the
first Legislative Assembly. The names

* Many memorials of the Loyalists exist in the province
of New Brunswick. For instance, J. D. Hazen, Esq.,
Q.C., of Loyalist stock, has a fine portrait, by Copley, of
Colonel Murray, who occupied prominent positions in
Massachusetts before he was forced to fly to the Mari-
time Provinces, where his descendants are well known.
In the wig there is a hole, which, according to tradition,
was made by a bayonet of the Whig party who searched
his house after his flight. Dr. Stockton, Rev. W. O.
Raymond and Mr. J. Allen Jack are among the persons
who have accumulated valuable relics and documents.
St. John, essentially the city of the Loyalists, should erect
a memorial building to preserve such papers, and give ac-
commodation to its historical and other societies.

of Grass, Cartwright, Merritt, Jarvis, Sherwood, Burrill, Ruttan, Burwell, Coffin, Hagerman, Carman, Brouse, Ross, Dennis, Keefer, Lampman, Kirby, Perry, Ingersoll (the father of Laura Secord) Van Alstine, Powell, Macaulay, Chrystler, Land, Bowlby, Lippincott, Carscallen, VanKoughnet, McNab, are among the names of the Loyalist settlers in Upper Canada. Besides the Cartwrights and Robinsons, who have filled most conspicuous positions in Canada, there are the numerous descendants of Josiah Jones, one of the early immigrants to Massachusetts. This family, so well known in Canada, came to the St. Lawrence by way of Nova Scotia, and have given to Canada judges, members of Parliament, merchants and clergymen. To the same family belong Hon. A. G. Jones, of Halifax, and Simeon Jones, the millionaire of St. John, N.B. One of the Joneses, during the war, was hunted like a wild beast by the revolutionary party, hanged three times, and as often cut down in the vain hope that he would give information with respect to the King's forces. The Loyalists were always true to their principles, and preferred death to dishonour.

The first Chancellor of Trinity University was Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who was the son of that Christopher Robinson to whom I have already referred. It is also an interesting fact that the present Chancellor is allied by his mother's side to the early loyal migration. In the first corporation of Trinity there were no less than seven distinguished men of Loyalist connection: Hon. Peter VanKoughnet, the great Chancery lawyer, Hon. G. W. Allen, of whom I have just spoken, Sir Allan McNab, Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Bethune, Archdeacon O'Kill Stuart, brother of the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Macaulay, and Chief Justice Robinson, Chancellor. One of the sons of the latter was a lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and another, who bears the name of the Ontario founder of the family, is one of the most eminent lawyers of Canada, who dis-

tinguished himself in connection with the Bering Sea arbitration.

For a hundred years and longer the Loyalists and their descendants—now numbering, according to the most accurate statistics, between 700,000 and 750,000 souls out of the total population of five millions—have filled many of the most prominent positions in all the vocations of life, and have exercised a noteworthy influence on the social and political development of the provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada. The records of the war of 1812-14 show that they largely helped to save the western province to England. In the unfortunate revolt of 1837-38 in Upper Canada they rallied to the support of the authorities, when the country was invaded by hordes of American ruffians, misled by Mackenzie. In the Maritime Provinces there were no such rebellious risings; but Joseph Howe and other Reformers, the sons or grandsons of Loyalists, fought out constitutional issues in a constitutional way, and soon obtained without bloodshed a redress of political grievances and the concession of responsible government.

In the promotion of the material, as well as the political, educational and intellectual development of British North America, we see the influence of the Loyalists. Dr. Ryerson was the founder of the public schools system of Upper Canada. The Welland Canal bears testimony to the energy and sagacity of William Hamilton Merritt. Sir Samuel Cunard, of Nova Scotia, established the great line of ocean steamers still associated with his name. The Loyalists and their descendants have given Canada sixteen Lieutenant-Governors, eighteen Chief Justices, four Prime Ministers of provinces, and fifteen members of the Dominion Government, including four Finance Ministers. Of this number, seven have been Lieutenant-Governors since the commencement of Confederation—E. B. Chandler, L. A. Wilmot, R. D. Wilmot, and Sir S. L. Tilley, of New Brunswick, whose family was of the old New England stock; Joseph

Howe, of Nova Scotia ; Sir R. Hodgson, of Prince Edward Island ; and J. Beverley Robinson, of Ontario. It is an interesting fact that the successor of Joseph Howe at Government House in Halifax was to have been his lifelong political opponent, J. W. Johnston, who was appointed to the bench on his retirement from active politics ; but he died in Europe, where he had gone with the vain hope of regaining some vitality in his extreme old age, and was never able to assume the responsibilities of the high position. The Finance Ministers of whom I have spoken are Sir S. L. Tilley, Mr. Foster, Mr. Fielding and Sir Richard Cartwright, now Minister of Trade and Commerce. Mr. Hardy, First Minister of Ontario, is of Loyalist descent on his father's as well as his mother's side. The names of Cabinet Ministers of the Dominion, besides the three Finance Ministers I have mentioned, since 1867, are these : J. H. Pope, W. B. Vail, Alfred Jones, L. Seth Huntington—who was of a Puritan stock—J. Coffin, W. Macdougall—whose family came first to Nova Scotia—Joseph Howe, R. D. Wilmot, C. Colby, David Tisdale, Sir C. H. Tupper—whose Loyalist descent comes, not through his father, whose family came to Nova Scotia in 1760, but through his mother—and, lastly, David Mills, whose family were also of Puritan stock, and came to Canada by way of Nova Scotia. We find in the Parliamentary Companion for 1897 the names of sixty men in the various legislative bodies of Canada who give themselves as descendants of the Loyalists. These facts show not only that our public men take a pride in their loyal ancestry, but that the Loyalists still exert a direct influence in the legislation and government of this country.

It is not so easy to trace the lineage of other men of distinction who are not in official or parliamentary life, but I have gathered from biographies a few names which illustrate the intellectual standard of the descendants of Loyalists in other vocations than politics. Sir William Logan, the emi-

grant geologist and founder virtually of the geological Survey of Canada, may properly be first named. Taking the list of the Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada—essentially a national representation of Letters and Science—and other societies of a literary and scientific character, I find the name of Charles Sangster, whose verses are full of patriotic fire and sympathy with the beautiful in nature. He died some years ago, but we have still with us Archibald Lampman, one of the most finished poets of Canada. His mother's father was a brother of Dr. Abraham Gesner, also a Loyalist, a well-known scientist of Nova Scotia, who invented the use of the kerosene lamp. On the same list must be placed Professor Roberts and Bliss Carman, the poets ; the eminent geologist, Dr. G. F. Matthew, of St. John ; the botanist, G. U. Hay, of the same place ; the author of the best history of French Acadia, James Hannay ; the veteran litterateur, William Kirby, of Niagara, the author of that interesting Canadian romance, "Le Chien D'Or ;" Barry Stratton and W. P. Dole, authors of several poems and essays of merit ; Lieutenant-Colonel Denison, also a member of the Royal Society, and author of a standard work on Cavalry ; Mrs. J. D. Edgar, a historical writer of Toronto ; Thomas Keefer, the eminent hydraulic engineer, vice-president of the same Society ; Rev. Dr. Bethune, a distinguished entomologist, and son of the Bishop of the same name ; Rev. Chancellor Burwash and Professor Badgeley, of Victoria University ; Dr. Harrison, Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick ; Bishop Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada ; Dr. Stockton, the publicist, of St. John, N.B., and Judge Savary, a historical writer, of Annapolis ; and Professors Bain and Welton, of MacMaster University. Among the men who are doing good work in other countries may be mentioned Professor Ganong, of New Brunswick, who has been engaged in educational duties in New England after a distinguished career at Har-

vard, and Dr. McColl Theal, historiographer to the Government of Cape Colony, and author of a standard history of South Africa. These are a few names of men of Loyalist extraction who have won distinction in intellectual accomplishments, and I might extend the list of meritorious performance indefinitely were I able in this paper to refer to the records of commerce, medicine, law and divinity.

As we recall the story of the Loyalists, their devotion to the Crown and British connection, their sufferings during many years, their services to Canada in the formative period of her political and social development, we can-

not exaggerate the heavy debt of gratitude that the Canadians of the present day owe to these pioneers. Their migration was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable the world has ever seen; it was like that of the Huguenots of the sixteenth century, an exile for the sake of high principle. From the day they came into the British possessions and established themselves on the shores of the Atlantic or on the banks of the St. Lawrence the provinces of which they were among the Makers have continued true to their grand ideal of a United British Empire.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RESURRECTION OF JONATHAN SLATER.

An Easter Tale.

"DIDN'T that boy bring the mail yet?" fretted Jonathan, from his arm-chair.

His wife left the room to enquire, and he huddled closer to the fire, stretching out his skinny yellow fingers towards the blaze and twitching his shoulders to accentuate an imaginery shiver.

He was a sad old wreck, cowering over the hearthstone at which he had crouched in his boyhood. Life had been successful, as success is usually counted. He had left the farm to make money, and by much hard work and much management and pinching of himself and others he had made it. Then he had weighed it, and it was found wanting. He was sensitive about the old tin-waggon which he had driven through the country. He hated to remember the bags of rags the farmhouse matrons gave him for tin saucepans and dippers and milk pails. He disliked the great stove-foundry, on which his name stood in gaudy letters, and he was not at home amongst the

people he met. He felt they despised him, and he was right. But he thought they knew of the waggons of tins and the flour-sacks of rags, and in that he was wrong. The best people found him crusty at heart, uncouth of manner and mean in his business details. The others simply did not find him amusing.

Then he bought back the homestead and thought to end his days there in happiness. But life in the city had emphasized the lack of comfort in the old farm-house. It was everything he had not expected it would be, and he settled down into a peevish disappointment with himself and everyone else. He had pushed the world away, and it had remained at a distance. He took every sort of medicine for every sort of ill, and was dead as far as a man can be who breathes regularly and digests well.

His wife was his only companion, and duty was the pivot upon which she turned this way and that to gratify his whims, increase his comfort, and sub-

due his peevishness. She was a woman of old-fashioned religion, and duty was her guiding-star.

Returning to the room, she held out towards him some papers and two letters. He took them greedily, fumbled them and handed them back.

Susan read them aloud. One was from his boy, the only child of the young wife who had made the world a better place for her life in it, and then had slipped away and left Jonathan with a baby-boy. But differences came between the hot-headed son and the irritable old father, and now his face hardened, his figure grew rigid, and his thin hands clutched like claws at the arms of his chair.

"It's a very nice letter," Mrs. Slater said cheerily, and Jonathan made no reply.

"It's a pity you won't see him," she went on, for the step-mother loved the boy, and her heart ached for him and for his young wife. The letter had said the baby-girl was ill, and Harry's heart was full of care and sorrow. He had meant, he said, to come up and see his father on Easter Sunday, and this was instead of the visit, for he could not bear to let the Easter go by without a word or message to him.

But the old man resisted the manly plea for reconciliation, and told Susan to read the other letter.

"It's from poor sister Nancy."

"Humph!" grunted Nancy's brother.

If nothing went wrong Nancy was coming to spend Easter, and Susan's heart swelled with joy at the news.

"Read the paper," was Jonathan's next command.

Susan opened it and glanced about the pages.

"Read who's dead!" he went on irritably, tapping his lean fingers on his knee.

Susan's voice began quietly:

"Danby: At Burton, on April the —"

"Skip that!"

"Emslie: At Hamilton, on——"

"Don't know that name!"

"Fitz-Robert: At Hamilton, on April 18, John Fitz-Robert, in the seventy-first year of his age."

"Now the widow and children will fight over the money," snorted Jonathan, with an evil cast in his eye.

"Gray: At Toronto, on April 14, Maurice Gray, aged forty years."

Mrs. Slater's voice trembled, but her impassive white face bore her husband's curious, half-insulting scrutiny well.

"So your old beau's gone," he quavered. "You always thought you'd have been happier if you'd married him."

Mrs. Slater was silent.

"Didn't you, now?"

"No," she answered quietly.

"Oh, yes you did, but you're mistaken. He'd have spoiled you, and I haven't. I've let you develop patience, and you're a better woman for it. Patience is a great thing in woman," sighed Jonathan.

And then Susan read him the news of the day, and the local columns, and the history of a blood-curdling murder. Next he wanted his new medicine, with a drop of whiskey to take the taste away, and then he settled down for his afternoon nap. His wife took up some knitting and busied her fingers with it, but her eyes shone with a mist that was half tears, half tender memory, and her thoughts were far away. She was thinking of the dead man who had been her lover. Since they had gone separate ways and had each married, she had thought of him very occasionally, and then chided herself for even remembering his name. Her ideas of love and marriage were very primitive, very prudish and inextricably mingled with her religion. That a married woman should love a man who was not her husband, or that a man should love a married woman, was, in her eyes, immorality. She had felt herself under bond. Now there was a feeling of freedom. He was dead. He no longer belonged to the other woman. She could care for him now; it was no sin, but only a comfort. And he was still a reality to her. Heaven was a place,

a real place. He was there, and he was happy, and they would see each other again as surely as the sun shone and the stars hung in the sky. Then her girlhood came again. What a handsome boy he used to be! How the smell of roses came to her nostrils! What a sense of unrest grew in her bosom! How short her breath came! Her eyes fell on the paper. He was dead! She shuddered at the thought of the unknown suffering he had borne. The heart-blood swelled her eyeballs, tears filled the lids and streamed down her cheeks. Half-impatiently she turned to the window, as if to turn from her thoughts. She held her knitting up to her blurred eyes and measured and narrowed, and cast an anxious glance now and again toward the old man sleeping on the couch. He looked so old and crabbed. He was so coarse-featured from coarse living that she shuddered and turned away quickly each time. She had married him because he was rich and she was poor; because he wanted a housekeeper, and her friends all agreed in thinking it would be a "good thing for her."

At five o'clock Nancy came. She was older than her brother in years, but a brighter, happier, cheerier little body never trod this grey old earth for the good of humanity. Her brother's one aim had been to "do well" for himself. She had wished most of all to help others, and when he was a peevish, disheartened old man—old and grey before his time—she was still the mistress of the golden touch, a pleasant-faced woman, with a keen intellect, beloved by everybody, welcome everywhere, though her whole income was only a hundred dollars a year, and her husband and her two boys slept together in the little graveyard at Carroll's Corners.

"And how's brother Jonathan keeping, Susan?" she queried, as she rolled her bonnet-strings up and tied them with a bit of thread to keep them neat.

"Frets, does he?" she murmured sympathetically. "Poor boy, he's giving himself a hard time being so set against Harry. Did you know the

baby was dead? No! Well, of course, Harry wrote yesterday, Good Friday, you know, and the little thing didn't go till this morning. Oh! yes, bless you, I was there. I told Harry he could send me word any time he was in trouble and he could depend on me. He said he'd like you and his father to come. I suppose we couldn't do anything with Jonathan?"

Susan shook her head. Her mouth trembled too much for speech, for Harry was very dear to her. There are women who must "mother" something or someone. She was such a one. Children of her own had been denied her, and she had set her husband's son in the empty place in her heart. She longed to go to him in his trouble, but Jonathan was so determined, and next to duty Susan prized peace.

Nancy brushed away her tears. No one but the baby's mother cries bitter tears over its short little life. Others see in its death only a short, pure life and an early release. They can be philosophical.

"I'm so glad you came to us for Easter," Susan said unsteadily; "I've wanted you."

"You dear," crooned Nancy, patting her on the shoulder. "Wait a minute, Susan. I want to see the river from the window. This was my room when I was a girl. It's a great privilege to be allowed to come back and see it all again. The place is almost holy. I feel like putting off my shoes."

The meeting between Jonathan and Nancy was typical. Nancy purred herself into tears, as she kissed the wrinkled cheek. Jonathan grunted and pecked at her forehead as a gobbler might at a cob of corn. He would not have confessed to much fondness for this sister, and yet there was something which bound them together. They were the last of their family.

They talked of those who were dead and dying, of the old places, the old families and the old days. Jonathan said Fitz-Robert was dead, and they discussed the Fitz-Roberts root and

branch. Percy Slater, their grand-nephew, was married; the Boltons had lost their farm; the Greens had sold the homestead, and Betsy Green had married a man fifteen years younger than herself. The township was all a-cackle over it, Nancy said, though it was none of their business, to be sure, and it had turned out happily so far as it had gone.

It was wonderful how Nancy's chatter brightened her brother. He sat up straight in his chair. His eyes sparkled with interest. He looked taller and stronger. When he moved, his feet no longer dragged over the carpet and his voice had lost its whine.

"I declare you look younger than I thought," laughed Nancy at tea that evening.

"You've brightened him," said Susan.

Even Jonathan himself thawed into geniality, and averred that Nancy would brighten anyone, whereupon Nancy looked mightily pleased and drank her tea too hot, and coughed, and was very tremulous and happy all evening.

"What are you going to do special this Easter?" asked Nancy next morning.

"About giving?" enquired Jonathan suspiciously.

"No, about forgiving," Nancy purred, sitting very still, and thinking helplessly that the storm was about to break.

Jonathan curled his lips and looked about the room. It was decorated with flowers; not that he cared for flowers especially, but flowers and Easter went together, and hadn't he money for them? Besides, he liked to patronize the florist, from whom his family never bought anything but strawberry and tomato plants when they were poor and he was a boy.

"You always did stick up for Harry," grumbled Jonathan, "and I suppose you want me to palaver over him."

And Nancy began: "Well, and why not? A man's got a right to marry who he wants to. You did, and did it twice,

too, and no one said anything against you. You wanted Harry to be a lawyer, and he wanted to farm. Why didn't you buy him a farm, instead of letting him rent that scrubby bush land and build his poor little house on it?"

"You've been there?" he queried, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Of course. Harry sent for me when the baby died."

"Died!" he cried. "It isn't dead, is it?"

"Yes, poor little thing, and she's just the picture of Harry's mother."

Jonathan swallowed hard and pretended to be very busy scratching out a white spot on his coat-lapel.

"I thought we'd all go down there this morning, and Susan says she'll take some of the flowers. You can't stay away from your boy when he's in trouble, and—"

"Lord! Nancy, what a tongue you've got," he cried.

"Same kind as yours!" she retorted good-naturedly.

"I think he'll go," Nancy whispered to Susan a little later. "He's all tumbled together in his feelings just now. It's hard for him to give in. I know it. We're all set in our way, but there's no sense in this. He needs that boy to keep him young and get his heart back to the right place. You're too patient with him, Susan. He'd be better for being stirred up now and then."

"Patience is what I've striven after," cried Susan passionately. "I've prayed, 'Lord make me patient.' If I hadn't, I'd just have gone crazy or run away from him."

"Poor dear," Nancy said, with her soothing little pat on Susan's arm. "Poor dear, but it's your lot, dear, and you must bear it."

They were both women who saw things as women of their class and generation still see them. They held it sin to think with tenderness of one man while married to another, but, according to their code, it was eminently proper to marry "for a home;" to live in that so-called home with no love towards the man in it; and to remain

there when there was no spark of affection and the matter-of-fact liking had changed to disrespect and aversion.

Nancy had her way. In two hours all three were speeding over a muddy road. Eight miles from Jonathan's comfortable farm-house was a new one, bare, plain, small, without shutters and only half-painted.

The carriage wheels ground on bits of lath and plaster, and stopped before a door from which fluttered a bit of white cashmere tied with a white ribbon. Jonathan pushed every one aside and strode in. His pride was gone. He was all tenderness. Harry came towards him, his face working piteously as his father laid a hand on his shoulder, and said something unintelligible to ears, but easily understood in heart language.

No one spoke. Hand in hand the two men went over to the tiny casket. The young wife was kneeling on the floor. She rose wonderingly, and when Jonathan opened his arms she sobbed out her great grief on his shoulder.

This old man, who had been lonely and disappointed and peevish, stood taller now. His face beamed with sorrow and tenderness. He had found some one to help, something to do. He need not now sit grumblingly waiting for death.

The neighbour-women huddled in the kitchen, fearing to intrude. Nancy

went out to them. They were talking in low, pleased tones of the reconciliation.

"I never went much on Easters, being a Methodist," said one, "but this is one to remember."

"He'd trimmed his own house with flowers, and then remembered the blossom here had been broken off with a short stem," sighed another.

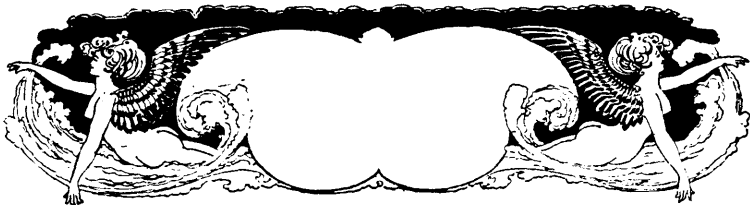
"It's the death that done it," muttered Granny Crane.

"It's the resurrection, friends," cried Nancy, her clear voice rising above the murmur.

"It—is—the—resurrection," repeated Jonathan solemnly. "I was dead in sin, and it has left me. I am free to live."

Susan stood apart. Joy might come to them all in due time. Time heals with scarce a scar sometimes. To her the days would be always gray, for it is upon the woman the horror of an unhappy marriage presses most heavily. Harry rejoiced in his father's new-found affection. Other children came to comfort him and his wife. Jonathan planned and gave, and grew old happily. Nancy thought of the little graveyard, and brushed away a tear, and was cheery again, but always to Susan there was the bond which never united, and her face grew set and old, and she looked out on life with dulled eyes.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton).



THE END OF A DYNASTY.

An Easter Story.

SYLVIA, when we were at school together, was the most docile and obedient girl there. Her respect for authority was phenomenal, though even at seventeen it by no means implied that she approved or respected the person holding authority. She seemed to think she was there to learn lessons and obey rules, a view that was not prevalent among us ; and I must admit that she was a shining success in both respects. Yet I remember wondering, once or twice, what would happen if Sylvia ever had cause given her to cease regarding obedience as a virtue.

If mother hadn't decided, early one spring, some years after our school days were over, that I was out of health and in need of rest, I might have been wondering yet. Sylvia, hearing of my alleged ill-health, wrote asking me to spend a few weeks of my enforced leisure with her. I knew that I should enjoy myself, so I went.

Sylvia was housekeeper in her father's home, the only other member of the family, besides her father, being an invalid aunt. And Sylvia's house was exquisitely orderly, though the young mistress' authority was by no means supreme, her father being the head of the house in a most literal sense. I never knew what Sylvia thought of this petty autocracy, though I have too great a respect for her intelligence to suppose she saw much wisdom in it. She was evidently very fond of her father, and she was most scrupulously observant of all his wishes.

But I had not been long with her before I saw that there was a difference of opinion on one particular point, between her and her father, of recent beginning, but surprisingly well-defined. I feel certain that there never was an uncivil word between them ; the old gentleman would have forgiven mean-

ness sooner than incivility, and Sylvia would never have forgotten either. Yet the fact of their difference was apparent, even before I had any idea of its ground.

I learned that the first evening they were "at home" after my arrival. Sylvia's aunt, whose invalidism was of that obliging sort that interferes only with usefulness, not with pleasure, used to put on a silk gown and come downstairs on these occasions, and we really had better times than you would think.

It was on the first of these evenings that I saw the cause of Sylvia's disagreement with her father, and it was nearly six feet high and quite nice to look at, and went by the name of Ernbridge. I had a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Ernbridge that night, and I obligingly spent the time in amiable chatter about something he didn't need to pay much attention to, so that he might watch Sylvia. With her had little chance to speak, her hospitable duties, which I could see Miss Harcourt was purposely making onerous for her, preventing. But when he said "Good-night" chance gave him a half-minute's isolation among the departing guests, and after that I could have told my worthy host to save his energy for some other dispute ; his daughter wasn't trifling.

There was among the guests that night a young gentleman called Martin, one of the very most rising young men that ever rose. I had known him for some years, and was watching respectfully to see him turn into a Premier, or a Cabinet Minister at least, some morning. He really was brilliantly clever, I believe, and his reputation, present and future, was truly lofty. Besides, his manners were charming, correct enough for the Spanish Court, and spontaneous enough for

a mining camp. I wasn't surprised to see that Mr. Harcourt and his docile sister were very gracious to this young gentleman, and it was evident that he was not a frequent visitor; he was on somewhat more formal terms than the others.

I felt sorry for Sylvia that night; she seemed so friendless, with her father and aunt both bent on thwarting her will, so I went in and sat on the foot of her bed, while she brushed her hair, and, because nothing else came into my mind that I could say, I repeated scraps of Mr. Martin's witty conversation to amuse her. She laughed appreciatively once or twice, but at last she said quaintly:

"Do you know, I think common sense is much nicer than that?"

"Oh, for everyday use, of course it is," I admitted.

"No, I mean for all conversation. Simple language seems wiser to me. But I know Mr. Martin has common sense, too, only it's not a lovable kind." As I had not heard of this kind before I said nothing, thinking that I might learn more about it when I had another opportunity for observing Mr. Ernbridge's character.

Sylvia turned from her mirror presently, and began an allegory, without preface.

"Once upon a time there was an imprisoned princess who desired her liberty, and she had only her bodkin. But she dug out some of the stones in her prison wall with the bodkin, and made a long rope of the window curtains and hangings, and let herself down to the ground. I always admired that princess."

"They must have been papier-maché stones," I commented.

"Those might be harder to move than stone ones," she answered.

"Doesn't it look a little like a tale of a miracle, intended only for the faithful?" I queried.

"Assuredly it is intended for the faithful. Doesn't your Carlyle say that a miracle, instead of breaking a natural law, only reveals a deeper law, not yet known?"

"The unrevealed law in this case being one by the working of which, if a princess intend to get out—and continue to so intend—the disproportion between a bodkin and a stone wall disappears."

"One might guess it to be something like that."

"And when the princess climbed down her rope, was the prince waiting below for her?" I asked. Sylvia laughed.

"No, he was pounding on the big front door of the castle with both fists. The princess slipped round the corner, and pulled his coat to make him stop, and then he stopped and took her away with him."

"That was lovably sensible of him," I said, and Sylvia got up and began brushing her hair again.

"I think it's time we both went to sleep," I said, "and I believe you made up that fairy-tale; I don't think there was ever such a princess."

"Perhaps there hasn't been—yet," she answered. I said good-night and went away to bed, feeling not quite so sorry for Sylvia.

In truth, her allegory was not so very absurd, for she certainly would not reach the prince at the castle door—or Mr. Ernbridge with a wedding-ring in his vest pocket—by any means yet known to that gracious yet alert controller of her destiny, her father. Perhaps it is usual in some circles to coerce young women in that way, but to me, fresh from the liberty and openness of my own home, Mr. Harcourt's autocratic authority seemed unwarrantable, and Miss Harcourt's diplomacy detestable. He might have said, of course, that he was naturally interested in his daughter's marriage, though by what process of reasoning he reached the conclusion that his interest was greater than hers, I never understood. But I went some distance out of my way to be annoyed with Miss Harcourt for the petty drawing-room stratagems she employed to thwart Sylvia's pleasure, because I knew that at her brother's bidding she would just as readily have

beamed upon Mr. Ernbridge and helped Sylvia select her trousseau. I cannot help believing that there is some responsibility attached to the possession of an individual mind.

Between them, Sylvia was seldom allowed to have five minutes' speech with Mr. Ernbridge, either alone or in company. But Sylvia and he had probably reached an understanding some time earlier, before the watch-dog had waked up. Mr. Ernbridge must also have attained his position as a familiar guest (and it was easy to fancy even Miss Harcourt's liking him unbidden) before Mr. Harcourt's opposition was aroused. Such favour it was quite impossible to withdraw from him now without good reason, and as he had not yet formally spoken to Sylvia's father, no such reason was forthcoming, and he stood his ground with that admirable tenacity that sometimes accomplishes its object, and is always a pleasure to contemplate.

Sylvia's communications were meagre, but I gathered from the little she said that her father's opposition was growing stronger. She seemed unaware that this was owing to Mr. Martin's more frequent visits, and I didn't enlighten her, for that sort of ambition is not a lovely quality to contemplate in one's father. But if she had desired to cultivate Mr. Martin's acquaintance, her seniors would have given her plenty of opportunity. It was impossible for Mr. Harcourt to help coveting so brilliant and creditable a son-in-law; such a connection would have suited so well his own dignity.

This sorry game occupied only a few weeks, and the end came unexpectedly soon. It was drawing near Easter, and just the sweet, uncertain, fresh spring weather, in which Sylvia, if she had been treated properly, would have been wandering off for long walks with Mr. Ernbridge, and getting home late for everything. Mr. Harcourt decided that they ought to give a party for me, (I believe he wanted Mr. Martin to see Sylvia in a pretty light frock) and accordingly the party was given.

If Mr. Harcourt wanted to show his daughter to advantage, he succeeded. Sylvia never looked prettier than she did that evening. But it was evident enough that she wasn't looking pretty for Mr. Martin.

When the party was breaking up, and most of the guests had gone, I saw Mr. Ernbridge come hurriedly into the room where we had been dancing, through the door nearest Mr. Harcourt's library, and go straight to Sylvia, who was alone for the moment. He was saying more than good-night, I thought.

In a few minutes he came across the room and bade me good-night briefly, and went away. Sylvia came to me a moment later, the radiance gone from her face, and a little gleam of anger in her eyes.

"James spoke to father just now," she said, beginning abruptly, "and father refused point-blank. He said, too, that James mustn't come here any more."

"Perhaps your father would listen to you more patiently," I suggested, not very hopefully.

"No, I have spoken to him twice, and—of course, he spoke more kindly to me than to James; I think he was rude to him—but he asked me to give it up, that it was unwise, and I must not think of it, nor expect him to change his mind." I had often marvelled at Mr. Harcourt, but never before had I reason to marvel at his stupidity. Sylvia went on, hastily:

"Gertrude, if I want you to do something for me, and the occasion for it arises suddenly, without my explaining what I want, you'll help me?"

"Count on my friendship for as much worth as there is in me," I said, "but don't put too great a strain on my intelligence."

"And if I'm selfish or rude, you'll pardon it?"

"I shall be delighted to, when I discover it."

"You will discover it."

Just then Mr. Harcourt came into the room. Sylvia drew back a step as he came up. He asked if we had en-

joyed the party, and I answered truthfully that I had. He was in a very good humour, and inclined to talk to us, I thought, though Sylvia neither spoke nor looked at him at all. I think he had under-estimated the effect of speaking rudely to James. But I'm not sure that he noticed her silence; he stood talking easily, telling us that tomorrow was Easter Friday, and recalling a number of Easter practices and superstitions, until he was interrupted by the "good-nights" of the last guests.

I had no chance for further talk with Sylvia that night, as she went immediately to help Miss Harcourt, whom the evening had fatigued somewhat.

The next morning as I passed Sylvia's door on my way downstairs, I knocked softly, thinking she might be later than usual after the party, but I received no answer. I was not surprised, for she was an habitually early riser, which I shall never be until I am completely reconstructed.

She had left me somewhat uncertain as to what part I was cast for in the coming drama, and the extreme doubtfulness of my recognizing it in time, if that were left to my own intelligence, made me hope uneasily for more explicit instructions. But it was a gloriously fresh morning, and the uncertainty was only pleasantly exciting—as my blunders were all in a vague and possibly blunderless future. So I ran downstairs, singing, and was crossing the wide, sunshine-flooded hall at anything but a walk when Mr. Harcourt appeared in the hall door. He bowed his ceremonious "Good-morning," then quoted, smiling,

"And oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so glad a sight."

I forgot the compliment in my haste to defend the climate.

"Then your poet never saw such an Easter sun as this, for nothing could be gladder."

"Yes, it is beautiful. Do you know if Sylvia is down yet? I haven't seen her."

"I think she is down; I knocked on her door in passing, and she did not answer."

Just then a servant came into the hall from the dining-room.

"Miss Sylvia has gone out, sir," she said. "She told me to give you this."

"Ah! thank you." Mr. Harcourt took the note from the maid's hand, and waited till she had gone, then, with a brief "Will you excuse me?" tore it open.

I went to the open hall door to get nearer the sweet weather, not dreaming how prompt Sylvia could be when once she had decided. But in a moment I faced about again, immeasurably startled by an exclamation more profane than appropriate from my host.

"Sylvia has gone to be married," he added. His voice shook, and his eyes were wide with amazement. I believe his first emotion was pure surprise. For my part I was only surprised by the suddenness, and I knew now that Sylvia, in withholding her confidence, had meant to leave me innocent of any complicity in her revolt, lest her father should be angry with me, not thinking how delighted I should have been to anger him in that way. Yet I was sorry for him, as I watched the amazement in his eyes fade, leaving room for hurt pride and wistful affection. It was only a few seconds, however, before he recovered command of himself and his own peculiar idea of what was proper took the dropped reins again. He picked up the envelope of Sylvia's note from the floor where he had dropped it, and opened the dining-room door.

"Will you pour out the coffee this morning, then?" he said, and stood aside courteously for me to pass. Then for the first time I admired him. It is inspiring to see a man stand to his guns, even if you think they are only toy-guns; perhaps you aren't such a good judge of artillery after all.

Events are slow in reaching me, like the light from distant stars, but by the

time breakfast was over the fact of Sylvia's marriage had fairly entered my consciousness, and I was curiously beset by the thought that it was such a lonely way for an affectionate girl to be married. But I was credibly though obliquely informed later that no wedding is lonely, provided the bridegroom is there.

When we rose from the table, Mr. Harcourt asked me if I would look to the household a little, the servants might need some overseeing, and perhaps, also, I would be good enough to attend to his sister—she disliked servants' help. I undertook these duties readily; probably these were the things Sylvia had wished me to do, though I don't know another girl who would worry much about the small comforts of her family if she were eloping.

I knew Sylvia's clockwork household would run of itself for some time, but nevertheless I went into the kitchen, as a matter of form, to make friends with the cook, and give her the impression, if possible, that I wasn't so very ignorant of matters in her department. These objects accomplished more or less successfully, I ran upstairs to Miss Harcourt's room, passing Mr. Harcourt on his way down. He had just left his sister.

I found her staring at the ceiling, her face a reproduction of what her brother's had been for those first three seconds in the hall. But in her eyes the amazement stayed, and she said not a word beyond the necessary civilities, while I assisted her to dress, and established her comfortably in her sitting-room, which adjoined the bedroom. Then I went down to the kitchen again to prepare her breakfast, her objection to hirelings extending even to hireling-made toast. When I took the tray up she ate her breakfast in silence, and when she had finished, she turned her still-amazed eyes to me and made her first allusion to Sylvia.

"This should be a warning to you, Gertrude, to regard your parents." The warning was not at all clear to me, as I thought Mr. Ernbridge a very nice young man indeed, and I longed to tell

her that my parents would have reason to think I was lucky if I did as well. But it would have been as much as one's life was worth to be flippant in that house that day, so I merely said I thought it a girl's duty as well as her right to consider only her own will concerning her marriage. Whereat Miss Harcourt said her head ached, and would I draw down the blind, and give her the cologne, please.

Late in the morning I went into the drawing-room for a book I had been reading the day before, and found Mr. Harcourt prowling restlessly about, and looking out of each window as he passed it. He stopped prowling immediately, and got my book for me.

"Stay here and read," he said. "It's the pleasantest room in the house at this hour." He pushed a chair into the sunshine for me, and I sat down and opened my book. I had hardly read three lines when I heard an abrupt movement, and looked up. Mr. Harcourt had just turned away from the window, out of which he had been gazing. I looked, and saw a florist's waggon standing at the gate. Mr. Harcourt had seen it, and drew a hasty inference.

"Martin is sending Sylvia some Easter flowers," he said. I stared at him, amazed at the bitter tone, and ambition never looked to me so mean a passion before. It was the most genuine expression I had ever seen on his face, except for those first unguarded moments that morning after he had opened Sylvia's note, and I forgot the ludicrous side of the matter, in pity for Sylvia and for him.

When the maid brought in the florist's box and gave it to me, his face changed immediately, and he put aside his trouble to appear interested in my pleasure.

"Ah, so *you* have admirers, too. I might have guessed in spite of your demureness." I don't strike myself as a particularly demure person, but I didn't expect him to talk wisely that day. Opening the box carefully, I gave him Mr. Martin's card, bending my face over the lovely white lillies, and almost

forgiving Sylvia's father for wishing her to marry a man who had such good taste in flowers. At last I looked up, and held the box out for my host's admiration.

"Aren't they exquisite?"

"Yes, beautiful." He still held the card in his hand. "It was you, then, not Sylvia?"

"It was I, so far as it was anybody." His badly concealed surprise was amusing, though not complimentary. It seemed to me I could see his opinion of Mr. Martin going down like the mercury when one puts the thermometer outdoors on a cold morning. I could see also a slight modification of his view of Sylvia's conduct, and when I returned to the drawing-room with the flower-vase, I found that there was less tragedy and more expediency in the air than there had been since breakfast.

Scientific selfishness is strangely illogical in its working. Since Mr. Harcourt found that the brilliant marriage had never been within Sylvia's reach, and his own plan, undoubtedly the wisest for all concerned, had always been impossible of fulfilment, he was—well, in plain language, was in a much better temper. It was also open to him now to believe, if he chose to ignore a fact or two, that it was not his daughter who had defeated him, but circumstance.

"I did not tell you, I think," he said, as I sat my flower-vase down,

"that Sylvia is coming here this afternoon?"

"No," I said surprised. "I supposed she had gone out of town."

"No, they are going at nine o'clock this evening. Sylvia's note said she would come this afternoon, if I would see her."

After luncheon, Mr. Harcourt went out into his garden—a love of flowers was one of his redeeming qualities—and he wandered about, contemplating the muddy spots where these would be in a few weeks, and finally he called me out to look at one particularly interesting spot. I was contemplating it with a polite show of interest when I heard the gate-hinge creak. Mr. Harcourt turned quickly. Mr. Ernbridge had pushed the gate open for Sylvia, but she stood just outside it, looking at her father. I believe he hesitated, but it was only for a second. Then he walked over several potential flower-beds, and took his daughter affectionately in his arms, and afterwards shook hands cordially with Mr. Ernbridge.

"You will stay to dinner, will you not?" he asked. "Gertrude, here, has been looking after your work, Madam Runaway, so I suppose there will be something to eat."

The old gentleman was very gracious to both all through that wedding-dinner, but I remembered the arrival of the flowers, and I gave him but small credit.

Katharine L. Johnston.



MURAL DECORATION.

[Up to the present time, Canadians have had little of either leisure or wealth to spend on art. Now, the conditions are changing. Pictures and statuary are receiving more attention. Mural decoration, one of the earliest forms of painting, is still almost unknown, yet bids fair to receive a due share of the benefit resulting from the slowly awakening desire for more artistic homes and public buildings. Some of the Roman Catholic churches have already attempted work of this kind, and Mr. Harris, the artist, has decorated very artistically the interior of a little church at his home in Prince Edward Island. Some of the leading citizens in Toronto have begun to use mural decorations by native artists in their residences, and in the same city a Guild of Civic Art has been formed to encourage such development as this. The illustrations accompanying this article show designs made by several Toronto artists for the purpose of decorating the Council Chamber of the new City Hall. Figure 1 shows the interior of that room as it was proposed to have it when completed. Figures 2 and 3 show details of the work. On the south wall, (the centre of Figure 1) the motto of the city, "Industry, Integrity and Intelligence," is embodied in three symbolical panels. On the west side (to the right in Figure 1) there is a large panel representing "Government" by means of a rural arbitration; and on either side of this are Peace and Prosperity. All the figures and details in these panels are such as might have been seen in the closing days of the last century, when Toronto was founded on the north shore of Lake Ontario.

The subject of mural decorations is one worthy of the attention of all citizens, and the following instructive article by G. A. Reid, R.C.A., is commended to our readers.—*The Editor.*]

THE subject of Mural Decoration is so wide in its scope that even the briefest exposition of its nature involves a consideration of that whole field of art to which sculpture, painting and designing belong. It is related to all surface decoration, from the rudest representation which primitive man scratched upon the handle of his simple weapon, up to the frieze of a Greek temple, or a modern wall painting with all its complicated harmonies of colour and design.

When we enquire into the nature and function of decoration, to what decoration is generally applied, the idea of architecture arises, and we realize that in it is included almost the whole subject; indeed the formative arts are so nearly one that it is only for convenience we speak of painting, sculpture and design as separate from the general term "architecture"; painting and sculpture would undoubtedly be homeless without the art of building, and architecture would be little more

than mere building without decoration.

In the ideal or perfect work of architecture we should expect a building with adaptation of plan to its requirements, with a symmetry of parts, and which, to emphasize the purposes for which it was created, should become the monument on which should be written with floral, animal and human forms all varieties of imaginings and expressions of lofty emotions connected with its special use. The ideal, of course, cannot be reached; but it is what we should strive for. The influences which are operating to prevent even a partial attainment of this ideal are important, and demand our attention.

It is generally conceded that in the rapid development of modern industry an overpowering commercialism has demoralized and scattered our art impulses. Machinery—that monster which has been devouring the arts—has so increased the possibilities of mere

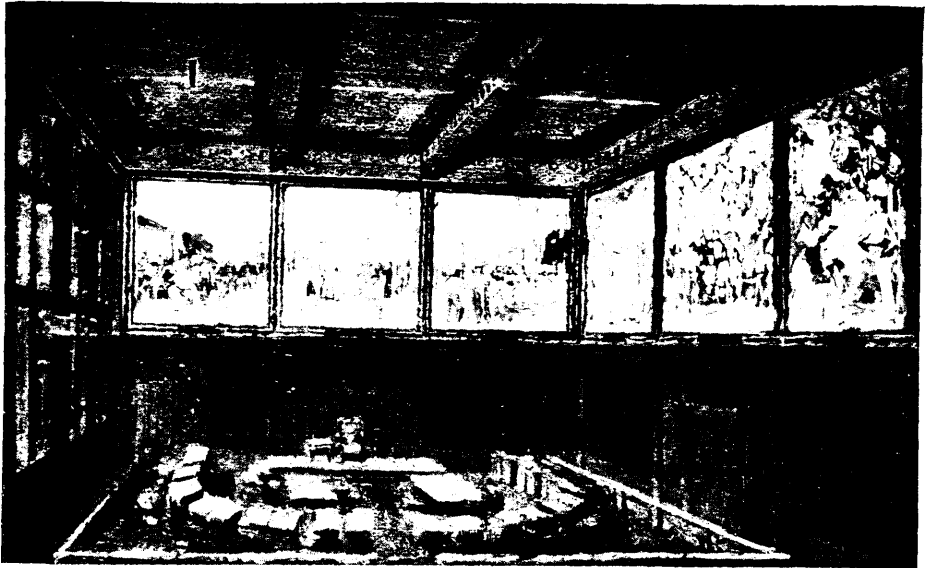


FIG. 1.—INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE NEW CITY HALL, TORONTO, SHOWING PROPOSED DECORATIONS.



FIG. 2.—INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY, INTELLIGENCE.

South Wall of Council Chamber, by W. Cruikshank, G. A. Reid and E. Wyly Grier.

production that the real power it should have brought is turned into a pauperizing force; pauperizing in two ways: first, by the ruin of true design; and secondly, by the ruin of the handicrafts. It is not in this sense only that art has been separated from production. The painter and sculptor have been forced by the exploiting contractor out of true relationship with architecture, and as a consequence have had to create an adventitious demand for their work which has destroyed its monumental character.

The injurious consequences to archi-

the patron has become so debased that ostentation is the principal quality which it exhibits.

It is in ostentation, that desire to appear rich, that I believe lies the root of the evil. To appear rich requires that every possession shall at least seem to have a great quantity of work expended on its ornamentation. The machine made this easy, and as that quality in art which makes it unique—the imaginative expression of the worker—was not valued, the deadly repetition of the machine was sufficient. To debase all art, nothing



FIG. 3.—PEACE, GOVERNMENT, PROSPERITY.

West Wall of Council Chamber, by W. Cruikshank and F. S. Challenger.

itecture are beyond estimate. It is quite plain that from the lack of appreciation of the individual initiative in art resulted the system which robbed the workman of all credit, and that it was but a step further to substitute work produced by mechanical processes for work produced by the artist and skilled worker. Thus the architect, left with but few skilled workmen, is limited in his power to build; and it is now not only impossible to erect a building which displays the delight of the workers, but the taste of

could be more effective. The worker of high ideals must, under such an influence, quickly become a mere compiler, and the ignorance resulting from the lack of practical education soon makes him incapable of anything but the most mechanical occupation. Can we wonder that we are without great works of sculpture and painting about us, that our public buildings have scarcely an indication written on them, that the people who erected them felt anything vital or had a motive above mere fashion in their attempts to decorate?



THE BAPTISM OF EGBERT.

Mural Decoration in Manchester Town Hall, by Ford Madox Brown.

It is often argued that ours is too young a country to expect much in the way of high art. It is also said that development will remedy the present bad taste ; but this, I am sorry to say, is disproven by the fact that in England it has been found necessary to have a national society for the advancement of art to endeavour to bring back to the English heart the desire for a closer connection of the arts with industry. We must face the problem as one which, if not realized and combated, will persist and continue to weaken our power to produce even the commonest articles of commerce. It is not sufficient that we have the sense of duty to effect this purpose ; no amount of enforced encouragement of art will suffice. It must come through a genuine love for the perfect, the beautiful ; and as the air, the soil, the climate of our country colour our blood and stamp our natures, our art must be native to be healthy. Our belief must be in ourselves, and it is this which is the mark of true individuality or nationality. While we know that art in itself is cosmopolitan and that any dictum or law which would shut from our lives the art of the world would be a calamity, it is obvious that we cannot import works of art except in exceedingly small quantities, and the art of the world should be to the nation but a

means of enlightenment, a strengthening of its own genius of expression.

Mural Decoration, strictly speaking, refers to the covering of blank wall spaces by the use of forms in relief or colour, and it may with equal appropriateness express the simplest or most complicated idea by line, relief, colour, or a combination of these. Perhaps the embellishment of all surfaces could just as well be included in the general term of decoration, if it were not that flat walls admit of a quite different kind of decoration from the rounding and broken surfaces that are presented by pillars, capitals and cornices, or on account of the varied forms which decoration may take when applied to the different materials such as metal, stone, glass, wood, fabric, or pottery.

It is necessary in whatever attempt we make to picture the manner in which the arts may have developed from the time when the intelligence of man was dawning, that we should bear in mind the simultaneousness of that development ; how the climate and other natural forces, social and religious customs, and variations of government affected the development of the arts, each of which contains a reference to earlier types and a correspondence to existing life.

In the sculptured and painted decorations of Egyptian architecture we find the earliest known forms of the expres-

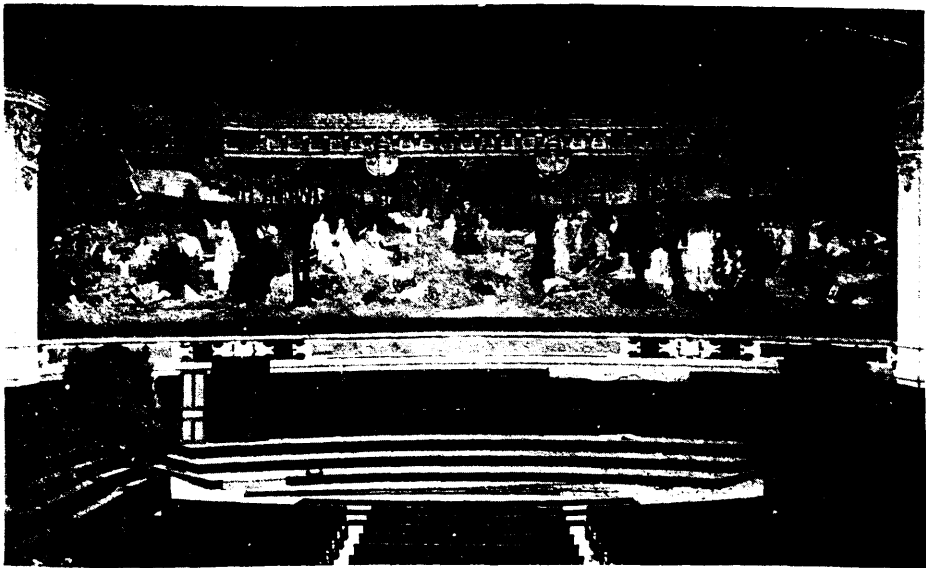
sion of the ancient life. This representation is of infinite variety, including every phase of Egyptian existence, and is said to be a complete chronicle and history of the Egyptian life, depicting work, war, games, social customs, religious ceremonies, and especially events in the lives of the rulers. Painted bas-reliefs for the most part covered nearly all the walls, ceilings and pillars of the temples, palaces and tombs. These were scarcely more than outlined on the stone surfaces, and were brightly coloured in various flat tints. There were also wall paintings executed with decided outlines which resembled the bas-reliefs both in colour, form, and the subjects treated. Picture writing accompanied almost every scene depicted, elucidating its meaning. Bas-reliefs, paintings, hieroglyphics, colossal sculpture, all these were but an accompaniment to great architectural structures and an emphasis of their use.

I must merely mention in passing that though Egypt is not the oldest nation, it has the oldest history, partly from the fact that the climate preserves its monuments, and partly because nature

furnished a durable material to build with. It must always be remembered that Chaldea, Assyria and India are very ancient civilizations, and much is not known about the great region of Asia Minor, but an important fact connected with it is that the Phœnicians were great traders, and the arts were widely spread through their travels both east and west.

It is the art of Greece which chiefly arrests our attention, because of its importance to our subject as we glance at the history of decoration; and it might truly be said of it that it constitutes our connection with more remote antiquity.

Because of the numerous affinities to which we are heirs, it is our most precious possession, and to give it the place of highest import we term it classic. There was in the dim twilight of early Greece, we have reason to believe, a close relation with Egyptian and Assyrian art, although there are not many actual remains which can be pointed to in evidence. Prior to 1100 B.C. the Greeks had no history in the proper sense of the word; this was supplied by a mass of legends or myths. This was the heroic age, of which we have a re-



THE HEMICYCLE.

Mural Decoration in the University of Paris, by Puvion de Chavannes.

flex preserved in the Homeric poems.

It is truly said that the ideal age of decorative art, as well as of architecture, belongs to Greece. The conditions which produced its civilization were such that art became freed from being the mere glorification of dynasties, and was the expression of individual freedom and of a self-governing people, and it is this spirit which, surviving every dark age, shows itself in the revival of arts.

The Parthenon is taken as the supreme achievement of Greek art, and although the question of colouring cannot be definitely known, it is generally conceded that the decorations were painted sculpture; this conclusion has been opposed, and perhaps with some reason, but it is safe to say that if the Greek had a sense of colour equal to that of form we could have confidence in the success of such a combination. There can be no doubt, however, of the success of their wall decorations, as shown in the frescoes found at Pompeii, and these but feebly represent Greek painting. It is a vivid realization we receive of the myriad forms of Greek art at the time of its becoming fused with that of Rome when we visit the museum of Naples, where are kept the vast quantities of objects of familiar use—statues, bas-reliefs, bronzes of all sorts, and wall paintings dug from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Great as our interest always is in works of art separated from their original surroundings, when we walk the streets of Pompeii and notice the ruts worn by the wheels of the chariots, and the myriad feet that have trod the stone sidewalks until they hollow away from the walls of the houses; when we walk through the dwellings, factories, bakeries, shops, temples, and up the worn stairs to the high seats of the theatre, we begin to form such a picture of the art and life of the time that enables us to take in its meaning and realize their vital connection. Art had even then begun to wane; it was a foreign element, though produced in Rome. The Greek artist had been transplanted and was a hireling, and if we would

believe Pliny, painting was a dying art.

Although the Romans erected arches, columns, aqueducts, temples, palaces, over a great part of Europe, there was but little that was new in form, and we are interested in Roman art only as a development of the influences acting and reacting upon a mixed people, by Greece, Phœnicia, and Etruria. The influences which caused the downfall of Rome operated largely in the infusion of a new spirit into the art of the time.

In the birth of Christianity we see a new element which is to add an impetus to art—by it we see the unification of widely separated arts, and the development of new forms. That period of Christian art belonging to the time known as the Middle Ages was marked, however, by an austerity which in a large measure prevented its free development. Almost every step the artist took being prescribed, as the early Christian feared the return to idol worship, sculpture was all but suppressed, though painting was allowed under limitations. When colour was the ruling passion, as exemplified in mosaic and fresco, sculpture was merely kept alive in the subordinate departments of metal work, wood and ivory carving, afterwards to revive to the full and intimate connection with architecture, which became more and more profusely decorated as enlightenment increased and religious austerity was broken. It is said that much of the enlightenment was due to that contact with other nations which resulted from the Crusades. There can be no doubt that a broad and genuine enthusiasm for art was created, which brought its fruits in the revival which followed. To merely mention the various styles of architecture, which had been developed in part at this period, brings to our minds a great variety of styles of decoration. There was, for example, the Byzantine architecture, which had a distinctly Greek or classic basis; the Gothic and Norman, in whose ornamentation animal life played a large part, and that reflex of Byzantine developed by the

Arabs, which was entirely composed of geometrical forms.

The names of the old masters of sculpture and painting and the wide knowledge of their productions makes it unnecessary to mention many, and we must pass by some of the most notable to reach those names connected particularly with the mural decoration of the Renaissance. Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo, will, probably, best serve our purpose among the painters, the former being equally sculptor and poet. The frescoes of the Sistine chapel are the most typical of his power as painter, and the works of Raphael, as everyone knows, are the glory of the Vatican. Leonardo's greatest work in Mural Decoration was the Last Supper, in Milan.

When we return from the period which has been characterized as the golden age of painting, we are almost dazed by the vast numbers of schools which came out of it. The movable or easel picture became more and more the fashion, and though much wall-painting was still done, the best efforts of the painters were directed to the more commercial type of painting. If we think of the great painters of the various schools of later Italian painting, those of the Flemish and German schools, the Dutch, Spanish, and, later, the French and English schools, we find that this tendency was ever towards the painting of the easel picture, and when a large work was attempted it was still a movable thing with a frame, not intended to suit any particular style of architecture. This tendency was doubtless due to various causes. The inventing of oil painting, which aided the artist in the painting of larger panel pictures by the use of canvas as a surface to work on, the growth of the private patron as distinguished from the Church or the State, and the development of portraiture, all combined to create a demand which diverted the mind of the artist from the decoration of architecture. The commercial aspect of the question must also have been a factor in wean-

ing the artist from the production of works of a monumental character, and as we have already seen, the influence of mechanical processes left the painter only that field of private patronage, which is but sufficient to develop the power of execution on a small scale.

The works by which we know the painters of the 16th century to our own time, are almost entirely of this class just mentioned. The labour which the earlier Italians spread over great wall surfaces was contracted more and more till we reach the minuteness of the later times, as illustrated in the work of the Flemish painters. It must not be supposed, however, that the easel picture was entirely disassociated from Mural Decoration. The easel picture, though but a piece of furniture, has always been used to greater or less extent to grace wall spaces by the harmony of its colour and the appropriateness of its subject.

Throughout the period under our notice a very important element contributing to keep alive the more monumental character of decoration was glass painting and tapestry weaving, and a revival which has set in is, to a great extent, an enlargement of the field which they have occupied. Harmonies of colour and line are more than ever the necessity of modern decoration. These, connected with the demand for more important subject-matter in our mural decorations, promise to elevate that branch of painting from the trivialities of stencilled and wall paper designs, especially in our public buildings, and cause the term "decoration" to mean more than the thoughtless, tasteless jumbling of things which at present makes the interiors of our buildings more like museums than dwellings.

The evidence of this revival of Mural Decoration is spread over nearly all the countries where modern art activity exists, and the special requirements of decoration are being shown in the smaller pictures now painted. The movement in Great Britain, of which Morris and Burne-Jones were perhaps



INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

the leading spirits, is now acknowledged to be the most comprehensive of all. The decorations by Leighton, at South Kensington, and Ford Madox Brown, in the Manchester Town-hall, are but examples of many which in our own time have been designed for important architectural settings. In France there has been for many years an especial activity in the same direction; Mural Decoration has been practised by the leading French painters through the 19th century, by Gros, Prudhon, Delaroche and Delacroix. Of the living painters, Puvis de Chavannes is regarded by the French as their great decorator, and by a large part of the world as the prophet of modern decoration.

In Paris, that Mecca of the painters of our time, Mural Decoration has reached almost the proportions which it attained in the days of Michael Angelo and Raphael, such public buildings as the Pantheon, Hotel de Ville, the Sorbonne and many others being profusely decorated with wall paintings and sculptures. Many of the other cities of France also have important decorations in their public build-

ings. Throughout Germany, Switzerland, Italy and other countries much of the same class of work is being done. A powerful reflex of this movement is being felt on this continent, mainly at present in the United States. All who remember the World's Fair in Chicago will recall the harmonious effect which caused it to be named "The Dream City," and this was due

to the realization by architects, landscape gardeners and decorators that it was necessary, if a true harmony of effect was to be reached, that a general plan should be adopted and carried out by a system which would keep in view the whole work. Many decorations were executed by leading painters and sculptors, some of which could only have a temporary existence. The results of this great effort to unite the arts have been felt far and wide, and are reflected in the new Library of Congress at Washington, where some sixty sculptors and painters were employed in its decorations. The Boston Public Library is also an example of the influence which has reached the new country, and in many other places minor attempts are being made in the same direction.

The movement is one which must arise out of a broad and generous patriotic spirit, and a high order of civic and domestic pride. It is a stimulation to achievement to commemorate noble ideals, and it is the pursuit of the ideal which makes life truly worth living.

G. A. Reid



“THE READER.”

A Water Colour
By Franklin Brownell, R.C.A.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts has just been held in Toronto and has been as successful as could be expected. The receipts were above the average, showing that Canadians are taking more interest in beautiful things, have more time and money to spend on that which does not make the people rich, but which gives life a broader and deeper significance.

The Royal Canadian Academy deserves praise and sympathy. It is not of great importance in cosmopolitan art, but it is of supreme value in Canadian art. Nothing very great has been accomplished by it, and only one of its members sells his pictures in Great Britain, but it has done much for the large body of amateurs engaged in painting, sculpture and designing.

Further, it has aimed to cultivate and elevate the tastes of a people whose higher civilization is but beginning; and this aim has been partially successful.

Perhaps objection may be taken to the word “amateurs” as applied to the Academicians, but it is not intended offensively. Our artists are no more amateurs than our writers and scholars. Yet it must be admitted that we have few painters, writers or scholars who have attracted the attention of all the world and are able to stand face to face with the foreign masters in any particular line.

The Royal Canadian Academy was founded by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. They secured, in 1870, the co-operation of the Ontario Society



A RELIC OF
THE PAST.

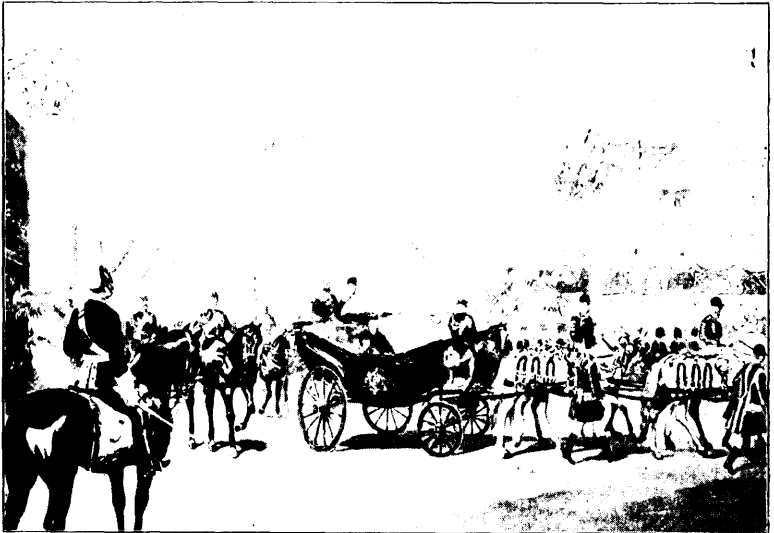
An Oil Painting—
By F. S. Challenger,
A.R.C.A.

of Arts and the Art Association of Montreal. The Canadian Academy was formed and soon became, by gracious Royal permission, the Royal Canadian Academy. The first officers were: L. R. O'Brien, President; N. Bourassa, Vice-President; M. Matthews, Secretary, and James Smith, Treasurer. In March, 1880, the first exhibition was held at Ottawa. Succeeding annual meetings have been held in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, with one in St. John and one in Halifax. The nucleus of a National Gallery has been collected from Canadian and foreign painters and sculptors. Some day this will be

developed to a magnificence commensurate with the wealth and culture of the country. At present it does not occupy such a position.

At a gathering of writers and journalists held in Toronto last year, a leading journalist made the remark that it was "literature" that this country needed, not "a Canadian literature." Perhaps in summing up this exhibition and taking into consideration the general quality of the work shown, it might be well to say that our artists would do well to keep in mind that we want "art," rather than Canadian art. That is, Canadian artists should endeavour to produce work which will be equal to, or even better than, the average work produced by the leading European artists. Without such an aim, nothing of permanent success can be accomplished.

The leading place in the exhibition cannot be given to any one individual. The portraits by Robert Harris, the president, are masterpieces and ahead of all other portraits exhibited. "The Nihilist" is small but exhibits much strength. The colour and technique are above criticism, and the impression made upon the observer is very favourable. The portrait of John Hammond



THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897.

A Water Colour
By F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



THE SISTERS.

A Water Colour
By Wm. Brynner, R.C.A.

is even more pleasing, though less striking. "Looking at the Miniature," the picture of a French courtier in silk coat and breeches and stockings, is a very fine piece of work and was much admired.

Of Mr. Harris' work the *Toronto Telegram* says "Taking the work of

President Harris, much is to be said in his favour. He has outgrown the narrow technique of former days, and now wields a broad and sure hand on the canvas, more especially in his treatment of the faces of his portraits. It was often a very noticeable feature that whilst his costumes were freely and



FALMOUTH BAY, CORNWALL.

A Study—
By McGilivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

broadly painted and evidenced great truth as well, his flesh painting was somewhat laboured and at times ineffective. The snap and freshness of the coat were often in strange contrast to the minute brush work on the face, one being free and vigorous, the other constrained and dead, no matter how beautiful his colour might be. This is changed, and one has but to look at the fine, bold, technical freedom of the heads of Mr. Lindsay and the admirable portrait of Mr. John Hammond to be convinced that Mr. Harris has made a proud strides in the right direction. He stands pre-eminently, with one or two others, in the very front rank, and it was

always with a feeling of relief that one turned from the insipid and wooden portraits which it would be cruel to class amongst works of art and satisfied the eye and sense of beauty with such examples as those named above."

Homer Watson's landscapes are pre-eminent in this class. "The Mill Ford" and "The Shelter" are gems of art of which any millionaire might be proud, and which would be to the ordinary citizen chattels very productive of dignity and pride. Homer Watson deserves the success which has come to him. He has studied the Canadian trees and fields with a broad sympathy and an appreciative soul. Hard, earn-



FALLS OF THE MOON RIVER.

A Water Colour
By L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A.

est and unremitting toil has enabled him to interpret what we see about us every day, and reveal the hidden meaning and the undisclosed emotion.

John Hammond had only one picture hung in this exhibition. It was entitled

"Gasperean Fishing," and indicated his own peculiar Turner-esque style.

One of the most striking pictures of the collection was the immense No. 631, "Hero Finding the Body of Leander." The corpse is only indicated, the head and part of one arm being visible. Hero stands in the shallow water, the embodiment of grief, sorrowing over her carelessness, heart-broken over her loss. The weirdness of



A SINKING SUN SHALL SHINE.

An Oil Painting
By C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.

the scene is intensified by the strong blue colour which predominates and gives to cloud and wave and rock an awe-inspiring appearance. Yet there is nothing horrible in the feelings aroused in the onlooker, although there is a feeling that the colours might, with success, be toned down to a slight extent.

William Brymner exhibits only one small piece of oil work, a circumstance much to be regretted. His water-colours were



A YOKE OF OXEN.

An Oil Painting
By Maurice Cullen.

attractive, however, the most striking being "The Sisters." The medium in which this was painted aroused considerable interest among the artists. It was a water-colour done on canvas in an unusual manner.

William Cruikshank's



THE SHELTER.

An Oil Painting
By Homer Watson, R.C.A.

"Ploughing" is a pleasant picture and exhibits the good draughtsmanship for which that artist is noted. It was well hung and deserved the praise bestowed upon it.

Franklin Brownell's work seems to be improving. "The Reader" had one or two blemishes but is decidedly modern. Three other of his oils of a very fair quality were exhibited.

The three oils shown by Charles E. Moss, of Ottawa, attracted much attention. "The Goose Girl" was very interesting, the portrait of William Kingsford quite characteristic, and the "Melodies of the Forest" decidedly striking. This last was one of the unique pictures of the exhibition. The flesh colours were decidedly natural, and the composition apparently above much criticism.

Among the water-colours, the pictures by O'Brien, Manley, Matthews and Atkinson hold the leading places. O'Brien's show remarkable strength, together with a purity of colour, a characteristic which he has developed very rapidly during the past four or five years.

G. A. Reid exhibits a "Study for Mural Decoration," intended for the

entrance hall of the new civic buildings in Toronto, and six pictures, four of which are in oil. Mr. Reid's work is always good, but his attention to mural decoration has prevented, apparently, his producing any very striking piece of work. Mrs. Reid's roses were much admired, and certainly she has attained an excellence in this kind of work which does her great credit.

Miss Florence Carlisle had a number of subjects hung this year, and some of them received a great deal of praise. It is doubtful, however, if it was all merited, although some of it undoubtedly was. We may expect much from her future work.

There are several other artists whose work deserves praise, if this article were intended to mention everything which deserved mention. But it is not. The whole collection of pictures was praiseworthy, and yet after all one cannot help wondering why a greater art development has not been attained in Canada. I am afraid that the people generally have not discovered that an art education—that is, a learning to love and appreciate good pictures—doubles the pleasures to be derived from this monotonous life.

Norman Patterson.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.*

BY THOMAS E. CHAMPION.

CHAPTER III.

THE GROWTH OF THE EPISCOPATE. THE LABOURS OF THE EARLY PRELATES.

DR. CHARLES INGLIS, on his consecration to the Bishopric of Nova Scotia in 1787, found three churches in his cathedral city of Halifax, namely, St. Paul's, which had been opened for divine service September 2nd, 1750, the Reverend William Tutty being the incumbent; the Garrison chapel, and the chapel of St. George, which had been built by the German emigrants as a Lutheran place of worship. This congregation, though, eventually joined the Anglican body, and their building was devoted to the services of that church. St. Paul's Church just referred to, is the oldest Anglican place of worship in British North America.

In addition to the churches in Halifax, there were in 1787 Anglican churches in Annapolis, Granville, and, possibly, in Cumberland County, N.S. These last were exceedingly primitive structures, and had been erected by the exertions of the S.P.G. and its missionaries. In the "Ancient Capital," the far-famed and historic city of Quebec, there was no English church, nor was there one in Montreal or at Cataraqui, now known as Kingston. West of the latter place the whole country was a wilderness of forest and prairie. There was a mere handful of settlers at Newark, the present Niagara, and one or two families at what we now know as Grimsby.

In December, 1789, Christ Church, Shelburne, N.S., was opened for service, and on the 20th of the same month and in the same year, Christ Church, Montreal, formerly a building belonging to the Jesuits' College, was also opened. The corner-stone of Quebec cathedral was laid on August 11th,

1800, and the church consecrated August 28th, 1804. St. George's, Kingston—not the present building, but its predecessor—was erected in 1793; St. Marks, Niagara, about the same date; St. John's, Bath, on the Bay of Quinté, in June, 1795; and St. James', in Toronto, or, as it was then known, York, in 1807. Such was the beginning of Anglicanism in Canada.

Bishop Inglis had been but a very brief period in his diocese when he found that there was work enough not alone for one bishop, but for a dozen. Emigrants had poured into the country, and the western portions of his vast diocese were being quickly opened up by the exertions of the U. E. Loyalists on the Bay of Quinté and around Kingston, and by the steady influx of emigrants from Great Britain and other parts of Europe. After six years had elapsed, in July, 1793, when Governor Simcoe had arrived in Upper Canada, the bishopric of Quebec was founded, the new diocese including the whole of Upper and Lower Canada, the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. At this time the capital of Upper Canada was Newark (Niagara), while York (Toronto) had, perhaps, fifty inhabitants, in addition to the military.

There was no extension of the episcopate after this for forty-six years, it being on August 4th, 1839, when the Venerable John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York, and the Venerable Aubrey George Spencer, Archdeacon of Bermuda, were, in Westminster Abbey, consecrated to the sees of Toronto and Newfoundland respectively.

After this date, though, the progress of the Church was somewhat more rapid. On May 4th, 1845, the Rev. John Medley was consecrated by the

* Chapters I. and II. appeared in March; the two remaining chapters will be in the May issue.

Archbishop of Canterbury to the newly formed see of Fredericton, while four years later, on May 29th, 1849, the Rev. David Anderson was consecrated to the missionary diocese of Rupert's Land.

The diocese of Montreal was created in 1850, and Dr. Francis Fulford was on July 30th, 1850, consecrated the first bishop. This latter creation was a very great relief to the Bishop of Quebec, but it afforded none to the then aged and greatly overworked Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Strachan. In 1857, though, Dr. Strachan's labours were greatly lightened by the Diocese of Huron being formed, with Dr. Benjamin Cronyn as its diocesan, to which office he was consecrated on October 28th, 1857, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Here it is necessary to give a few words of explanation respecting the status at this date of the Anglican Church in Canada. As in the Motherland, so had it been in Canada, the Anglican was the State Church and her bishops had been appointed by the Crown. It is not necessary here to dilate on the vexed question of Church and State. That the dissolution of the bond which bound the Church to the State in Canada all, or nearly all churchmen, are now agreed was absolutely necessary; whether the connection was ever worth having is a point that it is useless to discuss; it is a thing of the past and can never be resuscitated. Referring to the election by the clergy and laity of Dr. Cronyn as Bishop of Huron, Dr. Mockridge in his biography of that prelate remarks: "A new state of things had set in for the Church in Canada. The Crown was to have nothing more to do with matters ecclesiastical. The people must learn to support the clergy and the clergy must learn to govern the Church as best they might. Bishops were no longer to be Government officers."

"A free Church in a free State" was the ideal of Count Cavour the great Italian statesman, and Bishop Cronyn was the first bishop appointed

in the emancipated Anglo-Canadian Church.

The next diocese to be formed was that of Columbia, in the North-west, the consecration of the Rev. George Hills taking place on February 24th, 1859.

Toronto diocese was again sub-divided in 1861, when the see of Ontario was created with Kingston as the Cathedral city and John Travers Lewis as its first bishop. Dr. Lewis was consecrated on March 25th, 1862 (Lady-day), in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, his being the first episcopal consecration which had ever taken place in Canada, marking, as his biographer aptly remarks, that "the Church had thus attained to a new era in her history."

Four new missionary dioceses were the next to be created, namely, Moosonee, Dr. John Horden, bishop, consecrated December 15th, 1872; Algoma, Dr. Frederick E. Fauquier, bishop, October, 28th, 1873; Saskatchewan, Dr. John McLean, bishop, May 3rd, 1874, and Athabasca, Dr. William Carpenter Bompas as bishop, May 4th, 1874.

The very names of these dioceses will be sufficient to show the progress that the Church was making in the extension of her work.

The diocesans of Toronto and Huron were both considerably relieved in their work in 1875, when the diocese of Niagara was formed and Dr. T. B. Fuller consecrated to the bishopric on May 1st.

Three more missionary bishoprics followed the creation of the last named diocese: they were Caledonia, Dr. William Ridley, bishop, July 25th, 1879; New Westminster, Dr. A. W. Sillitoe, bishop, November 1st, 1879, and Qu'Appelle with the unselfish and devoted Adelbert J. R. Anson as bishop, consecrated June 24th, 1884.

The last see created has been that of Ottawa, thereby greatly relieving the Archbishop of Ontario. The first prelate to preside over the see is the Right Rev. Charles Hamilton translated from Niagara.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATIONAL PROJECTS.
LENNOXVILLE COLLEGE, TORONTO AND
TRINITY UNIVERSITIES.

The first bishops of Nova Scotia and of Toronto were both pioneer teachers and educationalists and each one of these distinguished ecclesiastics exercised a vast influence in the spread of religious education in what is now the Dominion of Canada, while the Reverend John Stuart, the first rector of St. George's, Kingston, who was the first Anglican clergyman who came to Upper Canada, now the province of Ontario, also established the first academy in the same province at Catarqui (Kingston), in 1786.

Dr. Inglis on his appointment to the see of Nova Scotia in 1787, found no educational facilities existing, and among his first acts was an attempt to remedy this state of affairs. Dr. Mockridge in his biography of Inglis says: "One of the first concerns of the bishop was with regard to the establishment of a Public Grammar School and College for the education of the youths of the country, chiefly with a view to procuring men properly qualified for the sacred ministry of the Church."

In October, 1787, the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia granted, by an all but unanimous vote, the sum of £400 in aid of Bishop Inglis' scheme of a grammar school or academy, the head-master of which was to be a "clergyman of the Established Church, with a salary of £200 sterling, and to have under him a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, to receive £100."

The place selected for the location of this school was the village of Windsor, on the Bay of Fundy, about forty miles from Halifax. The school was opened on November 1st, 1788, the head-master being the Reverend Archibald P. Inglis, a relative of the Bishop's. There were less than twenty pupils in attendance when the academy opened, but the numbers soon increased.

In the year 1789 the Nova Scotian Legislature passed an Act providing for the establishment and maintenance

of a provincial college, and this was the beginning of what has ever since been known as King's College. The building was situated at Windsor, close to the academy already existing, the Reverend William Cochran being appointed principal provisionally.

There never was any question about King's College being under the control of the Church of England, and this ought to have been sufficient for all fair-minded and rational men; but, alas, it was not! With a fatuity such as distinguished the policy of Charles I., of Laud or of James II., the statutes of the new university were so framed by the governing body as to exclude anyone from its benefits who was not a member of the Church of England. More than this, in addition to being adherents of the Anglican communion they had to be prepared to "give their unfeigned assent and consent to the XXXIX. Articles" (so the terms of subscription ran in those days), as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

Bishop Inglis strongly objected to any such cast-iron constitution; he wished, and wished very naturally, that King's College should be under Church influence, and that students for the ministry should there receive their theological training, but he saw very plainly that to make the university sectarian, instead of national, was the certain way to impair its usefulness and mar its chances of success. Not only would all non-conformists or dissenters refuse to become matriculants, but many Churchmen would decline to give their subscription to the rigid theological test exacted. Unhappily, though, the extreme party prevailed, and the statutes were enacted with all their obnoxious provisions, which were not modified for many years—after the university had been all but wiped out. This policy was, as the great Earl of Derby, in the House of Peers, said the conduct of the Southern anarchists was, on the conclusion of the War of Secession, "not only a crime but a blunder."

Clerical education for many years continued in a most backward state, for in 1815, twenty-one years after the

opening of King's College, there was no theological college whatever in the diocese of Quebec, although the S. P. G. each year after that date, placed £200 at the disposal of Bishop Mountain in aid of students in theology who were reading with learned clergymen of experience. To understand how much this means it must be remembered that in 1815 York was a town of about 1,200 inhabitants, that Kingston had about the same population, and that from the east to the west, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, the whole of Upper Canada had been to a certain extent settled. How great the want was can thus be understood.

In the year 1828 King's College, Fredericton, was granted a Royal Charter, but after a time this ceased to be in any sense an Anglican institution, as in it all theological tests were absolutely abolished. The next attempt to provide for higher education under the auspices of the Anglican church in the diocese of Quebec was in 1842, when what is known as Bishop's College was established at Lennoxville. But great changes had taken place in the western portion of Quebec diocese three years previous to this date, by the separation therefrom of the diocese of Toronto, under the episcopal supervision of Dr. John Strachan.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, has a Royal Charter as a university, with faculties of Arts, Divinity and Medicine. The Divinity school, which is separate from the university, trains students for two years after they have graduated under the supervision of the Professor of Pastoral Theology. There are generally about sixty students in arts and divinity. The endowments of the college, which belong equally to the dioceses of Montreal and Quebec, amount to about \$160,000, with scholarships and prizes of nearly \$21,000, and property valued at nearly \$100,000. There is also a Grammar School at Lennoxville in connection with the University, with six masters and about ninety pupils.

When Governor Simcoe came to Upper Canada, in 1792-3, among the

many projects he had in view for the benefit of the province was the establishment of a university, on the model of Oxford and Cambridge, in the new land. This object was not carried into effect during Simcoe's term of office, nor, indeed, for many years after. In 1826 Dr. Strachan, then Rector of York, was promised by the Imperial authorities that a university should be established in York under the name of King's College, and that it should be in connection with the Church of England. Despite this promise, though, it was not until 1842 that the University was opened in Queen's Park, Toronto, on the site where now stand the Parliament buildings, by the Governor-General, Sir Charles Bagot.

From the very first, King's College and its constitution was a source of contention between the rival political parties in the province; nor is this much to be wondered at. The University was supposed to be for the whole province, but one of the clauses in its constitution, as originally framed, provided that all of the professors must be members of the Church of England, and its first principal was a clergyman of that Church, the Rev. John McCaul. Very soon after the University was opened, many of the provisions in its constitution, which were distinctly in favour of the Anglican Church and inimical to other religious bodies were repealed, but the University still retained its divinity school for the benefit of Church of England students, and ignored, as it could not help but do, all other denominations. At last, though, this too came to an end, and it was enacted by Parliament that the University of King's College should be absolutely and entirely unsectarian, and that no provision whatever should be made in its course of instruction for religious teaching. That this decision was fair to all parties as regarded the future of the University can not be gainsaid; the fault was not that such a decision was arrived at, but that the University was ever founded upon the lines it was. It was endowed not by private generosity but with public funds, and such being

the case, it should have been open to all, whether Jew or Gentile, Anglican or Non-conformist, Romanist or Protestant.

But, while one admits all that has just been stated respecting King's College, it can not be denied that the new departure was a breach of faith with the Anglican body, and when the University Charter was annulled some compensation ought to have been given the former. Such, though, was not done.

Dr. Strachan, the Bishop of Toronto, was, as was natural, a strong opponent of the secularisation of King's College, and with his voice and his pen did all he could to avert what he looked upon as a calamity to the Church and a still greater injury to the State, but when once the fiat had gone forth that King's College was no longer to have anything to do with the Church, the stout-hearted prelate set himself to work with a will to remedy the evil.

In the early part of the year 1850 the Bishop paid a visit to England for the purpose of raising funds to found an Anglican university in Toronto, and succeeded in obtaining from different sources a large amount of money. These donations in addition to the sum of £1,000 given by Dr. Strachan himself, and other large amounts contributed by the Canadian clergy and laity, enabled the Bishop to found Trinity College, Toronto, the first sod of which was turned by the Bishop himself on March 17th 1851. The corner stone was laid with great ceremony on April 30th following by the Bishop in presence of a great gathering of clergymen and laymen from all parts of the Province.

Under the superintendence of the Rev. George Whittaker, M.A., the first Provost, Trinity College began its duties early in 1852, and has ever since continued its beneficent educational work. Primarily, Trinity is, of course, a theological school, but its classes in arts and medicine are open to all irrespective of creed. The original endowment is stated to have been nearly \$200,000 and to this about \$95,000 has since been added. A Royal Charter was granted to Trinity almost simultaneously with its opening.

Among other distinctively Anglican schools in Ontario and the North West, there are Wycliffe College, in Toronto, which is supported by fees and private subscriptions; Huron Theological College, in London, founded in 1863; St. John's Theological College in Manitoba University; Toronto Church School for Boys; Trinity College School for Boys, at Port Hope; and several schools for girls, notably St. Hilda's College and Bishop Strachan's School, both in Toronto.

In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are to be found, in addition to those institutions already mentioned, the Diocesan Theological College, at Montreal, and the Lakeview College. In the Fredericton diocese are the Davenport School and the Rothesay Colleges, both for boys, besides the Rothesay School for girls. The Compton Ladies' College, in Quebec, is also under the management of the Anglican body. There are many smaller schools scattered throughout the Dominion under Church auspices, but they are, though doing good work, purely local and of only limited influence.

(To be concluded next month).



HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

IX.—THE EIGHTH CUSTOMER AND THE PAIR OF BOOTS.

HE was a very little lad, reaching scarcely to the top of the counter; but he had a sharp, keen face, intelligent beyond his years with the precocity taught by poverty. Hagar, looking at his shock of red hair, and the shrewd blue eyes which peered up at her face, guessed that he was Irish; and when he spoke his brogue proved her guess to be a correct one. She stared at the ragged, barefooted urchin with some amusement, for this was the smallest customer she had yet had. But Micky—so he gave his name—was quite as sharp as customers of more mature years—in fact, sharper. He bargained astutely with Hagar, and evidently had made up his small mind not to leave the shop until he obtained his own price for the article he was pawning. This was a pair of strong, labourer's boots, hob-nailed, and stout in the soles. The red-haired boy heaved them on to the counter with a mighty clatter, and demanded seven shillings thereon.

"I'll give you five," said Hagar, after examination.

"Ah, now, would ye?" piped the brat with shrill impudence. "Is it takin' the bread out av me mouth ye w'uld be after? Sure, me mother sid sivin bob, an' 'tis sivin I want."

"Where is your mother, boy? Why did she not come herself?"

"Mother's comforting hersilf wid the drink round the carner; an' sure I'm aqual to gittin' th' dirty money meself! Sivin bob, alannah, an' may the hivins be yer bed!"

"Where did you get these boots?" said Hagar, asking another question, and ignoring the persuasive tone of the lad. "I see there are letters marked in nails on the two soles."

"Ah! there moight be," assented Micky complacently; "there's a 'G' on one foot, an' a 'K' on the other; but me fawther's name is Patrick Doolley, an' he's in Amerikey, worse luck. Mother got thim boots faive days gone in the counthry. They was a prisint, me darlin'; an as they is too big fur me an' me mother, we pop them, dear, fur sivin bob."

"Take six," said Hagar persuasively; "they aren't worth more."

"Howly saints! listen to the lies av her!" shrieked Micky. "Six, is it? An' how can I go to me mother wid a shillin' wrong? Sure, it's breakin' me hid she'd be after, wid a quart pot! An' what's money to the loikes av you, me dear?"

"Here—here! take the seven shillings!" said Hagar, anxious to rid herself of this shrieking imp. "I'll make out the ticket in the name of Mrs. Doolley—"

"Mrs. Bridget Dooley, av Park Lane," said Micky, grandly. "Sure, that'll do as well as any other place. It's on the thramp we are—bad luck to

it! If 'twasn't for thim boots we got in Marlow, it's widout a copper we'd be."

"Here! take the ticket and money. I daresay you stole the boots."

"Is it takin' away me character y'd be afther? Stalin'? Wasn't thim boots a prisint to me, for pure charity an' love av the saints? Ah, well, I'm goin'—I'm goin'! Sivin bob; it's little enough onyhow; but phwat's the use of lookin' for justice to Oireland in the counthry av the Saxon toyrant?" and Micky went out, singing "The Wearing of the Green," in a very shrill and unpleasant voice.

Hagar put the boots away, never expecting that a story could be attached to so ordinary a pawned article. But two days afterwards she was reading an account of a murder, and, to her surprise, the very boots, now reposing on a high shelf in her shop, were mentioned as a link in the chain of evidence likely to hang the assassin. Coincidences occur in real life oftener than the world cares to admit; and this was a case in point. A pair of boots with initials on the soles had been pawned in her shop; and now—scarcely forty-eight hours afterwards—she was reading about them in a newspaper. It was strange—almost incredible; but, to quote a trite and well-worn saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Briefly, the history of the crime was as follows:

Sir Leslie Crane, of Welby Park, Marlow, had been shot by his game-keeper, George Kerris. It seemed that the man was engaged to marry a farmer's daughter, Laura Brenton by name; and Sir Leslie had been paying the girl more attention than was consistent with their respective positions. Kerris had remonstrated with the baronet, who had forthwith discharged him. A week later Crane, having gone out after dinner for a stroll in the park, had been found dead by a pond known as the Queen's Pool, which was some little distance from the gates. Footmarks had been discovered in the soft mud near the water, which shewed that the assassin had worn boots marked on the

soles with the letters "G" and "K". These had been traced, through a Marlow bootmaker, to George Kerris. The man had been arrested, but neither denied his guilt nor affirmed his innocence. Still, as the report said, there could be no doubt that he had killed Sir Leslie in a fit of jealous rage, and also because he had been discharged. The boots could not be found, so undoubtedly the man had got rid of them after wearing them on the night of the murder. The report in the paper concluded by stating that the dead baronet was succeeded by his cousin, now Sir Lewis Crane.

"Strange that the boots should have been pawned in London," thought Hagar, when she finished this article, "and stranger still that they should have been pawned by that Irish lad! On the day he came here, he said the boots had been given to him five days previously. It is two days since then, so that in all makes seven days. H'm! To-day is the twenty-first of August, so I suppose Kerris must have given the boots to Micky on the fourteenth. Let me see the date of the crime."

On examination she found that the murder had been committed on the night of the twelfth of August, and that Kerris had been arrested on the thirteenth. Here Hagar came to a full stop, and reflected. If Kerris had been in gaol on the fourteenth—as from the report in the paper he undoubtedly was—he could not have given the boots to Micky on that day. Yet the Irish lad had confessed to receiving the boots at Marlow, and had given a time which, as reckoned out by Hagar, corresponded with the fourteenth of the month. But on that day the man who owned the boots was under lock and key.

"There's something wrong here," said Hagar to herself on making this discovery. "Perhaps Kerris is innocent in spite of the evidence of the boots? What am I to do?"

It was difficult to say. Certainly the accused man did not assert his innocence—a fact which was rather astonishing on the face of it. No one would let himself be hanged for a murder

which he did not commit. Yet, if Kerris were guilty, he must have had an accomplice, else how could the boots have been given to the Irish tramp, when their owner was in prison? The man, thought Hagar, might be innocent after all, in spite of his strange silence. Still, not knowing the circumstances of the case—save the garbled and bare report in the newspaper the girl did not, and could not make up her mind in the matter. At the present moment, her most politic course was to write and state that the boots had been pawned. This Hagar did at once, and the next day she received a visit from the detective who had charge of the case.

He was called Julf, a lean, tall, dark and solemn creature, who went very cautiously to work—especially in cases of murder. He had a conscience, he said, and would never forgive himself did he hang the wrong criminal. Julf knew how often circumstantial evidence helped to condemn the innocent; how likely even the most acute detective was to be deceived by outward appearances; and how intricate and dark were the paths which led to the discoveries of mysterious crimes. Hence he was slow and circumspect in his dealings.

On arriving at the Lambeth pawnshop he examined the boots, asked Hagar a few questions, and then sat down with her to thresh out the matter. Julf saw that the girl was shrewd and clever from the remarks she had made anent the pawning of the boots; so he was quite willing to discuss the affair freely with her. In contrast to many self-sufficient detectives, Julf always believed that two heads were better than one, especially when the second head was that of a woman. He had a great respect for the instinct of the weaker sex.

"I'm afraid the man's guilty, right enough," he said in his solemn way. "He had quarrelled with Sir Leslie over this girl, and had been dismissed for insolence. Besides, he was seen coming out of the park at ten o'clock—just after the murder!"

"Had he his gun with him?"

"No; but that's no matter. Sir Leslie was shot through the heart with a pistol. Now, Kerris had a pistol, but that can't be found either. You didn't have a pistol pawned here, did you?"

"Nothing was pawned but the boots," said Hagar, "and Kerris could not have given them to Micky; it seems that he was in prison on the day the lad got them."

"That is true enough. We must find this boy, and learn who gave him the boots on that day. But if Kerris is innocent, why doesn't he say so?"

"It is a mystery," sighed Hagar. "You say that Kerris' pistol cannot be found?"

"No, not in his house, so I daresay he flung it away after killing Sir Leslie."

"Oh, ho!" said Hagar shrewdly, "then the weapon with which the murder was committed can't be found either."

"But the pistol is the same; Kerris used it, and then got rid of it."

"Why don't you search for it?"

"We have searched everywhere, but it cannot be found."

"Have you drained the pond near which the crime was committed?"

"Why no," said Julf meditatively; "we haven't done that. It's a good idea!"

Hagar sighed impatiently. "I wish I had this case in my own hands!" she said sharply; "I believe I'd find the assassin."

"We have found him," replied the detective stolidly. "Kerris killed Sir Leslie."

"I don't believe it!"

"Then why doesn't he deny it?"

"I can't say. Is Kerris much in love with this Laura Brenton?" asked Hagar, turning her large bright eyes on Julf.

"I should think so! He's madly in love with her."

"And she with him?"

"Oh, I don't say that," replied Julf; "that is quite another thing. I fancy from what I have heard that she

gave far too much encouragement to that young baronet. Kerris evidently had cause for jealousy; so I do not wonder that he killed Sir Leslie."

"You have yet to prove that he did."

"Bah!" said Julf, rising to take his leave. "He quarrelled with the baronet; he was discharged. His own pistol is missing, and the dead man was shot with a pistol. Then there is the evidence of the boots with his initials on the soles. You can't get over that. Don't you talk nonsense, my girl; there is a strong case against Kerris."

"I can see that; but there is one point in his favour. He did not give those boots to Micky."

"Evidently not. But to prove that point we must find the lad."

This was easier said than done, for Micky and his mother had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. All the police and detective forces in London tried to find the boy, but could not. Yet on his evidence turned the whole case. And all this time George Kerris, in the Marlow prison, refused to open his mouth. Most people believed him to be guilty on the evidence of the boots; but Hagar, on the evidence of the pawning, insisted that he was innocent. Still, she could not understand why he held his tongue at such a crisis.

It has been stated several times that Hagar found her life in the pawnshop extremely dull, and seized every opportunity to gain for herself a little diversion. A chance of amusement in unravelling the mystery of the boots offered itself now; and this she resolved to take. Also, the conduct of the case would necessitate a visit into the country; and, weary of the narrow streets of Lambeth, Hagar eagerly desired a breath of fresh air. She left the shop in charge of an elderly man, who had been her assistant since Bolker's departure, and took the train to Marlow. When she arrived there, Julf, more solemn than ever, met her at the railway station.

"Good day," said he quietly. "You

see I have agreed to let you assist me in finding out the truth of this case; though to my mind the truth is already plain enough."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Julf. Take my word for it, George Kerris is innocent of the crime."

"Is he?" said Julf in sceptical tones; "then who is guilty?"

"That is what I have come to find out," retorted Hagar. "I am obliged to you for letting me help you, though, to be sure, I do so only to gratify my own curiosity. But you won't repent of your concession. I am to have a free hand?"

"You can do exactly as you like."

"Can I? Then I shall first call and see the new baronet."

Refusing the offer of Julf to accompany her, on the plea that she could execute her business better alone, Hagar walked to Welby Park, which was on the other side of Marlow, and asked to see Sir Lewis Crane. At first, owing to her gypsy-like appearance, she was refused admittance; but on mentioning that her business had to do with the murder of the late baronet Sir Lewis consented to see her. When face to face with him, Hagar, for reasons of her own, examined him closely.

He was an ugly little creature, many years older than his dead cousin, and had a mean yellow face, stamped with an expression of avarice. Hagar had seen just such another pinched, cunning look on the face of Jacob Dix, and she knew without much trouble that the man before her was a miser. However, she wasted no time in analysing his character—knowing that it would reveal itself in the forthcoming conversation,—but at once mentioned her business.

"I am come on the part of Mr. Julf to see about this murder," she said curtly.

Sir Lewis raised his eyes. "I did not know that the Government employed lady detectives," was his remark.

"I am not a detective, but the owner of the shop in which the boots of George Kerris were pawned."

"The boots which prove his guilt,"

said Crane, with an air of relief which did not escape Hagar.

"I rather think that they prove his innocence!" was her cold reply.

"Oh! you are talking about them having been given to that tramp when Kerris was in prison. I know all about that, as the detective told it to me. But, all the same, Kerris is guilty, else he would deny his guilt."

"Have you any idea why he does not do so?"

Crane shrugged his shoulders. "No; unless it is that he knows himself to be guilty."

"I believe him to be innocent."

"Pshaw! My cousin admired Laura Brenton, who was engaged to Kerris, and was foolishly attentive to her. On that score the man was insolent; so Leslie discharged him. In committing the murder, he took a double revenge."

"Where were you, Sir Lewis, when your cousin was killed?"

"In the park," replied the baronet frankly. "After dinner my cousin and I went out for a stroll. In a short time he made some excuse to leave me, as I believe he wished to meet Laura by the Queen's Pool. I walked in the opposite direction, and shortly afterwards I came back to the house. Leslie had not returned, so I went to look for him, and found his dead body by the Pool."

"Did you hear the pistol shot?"

"Yes, but I paid no attention to it. My cousin was in the habit of firing at a target, and I thought he might be doing so then."

"What! firing at a target in the twilight! Could your cousin see in the dark like a cat?" said Hagar with irony.

"I don't know anything about that!" retorted Crane snappishly. "I have told you the story, as you represent the detective Julf. I say no more!"

"I don't want you to say more. May I go and look at the pond?"

"Certainly. One of the servants shall show it to you."

"Can't you come yourself?" said Hagar with a keen glance.

Crane drew back, and his yellow face grew pale.

"No," said he in an almost inaudible voice. "I have seen enough of that horrible place."

"Very good; I'll go with the servant," replied Hagar, and marched towards the door.

"What do you want to see the pool for?" he asked, following.

"I wish to find the lost pistol."

When Hagar had taken her departure, Sir Lewis, pale and nervous, stood near the open window. "Confound this woman!" he thought, clenching his hand. "She is far too clever, but I don't think she'll be quite clever enough to find that pistol," he added in a satisfied tone.

The Queen's Pool was a circular sheet of water filled with lilies, at the lower end of the park. On the way thereto Hagar asked the servant who was guiding her a few questions.

"Was Sir Lewis poor before he got the estate?" she demanded.

"Very poor, miss; hadn't a sixpence but what he got from Sir Leslie."

"Was he on good terms with his cousin?"

"No miss, they were quarrelling fearful. On the night of the murder they had a row royal."

"What about?" asked Hagar, turning a keen look on the man.

"About money and that gal Laura. Sir Lewis loved her just as much as Sir Leslie, but she didn't care a straw for either of them, being taken up with Kerris."

"How does she take her lover's arrest?"

"Why, miss, she cries and cries, and swears that he is innocent, and talks nonsense."

"What kind of nonsense? There may be some sense in it."

"I dursn't tell you, miss," said the servant casting a hurried look round; "it 'ud be as much as my place is worth."

"Oh, I understand," said Hagar serenely; "this Laura says that Sir Lewis killed his cousin."

"Yes, she do," replied the man aghast at her penetration; "but how you could guess miss, is more——"

"Never mind," said Hagar, cutting him short as they arrived at the pool. "Is this the place where the murder was committed?"

"Yes, miss, we found the body there in the mud; and just beside it the marks of the boots."

Hagar reflected, and asked another question. "Did Sir Lewis ever visit Kerris?"

"He did, miss, just two days before the murder—went to see him about some game."

"Oh, did he," murmured Hagar to herself. "I think there was something more than game in that visit."

Of this she said nothing to the man, who stood on the bank, watching her searching about the place. The pool was filled with clear water, and on it the lilies floated placidly. Hagar peered in to see if there was any trace of the pistol used to kill Sir Leslie; but though the water was as clear as crystal, and she searched carefully, not a sign of the weapon could she see. The grass round the pool was closely shorn, and some little distance up the slope stretched a terrace with a flight of shallow stone steps. On either side of these, at the lower end, were two pillars, bearing urns of marble sculptured in classic fashion with nymphs and dancing fauns. In these bloomed scarlet geraniums, now in full flower; and as Hagar, idly gazing around, caught sight of the vivid blossoms an idea entered her head. Dismissing the man, for whom she had no further use, she moved swiftly towards the terrace, and lifted one of the pots out of its marble urn.

"No sign of a pistol there," she said, replacing the pot with a sense of disappointment. "I may be wrong. Let me examine the other."

This time she was rewarded for her shrewd guess. At the bottom of the right hand urn, quite concealed by the pot, she found a small pistol. On its stock there was a silver plate, and on that plate a name was engraved. At

the sight of this latter the eyes of Hagar glistened with much satisfaction.

"I thought so!" said she to herself; "and now to tell Julf!"

The detective was waiting for her at the park gates, and looked up expectantly as she moved towards him with a smile on her face. With grim satisfaction she placed the pistol in his hand.

"There is the weapon with which Sir Leslie was killed!" she said in a tone of triumph. "I found it under the geranium pot in one of those urns. What do you think of that?"

"The pistol of Kerris!" said Julf, quite amazed.

"No, not the pistol of Kerris; but of the man who murdered Sir Leslie."

"Kerris," repeated Julf with dogged obstinacy.

"Look at the name on the silver plate, you idiot!"

"Lewis Crane!" read the detective, stupefied; then he looked up with an expression of blank astonishment on his solemn face. "What!" he muttered, "do you think Sir Lewis killed his cousin?"

"I am sure of it!" replied Hagar firmly. "I have just learned from a servant that he was in love with the girl Laura also, and that he was poor and dependent upon the dead man for money. The two had a quarrel on the night of the murder, as they went out for a walk. Because of this quarrel they parted, each going different ways. Sir Lewis said that he returned home, that he heard the pistol shot, and thought that his cousin was shooting at a target—as if a man would do so in the twilight!" added the girl contemptuously. "What he really did—Lewis I mean—was to follow his cousin, and shoot him by the Queen's Pool; then he hid the pistol in the marble urn, and crept back to the house to play his comedy. I tell you, Mr. Julf, that Kerris is innocent. I said so always. Sir Lewis is the guilty person, and he slew his cousin out of jealousy of Laura Brenton, and because he wanted the dead man's money."

"But the boots—the footmarks in

the mud?" stammered Julf, quite confounded by this reasoning. "The marks were made by the boots of Kerris."

"I quite believe that," admitted Hagar; "another portion of Sir Lewis's very clever scheme to ward off suspicion from himself. The servant who led me to the Queen's Pool will tell you, as he told me, that Sir Lewis just a day or two before the murder paid a visit to the cottage of Kerris. Now, it is my opinion that while there he stole the boots, and wore them on the night on which he committed the murder, with the intention of throwing the blame on Kerris, whom Laura Brenton loved. Don't you see what his game was, Mr. Julf? He wanted to gain a title and money, so as to marry Laura; he slew his cousin to get the first, and laid the blame—by circumstantial evidence—to get the second, on George Kerris. Now, what do you say?"

"It looks black against Sir Lewis, certainly," admitted Julf; "still I cannot think that he would dare——"

"Bah! men dare anything to gratify their passions," retorted Hagar shrewdly; "besides, he thought that he made all safe for himself by wearing the boots of Kerris. It was Sir Lewis who gave the boots to Mickey. Oh, if that boy could only be found!"

"He is found!" said Julf quickly. "I got a telegram when you were in the park. The police picked him up in Whitechapel, and will send him down here to-morrow. If he can swear that Sir Lewis gave him the boots, I shall get a warrant out for that man's arrest."

"I believe he is guilty," said Hagar in a meditative fashion, "and yet I am not altogether sure."

"Why not? There is certainly a strong case against him."

"Yes, yes; but if Sir Lewis is guilty, why should Kerris keep silent, and not declare his innocence? I must see the man and find out. Can I get into the gaol?"

"I'll take you there myself to-morrow morning," replied Julf. "I should

like to know the reason of his silence also. It can't be love of Sir Lewis as makes him hold his tongue."

"No; that is what puzzles me. After all, like Kerris, the baronet may be innocent."

Julf shook his head "I can't think where you will find a third party on which to lay the guilt—unless," he added, with an afterthought, "you blame the Irish boy who pawned the boots."

"It may even be him!" said Hagar seriously. "But we'll know to-morrow, I fancy. Kerris, Sir Lewis, Mickey—h'm! I wonder which of the three killed that poor young man."

Hagar thought over this problem for an hour or so, then not being able to solve it, she put it out of her head for the night. As for Julf, he was so much impressed by Hagar's cleverness in finding the pistol and constructing a case against Sir Lewis—who he now began to believe was guilty—that the next morning, before taking her to see George Kerris in prison, he conducted her to an outlying farm.

"Laura Brenton lives here," he said; ask her about Sir Lewis, and see if we can strengthen the case against him."

Laura was a fine, tall, handsome girl, somewhat masculine in her looks; but at the present moment she seemed ill and appeared haggard—which was no wonder, seeing that one of her lovers was dead and the other in prison. However, she was quite willing to answer Hagar's questions, and declared most emphatically that Kerris was innocent.

"He wouldn't kill a fly," said she, weeping, "although he was angry with me for meeting Sir Leslie; but I never saw any harm in doing so."

"Opinions differ," said Hagar coldly, not approving of this morality. "You met Sir Leslie on the night of the murder?"

"I—I didn't!" stammered the girl fiercely. "Who says so?"

"Sir Lewis. He told me that his cousin left him in the park—after their quarrel—to see you by the Queen's Pool."

This Laura denied flatly. "I went into Marlow on that evening to buy some ribbon," she explained, "but I never went near Welby Park. Sir Lewis is a liar and a murderer!"

"A murderer! Why should he murder his cousin?" asked Hagar sharply.

"Because he loved me, and I would have nothing to say to him."

"You loved Sir Leslie?"

"I did not!" blazed out the girl wrathfully. "I loved neither of them, but only George Kerris. He is innocent, and Sir Lewis is guilty. I believe he killed his cousin with the pistol Sir Leslie gave him."

"What do you know about that pistol?"

"Why," explained Laura quietly, "I went to Welby Park with father to pay the rent, and in the library, on the table, there was a pistol with a silver plate on it. Mr. Lewis—he was not the baronet then—told me that Sir Leslie had given it to him, and showed me his name on the plate. As Sir Leslie was shot with a pistol, I believe Sir Lewis did it."

"But had not George Kerris a pistol also?"

"Yes; an old thing that wouldn't fire straight. I tried it myself at a target which George set up on the farm."

"The pistol isn't in George's house."

"I don't know where it is, then," said the girl indifferently; "but I am sure of one thing, that George is innocent. Oh, try and get him out of gaol!"

"And Sir Lewis hanged?" said Hagar drily.

"Yes!" cried Laura fiercely; "he's a murdering beast! I should like to see him dead!"

Rather wondering at the fierceness of the girl, Hagar left her, and went on to the gaol in which Kerris was incarcerated. The gamekeeper was a huge blonde man, with a fresh, handsome face. Usually his expression was frank and kindly, but now, owing to recent events, he looked sullen. In spite of all Hagar's questioning, he

persisted in declining an explanation.

"I'll say neither one thing nor another," he declared; "if I did kill Sir Leslie, or I didn't, is my business. Anyhow, he deserved to be killed."

"Who are you screening?" asked Hagar, changing her tactics.

"No one," replied Kerris, a colour rising in his face.

"Yes, you are, else you would not jeopardise your neck. But you shall be saved in spite of yourself. I know who killed Sir Leslie."

"You do?" asked the man, looking up anxiously.

"Yes, his cousin, Sir Lewis. We have found his pistol concealed where the murder took place; he stole your boots to wear them, and throw the blame on you. You came out of Welby Park at ten o'clock, after the murder was committed. Did you not see Sir Lewis?"

"No, I didn't," replied Kerris hastily. "I saw no one. I heard a shot, and thought poachers might be about, but as Sir Leslie had discharged me I didn't think it was my business to see after them."

"Sir Lewis paid you a visit shortly before the murder?"

"Yes, he did; to see me about some game."

"Did you miss the boots after he left?"

"I never missed them till the night of the murder, when I wanted to put 'em on," said Kerris. "I hadn't worn them for some days, as they were new boots, and rather hurt my feet."

"Then no doubt Sir Lewis stole them for his own purposes," said Hagar triumphantly. "He is guilty, and you——"

"I am innocent!" cried Kerris proudly. "I don't mind saying it now. I never killed Sir Leslie; I never laid a finger on him."

"And you did not say so before because you were screening someone. Who was it?"

Kerris made no reply, but looked uneasy.

Before Hagar could repeat her question, the answer thereto came from a

most unexpected quarter. The door of the cell was opened, and Julf entered, with an expression of profound astonishment on his face.

"Here's a go!" he cried to Hagar. "Micky has arrived, and has told me from whom he received the boots!"

"Sir Lewis?"

"No; I have seen Sir Lewis, and he denies his guilt; also, he tells me a story which corroborates Micky's evidence, and explains why Kerris here holds his tongue."

Kerris rose from his seat on the bed with a bound, and strode towards Julf, looking worried and fierce.

"Not a word! not a word!" he said between his clenched teeth. "Spare her!"

"Her!" cried Hagar, a light breaking in on her. "Laura Brenton?"

"Yes, Laura Brenton," replied Julf, shaking off the gamekeeper. "Micky has seen her; it was she who gave him the boots."

"I told her to; I told her to!" interrupted Kerris in despair.

"Nonsense! you wish to screen her, as you have tried to do all along. But you are wrong. Laura Brenton is not worth your sacrificing your life, my man. She is the guilty person who killed Sir Leslie. And why? Because he had cast her off and was about to marry another woman."

Kerris gave a great cry. "It is false—false! She loved me!"

"She loved herself!" retorted Julf sharply. "Sir Leslie promised to marry her, and because she could not force him to keep that promise she killed him. It was to throw the blame on you that she stole the boots and wore them on the night she met Sir Leslie by the Queen's Pool. It was to get Sir Lewis into trouble that she stole his pistol to kill his cousin."

"And did she hide it in the urn?" asked Hagar, astonished by these revelations.

"No; Sir Lewis did so. He knew that Laura committed the crime."

"How so?"

"He heard the shot, and went to see who had fired it. By the Queen's

Pool he found his cousin's dead body, and picked up his own pistol on the bank. As Laura, to his knowledge, had taken it away from the library on the day she came with her father to pay rent, he knew that she had killed Sir Leslie. To screen her, and not thinking of his own danger should the pistol with his name on it be found, he hid it in the urn where you found it. So, you see, two men have tried to screen this woman, who loved neither of them."

"She loved me—me!" cried Kerris in agony. "Oh, why did Sir Lewis speak!"

"To save himself from arrest," replied Julf. "He was not so loyal as you, my poor fellow. However, you will soon be released. To-day I arrest Laura."

And this was done on that very morning. Laura was arrested, and, terrified by the statements of Micky and Sir Lewis, although George Kerris loyally kept silent, she confessed all. Julf's explanation was correct. She had met Sir Leslie on the night of the murder by the Queen's Pool, with the intention of killing him should he persist in his intention of casting her off. He did so, and she killed him. She had stolen the pistol and the boots to throw the blame, should occasion arise, on Sir Lewis and Kerris. Also, she had taken away the pistol of Kerris from his cottage to inculpate him. But for Hagar and the episode of the pawned boots, which Laura had given to Micky to get rid of, she might have succeeded in her vile plans, and have escaped free, to ruin other men. As it was, she confessed her crime, and was condemned to penal servitude for life. She deserved the scaffold, but she escaped that through the leniency of the jury, on the score of her youth and beauty.

Released from the prison into which he had cast himself so madly to save an ungrateful woman, George Kerris came up to Lambeth and redeemed those fatal boots which had been pawned by Micky.

"I am going to Australia," he said

to Hagar. "I failed to save her, so I cannot bear to remain at Marlow. I knew she was guilty all along; for she had been in my cottage the day previous to the murder, and had carried off these boots, on the plea that her father wished for a similar pair, and wanted to see them. When the footmarks with my initials were traced in the mud of the pond, I guessed that she had worn the boots and had killed Sir Leslie. I loved her so dearly

that I would have suffered in her place; but you with your clear head found her out, and now she is paying for her wickedness. Life is over for me here; I go to Australia, and I shall take these boots which ruined her with me."

"Why did you do all this for Laura—that worthless woman?"

"Worthless she is, I know," rejoined Kerris; "but—I loved her!" and with a nod he departed, carrying the boots and himself into exile.

(*To be continued.*)



COLD WATER CURE.

WE stood by the side of the clear trout-stream,
 The queen of my soul, and I;
 And our lives seemed bright as a lover's dream,
 Or the swift wave eddying by.

Our sport by the stream, 'midst the summer flowers,
 Was all that our hearts could wish,
 Tho' we'd been on its banks at least three hours,
 And we hadn't caught a fish.

An old log spanned that brook divine,
 Dark green, with slippery moss,
 So I took her fairy hand in mine,
 To guide her steps across.

A slip—and a splash—and a wild, wild cry
 Of a maiden in despair;
 And the minnows played, as they darted by,
 In the wealth of her golden hair.

Oh! a shadow was over the sunshine laid,
 And the river laughed no more,
 As a draggled maid and a man afraid
 Were wading to the shore.

Though the maiden's teeth they chatted sore,
 Still fire in her bosom raged;
 And when we reached the flower-gemmed shore,
 We were no more engaged.

Reginald Gourlay.

MY LADY'S BOWER.

SOME years ago I was spending Easter at a fine old house in—shire, the home of a dear friend who was very ill at the time; but as I was soon to leave England for India, I was unable to wait for a more convenient time, as we were very anxious to meet once more before my departure.

I had a charming, old-fashioned bedroom, very large, with an arched doorway, round which was carved, in queer old English letters, the words, "My Lady's Bower." The wide, low windows, with broad seats, commanded a fine view of the noble Cathedral, close at hand, where I daily attended the services. I have not words in which to express my joy in its beauty, and in the exquisite music—the choir being one of the finest in England, and the organist a man of note in the musical world.

One day, while exploring some of the unfrequented under-ground parts of the Cathedral with a friend, he pointed out a rusted, moss-grown grating, saying, "I have heard that that grating is connected, by an under-ground passage, with the very house in which you are now staying, and that thereby hangs a tale, a true version of which I should much like to know."

Just then he was interrupted by the bells ringing out for evensong. Absorbed, as usual, in the glory of the lovely bells, I forgot about the story—but later I had occasion to remember it.

I passed several restful nights in my charming bedroom the position of which I must try to describe. It was in a wing, with a hall to itself, and was the only room there on that floor. Just outside the door, and facing it, a most attractive little winding staircase led through a narrow door, up to the turret-room, which as yet I had not seen, being told it was not in use.

In the corresponding wing, at the other side of the house, were the ser-

vants' rooms. In the centre part were the bedroom and boudoir of my invalid hostess and the bed and dressing rooms of her husband, and also those now occupied by a naval officer (an old friend, for we had all known each other from childhood) who was also spending the Easter season with them. This room was the nearest to mine, but yet a long way off. The wide main hall and great staircase filled up the rest of the space. The various narrow halls or passages leading off to the different rooms gave a curious old-fashioned charm to the fine old house, to my fancy.

One night, having left my friend Olive comfortably settled for the night, I went to my room—very late, for that quiet household. As I crept softly through the halls, fearing to disturb the sleepers, the great Cathedral clock rang out the four quarters, and then struck twelve. My fire was low, the room felt chilly, and I hastened to bed as quickly as possible and was soon asleep. I was wakened suddenly by a feeling that something was amiss.

I sat up and listened—there was a movement of some sort at my door, and the unmistakable sound of the trailing of silken skirts along the hall.

"Is that you, Olive?" I called softly. There was no answer. Just then I heard the Cathedral chimes, followed by the long, slow boom of the clock striking one.

A horror came over me. There seemed to be an almost soundless struggle (if I may so express it) going on outside. Then the silken rustle continued past my door, up the little staircase, and died away into perfect silence. I then remembered that poor Olive could not have left her bed—far less have attired herself in silken garments. I listened in vague fear, and a sound began that at first I hoped was made by a mouse. But soon I knew it could not be so. It was a sort of

frantic scraping and tearing, accompanied by sobbing, stifled breathing and low moaning. Fear, of something wrong with Olive, at last gave me courage to get up and go to the door. As I softly opened it, all sounds ceased—the hall was empty and quiet in the moonlight. I stole to Olive's door, and found all safe there, our patient sleeping peacefully, so I compelled myself to return to my own room, and lay down, all cold and trembling, for, as it seemed to me, hours. At last I slept, and awaked to a bright, cheerful, sunshiny morning, and a conviction that I must have been a victim to nightmare!

At breakfast I said, laughingly, that I had had such a terrible, ghostly dream, and had been so impressed with its reality, that though I had been always afraid of darkness (and of moonlight—when alone) I had actually got up, and gone through both, to see if there was anything wrong.

During the day, increased anxiety for Olive so occupied my time and attention that I did not think of ghosts, and until, at half-past ten that night, I found myself brushing my hair by a bright fire in my room, the subject did not recur to my mind. I could not help covering my ears with the bedclothes! Nevertheless, I waked just in time to hear the clock strike one, and to consciousness of the same rustle of silk along the hall, up the stairs, the same horror of silence—followed by the scraping and tearing, the sobbing and moaning.

Once more I sprang up, caught up a dressing-gown, and flew down the hall—this time to the door of the naval officer's room, where I tapped hastily. He was awake, and soon came to me.

"Oh Jack," I said, "I cannot stay in that room alone! *What* is happening?"

"Why, you must have been dreaming again," said he, "everything seems quiet enough, though something waked me too. Did you call me before?"

"No, no!" I cried, "but I will not go back alone."

"That you shall not," said he.

"Suppose we both go down to the

study, light up the fire, and have a fling at my proof (he was just then writing a book), that will be jolly."

So down we went very softly, and greatly comforted; I sat in a cosy corner and listened to "proof" until the dawn came. I began to feel ashamed of the disturbance I had made, and kindly consented to return to my room provided that all blinds were drawn up, curtains drawn back, and the light let in.

Jack said on leaving me, "Now, keep your spirits up (no pun intended), I have a fine plan for to-night."

I nodded, shut the door, and lay down in my dressing-gown, ready for immediate flight—and was soon fast asleep.

All the next day I felt oppressed by the thought of the coming night. I forgot to say that our host had been obliged to leave home unexpectedly for several days, and had left me "in charge of Olive and everything," including some guests in the evening. But at about 11.30 p.m. I found myself at liberty to retire, if I wished, to my uneasy couch.

I did not wish to do so; therefore, to carry out the plan that Jack had mentioned, he and I established ourselves in "My Lady's Bower," with a blazing fire, a kettle hissing comfortably on a trivet, tea-things on a little table, and the last of the "proof" to occupy our minds. We were prepared to sit up to see what might happen.

Jack's easy chair proved to be too delightfully comfortable, and after reading for a time he began to get drowsy; but I sat, wide awake, feeling as if I were all ears—waiting. Suddenly the Cathedral clock rang out the quarters and then struck one. Jack started up—it had begun once more, the trailing of the silken gown, the mysterious struggle, exactly as before. When it reached the winding staircase, Jack quietly opened the door and slipped into the hall. I waited trembling. He returned, looking very white.

"She is being strangled, and I cannot see her," he whispered.

"Hush!" said I; for that other

sound—the scraping and sobbing—had begun.

He listened a moment, then ran out and up the stairs. I followed, afraid to be left alone. All was still in the turret room, nothing to be seen but the quiet moonlight, shining through the arched window on the bare floor of an empty room.

We returned sorrowfully to “My Lady’s Bower,” where the fire still burned low but clear. Jack sank into his chair, more overcome than even myself. At last he said, “I never could imagine anything more awful, to hear a woman being strangled close to you and not to be able to help her, not even to see her! Could anything be more horrible?”

In dead silence we sat for some time, then Jack roused himself, stirring up the fire, put the kettle on to boil, and we made some tea, cheery, commonplace, homelike tea. It quite “set us up.” When the first pale light of dawn came Jack went off “for a smoke, and to think it all over,” and I lay down and slept soundly until very late, and consequently I breakfasted alone, went to the Cathedral service and spent the rest of the day in Olive’s room, talking and reading to her. I did not say anything to her about our adventures in “My Lady’s Bower,” for fear of alarming her, as she was far from strong, and of a timid nature at all times. One thing I quite determined upon, that sooner than spend another night in “My Lady’s Bower” I would sit up in Olive’s room, or, lie on a sofa in the drawing room—anything rather than be there!

I did not see Jack until I was dressed for dinner. By his request I had said nothing to any of the household about the disturbance, and as long as the servants were in the room Jack did not touch upon the subject. When they were gone he said, “I wish you would come into the smoking room; I want to have a talk over this affair; I know you don’t mind smoke.”

I agreed, and when I had left Olive comfortable for the night, I joined him there.

“Now,” he said, “I have a story for you; but first I must tell you that I spent some time to-day in trying to find out about these ghosts and whether there have been any tricks, or pranks, among the servants. I have not succeeded in finding out anything of that sort; they seem to be a quiet, respectable lot, and that good old soul, the housekeeper, has wisely kept the story I have coaxed out of her to herself. The other servants are comparatively new, but she went with the house when Forester and Olive took it from the old family, who ‘let it’ when they went abroad for some years. It appears from the housekeeper’s account that your wing has been supposed to be haunted for hundreds of years, and the family kept the oak doors that shut it off closed always, but Olive and Forester either do not believe the story or do not mind it, for they keep the oak doors open. They have not been here long enough to be troubled (as this sort of thing occurs but at the Easter season!), but Mrs. Thurlow, the housekeeper, who has been here so long, knows about it well, and she begged Forester not to have that room prepared for you. Poor Olive’s illness, and my being here too, cause extra rooms to be needed, and no other so bright and pleasant was available. Besides, Forester laughed at the idea of the wing being ‘haunted.’ Mrs. Thurlow gave methis old paper to read; it was left in her charge, with some other papers, and contains, she says, the story of ‘My Lady’s Bower,’ and if at any time there was trouble about it, she had permission to show the paper, in order to prove that the visitation, or whatever it may be called, is quite harmless and does not last long. There are wonderful cellars to this house, I am told, and a passage from them, connecting it with the Cathedral, but it has been walled up for years. We must get Forester to let us explore a little when he comes home.”

He then read aloud the following story, and I write it down as nearly as I can remember it:

Years ago, in the time of King Charles 1st, this family, like many others at that time, was much divided in opinion. Sir Giles, the father, a fine old Cavalier, was devoted, heart and soul, to the Royal cause; as were also his younger son, Lionel, and his lovely daughter Lilian. His wife had been dead for several years, since which sad event Lilian had occupied the room still called "My Lady's Bower." The eldest son, Rupert, was a brave young fellow, of the "Iron-side" type, and could see no good thing in King or Cavalier, and joined the Parliament side.

He had a friend and companion in arms, to whom he was warmly attached, Sir Piers Marchmont, a brave soldier, a faithful friend, and an exceedingly handsome man. He was usually somewhat stern looking, and quiet, even cold in his demeanour; but when he was roused, his temper was fearful. Yet this seldom occurred.

The one tender and beautiful point about him was his love for Lilian, who, unfortunately for him, did not return his love. Indeed, she feared him, on account of his "parliamentary" views.

When Rupert and Sir Piers first met, although the storm was already darkening the horizon, comparative quiet reigned in the country homes of England, and Rupert and his friend could still meet on good terms those whom so soon they would look upon as enemies. But it so happened that the younger brother, Lionel, and Sir Piers had never met. Lionel was absent on duty with his regiment, and already the differences of opinion were so marked, that his father and sister refrained from speaking before the "disaffected" ones of their well-loved Lionel.

Kate Garston, an orphan and distant relative of Sir Giles, a handsome girl, some five years older than Lilian, lived with them. She had, unfortunately, lost her heart to Lionel, and in a weak moment had told him of her love. With sorrowful gentleness he replied that he was not free to return it, even if he *could*, as he was already engaged to one "to whom he would be true in

word and deed while life lasted." From that time Kate Garston "lived but for revenge." She waited quietly for her opportunity.

When the war had fairly begun Sir Giles fought bravely for the king, and Lilian, with Kate Garston, and many of her household, busied themselves in preparing all sorts of comforts for the sick and wounded, and in nursing those whom Sir Giles sent to them to be taken care of. During the terrible reverses that followed, Sir Giles had the dangerous honour of giving shelter to many of the noblest in the land. He had utilized the curious, wide-spreading cellars and underground passages—connecting them by a narrow passage and staircases with the turret-room in the right wing, and with the before-mentioned grating in the Cathedral. He thereby secured a secret way of escape in the time of necessity.

One fatal day the good old Sir Giles was killed in a skirmish close to the town. The "Roundhead" son, Rupert, took possession of the house and filled it with his own friends. The whole aspect of affairs was quickly changed. The grief-stricken Lilian secluded herself as much as possible in the right wing, keeping the heavy oak doors leading to it shut, in order to guard the entrance to the turret-room, the secret door of which was known only to herself and one or two of those believed to be most trustworthy. Among these was Kate Garston. Lilian allowed none to pass the oak doors without permission, save her "bower-woman" and Kate Garston; her brother Rupert, too, she could not, of course, exclude.

Soon Rupert began to insist upon her accepting the addresses of Sir Piers Marchmont. He worked upon her fears for her brother Lionel, who, he had discovered, was in hiding and in great danger in the near neighbourhood. By promising, if she consented to marry Sir Piers, to assist in getting Lionel off in safety, he persuaded her to agree to do so when the troublous times should have passed away.

Sir Piers treated her with the utmost respect and tender kindness; but his

anger was often aroused by her persistent refusal to allow him to pass the oak doors of the right wing. She scarcely permitted him to escort her, even, to the entrance.

Kate Garston, who knew that Lionel was in concealment not far off, felt that her opportunity was at hand. She was very sweet and gracious to Sir Piers, and apparently full of delicate sympathy for him, on account of the coldness of his lady-love, occasionally dropping hints of "another attachment," until Sir Piers, harassed and miserable, could not, with all the self-control he tried to exercise, prevent occasional outbreaks of furious temper, even in the presence of his adored Lilian.

Late one night Kate Garston found the long sought opportunity for revenge. She picked up, in the right wing, a soiled scrap of paper, with these few words scrawled upon it: "Dearest L. To-night, in 'My Lady's Bower,' at one o'clock. Leo." She went at once in search of Sir Piers, who had not yet retired for the night. She showed him the paper, and he, not knowing that "Leo" was Lilian's brother, was almost crazed with anger. At the same time, Kate betrayed to him the secret passage of the turret-room, and showed him the spring by which the door opened into a sort of narrow slit or closet, from which a second door (which could be strongly barred on either side), opened on to a staircase descending to the cellars. She had but just time to show him all this, when the clock struck one, and she rushed away to conceal herself, carrying with her the light, and leaving (in her guilty haste) the secret door open! Sir Piers, left alone in the height of his wild anger, followed her down the stairs, and waited at the foot of them, dagger in hand, for the man whom he believed to be his enemy and rival. In black darkness he stood just within the small doorway, the moon flooding with pale light the hall before him.

Suddenly the door of "My Lady's Bower," just opposite to him, opened softly, and he heard the rustle of silken

skirts. Holding his breath in agony, he saw, crossing the moonlight, the slender form of his (as he believed) faithless love. She was clad in violet silk, with long, wavy, golden hair floating down far below her waist. A second figure appeared within the oak doors—not down the stairs, as he expected. With a low cry of joy, "Leo, my Leo!" Lilian flung herself into the arms of the man advancing to meet her. The next instant the dagger of Sir Piers was plunged into the body of the stranger, and he fell mortally wounded. Sir Piers, in his madness, grasping Lilian by her delicate throat, dragged her, struggling wildly (but in horrible silence, because of the cruel grasp upon her throat), along the hall, hall, up the stairs. Thrusting her in through the open door of the secret passage, he flung it to behind her. For a few moments he stood panting with the rage that consumed him; then he heard the stifled sobbing, the agonized breathing, the tearing of the fingers at the stoney walls. The love so strong in his true heart re-asserted itself over the fearful passion; fain would he then have opened the door to rescue his beloved Lilian, smothering in the narrow space within; but, alas! nowhere could he find the spring! After feeling wildly for it by the uncertain light of the moon, he sprang down the stairs in search of help, only to be confronted by the body of the man he had killed, now lying full in the moonlight. Just then he saw beyond the oak doors a woman with a lamp in her hand crossing the great outer hall. She was Lilian's bower-woman on her way to her lady's apartment.

In his despair he appealed to her, entreating her to open the secret door. The woman, too bewildered and frightened to understand what he wanted, stood gazing as if spell-bound at the dead man at her feet. Suddenly she began to fill the house with shrieks. "Oh, my lady's brother has been killed!" Sir Piers held her firmly, when she would have rushed away, and insisted upon her telling him what she meant.

"My lady's brother, who came to meet her here to-night, has been foully slain!—Where, oh where, is my lady?"

Others, roused by her shrieks, were rapidly collecting, several bringing lights with them.

Sir Piers, who was at first stupefied by the shock, roused himself, and urged them to follow him, and to break in, if they could not open, the secret door. They followed in amazement, being unaware that such a place existed. They soon found that they could neither discover the spring nor, with all their efforts, break in the strong door.

Just as some were going in search of axes Kate Garston appeared, her face white and ghastly. She quickly found the spring. As the door slowly opened—there, kept by the narrowness of the space from falling, was seen the body of the poor young girl, leaning against the wall. The violet eyes wide open, the small, tender hands all cut and torn by the rough stone, the pretty white throat bruised and disfigured by the grasp of the cruel fingers of the man who loved her so!

They bore her gently down the winding stairs into "My Lady's Bower," and laid her upon her couch. Sir Piers followed, as one in an awful dream. Others carried into the same room the body of poor Lionel. Sir Piers gazed in anguish on the two beautiful faces, so strangely alike, with their waving golden hair and the violet eyes; then stooping he seized the dagger, which had fallen from Lionel's body, and was about to plunge it into his own heart when a strong hand grasped his arm, and a voice whispered in his ear, "Forbear!" The same hand forced him, unnoticed by the bewildered, lamenting crowd, out of the room, down the great staircase, down lower yet to unknown parts of the dreary house.

"Give me the dagger," said his guide, "and wait here while I procure a light."

He soon returned, bringing a small

lamp, and by its light Sir Piers recognized Sir Giles' Chaplain. He had been once a gallant soldier, but having been too sorely wounded to be ever fit for active service again had taken holy orders, and was now known far and wide for his good works.

"Sir Piers," said he, "I know you are not at heart a bad or cruel man. Go forth before the avengers come upon you. Add not sin to sin by self-destruction; but repent, and by the mercy of God wash away the sin that is as scarlet in the Blood of the Lamb. Bear your miserable life, and devote it to Him who gave it; it may yet be that you shall meet again in the far off land those innocent ones whose lives you have taken in your madness—and be forgiven!"

Sir Piers did, humbly, as he was bidden. He went forth by the secret passage. He bore his miserable life in poverty, loneliness, and with the frequently added humiliation of concealment. He devoted himself to good works. Wherever poverty, sin, sickness or sorrow were—there was he, doing his utmost to relieve, to reclaim, or to comfort, until at last he was looked upon by the sad and suffering as a saint.

When the hour of his death drew near, the good Chaplain (who alone knew who he was, or where) was with him. He had fully confessed to him his crime, with all its terrible details, and just when the end drew near, he, Sir Piers, seemed to be sleeping; but as the Chaplain bent over him on his humble bed, he once more opened his sad eyes. "Good friend," he said feebly, "it has been revealed to me that some day I shall meet again my Lilian whom I slew, and be forgiven—but that each year, so long as the old house shall stand, my spirit, as part of its penance, shall at the same recurring season re-visit that fatal spot, and that awful scene must be repeated for three successive nights. Pray for me. Pray!"

SAM SYMMONS' GREAT LOSS.

[The following sketch of a characteristic incident in Canadian life is taken from "Judith Moore; or Fashioning a Pipe," a recent Canadian novel. The author is Joanna E. Wood, a talented young Canadian writer, who is attracting much attention in the United States, and who recently won a \$500 prize for a short story entitled "The Mind of a God." This extract will give some idea of Miss Wood's style.—*The Editor.*]

THAT night a group of typical Ovidians were gathered in the kitchen of old Sam Symmons' house.

Sam Symmons lived in a frame-house, just at the foot of the incline which led into the village from the north. Like many of the houses of Ovid, his was distinctly typical of its owner. A new house was such a rare thing in Ovid, that the old ones had time to assimilate the characters of their possessors, and to assume an individuality denied to the factors of a more rapidly growing place.

Old Sam's house was a tumble-down, rakish, brave-looking old house, with shutters erstwhile painted green. They had once given the whole house quite an air, but their painful lapses in the way of broken slats, or uneven or lost hinges, now superimposed upon it a look of indecision. One of the weatherboards at the south corner was loose and, freed from the nails' restraint, bent outward, as though beckoning the gazer in. It was a hospitable old house, but wary, too, the ornate tin tops of the rain troughs round the roof giving it a knowing look.

The native clematis grew better over weather-beaten gable than anywhere else in Ovid, and the Provence roses, without any care whatever, bloomed better.

It was as if the house and its environs were making a gallant but losing fight against encroaching time and adverse circumstances. So it was with old Sam.

He was an old man. Long before, when Canada's farmers were more than prosperous, when foreign wars kept the price of food grains high, when the soil

was virgin and unexhausted, when the military spirit still animated the country, when regulars were in barracks at the nearest town, when every able man was an eager volunteer, when to drink heavily and swear deeply upon all occasions marked the man of ease, when the ladies danced in buckled shoes and *chêne taffetas*, and were worshipped with chivalrous courtesy and high-flown *sobriquets*—in those days old Sam Symmons had been known as "Gallant Sam Symmons," and had been welcomed by many high in the land.

He had ever been first in a fight, the last upright at the table, a gay dancer and a courtly flirt. But now he was glad to get an audience of tolerant villagers to listen to his old tales. For instead of garnering his money he spent it freely, having ever a generous heart and open hand, and of late years he had fallen upon evil times, and gone steadily down hill. Now he had only a strip of barren acres heavily mortgaged. He married late in life the daughter of a country doctor.

They had one child, a girl, whose mother died when she was four years old. Sam christened his daughter Susanna Matilda.

In the days of his youth—oh, the halcyon time—these two names had been the names of the hour. The Mabels, Lilys and Rubys of to-day were yet unborn.

Susanna Waring had been the belle of the county, and her lovers were willing to stake their honour upon her pre-eminence.

Matilda Buchanan had been called "The Rose of Canada," and when the Consul, her father, returned to Eng-

land, she footed it bravely at the Court of St. James. She married a nobleman there.

They were long dead, these two beauties. Matilda Buchanan had left all her pomp, and Susanna Waring had passed away from all her unhappiness, for she married an officer who treated her brutally. Well, well, old Sam Symmons, gallant Sam Symmons then, had danced with both of them, had kissed Miss Waring's hand in a minuet, and knocked a man down for saying Matilda Buchanan rouged.

She did—they all did in those days—but it was not for the profane lips of man to say so. Thus Sam christened his daughter Susanna Matilda, and felt he had done his duty by her.

After his wife's death, her cousin, a good enough woman in a negative sort of way, kept house for him, and brought up the little girl. When Susanna was eighteen, this woman died; so Sam and his daughter were left alone.

As has been said, quite a crowd was gathered in old Sam's kitchen that night in the last week of May. There was Sam himself, Jack Mackinnon (a neighbour's hired man and the most noted *liar* in Ovid), Hiram Green, Oscar Randall, and Susanna. It may be said here, that throughout Ovid and its environs Susanna's proper name was a dead letter. She was "Sam Symmons' Suse" to all and sundry. The Ovidian mind was not prone to poetry; still, this alliterative name seemed to have charms for it, and perhaps the poetical element in Ovid only required developing; and it may be that the sibilant triune name found favour because it chimed to some dormant vein of poesy, unsuspected even by its possessors.

The occasion calling forth the conclave in Symmons' kitchen was simply that his old mare was very sick; in fact, dying, as all save Sam thought. As every man in Ovid prided himself upon his knowledge of veterinary science, the whole community stirred when it was spread abroad that there was an equine patient to practise upon.

Oscar Randall took the dim lantern from the table and went out. He re-

turned, and all awaited his opinion.

"Well, Os?" said Jack Mackinnon.

"If that was my horse—which she ain't, of course—I'd shoot her," said Oscar, deliberately.

"Shoot her!" said Jack Mackinnon; "shoot her! Don't you do it, Mister Symmons. Why, there was old Mr. Pierson wot I worked for in Essex, he had an old mare, most dreadful old and most terrible sick—sick for months. One day we drew her out in a field, to die easy and so's she'd be easy to bury. Well, by George! she got up, and old Mr. Pen—him wot I worked for as has the dairy farm—he came along, and he says to Mr. Pierson, says he, 'Wot'll you take for the mare?' 'Twenty-five dollars,' says the old man. 'She's my mare then,' says Mr. Pen; 'I'll give you my note for her.' So Mr. Pen took her home and drove her in his milk-cart; and that spring he sold her two colts for a hundred dollars apiece, and in the fall he got two hundred dollars for a little black one; and Mr. Ellis, wot keeps tavern, he bought another pair of 'em in winter, and gave a sorrel horse and a double cutter for 'em. I tell you, she was a good old mare that, and we drug her out to die at old Mr. Pierson's wot I worked for in Essex, and old Mr. Pen, wot keeps the dairy farm, he came along, and says, 'Wot'll you take for the mare?' And—"

"Oh, shut up! Draw it mild, Jack," said Oscar, irascibly.

"Sam," said Hiram Green, slowly, "have you tried epsom salts? and ginger? and saltpetre? and sweet spirits of nitre? and rye? and asa-fetida? and bled her? and given her a bran-mash? and tried turpentine and salt?"

"Yes," said Sam, "I have, and she's no better."

"Now, Sam," said Green, impressively, "did you give her a 'Black's Condition Powder?'"

"No, I didn't," said Sam.

"I thought so," said Green, significantly.

"Do you keep them in the store?" queried Oscar Randall, aggressively.

He felt aggrieved with Hiram, having himself intended to ask about the sweet nitre and turpentine.

"Do you keep them?" he asked again.

"Yes, I do," admitted Hiram, "and I've brought one along in case Sam should like to try it."

This rather crushed Oscar's insinuation as to Hiram's business policy in suggesting this remedy, so he sat silent, while old Sam and Hiram Green went out to administer the powder.

Jack Mackinnon, to whom silence was impossible, with the freedom of equality prevalent in Ovid, turned to where Suse sat making rick-rack.

"Wot are you making, Miss Suse?" he began, and without waiting for a reply, continued: "There was Adah Harris, daughter of old man Harris, wot was a carpenter and had a market garden, wot I worked for in Essex, and she was always a-doing things. She was busy every blessed minute, and I tell you she *was* smart: she married Henry Haynes wot kept a blacksmith's shop, wot I worked for: and when I left there, I left my clothes be, till I got a job, and when I went back after 'em

there was a new shirt, and two paper collars in a box, and my mother's picture gone. Now I knowed pretty clost to where them things went—and I'll have 'em back if I have to steal 'em. Why I thought no end of mother's picture, it was took standing; I wouldn't have lost that picture for a fifty-cent piece, and there 'twas gone and my new shirt and two collars I'd only had two months. I left them at Henry Haynes' wot married Adah Harris. Old man Harris went carpentering and kept a market garden, but, pshaw! Talk about squashes, why we growed one squash there took three men to get it into the waggon, and then we rolled it up a board—why squashes—" but just then Hiram and old Sam came in. Old Sam blew the long-lit lantern out.

"Well, father?" Suse asked.

"She's dead," said Sam.

"Dead's a door nail," added Hiram.

"No!" said Jack, with exaggerated incredulity.

"You don't say!" said Oscar, in a tone which betrayed a distinct conflict between self-satisfaction and proper sympathy. He could not resist adding in a lower key, "I seen as much."

GIVE ME MY FLOWERS NOW.

GIVE me my flowers *now*,
I'll care not when I'm dead,
For the roses 'neath my head;
Give me my flowers now.

Sweeten the hours *now*,
I'll heed not when I'm dead
The kind words that are said;
Sweeten the hours now.

To live is drearier far
Than to lie with heart at rest,
Untroubled in my breast.
Sweeten the hours now!
Give me my flowers now!

A. Isabel Wonham.

PUBLIC DEBTS IN CANADA.

A Review.

"PUBLIC Debts In Canada" is a recent issue in the Economic Series of the University of Toronto. It is an expansion of the paper that won for J. Roy Perry an equal share, in the Ramsay Scholarship in Political Science for 1896, with another competitor. Mr. James Mavor, Professor of Political Economy and Constitutional History in the University of Toronto, writes the preface.

The essay is divided into three parts. Part I. deals with the Federal debts. Part II. the debt of the old Province of Canada from the Union in 1841 until Confederation, and with the debt of each Province of the Dominion since that time. Part III. is entitled Local Indebtedness and treats of the Municipal Loan Fund of the old Province of Canada, the debts of the cities, towns, townships, and counties of the Dominion.

In the preface Professor Mavor says:

"No connected account of Public Finance in Canada had as yet appeared; and it seemed advisable to embrace the opportunity afforded by the Ramsay Scholarship to induce graduates of the University to work in this field. The two papers in question not only serve to indicate the sources of information, but offer a fairly compact mass of detail for the use of the economic student."

The aim of the University authorities in this matter is a good one. The literary style displayed by the writer in dealing with such "dry" material as Finance is all that one can desire. Nevertheless, the faults of this essay are many.

If there is one thing more than another that makes an essay such as this valuable, it is accuracy of statement. The economic student or general reader who accepts this essay as an authority will have a very poor foundation to build on. On the first page of the essay, but the eleventh of the pamphlet, this sentence occurs:

"In the year 1866 the amount of debt per head of population was \$26.82 in the Province of Canada, in New Brunswick \$22.62, and in Nova Scotia \$14.68."

The authority cited for this statement is the speech of Hon. D'A. McGee, Confederation Debates, page 140. Now every one should know that the Debates on Confederation took place in 1865. Mr. Perry apparently does not know it. Further, on turning to the authority referred to it will be found that Mr. McGee gave these amounts as the *per capita* debt of each Province in 1863. Why does Mr. Perry say 1866 instead of 1863?

On page 13 it is stated that the debt assumed by the Dominion for New Brunswick at Confederation was \$8,000,000 and for Nova Scotia \$7,000,000. On page 50 the amount for New Brunswick is stated to be \$7,000,000, which is correct. This interchange (as it no doubt is) of the amounts for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia indicates a carelessness that cannot be defended.

On page 15 this sentence occurs:

"In 1872 an additional burden of provincial debt was assumed when British Columbia was admitted to the Union."

On page 54 we read:

"In 1871 British Columbia entered the Union with an allowed debt of \$1,666,200, which was equal to \$27.77 per head of her estimated population."

British Columbia entered Confederation on July 20th, 1871, and the question arises—Did the Dominion assume the debt at this date, or not till 1872?

On page 57 it is stated that Prince Edward Island entered the Union in 1874 with a debt of \$4,701,050, which was a *per capita* allowance of \$50. On page 15 the same statement is made. Prince Edward Island entered Confederation on July 1st, 1873. Did the Dominion assume the allowed debt of the province on entering or not until 1874?

Perhaps the foregoing statements are wrong. There is another point here that requires elucidation. Why was Prince Edward Island granted an allowed debt of \$50 per head, while British Columbia was allowed only \$27.77 just two years before this?

On page 18 it is stated that the net debt of Canada had been \$75,757,134 in 1867, when it is stated on page 13 that the Dominion assumed at Confederation, in 1867, \$77,500,000 of debt for the provinces. It requires some explanation to reconcile these statements, or at least to make them clear to the general reader.

On page 50 it is stated that the debt of New Brunswick in 1866 was \$5,702,991, and the speech of Hon. D'A. McGee in Confederation Debates cited as an authority. Mr. McGee says this was the debt in 1863. Was the debt the same for both years, or has Mr. Perry quoted incorrectly again? On page 52 it is stated that the debt of Nova Scotia was \$7,435,285 at the time of the union, and the budget speech of 1868 of Hon. John Rose cited as an authority. Why not cite Mr. McGee for Nova Scotia as well as for New Brunswick? Mr. McGee says the debt of Nova Scotia was only \$4,858,547 in 1863. If the increase of Nova Scotia's debt was so great in so short a time, it shows how unreliable are the figures given for New Brunswick.

On page 57 it is stated that the debt of Prince Edward Island in 1867 was \$244,673, or about \$2.97 per head of her population. What is the authority for this statement? None is given, but Mr. McGee says in his speech in the Confederation Debates that this \$244,673 was the debt in 1863, and it would be remarkable if the debt remained the same to a dollar. No statement of the *actual* debt of this Province in 1873 is given. Such an important fact should not be left out of an essay of this kind.

The foregoing are some of the errors or inconsistencies which seriously mar the value of the essay as an authority.

Some minor mistakes noticed are

page 35, 1846, should be 1867; page 21, Reference 1, should be Hon. A. W. McLelan, not Hon. A. W. McLean; on page 44 the grand total is not as stated, as any one can see by adding up the amounts. Some of the references are inaccurate. Ten pages of the essay are devoted to the debt of Quebec, while the Province of Ontario is dismissed with less than a page and a half. If Ontario has a surplus as the author states, it would be as interesting to give the growth of the surplus from 1867 to the present time as to give the growth of the debt of Quebec for the same period. Indeed, many persons in this Province say that Ontario has a debt instead of a surplus. It would seem "advisable to embrace the opportunity afforded by the Ramsay Scholarship to induce graduates of the University to work in this field" in future. If this suggestion be acted upon, it is hoped that the result will be a much better essay than the one under consideration.

Many of the authorities cited in this essay are budget speeches. These are not authorities which every one will accept. Such speeches are "coloured," and are not accepted by the financial head of the Opposition. A more reliable authority is the Public Accounts for each year.

The preparation of this essay must have entailed a large amount of reading and research, and it is a great pity that the work has been so carelessly and inaccurately performed, and so superficially edited. It is not worthy of the editor or of the University of Toronto. If it has been improved in the expansion, as no doubt it has, those who have the awarding of the Ramsay Scholarship should exact a higher standard of proficiency.

In conclusion it may not be unnecessary to say that the object of this review is to make those who aspire to issue studies such as this more careful. The time has passed when everything, even if issued under the auspices of a great university, will be accepted without investigation.

R. K. M.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

WAR clouds have often hovered over the European sky during the past fifteen years, but since the Egyptian rebellion in 1882 the armies and fleets of Great Britain have not been seriously engaged. The ominous feature of the present threatening aspect of affairs is that critical situations exist in several different quarters of the globe; that Britain is affected by nearly all of them; and that should war break out in one place the whole delicate fabric of peace is in danger of collapsing. For years the policy of the British Government, whether Conservative or Liberal, has been notoriously in favour of peace—occasionally almost at any price. The concessions granted to France in Southern Asia and Madagascar were evidences of a desire to conciliate which only a nation anxious for peace would have permitted. After giving these hostages to France, and placating Germany in the partition of Africa, the English people seem to have reached the limit of patience and prudence. It is now evident that English public opinion is highly excited and clamours for a more aggressive policy, and a sturdier resentment of foreign unfriendliness. The increase of the army and navy now going on are thinly disguised war measures.

In France, too, causes have been at work for years that tend to make the nation ready for a forward movement. The supremacy of the army is one of the present signs, and the Government by linking itself with the military, clerical and monarchist influences, remains republican in little more than name. The public avowal of the Russian alliance has given the French the slight fillip required to revive ambitions long dormant, and to prepare the pile for the torch. There may be no war, since diplomacy has not played its last card. The truth comes out bit by bit, and has to be pieced together. The

official utterances are, for the most part, eminently cool and re-assuring. Lord Salisbury has almost pooh-poohed the alarmist stories of journals as responsible as *The Times*. M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, told the Chamber that in the Niger negotiations the ground had been considerably cleared. Still the war rumours circulate.

What chiefly threatens to dispel the hopes of diplomacy is the evident unrest in several countries like Britain, France, Germany and the United States. It would be difficult to place the finger upon a single country in the map, possessing important international relation, and discover a strong advocate of peace. Either owing to internal disturbances or to angry controversies with other States, the great Powers of the world stand nearer to a general conflict than at any date since the final overthrow of Napoleon in 1815.

It must be said for the English journals that their tone is moderate and their information usually correct. But the fact that they possess great influence must always embarrass a Government which desires time for its policy to develop, and which is often hurried by popular clamour into measures that are not the best calculated to produce success. Since the last great war the English press has perfected its system of getting news until at times our own correspondent outruns the official courier. If weapons of war have entirely changed military conditions, the expansion of press facilities has, in an even greater degree, created new difficulties for foreign ministers. The *Times'* advices from Peking have raised a storm in England which neither Lord Salisbury's calm expositions in the House of Lords nor Mr. Curzon's em-

phatic declarations in the Commons have been able wholly to allay. British policy is to keep an open door to trade in China, and when we remember that 70 per cent. of Chinese foreign commerce is in British hands, the anxiety in England to know positively that this policy is being firmly maintained is comprehensible. Hence the microscopic examination of every Ministerial statement to see if Russia's assurances on this point are satisfactory. The vast commercial interests are sceptical. They have for centuries been a strong force in shaping British policy. To-day more than ever they are menaced by the foreigner's jealous onslaughts. Even the most skilful diplomats may be outgeneralled, and the very recent arrangement between Great Britain and France regarding Tunis is alleged to have been unwittingly a sacrifice of British trade. The price of English concession there was a low duty on all cotton goods for a term of years. The word cottonades is said to have been used in a general sense, while the French are interpreting it in its restricted meaning and duties have been piled up all round it. This charge, if true, will render British Chambers of Commerce as vociferous as the music halls in calling out for no surrender in China.

International complications are always, in these days, increased by an irresponsible press and a mob, with or without votes. The one inflames feeling, the other embarrasses Government. In Turkey they arrange these things more conveniently. When the life of King George of Greece was lately attempted by assassins, the Turkish papers were ordered by the Sultan not to record the occurrence. They were even interdicted from mentioning the service of thanksgiving held in the Greek Chapel at Constantinople. The readers of the Turkish press may not be kept abreast of all the events of the time, but are they worse off than readers of newspapers in some other countries who are misled and excited by the falsest reports and who are perpetually

kept on tenter hooks by alarmist rumours?

"How is Mrs. Kruger?" was the polite enquiry of the Colonial Secretary after the Jamieson raid, when extreme civility was a necessary concomitant of the diplomacy designed to smooth over an awkward incident. The estimable lady has recovered, and so has her amiable husband, for he declares, practically, that the Transvaal Government intends to make things as hot for England as circumstances permit, and to throw off the Queen's suzerainty if war breaks out in Europe. Should this occur, we may look for lively times in South Africa, a condition for which the British authorities at the Cape are probably not entirely unprepared. The new charter prepared for Rhodesia by Mr. Chamberlain leaves Mr. Rhodes' company in control of the country, but gives the Home Government a closer grip on the military forces of the new state and an effective supervision of the treatment meted out to native races. As time goes on, the brilliancy of the Colonial Secretary's career does not seem to dim. He has had problems of almost unprecedented difficulty presented to him for solution, but seems not to have failed in any. Should so unfortunate a condition as war overtake the British Empire, the myriad interests and dangers of the outlying states would be in able and vigorous hands.

The prospect of a great conflict in the eastern seas is said to be hastening Australian federation. The debates at the Melbourne Convention certainly show more desire for union than prevailed at previous intercolonial conferences. The financial scheme did not meet with the opposition which sprang up at Adelaide, and if one may judge by the opinions of the Australian press, a month ago, federation has a better chance of carrying than ever before. Despite the apparently republican characteristics of the new constitution, the intention to have a preferential tariff toward Great Britain and the desire for

an all-British cable indicate the essentially Imperial nature of the movement. Some rather delicate internal questions are being left for the Federal Parliament to deal with. The minor, but interesting, detail of fixing the site of a capital is thus postponed, though the general feeling seems to favour a point in New South Wales. Many Australians candidly express the belief that, should war break out over China, the colonies' best protection would be not local unity, but the power of the Imperial connection. At the same time, danger near at hand would make for federation.

By multiplying elective institutions, presumably in response to popular demands, the British Parliament may one day wake up to find that the thing has been overdone. The franchise has been lowered for elections to the House of Commons, county councils have been created and parish councils set up, all these changes tending to throw the administration of affairs more completely into the hands of the people. But frequency of election is apt to weary a community not dominated by cranks, and for the most part deaf to the appeals of the demagogues. The London County Council elections only succeeded in attracting half the voters on the register to the polls. During the contest several eminent statesmen addressed audiences on municipal issues, notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, and an exciting struggle was expected to take place. The Liberals or Progressives won the elections by grace of the stay-at-homes. By entering the municipal arena all over England the peers and landowners have lent to county and district councils a dignity and importance which the small matters of domestic administration could not in themselves inspire, but it is significant that the voters in the greatest of all municipalities are apathetic and cannot be got to take any deep interest in the composition of the municipal body ushered into existence with a flourish of trumpets by Lord Rosebery, who stepped from a London chairmanship to

the post of Prime Minister. The English are essentially a hard-headed race, devoted to liberty and prepared to make sacrifices to preserve the right of self-government, but the glitter of an elaborate legislative machinery with inadequate results will not hold them long.

Any cause which withdraws an able and experienced man like Lord Salisbury from the duties of the Foreign Secretaryship at a critical time is doubtless a misfortune, but not irreparable. The Ministry is surprisingly strong in men, and just as Mr. Balfour proved equal to the unexpected strain of the Irish Secretaryship ten years ago, the present emergency will produce the right persons for dealing with it. The cheap sneers of a few London critics regarding Mr. Chamberlain are often re-echoed on this continent, but unjustly. He is capable of great things; so, too, is Mr. Balfour, while the Duke of Devonshire possesses a solid understanding, and his strength in the country is probably equal to that of any living English statesman except Gladstone. It is sometimes convenient to have a Ministry of "all the talents," especially when the country may shortly face a war. The Liberals are not embarrassing in their criticisms, a conception of Opposition hardly grasped in Canada, where you are permitted by usage to stab your political enemy without reference to the public interest.

Lord Kimberley, the nominal Liberal leader in the Lords, has been delivering himself on the Irish question, and expressing a sort of benevolent neutrality on home rule. It is no great crime in English politics, if your opponent is caught in bathing, to walk away with his clothes, provided you alter the fit of the garments in accordance with new styles. The Irish county government measure is a partial capitulation of the English Tories, and later on an Irish Legislature, with proper protection for the religious minority, is reasonably sure to follow. Anything more

preposterous than the government of Ireland during the past two centuries has probably never been seen. By invoking religious prejudices the privileges of the landlords were long maintained, but in recent years the most liberal and socialistic of land laws were passed, and many Irish landowners must have reached the conclusion that property would be safer in the hands of an Irish legislative body than subject to the capricious surrenders which political necessities force from the Imperial Parliament.

Despite yellow journalism and the ramblings of a few political demagogues, public opinion in the United States has held itself admirably in hand during the trying experiences of the past few weeks. The loss of the *Maine* was a painful blow, and the cruelties of Spanish misrule in Cuba would never have been borne by England under similar circumstances. It is quite clear that the sympathies of all British communities must be against Spain in the present crisis, and if Mr. McKinley continues to act with the same reserve, sagacity and coolness thus far displayed, the amicable feeling prevalent in Great Britain must stead-

ily drift toward better international relations. Spain has complained of filibustering expeditions from United States ports to Cuba. These are difficult to restrain, and the evils of government in Cuba have been so gross as to account for almost any foreign agitations to help her. We must put ourselves in the British attitude of detestation of tyranny and sympathy for the weak before judging the United States in the present circumstances.

Emperor William seems likely to carry the navy enlargement measure, and to find, after the German elections, a majority in the Reichstag prepared to support the Government. This will doubtless be accomplished by an alliance with the Catholic party who, under Herr Lieder, are patriotically inclined to make a bargain in the interests of the church. The German foreign policy is a composite affair; the Ministers steadily pursue a strongly national policy, the German press abuse England, and the Emperor patronizes Providence. The results may be as brilliantly successful as those of Prince Bismarck. But they have yet been put to no severe test, while his were.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

MILITIA RESERVES.

THE formation of the Queen's Own Reserve in Toronto is an incident in the history of the Volunteer movement which deserves special notice. It is the introduction of a new principle. Hitherto, volunteering has been confined to service in what is called the Active Militia. For a Reserve Militia no provision is made by the Militia Act except for the drill of a reserve of officers. Hitherto, as soon as a man has left the active force his connection with the militia has ceased. Except for some sentimental associations and memories, our Canadian military training has not been of a

permanent character. If the idea of the promoters of the Queen's Own Reserve is carried out, the result will be the formation of a voluntary second line of defence. As soon as a man gets his discharge from the active militia he will be transferred into the reserve. He signs an agreement to serve in that reserve for three years, with the right to re-engage for two years more. He will also engage to parade twice in each year during his reserve service, and to perform home military duty when required. Thus a home guard will be furnished which will be a protection to the cities and

towns when the first line is called away to the front. As a record will be kept of the address of every man, there will be no difficulty in summoning this reserve. At present there is no organization except by ballot, if balloting can be called organization. If the plan now being tried by the Queen's Own succeeds, and we know of no reason why it should not, that corps will have introduced a system which can be extended throughout the whole Dominion. At small expense the Government can find ready at its disposal, wherever a regiment is established, a second regiment at its back ready to fall into line. This reserve regiment will be constantly recruited from the ranks of the first regiment as men are discharged.

The Minister of Militia has promised to consider the matter and aid the movement, not only by official recognition but by material assistance. Two days' pay and the issue of serge uniforms would be not a serious outlay. A further feature of the Queen's Own scheme is to further retain the time expired reserve men by transferring them to the class of ex-members. In that class will remain those former members of the regiment who for various reasons cannot remain in the ranks or join the active reserve. Their function will be to encourage public

sentiment in favour of the force, and see that it gets fair treatment. In case of serious necessity a large proportion of those who signed the agreement above spoken of could certainly be relied upon to re-join the active battalions. The home guard would then be recruited by volunteers from the other ex-members. The whole scheme seems feasible, and we trust it will be generally adopted without delay. The right of shooting at Dominion and Provincial rifle matches, if conceded to the reserve, will be an incentive to good shots to continue their connection with the militia force.

The advisability of maintaining a reserve militia is a question which is a branch of the larger question of maintaining a militia force at all. In the absence of a millennial state of existence, defence of one's own country is surely justifiable. If justifiable, then the more complete and universal the system the better. Canada has no standing army to speak of. In case of necessity her own citizens must defend their own country. To make such a defence of any practical value it must be based on disciplined organization. This object is sought to be gained by the formation of a militia reserve, and its further progress will be watched with much interest.

R. E. Kingsford.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED last night that, by pity stirred,
 The wind which by my lattice blew
 Caught up from my lips a tell-tale word
 And bore it you, and thus you heard
 Of my love and longing for you,
 And my secret at last you knew.

And you came to me, and you were so kind,
 You wished that you had known,
 You never thought you had been so blind,
 Till the message came from the tell-tale wind ;
 And, as I listened to your tone
 I felt that for once I did not mind
 The long time I had been so lone.

Augusta Helen Thompson.



WAS "SPANISH JOHN" STOLEN?

The Canadian world of letters is all agog over the question: "Was 'Spanish John' Stolen?" Those who know William McLennan and his work have never entertained a doubt as to his honour. Yet the charge has been made, and requires refutation. In the *March Bookman*, T. G. Marquis, of Brockville, Ontario, contributes an article, of which the following are the opening paragraphs:

"One of the most noteworthy books of the year just closed is *Spanish John*, by Mr. William McLennan. It is after the manner of Stevenson, and at times has something of the virile force of Crockett. In some respects it surpasses the work of either of these writers. In reading their novels a feeling haunts one that he has before him the work of men endeavoring to throw themselves into the past, and to reproduce customs, manners, a time, a life which they can only build up by study and imagination.

"But in *Spanish John*, which on the title-page purports to be 'A Memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonell,' there is an absolute transcript of the life, the mode of thought, the feeling of the men of a hundred years ago. The whole book is done with such a naturalness in narration, such a freedom from archaic affection in diction, that one is almost forced to think that he is reading the work of a man who lived in a former age, and has merely allowed his castral body to visit us to reveal his soul and the soul of his time.

"No wonder that such an impression is produced! If any book collector with a full Canadiana turns to his early numbers of "The Canadian Magazine," he will find that the copies for April and May, 1825, contain 'A Narrative of the early life of Colonel John McDonell, of Scotto's, written by himself, after

he came to Canada, at the urgent request of one of his particular friends, interspersed with numerous anecdotes and historical details of the times.'

"It needs no careful examination to prove that Mr. McLennan has, with great fidelity, followed the narrative of Colonel McDonell. Incident after incident, anecdote after anecdote, which adorns the pages of this Stevensonian novel will be found in this out-of-the-way Magazine. Nay, more! Page after page has been taken almost verbatim from this same source.

"It may be said, indeed, that Mr. McLennan has merely edited Colonel McDonell's narrative. No indication of such an intention is shown in any part of his book. As a matter of fact, he has not edited the narrative, but has used it as it suited his purpose; alternating names, combining characters, adding incidents, where he thought the dramatic action demanded such changes. That it was Mr. McLennan's intention to lead his readers to believe his book an original creation seems evident by the dedication: 'To my father, this result of long talks, over old days, old manners, and old memories.' If this be true there can be but one conclusion, that the McLennans, *père et fils*, have marvellous memories for old articles, and for the copious footnotes which accompany such articles. A much truer dedication would have been: 'To the shade of Spanish John, whose interesting autobiographical sketch supplied both the matter and workmanship for the bulk of this book.'"

Mr. Marquis seems to have gone too far, and too fast. Had he enquired of Harper & Brothers, of Mr. McLennan, or of Mr. McLennan's friends, he would soon have discovered that the author had fully acknowledged to all and sundry the source of his story. The publishers did not choose to use the acknowledgment which was written, and their judgment is not necessarily a subject

for discussion. Had they decided to do so, they would have saved Mr. McLennan some annoyance, and would have prevented Mr. Marquis' article.

But of Mr. McLennan's honour, no person who knows him or the circumstances of the case, feels that it has been in the slightest degree brought in question. Sufficient publicity was given to the fact that the story was founded on the incidents told in Colonel McDonnell's biography in "The Canadian Magazine" to prevent any liberal-minded person from even wondering at the absence of an acknowledgment. Moreover, the additions to the story, and the artistic way in which it has been developed, make the new tale an original piece of work. Mr. McLennan has stamped his own individuality upon it, and he deserves credit for what he has done.

Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" was founded on history, and the biography of a Mr. Stobo. This latter was published in book form, and copies may be found in our leading libraries. Shakespeare founded his Roman Dramas on the stories in Plutarch's Lives. Many other instances are known to all book readers, and few persons will think that Mr. McLennan's conduct is any more impeachable than that of his predecessors and contemporaries.



STYLE AND MATTER.

Faith without works is dead. Style without matter will not make a worthy book. Matter without style may be forceful, but it is not likely to be artistic. Anything which is not artistic is not impressive, convincing, penetrating. The following remarks on Style, by Charles Dudley Warner, are very suggestive :

"M. Brunetiere, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, printed last October, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very interesting paper

on "The French Mastery of Style." The importance of the discussion was emphasized by the admitted authority of the writer, who is an expert in style, and a critical observer of the processes by which the French language has attained its distinction. This distinction is of two kinds : in the use of language as a means of conveying accurately, and with a sort of inevitability in choice of words, the exact thought of the writer ; and in the use of it in a manner to convey artistic pleasure. In a good style the reader receives, over and above the thought conveyed, and in a way independent of it, the pleasure that he gets from a perfect piece of architecture, or from a drawing which conforms in all its lines to the laws of beauty.

"The attainment of 'style' is quite as rare in the art of prose composition as it is in any other art, and that whether we consider it as a complete expression of an individuality, 'the style is the man,' or, as the result of conformity to certain ascertained laws, as in the Greek sculpture. It is often pointed out that the devotion to style as such—that is, to the refinement of language as a means of giving pleasure—has a danger—a danger not yet imminent in this country—of subordinating the vitality of literature to the attraction of linguistic skill—as in a painting we might be more interested in the brush work than in the subject and sentiment of the artist. The reply to this is, that a style which does this, which calls more attention to the manner of expression than to the thought, is neither a good style nor a great style. The more it pleases at first, the more 'catching' it is in a sort of linguistic felicity and cleverness, the sooner it will tire the reader. There are many sorts of styles, many good styles, and a few great, but they all have certain qualities in common; and these are exact fitness of the words to express the idea, entire lucidity, unimpeded flow, as of a clear stream; and harmony, almost musical rhythm, and the personal charm, both of which are lost in translation. The excellence of the 'French style' referred to is mainly in making the French language the instrument of expressing the subtlest and the most lucid thought; and a style of this sort maintains the dignity of literary art while treating of things most 'intimate' and closest to common human experience. It is no more 'common' in lesser matters than it is stilted in the highest range of thought. In the cultivation of expression by language in this way there is no sort of danger to literature itself—even though this art of expression may be sometimes used for subjects trivial and unworthy. We do not disparage plate-glass because ugly objects are as perfectly seen through it as beautiful objects."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS number closes the tenth volume of this publication. Only three or four Canadian magazines have had this honour. Consequently we are proud of the achievement. We are proud because we have had some part in producing a vehicle of higher Canadian thought which has found favour in the eyes of the public. We are also proud as citizens to know that Canadians have sufficient patriotism, breadth of view and desire for intellectual culture, to maintain such a periodical as this aims to be. According as this support develops and expands, the "Magazine" may be expected to develop and expand. "Support" includes subscriptions, contributions and kind words. The latter are very necessary, since there are yet many people in Canada who have not recognized the value of this, our national publication.

The day of the railroad bonus seems to be over, or nearly so. Canadians have been very liberal in this way, and in many cases they have received good value for their money. Had all these bonused railroads been built by and for the people, with power to lease them to private companies, much greater value might have been received. There seems to be no doubt that some day these roads, which have been bonused and given away to private companies, will be bought back by the State. Then we will see what we have lost through a mistaken railroad policy. The United States has lost millions of dollars through railroad manipulation. Canada is losing in the same manner.

It was expected that a Railroad Commission, with judicial powers, would be appointed during the present session of Parliament. It now appears that there is to be delay. This is ominous.

There is opposition from interested parties. But both the Government and the Opposition must see that the people's rights are guarded. The Commission must be appointed at once. Parliament is too open to influence, log-rolling and lobbying to be a perfect controller of our railways. The people generally do not understand the problem. A Commission of learned and honourable men is required.

A Commission will prevent reckless Dominion expenditure, but there are two other powers to be controlled. The provincial governments and the municipalities give bonuses, and the intelligent people of this country should see that this policy is changed. We have paid enough on the plea of "development." Let private enterprise do the rest. What shall it profit a country if it be covered with railroads and yet be burdened with a great debt?

We needed millionaires, of course. We gave railway bonuses, and we received the millionaires. The bargain was good; but we have enough and let us quit. The game is not worth the candle. Besides, too many millionaires might make our social structure top-heavy.

During the month I visited the House of Commons, now in session at Ottawa.

My visit was very short, but I have no desire to go back. One member, from Halifax, was delivering a stump speech on the Yukon Bill. It possessed little grace and much less thought, but was greatly applauded. The members sat about in their chairs in all sorts of undignified attitudes, and made various kinds of even less dignified remarks. Some of these seemed to be intended as witticisms. Some were thought, by the other members, to be humorous. One ex-Minister laughed savagely as

an Opposition speaker jeered at a Government supporter and intimated that the latter was a disappointed seeker of a Cabinet position. The whole scene seemed utterly ridiculous. The members appeared to believe that they were taking part in a game. Here and there there was an earnest, noble face, but most of them wore a leer or a supercilious smile. I went back to my hotel, feeling that Canada had few statesmen but many politicians.

The idea that the governing of this country is a game, and that politicians and parties should make the most of it for their own benefit, seems to have taken strong hold upon us. Insincerity, trickery and irreverence for everything seem to be growing amongst us. Where it will end I cannot say. When national problems are treated as jests, when public trusts are regarded as circumstances out of which to make a profit, it would seem time to call a halt and consider where we stand. The national dignity is the sum total of the dignity of the national units. If the units have none, the nation can have little. The sum of many nothings is always nothing.

The next day I visited the Senate. Here more dignity, more well-bred attention, were displayed. The discussion was trivial, but the Senators seemed to realize that they were rulers. They looked it, acted it. I left, feeling that I would sooner trust the mediocrity of the Senate than the brilliancy and display of the House of Commons.

While in Ottawa, I heard their Excellencies speak at the Press Association gathering, and enjoyed their hospitality at Rideau Hall. Lord Aberdeen

**Their
Excellencies.**

impressed me favourably. He is a perfect gentleman, a kind host. Most of his guests that evening were obscure individuals, but I never saw a host more anxious to entertain, more evidently desirous of making everyone enjoy himself. Lady Aberdeen made a womanly speech at the Press meeting one afternoon, and showed that her sympathies were broad and unselfish.

She said only a few words about her proposal to send nurses to the Klondike, but I was in sympathy at once. I wanted to add my mite to her collection to defray the expenses, and had I been rich I am afraid I would have been made poor in that one afternoon.

I fear I would soon become a worshipper of Royalty were I to see much more of the same kind of display of it. Modesty, gentleness, sympathy and unostentation attract one most when exemplified in those who might, presumably, exhibit the opposite qualities.

Easter is one of the two great religious festivals which Protestants have retained. It is one of the

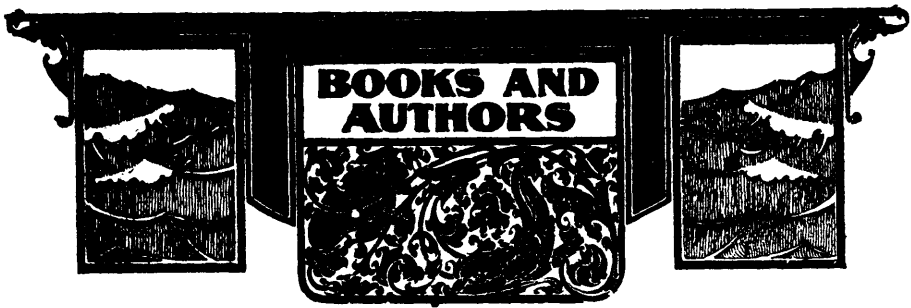
Easter. greatest of the festivals retained by the Roman Catholic Church. To both religious bodies it possesses the same significance. "He is Risen" is the keynote.

Easter, as Christians celebrate it, is certainly derived from the Jewish Festival of the Passover. The early Christians were derived from or intimately connected with the Jewish Church and were subject to its influence.

The Jews still celebrate the Feast of the Passover, for eight days, about the same period of the year as the Easter of the Christians. The latter added a new significance to the feast in substituting Christ for the Pascal Lamb, and the name by which Easter is known in French is pâques; in Italian, pasqua; and in Spanish, pascua.

A dispute arose between the Jewish and Gentile Christians as to the date of holding Easter, and the matter was finally settled at the Council of Nicea, 325 A.D. It was then decided that Easter should always be held on a Sunday. About 669 A.D. the English Church adopted the Romish rule of ascertaining the proper Sunday. This rule was: Easter is the first Sunday after the 14th day (not the full moon) of the calendar moon which happens next after March 21st. When the rules for reckoning time were amended in the eighteenth century, the present plan for ascertaining the date of Easter was adopted.

John A. Cooper.



ZOLA'S PARIS.*

I confess that I always find Zola heavy reading. He cannot be read as one would read Marie Corelli, or Anthony Hope, or Richard Harding Davis. He is even more profound in his fiction than Scott or Dickens. Of course, the social problems are receiving greater attention now than when Dickens wrote, and much greater attention than in the time of Scott. Zola reflects the spirit of the times. Because he does this, I and others find him a task. Nevertheless, he is delightful, thoughtful, penetrating, sarcastic, powerful.

The "freedom" of his early books must be forgotten when one discusses "Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris"—the great trilogy which he has just completed. In these, his later works, the socio-religious problems predominate and the story which Zola tells is much more serious. The Abbé Pierre Froment has lost his religious faith. He goes to Lourdes to see if the faith of the pilgrim will restore him to his former peace. He sees only "the glorification of the absurd; that collapse of common sense that puerile relinquishment of reason." The experiment fails. He then tries a second. He goes to Rome to see if Catholicism may become the religion of the democracy, by which the world would calm down and live, "and he found there naught but ruins, the rotted trunk of a tree that could never put forth another springtide; and he heard there naught but the supreme rending of the old social edifices, near to its fall." In the third volume, the Abbé Pierre returns to Paris, resolved to bury himself among the poor. "And then it was, too, that for three years he came in contact with that collapse, that very bankruptcy of goodness itself: charity a derision, charity useles and flouted."

Any person who will read "Paris" will find in it an explanation of Zola's recent conduct in defending Dreyfus and attacking the French Government. On p. 85 he writes:

"Parliamentary rottenness had slowly increased till it had begun to attack society itself. Above all the low intrigues and the rush of personal ambition there certainly remained the loftier struggle of the contending principles, with history on the march, clearing the past away and seeking to bring more truth, justice and happiness in the future. But in practice, if one only considered the horrid daily *cuisine* of the sphere, what an unbridling of egotistical appetite one beheld, what an absorbing passion to strangle one's neighbour and triumph oneself alone! At that rate, a century, two centuries, would be needed before there would be bread in the garrets, where groan the lamed sons of labour, the old, broken-down beasts of burden. Mire was flowing on in a broad stream, the hideous, bleeding, devouring sore displayed itself in all impudence, like some cancer which preys upon an organ, and spreads to the heart."

The man who could thus attack the social life of France would be a natural leader in an attack on authority when it came into antagonism with the rights of the free citizen. Zola may be an extremist, but he points out certain faults in modern civilization. He teaches that wealth and authority have responsibil-

*Paris, by Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vezetelly. Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth \$1.25, paper 75 cents; 744 pp.

ities which they have not yet recognized. He declares that those who live in luxury must sympathize with and care for those who live in misery and want, or there will be revolution. Further, it is "not sufficient that one should be charitable, henceforth one must be just." Social injustice must vanish.

As a story "Paris" is more interesting than either "Lourdes" or "Rome." The action is more rapid and the incidents more sensational. It possesses a brightness which the others lacked.



SIMON DALE.*

I like historical novels, and, I think, am able to give a satisfactory reason for this liking. When a man reads he should seek not only pleasure but knowledge, and he finds both well combined in a clever historical novel, such as *Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, or *Under the Red Robe*, by Stanley J. Weyman. A reader may find these two qualities combined in many books that cannot be called historical novels, but that circumstance does not detract from the value of the latter. Moreover, it is not every historical novel which is both artistic and reliable; artistic in having as its leading characters historic personages, affording the same interest as purely fiction characters; reliable in giving such a view of the historic period that the true spirit of that period will be impressed into the mind of the reader.

Simon Dale, by Anthony Hope, is a very fair historical novel. Simon is a young Englishman living in the time of Cromwell and of Charles II. Of this country-born youth it has been foretold that he should love where the king loved, know what the king hid, and drink of the king's cup. By meeting Nell Gwynne while she is staying incognito in the country he fulfils the first part of the prophecy. Through her favour he receives an appointment in the Guards, enters the Court circle, becomes acquainted with the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of York, and, being sharp and acute, he soon knows what the king hid, namely, that there is a secret understanding between the Roman Catholic king of France and the presumed Protestant king of Great Britain. By a minor incident the third prophecy is also fulfilled.

Simon Dale in his early youth loved and wooed a maiden named Barbara Quinton, and it is the story of their love which is the strongest thread of interest in the book. Nell Gwynne, by her interest in Simon, threatens to thwart his wooing; but afterwards is one of the means of saving Barbara from the unwelcome attentions of the king of France, and in placing Simon in such a position that the king consents to the marriage. The incidents in the book are not so exciting, but are certainly more reasonable and just as charming as those in *Phroso*. Simon Dale will be remembered many years after *Phroso* is forgotten.



A WONDERFUL TALE.

A truly wonderful tale by two authors without a reputation is "The Pride of Jennico,"† by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Field-Marshal Edmund von Jennico was an Englishman who won rank and fortune in one of the small German States. At his death he left this great fortune to a nephew, Captain Basil Jennico, with instructions to worthily continue his race. This young man instals himself in the great castle of Tollendhal. Shortly afterwards he meets, by accident, two ladies who have wandered on to his estates. One is Her Serene Highness the Princess Marie Ottilie, and the other her maid of honour. Captain Jennico decides that he would like to win the Princess, who is staying incognito at a neighbouring castle. He woos and wins. She consents to a secret

*Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope, author of "The Dolly Dialogues," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 341 pp.

marriage, but when the ceremony is over Captain Jennico finds that he has married the maid of honour. He is very angry over the trick, but nevertheless takes his wife home to Tollendhal. His anger finally gives way to love, for the maid has been a very sprightly, lively go-between. Unfortunately, a short time afterwards, owing to his pride, Captain Jennico quarrelled with his wife, and she fearing dishonour, fled from his presence. He made great search for her. Though he failed to find her, the failure only intensified his love for her. After some time he returned to England, and for some months he lived quietly. One day a messenger came from Germany to ask Captain Jennico to consent to a divorce. He refuses. Shortly afterwards attempts are made on his life, and he is finally killed—according to public announcements—in a duel. After his recovery, having become possessed of certain information, he sets out to seek his wife. He finds the town where she and the Princess live, and discovers that he had not married the maid of honour, but the Princess. The Princess had been changing places with her maid! He also finds that the Princess is guarded and is soon to be married to a Prince. He seeks her secretly, learns that she still loves him, and rescues her.

This is the plot of a magnificent tale, told very cleverly and pleasingly. "The Pride of Jennico" has a charm which is not surpassed by the works of such writers as Weyman and Hope. It is stimulating rather than profound.



HISTORICAL REVIEWS.

The University of Toronto has published its second volume of "Reviews of Historical Publications Relating to Canada."* It covers the publications of the year 1897, and is edited by Professor George M. Wrong, M.A. The reviews are divided into five groups: I. Canada's Relations to the Empire. II. The History of Canada. III. Provincial and Local History. IV. Geography, Economics and Statistics. V. Law Education and Bibliography (including Verse and Fiction). Among the leading books reviewed are: Egerton's Colonial Policy; Hume's Raleigh; Lord's Lost Empires; Kingsford, Clement and Roberts' Histories of Canada; Harvey's Newfoundland in 1897; Cooney's New Brunswick and Gaspé; Hopkins' Encyclopædia; Dawson's Canada and Newfoundland; and Lefroy's Law of the Legislative Power in Canada.

In this carefully prepared work of 238 pages, everything of interest to the student of Canadian history is treated as its importance deserves. The reviews indicate the nature of the contents where such a proceeding is desirable, and are critical whenever necessary. There is no false worship, no glossing over of defects. The editor and his assistants seem desirous always of setting forth the plain, unvarnished truth. This adds much to the value of the work. No person who desires to know the history of Canada can afford to overlook the work done in these pages.

There is little to be criticized in the volume. Perhaps one might suggest that more of the important articles should be signed. Where a reviewer expresses opinions diametrically opposed to the author reviewed, it is only fair to that author that the name of the reviewer should be known; then the reader may know what value to attach to each view of the subject. There is not always a right view and a wrong view. The weight of authority as to opinion rests to a great extent on the knowledge of the writer.



THE SILVER LIBRARY.†

Longmans, Green & Co. have issued a new series, "The Silver Library." It contains Baghot's Studies in five volumes; two books by S. Baring Gould;

*Toronto: William Briggs. London: The Imperial Press, 21 Surrey St., W.C. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

†Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co. Price 3 shillings 6 pence.

four by Conan Doyle; eight by J. A. Froude, including his life of Carlyle in four volumes; fourteen by Haggard; three by Andrew Lang; the Political Economy of John Stuart Mill; all the scientific works of R. A. Proctor, and the inimitable nature books of the Rev. J. G. Wood. The type is large, the printing well done, and the binding simple and neat. The list of titles is an attractive one, and is not confined to any one class of literature. Two of the most recent additions are *The Stark Munro Letters*, by E. Conan Doyle, and *Lectures on The Council of Trent*, by J. A. Froude.



DEAN FARRAR'S ALLEGORIES.*

The Allegory is an ancient means of imparting religious teaching, and Dean Farrar has revived it. His latest volume contains four of these: *The Life Story of Aner*; *The Choice*; *The Fortunes of a Royal House*; *The Basilisk and The Leopard*. The first is the life story of the ordinary citizen. He is represented as being sent by his kingly father to a Purple Island, there to be educated and to undergo certain temptations. He is accompanied by twin companions, Hatob Yetser, the good impulse, and Hara Yetser, the evil impulse. Each of the twins tries to gain a permanent influence over him, and through Aner's love of wine Hara first succeeds. He falls into excess and marries a woman whom he afterwards loathes:

"Ere six months were spent the dream had ended in ghastly disenchantment. The nestling masquerade was over; and the dread reality began.

"He saw Phædra as she was—beautiful, but partly by artificial aid; intriguing, rapacious; mean, touchy, indescribably commonplace; habitually untruthful; domineering; not to be trusted for a moment; wholly without intellect, or care for anything intellectual; immensely extravagant; panting for outrageous adulation; without a particle of real love for him; devoted, heart and soul, to any one who would burn at her shrine the thickest fumes of flattery, the one incense which she most loved. And it was to this powdered and painted phantom, whose very hair was dyed, that he had, in infatuated passion, impawned his life.

"Every day Phædra showed herself more plainly in her native ugliness—as no longer a siren but a vulgar vixen. She displayed the unutterable odiousness and worthlessness of a character which was nothing but a shallow veneer of surface qualities—an assumed charm and simplicity of manner which was but the coloured film over depths of putrescent stagnancy."

What an arraignment of the modern moth of society! Dean Farrar's pen is not weak, though his allegories may be simple. He is a voice crying in the wilderness of a world wherein shallowness and deceit have marked the brows of a majority of the people who live therein.



VICTORIAN ERA SERIES.†

Blackie & Son, of London, England, have brought out a new library called "The Victorian Era Series." The opening volume is "The Rise of Democracy," by J. Holland Rose, M.A. Of it the *Aberdeen Journal* says: "For all who wish to get an unbiassed view of the Radical movement in England during the present century—its benefits, its faults, and its limitations—this little book can be unhesitatingly recommended." The second of the series is "The Anglican Revival," by J. H. Overton, D.D., and deals with the religious events which have moulded the Church of England during the Victorian reign. Two other volumes are ready, "John Bright," by C. A. Vince, M.A., and "Charles Dickens," by George Gissing. The latter volume should be exceedingly popular.

*Allegories, by Frederic W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, with twenty-five illustrations. London: Longmans Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Six shillings.

†Canadian agents: The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Crown 8 vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Shrewsbury," by Stanley J. Weyman, has been issued in Longman's Colonial Library.* It is another historical romance, with its scenes laid in the reigns of Charles II. and of William and Mary. The critic seems to agree that it is dull and uninviting. The narrator and hero of the tale plays the fool throughout and the Duke of Shrewsbury alone rises to any sublimity. The public has been trained to expect heroes who are heroic.

"Weeping Ferry and Other Stories," by Margaret L. Woods, is another volume in the same library. These tales are interesting but not overly brilliant.

"David Lyall's Love Story,"† by the author of "The Land o' The Leal," is a collection of tales about Scots folk in London. It is bright, cheerful and wholesome, but not exciting.

"Vergil" is the title of a recently published lecture delivered by Dr. A. MacMechan, Professor of English in Dalhousie College, Halifax. It is a charming and thoughtful piece of work. Speaking of his early study of Latin, Dr. MacMechan says :

"How we acquired them I cannot say, but the notions certainly did prevail in the class, that the only reasons why anyone should study Latin were that it was required for examinations, and helped druggists to read the labels on their jars. The trouble was that we never saw the wood for the trees. Latin words we studied; hut Latin literature never. Syntax, grammar, scansion there was, good measure, pressed down, heaped together and running over; but real feeling for the language there was not. Still less was there any feeling for style, and I am afraid that in twenty years there has been little improvement."

The part of the lecture dealing with Vergil's plagiarism is masterly and exhaustive.

"Bird Neighbours," a book which gives an introductory acquaintance with about 150 birds of the North American continent, is among George N. Morang's recent publications. It is written by Neltje Blanchan, and has the advantage of a preface by John Burroughs, who also gave revising assistance in its preparation for the press. It may be said that every lover of rurality is interested in his feathered neighbours, and this superbly illustrated volume will no doubt meet with a kind reception. It contains 50 full-page plates of photographs in colours, and by its aid one may identify many a bird whose name and habits one has hitherto only partially known. The moderate price at which the work is to be sold should place it within the reach of a large number of nature-lovers.

In reviewing Canadian books, one has often to make large mental reservations. Occasionally, however, the critic is able to deal in unqualified praise without giving his conscience a wrench. Mr. Henry J. Morgan's dictionary of national biography: "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" (William Briggs, Toronto, \$3) is so far in advance of anything similar produced in Canada hitherto, that the industrious compiler is entitled to the gratitude of those who have long lamented the lack of a comprehensive modern work of this class, independent in tone and executed with knowledge and discrimination. So far as a glance through the pages enables one to judge, Mr. Morgan has selected his subjects with some care, has avoided unnecessary eulogy, and confined himself to persons who have all claims, more or less, to appear in a Canadian biographical work. The book will be extremely useful, and the data contained in its 1,000 pages are well condensed. Without exaggeration, it may be said that the work is creditable to the industry and skill of Mr. Morgan, while its appearance is much superior to many Canadian books of reference, although the necessity of including advertisements is to be deplored.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

NATIONAL SPORT.

A TALK ON HOCKEY.

THE question has been frequently asked, "Where did hockey originate?" and the prevailing impression has been that, Topsy-like, it never originated at all, but was developed from "Shinty," that crude but wholesome sport of our fathers. Nearly twenty years ago hockey, as a scientific sport, was introduced into Upper Canada from Nova Scotia, the latter province being the indisputable home in Canada of this game. It has gradually grown in favour, and it may now be truly said we have a national winter sport, for in three Provinces, at least, hockey is the predominating pastime during the winter months. Probably no other sport has ever risen to popularity in so short a time; but several reasons may be given for this. In the first place athletic sports in winter are few and a Canadian winter is no mean portion of the year; so there was room for a game which would interest both old and young, and hockey soon found a warm place in public favour. In the second place, the intrinsic merits of the game itself commended it, for Canadians would never have cultivated such a taste for any game merely for lack of a better way of employing their time. This sport gives to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other an exhibition of strength, speed and skill. In few games can it be said these three elements are found as essentials, but in hockey such is the case, for one is of little use without the other two. In almost every other game one feature predominates, but perhaps lacrosse approximates to the combination of qualities seen in hockey more nearly than does any other pastime.

In this winter sport we have at the same time the prettiest, fastest and most graceful athletic exhibition possible. Roughness almost invariably detracts from, rather than increases,

the effectiveness of a player's work. Nothing can be prettier than a line of forwards rushing down the ice, passing, dodging, jumping, and at times almost flying as they meet with obstructions more or less formidable.

With two first-class opposing teams the entire game is as exciting as a close finish on the race-track. In the former the excitement is at fever heat for fully an hour, while in the latter case the hysterical interest lasts for a fraction of a minute only.

In 1890 the game was introduced into Manitoba, and the first match played in that Province was the one between the Winnipeg and Victoria teams in the same season.

Two years later the Manitoba Hockey Association was formed, and since then the game has continued to flourish under the favourable conditions existing in that Province for a winter sport of this kind. When the Association was but a few weeks old a combined team of the Winnipegs and Victorias made a tour through Ontario and Quebec, playing in all eleven games, eight of which they won.

Up to 1890, the date of the organization of the Ontario Hockey Association, hockey was played very little west of Kingston, but for some years prior to that date a club had existed at Queen's University, and was the only Ontario team which competed against those of the east or made any pretensions of being in the same class.

The Province of Quebec has undoubtedly held the palm up to the present time, although the Stanley Cup, representing the Canadian Championship, was captured by the Manitobans on one occasion. Yet the standard of play in Quebec has never been equalled in any other part of the Dominion, and the Victorias, of Montreal, have this year completely outclassed all opponents. Not that Ontario athletes are inferior to those of the French Prov-

ince, but the steady cold winter of Québec gives that Province an advantage over the teams from Ontario, where frequent spells of soft weather necessitate the complete postponement of all games, and deprive the players of steady practice and training. This has been the case on more than one occasion during the past season and illustrates the difficulties under which the game is often played in Ontario.

There are other elements in Ontario, and more particularly in Toronto, which tend to keep the standard of play at a low mark, amongst others being the burning desire on the part of individual stars to become the nucleus of a club, and to surround themselves with players compared with whom they may continue to shine conspicuously. This feature is quite marked in Toronto, where there are four instead of two Senior teams, five instead of two or three Intermediate, and four where there should be a smaller number of Junior teams in the Ontario Hockey Association. Besides these there are innumerable teams connected with smaller associations, the players of which are debarred from playing in O.H.A. games. Probably the existence of the Bank Hockey League has contributed more than any other one factor towards maintaining a low standard of play in Toronto. The O.H.A. exclude from their teams all players who are members of or play in other associations, consequently the one or two good players on each Bank team are not available to strengthen the O.H.A. teams, and incidentally to assist in elevating the standard of play.

Since the organization of the Ontario Hockey Association the style of play has been immensely improved, but it has taken eight years to get rid of the crude features which were previously indulged in, and with some teams this can scarcely be said. to have been accomplished even yet. Formerly heavy body checking and rough play were not discountenanced as they should have been; a player tried to stop his opponent, incidentally stopping

the progress of the puck. Now all roughness in the shape of heavy body checking, and playing the man instead of the puck, is severely penalized by the referee, so that the game as played to-day is one in which no one need be afraid to engage. Accidents are comparatively trifling and rare. It is but natural that in a game of such lightning speed there should be occasional injuries, but the game has wonderfully improved from the old style rough-and-tumble survival of the fittest kind, until now weight is not considered an essential in a good forward player, though it is an advantage to defence players almost invariably.

The most regrettable feature which has become apparent of late in this and other sports is the growth of a professional element. At the last annual meeting of The Ontario Hockey Association the constitution was radically amended, so that the onus of proving his innocence was cast upon the accused as soon as a substantial or reasonable charge had been laid against him. At first blush this would seem to savour of Star Chamber procedure, but when the position of affairs is considered, it will be seen that no innocent man need suffer; for if given sufficient time in which to produce his evidence the advantage is with the accused. The circumstances are peculiarly within his own knowledge, and great difficulties always face the party trying to substantiate the charge. No one who has not had experience can have the slightest idea of the difficulty there is in securing evidence of professionalism. In the majority of cases the payments are made through the most indirect channels and ostensibly for perfectly legitimate purposes. Taking this all into consideration it must be admitted that an executive cannot be possessed of too extensive powers for dealing with such an evil; and further, the Association should elect no executive whose integrity is not such that even the most extreme authority may be given them without fear of abuse.

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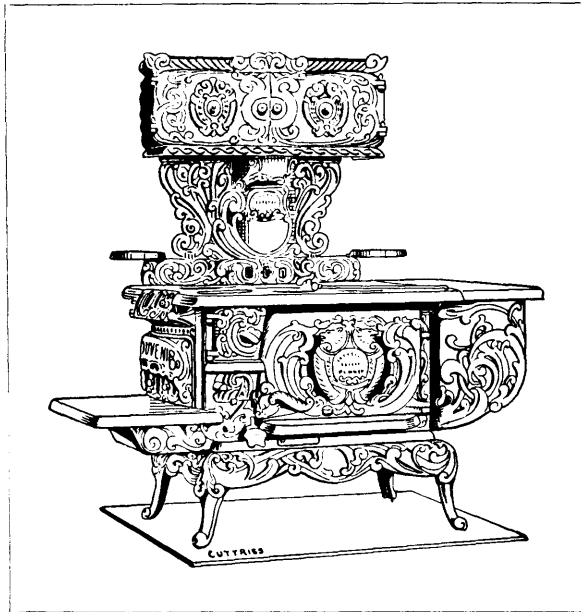
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A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

TOOTH TALK....

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odoroma.** You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odoroma.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odoroma.**

'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder. Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

Price, 25c. All Druggists, or THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.
 Toronto, Ont

The Densmore
Lightest Touch—
Longest Wear

FASTEST. HANDIEST. BEST FOR CORRESPONDENCE AND MANIFOLDING.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO. 316 BROADWAY. NEW YORK.

FREE
To Advertisers.

- Our knowledge as to the value of mediums—
- Our knowledge of correct prices for advertising space—
- Our experience in preparing business-bringing announcements—
- The services of a well-equipped staff to check the insertion of ads. and look after all the details of changes, etc.

Estimates prepared without charge. Correspondence solicited.

THE E. Desbarats Advertising Agency, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
PRESTON, ONT



OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH, & LODGE FURNITURE

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND DRUG STORE FITTINGS

A SPECIALTY *SEND FOR CATALOGUE*

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
AFTER BATHING



Delightful After Bathing.
 A Positive Relief for Prickly Heat and All Affections of the Skin.
 Banishes All Odors of Perspiration.

Get MENNEN'S (the only Genuine)
Refuse all other Powders which are liable to do harm.

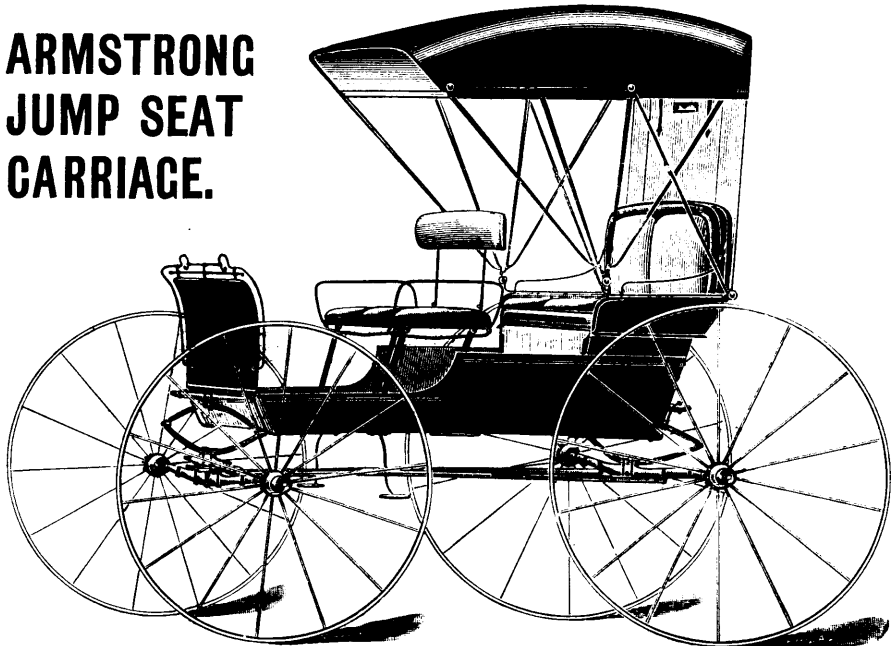
APPROVED by the MEDICAL PROFESSION and TRAINED NURSES for the use of Infants and Adults.
 Sold Everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free).

GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.

FREE TO LADIES.

We will give one lady in each town or village a full sized \$2 case of LUXURA, the only Toilet article in the world that will develop the bust or any part of the female form, remove wrinkles, etc. Write to-day for it. G. M. WIGGINS, 112 West 32d Street, New York.

ARMSTRONG JUMP SEAT CARRIAGE.

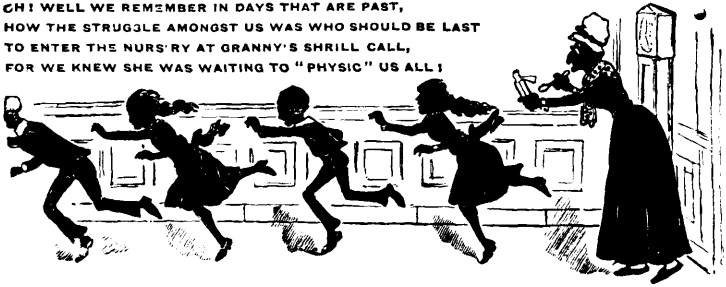


One of our Popular Styles. Instantly adjusted for Single Seat use. Roomy, Convenient, not too heavy for one horse. Ask for particulars.

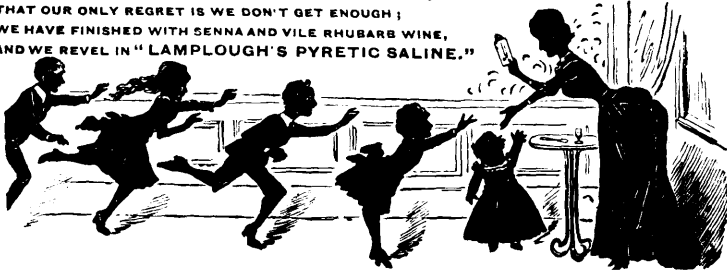
J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., Limited
GUELPH, CANADA

Equally Suitable for Children and Adults. Full Directions accompany Each Bottle.

OH! WELL WE REMEMBER IN DAYS THAT ARE PAST,
HOW THE STRUGGLE AMONGST US WAS WHO SHOULD BE LAST
TO ENTER THE NURS'RY AT GRANNY'S SHRILL CALL,
FOR WE KNEW SHE WAS WAITING TO "PHYSIC" US ALL!

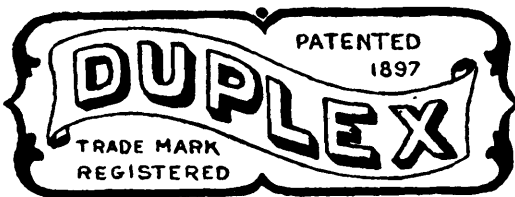


BUT NOW MAMMA'S BOUGHT US SUCH BEAUTIFUL STUFF,
THAT OUR ONLY REGRET IS WE DON'T GET ENOUGH;
WE HAVE FINISHED WITH SENNA AND VILE RHUBARB WINE,
AND WE REVEL IN "LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE."



Sold by every Chemist.

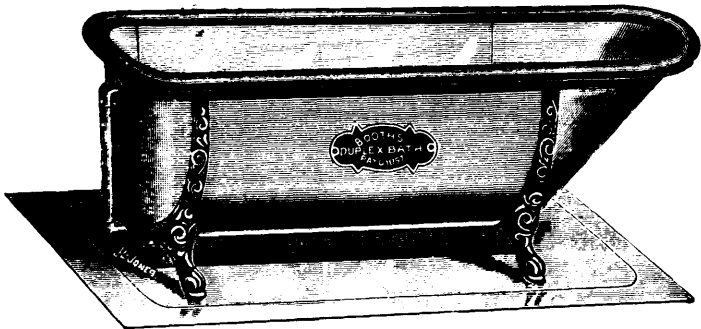
Proprietors: HENRY LAMPLOUGH, Limited, LONDON, E.C.



SANITARY
EXCELLENCE

Price
Complete,
as shown,
\$17.00

Ready
to
Attach.



The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co., Limited,

125 Queen Street East,

TORONTO.

Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids,
Children and the Aged.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

In 1lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins



Burn

**E.B. Eddy's
Matches**

They never fail

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited

ENVELOPE MAKERS AND
PAPER DEALERS :: :: ::

PLASHWATER

PLASHWATER—The best material for note paper.
PLASHWATER—For private correspondence. In five quires, note size.
PLASHWATER—Envelopes, large and small square.
PLASHWATER—In boxes, note and envelopes.
PLASHWATER—Cream and white, smooth and kid surface.

PEPYS PARCHMENT

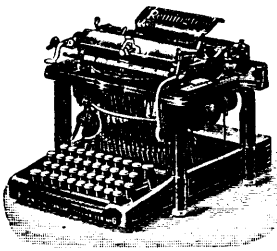
An elegant paper in five-quire boxes, and envelopes—one hundred in a box.

OLD ENGLAND VELLUM

A laid paper, extra quality, note paper and envelopes to match.

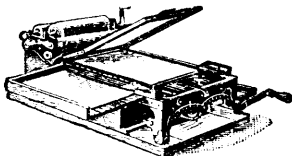
Nos. 43, 45, 47 and 49 Bay Street, Toronto.

The Remington



1898
New Models
ARE
The Improved
No. 6
and The New
No. 7

Latest Improvements contained in no other.



AUTOMATIC

HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS-SEEKING LETTERS

Write one and copy the rest on an

EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It produces any number of copies from a hand or typewritten original at the rate of one thousand per hour. Any one can operate it.

Endorsed by over 150,000 Users.

Simple—compact—cleanly—cheap. Send for samples of work and price list.

CHAS. E. ARCHBALD,
45 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO

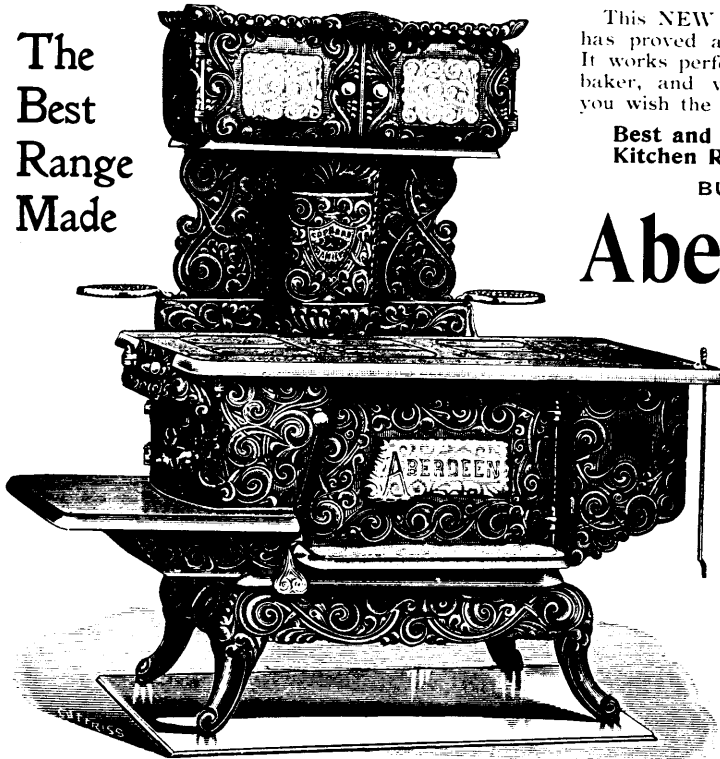
Lithographing and Printing a Specialty.

- Fire-Proof Safes
- Fire and Burglar-Proof Safes
- Burglar-Proof Safes
- Vault Doors
- Steel Vaults, for Banks and Deposit Companies.
- Jail and Prison Work
- All kinds of Iron Work

MANUFACTURED BY

J. & J. TAYLOR
TORONTO SAFE WORKS
145 and 147 Front St. East
TORONTO, CANADA

The
Best
Range
Made



This NEW and Beautiful Range has proved a marvellous success. It works perfectly, is a quick, even baker, and very economical. If you wish the

**Best and Most Attractive
Kitchen Range in Canada.**

BUY THE

Aberdeen

and thus secure the most modern production of its class.

We guarantee to every purchaser complete satisfaction. ☺

THE
COPP BROS. CO.
Limited,
HAMILTON, J.F.

Cleaning House ?

Do you want to save money on the Brooms and household Brushes you will use for house cleaning this spring ?

Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes are sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

The dealer is absolutely sure of satisfying you with the quality and workmanship, because we have instructed him to give you back your money if you're not entirely satisfied with the quality and price of Boeckh's Brooms or Brushes.

This saves you money and time (time is money), and helps us to win your confidence.

Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, Mfrs.,

Established 1846.

TORONTO, ONT.

A Better Cocktail at Home Than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,
Whiskey, Holland Gin,
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

20 Piccadilly, W. London.

WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS, Distributing Agents for Canada.

315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.

The Best Beef

free from fat and bone, forms the basis of every one of Lazenby's Soup Squares.

The soluble parts of 1½ pounds of Beef goes into each Square. See how nutritious it must be. Cheaper than canned soup. Each Square (your grocer sells them) makes 1½ pints of Soup. Try one of

**Lazenby's
Soup
Squares.**

Ask Your Neighbor



whose house is conspicuously clean, whose work worries her least, whose leisure time is greatest, how she manages. The chances are ten to one she will answer:

"I do all my cleaning with

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

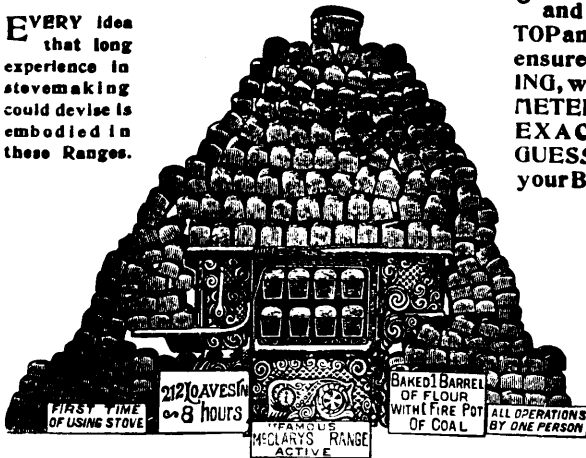
Sold by all grocers. Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Montreal. Chicago. St. Louis. New York Boston.

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range

EVERY idea that long experience in stovemaking could devise is embodied in these Ranges.



OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT.

Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.....

Quick Working!
Easily Handled!
Sparing on Fuel!

Cut shows 8 hours' work by one woman, using only one fire-pot of coal.

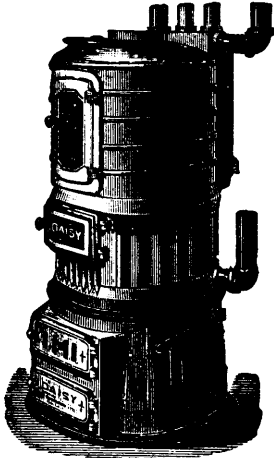
The McClary Mfg. Co.,

London, Toronto,
Montreal, Winnipeg,
Vancouver

11

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

The "DAISY"



THE "DAISY" Hot Water Heater gives the best results for all classes of work where hot water is used for heating purposes.

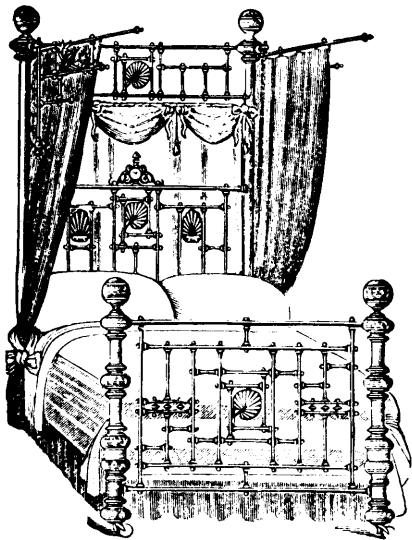
The Daisy is now in use in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Made in 12 Sizes and with twin connections for large institutions.

Sole Manufacturers.

Warden, King & Son
MONTREAL.

Toronto Radiator Co., - - Toronto
Selling Agents for Ontario.



BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS

~ ~ ~
TILES for

Hearths, Vestibules,
Bathrooms, etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON,
(LIMITED),

Cor. King and Victoria Sts.,

Toronto.

A SLAVE CHILD'S SALVATION.

(From ILLUS. CHRISTIAN WORLD, NOV., 1897.)

SOME time since I made a visit to a place called Bote, and in the village I found a little sick boy about four years old, suffering from a very severe attack of dropsy, his whole body being filled with water. I called to a man standing by and asked where the father of the poor child was. He responded, "He belongs to me." Asking him if he were the boy's father, he replied that he was not. He then told me the history of the child.

He was a little slave from an interior tribe, who had been bought by him from a caravan from the interior for cloth. He had suffered greatly from hunger and exposure on the way, having no clothing and sleeping on the bare ground. This man, who owned him, had not bettered his condition, and was now lamenting his bad luck and poor bargain. He said in a day or two he would need two yards more of calico to wrap him in, and then throw his body into a hole.

Hearing this, I said to him: "You had better let me have the boy, and I will take him with me to the mission, and treat him, and see if he will get well. If so, I will keep him, and I will give you the

value of what you paid out for him; but if he dies, you can have nothing." He agreed; so I had him carried to the mission, where he continually grew worse, until one day we thought he was going to die. I began looking around for some boards to make him a little coffin, when it came to my mind to try the Electropoise. It took effect in a short time, and by the blessing of God was the means of Robert Jewell's cure—for so we have named him. Now he is one of our Mission children, and is being trained in God's ways, saved out of that which Livingstone called "the open sore of the world."

Herein has a slave's freedom been secured for a trifle, and so placed as to enjoy the blessings of civilization—no more a slave.

May God bless the lady in America who forwarded to us the money for his redemption. In that day may he be a precious jewel in the Saviour's crown. To this end may he enjoy a saving knowledge of Him who has redeemed his precious soul, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with His own precious blood. Pray for him.

—ROBERT SHIELDS.

CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE.



Not a Battery or Belt.

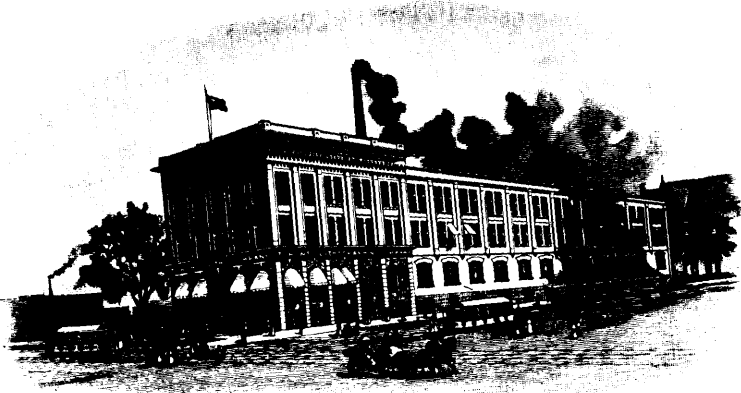
The Electropoise conscientiously used will cure Catarrh, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay-fever, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, and all nervous troubles.

The Electropoise is cheaper than medicine—does not wear out—can be used on every member of the family, and costs only \$10.00. A new edition of our 112-page booklet free.

INSTRUMENTS DELIVERED FREE OF DUTY.

ELECTROLIBRATION COMPANY, Room 35, 1122 Broadway, New York City.

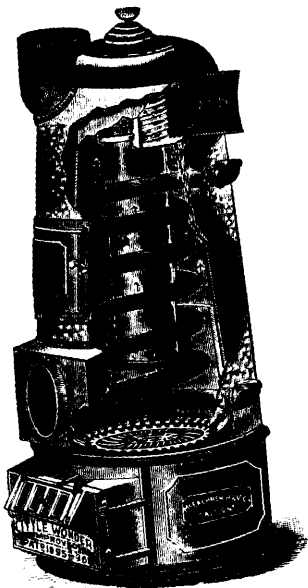
The Largest Lithographic Establishment in the British Colonies.



LITHOGRAPHERS AND ENGRAVERS
All Processes for all Purposes.

The Toronto Lithographing Co., Limited, Cor. King and Bathurst Sts., Toronto

The Little Wonder



HOT WATER HEATERS

ARE THE MOST

Simple, Efficient, Economical,
Durable and Healthful,

AND AFFORD AN

Excellent Ventilating System.

First cost and cost of running much lower than
any other system of Hot Water Heating.

THE McEACHREN
Heating and Ventilating Co.,
GALT, ONT.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

ADVERTISING IN THE GLOBE PAYS.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION

Month of February.

Daily Globe.....34,737

Saturday Globe.....49,314

Weekly Globe.....24,617

To the . . . Business Men of Canada

You are in business to make money, and should look at every proposition strictly from a business standpoint.

You want to let the money-earning and money-spending people know that you have the goods they want to buy.

The Globe

reaches a greater number of this class of the Canadian people than any other newspaper.

One of the largest advertisers in the country says:—

“If the shrewd advertiser would use the same discretion in ascertaining the real circulation of the mediums he uses as he does in getting position and rates, his returns from the money invested would be greatly increased.”

The Globe wants your business—and as it is to cost you a part of your hard earned money to pay for it—it is your duty to examine the claims made by it and by every medium as to their circulation, and to consider if their rates are fair in proportion to the quality as well as the quantity of their circulation.

Your attention is respectfully called to the amount of advertising that appears regularly in the columns of The Globe. Compare it with any other paper—it is the best proof of its standing with the best advertisers in the country.

**THEY KNOW ITS MERITS
—AND—SO SHOULD YOU—**

Sworn statement of circulation and Rates cheerfully furnished.

**The Globe,
Toronto,
Canada.**

THE DAILY GLOBE

will be sent to any address in Canada or U. S. for 3 months for \$1.00, delivered \$1.25. Ask any Newsdealer or Postmaster.

IT PAYS TO READ THE “ADS” IN THE GLOBE.

VIN MARIANI

The Ideal French Tonic for Body, Brain and Nerves.



"Vin Mariani aids the voice, and is quite invaluable in resisting fatigue. I speak from experience, having used it at home and at the theatre."

LILLIAN RUSSELL.



"In remembrance of the excellent Vin Mariani, I always sing the praise of this most delicious and efficacious tonic stimulant."

ADELINA PATTI.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

Sole Agents for Canada.

MONTREAL.

* * * * *

"Good Cheer" Stoves and Ranges.

evenly heated,
perfectly ventilated,
(aerated)



"Good Cheer" RANGE
WITH LARGE STEEL OVEN.

Steel Plate Ovens
bake and roast
* admirably *
and save fuel.
Fully guaranteed.

SOLD
BY
LEAD-
ING
DEAL-
ERS
EVERY
WHERE.

THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO.
WOODSTOCK, ONT. LIMITED.

REPRESENTATIVE IN MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
JAS. H. ASHCOWN, WINNIPEG

* * * * *

Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

BENGER'S

**FOOD FOR
INFANTS,
INVALIDS,
and the
AGED.**

The LANCET says—
"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says—
"Retained when all other foods are rejected.
It is invaluable."

GOLD MEDAL awarded Health Exhibition, London.

*Benger's Food is
Sold by
Chemists, &c.,
everywhere.*

Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.



Binding and Closing the Tick.

... THE ...

Patent Felt Mattress

(Alaska Brand)

\$15.00 (FULL SIZE)

is superior to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best American homes and a large number of public institutions where bedding was made an object of study have adopted the felt mattress in preference to curled hair.

Patent Felt ("Alaska Brand") is made of selected, white, Egyptian Staple Cotton, which is lapped and subjected to a thorough purifying and felting process. It is then interlaced into elastic sheets of uniform thickness and great buoyancy. These sheets, which are two inches thick, are built up to the height of three mattresses, then pressed to the desired thickness and tufted with extra strong twine. The result is a soft, buoyant and perfectly even mattress, which will never mat, lose its shape, or get lumpy. It is perfectly dry, non-absorbent and guaranteed **vermin proof**. It is softer and purer than hair can be.

If you are not acquainted with the merits of felt mattresses and wish to try one, write us the exact size of your bed (inside measurement) and we shall send you one through your local dealer on the distinct understanding that it can be returned at the end of a **thirty days' free trial** if not satisfactory in **every respect**, and your money will be refunded. The mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charges.

THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN COMPANY, Limited,

(The Largest Bedding House in Canada)

290 Guy Street, MONTREAL.

Sole Manufacturers of the "Klondike" Sleeping Bag, the "Puritan's" Comforter (made of pure white batting).

Patent Felt is the best material for **CHURCH CUSHIONS**. Get our estimate before looking elsewhere.

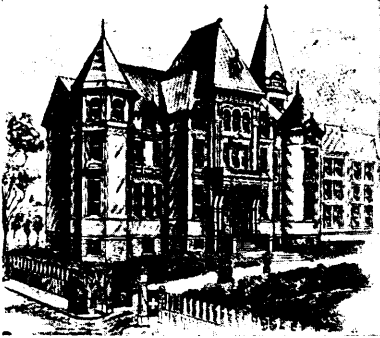


The Grand Union

H. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

OTTAWA, - - - ONT.

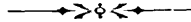
Opposite City Hall and Russell Theatre.
One minute's walk from Parliament Buildings.



MT. ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE.
SACKVILLE, N.B.

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

IN LADIES' COLLEGES.



THE greatest test to which a piano is ever subjected is when it has to stand the strain of constant use in a Ladies' College. In the first place, it must pass the most severe criticism as to tone and touch before it is accepted. After that it has to stand from ten to twelve hours of heavy wear every day for years. It is a case of "one off, another come on," all the time. The piano stool is never vacant.

Every one knows how generally the Mason & Risch Pianos are used and appreciated in the teaching institutions of Ontario and Quebec. It will be news to many, however, that one of the largest Ladies' Colleges in Canada is situated in Sackville, N.B. The above is a view of the Music Building alone. This College has purchased at various times exactly 25 Mason & Risch Pianos. The Principal, the Rev. Dr. Borden, writes, in a letter of recent date, "The number of your pianos in use here (in the College) is the best proof of the esteem in which they are held."

The moral is plain; if you wish a piano which will be of musical excellence from the start and which will stand hard usage for years, buy a Mason & Risch.



Illustrated Catalogue and Prices Free on Application.



THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited,
32 King Street West, Toronto.

Sixty Wonderful Years.

It is asserted that the art of medicine has made greater progress in the last sixty years than in the previous sixty centuries. This is an exceedingly steep comparison (odds one hundred to one), but it is the cold truth. Among the other wonders that Queen Victoria has seen during her long reign is that of the growth of the medical tree from the seed. For, as a matter of fact, in the year 1837 the average doctor knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and stomach, than was known to Hippocrate.

Fevers were described in the medical books as "continued" and "intermittent." Nothing could be more sweetly simple and childish. A work on geology by Robinson Crusoe (if that eminent islander had taken it into his head to write one) would have been as accurate and profound as the most authoritative works on medicine were when Victoria was crowned.

About nervous diseases nothing was known at all; and what amusing reading to the learned and skilful aurists of 1897 must be the statement in a leading medical journal of 1837, that the only thing possible *to be done in diseases of the ear was to syringe out the external passages with water.*

Speaking of diseases of the skin, the great and famous Dr. John Hunter divided them into three classes: First, those which sulphur could cure; second, those which mercury could cure, and third, those which *the devil himself couldn't cure.*

Broadly speaking, the most distinct line of advance in medicine in the Victorian age has been that of the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a higher standard of public health. Although the number of drugs used in medical practice has multiplied indefinitely, the number of those medicines or preparations *which can be depended upon to produce a clear and specific beneficial result* in a large class of seemingly varied complaints has *not* materially increased within the past sixty years.

And the chief of these, the one that is best known perhaps of all, the one which has unquestionably achieved more remarkable victories over disease than any other, the one which is trusted more completely by a greater number of people than any other, the one

which, *alone and unaided*, has accomplished what a vast variety of so-called remedial agents have failed to accomplish, has been in existence only about twenty years, and was the discovery—not of any learned pathologist or mousing experimentalist—but of a plain, intelligent woman who found it in the fields, as a remote settler in the wilds of California fifty years ago found gold in the bed of a river.

The name of this medicine scarcely needs to be cried out in the ears of civilization at the present day, for everybody knows it as they know the name of the gracious Ruler whose Jubilee we have recently celebrated—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Take one more out of the multitude of cases which have illustrated its record during the past double decade.

"In the early part of 1891," says a woman, "I got into a low, weak state of health. I had no appetite, and after eating I had a pain at the chest through to my back. My legs ached and a trembling, nervous feeling came over me.

"I had a deal of pain at the left side, and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. I got no sleep at night, and felt tired and worn out in the morning. I became so weak that I could scarcely get about. In this state I continued for nearly five years.

"I saw a doctor and took his medicine, but got no relief or strength from anything. In February of last year (1896) I heard about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Goodenough, the chemist, and after taking it I found much benefit.

"My appetite improved, and the food caused no pain. I continued with it and gained strength, all the pain leaving me. Soon I was strong as ever, and can now eat anything and keep in the best of health. You can make any use you like of this statement, and refer any one to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) S. J. Richardson, Bridge End, Somersham, Hunts, May 11th, 1897."

Now it is one thing to recognise a lion when you happen to meet him, and quite another thing to capture or kill him. And dyspepsia, Mrs. Richardson's trouble, and the trouble of four-fifths of the people, *is the lion among diseases.* The cure for it—the only cure known—is the medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. Of this fact there is more proof, and stronger proof, than of any proposition outside the exact sciences. May we not, therefore, speak of this simple, bland, harmless yet mighty medicine as one of the distinguishing medical triumphs of the entire history of man's struggle against suffering and death? It certainly strikes me that way.



Know How ?

to find good enamelled ware.

Find Kemp's

"GRANITE"

OR

"DIAMOND"

label on all you buy—then you'll have kitchen utensils that wear well. We guarantee every piece.

Most all dealers keep them, and they cost no more than others—so what's to hinder you from having the best ?

KEMP MANUF'G. CO.
TORONTO.



JUST ASK—WE WILL SEND.

A Postal Request from you will bring by return mail a copy of the

Dunlop Tire Book FOR 1898.

It tells all about Dunlop Tires—is an invaluable guide for riders and intending bicycle riders—may save you many hours of time and worry. Is prettily illustrated. And it will most certainly make you a judge—so that none can persuade you to take cheap tires instead of the world's standard—DUNLOPS. Shall be pleased to receive a postal request from every reader of this journal. Address—carefully—

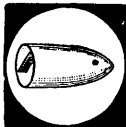
American Dunlop Tire Co.,
(Sample Department),

Toronto.

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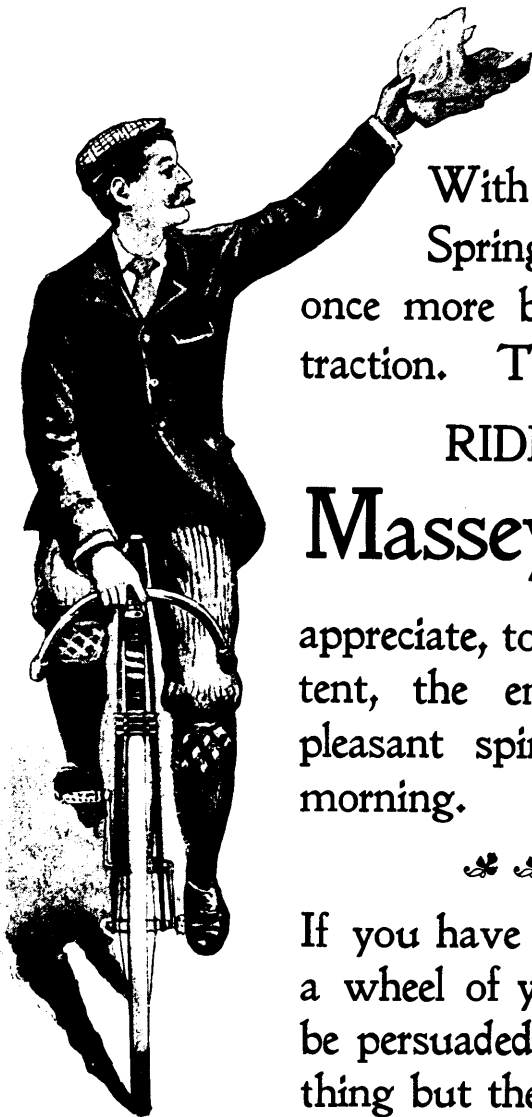
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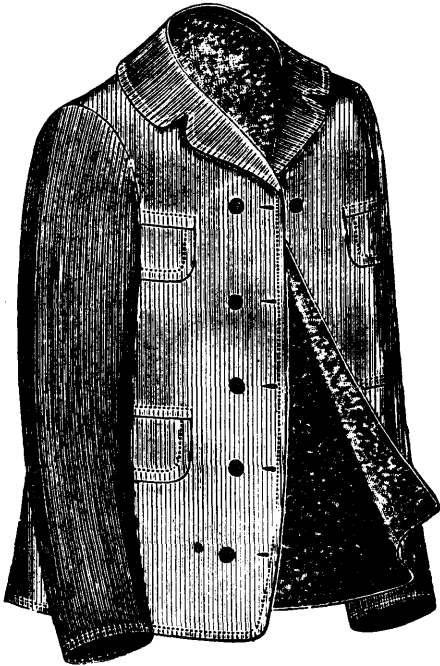
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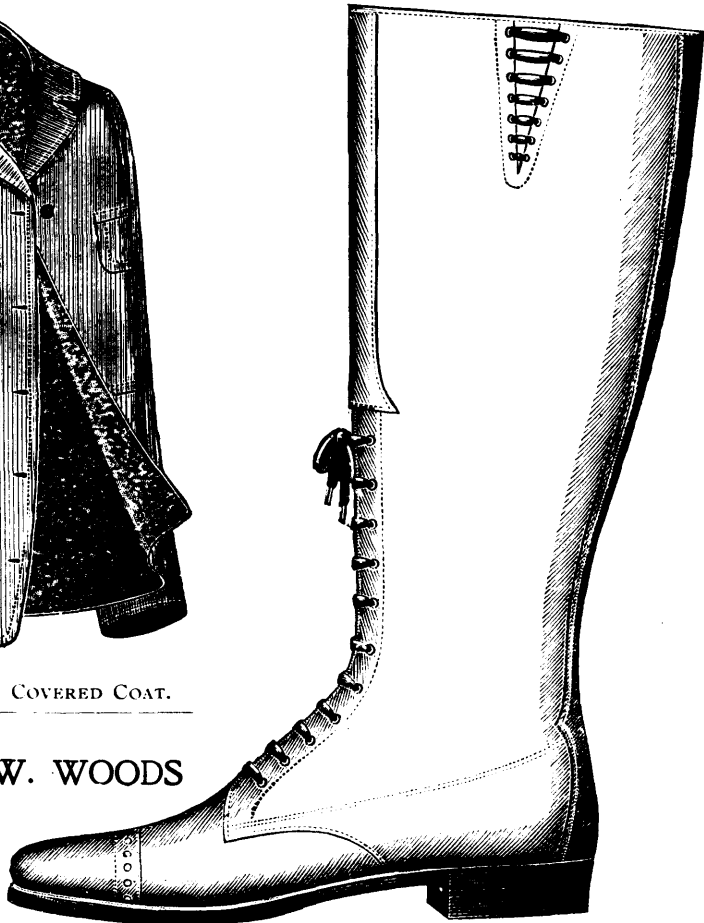
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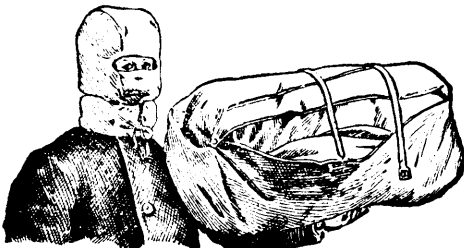
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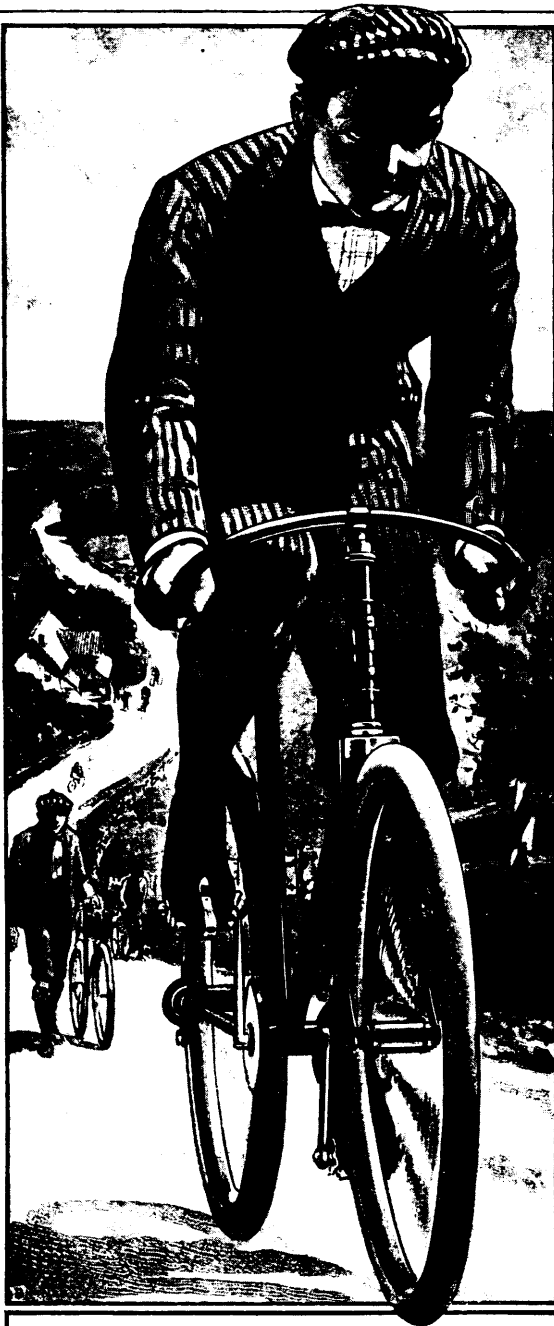
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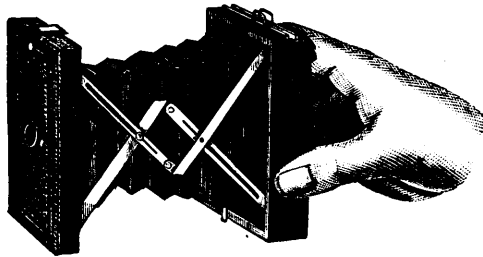
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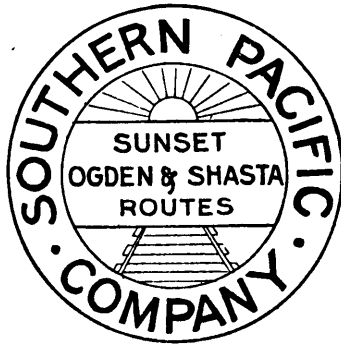
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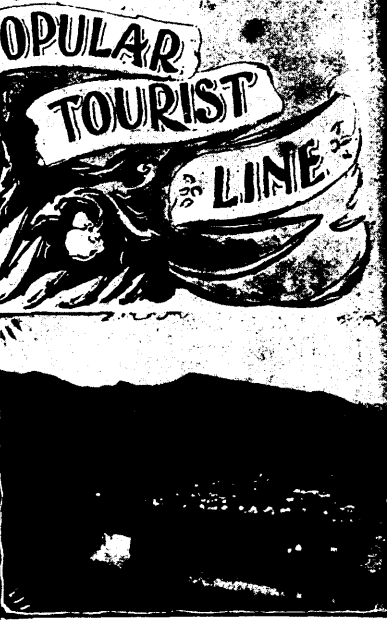
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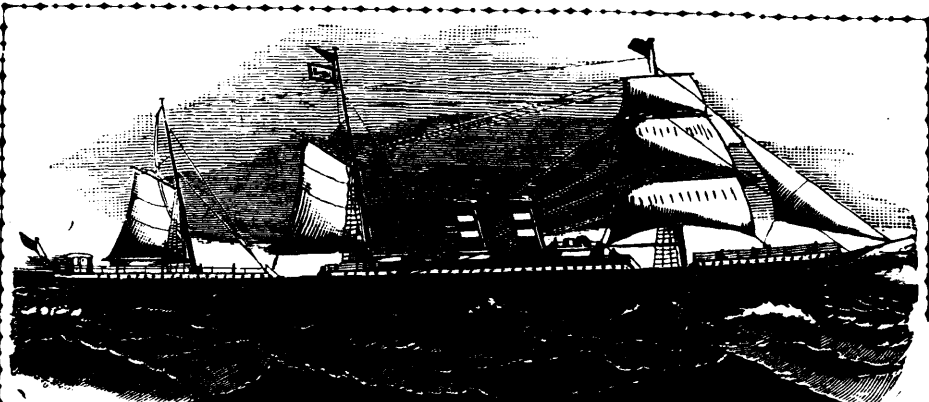
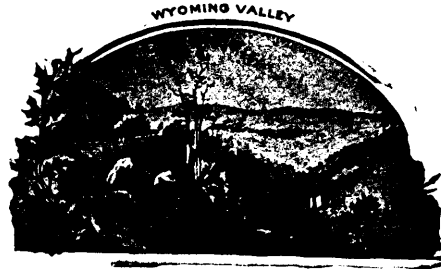
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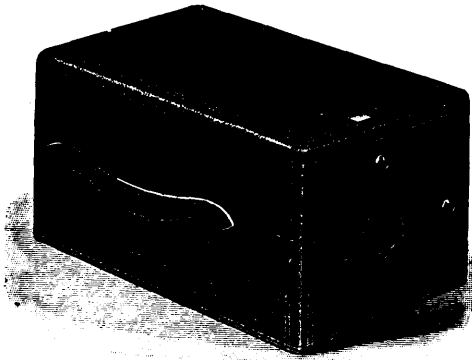
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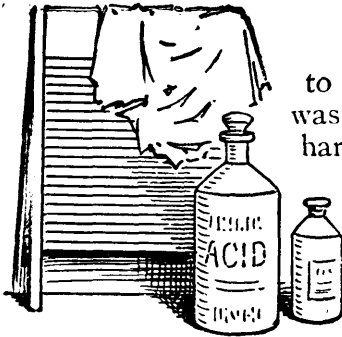
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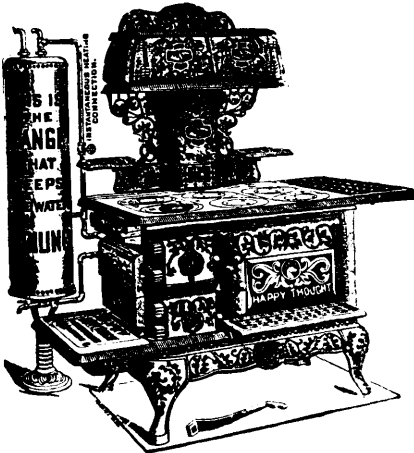
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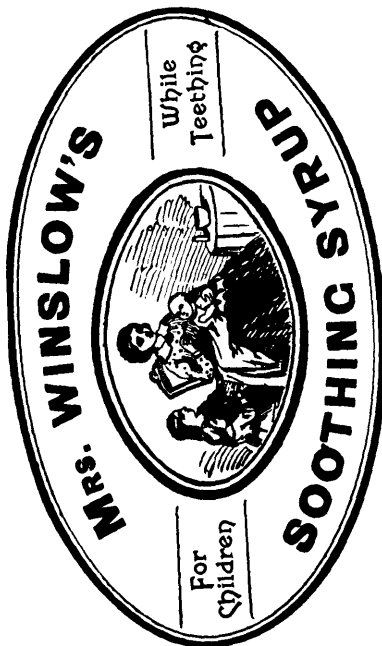
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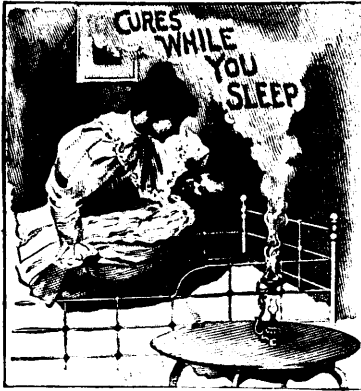
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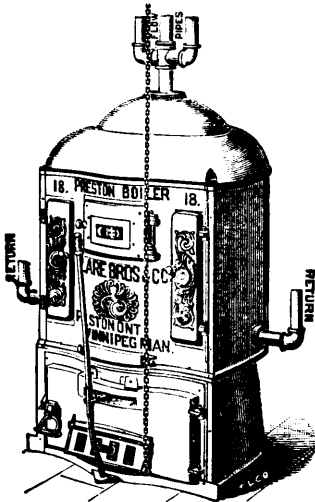
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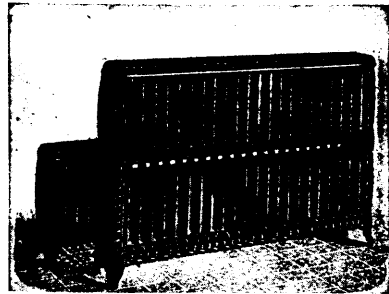
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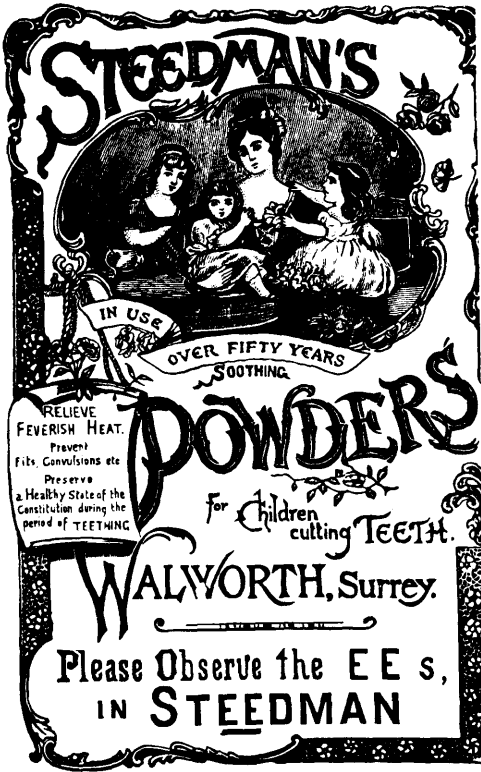
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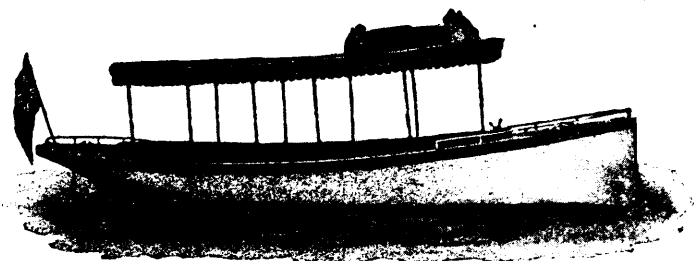
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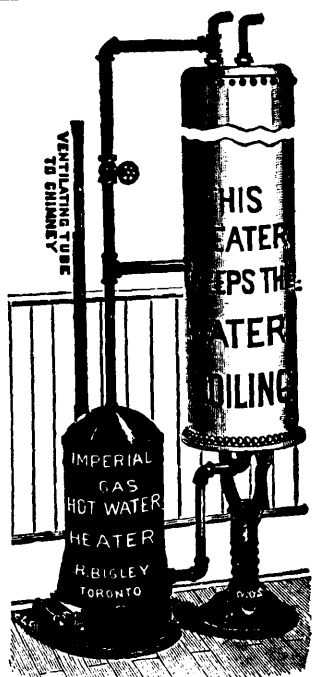
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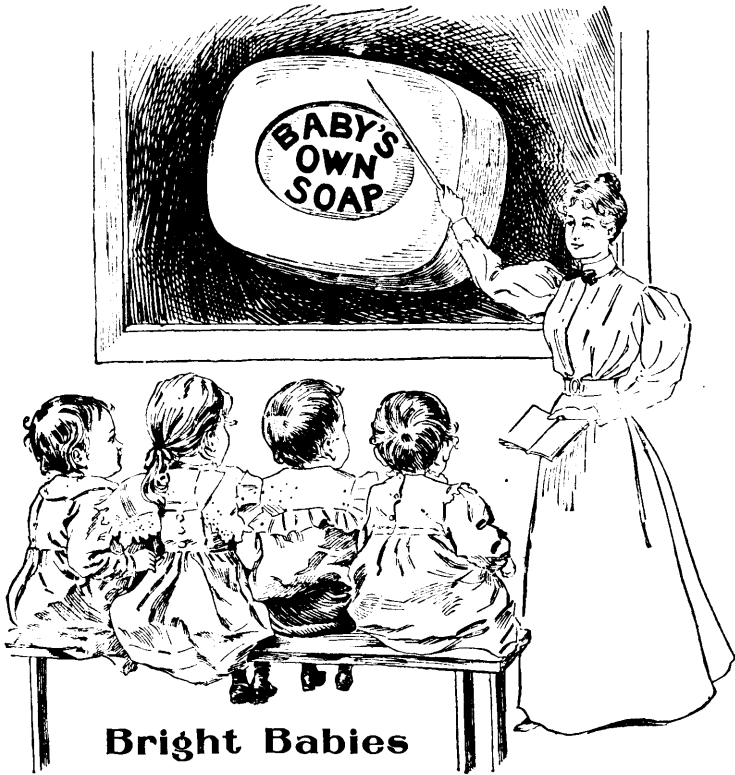
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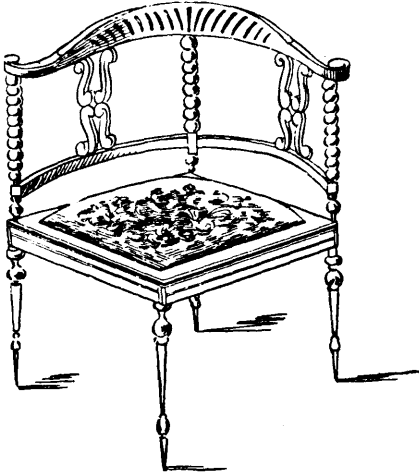
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